

# Links of Love

SHOWING HOW GOD SETTETH  
THE BEGGAR AMONG PRINCES



STRICTLY TRUE STORIES FOR YOUNG AND OLD



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## TO BECKON AND TO BEACON

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May each volume long continue to shine forth clear beams of grace and truth.

## A NEW-YEAR'S START FOR ETERNITY:

HOW A YOUNG MAN SOUGHT SATISFACTION IN A FREE-AND-EASY LIFE  
AND FOUND CHRIST AT A WATCH-NIGHT SERVICE.



"IT WAS GENERALLY AT THE END OF THE LETTER."

"My thoughts wandered back to mother, and from mother to mother's God, and I wondered, Would He help me? The remembrance of my vow filled me with shame, and dropping on my knees, I cried to God."

## A NEW-YEAR'S START FOR ETERNITY.

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**I**T is not a pleasant thing for an unconverted person to look at the photograph of his soul as shown in the album of God's Word. The first time I ever experienced the truth of God's Word was one day when, as a boy, I looked for a few minutes at my Bible, just, as one would say, at random. Something I read in that few minutes convinced me on the spot that the Word of God knew me far better than I knew myself. The thought that I could *learn* what I was from the Word of God was something new to me, and made me most uncomfortable. Hastily shutting the Book, I laid it aside, and for a long time after I could not bear to open it.

Years after, as I was going to school one morning, a man spoke to me about my soul's salvation; and I was so impressed with my need of being saved, that I resolved there and then to become a Christian. But ere night my resolution had vanished.

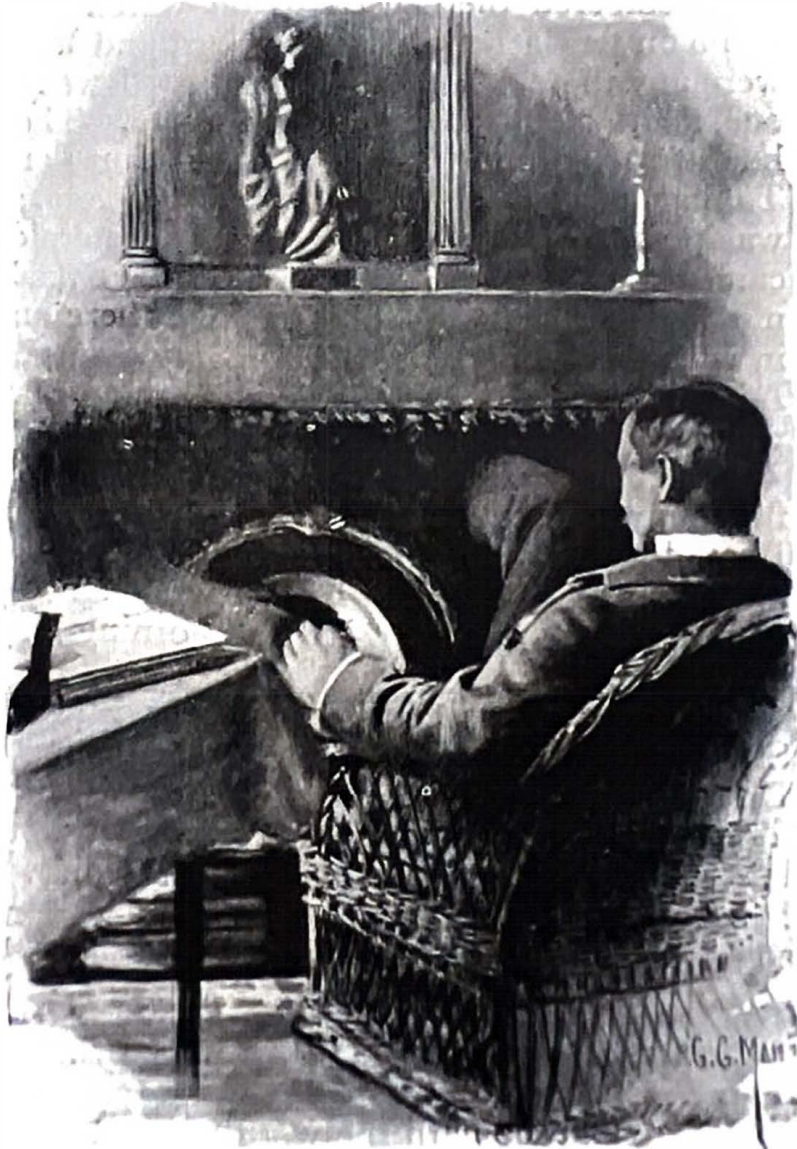
A year or two after this I left home at the age of sixteen and went to sea as an apprentice on board a ship. There seemed to be in me an insatiable hankering after something in the way of satisfaction. As soon as one pleasure was past, I lived in anticipation of the next, and my going to sea was pretty much on the understanding that I would find infinite satisfaction in a free-and-easy life. But I did not find the sea such a pleasant, easy life, and accordingly I took the first opportunity to run away from the ship. This opportunity occurred to me while she lay in the harbour of San Francisco, California. Taking a small chest of clothes I slipped off the ship at night, and made my way into the city. I soon found a lodging, but as I had only a dollar and a half in my pocket, and the weekly rent of my room was to be exactly that sum, and had to be paid in advance, I was forced to give my box of clothes as security for the rent. The landlady had no sooner left me alone in my room than I began to think seriously of the step I had taken. Alone in a foreign land, with only a dollar and a half, and no known means of earning any more, I got quite frightened, and dropping on my knees, I solemnly vowed to God that if He would find me work to do, and bring me safely home again, He should be my God in the future. Next day I found suitable work, with £2 12s. 6d. per week as wages, and in a few months I had saved about £20. With this I set out for home, and reached it safely. But, alas! the God

*A New-Year's Start for Eternity.*

who had been so good to me in temporal things was entirely forgotten by me.

A little more than a year was spent at home, and then, becoming restless, I went out to San Francisco again. During my second stay there a ball was given on the last night of the year 1890 by the members of a Scottish club, and I purposed being there. With that intention I went home at half-past six that evening to dress for the ball. I entered my room and sat down on a chair. Somehow I began to think of my past life. The sinfulness of my life came up before me, and I realised that I was getting worse and worse, and the thought flashed into my mind, Where would it all end? The thought of what the end might be filled me with misery, and I resolved to turn over a new leaf. I was just beginning to feel comfortable in my new-formed resolution, when I remembered I had turned over many new leaves before, and the new leaves were soon as black as the old ones. Thought I, that will not do, at any rate. And as I sat, I got still more miserable.

Then my thoughts wandered back to my mother in



"I ENTERED MY ROOM AND SAT DOWN IN A CHAIR."

### *A New-Year's Start for Eternity.*

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Scotland. Often she had written to me and pleaded with me to accept Christ as my Saviour. It was generally at the end of the letter, and much as I loved mother's letters, I could not bear to read that part, and used to stop when I was coming to it. Well, my thoughts wandered back to mother, and from mother to mother's God, and I wondered, Would He help me? The remembrance of my vow filled me with shame, and dropping on my knees, I cried to God. Well, I remember every word of my prayer. It was, "O God, help me." I got up off my knees and looked at my watch. It was half-past eleven. Five solid hours had I sat there, and never once did the ball enter my mind. The realities of Eternity were before my soul. After getting off my knees I remembered there used to be watch-night meetings at home on the last night of the year, and I wondered if there were any there. Putting on my hat, I went out to look for one, and I found one in an old theatre. The meeting began before twelve, and was in progress when I entered at twelve. Taking a back seat, I listened attentively. A young man was preaching. In simple language he told us that Christ came to save helpless sinners. Like a flash it occurred to me that He came to save me, and there and then I closed in with the Lord Jesus Christ as my own personal Saviour. As I was going out at the door, a young man asked me if I was a Christian. I told him I was.

I went home that New-Year's morning with a strange joy filling my soul; and as I passed the crowds of merry-makers I could not help thinking, "Well, I've got something better than you now." Years have passed since then, and He who saved on that New-Year's morning has kept and will keep to the end.

Dear reader, I would heartily commend Christ the loving Saviour to you. He alone can save, sanctify, and satisfy. Do you purpose at this time making a start with the New Year? Let it not be a fresh start with yourself for Time, but let it be a start with Christ for Eternity. No conviction however deep, no resolution however grand, no vow however solemn can save. Jesus alone, Jesus alone, Jesus alone can save.

G. C. M.

"PAUL was so much taken with Christ that nothing sweeter than 'Jesus' could drop from his pen and lips. It is observed that he hath the word 'Jesus' five hundred times in his epistles."—*Cha. Ack.*, 1684.

# TAKE THE FIRST STEP.



“I see it now! I have Eternal Life”

A GENTLEMAN of superior education and natural ability was in the habit of attending the ministrations of a faithful and gifted servant of Christ in the city of Hamilton, Canada. Though an adherent of the congregation, he was not a “member,” for the simple reason that he knew he was not a Christian, and he made no profession of being one. Week by week, month by month, year by year he heard the gospel proclaimed in its simplicity, fulness, and freeness; but he continued delaying to accept God’s free gift of salvation, though he knew right well that if he were called into God’s presence he would be eternally lost.

In the course of time his business caused him to leave the

### *Take the First Step.*

city where he had been so highly privileged, and he removed to a district where there was very little gospel light. Here he discovered a vast difference between the preaching he heard and what he had been accustomed to. Not long after his arrival, he was asked to join the Church. He firmly but respectfully declined, and gave as his reason that he had never been "born again," and was therefore unfit to partake of the Lord's Supper.

"Revival services" were announced to be held in the church, to which he was specially invited. Instead of being told God's simple way of salvation—"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved" (Acts 16. 31)—the people were urged to "seek diligently," to "pray fervently and earnestly," to "give up their sins," and "make a start for the kingdom." After the address the "seekers" were urged and pressed to "go forward" to be prayed for and spoken to.

Mr. A—— not having "gone forward" at the close of any of the meetings, he was waited upon by two office-bearers of the church, who expressed a desire to have a conversation with him. They spoke to him about the services that were being held, and said they hoped that he would *take the first step to salvation*. "What do you mean by taking the 'first step'?" he eagerly asked. "To go forward and ask the Christians to pray for you," was the reply.

"I don't see what good that would do," said the gentleman. The early instruction he had received in the city of Hamilton came before him with wondrous clearness, and he said: "As I view things, there is no 'first step' to be taken: GOD LOVED THE WORLD, AND GAVE CHRIST TO DIE FOR OUR SINS. THE LORD JESUS RECEIVED OUR PENALTY AND PAID OUR DEBT, AND THOSE WHO BELIEVE ON HIM ARE SAVED." While he was thus speaking, the Holy Ghost revealed to him the simple and glorious gospel which he was trying to make known to others. His face became radiant with joy, and from a heart filled to overflowing, he exclaimed: "I SEE IT! I SEE IT NOW! I HAVE ETERNAL LIFE. I AM SAVED!"

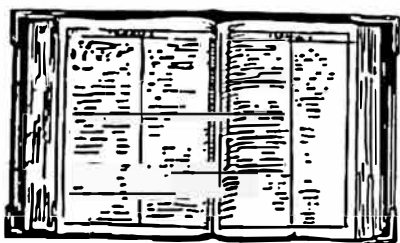
Have you hitherto imagined that certain "steps" are necessary before you can come to Christ? If so, you are wrong. Satan does his best to make salvation difficult for the sinner. When urged to immediate decision, he suggests that you are not "prepared" to become a Christian. This is one of his "steps." He insinuates that you are not "anxious enough" or not "sorry enough"; and makes you believe

### *Take the First Step.*

that you must *feel* helpless and undone *before* you can accept salvation. Perhaps he has been telling you that when you are willing to "give up the world" and become melancholy and sad, you can then cherish the hope of being accepted by God. Listen no longer to his lying suggestions. All the *fitness* God requires of you is to *know* your need of Christ.

"Now is the accepted time." Under whatever pious pretence, don't allow the devil to cheat you out of your soul. He knows you "intend" to be saved *sometime*; but he wishes you to put off the settling of the question until a "convenient season." You never can have a more convenient season than the present. No longer procrastinate. No longer allow yourself to be deceived with the lie that God is unwilling to save you now. Give up "trying," "working," and "striving." Think of the truth that gave peace to the One of whom we have written: "God loved the world, and gave Christ to die for our sins. The Lord Jesus received our penalty and paid our debt, and those who believe on Him are saved" (Acts 13. 38, 39). A. M.

### THE MOST WONDERFUL OF ALL BOOKS.



AN able writer gives his estimate of the Bible in the following words: "The Bible contains the mind of God, the state of man, the way of salvation, the doom of sinners, and happiness of believers. Its doctrines are holy, its precepts are binding, its histories are true, and its decisions are immutable. Read it to be wise, believe it to be safe, and practise it to be holy. It contains light to direct you, food to support you, and comfort to cheer you. It is the traveller's map, the pilgrim's staff, the pilot's compass, the soldier's sword, and the Christian's charter. Here Paradise is restored, Heaven opened, and the gates of Hell disclosed. *Christ is its grand subject*, our good its design, and the glory of God its end. It should fill the memory, rule the heart, and guide the feet. Read it slowly, frequently, prayerfully. It is a mine of wealth, a paradise of glory, and a river of pleasure. It is given you in life, will be open at the judgment, and be remembered for ever. It involves the very highest responsibility, rewards the greatest labour, and condemns all who trifle with its holy contents."

## A WORSHIPPER, BUT NOT CONVERTED.

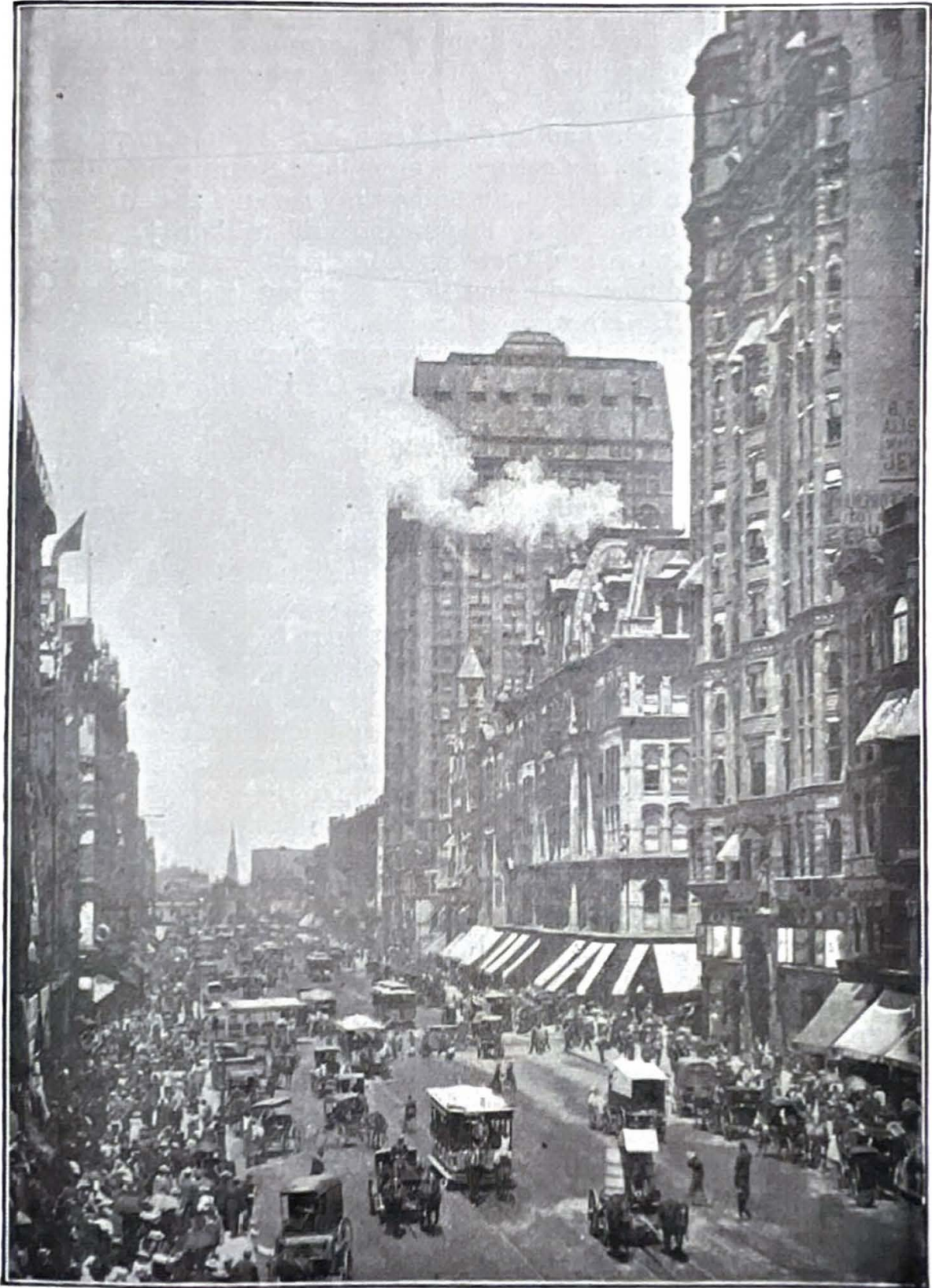
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YOU may have heard of a certain man who went up to Jerusalem "to worship." We read of him in Acts 8. 27. But the remarkable thing about him is this—he had never undergone the great change of conversion to God; yet he took the place of a worshipper. In other words, he had never been reconciled to God; yet he would fain pass himself off as a worshipper of God. Did his professed worship not bring him nearer to God? It did not; for God Himself has said in His Word that "without faith it is impossible to please Him" (Heb. 11. 6).

What, then, is to be done? you say. If taking up your position as a *worshipper* does no good, what course should you follow? You should at once follow the course which God has laid down, and take up your position as a *sinner*—a lost and undone sinner before God. That is the *first* thing. It is simply impossible for you to be a *worshipper* until you have first taken your place as a guilty and undone *sinner*, and been reconciled to God through receiving His Son, Jesus Christ the Lord. Until you are reconciled and saved, you are *dead* in sins; and the dead cannot praise God. No worship can ascend from an unrenewed heart. The question of sin must *first* be settled; then you can take up the question of worship. Have you faced the question of your sins? Is that a settled question with *you*? If not, then on the authority of God's Word we declare that acceptable worship is an impossibility in your case. Before there can be *acceptable worship* you must first be an *accepted worshipper*. And there is only one way of being accepted, namely, through *your* acceptance of Christ as the God-appointed Sacrifice for sin. *Then*, but not till then, you shall be a worshipper. *Then* you shall be able to praise God, because you shall have something to praise Him for. After you have received Jesus as your Saviour you shall be able to praise God for redemption through the blood, and the forgiveness of sins according to the riches of His grace (Eph. 1. 7). You shall be able to praise Him for eternal life as a present possession (John 6. 47), and, in a word, for all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ (Eph. 1. 3.) What a wonderful salvation! There is surely little wonder that God calls it a "great salvation." Is this great salvation yours? This is the most momentous of all questions for *you*. The moment it is yours you become a worshipper. Apart from it you are "without Christ... having no hope, and without God in the world." w.s.

# THE SCOTSMAN IN CHICAGO;

OR, WHERE WILL YOU SPEND ETERNITY?



THE BUSIEST STREET IN ONE OF THE BUSIEST CITIES IN THE UNITED STATES.

## THE SCOTSMAN IN CHICAGO.



YOUNG Scottish Highlander was walking along a street in the city of Chicago smoking a cigar. A number of persons were standing listening to an address which was being delivered by an open-air preacher. The Scot had no desire to hear. He did not like to have the realities of death, judgment, and eternity brought before him. In his Highland home they revered the Bible, and he had no doubt of its inspiration and authority. He knew that in God's sight there were but two classes of persons, saved and unsaved ; that there were but two destinies, heaven and hell. He was well aware of the fact that he was not a Christian, and dying in his sins there was nothing before him but an eternity of misery. On reaching the spot where the meeting was being held he hurriedly crossed the street afraid lest something should be said in his hearing that would awaken his conscience. But God had his eye on the youth, and gave the preacher a word which stuck like an arrow in a sure place. "WHERE WILL YOU SPEND ETERNITY?" were the words that greeted his ear as they fell from the speaker's lips. The message was a message from on High. "ETERNITY! ETERNITY! where shall I spend it?" sank into his soul. He knew where he would spend it if he continued the course he was pursuing. But he did not wish to be troubled by "religion," and was unwilling to face the question fairly and squarely. He was bent on enjoying the world and having a time of pleasure, even though he knew what the end of it all would be.

As he walked onwards he tried hard to forget what he had heard, but he was unable to do so. "Where will you spend Eternity?" rang in his ear and vibrated through his inmost being. He strove to bury it, but it could not be buried. "Where will you spend Eternity? Where will you spend Eternity?" was not to be hushed. He passed a "saloon" (public-house) and tried to get rid of the question in drink. But it could not be got rid of. A second, a third, and a fourth "saloon" was entered, and a glass of "fire-water" was had at each. But God kept the question ever before him. He was compelled to face it.

Eventually he was brought to see he was fighting against God. His stubborn will was broken, and he confessed his ingratitude, obstinacy, and rebellion, taking the place of lost and guilty. By believing on Christ, the sinner's Friend, he obtained forgiveness and eternal life. Then he was not

## *The Scotsman in Chicago.*

afraid of considering the question that had been used to his awakening, and could truthfully say: "Praise be to God, I shall spend Eternity with Christ in the Glory."

Perhaps the reader has never seriously considered where he is going to spend Eternity. If not, surely it is high time that you should. Life at its longest is exceedingly short, and every day brings us nearer and nearer Eternity. Dr. Bonar has said:

"'Tis not for man to trifle! Life is brief,  
And sin is here;  
Our age is but the falling of a leaf—  
A dropping tear.  
We have no time to sport away the hours;  
All must be earnest in a world like ours.

Our life on earth has been compared to the flower that blooms in the morning and at eventide is withered.

"Days, weeks, and months shall have an end—  
Eternity has none.  
'Twill always have as long to spend  
As if 'twere but begun."

WHERE, O WHERE WILL YOU SPEND ETERNITY? Don't put the question from you. Don't try to forget it. Don't bury it in the cares or pleasures, amusements or concerns of life. People will talk about the weather or the crops, about politics or poetry, but they don't care to speak about the salvation of their souls. Is it not strange that the one thing needful is avoided and everything else is considered?

You are a sinner and need a Saviour. You cannot enter heaven unless you are "born again." "Ye *must* be born again," said the Saviour. The *great change* is necessary. What a terrible thing it will be if you continue neglecting Christ and die in your sins! God loves you. He longs to pardon and bestow upon you the kiss of reconciliation. He tells you that there is one, and *only one* way of salvation. Neither ordinances, prayers, penance, nor penitence can procure His pardoning mercy. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved" (Acts 16. 31). How grand, how glorious, how simple! Christ has paid the ransom with His precious blood. God has accepted His atonement for sin. Justice is satisfied. Believe on Christ and you shall be saved (Acts 10. 43; Rom. 4. 4, 5).

You may procrastinate once too often, and without any warning be cut down as a cumberer of the ground, and where, O where will you spend Eternity? Come to Christ by faith *at this very moment*. Look and live. A. M.

## PIETRO THE SOCIALIST.

BORN in a village on the banks of the Arno, at the age of 15 young Pietro presented himself for his "first communion," rather later than usual for this *sacrament*. In making his "confession" to the priest he recounted how he had formed the vile habit of swearing, which so prevails in Italy, and especially in Tuscany. The impression which the confessor produced upon the young candidate was anything but helpful, and on leaving the confessional he determined he would never show face there again, a resolution which he most rigorously kept.

His natural character was strong and independent, his will masterly, and his mind clear and comprehensive—a born leader. But *whom*, in *what* could he lead? Early apprenticed to a local trade, he soon became foreman, and when the wave of Continental Socialism swept over the district Pietro swam right ahead with it, and was soon acknowledged as the champion of the workmen's cause. For some years this form of Socialism, infidel to the core, fully occupied his mind. He classified priests and churches, in a word "religion," as so much hypocrisy. He had never heard of any other, simpler, purer, truer Christian testimony, and taking his ideas of Christ and the Church from what was represented by the priests, he counselled his followers: "Instead of giving your money to the priests in order to get to paradise, spend it in your homes and make them your paradise." This was Pietro's theory. What about his practice?

The Italians have a proverb which we may freely render :

"Between what we do and say  
There's a very long way."

Pietro was now married, and was doing his best to make a paradise on earth. How did he succeed? How could he? A paradise without God!

Let us hear his own story: "I used to come home tired and hungry, and often found my supper too hot or too cold, and in a fit of passion I dashed the whole supper on the floor." While the poor wife sat trembling, Pietro poured forth oaths against God and man, heaven and earth, and felt that *as a Socialist* he had now a *right* to share some other man's supper! So poor Pietro's earthly paradise was fast becoming a purgatory. He preached the infidel Socialism of to-day: "Give men plenty of work and bread, and you will make them good and happy." He had plenty of both, but was getting worse and more unhappy every day! He

*Pietro the Socialist.*

*taught* woman's *rights*, and shamefully *wronged* his own poor wife!

Such was the condition of Pietro when one evening a friend said to Him: "Have you heard the *evangelici*? They have come to our town, and are preaching the pure evangel. Come with me." In a few minutes Pietro found himself in a little hired room, which was crowded with men representing various shades of religious and political opinions. Though he had well nigh arrived at the end of *his* Socialism, he still looked with visible distrust on anything that savoured of "religion," and cast about his penetrating eyes as if to



BRIDGE AND TOWN ON THE RIVER ARNO IN ITALY.

examine every inch of the room. Satisfied that it contained no confessional nor altar, he fixed his keen vision on the evangelist about to address the audience. Pietro noticed that he wore no priestly garb, but appeared just like those around him. A short, simple prayer and brief reading of the Scriptures, and then a clear Gospel address of twenty minutes on Romans 1. 16: "I am not ashamed of the gospel, for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth." The meeting, instead of dispersing, took the form of a friendly conversation. The evangelist invited all present freely to express their difficulties, and these he endeavoured to remove by the Word of God.

## *Pietro the Socialist.*

Pietro's prejudices began to disappear like snow in the sunshine, and before long he became the leading disciple of Christ in the town. He saw himself to be a guilty, hopeless, lost sinner in God's sight. That *inward* vision broke down his natural pride. With another look *outward* he saw Christ as his only, perfect, eternal Saviour.

The Lord Jesus once told how the penitent sinner went justified from the temple to his house, and that is where Pietro went. The first to receive spiritual blessing through his testimony was his poor wife, now happy because salvation has come to the home.

Recounting his life to the writer, Pietro said: "Before my conversion to God I used to go to bed tired, but without peace, and all night my sleep was troubled with dreadful dreams. I was either about to fall over a precipice or be murdered by a brigand. Now my dreams are about green fields and pure streams, saints and angels."

Like the Apostle Paul, Pietro is not ASHAMED of the GOSPEL, but is proving to Socialists, Roman Catholics, infidels, all, by a renewed and consistent life, as by verbal testimony, that the GOSPEL is the POWER OF GOD unto SALVATION TO EVERY ONE that believeth. J. S. A.

## THE DESTINY OF THE SAVED.

WHEN you accept the Lord Jesus by simple faith as your Saviour, you have God's testimony to the fact that you are justified—for ever cleared of every charge of guilt. Then your destiny will be the Lamb's glory. You will be able to sing truthfully,

"I have a home above,  
From sin and sorrow free;  
A mansion which eternal love  
Designed and formed for me."

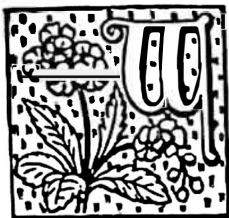
This is the destiny of every truly saved soul, and nothing can change it. The blessing comes on the ground of the precious blood of Jesus, and His blood can never lose its value. The source of the blessing is the free grace of the blessed God, and His grace can never change.

Christ Himself will be the centre of all the redeemed in God's many-mansioned home, and to dwell in the sunlight of His presence will be the blessed portion of all His blood-purchased ones. Oh! my reader, can you say that this prospect is yours?

J. T. M.

## THE CULTURED PIG.

The following incident, related by Harry Moorhouse, illustrates a most important truth.



WHEN he was a boy, on a certain occasion he was walking with his father through the streets of Manchester. His attention was suddenly called to a man standing before the door of a building, and crying aloud, "Walk in, ladies and gentlemen, and see the great American pig." Having his curiosity aroused, he paid his penny, and entered the Building. There sure enough was a wonderful pig, performing feats, and giving evidence of an intelligence, probably never pig exhibited before.

At the command of his master he would pick out from the alphabet, lying upon the floor, the letters "G-o-o-d P-i-g." He would also walk about upon his hind legs, and shake hands with those who paid him a visit. Moreover he had been washed and scrubbed until he was perfectly clean, and he was dressed in a beautiful garment. Of course he excited the highest admiration, and no one could deny that he was well educated, and well behaved in every respect. But notwithstanding his remarkable culture, and his attractive appearance, he was still a pig; better off perhaps than most other pigs, and yet after all, only a pig, and a pig he would remain however advanced his learning.

There is no error amid the perils of these last days more dangerous, as there is none more shallow and silly, than the notion taught and received by many, that culture is the way of salvation. Multitudes by the perusal of the magazines, or of a few books, acquire a smattering of science, and then like the pig walking on his hind legs, strut around in the conceit of their superior intelligence, that has placed them they fancy beyond the need of regeneration by the Holy Ghost, and of the cleansing Blood of Christ. Multitudes of others imagine that courtesy, gentility, acquaintance with the fine arts, or regard for the rules of good breeding, will put them on a different footing before God from the position of the uneducated and the vulgar.

But a moment's observation might convince them that the deep-seated enmity against Him of the mind of the flesh, and the desperate wickedness of the heart, are often most fully manifested by those who are most highly cultivated. The history of the race since the death and resurrection of His Son proves that a far more bitter opposition, or a far more contemptuous indifference, to the Gospel of His grace has generally

## *The Cultured Pig.*

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been shown by the wealthy and educated, than by the poor and ignorant; because the former are more prone to be puffed up with a pride, that refuses to humble itself beneath the mighty hand of God.

A moment's observation should also convince them that any degree of culture, mental or moral, must utterly fail to change the nature. An educated pig is still a pig; a conquered tiger is still a tiger. "Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles?" (Matt. 7. 16). No; the diligent cultivation of thorns and thistles for a life-time, or for a thousand years, or for eternity, could not produce grapes and figs; and whatever may be done with human nature, it will remain human nature, whether in the palace of a king, or in the cell of a convict; whether amid the retreats of philosophy, or the huts of untutored savages.

It was to a cultivated, refined, moral, and even a religious inquirer, Jesus said, "Except a man be born of water [the word] and the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God. That which is born of the flesh is flesh; and that which is born of the Spirit is Spirit. Marvel not that I said unto thee, Ye must be born again" (John 3. 5-7). It was to those no less accomplished than the society of the present day the inspired Apostle wrote, "You hath he quickened, who were dead in trespasses and sins; wherein in time past ye walked according to the course of this world, according to the prince of the power of the air, the spirit that now worketh in the children of disobedience: among whom also we all had our conversation in times past in the lusts of our flesh, fulfilling the desires of the flesh and of the mind; and were by nature the children of wrath, even as others" (Eph. 2. 1-3). *The desires of the mind* may be as offensive to God as the coarser *desires of the flesh*, and the most cultivated are by nature the objects of His displeasure, even as others.

May God deliver you from the folly of thinking that human culture and external appliances can take the place of His glorious Gospel in the work of redemption.

N. B.

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A BROTHER in the Lord could never get a young lady to think about eternity until he quoted this text, "The wicked shall be turned into hell, and all the nations that *forget* God." That word "*forget*" seemed to haunt her. May it haunt you, unsaved reader! You do not require to deny God's existence, to mock at Him, to despise Him, to reject Him, to neglect Him; all that you have to do is to *forget* God.—*Dr. Mackay.*

# MAN OVERBOARD;

— OR, —

HOW TO OBTAIN DELIVERANCE FROM THE WAVES AND BILLOWS  
OF THE WRATH OF GOD.



"BEFORE HE SINKS TO RISE NO MORE."

"In an instant all was consternation on board—at least among the passengers, of which I was one—for there he was in the water, and unless help reached him, and that quickly, he must perish."

## OVERBOARD!



“AN overboard! Man overboard!” Such was the cry that fell on my ear one fine day as the steamer was leaving the seaport town of G——. In an instant all was consternation on board—at least among the passengers, of which I was one—for there he was in the water, and unless help reached him, and that quickly, he must perish. A life-buoy was at once thrown out to him, but it fell far short—it could not reach him. What was to be done? Must he perish? The poor fellow is well-nigh insensible, and utterly unable to do anything for himself. But before he sinks to rise no more, a living heart and a living arm are found at his side, and he is gently borne in powerful arms safely on board the steamer, where there is more joy over his rescue than over all on board who needed no rescue. And such an one was I who now speak to you—not that I was so near a watery grave; but I was as near—yea, nearer far—finding myself overwhelmed by the billows of the wrath of God. I was a guilty, hell-deserving sinner. I discovered that I was unsaved—unsheltered by the Blood that cleanseth from all sin. How could I face death? How could I meet judgment? Where would I spend Eternity? These momentous questions followed me wherever I went. Was there no deliverer? “Do the very best you can; be religious, and amend your ways.” Such was the advice I got. But, like the life-buoy, it could not reach my case—it fell far short. What about the sins of the past? What of the dark list of transgressions of which I had been guilty? for God had said, “The soul that sinneth, it shall die.” “O for peace with God,” I cried. “O for a deliverer.” But deliverance was nigh—had been nigh all the time. Help must come from the outside. And so I was told how One had been found to die for me—how that One, even Jesus the Lord, had come down from the Glory—how the waves and billows of the wrath of God went over Him for sin—that He had suffered, the Just for the unjust, to bring me to God, and how that, while we were yet without strength, Christ died for the ungodly. And I believed and trusted Him, had peace through the Blood of the Cross, and since that time He has borne me upward.

Unconverted one, what about that soul of yours? The Christ of God died for you. He waits to save. Trust Him *now*, and peace with God shall be your happy portion now, and glory with the Lord Jesus Christ hereafter. N.B.

## HOW A CANADIAN FARMER'S WIFE GOT THE VICTORY.

**M**R. and MRS. BROTHERSTONE lived in the township of Medonte, Simcoe County, Ontario, and both were devoted and consistent Christians. Mr. B. knew the Lord a number of years before his wife. Mrs. B. had made



MR. AND MRS. BROTHERSTONE IN THEIR GARDEN.

a profession when a young woman, but, alas! like many others in these "last days," she *missed Christ*, and, as it is phrased, "experienced religion" instead. A series of "protracted meetings" had been held in her neighbourhood, and, amongst others, she "went forward" to the "penitent bench," prayed, felt happy, made "a start," resolved to live

### *How a Canadian Farmer's Wife Got the Victory.*

a new life, and in due time was taken into church fellowship. Though sincere in her belief that she was a Christian, she was *sincerely mistaken*.

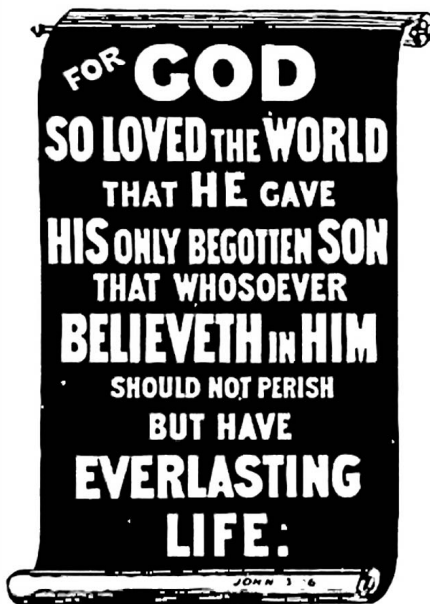
Mrs. Brotherstone after her spurious conversion attended church, took the communion, read the Bible, and tried to please God. But there was one verse which greatly troubled her. It was Hebrews 12. 14: "Without holiness no man shall see the Lord." She feared that she was not "holy enough" to meet God. No wonder that the Scripture caused her to tremble. No one can meet God on the ground of his own holiness. What saith the Scripture? "There is *none* righteous; *no, not one* . . . there is *none* that doeth good; *no, not one* . . . for *all* have sinned and come short of the glory of God" (Rom. 3. 10-23). Mrs. B. supposed that heaven was gained partly through her own good works and partly through the work of Christ. Yet Scripture again and again declares that sinners are not saved through their doings, but through faith in the Lord Jesus. "To him that worketh not, but believeth on Him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness" (Rom. 4. 5). The sinner cannot be saved by "doing the best he can." By ceasing all efforts of his own to merit salvation, and believing on Christ who gave Himself a ransom for all his sins, he will obtain free, full, and present forgiveness.

In the summer of 1881 a tent was pitched in Warminster, five miles from B.'s farm, and evangelistic meetings were held in it nightly. One evening she attended the service. The subject of the address was the parable of the creditor and two debtors, as contained in Luke 7. 41, 42. The preacher showed that we are all debtors to God; some of us forgiven, and others unforgiven. All of us owe Him a debt of obedience, which we have failed to render. Some were greater sinners than others, just as there were 50 and 500 pence debtors. But all of us were on the same platform in this respect, that we were bankrupt, and had nothing to pay. The fact was pressed home on the minds and consciences of the audience that there was no use in attempting to pay the debt, and that future good conduct could not atone for the past. Man's guilt and helplessness were dwelt upon, whilst God's compassion and grace were extolled. During the address Mrs. B. discovered she had been building for eternity on a sandy foundation. The Holy Spirit revealed to her the fact that she had never been "born again,"

*How a Canadian Farmer's Wife Got the Victory.*

and that all her prayer saying, hymn singing, and religious observances were in God's sight as "filthy rags" (Isaiah 64. 6). The best acts done by the unsaved in the reckoning of heaven are utterly valueless. "They that are in the flesh (the unregenerate) cannot please God" (Rom. 8. 8). God says so, and we believe it. So did Mrs. B.

As the speaker showed that God was waiting to be gracious, longing to forgive the vilest and guiltiest, Mrs. B. listened with rapt attention. The creditor—who doubtless represented God—we are told, when the poor debtors had nothing to pay, "frankly forgave them both." How was *she* to be forgiven? That was the question. As the Gospel



was unfolded that "God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life" (John 3. 16), the seeking one grasped the soul-saving truth of the Gospel, and entered into life and light, peace and liberty. She believed that God loved *her*, a guilty, hell-deserving sinner; that He loved her *so much* as to give His only begotten Son to bleed, and suffer, and die in her room and stead; and that by believing on Him His Holy Word assured her she was saved,

had eternal life, and would not perish. At the close of the service Mrs. B. was rejoicing in Christ as her Saviour, and could say, "God loved; God gave; I believe, and I'm saved."

For twenty years Mrs. B. witnessed for Christ in the sphere in which she moved. Three years ago her beloved husband, whilst walking along the railroad track, being dull of hearing, was killed by a locomotive. A year ago the Lord took her to be with Himself. She had a peaceful and happy death-bed. The very last words understood by those who surrounded her were, "Praise the Saviour."

If the reader is still unsaved, we would tenderly, yet earnestly, urge him to accept Christ as his Saviour. There is no time to lose. Eternity is nearing. "The coming of the Lord draweth nigh." There is salvation vast, full, present, free, and eternal to every sinner out of hell. Hallelujah! A.M.

# THE RANSOM FOUND



or Who utters those blessed Words

**W**ILLIAM BLACK was an upright young man, highly esteemed and respected by all who knew him. Though a church member and office-bearer, a Sunday-school teacher and tract distributor, a kind and affectionate son and true friend, he lacked the one thing needful—conversion to God. William had never experienced the great change which the Saviour declares is absolutely necessary to entering the kingdom of God (John 3. 3). William's "religion" did not make him happy; and how could it, seeing it was man's religion and not God's. Human "religions" may be divided into two kinds—the true and the false; the religion of two letters,

## *The Ransom Found.*

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DO, and the religion of four letters, DONE. William had been on the "doing" tack—working, praying, giving, renouncing, resolving, in order to merit the pardoning mercy of God. He had been trying to reach heaven on the ground of *his own doings* instead of on the ground of the *finished work of Christ*. Thank God, his false peace was disturbed. His sleep of death was broken in upon by the Holy Spirit producing conviction of sin in his soul. He ceased comparing himself with others, and as he saw himself, in the light of God's holiness, a guilty and hell-deserving sinner, he trembled. Such Scriptures as the following were doubtless familiar to him: "It is appointed unto men once to die, *but after this the judgment*" (Heb. 9. 27): and "Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth, and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth; and walk in the ways of thine heart and in the sight of thine eyes, but *know thou that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment*" (Eccles. 11. 9).

What was he to do? He discovered he was a sinner under the wrath and curse of God hurrying to unending woe. His prayer-saying, almsgiving, ordinance observance, and church attendance appeared to him utterly worthless. His best deeds seemed stained with sin and criminal with rebellion. Not one of them could stand the burning, piercing eye of a righteous and holy God. William did not shelter in the fact that "God is merciful," as so many do. He knew that He was holy as well as merciful. The same Scripture that proclaims His mercy and grace declares that He "WILL BY NO MEANS CLEAR THE GUILTY" (Exodus 34. 6, 7).

Has the reader had *his* eyes opened to his guilt and peril? You know that you are a "sinner," and that "the wages of sin is death" (Rom. 6. 23), which is eternal separation from God in conscious punishment. What, then, is to become of you? You cannot save yourself. You are powerless to avert the stroke of justice that is about to fall upon you. Perhaps you have been taking credit for being "as good as lots of so-called Christians." Perhaps you are. Remember, however, it is one thing to be a *professor of religion* and another thing to be a *possessor of Christ*. Are you a "professor" merely? or are you a true Christian—one who has been "born again" of the Holy Spirit? Though you "make no profession," you are a sinner in your sins. Don't look at other people. Examine yourself in the light of God's

## *The Ransom Found.*

holiness, and ask yourself if you have really loved Him with *all* your heart, soul, strength, and mind, and your neighbour as yourself. If you have not, you are a law-breaker, and "whosoever shall keep the whole law, *and yet offend in one point, he is guilty of all*" (James 2. 10).

A friend hearing of William Black's soul trouble, sought to afford him comfort by talking of his morality, religiousness, &c., &c. "Don't speak to me of these things," was his reply; "I need salvation. I am lost, undone. Tell me what I have to do to be saved. I want salvation. I am afraid to meet God with these rags of human righteousness clinging about me. I want salvation." His friend being unsaved himself, was powerless to help him to see the way of peace, and was glad enough to withdraw.

A young man, a new convert, on hearing of William's condition, visited him, and instead of trying to comfort him by reciting his goodnesses, read to him portions of Scripture showing God's gracious and perfect provision for his deepest need. Among the Scriptures read was the familiar one: "He [God] is gracious unto him, and saith, Deliver him from going down to the pit; I HAVE FOUND A RANSOM." "WHO SAYS THAT? WHO UTTERS THOSE BLESSED WORDS?" exclaimed the anxious enquirer. "God," was the answer. "Turn to the thirty-third chapter of Job, verse twenty-four, and you will find the very words." In a moment the light of the glorious Gospel of God's matchless grace shone into William's darkened spirit. He saw that though *he* was unable to obtain salvation *by his own deserts*, God had provided "a Ransom," on the ground of which He could be Just, and the Justifier of all who believe on Christ. The Lord Jesus was the "Ransom" of God's providing. "There is one Mediator between God and men, the Man Christ Jesus, *who gave Himself a Ransom for all*" (1 Tim. 2. 6).

To the unsaved reader we would say: Flee to Christ for refuge from the storm of God's fierce indignation against sin. Delay not a moment longer. Look to Christ who bore sin's penalty and paid the ransom with His precious blood. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved" (Acts 16. 31). You may procrastinate once too often, and be cut down in your sins, and where, oh, where will you spend Eternity? "Because there is wrath, beware lest He take thee away with His stroke: then a great ransom cannot deliver thee" (Job 36. 18).

A. M.

## THE SOLE SURVIVOR OF ST. PIERRE.

THE volcanic crater which is continually casting forth lava and cinders looks more terrible, but is not nearly so dangerous as the crater which slumbers for ages, then suddenly awakens with a world-shaking convulsion to devastate whole towns or broad territories in a few moments with its pent-up fury. Thus it happened with Vesuvius in 1879, with Krakatoa in 1882, and with Pelée in 1902.



"THE FORMS OF THREE MEN APPEARED AT THE HOLE, THEN IN SPRANG A MAN."

## *The Sole Survivor of St. Pierre.*

Mount Pelée, a massive volcano towering 4500 feet high, with its wooded spurs filled the northern end of the island of Martinique in the West Indies. St. Pierre, the commercial capital of the island, was situated at the foot of the verdant slopes which reached down to the sea. The volcano had been active for a transient period some fifty years before, but had been so long quiet that the inhabitants had come to look upon it as "defunct," to use its verdant slopes for pic-nic parties, and the icy-cold waters of the crater as a bathing pool.

On 8th May, 1902, the slumbering giant awoke to activity again, and scattered death and destruction all around. For several weeks there had been ominous signs of activity—rumbling noises had been heard, convulsions had been felt, and showers of dust had even strewn the town. Instead of taking warning and fleeing to the hills for refuge, the people of St. Pierre grew curious and formed excursion parties to see this "new thing." Had you approached the merry crowds and urged them to "escape for their lives" (Gen. 19. 17), they would promptly have replied that they were quite capable of looking after themselves. Had you urged that, "We know not what a day may bring forth" (Prov. 27. 1), they would certainly have assured you that the mayor and councillors of the town, who knew more about local matters than most people, had assured them that there was no immediate danger. Oh! if you had been a Jonah, with a prophetic cry, "Yet 14 hours, and St. Pierre shall be overthrown" (see Jonah 3. 4), what a splendid laughing-stock you would have made for the crowds of merry-makers. Yet at 8 o'clock on the 8th an awful avalanche of burning lava, blistering ashes, scalding steam, and deadly gases *in three minutes* utterly destroyed the whole town, and the entire population, numbering 40,000, perished, with the exception of one solitary survivor named LUDGER SYLBARIS, who was found alive three days afterwards in the underground cell of the city gaol.

Imprisoned the night before the disaster, Ludger was aroused from his frenzied slumber by the muffled thunder of the mountain, and had just partaken of the prison breakfast of bread and water, when, with undescrivable suddenness, the tiny cell changed form, the streak of light from the barred window disappeared; "a dry, scorching, flameless fire, hotter than the blaze of any furnace," filled the cell.

### *The Sole Survivor of St. Pierre.*

A great fear settled down upon him, a frantic cry for help remained unheeded, the whole fabric shook, and seemed as if it would topple down upon him, hot mud flowed into his cell, the awful choking smell of sulphur grew almost unbearable, a death-like stillness like the intense silence of the grave reigned all around, and time became an unknown quantity. His own words are: "Hunger did not seem very keen. But my thirst was so intense, so desperate, that it



THE UNDERGROUND CELL IN WHICH THE SOLE SURVIVOR WAS BURIED ALIVE DURING THE ERUPTION.

excluded almost every other feeling. Of all my experiences I remember *that awful thirst* the most vividly."

Yet this story of actual experience gives but a faint idea of what must be realised when the "lovers of pleasure rather than lovers of God" (2 Timothy 3. 4, R.V.), the "thieves and drunkards" (1 Cor. 6. 10), with "the fearful and unbelieving, and the abominable, and murderers, and whoremongers, and sorcerers, and idolaters, and all liars, shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire

### *The Sole Survivor of St. Pierre.*

and brimstone" (Rev. 21. 8). Make certain that you will *never know* the unquenchable thirst of hell (Luke 16. 24). If suffering for three days be so awful, what must it be to "suffer the vengeance of eternal fire"?

Morning light must have succeeded the gloom of night three times when the sounds of the picks of one of the rescue parties, which had been immediately organised and which did heroic work, were heard by the half-dazed, yet fortunate, sole survivor. Hope and fear were alternate within his bosom as the sounds were heard, then discontinued. Still nearer and clearer they sounded, till at last a small hole let in the bright sunlight which had been so long deferred. The forms of three men appeared at the steadily enlarging hole, then in sprang a man and Ludyer was rescued—THE SOLE SURVIVOR OF 40,000.

Buried, burnt, half-dead, and if left to himself undone for ever, yet rescued from without, saved from above, what feelings of gratitude must have filled the heart of this poor, solitary prisoner.

Lost, undone, and if left to himself to be doomed for ever, yet saved by the Mighty One who came from above and descended into the dust of death on Calvary's brow, there bursts forth from the bosom of the believer in the Lord Jesus Christ the triumphant cry, "Thanks be unto God for His unspeakable Gift" (2 Cor. 9. 15).

"True and thrilling though the story be, I fail to see what this rumbling mountain and rescued nigger have to do with me," says someone. Are you not aware that a catastrophe to which Mount Pelée's frenzy will be but a trifle may overwhelm you at any time? For "the day of the Lord *will come* as a thief in the night; in the which the heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat; the earth also, and the works that are therein, shall be burned up" (2 Peter 3. 10). Therefore rest not till as a poor unworthy one you have accepted the Lord Jesus Christ as your own Saviour and know that your sins, which were many, are all forgiven. Then when time is past and earth has fled your voice shall swell the song of the great shoal of survivors who ascribe their rescue from eternal disaster to the Lamb of Calvary as they exclaim, "Thou art worthy . . . for Thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by Thy Blood out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation." ' ' HYP.

## THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF CURED.



HERE can be no doubt that Naaman, the general of the Syrian army, was a remarkable person. We are told that he was "a great man with his master" the king, for this reason, that it was by Naaman the Lord had given deliverance unto Syria. As captain of the host he had led the Syrian army forth to victory, and had returned with all the honour that belongs to a victorious military commander known far and wide as "a mighty man of valour." Seemingly he had all that heart could wish. Surely he was a man to be envied. Yet, if nothing more had been recorded about him, there is one touch needed to complete the picture. After his greatness has been duly set forth, we read the terrible words—"But he was a leper" (2 Kings 5. 1).

This touch spoils the whole picture, if we may so speak. The deadly and loathsome disease of leprosy had fastened upon him. The death-like whiteness of the skin told that he was a doomed man. Possibly his members had already begun to decay before his eyes. It was only a question of time, and these members would rot away until death ended his sufferings. No human power could save him. With all his greatness, and his victories, and his honours, he was an object of commiseration. The poorest man in Israel, with a healthy body, would not have exchanged places with him. "But he was a leper." These words reveal the terrible "skeleton in the cupboard" that took the sunshine out of Naaman's life.

Now, leprosy is one of the most striking types of sin that are to be found in the Scriptures. No mortal power could cleanse from leprosy. All the skill of man was powerless to arrest its progress. Once it had fastened on its victim, death was inevitable. All this is true of sin. There is no power on earth that can cleanse a single stain of sin. All the skill and philosophy of men cannot arrest its course. What is the end? If the disease of sin is allowed to run its course—if the leprosy of sin remains unarrested—the end is death, eternal death; for it is written, "The soul that sinneth, it shall die" (Ezek. 18. 4). And again it is written, "The wages of sin is death" (Rom. 6. 23). And we know that all are in this condemnation; for it is written, "Death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned" (Rom. 5. 12).

Fellow-man, you cannot get away from this, that the leprosy of sin has fastened upon you. You are still unsaved. You are "sold under sin." The deadly disease

### *The Commander-in-Chief Cured.*

is simply running its course. It is only a question of time, and then—a lost eternity—the blackness of the eternal darkness. No power on earth can undo the ravages of sin in your heart and life. The world's culture and schemes of reformation, even the world's religion, cannot bring you cleansing and deliverance.

What, then, is it to be in your case? Must you give up hope, seeing that all the arts and efforts of man are powerless to eradicate the leprosy of sin? No, a thousand times no. There is cleansing for the leprosy of sin. There is absolute deliverance. "Without shedding of blood is no remission of sin" (Heb. 9. 22). But *The Blood* has been shed—even the Blood of the *Son of God*, the Lamb without spot or blemish. Jesus is God's gift of everlasting love. God so loved the world that He *gave*—what? JESUS. God gave Him up to die for you, for me, for the whole world, that we should not perish, but have everlasting life. He was nailed to the Cross of Shame. His precious, all-atoning blood has flowed on Calvary, and the moment you receive Him as your own Saviour, that moment you come under the power of the precious blood. That moment you have the divine testimony that you have the forgiveness of sins for His name's sake. "By Him all that *believe* are *justified* from all things" (Acts 13. 39). It matters not how deep the leprosy of sin may have penetrated, the Blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth from all sin (1 John 1. 7). Surely this is good news for the sin-sick soul. Why, then, should you remain for another day under the pollution and curse of sin? "Whosoever will" is entreated to believe the good tidings. Why not you?

You may have all that the human heart could desire. You may be "great," "honourable," mighty." Naaman was all these. But what if in your case it has to be added, "But he is an unconverted sinner"? That means that you are "condemned already"—passing on to receive the sentence of eternal doom. What will all the honours and pleasures and successes of earth avail you in that day when the dead, small and great, shall stand before God? What will it profit you to be able to say great things about yourself in these few fleeting years of Time if you go down in your sins to bewail your fate throughout the long ages of Eternity? "What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

W. S.

## A BATTLEFIELD PREACHER.

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HERE are preachers on the battlefield besides the regular chaplains and recognised Christian workers. Sometimes a private soldier, after his day's work—it may be terrible work—is done, will be found testifying to the saving power of Christ. One of these "battlefield preachers" has been recently described by a war correspondent at the front in South Africa. The preacher, a British soldier, was standing at eventide facing the rugged heights of Enslin, the crimson-tinted clouds casting a ruddy radiance around his head. His feet were firmly planted close to the graves of the British soldiers and sailors who had fallen where the enemy had been driven back upon Modder River. In one hand he held a little, well-worn Bible. His other hand was raised high above his close-cropped head, while his voice rang out on the sultry air like the clang of steel on steel :

"PREPARE TO MEET THY GOD."

No one who looked at the neat, strong figure arrayed in the plain khaki uniform of a private soldier, and at the fearless, grey-blue eye, could doubt either his honesty or earnestness. Courage was imprinted by Nature's never-erring hand on every lineament of his Saxon features. To the right of him the long lines of tents spread upwards towards the kopje ; to the left the veldt with its wealth of grey-green grass, sown by the bounteous hand of the Great Harvester. All around him, except where the graves raised their brown furrows, rows of soldiers lounged, listening to the "old, old story" of man's weakness and eternal shame, and Christ's love and everlasting pity.

On the soldier's breast a row of decorations gleamed, telling of honourable service to Queen and country. Before a man could wear these ribbons he

MUST HAVE FACED DEATH,

as brave men face it, on many a battlefield. He must have known the agonies of thirst, the dull pain of sleepless nights and midnight marches, and the onward rush of armed men up heights almost unscalable.

Rough as the thrust of a broken bayonet was his speech, yet all who listened knew that every word came from the speaker's soul, and from the magazine of Truth. Some London slum had probably been his cradle, and the gutters of the great city the only university his feet had known. Yet no Church dignitary,

### *A Battlefield Preacher.*

crowned with the laurels of the schools, could have so stirred the blood of those bold lads fresh from the boundless bush and lawless mining camps beneath Australian suns.

Ever and anon he sent forth the startling words: "Prepare to meet thy God!" And even as he spoke we could plainly hear the rolling thunder of our guns as they spake in sterner tones to the foe from Modder River. It was no new figure that the soldier-preacher placed before us. It was the same Christ who calmly faced the seething mob in Pilate's judgment-hall, the same Christ who took the babes upon his knee, the same Christ who, with hyssop, and gall, and mingled blood and tears, passed death's dread portals on the dark brow of Calvary. It was the same grand figure that was now set forth in words that savoured of the London slums, and of the soldiers' camp. And yet the message was so edged around with earnest love and child-like faith that all its grossest trappings fell away and left us

#### NOTHING BUT THE IDEAL CHRIST.

Once more we heard the thunder of the distant batteries, till every rock, and hill, and crag, and stony height took up the echo like a lion's roar, and the whispering wind was tremulous with sound. Then all was hushed except the preacher's voice as it uttered the warning cry to be ready for the great eternity. "I come," he said, "to tell you about a General whose armies hold the city of eternal life. Throw down your rifles and surrender. No rebels can enter that city. You cannot storm the walls nor take the gates at the point of the bayonet, for the ramparts are guarded, and the sentries never sleep. When the bugle sounds the last reveille you will ever hear, and

#### THE COLONEL, WHOSE NAME IS DEATH,

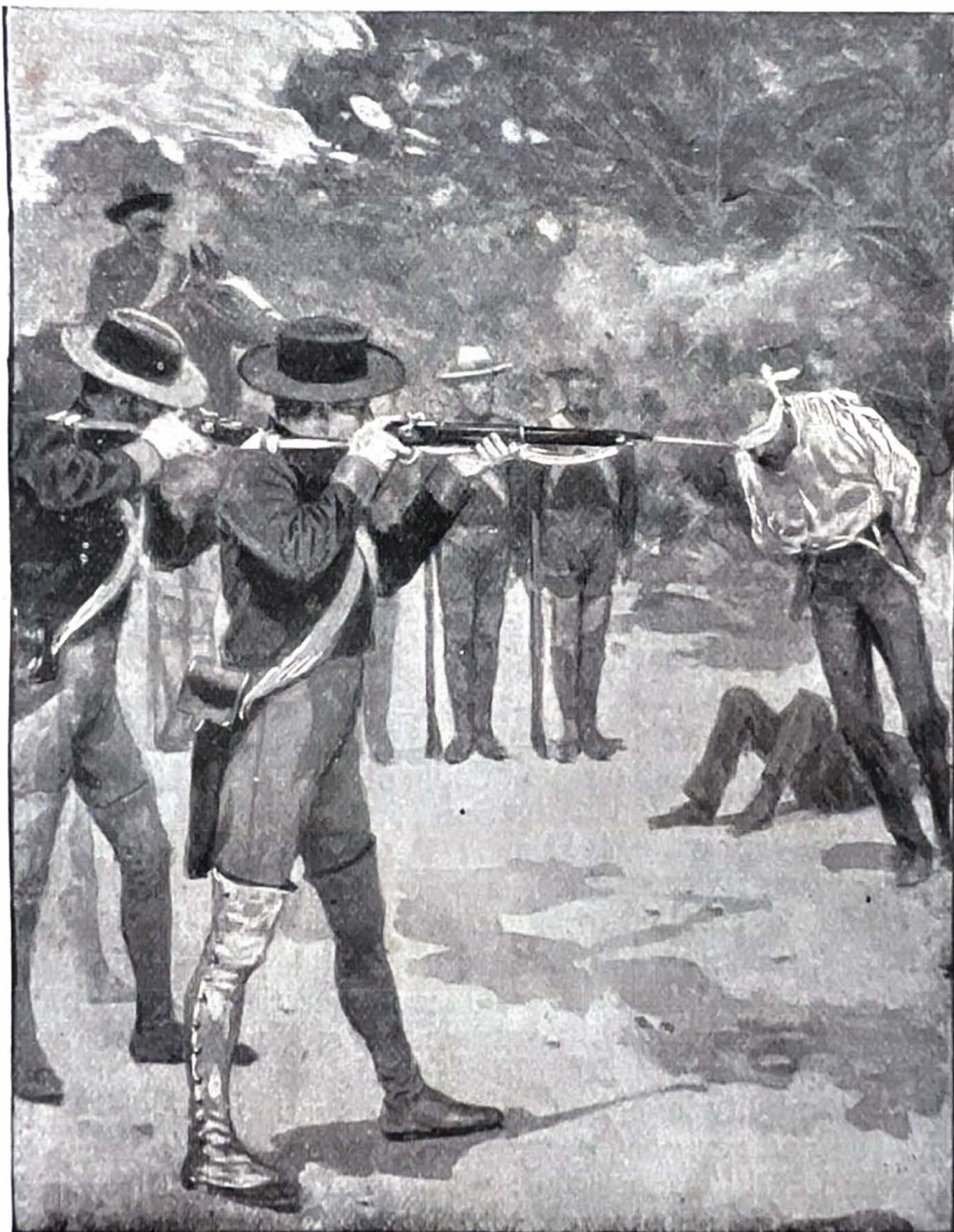
gives the order to march, you'll have nothing to fear if your bandoliers are full of faith."

Thus did that humble Christian worker bear witness, in his own simple way, to the saving power of Christ. The uncertainties of life would be vividly brought before his hearers by the stern realities of war. But although you may dwell in a "land of peace," and be far removed from the din of the battlefield, the call for you is no less urgent, "Be ready to meet God." *Are you ready?* The Son of God died on Calvary that *you* might be ready to meet God. You must have Christ. You must be sheltered by the atoning blood. "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."

## A GREAT SACRIFICE;

— OR, —

"GREATER LOVE HATH NO MAN THAN THIS."



"TEN OF THE CITIZENS WERE CONDEMNED AND SHOT."

"On the ground that the city was responsible for the lives of his officers, the commander arrested ten of the principal citizens, and condemned them to be shot."

## A GREAT SACRIFICE.



CERTAIN American periodical recently contained the following touching incident: "During the Civil War in the United States of America, one of the Southern cities was occupied by Federal troops, an officer of which was there assassinated.

On the ground that the city was responsible for the lives of his officers, the commander arrested ten of the principal citizens, and condemned them to be shot. One of them was a highly-respected man, father of a large family, and could ill be spared. Whereupon a young man, not related to the family, came forward and insisted on being taken in his stead as a less valuable life. In spite of the elder's distress this substitution was carried out."

This was a noble act, surely. The young man gave his best possession—his life for the friend whom he esteemed. His act reached the measure of self-sacrifice which is described in John 15. 13—words which give us the farthest limit of human affection: "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." But have you ever pondered on the great contrast of Divine love? Think of these words: "God commendeth His love toward us, in that, while we were yet *sinners*, Christ died for us" (Rom. 5. 8). Behold that scene of over 1800 years ago, outside the gates of Jerusalem. See that suffering, bleeding, dying form hanging on the middle of three crosses! Who is He? None less than the Son of God who in that body which was "prepared" Him (1 Peter 3. 18), "suffered for sins, the Just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God."

O, what a manifestation of the love of God, the Father, and God, the Son, for poor, guilty, hell-deserving sinners! For remember this, in *your* present condition, if you have not been saved, with all your sins upon you, you are in a terribly dangerous position in view of Eternity.

God's mighty love has provided salvation for you. O, will you not, *even now*, poor, guilty one, open your heart to the wonderful love message: "For God so loved the world, that He gave His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life" (John 3. 16). Take it in by simple faith, and you will be saved for all eternity. Continue to neglect or reject His offer, and you will surely be a sharer in the woes of the lake of fire!

J. M.

## A JAP'S CONVERSION.

**T**ETSUJIRO HIROSE lived with his parents in Mito, a town 75 miles north-east of Tokio, the capital of Japan. A few years ago Mr. Brand, an American missionary known to the writer, removed from Tokio to Mito and took a house next door to the one in which Tetsu's parents lived.

Meetings were regularly held in the mission-house for



TETSUJIRO HIROSE

preaching the Gospel, and Tetsu was a regular attender. The Christian missionary felt drawn to the youth, who was quiet, kindly, and thoughtful. Tetsu was brought up a Buddhist, but as he continued listening to the expositions of Scripture given by the missionary he became more and more interested. Mr. Brand and he had several conversations about sin and salvation, God's holiness and love. Tetsu's chief difficulty was the Christian idea of one God instead of

### *A Jap's Conversion.*

the Buddhist's theory that there are eight millions. The difficulty, however, was eventually solved. God's character, as Scripture reveals it, was dwelt upon. Tetsu saw that He was long-suffering, merciful, and gracious, as well as holy, just, and righteous. The evil of sin as God estimates it was examined. The Jap learned that God is of "purer eyes than to behold evil, and cannot look on iniquity" (Habakkuk 1. 13). The Scriptures regarding sin's penalty were looked into. "The soul that sinneth, it shall die" (Ezekiel 18. 20); "The wages of sin is death" (Rom. 6. 23). God's way of salvation was clearly and fully explained. Tetsu learned that "God so loved the world, that He gave His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life" (John 3. 16). Eventually the Japanese youth was awakened by the Holy Spirit to see himself as a lost and guilty sinner on his way to perdition.

One day when Mr. Brand was pressing on his acceptance God's "unspeakable gift," he read to him 1 John 5. 10, 11: "He that believeth on the Son of God hath the witness (testimony) in himself: *He that believeth not God hath made Him a liar*; because he believeth not the record that God gave of His Son." Tetsu's eyes were opened, and he was led to see that so long as he did not believe the testimony God had given regarding Christ; so long as he continued an unbeliever in the Gospel, he was guilty of the dreadful sin of calling his best and dearest Friend a "liar." He believed on Christ, that He died for him, that He bore his sins in His own Body on the tree (1 Peter 2. 24), and he had the assurance of God's Word that he was in possession of everlasting life. "I am saved by receiving Christ," was his confession to the missionary. On going home he told his father that Christ was his Saviour and Master. Two weeks afterwards Tetsu was publicly baptised on a profession of faith. Since then he has grown in grace and in the knowledge of the truth, and is at present a student in one of the high schools of Tokio. God has one and only one way of salvation for Japanese and Chinese, Britishers and Americans, Canadians and Australians. "Neither is there salvation in any other: for there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved" (Acts 4. 12). Rest not till you are absolutely certain that you are saved with an everlasting salvation.

A. M.

# HOISTING HIS COLOURS



I Wish you were a real Christian, Captain.

N EARLY fifty years ago a young officer in the British Army was invited to visit some friends in the North of England. The invitation was accepted, and the officer had what he called a "jolly time" shooting and hunting, with amusements of various kinds. An earnest and devoted Christian, Lady —, was also on a visit to the castle. One day whilst she and Captain — were taking a walk in the beautiful grounds, she looked into his face and said: "ARE YOU A CHRISTIAN, CAPTAIN?"

Startled and surprised beyond measure at the question, he replied: "What do you take me for? Of course I am a

## *Hoisting His Colours.*

Christian. I have been baptised, confirmed, go to church, and sometimes read my Bible. Of course I am a Christian."

"I wish you were a *real* Christian, Captain," said the lady.

After talking together a little longer the Captain said to Lady — : "It must be very dull for you here, spending your time in visiting and reading the Bible to these poor, old, deaf women. Would you not like to go to London for a fortnight—just for a fortnight—and again enter fashionable society, and enjoy yourself at balls, parties, and concerts?"

"When I was a little girl I was very fond of my doll, and if anyone took it from me I shed tears. When I entered society I thought nothing of my doll. When the Lord Jesus saved my soul and made me His own the painted baubles of this world lost their attractions for me. No, I have not the slightest desire to return to the world's vanities and frivolities even for a fortnight," was her reply.

This is the way worldlings talk to the children of God. They think that it must be a very dull life attending prayer meetings and gospel services, visiting the sick, distributing tracts, and reading the Bible and good books. They call such a life "hum-drum," and pity the "poor, long-faced, religious people" who spend their days "moping and groaning." If the reader has such ideas of the Christian life he is entirely mistaken. The lady when a little girl loved her doll, but when she reached womanhood she had no desire for such playthings. So with the child of God. "If any man be in Christ he is a new creature; old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new."

When a man is "born again" of the Holy Spirit he can honestly say, "The things I once hated, now I love; and the things I once loved, now I hate." He has peace with God, joy in the Lord, sins forgiven, eternal life, and is blessed with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ Jesus.

The Crimean War was raging. Thousands of French, British, and Russian soldiers had been slain in battle. Captain — was one of the combatants. He had never forgotten the word spoken to him at that English castle by Lady —. The Holy Spirit had been dealing with Him, revealing to him his guilt and danger. Amidst the groans of wounded soldiers and the thundering of cannon Captain — by faith saw the Lord Jesus bleeding and dying for him on Calvary's Cross, and he found rest and peace in

## Hoisting His Colours.

believing. When the war was over he "hoisted his colours," and confessed Christ as his Saviour. Eventually he settled down in London, labouring among the poor and destitute.

One day a drawing-room meeting was held in a house in the West-end of the city, the officer in question being present. A lady spoke to him at the close of the meeting, and said: "I have heard of your self-denying work in the East-end of the city. Don't you think that a fortnight's change in fashionable society would do you good—only a fortnight—and then you could return to your work?"

As the lady spoke the officer's mind reverted to the conversation that he had with Lady — in the castle, and he replied as follows: "When I was a boy I was very fond of marbles, but when I grew to manhood I became a sportsman, and liked shooting, hunting, &c. When I was in the world I loved the world and the things of the world, but since my conversion I have found more congenial employment." It is needless to add that Lady — was delighted to meet her old acquaintance after the lapse of years, and to find him seeking to live and work for Him who shed His blood to save him and her from unending woe.

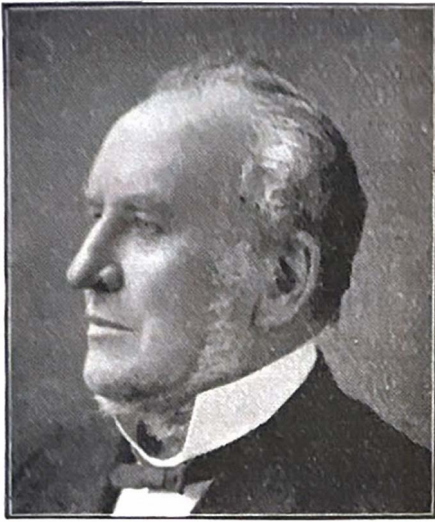
The unsaved reader fears that if he became a real Christian he would require to give up a great many things he now loves. It is not necessary to give up anything *in order to be saved*. God wishes you to *receive* ere He calls upon you to *renounce*. When you *receive* Christ as your Saviour and Lord, *then* you will think little of the world's toys and gewgaws, and give up whatever He desires you to renounce. As you read these lines stretch out the empty hand of faith and accept of God's "unspeakable gift"—the Lord Jesus Christ (2 Cor. 9. 15).

A. M.



"WHEN I GREW TO MANHOOD I BECAME A SPORTSMAN AND LIKED HUNTING."

## A WONDERFUL INVITATION!



HENRY VARLEY.

“HIM that cometh to Me, I will in no wise cast out.”

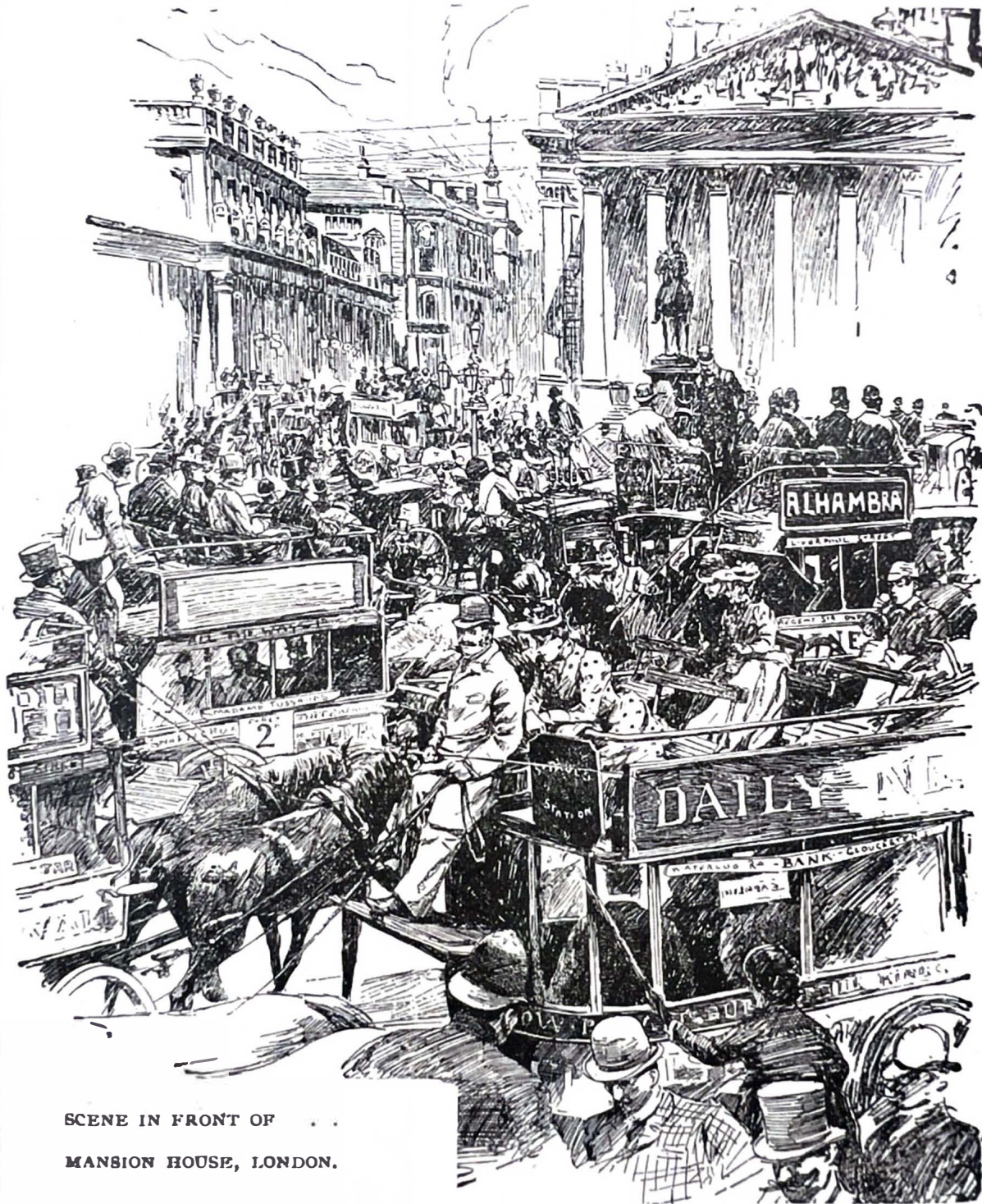
What wonderful words of welcome are here! The Speaker is the Lord of Eternity, into whose hands “all power is given in heaven and on earth.” Here the voice is of heavenly mercy calling to human misery; the Son of God speaking to the sons of men. Not in reprobation, but in invitation. Not for rejection, but for acceptance.

Not for reproof, but for wel-

come. It is the tender grace of the blessed God revealed in Christ Jesus, yearning to throw His peerless beauty around man's deformity and shame. It is the cup of salvation from His lips who is the water of life. The wine of salvation, proffered to sinful man in these striking words, “Let him drink and forget his poverty, and remember his misery no more.” “Him that cometh.” Such is the message and requirement. There is neither embargo, price, nor hindrance. Mark! it is “Him that cometh.” A sinner coming to a Saviour—that is all. “But I am unfit and undeserving,” says one. “I have neither prayed, repented, nor desired to come.” Hear the gracious words again, “Him that cometh.” Your coming is the answer to His invitation. He may have been a stranger to thee in the past, a wayfaring man without comeliness or beauty. Not so art thou to Him. He knows thee well, has known thee long. He invites thee because of His love. Because of His death for thee, He longs to possess thee. The purchased possession of the Lord, needest thou be surprised that He adds: “Return unto Me, for I have redeemed thee: thou art Mine! Believe on Me! Receive Me! Confide in Me!” The central word, observe, is Himself. “Come unto Me.” “Him that cometh unto Me.” Coming to Him, we become changed. Heart, life, character, condition, nature, state, name, citizenship, destiny—all is changed, new, divine, blessed, eternal. “I will in no wise cast out.” No, Lord Jesus, the only casting away undertaken by Thee now finds statement in these comforting words: “I have cast thy sins behind My back into the depths of the sea” (Micah 7. 19).

HENRY VARLEY.

## HOW A LONDON SOCIALIST OBTAINED SALVATION.



SCENE IN FRONT OF  
MANSION HOUSE, LONDON.

One of the busiest spots in the world. To the left is the BANK OF ENGLAND, commonly known as the "the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street"; to the right is the ROYAL EXCHANGE. Underneath the roadway is a subway for foot traffic; underneath that is the Bank Station of the Central London Railway.

## HOW A LONDON SOCIALIST OBTAINED SALVATION.



JOHN SPENCER was born and brought up in the lap of luxury. His parents were professing Christians, and were members of the Society of Friends. But he had never really accepted of Christ as his Saviour and Lord. At his mother's death he gave up all pretensions of being a Christian, and professed to be a Sceptic and a Socialist. For years he had never gone to church or chapel, and if he saw anyone preaching in the open-air he would cross the street lest his conscience might be troubled by what he would hear. Eventually he got into financial difficulties through careless speculations, and he saw nothing but poverty and destitution ahead of him. This his proud spirit could not brook, and his scepticism afforded him no comfort.

One Sunday evening he went into a park in the West-end of London determined to commit suicide. But God had His eye upon him, and had something better in store for him. As he considered it too early in the evening to accomplish his purpose, he took a walk. Whilst passing a theatre, he was asked by a Christian worker if he would come to the gospel service that was being held in it. At first he refused, but eventually consented. The preacher, a well-known evangelist, was specially struck by the appearance of the man, and felt as if the message he had that night was for him. At the close of the service the preacher asked some Christians to engage in prayer whilst he sought to converse with any who might be anxious about their souls. On reaching the seat on which Spencer sat, he perceived that he was deeply troubled and was trying to suppress his emotions. At that moment he rose and left. The evangelist followed him and said, "MY DEAR FELLOW, HOW DO MATTERS STAND BETWEEN YOUR SOUL AND GOD?" Spencer's heart was too full for utterance, and, shaking his head while the tears rolled down his cheeks, he pulled his hand out of the preacher's and rushed downstairs. Then he took the middle of the road and ran till he reached the park, and, entering it, wandered about all night. But all thoughts of self-destruction were gone. The night was spent bemoaning his past life of sin and folly, and wondering if God would save such a wretch as he.

A few days afterwards he returned to the meetings, desirous of knowing God's way of salvation. The blessed fact was

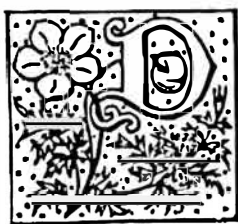
## *How a London Socialist obtained Salvation.*

shown him that, in spite of his innumerable sins, *God loved* him and was desirous of saving him; that He so loved him as to give Christ to die for him on Calvary; that the work of atonement was completed; that God's justice was satisfied, and all who believe on the Lord Jesus are saved and have eternal life (Acts 10. 43; Rom. 4. 5; John 5. 24). There and then he believed on the Lord Jesus Christ and obtained salvation—full, free, eternal.

If the reader is not yet saved, you may be saved even now. You may be respectable, moral, and religious, but if not "born again," you must be saved in the same way as any other sinner. Are you lost or saved? Which?

Thank God "The Son of Man is come to seek and to save that *which was lost*" (Luke 19. 10). Mark the tense. It is not future, and does not read that *which will be lost*. It is past tense, and reads "that *which was lost*." Though not hopelessly lost, you are lost already. The Lord Jesus came to seek and to save the lost. He wishes to save you as you read these lines. Will you let Him save you as *you are and where you are*? There is no time to lose. Look away from self to Christ. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and THOU SHALT BE SAVED" (Acts 16. 31). A. M.

### WHITAKER WRIGHT'S LAST WORD.



URING the summing-up of this famous case by Justice Bigham the late Mr. Whitaker Wright was scribbling with pen and ink on a blotting-pad. A photographic reproduction of the sheet shows that, in addition to writing the letter W 32 times and the numeral VII. 62 times, he wrote only one complete word, that word being "INTENT." Oh, if he had only been *intent* on keeping right with God here! Oh, if he had only been *intent* on getting ready to meet God hereafter, how different things might have been! Yet he has gone, gone from a high tribunal of earth to the highest tribunal of all, to stand before the bar of God in Eternity. What the verdict of the human judge was *we* know. What the verdict of the Almighty Judge was *he* knows. Yet we are assured, "Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?" (Gen. 18. 25).

Shall this last word so tragically penned not lead each of us to enquire, Am I *intent* on keeping right with God? Am I *intent* on getting ready to meet God?

HYP.

## SUDDEN CALL OF A TURKISH CONSUL.



PHOTO OF THE TURKISH CONSUL OF SINGAPORE.

IT was the birthday of the King of Greater Britain. The Governor of Singapore gave a grand reception and ball at Government House. All the Government officials and their wives were invited, and all the representatives of foreign nations were there also. There seems to have been no hitch in the arrangements until the ball broke up and the carriages were ordered. The Consul had hired a carriage to take him to the ball and back. In due time his carriage drew up to the door, and, entering, he was driven away. It was a beautiful moonlight morning. A gentle wind, causing the palm trees to wave, threw their moving shadows across the road. The horse became restive, and ultimately broke

### *Sudden Call of a Turkish Consul.*

out into an uncontrollable gallop. The coachman retained his seat, however, but the Consul, apprehending danger, prepared to leap from the flying carriage. In his attempt to save his life he lost it. Stepping from the carriage, he fell heavily on his head, and in ten minutes after he was dead, thus again proving the truth of the lines: "Death comes down with silent footsteps into hall and hut." No observant person can fail to notice the impartiality of Death. He lays his clammy hands on all classes, everywhere, at all seasons of the year, and at all hours of day and night. This Turkish Consul was taken away at 1.30 a m., and taken away as he was returning from a ball. A policeman on duty found the body on the road, with all his decorations on his breast. Strange to say, the coachman never missed his illustrious fare from the carriage. Doubtless the runaway horse demanded all his attention, for on arrival at the Consul's residence he descended from the seat to open the carriage door, when to his surprise he found the carriage empty, only the Consul's official sword lying on the seat.

You may be sure this tragic occurrence caused great consternation in Singapore. The Consul was a great favourite, and his death was deeply deplored by many friends. His funeral was about the largest ever seen in the city.

Of course the Turkish Consul was a Mohammedan, but that fact will not shield him from the eye of God. Men of all human religions and persuasions will have to meet God. No human creed can carry us past the bar of God. There the dead, small and great, must stand. Whether cremated or interred, whether buried on land or in the sea, all ever born must meet God (Rev. 20. 11-15).

These sudden deaths are God's danger-signals flashed before our eyes as we hurry along the highway of life. Oh, that we had ears to hear the voice of God in these sad occurrences. Oh, that we had eyes to see His danger-signals. "It is appointed unto men once to die." It may come suddenly, like as it did to the Consul, or it may come on slowly through some lingering illness. It may find us asleep, it may overtake us at work, or it may find us returning from some place of pleasure or feasting, as it did the Turkish Consul. Have not most of us sung at one time or other in our lives?

"Teach me to live that I may dread  
The grave as little as my bed."

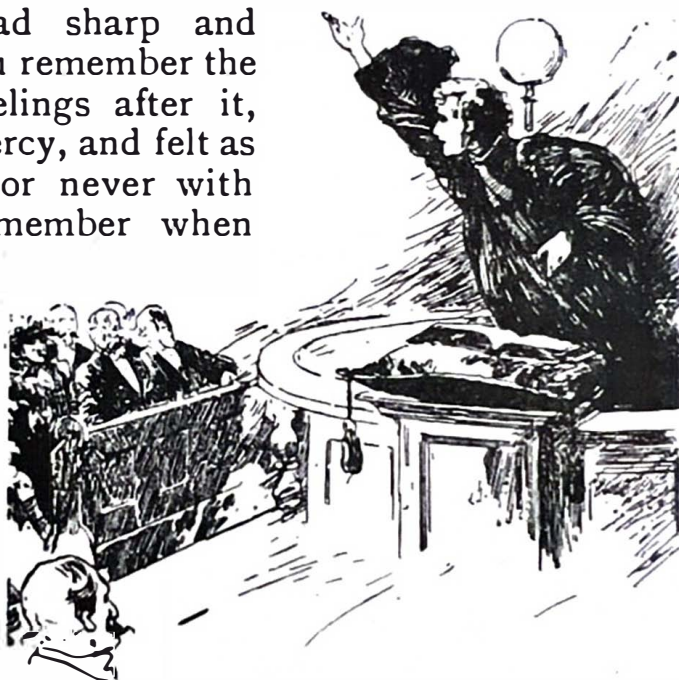
Does a tired man dread his bed? I trow not. He looks

## *Sudden Call of a Turkish Consul.*

upon it as one of his best friends, and lays himself down on its surface with joy. So fearless may we be of death and the grave, the Christian can say: "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" Trust Christ this very moment, and death shall not have dominion over you, for your Saviour has become death's Conqueror. T.B.

### STIFLED CONVICTIONS.

YES, you once had sharp and bitter ones. You remember the sermon and your feelings after it, when you cried for mercy, and felt as if it would be now or never with your soul. You remember when death entered your home, and a voice startling you from your sleep, seemed continually to say to you, "Prepare to meet thy God." You prayed then and appeared solemnised. You remember the time when you were



startled a little by a friend's admonition, as a dead pool is ruffled by throwing a stone into it, only soon to subside and be calm again. Yes, you can remember the time when you eagerly sought Salvation. Is it painful to be reminded of it? Is it an unwelcome message? Does the question send a thrill through your heart? Where are your convictions? WHERE?

Is it true that they have passed away? Is it true you try to forget the past, and, it may be, laugh at former fears?

Were you anxious once and are not so now? We come to warn you and bid you think. Your need for anxiety is ten thousand-fold greater, your time shorter, and the drowsy slumber of the second death more and more irresistible.

WHERE ARE YOUR CONVICTIONS?

"HE THAT BEING OFTEN REPROVED HARDENETH  
HIS NECK SHALL SUDDENLY  
BE DESTROYED, AND THAT WITHOUT REMEDY."

## A HAPPY RE-UNION.



"NO, I WISH YOU WERE DEAD."

A YOUNG woman, treading the path of sin and shame, was brought to the Redeemer's feet, and there found peace and pardon through believing on His name. "If my mother is alive," she said, "I would like to see her; and if she is dead, I should like to see her grave."

A servant of God took her to the town where her mother had lived. They learned from the person who lived next door that the mother was still alive, though nearing her end. The good man went in, and found her very ill but very happy.

"What would I do now," she exclaimed, "if I had not Christ?" As the tears streamed down her old, furrowed cheeks, she said, "Oh, there is one thing—I have one dear and only daughter; if I could only see my child once more, and give her my dying kiss and blessing!"

"Your child still lives," said he.

At that moment the girl entered. What a scene was there! The mother threw her arms around her child; and when she

## *A Happy Re-union.*

learned that Jesus had saved the long-lost wanderer, she exclaimed, "Let me die, for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation."

But this girl's father was an enemy of the Gospel of Salvation, and as he entered the room his daughter retired behind the curtain, while the man of God asked him if he would forgive his long-lost child.

"Never!" he exclaimed.

"Would you not allow her," said the poor, dying wife, "to come and say farewell to me?"

"Yes," he answered, "but I would turn her out the next moment."

Then the poor, trembling girl came from behind the curtain, kissed her mother, wept over her, and bade her farewell.

As she turned to go, she fell on her knees and asked her father's forgiveness. But the hard, cruel man said, "No, I wish you were dead."

"Well, if you won't forgive me," she replied, "only let me kiss you, and bid you good-bye, father."

At that moment God smote his heart. "Oh, daughter," he cried, "you have overcome me."

The man was utterly broken down, and in his daughter's arms he found the Saviour.

Is anything too hard for the Lord? What a scene of joy was presented in that strange room soon to be a chamber of death! A dying mother had the blessedness of embracing her child, long mourned as lost, and of seeing a hardened husband and father melted under the power of redeeming love, and made a new man in Christ Jesus. Well may we exclaim, "Hallelujah! what a Saviour!"

It matters not who you are, my reader, nor how dark your path may have been, *Jesus has died*; and His blood avails for *you*—blood that cleanseth from *all* sin. He is the One who is "mighty to save." Can it be possible that you are still a stranger to Jesus—that you have not rested your soul on the merits of His blood? If so, let there not be another hour's delay, for "now is the *accepted time*; now is the day of salvation." You may lose your soul; you may be called suddenly into eternity—to be where the worm never dies, and the fire never shall be quenched. Therefore, stop *now*—turn *now*—believe on Jesus *now*; and you shall be cleansed, and saved, and satisfied. Receive Christ now, and it shall be to you the beginning of days—the beginning of a life that shall never end, and of joys that are lasting as eternity. w. s.

## THE AMERICAN LIBERTY BELL:

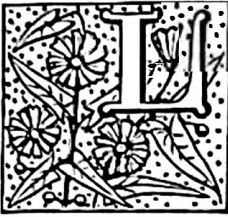
AN EMBLEM OF THE GOSPEL BELL WHICH FOR EIGHTEEN CENTURIES  
HAS BEEN RINGING OUT THE NOTES OF LIBERTY.



LIBERTY BELL IN INDEPENDENCE HALL, PHILADELPHIA.

On 4th July, 1776, the memorable day of the  
Declaration of the Independence of the United States of America,  
it rang out its joyous pealings,  
and since then it has been called THE LIBERTY BELL.

## THE AMERICAN LIBERTY BELL.



LAST summer whilst staying in the city of Philadelphia I went to "Independence Hall" and saw the famous Liberty Bell. Every year thousands of persons from all parts of the United States visit and gaze upon it with wonder and delight. It is 12 feet in circumference around the lip, and weighs 2080 lbs. It is lettered around its crown with the words :

"PROCLAIM LIBERTY THROUGHOUT ALL THE LAND,  
UNTO ALL THE INHABITANTS THEREOF."

Leviticus xxv. 5-10.

On 4th July, 1776, the memorable day of the Declaration of the Independence of the United States of America, it rang out its joyous pealings, and since then it has been called THE LIBERTY BELL. On 8th July, 1835, during the funeral solemnities of Mr. John Marshall, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, the bell broke and tolled for the last time. On several noteworthy occasions it was taken to various American cities, being an object of intense interest and delight to hundreds of thousands of persons.

The Scripture quotation inscribed on the bell alludes to the sounding of the jubilee trumpet on the great day of atonement for God's people Israel. It was only after the High Priest had sprinkled the blood of the offerings on and before the mercy-seat that the jubilee trumpet was blown. On the ground of the precious Blood of Christ shed for a guilty world on Calvary's Cross, God righteously proclaims deliverance to every sinner.

For eighteen centuries the Gospel Bell has been announcing the fact that LIBERTY FROM THE SLAVERY OF SATAN is proclaimed to all. The unsaved are bond-servants of Satan. Although a usurper, Satan is the prince and the god of this world. Scripture represents men as "led captive by the devil at his will." When a man falls into open and flagrant sin we carelessly say, "Oh, he's gone to the devil." If, however, he is not "born again" by faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, he has always been under Satan's thralldom. To certain religious Jews the Lord Jesus said, "Ye are of your father the devil" (John 8. 44). All who are not regenerated, whether religious or irreligious, moral or immoral, educated or illiterate, are held in the arch enemy's grasp. "Satan deceiveth the whole world" (Rev.

*The American Liberty Bell.*

12. 9). "The whole world lieth in the Evil One" (1 John 5. 19, R.V.). He is the "strong man armed," who "keepeth his goods in peace" (Luke 11. 21, 22). The One who is stronger than he, who overcomes him and taketh his "spoils," is the Lord Jesus Christ, our glorious Victor Emmanuel. He is the only One who can give deliverance to Satan's captives.

Doubtless you have tried to burst your bonds. It is useless trying. You are no match for the great deceiver of souls. But, glory be to God, "deliverance to the captives" is proclaimed to you at this very moment by the grand old



THE SOUNDING OF THE JOHILRE TRUMPET.

## *The American Liberty Bell.*

Gospel Bell. The "good news," as contained in "the glad and glorious Gospel" (1 Cor. 15. 1-4) of God's wondrous grace, is to-day rung out in your ear: "For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life" (John 3. 16). That surely is a proclamation of "Liberty throughout ALL the land, unto ALL the inhabitants thereof." By believing on Christ, who loved you and gave Himself for you, you will be rescued from sin and woe, from death and hell. "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free" (John 8. 32). What a wonderful deliverance!

The glorious Gospel Bell proclaims LIBERTY FROM THE PENALTY AND DOMINION OF SIN. God's Word speaks of the unsaved as "sold under sin." All men are conscious of the fact that they have not been what they should have been, and have not done what they should have done. In other words, they are sinners.

In the light of your innumerable privileges and corresponding responsibilities, you fear meeting God. Though longsuffering, merciful, loving, and gracious, He cannot overlook sin (Exod. 34. 6, 7). "The wages of sin is death" (Rom. 6. 23), and you have earned the wages. What, then, is to become of you? There are two appointments that must be kept, whatever others may be broken. "It is appointed unto men *once to die*, but after this the judgment" (Heb. 9. 27), and "God hath appointed a day in the which *He will judge the world* in righteousness by that Man whom He hath ordained" (Acts 17. 31). You must meet God, and stand before Him either at the judgment-seat of Christ (2 Cor. 5) or at the Great White Throne. As you contemplate the day of reckoning, you tremble, and no wonder. You have tried to give up this, that, and the other sin; this, that, and the other bad habit or companion, and failed. Again and again you promised to be different, but you found that your resolutions were like pie-crust—made to be broken.

If, however, from now till your dying day you did nothing wrong, future obedience cannot obliterate the past. "God requireth that which is past." Harken to the rejoicing peals of God's Gospel Bell: "Be it known unto you, men and brethren, that through this Man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins, and by Him ALL

## *The American Liberty Bell.*

THAT BELIEVE ARE JUSTIFIED FROM ALL THINGS" (Acts 13. 38, 39). Forgiveness of sins is preached or proclaimed to you. Deliverance from the penalty and dominion of sin can now be obtained, not on the ground of creature merit, but because of the precious Blood of Christ which was shed on your behalf eighteen centuries ago. You have been trying to break the chains of sin and have miserably failed. Thank God, the Lord Jesus will do it the moment you believe in Him.

"He breaks the power of cancelled sin,  
He sets the prisoner free;  
His Blood can make the foulest clean—  
His Blood avails for thee."

"All that believe ARE justified FROM ALL THINGS." It is not "all that believe *and act up to it*," or "all that believe *and hold on*." It is "all that believe" on Christ, who paid sin's penalty, and died that we might not perish but have everlasting life. *Whenever you believe on Christ* you obtain eternal life to start with, power to overcome sin to go on with, and glory to end with. Hallelujah! what a Saviour!

The Gospel Bell proclaims DELIVERANCE FROM THE CURSE OF A BROKEN LAW. Many try to reach Heaven by keeping the law; but Heaven was never obtained by law-keeping. Who among the sons of men have kept it? NOT ONE. God has declared that "Who-soever shall keep the whole law, and yet *offend in one point, he is guilty of all*" (James 2. 10). If *you* have broken the law in "one point," *you* are guilty of all. Harken to the words of the Living God: "Cursed is every one that continueth not in ALL THINGS which are written in the book of the law to do them" (Gal. 3. 10). If unconverted, you are, even as you read these lines, under the curse of a broken law. All who have believed the message of mercy told by the Gospel Bell can say: "Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of the law, being made a curse for us" (Galatians 3. 13), and can sing:

"I want no other argument,  
I seek no other plea;  
It is enough that Jesus died,  
And that He died for me."

The law has now no claims on them, seeing that Christ has redeemed them from its curse.

The Gospel Bell proclaims DELIVERANCE FROM

## *The American Liberty Bell.*

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THE FEAR OF DEATH AND JUDGMENT to those who believe the good news regarding Christ and His "finished" work. Before conversion I was afraid to die; but now I have no fear. Why? BECAUSE CHRIST DIED FOR ME. Formerly I did my utmost to banish from my mind thoughts of death and judgment, but now I can say with the apostle, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? . . . . Thanks be unto God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ" (1 Cor. 15. 55-57). The believer has the word of God for it that his sins are forgiven (Acts 10. 43), blotted out (Isa. 44. 22), and will not be remembered again (Isa. 43. 25).

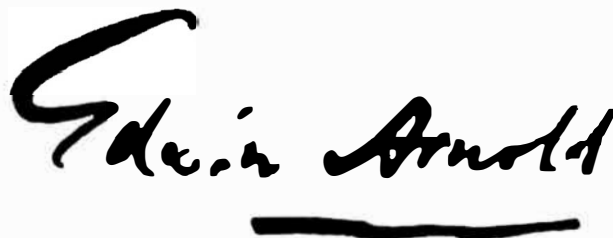
The Liberty Bell in Independence Hall, Philadelphia, is valuable only as a memorial of the past. Being cracked, it is useless for the purpose for which it was made. God's Gospel Bell, which tells out the "old, old story of Jesus and His love," is as powerful now as ever. "The Gospel is the power of God unto salvation *to every one that believeth*" (Rom. 1. 16). "Believe on the Lord Jesus, and *thou* shalt be saved" (Acts 16. 31).  
A. M.

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## WHAT I OWE TO THE BIBLE.

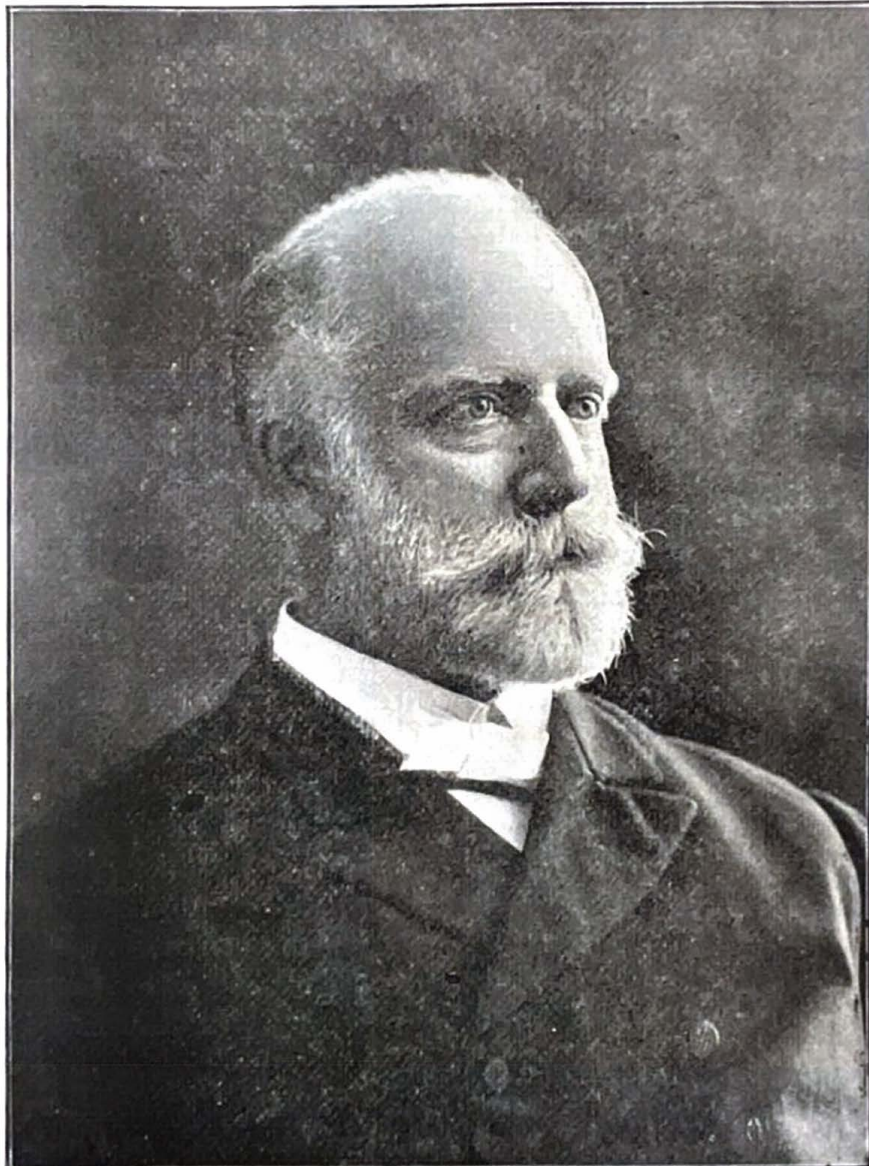
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THE following personal testimony to the value of the Scriptures was given by Sir Edwin Arnold, K.C.I.E., author of "The Light of the World," "The Light of Asia," &c.: "You ask me to respond to the query, 'What I owe to the Bible.' My short reply would be, 'EVERYTHING'; my longer reply, to be sufficiently serious and comprehensive, would run to reams of paper. But if, as I suppose, I am addressed as a man of letters, I will simply say that I owe my education, as a writer, more to the Bible than to any other hundred books that could be named. It is the grandest possible school of style, letting alone all that it must ever be on the moral and spiritual side. I had read the Bible through and through three times over before I was twelve years old."



Edwin Arnold

## HOW TO BECOME A CHRISTIAN.



DR. R. A. TORREY, PRESIDENT OF THE MOODY INSTITUTE, CHICAGO.

NO one can be saved unless he is born again by the power of God's Holy Spirit. "Ye must be born again" (John 3. 3, 7), says Jesus. The necessity is absolute, not merely ye *may* be born again—though that is true—but ye *must* be born again. Nothing will take the place of the new birth. Baptism will not take the place of the new birth. Confirmation will not take the place of the new birth. Simon Magus (Acts 8. 13) was baptised ; but when Peter and John came down and perceived his character, Peter said unto him, "Thou hast neither part nor lot in this matter, for thy heart is not right in the sight

## *How to Become a Christian.*

of God. Thou art in the gall of bitterness and the bond of iniquity"—a baptised, lost sinner.

No performance of religious rites will take the place of the new birth. A great many people are depending upon the fact that they say their prayers, read their Bibles, go to church, partake of the sacrament, and perform other duties, but all that will not take the place of the new birth. Orthodoxy of faith will not take the place of the new birth. A great many people are saying, "I believe the Apostles' Creed, I believe in the Athanasian Creed, I believe in the Nicene Creed, I say the Catechism; I am orthodox; I hold right views about Christ, right views about the Bible, right views about the Atonement." You can be orthodox upon every doctrine, and be lost for ever.

Culture, and refinement, and outward correctness of life will not take the place of the new birth. The trouble with us is not merely with our outward life; the trouble is in the heart, in the very deepest depths of our inward life, and merely to reform your outward life will not save you. Suppose I had a rotten apple. I could take that apple to an artist, have him put a coating of wax on its surface, and then paint it till it was the most beautiful-looking apple you ever saw, but it would be just as rotten at heart as ever, and one bite into it would be a bite into decay. The trouble is that out of Christ you are rotten in the heart, and mere culture, mere refinement, mere respectability, mere morality, is simply putting a coating of wax on the outside and painting it up. You must be changed, down to the deepest depths of your being. "Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be *born again*, he cannot see the Kingdom of God."

Are you born again? Now, I think a good many of you will say, "No, I am not. Can you tell me what I must do right now to be born again?" I can. You will find it in John 1. 12: "As many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on His Name." We are born again by God's Holy Spirit, through His Word, the moment we receive Christ. When you take Christ into your heart, Christ transforms you through and through, in a moment. I care not how worldly you are, I care not how sinful you are, I care not how hard you are—anyone to-day that will throw his heart open and let Jesus come in to rule and reign, God will make that one a new creature in a moment.

R. A. TORREY.

## "HOW ONE DIED TO SAVE SIX."

I HAVE before me a small piece of canvas, scorched and blackened, which preaches me a sermon, and reminds me of the text, "Christ died for us" (Rom. 5. 8). It was once part of a fire-escape, worked by a fireman named Joe Ford, of whom the papers said, "but for him, the lives of six persons would have been sacrificed." The six were in danger from fire; they were unable to help themselves, nor could any friends render assistance.

But a saviour came! Tidings of the outbreak reached



"HE REACHED HER. HE BORE HER DOWN THE LADDER TO THE OPENING."

*"How One Died to Save Six."*

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the fireman, and buckling on his helmet, he ran swiftly to the spot. He came where they were—came with all that was needful for their salvation—came purposely to save them whoever they were, wherever they were, and just as they were; came to do all, and to do all freely; and this makes me think of the Lord, the Saviour of sinners, of whom it is said, "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners" (1 Timothy 1. 15).

As the fireman entered the street, clouds of dense black smoke were rolling up from the lower parts of the house that was burning; but with cool courage he fixed his machine, and threw up his ladders to where the poor, terrified people were whom he had come to save. Then up to them he went, and they waited his approach. Did they wish to argue with their saviour as to the origin of the fire, think you? Did they propose to decline his services? Did they hesitate when he bade them escape, and say, "Go thy way for this time"? Ah! no; they were wiser in respect of a danger to the body than many are in respect of a danger to the soul. One, two three, were brought in safety to the ground.

In the meantime the flames within the building were spreading rapidly; the smoke was becoming thicker and the fire hotter; and the saving arm—unlike His whose hand "is not shortened, that it cannot save" (Isa. 59. 1.)—was becoming weak and exhausted. Again the fireman mounted the ladder, and again he descended with another precious burden. He had saved four. Again he trod that narrow way of escape, and once more brought forth a rescued one. Five persons saved from the flames!

Now the crowd stood breathless; a woman appeared at the open window. There was one still left in peril. Had the fireman strength to reach her? Why should he, exhausted as he now was, risk his life for a stranger? He had undertaken the office, it is true, but had he reckoned upon such a sacrifice? Was such a deed expected? If Joe Ford would save yon shrieking woman, he must risk his own life.

Rallying his strength, the brave fireman mounted a sixth time, amidst ringing cheers from the crowd. He reached her. Steadily, step by step, he bore her down the ladder to the opening into the canvas shoot. He placed her into it, and slid her to the ground. She was saved!

*"How One Died to Save Six."*

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Now for the brave fireman, where was he? The flames burst through the first-floor window beneath him; they set the canvas of the escape on fire. At the same instant Joe's axe became entangled in the wire-netting, and he hung suspended in the very fire from which he had rescued the woman. While she stood in safety, beyond the reach of harm, he was consumed in the very flames from which he had saved her. With dying energy the poor fellow managed to break away from his terrible position, but only to fall with a heavy crash, some twenty-five feet, to the pavement, crushing his helmet almost into the brain. I shudder as I think of that awful moment!

Oh, if a London crowd could weep as a fellow-man suffered, what tears ought we to weep as we remember how the gracious Saviour expired for sinners on the Cross! He took the sinner's place in perfect love; He bore the wrath of God due to us; He was, as it were, consumed as a sacrifice in the very flames of Divine judgment on our account. Thus did Jesus endure for us who rejected Him. Have you ever wept tears of love for Him?

What should we have thought of those six persons whom the fireman saved if they had made no inquiry after their deliverer, if they had shed no tears when told of his death? I remember how even strangers honoured that hero, as his body, carried upon a draped engine, passed through the London streets. Bells were tolling from the churches, shop-keepers put up shutters along the route, and not a few rough men and women did I see drop a tear as the long procession passed. The battered helmet placed among the wreaths upon the Union Jack covering the coffin touched many a heart.

But, alas! how few hearts are truly melted and broken by the dying love of Christ!

One other fact about my friend Joe Ford. I think I was the last person who spoke to him that night before he went to his last fire. I left him a little book entitled, "What would make you happy?" and as I shook hands with him I repeated the title, emphasizing the personal pronoun, "What would make *you* happy?" We parted, never to speak again to each other on earth. My little book went with him to the fire, and was found afterwards in his burnt pocket. I little thought, and he little thought, it was the last time we should meet.

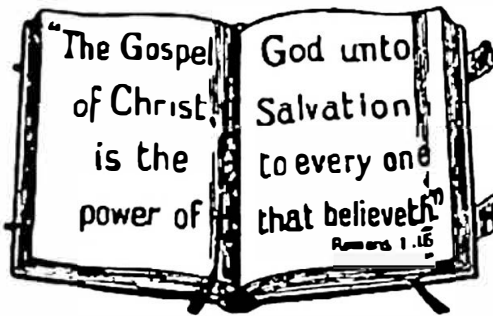
## "How One Died to Save Six."

Like him, this may be the last warning you will ever have! We tell you of our Saviour who died that you might live—who gave Himself to save sinners. He who has come to save is nigh—and able to save. Do you want a way of escape? He is the Way. He is able to save to the uttermost. His promise is: "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest" (Matt. 11. 28).

Such is my story. Is it to be wondered at if I value the little piece of burnt canvas that can preach me such a sermon? So I will fold up my little relic—all that I have to remind me of my friend—and think once more of my Saviour who died for me, and who will bring me safe to glory.

W. L.

## "MUST WE NOT WORK OUT OUR OWN SALVATION?"



SUCH a question is often asked by anxious, as well as careless, sinners. Sometimes it is put in this form—"Does it not say in the Bible that we are to work out our own salvation? How then can you reconcile that with the statement that we have only got to believe in order to be saved?"

Wait a moment. When you ask, "Does it not say we are to work out our own salvation?" whom do you mean? Do you mean every person—saved and unsaved? If so, you have only to look at the epistle and see to whom it is addressed. Phil. 1. 1—"To ALL THE SAINTS in Christ Jesus at Philippi, with the bishops and deacons." They were ALREADY SAVED. They did not *hope to be*; they knew *they were saved*. "My beloved," says Paul, ". . . work out your own salvation" (Phil. 2. 12, 13). They were already in possession of it. "Your own" implies possession. They were to "work out" what God had *wrought in*. This scripture clearly has no reference to the *unsaved*. The unsaved are "dead in trespasses and sins," and therefore cannot work out their salvation. Besides, Scripture is very explicit. "By GRACE are ye saved, . . . NOT OF WORKS, lest any man should boast" (Eph. 2. 8, 9).

A. M.

## LORD WOLSELEY'S TESTIMONY.



**I**N his autobiography, entitled "The Story of a Soldier's Life," Lord Wolseley, the famous British General, draws a striking contrast between two remarkable men.

Of NAPOLEON THE GREAT, Lord Wolseley says: "Bad as he was, Napoleon's career has always fascinated me in a way and to a degree which that of no other mortal has ever done. His name and achievements were associated with my earliest lessons in history, and had filled me with ambition—perhaps an unhealthy ambition. . . . For truth, and the honour which is based on truth and begotten by it, Napoleon cared nothing. But, notwithstanding my insular prejudices on such points, I have always felt he was the most remarkable human being known to history."

### Lord Wolseley's Testimony.

Of GENERAL GORDON, the Hero of Khartoum, he says: "I met Gordon first when we were both doing duty in the trenches before Sebastopol. We were friends drawn together by ties never formulated in words. In a conversation I had with him the year he left England never to return, he told me he prayed daily for two men, of whom I was one. In these material days of money-grabbing, when the teaching of Christianity is little practised and the spirit of chivalry is wellnigh forgotten, I cling tenaciously to every remembrance of our intimacy, because he was one of the very few friends I ever had who came up to my estimate of the Christian hero. He absolutely ignored himself in all he did, and only took in hand what he conceived to be God's work. Life was to him but a pilgrim's progress between the years of early manhood and the heaven he now dwells in, the home he always longed for.' "

Could a more striking confirmation of the words of Holy Writ be given? "None of us *liveth* to himself, and no man *dieth* to himself" (Rom. 14. 7). Years before Lord Wolseley was born NAPOLEON had lived and died, but not to himself. Think of this officer poring over his life, studying his schemes, counting up his victories, and writing: "*Bad* as he was . . . filled me with an *unhealthy* ambition. . . . For *truth* and the *honour* which is based on truth, Napoleon cared nothing.' "

In the active life of a soldier he knew GORDON, and heard how this hero triumphed in the hour of death. Yet his testimony from personal knowledge is: "I *cling tenaciously* to every remembrance of our intimacy because he came up to my estimate of *the Christian Hero*. . . . He *prayed daily* for two men, of whom I was one. . . . *The Heaven* he now dwells in, *the Home* he always longed for."

Thus doubtless will EACH OF US be contrasted in days to come as well as in Eternity. He that lives only for self, seeks only self-interests, and dies a Christ neglecter or rejecter, shall be with the bad (Rev. 12. 8) who have gone before, or who may follow in his footsteps, in "the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone." He that renounces self and as a humble, penitent sinner accepts the Lord Jesus Christ as his Saviour shall "turn many to righteousness" here and be with them when "they shall shine as the stars" in Heaven above, the Eternal Home of Love. Which shall be *your* everlasting portion? Shall it be in "shame and everlasting contempt," or in "honour everlasting"? *hyp.*

## THE CREW OF THE "DOLPHIN."



TERRIFIC storm was raging, and the poor fishermen fought with might and main to keep their sinking barque afloat. Away over on the leeward, not far distant, lay the familiar old coast of Scotland, where many a fisherman's wife that day was watching and waiting for tidings of the breadwinner who was toiling on the deep. What a time of suspense it was!

The *Dolphin*, while ploughing through the heavy sea toward the har-

bour of the Granite City, had sprung a leak, and was on the point of foundering. The pumps were manned, but they only groaned and creaked in their futile attempts to check the intrushing water, which threatened every moment to sink the frail craft. Every nerve was strained and every effort put forth to run her into the haven, but all to no purpose; the disabled vessel kept plunging and tossing to and fro at the will of the angry waves. What could be done? The signal of distress was hoisted to the mast-head, but there was no one near to render any assistance, and now death the grim monster seemed to stare them in the face. But there remained a way of salvation—only one. Yes, and to the storm-tossed soul on the sea of life there is but one way of salvation. By going to church or meeting-place and doing the best you can, is that God's way? No. How then is this salvation obtained? Listen! "If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, **THOU SHALT BE SAVED**" (Romans 10. 9). Wonderful words of life!

But let us return to the sinking ship. There was on board a coil of thin rope, which, if carried ashore, would possibly be the means of saving the crew; but who would venture to swim in such a sea? Simultaneously the eyes of the fishermen rested in an appealing manner on a stalwart young fellow, but there was no response. Another

### *The Crew of the "Dolphin."*

was entreated, and yet another, but none would attempt the perilous undertaking. Among the crew, however, there was an old Christian fisherman, who, unlike his fellows, had long been a believer in the Lord Jesus Christ and a diligent student of "The Chart of Life," and was not afraid to meet death. Jim was a poor swimmer, but as none of his mates would step forward he willingly volunteered, and was soon overboard with the rope securely tied round his waist. Every moment the gale seemed to grow more furious, and thrice did the brave fellow strike out for the shore, but thrice was he driven back to the vessel. Hope of salvation began to wane within the hearts of the storm-beaten fishermen as they watched with anxious eyes the foiled efforts of their gallant rescuer. Again Jim plunged into the sea, and this time he succeeded in cutting through the foremost wave. Away he went with wind and tide—now up on the crest of a foam-tipped billow, now down in the cradle of the angry deep, till utterly exhausted the old fisherman was washed ashore, where he was picked up. Willing hands were soon at work, and ere long a life-line, firm and strong, was sent out to the sinking *Dolphin*. Not a moment was lost, as one by one the poor fishermen were hauled ashore and saved.

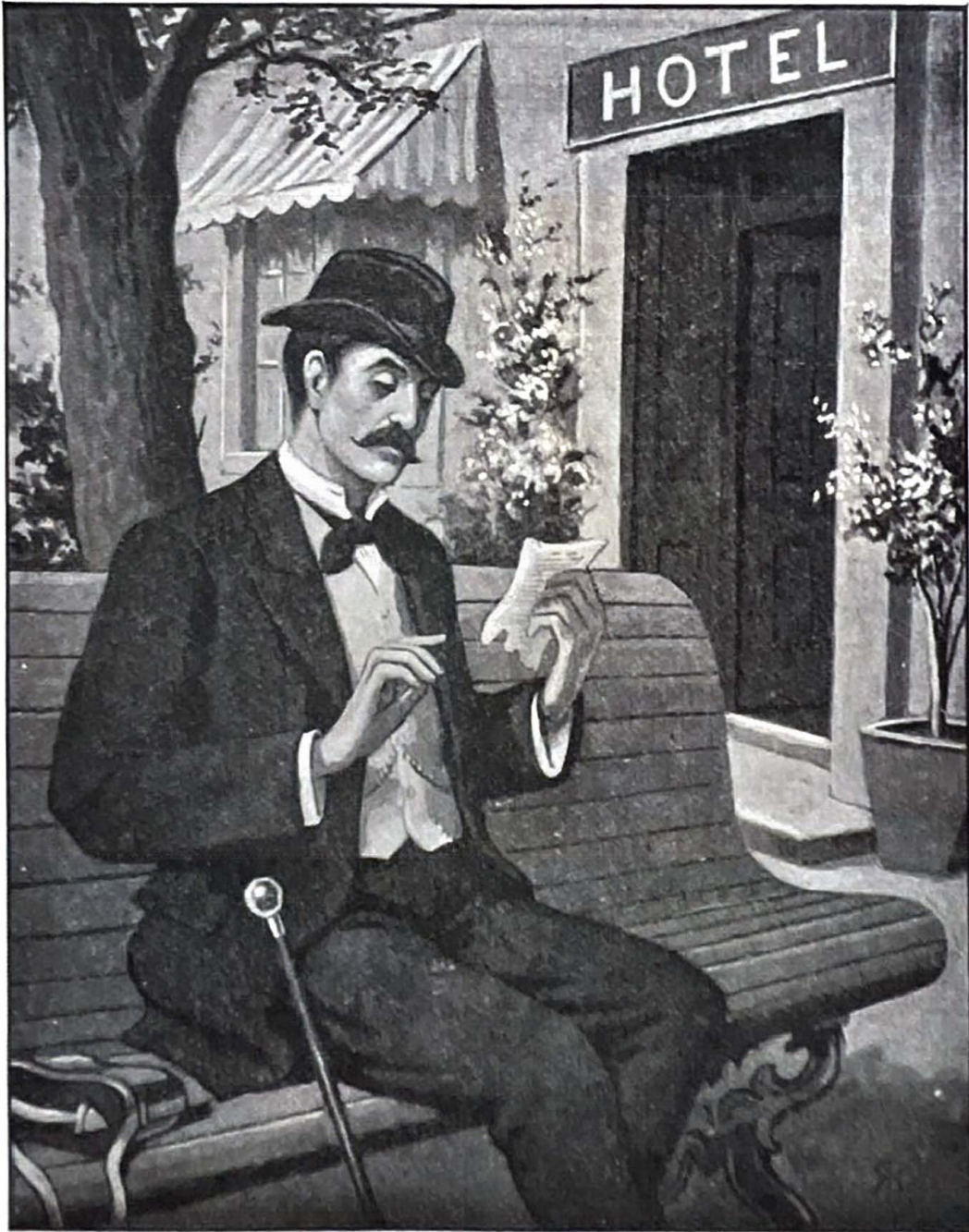
SAVED! What an unfathomable meaning is conveyed in that little word of five letters! Only a few hours before five precious lives stood on the brink of a watery grave, but a rescuer had gone forth at the risk of his own life, and now they were saved. Brave indeed it was, and as I listened to the story told from the lips of one of the crew, I thought of the Saviour who not only *endangered* His life like the brave fisherman, but "GAVE His life a ransom for all." "He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon Him; and with His stripes we are healed" (Isa. 53. 5). What a wonderful Saviour! What a perfect redemption! Oh, then, while yet the bright beams of a full and free salvation are flashed o'er the dark waves of life, we entreat you to leave the doomed wreck and lay hold on the life-line to-day by believing on Jesus, who loved you and gave Himself for you (Gal. 2. 20). Then you will be able to sing

" We have an anchor that keeps the soul  
Steadfast and sure while the billows roll,  
Fastened to the Rock which cannot move,  
Grounded firm and deep in the Saviour's love." D. J. B.

# WHAT CHANGED THE GAMBLER?

— OR, —

"CHRIST ALONE CAN GIVE ME REST, AND NO ONE NEEDS IT MORE  
THAN MYSELF."



THE WIND BLEW A PIECE OF PAPER CLOSE TO THE RIOT.

"On picking it up he saw it was part of a tract with the Saviour's gracious invitation: 'Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.'"

## WHAT CHANGED THE GAMBLER?



RANK SHERMAN was born of Christian parents in the city of Baltimore, in the State of Maryland. On reaching manhood he became engrossed with the world, doing his utmost to banish from his mind thoughts of God, Judgment, and Eternity. After his marriage he became greatly addicted to drinking and gambling. Year by year he sank deeper in sin and degradation. His course of conduct so affected his wife's health that she died broken hearted. . Again and again he tried to "turn over a new leaf" on the page of his life's history, but the new one was soon as black as the old. Conscious that he was a bond slave of sin and Satan, unable to resist temptation, he left Baltimore for Kentucky, and determined to make a fresh start. But his resolutions were like pie-crust, made to be broken.

About twenty-five years ago on a Sunday morning he sat in front of a hotel at Bowling, Kentucky, depressed and disheartened. He had been gambling, and lost all his money, excepting seventeen dollars. As he reviewed the past and thought of his innumerable failures he decided to leave Kentucky, and see if he could not do better in Denver, Colorado. In the midst of his reflections the wind blew a piece of paper close to the spot where he was sitting. On picking it up he saw it was part of a tract with the Saviour's gracious invitation: "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest" (Matt. 11. 28). Many a time he had heard the Scripture quoted, but alas! he had never gone to Christ to obtain the inestimable gift. Many who have been acquainted from childhood with the passage have heard sermons on it, and can even repeat it correctly, know nothing whatever of the rest spoken of by the Saviour. Sherman revolved the blessed words in his mind. "No *mere man* spoke such words," he soliloquised. "Yes, Christ *alone* can give me rest, and no one needs it more than myself."

As he recalled the happy days of childhood, as he thought of his mother's prayers and pleadings, of his Sunday-school teacher's words of counsel and warning, and of his folly and infatuation, he was overwhelmed with shame and confusion. But what was meant by coming to Christ? He thought of the Lord's sufferings, His crucifixion and death on Calvary. Whilst thus occupied

### *What Changed the Gambler?*

what he had often heard in his home at Baltimore regarding Christ's atonement for sin came before him in the power of the Holy Spirit. He saw that Christ had paid sin's penalty by His blood, and through coming to Him by faith he was a pardoned and saved sinner. What a merciful and wondrous deliverance!

The Lord Jesus speaks to *you*, O unsaved fellow-sinner, and calls on you to come to Him and find rest to your soul. Come to Him as you are with your burdens. Is it the burden of unforgiven sin that presses on your guilty conscience? Then come, and it will be removed. Is it the burden of an uncanceled sentence? Come and you will be justified instead of condemned. Is it the burden of approaching judgment? Come and you won't come into judgment (John 5. 24). Whatever your load is, however long you may have borne it, come. "But," says one, "you don't mean that I am to come to Jesus *in my sins*?" Most certainly. If you don't come to Him in your sins, how are you going to get rid of them? "If Jesus were in the room," says another, "I would come to Him at once." But He is close to you at this moment, nearer than anyone else. True He is in heaven, but He is also on earth, and to-day He speaks to you, and says, "Come unto ME, and I will give you rest." "How am I to come," is perhaps the inquiry of some troubled one. It is not a physical movement; you don't need to take one step from where you stand or sit. Come to Him in spirit. How do you go to that beloved one in far-off Australia? "In thought." Exactly. In the same way come to Jesus. Come to Him in thought, and gaze on Him bleeding, groaning, and dying for all your crimson sins. When you understand what His death has accomplished; how that every barrier has been removed; that God can righteously pardon the wickedest sinner alive, and longs to do so; that every one who comes to, or believes in, Christ obtains the immediate forgiveness of all his sins, you cannot help trusting Him. Frank Sherman by faith came to Christ and obtained rest of conscience and peace to his weary heart. And why may not you? Why not now "come" to the Lord Jesus Christ, and you will be able to sing truthfully—

"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."

### *What Changed the Gambler?*

Sherman, on obtaining peace with God, immediately changed his plans, and instead of proceeding to Denver took a ticket to Baltimore. He received a most cordial welcome from his beloved mother and sister, who had been praying for his conversion for years. Great was the joy in the home over the returning prodigal.

The story of his conversion was furnished to me by Mr. F. H. Jacobs, Superintendent of Fulton Street Prayer Meeting, New York. Mr. Jacobs told me that Sherman took out of his pocket the portion of the tract with the life-giving words upon it and showed it to him.

Perhaps you have often joined in the lines—

"I heard the voice of Jesus say,  
'Come unto Me, and rest:  
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down  
Thy head upon My breast.'"

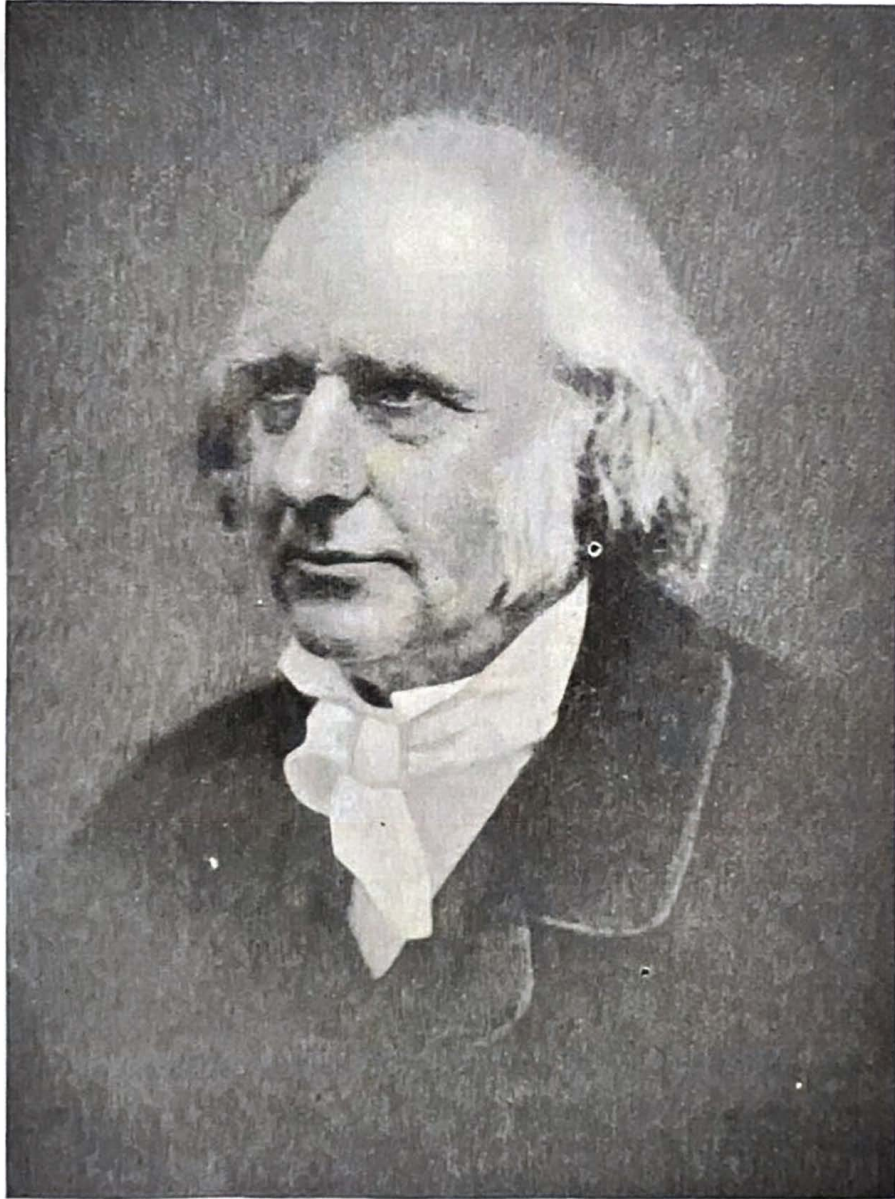
Come now and obtain rest, peace, and joy to your soul. Don't think about the *coming*. Don't say you would like to come in the right way. Come as you are. Don't try to improve yourself ere you come. Don't "whitewash" yourself with religion. Far better come to Christ and be "washed white" in His precious blood. If you doubt His willingness to receive you now, think on His amazing proclamation—"Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool" (Isa. i. 18). Wonder of wonders, God condescending to "reason" with rebels. Many, instead of believing on Christ and being saved, think and talk about the right sort of faith and miss Christ. Do not trouble about the way to come, for you cannot come to Christ in the *wrong* way. If you have not come yet, why not come to Him now and you will never regret it?

"It is only to come, not coming  
And bringing a goodly gift;  
Not coming in mended garments  
That tell of reforming thrift.  
Not coming with holy motives,  
Not coming a certain way,  
But coming, COMING TO JESUS  
Because He has said I may.  
For it is not gifts nor garments,  
Nor motive, nor plea, nor how—  
It is coming to Jesus, Who saves me,  
Coming to Jesus now."

A. M.

## LIGHT IN THE MIDST OF DARKNESS.

**I**N this land we live in light—like the angel whom John saw—we “stand in the sun” in our island home. Others boast their balmy air, and richer fruits, and sunnier skies; but our religious and civil advantages more than compensate



DR. THOMAS GUTHRIE, FAMOUS SCOTTISH PREACHER, 1803-1873.

for the fogs that veil these skies, and the storms that rage our rugged shores. The lines have fallen to us in pleasant places. Happy the land where the light of the Gospel streams from printing presses, and the candle of the Lord shines bright in its humblest cottages. Multitudes gather in churches, chapels, mission halls, and open-air Gospel meetings every Lord's Day to celebrate the triumphs of the

## *Light in the Midst of Darkness.*

cross—the great battle won on the heights of Calvary. *Men need not perish.* Better lighted than our streets, or those iron coasts along which our seamen steer, or the harbours which they boldly take in winter's blackest night. "The wayfaring men, though fools, shall not err therein" (Isa 35. 8).

Notwithstanding the fulness of our light, what multitudes are wrecked—miserably perishing. We are in darkness till we are *converted*; being blind, not by accident but by nature—born blind. We shall not always be blind. In another world men shall see and regret the folly they were guilty of in this; eternity will open the blindest eyes, but open them alas! too late. "He lift up his eyes, being in torments."

The greatest mistake is to miss the path to heaven; yet how many, turning from Christ, who says, "I am the way, and the truth, and the life" (John 14. 6), have missed, and are missing it? Some think that their charities, and public usefulness, and household duties, will save them. Some think, that by going the round and lifeless routine of prayers, and preachings, and sacraments, and outward services, they will certainly secure the favour of God. Some think they may go on with impunity in a course of sin, and at any time they please veer round on the other tack, all fancying the while that they are on the road to heaven, when every step they take, and every day they live, is carrying them farther and farther away.

No man wishes or intends to go to hell, and who, but one plunged in the ignorance of deepest darkness, would choose death rather than life, embrace sin rather than the Saviour, and waving away the cup of salvation to seize a poisoned chalice, would drink down damning draughts of forbidden pleasure? May God by His Holy Spirit open your eyes to this awful truth. Seized with holy horror at the sight, fling the temptation from you, and turn to Him, who, with love burning in His heart, kindness beaming in His looks, forgiveness on His lips, and the cup of salvation in His hand, cries, "If any man thirst, let him come unto Me, and drink" (John 7. 37). Here is peace that passeth understanding, joys that will bear the morning's reflection, pleasures for evermore.

Since the blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin, and salvation is without merit, and God is not willing that any should perish, betake thyself to the Saviour lest thou perish—the victim of thy guiltiest sins.

DR. GUTHRIE.

## "I'M IN FOR A GOOD TIME."

SOME years ago I had been trying to present Christ as God's remedy for man's ruined condition to the hardy population of a beautiful mining town in the mountain regions of Northern California. One afternoon I noticed in the meeting hall a young woman whose sin-marked face and careless, indifferent demeanour could not fail to attract



ONE OF THE BIG TREES IN THE MOUNTAIN REGIONS OF CALIFORNIA.

attention. Stepping over to her, at the close, I asked: "What about your soul? Have you ever thought of preparation for eternity?" "My soul! I ain't got none," was the flippant reply, accompanied by a foolish laugh. Further conversation seemed to make no impression, for, after solemnly warning her of coming judgment, she exclaimed: "You ain't going to scare me into religion. Wouldn't I look nice joining you folks? I'm in for a good time——." "But when you've had your day, when your so-called good time is over for ever, when death, judgment, and eternity have to be faced, when God has to be met, *what then?*" "Oh, well, of course, I don't intend to live like this right

*"I'm in for a Good Time."*

along. I'll get religion when I grow old. I ain't got time for it now." "Yes; so the devil has deceived thousands, but you may never live to grow old. You may not have time to prepare for eternity, but you must find time to die." Another laugh greeted this warning, and she was gone. It seemed almost impossible that so young a person could be so hardened. I was told she had abandoned herself to a wicked life, and was an outcast from respectable society.

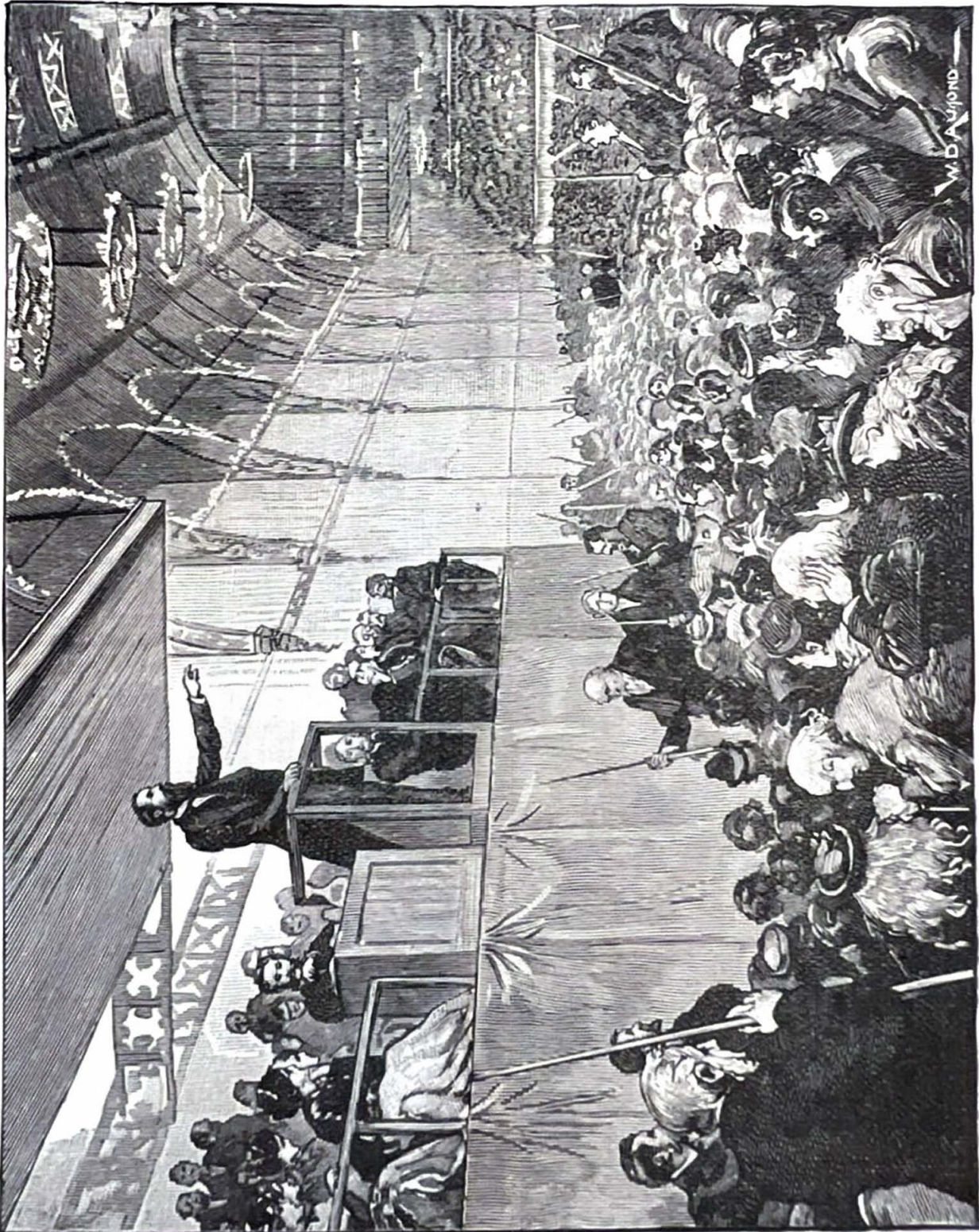
Some weeks after the above conversation an undertaker told me he had a funeral to attend that was a source of much embarrassment to him. The person to be buried was a young woman of so notorious a character that he could scarcely persuade any to act as pall-bearers.

It was the girl I had so recently spoken to—cut down in a moment, "suddenly destroyed, and that without remedy" (Prov. 29. 1). Two days before, a public holiday, she had spent in a most sinful manner, and after midnight was borne home drunk and put into a bed, from which she never arose. In a few hours she had passed into eternity, having died in great agony from the baneful effects of her long debauch. The wine-cup and its accompaniments had claimed another victim. Awful was the sight of her pale, swollen face. A minister had been called in, but what could he say? What comfort could he give? Of death-bed repentance even he could not speak. No hope could he hold out that she might after all be saved. She had been asked by her mother if she wanted some one to come in to pray with her. "No," she said, "no one." "Couldn't she remember a prayer, then, to say herself—the Lord's prayer, or any other?" "No, I can't," and instead of prayer there were oaths and groans of anguish. "She had lived her life," the minister said; "I shall not speak of it, for it cannot, whether good or bad, be altered now. You have *yours* to live yet. I speak then to *you*," and he then faithfully urged them to flee to Christ alone for refuge. As I helped to lower the coffin into the grave my heart was sad indeed. As I turned away I heard some one exclaim, under his breath, "Just think of it, only seventeen years old, and gone to——!" The last word was lost in the noise about me, or perhaps never uttered.

Were you to pass suddenly from time to eternity in your present condition, what word could truthfully be used to speak of your final abode? Heaven or hell! H. A. I.

# WAS HE BEYOND HOPE?

OR, THE CONVICTIONS OF SEVEN YEARS.



D. L. MOODY PREACHING TO A CROWDED AUDIENCE IN LONDON.

## WAS HE BEYOND HOPE?



URING D. L. Moody's Gospel Mission in London in 1893 a Christian worker spoke to a well-dressed elderly man in the enquiry room, who appeared anxious about his soul. "Can I do anything to help you?" inquired Mr. West. "I am afraid you cannot," said the stranger. "Pray what is your difficulty?" asked the Christian worker. The following is the substance of the reply: "Seven years ago," said he, "I attended Mr. Moody's services in the Haymarket Theatre. I was deeply impressed, and nearly accepted of Christ as my Saviour. I was desirous of pursuing a certain course of conduct. I took my own way, and neglected the salvation of my soul. From that day till now I have been quite unconcerned about spiritual matters. Hearing that Mr. Moody was preaching here, I told my wife that I purposed coming, with the determination of being saved. The meetings are nearly over, I have attended them all, but I am as far from salvation as ever. I would gladly give my right hand, dear as it is to me, to have the convictions that I had seven years ago."

In vain did Mr. West speak to him of God's willingness to blot out the past and bestow upon him His pardoning mercy. The despairing man left the building with the deep rooted conviction that he was beyond the reach of hope.

Are you a procrastinator? Can you recall a time in your soul's history when convicted of sin by the Holy Spirit you were led to ask, "What must I do to be saved?" You knew that you were a lost, guilty, helpless sinner, and longed for deliverance. Some one—a father or mother, a Sunday-school teacher or minister, friend, or relation—told you God's way of peace, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved" (Acts 16. 31), and urged you to immediate decision. You hesitated and halted. You wished to enjoy the world's pleasures and amusements, and fearing that if you became a Christian you would be melancholy and sad, you delayed. You were "almost persuaded Christ to receive," but you procrastinated. You said to the Holy Spirit, "Go Thy way for *this time*. When I have a convenient season I will call for Thee." That "convenient season" never arrived. You stifled conviction, you resisted the Holy Spirit, with the result that to-day you have no anxiety about your soul's salvation. What a terrible con-

## *Was He Beyond Hope?*

dition! Knowing that if you were called at this moment into eternity, hell would be your portion, yet indifferent and unconcerned! Awake from your slumber of death, O unsaved fellow-traveller to eternity! There is not a moment to lose. "The coming of the Lord draweth nigh." "Strive to enter in at the strait gate." Be in dead earnest about it. The "Master of the House" when "He rises up" will "shut to the Door!" It will then be too late, and you will be shut out eternally.

Think of the sad and deeply suggestive confession of the procrastinator: "I was deeply impressed, and nearly accepted salvation." "Nearly accepted salvation," and missed it! How awfully solemn and sad! To be *almost saved* is to be eternally lost. To be so near to the kingdom, and yet to be outside! Think what it must be—

"To die with no hope! hast thou counted the cost?  
To die out of Christ, and thy soul to be lost?  
So near to the Kingdom! oh come, we implore!  
While Jesus is pleading, come enter the door!"

"Escape for thy life." Tarry no longer. Flee to Christ, the sinner's Refuge, ere it is too late. What a despairing cry: "I would gladly give my right hand, dear as it is to me, to have the convictions I had seven years ago." To you, O unsaved sinner, God says: "*Now* is the accepted time; behold, *now* is the day of salvation" (2 Cor. 6. 2). Take warning from this sad story. "Seek ye *first* the kingdom of God." "First things first" is a good motto. The soul's welfare is surely more important than that of the body. The things that are unseen and eternal are surely of more concern than the things that are seen and temporal. "What is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul" (Matt. 16. 26)? If you were as wealthy as all the multiple-millionaires of America, and die without Christ, where would be the "profit"? To lose the soul! How awful! Yet you may lose yours!

"To lose one's wealth is much;  
To lose one's health is more;  
To lose the soul is such a loss  
That nothing can restore."

Are you determined to run the risk of losing it? Why not now believe on Christ and be saved for eternity? Why not now resolve that you won't retire to rest to-night until the matter of your soul's salvation is settled? God loves

## *Was He Beyond Hope?*

you. Christ died to save you from the horrors and remorse of an eternity in the lake of fire" (John 3. 17). "As I live, saith the Lord God, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked (Ezek. 33. 11). He has "no pleasure" in yours. Has He not said that He "will have *all men* to be saved" (1 Tim. 2. 4-6)? It is His wish, therefore, that *you* should be saved as you read these lines. "I am not anxious enough," says one. True, perfectly true, but God's anxiety to save you makes up for your lack of anxiety to be saved. "Will He save me seeing I have done nothing to deserve it?" Most certainly. God gives salvation to *bad* people. It is not persons who "do the best they can" that are the recipients of His saving grace. If salvation were bestowed upon *deserving* ones, you and I would be excluded, as God's Word declares, "There is none righteous, no, not one" (Rom. 3. 10). The present moment is the only time we are sure of possessing. However careless and unconcerned you may have been regarding your soul's welfare, God *waits* to bless and save you. "God commendeth His love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners Christ died for us" (Rom. 5. 8).

Ere closing, let me ask you two questions. I hope you will be able to answer them in the affirmative—

I. ARE YOU WILLING TO BE SAVED IN GOD'S WAY? If so, hearken to the glorious gospel declaration: "For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son; that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life" (John 3. 16). By believing on Christ you obtain pardon (Acts 10. 43), justification (Acts 13. 38-9), "peace with God" (Rom. 5. 1), and eternal life (John 3. 36).

II. ARE YOU WILLING TO BE SAVED AT THIS VERY MOMENT? "For He saith, I have heard thee in a time accepted, and in the Day of Salvation have I succoured thee: behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the Day of Salvation" (2 Cor. 6. 2). "Because there is wrath, beware lest He take thee away with His stroke; then a great ransom cannot deliver thee" (Job 36. 18). If you continue resisting the Holy Spirit, and neglect God's "great salvation," purchased at such a cost, the Voice from on high may go forth, "Cut him down; why cumbereth he the ground?" And where, oh! where will you spend eternity?

"Turn, and believe this very hour,  
Trust in the Saviour's grace and power:  
Then shall your joyous answer be,  
Saved through a long eternity!"

A. M.

## THAT LITTLE WORD "ALONE."



MARTIN LUTHER FACING THE ENEMIES OF A FREE SALVATION AT WORMS.

**D**URING the Reformation controversies in the sixteenth century Joachim II., Elector of Brandenburg, said to his ambassadors, who were deputed to attend the religious disputation at Worms: "See that you bring back that little word 'ALONE'; do not dare to return without it." Both disputing parties were prepared to acknowledge that salvation was obtained "through faith in Jesus Christ," but the Reformers insisted on the addition of the little word "ALONE"—salvation through faith in Jesus Christ *alone*.

There are many people in the twentieth century who are trusting for salvation to the work of Christ, *and something else*. Perhaps the "something else" is their good works, their prayers, or their religious observances; but if we are to be saved at all it must be by the work of Christ, *and nothing else*. "By grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of ourselves; it is the gift of God" (Ephes. 2. 8).

The fact of the matter is, there is not one of us but have sinned against God (Rom. 3. 19). "All we like sheep have gone astray" (Isa. 53. 6). "They are all gone aside, they are all together become filthy; there is none that doeth good, no, not one" (Psalm 14. 3). The best thing for us to do is to admit that we are lost, helpless, hell-deserving sinners; that we can do nothing at all in the matter of our soul's salvation, and if help is to reach us, it must be *outside of ourselves entirely*. Thank God, One that is "mighty"

### *That Little Word "Alone."*

has taken our case in hand (Luke 1. 49). The Son of God has died the "just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God" (1 Peter 3. 18). On the Cross, Jesus said, "It is finished" (John 19. 30). What was finished? The question should be, "What was not finished?" Every claim of holiness was met, divine justice was satisfied, and, in proof of this, God raised His Son from the dead (Rom. 1. 4), and seated Him at His own right hand a Prince and a Saviour (Acts 5. 31)—able to save to the uttermost all sinners in all places who come to God by Him alone. And men and women are not saved on account of WHAT THEY DO, but by virtue of WHAT CHRIST HAS DONE for them.

Let go every twig of your own righteousness, and trust your soul for time and eternity to the finished work of Christ, and you will realise that "to him that worketh not, but believeth on Him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness" (Rom. 4. 5). "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

J. G.

### WHITHER?

WHITHER, traveller, speed thy footsteps,  
As thou treadest life's short way?  
Busy thoughts beset thy vision  
In the toil from day to day.

Sometimes joy and sometimes sorrow,  
Cares and pleasures strew life's way;  
Swiftly onward speed thy footsteps,  
Time and tide for no man stay.

On thou goest through life's mazes,  
Heedless of the still small voice;  
Where, then, wilt thou end thy journey?  
Hast thou still delayed the choice?

Still God speaks as He has spoken  
In these days by His dear Son;  
Yearning o'er thee, longing for thee,  
Hath His love thy heart not won?

While He's pleading, waiting for thee,  
Turn thee footsore unto Him;  
In the narrow way accepted,  
God in Christ will take thee in.

K. O. S.

## THE THREE GOLD RINGS.



"HE WENT TO BATHE IN A QUIET SPOT IN THE ISLAND."

WHEN I was stationed at Bermuda a draft of young soldiers was sent out to join my regiment. Amongst them was a smart corporal of good appearance and courteous manners. The colour-sergeant of the company to which he was posted had married a few years previously at Gibraltar a respectable young woman of that place, her mother being an Italian. Prior to the regiment leaving Gibraltar the mother gave her daughter three old-fashioned gold rings, which were valuable as heirlooms, as well as for their antique design. Shortly after the corporal joined the company one of the rings was lost; a few months elapsed, then another; and soon after the last disappeared. The corporal had frequent recourse to the quarters of the colour-sergeant, but everyone thought him such a nice fellow that not a shadow

### *The Three Gold Rings.*

of suspicion was cast upon him. Not long after the disappearance of the third ring, the corporal went to bathe in a quiet spot in the island. He did not return; search was made, and he was found drowned. He had become entangled among some fishing-lines which he could not have noticed when entering the water. On his effects being examined, a small parcel of old calico was found in his knapsack, and very carefully wrapped therein were the three gold rings!

Now, nothing but sheer covetousness could have induced this man to take them; and though he had done the wrong, he acted in a most plausible manner, offering sympathy to the owners for their loss, and appeared to manifest much interest in their hoped-for recovery. Surely his conscience must have smitten him, smooth as were his manners! It is written: "There is nothing hid that shall not be known." It was God's purpose, no doubt, that this matter should be brought to light in the way it was, and we place the record before our readers by way of warning. We may be able to deceive one another, but God we cannot deceive. "There is not a thought in our hearts but, O Lord, Thou knowest it altogether." Is there is a secret sin wrapped up in your heart that you could almost wish even the eye of the Lord could not discern? How futile! He searches the heart, and tries the reins, and knows the inward thoughts of man, and in His own way He will bring to light every secret, however hidden it may be. Therefore, be wise; acknowledge your guilt, accept Jesus as your Saviour, and thereby have your "sins forgiven" now, and be right with God; then, should death overtake you unexpectedly, you will be prepared for Eternity. v.

### NOT SATISFIED.

GO to yonder man of the world and ask if the world has satisfied him, and he will tell you "No." Ask the lover of pleasure if the streams of carnal delight have quenched his thirst, and he will answer "No." Go to that young man who wanted to enjoy the world, and ask him if the enjoyment has been solid and satisfactory, and he will tell you "No." In forbidden pleasures he has failed to find a lasting joy. The worldling spends his *all* in the pursuit of carnal delight, and can show you nothing in return. It is not so with the child of God. He finds everything in Christ. He drinks of heavenly joys, and is *abundantly satisfied*. w. s.

# THE FISHERMAN'S BUSINESS;

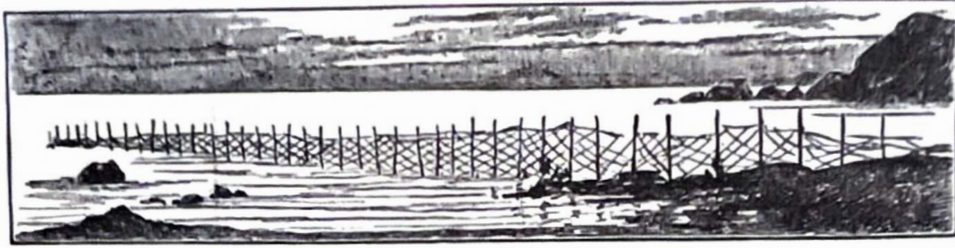
— OR, —

"FATHER, COME ALONG WITH ME AND SEE A MIRACLE."

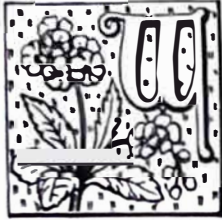


"A GENERAL FAVOURITE WITH OLD AND YOUNG."

"To this day I continue in the same way, for whenever I hear of one whom nobody will visit I go to him and speak of Jesus, and again and again God has given blessing."



## THE FISHERMAN'S BUSINESS.



**U**HAT was my business? I often used to ask myself. I seemed as though I was able to do nothing for the Lord, and my heart burned to speak for Him. I couldn't get anyone to preach with, and I couldn't get any people to preach to. And so I waited and hoped and prayed, longing to know clearly what I might do. How it came about, I know not, but I felt a longing when shut out from other ways of doing good, just to get in wherever I could; and so whenever I heard of any notorious drunkard or other bad character being laid on a sick-bed, immediately I went off to visit him, and speak of the One who came to seek and to save the lost. And when I found I was allowed to come in, and was welcomed, and permitted to read His Word to them, and to point them to the Saviour, and when they would say, "Haste ye back again," I then saw what my business was, and thanked God, and stuck to it. And often have I thanked God to find His salvation received by those whom others had given up in despair as hopeless cases, and judged it needless to go near them.

Such a one lived near me years ago; a man whose mouth was full of blasphemy, a drunkard, a very terror in the place. He was taken ill. I made up my mind to go and see him. My father said to me, "It's no use, he won't listen to you; he is a hopeless case." But I went, for my heart yearned over him, and I knew that Christ had died for sinners. I sat down by his bedside, and just quietly told him of the love of God in giving His Son to die for the ungodly, and how that God, instead of hating poor sinners, loved them, and longed to save them. And I told him it was all in the Book, and as true as it was true he was there on the bed. Ah! he did listen; 'twas wondrous news to him. Satan, doubtless, thought he had him safe, but the Son of God was nigh, and by His own Spirit shed light into that darkened heart. Some few days after, I returned, and found a marvellous change. He had indeed received God's own

### *The Fisherman's Business.*

message concerning His dear Son, and was now rejoicing in the assurance that for Christ's sake all his sins were put away for ever, and that he was now a new creature in Christ and an heir of glory. Nothing but praise flowed forth from him unto God for the marvellous grace shown to such a guilty, vile sinner.

In a few days more he departed, and this was how he went. I had gone to bed, when his wife came and roused me up, saying her man was going, and would I come and see the last of him. So I slipped on my clothes, and hurried away with her to the house. When I came in he stretched out his hand to me—thin and worn it was—and said: "Come and stay with me, that we may speak together to the Lord Jesus until I go." So after a while I knelt down, and we poured out our hearts together unto Him who had saved us and given us good hope through grace. I ceased and sat down again. In a few minutes he was gone. I went home.

A few days before his death I said to my father, without letting him know what I meant, "Father, come along with me and see a miracle." "What do you mean?" said he. "Never mind; you just come, and I will show you a miracle if ever there was one." So he came, and we entered the house together. I sat down and began to speak. Then he answered, and opened his mouth, praising and blessing God for the marvellous grace shown to him. My father listened for a while as one astonished, and then, bursting into tears, he hid his face in his hands, and rushed out of the house. I followed, and asked him what the matter was. "Why," he said, "'tis a miracle indeed, a miracle of the grace of God; I couldn't have believed it, and now I see it. Aye, and though to my son I say it, God has given you this soul, and never you despair after this. This is the work God has given you to do, depend on it. Stick to it all the days of your life. Never heed what any say to you; but whenever you hear of any case like his, you just go and seek it—for this is the business God has laid on you to do." And so I learned I was needed by God, and He had some work for me to do; and to this day I continue in the same way, for whenever I hear of one whom nobody will visit I go to him and speak of Jesus, and again and again God has given blessing.

Thus spoke the sturdy fisherman whom I met on the shore, and who was a general favourite with old and young. I bowed my head, thanked God, and took courage. A. O. M.

## TRYING TO BE A CHRISTIAN WITHOUT CHRIST.



MISS E. had for some time been attending Gospel meetings in a tent, and later in a hall, in the city of D. She was professedly a Christian, and as her behaviour was both lady-like and Christian-like, no one was inclined to doubt the reality of her profession.

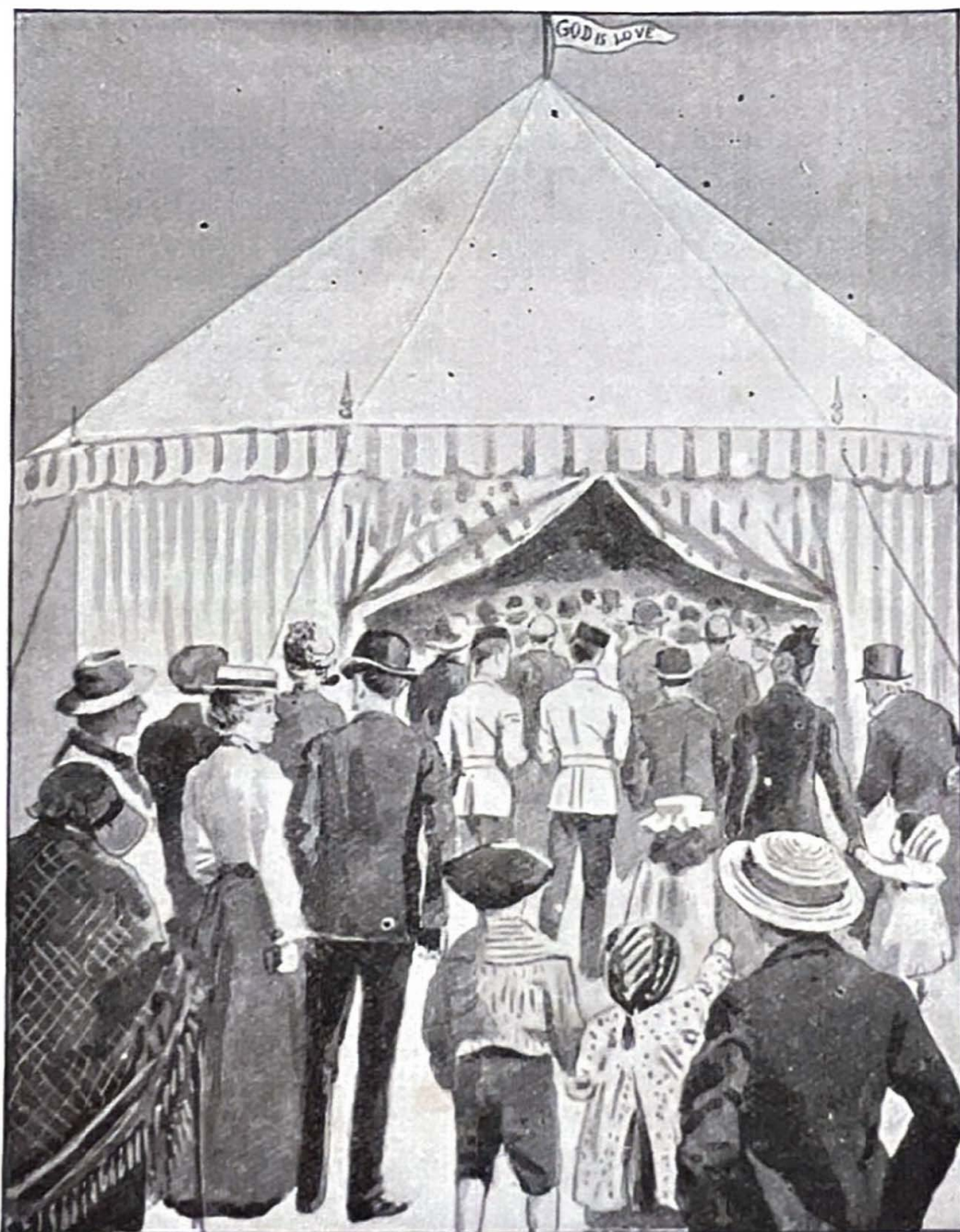
One Lord's Day evening the portion of Scripture read was in Luke, 10th chapter. The speaker dwelt especially on the question asked in verse 25, "What shall I do to inherit eternal life?" He sought to show the absurdity of a man thinking he could do something to inherit eternal life. An inheritance belonged to *heirs*. But they were not heirs because they had worked for it, but because they were *born* to it. Man, being alienated from God, and being a child of wrath, and not of God, could not have any inheritance but that of wrath; therefore if he were to get eternal life, it must be on the ground of grace. If, however, he could not inherit it, he could receive it as a gift; so that it is made known that the "gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord" (Rom. 6. 23). To speak of doing something, therefore, in order to inherit eternal life was just setting aside God's grace, which proclaims eternal life as a gift, "without money and without price."

At the close of the meeting Miss E. requested a few moments' conversation. She was, "afraid she was all wrong." Nine years before she had been advised to "join the church," and since that time had been "trying her best to live like a Christian." But she was not satisfied, and believed that something was wrong. "Yes," was the reply of the evangelist, "you have been TRYING TO BE A CHRISTIAN WITHOUT CHRIST." "I am afraid, sir," she answered, "that is the secret of all my trouble; but I've tried to do my best." After reading a few Scriptures together she went home, followed by the prayers of more than one that God would, by His grace, open her eyes and save her.

The next meeting night she was again in her place, more deeply troubled than before. At the close of the meeting she was confronted with the searching question, "Well, are you saved yet?" "No, sir, I am not," was the honest reply. "Then, if you were to die as you are, you would be lost forever, would you not?" "Yes, sir, I know I would; I am forced to believe it, for I have been all wrong, and I

*Trying to be a Christian without Christ.*

cannot rest until I am sure I am saved." "Well, then, let us look at God's Word. See this verse, Isaiah 53. 6, '*All we like sheep have gone astray.*' Is that true of you?" "Yes, sir; I know it is." "Look at the next clause, then, '*We have turned every one to his own way.*' Is that true of you?" "Yes, sir; I am sure it is." "Now, then, note the last clause: '*THE LORD—that is, Jehovah—hath laid on*



"SHE HAD FOR SOME TIME ATTENDED MEETINGS IN A TENT."

*Trying to be a Christian without Christ.*

Him—that is, Jesus—the iniquity of us all.’ Is that true?”  
“Yes, sir.” “Then look at this, Romans 5. 6. Here we find that ‘Christ died for the ungodly.’ Are you one of them?”  
“Yes, sir; I believe I am.” “Then Christ died for you?”

Here 1 Peter 3. 18, John 3. 16, Luke 19. 10, and many other passages were read to her and commented on, when she turned with an inquiring look, saying, “But, sir, I do believe all that; I believe Christ died for my sins, and in that death gave God satisfaction for them all, but I cannot feel as I would like to feel if I were a Christian.”  
“Oh, that’s it. You have heard others telling of how happy they felt, and how their ‘sins fell from them as a great load,’ and they were ‘sure’ they were gone, for they ‘felt it’, and you are waiting until you feel that way too. Isn’t that it?” “Yes, sir; and ever since Sunday I have tried to feel that way, and I cannot.” “No, of course not, and a great mercy it was. Look at this verse, ‘He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life’ (John 3. 36). And this one, ‘He that heareth My Word, and believeth on Him that sent Me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation [or judgment]; but is passed from death unto life’ (John 5. 24). You see God does not say the believer *feels* he has everlasting life, but *has it*. The word is not feel, but ‘hath.’ Now read 1 John 5. 13: ‘These things have I written unto you that believe on the Name of the Son of God, that ye may know that ye have eternal life.’ You see feelings are not brought in—it is God’s Word—the ‘things that are written,’ not the ‘feelings that are given.’ Look away, then, from your sins to Jesus, who bore them, believe on Him as your own Saviour; and then, having done so, look away from your feelings to God’s Word, which alone can give assurance, and there will be no trouble about ‘happy feelings’ coming in due time. Faith first, then feelings next.”

The next meeting she was back again, but oh! what a change. At the close of the service she came to the evangelist, and, with a bright and happy smile, said, “I am so happy to be able to tell you I am saved.” “When did that take place?” “Just after I went home from the last meeting. I could not rest as I was—a guilty and hell-deserving sinner—so I looked away to Jesus, as you told me, trusted Him as my own Saviour, and He has saved me.” We could only say, “Praise the Lord!” T. D. W. M.

## TWICE RESCUED FROM SLAVERY.



GEORGE CAMPBELL was born of slave parents in the early part of last century in the State of Kentucky. At the age of fourteen he was sold to a gentleman in New Orleans, and was employed by him as cabin boy, and afterwards as cook, on a steamer trading on the Mississippi. When fifteen years old the desire for freedom, which had been burning in his bosom, became uncontrollable, and a suitable opportunity presenting itself, he made a dash for liberty and escaped.

The runaway was advertised for, a reward being offered for his capture. Although diligent search was instituted, the fugitive succeeded in eluding the vigilance of his pursuers. The sexton of a coloured church took him under his friendly care, and kept him in concealment until the hue and cry had somewhat subsided. On several occasions Campbell narrowly escaped being captured. Fearing that he might be eventually seized by the authorities and returned to his master, he sought another place of refuge. After numerous adventures he reached a Quaker settlement on the banks of the Ohio River, and was received by the "Friends" with open arms. Soon after his arrival in the settlement it leaked out that a "runaway slave" was about, and he was strongly advised to escape to British soil.

Buoyed up with the hope of liberty, he set out for Canada, the nearest point of which was several hundred miles distant. The difficulties appeared almost insuperable, but what would one not attempt to do or suffer to obtain freedom from slavery? For weeks he journeyed, travelling by night and sleeping by day, picking up crusts of bread, and whatever else he could lay his hands on, to keep body and soul together. As he sped onward he sought to ascertain the name of the next town or village on the route. On several occasions the suspicions of persons were aroused, and he was subjected to severe cross questionings regarding his occupation and destination. His usual explanation was that his brother, a barber in a neighbouring town, was sick, and had sent for him. Once, when passing a smithy, he asked the blacksmith the road to the town of Somerset. The man of iron, eyeing him from head to foot, replied: "I can easily show you the way to Somerset, but it is Canada you want to get to." Pointing in one direction, he said, "That is the road to Somerset," and then in another, "*that* is the way to

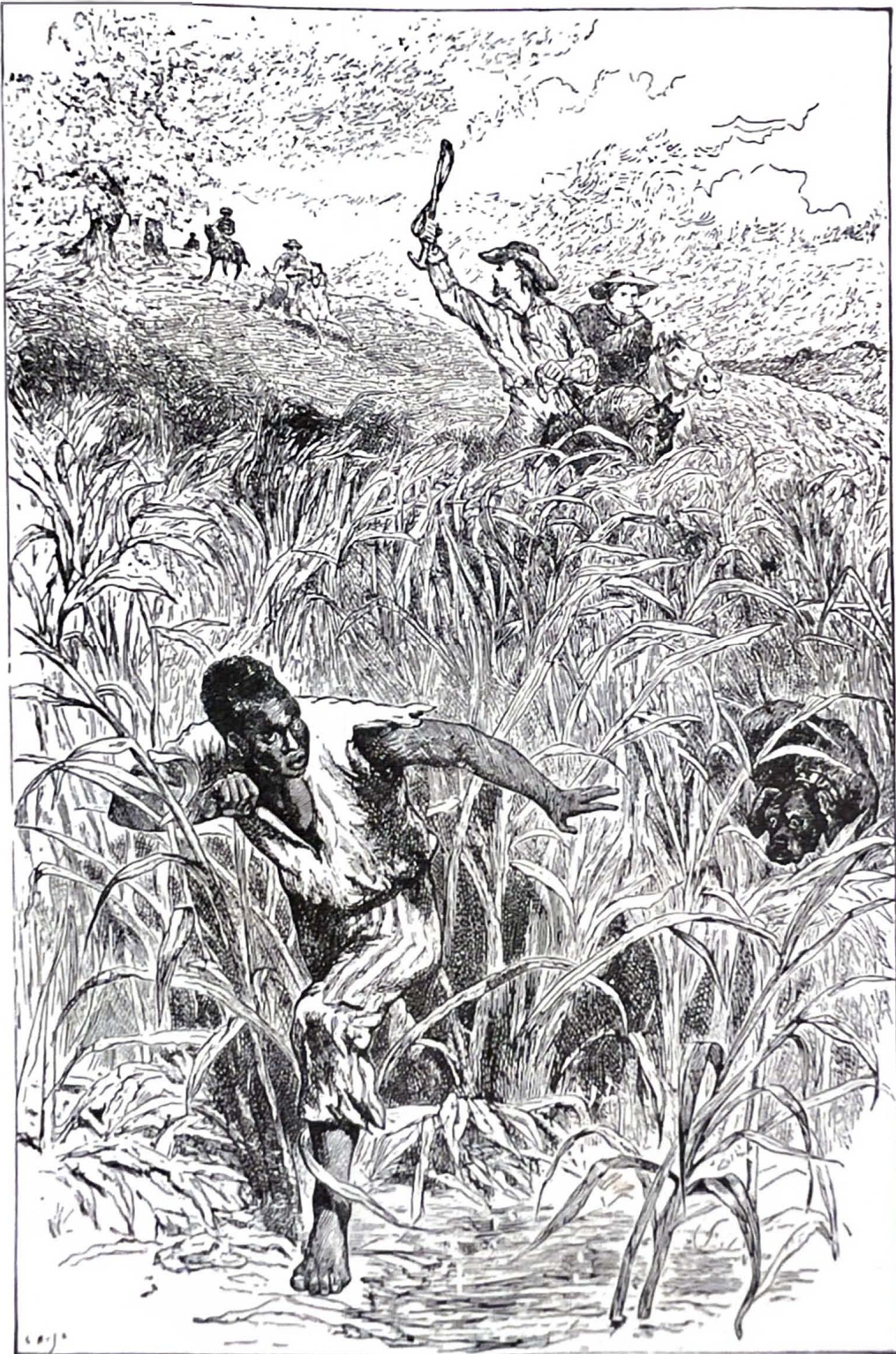
## *Twice Rescued from Slavery.*

Canada." The blacksmith was an abolitionist, and was desirous that the fugitive should find shelter in a country where slavery is unknown. After innumerable trials and hardships Campbell reached the Canadian shore of Lake Erie. On planting his feet on British soil his joy was indescribable. And no wonder! He had bidden good-bye to the lash, the chains and bondage of slavery. He had gained the object of his hopes, and was a free man!

Being an active, energetic youth, he speedily obtained employment. Never having had an opportunity of attending school, he diligently set about learning to read, and one need not be surprised to know that in a comparatively short time he was able to do so fluently.

Soon after his arrival in St. Thomas, Western Ontario, "revival" services were announced to be held in the coloured church. Campbell attended the meetings, and became an attentive and interested hearer. Stirring appeals were made to the congregation to renounce their sins and "get religion." Sinners were exhorted to plead with God for pardoning mercy, and were assured that if they prayed earnestly and fervently their sins would be forgiven. George "went forward" to the "mourners' bench" and besought the Lord to pardon his sins. At one of the services he believed that his prayers were answered. He "felt happy," and made a "start" for the "kingdom," resolving by the help of God to "hold on to the end." Alas! like thousands of others, he was deceived with a spurious conversion. The freed slave was sincere in the belief that he had obtained forgiveness of sins through prayer, but he was sincerely mistaken. Multitudes to-day are in the same sad condition. When awakened to concern about their souls they besought God to save them, believed that He answered their request, and confidently affirm that they became Christians through their prayers. According to God's Word there is one, and only one way of salvation, and that is by faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. "*Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved*" (Acts 16. 31). "All that *believe* are justified from all things" (Acts 13. 38, 39). "Whosoever *believeth in Him* shall receive remission of sins" (Acts 10. 43). "Being justified *by faith*, we have peace with God" (Rom. 5. 1). "Without *faith* it is impossible to please God" (Heb. 11. 6). An unsaved, unconverted man has not faith. He is, therefore, an *unbeliever* in Christ, and

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A SLAVE MAKING A DASH FOR LIBERTY.

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cannot please God until he believes on the Lord Jesus. "They that are in *the flesh* [man in his natural state] cannot please God" (Rom. 8. 8). If prayer is substituted for faith in Christ, God's way of salvation is missed; and the seeking soul, though sincere in the belief that he is a "new creature," is sincerely mistaken.

George Campbell, by believing that his sins were pardoned through praying for forgiveness, felt exceedingly happy. And no wonder! If a sinner burdened with conscious guilt, and dreading to meet a righteous God, imagines that his sins are blotted out, he cannot help feeling glad. But believing that I am a millionaire does not make me one, and Campbell, though believing that he was saved, was not really saved. Many imagine that they are Christians who have never really believed on the Lord Jesus. Yet they are not "hypocrites." A "hypocrite" is one who professes to be what he knows he is not. The persons referred to are earnest, honest, and sincere, but they are *sincerely mistaken*. Any one who expects salvation on the ground of what *he* has done, felt, or experienced, is building for eternity on a sandy foundation, instead of on the "Rock of Ages."

Soon after Campbell's "conversion" he joined the church, and became an earnest and diligent worker, praying, preaching, and testifying in public. For over fifty years he held on to his spurious "conversion," a "conversion" without Christ; a "conversion" obtained through "asking" and "seeking" APART FROM FAITH IN THE PRECIOUS BLOOD OF CHRIST. "Surely you don't mean to assert," says one, "that the negro did *not* believe on the Lord Jesus Christ." That is exactly what we do assert. Campbell *thought* and *said* that he believed on Him, but he did not do so till half a century afterwards! Where does the reader stand? You say you were "converted" or "saved" so many years ago. Were you "converted," "pardoned," "saved," *through your prayers*? Do you say that you "earnestly asked" or "pleaded" with God for forgiveness, and believed that He answered your prayers? If so, *your* "conversion" is *spurious*, and not of God.

George Campbell, now and again, had doubts about his "conversion," but thought that such suggestions were of the evil spirit, instead of the Holy Spirit. So long as one holds on to a false profession he cannot be saved. One must *know* that he is "lost" ere he will inquire "What must

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I do to be saved?" If you have any doubt about your spiritual condition, give your soul the benefit of the doubt. "Satan deceiveth the whole world" (Rev. 12. 9), and one of his successful "wiles" is to persuade persons who have never been "born again," "saved," or "converted," that they are "all right," when they are *all wrong*.

As Campbell read the Scriptures he became less and less satisfied with his "conversion." One day as he read the wondrous interview between the Lord Jesus and Nicodemus, the learned Jewish rabbi, he was struck with the words: "Verily, verily, I say unto thee EXCEPT A MAN BE BORN AGAIN he *cannot* see the kingdom of God" (John 3. 3). "Am I born again?" "Have I ever experienced this great change?" he asked himself. It was true that he "felt happy" on believing that his sins were forgiven. But were they *really* forgiven? Although uneasy and uncomfortable, he attended church, and continued testifying, working, praying, and preaching, at times feeling that with all his religion he was a sinner on the broad road to everlasting woe.

In the summer of 1882 the writer was holding evangelistic services in a tent in the City of London, Ontario, Canada, where Campbell was then living. One evening I had spoken on Exodus 12. 13, "When I see the blood I will pass over you." Campbell, who was then about eighty years of age, was present. After explaining the context, I sought to show that the Israelites were as much exposed to condemnation as the Egyptians, for God had declared: "I will smite *all* the firstborn in the land of Egypt" (verse 12). What, then, was to become of them? Was there no hope of escape? God graciously intervened in their behalf and provided a way of deliverance. A lamb without blemish was to be taken and killed. The blood was to be sprinkled on the lintels and side posts of the door of each house; this being accomplished, they had God's word for it: "When I see the blood *I will pass over you*" (verse 13). The application was as follows. Israel's condition as slaves of Pharaoh, and exposed to Egypt's condemnation, typifies the state of every unsaved man and woman. The "lamb without blemish" represents the Lord Jesus Christ—"the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world" (John 1. 29). A *living* lamb tied to the door would not have preserved the firstborn from destruction. The lamb had to be *slain*. Neither Christ's spotless life nor His matchless

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teaching can deliver a soul from eternal destruction. It was absolutely necessary that He should die and make an atonement for sin. "Without shedding of blood is no remission" (Heb. 9. 22), are the words of Holy Writ. Blood shedding is life poured out, and life outpoured is surely death. If Christ had not shed His blood, if He had not partaken of the cup of God's wrath, and given Himself a ransom for our deliverance, all must have perished. By His sacrificial death He made a perfect atonement for sin, and satisfied all God's holy and righteous requirements. By virtue of what He did and suffered, God can be just, and the Justifier of him who believes on Christ. The *shed* blood did not preserve Israel's firstborn from the destroyer. THE BLOOD MUST BE SPRINKLED. The bunch of hyssop was dipped in the blood, and the lintel and side posts of the door were sprinkled ere the firstborn was safe. Christ's death *apart from faith* secures the salvation of none. Because of His glorious atonement every sinner may be saved (John 3. 17). Although there is a hell for every sinner out of Christ, there is a Christ for every sinner out of hell. Believing that Christ died for "sinners," for the "world," for "all," is not enough. Believing that He died for others won't bring peace to *my* sin-troubled soul.

Whenever the Israelite sprinkled the blood on the lintel and side posts of the door his firstborn was safe from the destroying angel. The moment the sinner by faith looks to, or believes in, Christ as the One who bore the judgment due to him, he is delivered from sin and death and hell. "Whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have eternal life" (John 3. 14, 15). The blood *secures*, and the Word *assures*. If the firstborn in a blood-sprinkled house had been asked if he was afraid that the messenger of death would claim him, "Certainly not" would have been his reply. "Why not?" "Because the blood is sprinkled according to God's directions, and He has said, 'When I see the blood I WILL PASS OVER YOU.'" His salvation from temporal death was secured to him through the sprinkled blood and the knowledge of it through God's spoken word. Entering another home we inquire of that unhappy looking youth if he is afraid of being slain at midnight. "I don't know" is his sad reply. On inquiring if the blood is sprinkled, he assures us that he knows his father did it. "Why, then, are you not rejoicing since God has declared

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that He will pass over every house on which the blood is sprinkled?" "I don't like to be too presumptuous" is the strange response. One could scarcely imagine that an Israelite would talk so foolishly regarding a temporal deliverance. Yet, alas! multitudes doubt and disbelieve God about eternal salvation. What a terrible sin they are guilty of! "He that believeth not God hath made Him a liar."

The words spoken that night were blessed to George Campbell. At the close of the meeting he rushed toward me, and vigorously shaking my hand, exclaimed: "THE



"THE SHED BLOOD DID NOT PRESERVE—IT MUST BE SPRINKLED."

BLOOD OF CHRIST HAS SETTLED IT!" adding, "I HAVE BEEN A PREACHING FOR FORTY YEARS, BUT THERE WAS NO BLOOD IN MY RELIGION." Campbell had worked and prayed, striven and struggled, to escape the slavery of Satan, and had failed. When he ceased from his own efforts, and by faith gazed on the Lord Jesus dying in his room and stead, he obtained deliverance from hell and wrath and woe.

He immediately began to testify to the saving power of the cleansing blood of Christ, and for years afterwards lived a consistent life. On a subsequent visit to London I had a prolonged interview with the old pilgrim, who was then between ninety and a hundred years of age. I found him happy, and rejoicing in Christ as his Saviour. From his own lips I heard the story I have attempted to narrate.

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Since then I received a letter from his widow telling me of her husband's home-call to be with Him who plucked him as a brand from the eternal burning. Is the reader a bond-slave of sin and Satan, or is he a freeman in Christ?

"He is the freeman whom the truth makes free,  
All else are slaves beside."

"Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free" (John 8. 32). If you come to the knowledge of the truth of the Gospel of Christ, you will cease trying to save yourself. Salvation is a "free gift," and is obtained, not by *our* doings, but by faith in the "finished" work of Christ. Whenever you cease from your own efforts, and believe on the Son of God who loved you and gave Himself for you, you will be able to adopt the plea of a negress who, when asked the ground of her confidence, replied—

"Me die, or He die—  
He die, so me no' die."

"The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin" (1 John 1. 7). You can now be cleansed from every stain of guilt, and be made whiter than snow, by believing the good news regarding Christ and the work He accomplished for you. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved" (Acts 16. 31).

"Until I saw the blood, 'twas hell my soul was fearing,  
And dark and dreary in mine eyes the future was appearing;  
But when I saw the blood, and looked on Him who shed it,  
My right to peace was seen at once, and I with transport read it."

Don't substitute *praying* for faith in Christ. If you think that you were saved by "asking" and "seeking" the pardoning mercy of God you are thoroughly mistaken. Whilst it is the duty of *all* to pray, just as it is their duty to keep the commandments of the Lord, Scripture nowhere says that the unsaved can be "pardoned," "converted," or "born again" by keeping the commandments or praying for forgiveness. Sinners are justified by *faith* in Christ, and not by prayer. God is now *beseeching* the sinner to be reconciled to Him (2 Cor. 5. 20). Why, then, go on beseeching Him to be reconciled to you? "For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life" (John 3. 16). Like the freed slave, cease from your own efforts, accept the Lord Jesus Christ by faith, and you will realise that "If the Son therefore shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed."

A. M.

## WHAT MORE CAN ONE DO?

"THERE'S something about being saved that I cannot see through, for here I am—and not what you would call an ill behaved man. I have managed to push my way without being a burden to anybody. I have attended the church regularly, and always had a respect for what was good. Besides that, I commend myself to God every night and strive to do as well as I can; and *what more can one do?*—that's what I would like to know."

"Well, my friend," I replied, "I don't see that you can do much more; I daresay that is about as much as you are able for." My friend was somewhat bewildered at this answer, and as he represents that very large body of people who "do their best," and don't see how God can require any more, we will look into the subject just a little. Let us ask, then, do we get our souls saved by *doing our best*? This is the first point to be settled, for if that is not the way, then *doing* is simply worse than useless. Let us get our minds clear about the plan God has devised for saving souls. That plan may not be the one you would have thought upon, and perhaps you imagine you could have devised a better one;



## What More Can One Do ?

but no matter. It is the Great God of Heaven who is speaking, and He says **DOING IS NOT THE WAY**. Not by works (Titus 3. 5). Not of works (Ephes. 2. 9). Without works (Rom. 3. 28). To him that *worketh not*, but *believeth* (Rom. 4. 5). The Bible is full of this great truth, and makes it clear as noon-day that all who are doing their best in order to be saved are off the road entirely. You cannot understand this, you say—how doing one's best can be wrong. Well, it does not seem difficult to understand. How can you be right in doing the very opposite of what God tells you? He will take your very best works after you are saved; but so long as you are unsaved your working is ruinous.

Suppose, now, you are engaged in a business in which you are losing money fast. You work hard and do your best, but it is vain. A friend hears of your difficulties and writes you that, by simply putting your whole business into his hands at once, he'll pay all your debts on the spot, and set you agoing again on a proper footing. But, in the face of this, you plod on, doing no doubt your best, but you are only getting deeper into debt. What would people think of you? They would think you blind to your best interests. In vain you tell them, "I do my best; what more can I do?" "Do!" they would cry; "the way out of your difficulties is to stop doing altogether and receive that generous offer that has been made to pay your debts and set you up in business again." And to every sin-burdened soul who says, "What more can I do?" God's Word in like manner says, Stop doing altogether, and receive Jesus Christ freely offered in the Gospel. Let God settle the question for you, so far as doing is concerned.

The great truth lies shining on the very surface of the Bible. We are not saved by giving anything or doing anything, but simply by receiving. Salvation is a gift, and like any other gift it is got by receiving. "The gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord" (Rom. 6. 23). "Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely" (Rev. 22. 17). "To him that *worketh not*, but *believeth* on Him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness" (Rom. 4. 5). Cease then from all your trying, and struggles, and vain efforts, rest in the finished Work of the Lord Jesus, and you will have peace, perfect peace.

W. S.

# THE STRIKING RAILROAD NOTICE;

— OR, —

THREE GOOD HINTS FOR TIME AND FOR ETERNITY.



STONY CREEK BRIDGE, CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

"Many valuable lives are sacrificed yearly through accidents at the railroad level crossings in the large towns and cities of the American continent."

## THE STRIKING RAILROAD NOTICE.



ANY valuable lives are sacrificed yearly through accidents at the railroad level crossings in the large towns and cities of the American continent. One railroad company has the following striking notice placed in conspicuous positions close to their crossings: "STOP! LOOK BOTH WAYS! LISTEN!"

The notice is an excellent one, and, if spiritually applied, might be the means of the salvation of many souls. All of us are travellers. We are travelling to eternity—to everlasting bliss or to endless woe. "Wide is the gate, and broad is the way that leadeth to destruction, and MANY THERE BE THAT GO IN THEREAT, because strait is the gate and narrow is the way that leadeth to life, and FEW THERE BE THAT FIND IT" (Matt. 7. 13, 14). So said the Saviour of sinners. It is indeed a very sorrowful fact that the broad road is *crowded* with travellers, both the clean side and dirty side, whilst the narrow way is trodden by comparatively *few*. Few "find" the "strait gate." Why? Because they mistake other "gates" for the narrow one.

"STOP!" Some tell us that "no one can know for certain." Surely that is a terrible mistake. True believers, saved, justified, possessors of eternal life, "new creatures" in Christ Jesus, yet ignorant as to whether they are journeying to heaven or hell! "If any man be in Christ he is a new creature: old things are passed away, and all things are become new" (2 Cor. 5. 17). Such a mighty change as that cannot take place when one is asleep. Saved or lost? converted or unconverted? on the narrow or the broad? Which? If you have never been really regenerated by the Holy Spirit you are exposed to fearful peril. A Holy God thus speaks to you: "Because there is wrath, beware lest He take thee away with His stroke, then a great ransom cannot deliver thee" (Job 18. 36).

"LOOK BOTH WAYS!" The object of the railroad company in asking travellers to "look both ways" is to get them to make sure that no trains on the "up line" or the "down line" are in sight. If the road is clear the reader of the notice is expected to pass on. To you who are travelling on the "broad road" we would exhort you to "look both ways." Look BACKWARDS on the journey of life and think on the innumerable sins you have committed. How they crowd in on the memory! Sins of thought,

### *The Striking Railroad Notice.*

word, and deed ; sins of omission and commission, and, if not purged by the blood of Christ, every one of them will be brought up against you. LOOK FORWARD to the day of reckoning, when you will be manifested before the great white throne. "For every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment" (Matt. 12. 36). Are you ready to stand before that righteous tribunal? "Every one of us shall give account of himself to God" (Rom. 14. 12).

"LOOK BOTH WAYS!" Look at your sins until, like Isaiah of old, you will exclaim, "Woe is me, for I am undone" (Isa. 6. 5). Look at them until, like the patriarch Job, you will cry, "I have heard of Thee by the hearing of the ear: but now my eye seeth Thee; wherefore I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes" (Job 42. 5, 6).

LOOK TO CHRIST. Gaze on Him by faith, and see Him bearing the penalty due to *you* on Calvary's Cross. Look to Him "wounded for our transgressions and bruised for our iniquities" (Isa. 53. 5). "Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world" (John 1. 29). Look and live! "Look unto Me, and be ye saved" (Isa. 45. 22). As the bitten Israelite was healed by simply looking at the brass serpent on the pole, so the sinner who looks to, or believes in, Christ will immediately be saved from sin and hell and woe.

"LISTEN!" A train coming round a curve on a dark night might not be seen ; hence the need of listening as well as looking. LISTEN, O unsaved fellow-traveller to eternity, to what God says to you. And what does He say? you inquire. "Say unto them, As I live, saith the Lord God, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked; but that the wicked turn from his way and live: turn ye, turn ye from your evil ways, for why will ye die?" (Ezek. 33. 11). God has no desire that you should perish. His desire is that "all men should be saved" (1 Tim. 2. 4, 6), and you amongst them. Why, then, are you still unsaved? Let me ask, Are you willing to be saved *now*? And are you willing to be saved *in God's way*? If so, you may before you finish these lines be rejoicing in Christ. "Faith cometh by hearing," not by praying, "and hearing by the Word of God" (Rom. 10. 17). Hearken to the glad tidings regarding Christ and His perfect atonement: "He that heareth My Word, and believeth on Him that sent Me, hath everlasting

### *The Striking Railroad Notice.*

life, and shall not come into condemnation ; but is passed from death unto life" (John 5. 24). There are only three links in this glorious chain, viz., (1) Hearing ; (2) Believing ; (3) Having. "Hear, and your soul shall live" (Isa. 55. 3). The Lord Jesus knocks at the door of your heart seeking to obtain admission. Hearken to His voice of entreaty ; draw back the bar of unbelief and let the Saviour in. Why not do so now ?

"But if you still His call refuse,  
And all His wondrous love abuse,  
Soon will He sadly from you turn,  
Your bitter prayer for pardon spurn ;  
'Too late ! Too late !' will be the cry,  
Jesus of Nazareth has passed by."

"Because I have called, and ye refused ; I have stretched out My hand, and no man regarded ; . . . I also will laugh at your calamity ; I will mock when your fear cometh" (Prov. 1. 24, 26). Consider the railway signboard, and ponder the spiritual lessons to be derived from its words of warning : "STOP ! LOOK BOTH WAYS ! LISTEN !" A. M.

### **OUT OF DARKNESS INTO LIGHT.**

**I**N its essential nature, sin is as opposed to holiness as darkness is to light ; as different from holiness as a starless midnight from the blaze of noon. Our natural state is therefore, because a simple one, represented by darkness. Hence, in describing the condition of those who, as heathen, know neither God nor Him "Whom to know is life eternal," Scripture says, "The darkness shall cover the earth, and gross darkness the people" (Isa. 60. 2). The ancient prophets hailed Jesus as "a Light to lighten the Gentiles, and the glory of His people Israel" (Luke 2. 32). Jesus said : "I am the Light of the world" (John 9. 5). Jesus ! Yes ; His people's shield. He is also their sun ; a shield that never breaks in battle, and a sun that never sets in night ; the source of all the knowledge that illumines, and of all the love that warms them, imparting a healing as well as a heating virtue, He is "The Sun of Righteousness with healing in His wings" (Mal. 4. 2).

But turning from the Saviour to contemplate the sinner, our natural state is one not merely of darkness but of deepest darkness. It is always dark to the blind. We are without sight. We require to be regenerated by the Holy Spirit. "Ye must be born again" (John 3. 3). DR. GUTHRIE.

## FROM MADNESS TO GLADNESS.

**W**HEN quite a youth I became a slave to drink, and not only was hurrying to hell but was doing what I could to take others with me. In love God laid His chastening hand upon me. Whilst working at the C.L.C. goods station, Birkenhead, I fell beneath the wheels of a wagon and sustained terrible injuries. I was taken to the burgh hospital, and underwent several serious operations.



SOUTHPORT ESPLANADE AND LAKE.

After being a number of months in the hospital I was removed to the Railway Mission Convalescent Home at Southport. Whilst there crutch paralysis set in in my left arm, rendering me helpless. I felt miserable in the Home, being only a burden to myself. In despair I made up my mind that life was not worth living. The thoughts of the drunkard's home I had left behind had no charm for me, and I did not intend to go back. The more I thought the worse I got. I had tried before to do away with myself. Now I meant to rid this earth of a nuisance, and determined no one should thwart my plans of throwing myself into

*From Madness to Gladness.*

Southport lake. God in His matchless grace and love prevented me from committing the dastardly and cowardly deed. A lady visited the home and spoke to me of God's love to sinners, even to me. She told of His great gift, the gift of the only begotten Son who died on Calvary for a big sinner like me. As she talked of Christ's sufferings and death her face shone with joy. That marvellous passage of Scripture, Isaiah 53. 6, was read: "All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all." I saw I was the wandering sheep, and I learned that the Lord Jesus Christ was wounded for my transgressions, and bruised for my iniquities. The light of the Gospel penetrated my darkened spirit. I saw the soul-saving truth that Christ died in my room and stead, and I obtained the forgiveness of all my sins. Oh! the joy that came to my soul. All thoughts of suicide were gone, and I was a changed man. "Old things passed away, and all things became new." The door of my heart was opened to let my Saviour in, and He had taken possession and turned my madness into gladness.

Since that "happy day that fixed my choice on Christ, my Saviour and my Lord," I have known Him as my Saviour. I have had many trials, but the Lord Jesus has never failed me. If the reader is unsaved I would earnestly beseech him to believe on the Lord Jesus and be saved in the Lord with an Everlasting Salvation. A.C.

**THE FAIREST ONE.**

NOT all the gold of Ophir,  
Nor gems of priceless worth;  
Not all the boasted treasure  
That thou may find on earth,  
Can now compare with Jesus,  
The fairest One to me—  
The Chief among ten thousand,  
To all eternity!

O! I am His for ever;  
Farewell, ye joys of Time;  
In spirit I am dwelling  
In a sweet—a happy clime.  
On wings of love I'm soaring  
To where my Saviour reigns;  
By faith, His Name adoring,  
I walk the heav'nly plains.

O! this is life eternal—  
To know that blessed One,  
All "glorious in apparel," [Sun]  
Heaven's fairest, brightest  
O! this is joy past telling,  
To hear the words of love—  
To catch the whisper'd message  
From realms of light above.

"Fear not, for I am with thee,"  
He says to me; "'tis I:  
I'll shield thee from all danger,  
Unti from yonder sky  
I come in fadeless glory  
And take thee home with Me,  
To hear anew the story  
Of all My love to thee!" w.s.

## IN A RING OF FIRE.



AN ungodly European was once trying to convince a convert in India that his religion was of no use, and that he never would be any the better for it. "What, after all," said the scoffer, "has your Jesus done for you?" "He has saved me!" said the native, with great animation; "He has saved me!" "And what is that?" said the European. "Step with me to the door," was the reply, "and I will show you."

So saying, he took him outside of the house, picked up a quantity of dry

leaves and straw (of which there were plenty close at hand), and made a large circle of them. He then sought for a worm; and having found one he placed it in the centre of the ring. Forthwith he applied a lighted match to the material that surrounded it, the scoffer looking on all the time with no little astonishment. As the heat of the fire approached the poor worm, it began to writhe and to show symptoms of distress, but could not get out of the burning ring. The man darted his hand through the smoke, plucked the worm out of its dangerous position, and placed it on the green grass, out of reach of all danger.

"There," said he, "that is what the Lord Jesus has done for me: I was exposed to the flames of hell—there was no possibility of escape; I was condemned and ready to perish, and He rescued me by dying for my sins, thus snatching me as a brand from the burning; and given me a place near His heart."

Can you thus speak of yourself as **SAVED** by the death of Jesus? Are you able to say, like the poor native, "**HE HAS SAVED ME**"? If not, we entreat you to come now, as a sinner, to Jesus, who is at the right hand of the Majesty on high, and He will give *you* rest. Take shelter in His blood, and *you* will be cleansed from sin, and delivered from the wrath to come. Hear ye the gracious words of God: "When we were yet without strength, in due time Christ died for the ungodly" (Rom. 5. 6).

## THE VICAR'S DAUGHTER; or, Grace's Choice.



"BORN once, die twice; born twice, die once." These were the strange, striking words that Grace Marston listened to, falling from the lips of a preacher at a special service in her father's school-room.

"Is that *true*?" asked Grace of herself, fixing her large brown eyes on the face of the speaker. She heard no more of what he said—but sat thinking—puzzling—unhappy. The Holy Spirit was speaking to her weary heart, and all other voices hushed before His. Grace was the vicar's daughter, well taught, a Sunday-school teacher and parish worker, bright, pretty, and refined, yet to-night she came face to face for the first time in her life with the awful, solemn question, "Am *I* born again?" "How strange!" you exclaim; "surely she was a Christian?" Well, you see, Grace knew a great deal about the Lord Jesus Christ, but she did not know Him as her own personal Saviour; she had lived so long amidst meetings, preachings, and in an atmosphere full of God's love and God's truth that, like many others, she had never doubted for a single moment but that she was all right, and as much a true Christian as anyone else. I suppose it was the religion all round her that made her feel "good" (as she called it), and kept her from finding how truly she needed to be "born again" and "saved"—quite as truly as if she had been a godless, ignorant street girl, brought up without knowledge of aught that was good or holy.

"I must find out if I am born again," said Grace to herself; "I wonder who can tell me?" And she wondered on all the next day, feeling very disconsolate. She wished with all her heart that she had some one to talk to!

The next evening the preacher resumed his subject, telling the well-known story of Nicodemus, to whom Jesus spoke in plain terms, saying: "Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God. Nicodemus saith unto him, How can a man be born when he is old? can he enter the second time into his mother's womb, and be born? Jesus answered, Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God. That which is born of the flesh is flesh; and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit. Marvel not that I said unto thee, Ye must be born again" (John 3. 3-7). This second

*The Vicar's Daughter ; or, Grace's Choice.*



" SHE WAS GOOD, KIND, LOVABLE, AND RELIGIOUS."

*The Vicar's Daughter; or, Grace's Choice.*

address struck, if possible, deeper into Grace's heart, and the deep trouble of her mind showed itself in her face. Mr. Ellaby, the preacher, noticed it, and determined to manage a walk home alone with Grace that evening to the vicarage, where he was staying. And he did manage it. Grace found herself half glad, half terrified, walking side by side with the preacher homewards, unable; yet longing to speak to him of the subject lying nearest to her heart. But Mr. Ellaby was a man of prayer and tact, so, almost before she knew it, Grace's heart and lips were opened, and the question put in startling earnestness.

"Mr. Ellaby, *please* tell me, am *I* born again?"

"My child, *I* cannot answer that question. You can. If you know nothing of God as *your* Father, and Christ as *your* Saviour, you most certainly are *not* born again."

"But do *I* need to be born again, Mr. Ellaby?"

"Even so," responded her friend. "If you have never experienced the new birth, you *must* do so to enter heaven, for 'that which is born of the flesh is flesh' (John 3. 6). 'They that are in the flesh cannot please God' (Rom. 8. 8), and 'flesh and blood cannot inherit the Kingdom of God' (1 Cor. 15. 50). Therefore the Lord Jesus Christ said to a religious man: 'Marvel not that I said *unto thee*, Ye must be born again' (John 3. 7)."

Several talks, Bible readings and searchings, followed in the next two days of Mr. Ellaby's stay. It was a wonderful time to Grace; and the last night of the services, when she stood in the village school-room, singing—

"O happy day, that fixed my choice  
On Thee, my Saviour and my God!"

tears rolled down her cheeks, but they were not tears of anxiety now, but tears of joy.

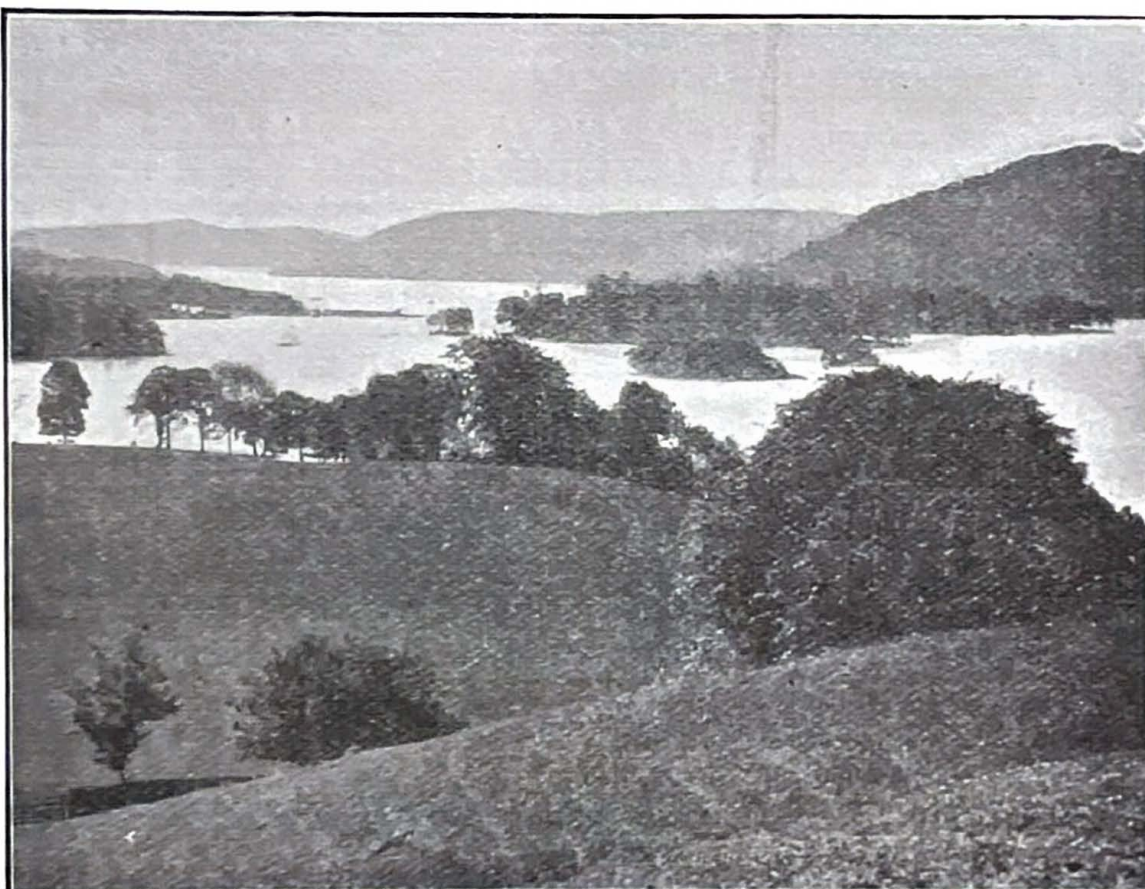
Then her new life began. She was full of love to Christ and desire to be a blessing to others. Friends were spoken to, companions written to, her scholars prayed for and with. To one and all she told her secret, "I am born again," and those who watched her day by day knew that what she said was true.

May I courteously ask, is Grace Marston's story yours? Are you good, kind, lovable, and "religious," but *not* "born again"? Have you a *second birthday* in your life? Jesus said, "Ye *must* be born again." Stop, like Grace, to-day, and ask yourself one question, "AM I BORN AGAIN?"

R. T. E. P.

## GOD SAYS IT, AND I BELIEVE IT.

GEORGE SMITH was a member of a Bible Class conducted by Mr. K——, a devoted Christian worker in a beautiful English village in the Lake District. The teacher “practised” what he “preached,” and God blessed his ministry. Although God’s way of salvation was clearly and faithfully expounded, George did not understand that Christ had done EVERYTHING that was necessary for the



“In the Lake District.”

LAKE WINDERMERE.

salvation of his soul, and that by believing the glad tidings regarding Christ and His atoning work, eternal life was his.

On obtaining employment in London he left the quiet, peaceful district he had been brought up in, and settled in the great metropolis. Though the proverb “out of sight out of mind,” is applicable to too many persons, it was not so in the case of Mr. K——, and the Christian members of the class, in relation to George Smith. They constantly remembered him in prayer at the throne of grace. The burden of their desires was that he might speedily be brought to know the Lord Jesus as his Saviour.

*God Says It, and I Believe It.*

In letters received from London Mr. F—— perceived that George was exercised about his soul's welfare. In seeking to help him to understand God's way of salvation, he quoted a portion of the well-known Scripture: "All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all" (Isa. 53. 6). Instead, however, of giving the whole of the passage, Mr. F—— sent the first clause of it:

**"ALL WE LIKE SHEEP HAVE GONE ASTRAY."**

*"God says it, and I believe it."* —J. F.

When the letter was dispatched special prayer was made that God would bless the word in deepening impressions and convictions in George's soul. In a few days Mr. F—— received the following reply: "ALL WE LIKE SHEEP HAVE GONE ASTRAY. GOD SAYS IT, AND I BELIEVE IT—GEORGE SMITH." Mr. F——, delighted with the message received, forwarded the next part of the Scripture:

**"WE HAVE TURNED EVERY ONE TO HIS OWN WAY."**

*"God says it, and I believe it."* —J. F.

Prayer ascended to God for blessing on second message. The reply from London was awaited with eager expectancy. It duly arrived, and was as follows: "WE HAVE TURNED EVERY ONE TO HIS OWN WAY. GOD SAYS IT, AND I BELIEVE IT—GEORGE SMITH." The last clause of the wondrous declaration was dispatched, with the same words underneath. This portion of the verse does not speak of our wilfulness or sinfulness, but of God's gracious provision for our deepest needs.

**"AND THE LORD HATH LAID ON HIM THE INIQUITY  
OF US ALL."**

*"God says it, and I believe it."* —J. F.

The teacher and his Bible Class earnestly betook themselves to the "blood-stained mercy seat," praying that the truth sent to their friend in London might prove a message

*God Says It, and I Believe It.*

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from the Lord. After several days' waiting, Mr. F— received the following message: "AND THE LORD HATH LAID ON HIM THE INIQUITY OF US ALL. GOD SAYS IT, AND I BELIEVE IT. PRAISE THE LORD!—GEORGE SMITH." The young Englishman had good reason to praise the Lord. He had learned that though he had gone astray and had taken his own way instead of the Lord's, God in matchless grace and love had laid his sin on Jesus; that He had borne the huge burden, and bore it away, and, by believing on Him who did it all and paid it all, he was saved and had everlasting life (John 3. 16, 36; 5. 24). It is needless to add there was rejoicing in that beautiful English village, as well as in Heaven, over the good news of George Smith's conversion to God.

The reader doubtless believes the two first statements of Isaiah 53. 6. Why, then, not believe the third: "And the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all"? "Oh," says one, "was *my* sin laid on Christ's spotless head?" The first "all" is surely not more comprehensive than the last "all." "All" of us have gone "astray," and the Lord *hath laid* on Christ the iniquity of us "all." One thing is clear, that if your sin was not laid on Christ on Calvary, it never will. If He did not die for it on the cross, it is absolutely impossible that you can be saved, for God has declared, "Without shedding of blood is no remission" (Heb. 9. 22). If there is a soul out of hell for whose sins Christ did not make atonement, God Himself cannot save such a person. And you may depend upon it that He would never tantalise a sinner with the offer of a pardon that was never made for him, nor meant for him. Scripture declares that Christ died "for all" (2 Cor. 5. 15), for the "world" (John 3. 16), for "every man" (Heb. 2. 9); "gave Himself a ransom for all" (1 Tim. 2. 6). It is often said that "if Christ died for all, all must be saved." God's Word does not say so. On the contrary, we read that "God sent not His Son into the world to condemn the world, *but that the world through Him might be saved*" (John 3. 17). No one *must* be saved because Christ died; all, however, *may be* saved. Because of what He did and suffered, God can consistently forgive every one who believes on His beloved Son. "Once in the end of the world [or ages] hath He appeared to *put away sin* by the sacrifice of Himself" (Heb. 9. 26). Sin has been so "put away" that God can righteously justify every one who

## God Says It, and I Believe It.

believes on Christ. The work that saves was accomplished when the Lord Jesus exclaimed "It is finished!" Don't try to lay your sins on Jesus. It is too late to attempt it. Christ is not on the cross, but on the throne, and no sin therefore can be laid on Him now. The blessed fact is this—GOD DID IT. Christ in making atonement eternally settled the "sin question." It is the "Son question" that you have to do with. "What wilt thou do with Jesus?" Will you accept or reject Him? Why not now believe on Him and be eternally saved? Why not now believe the Gospel, the glad tidings of great joy, regarding Christ and His "finished" work? "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world" (John 1. 29).

"Behold, the Lamb of God." "Look to Him groaning and dying on the cross to save you from eternal misery and despair. "There is life in a look at the crucified One." Look and live! "Look unto Me, and be ye saved" (Isa. 45. 22). Don't look within; look to Jesus bearing the judgment due to you, and you will say from your heart:

"All my sins were laid upon Him,  
Jesus bore them on the tree;  
God who knew them laid them on Him,  
And, believing, I am free."

A. M.

### NOT YET.

"NOT YET," said a little boy. "When I grow older I will think about my soul."

"NOT YET," said the young man. "I am now about to enter into trade. When I see my business prosper, then I shall have more time than now." Business did prosper.

"NOT YET," said the man of business. "My children must have my care. When they are settled in life I shall be better able to attend to religion."

He lives to be a grey-headed old man. "NOT YET," still he cried. "I shall soon retire from business, and then I shall have nothing else to do but read and pray."

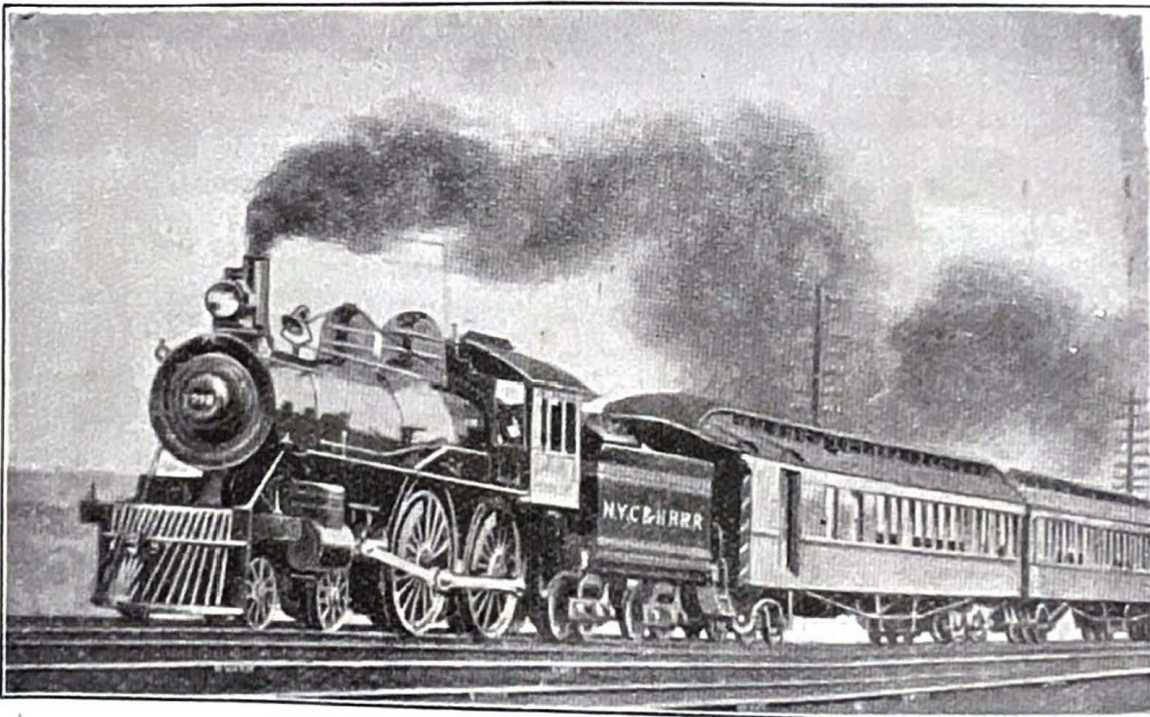
*And so he died.* He put off to another time what he should have done when a child. He lived without God, and died without hope. He missed "the peace of God, which passeth all understanding" in Time, and the "pleasures at God's right hand for evermore in Eternity."



## WHITE SLAVES IN KENTUCKY.

SOME years ago I had on one occasion to take a trip of about forty miles on an American railway, and on the way enjoyed the opportunity of a conversation with a gentleman from the south. The train being crowded, I invited this gentleman to share my seat, and soon entered into conversation, when he informed me he came from the State of Kentucky, and was formerly a slave-holder. He had much to say regarding the past and present condition of the coloured people.

Waiting a favourable opportunity, which at last presented



AN AMERICAN EXPRESS CROSSING THE CONTINENT.

itself, I asked: "Do you have any WHITE SLAVES in Kentucky?" "Why, no," he replied, "I never heard of such a thing; why do you ask that?" "Because," I said, "there are many of them here. I was one of them myself for nearly twenty years; but now I've been set free, and that after a heavy price had been paid for my redemption."

Perceiving there was a hidden meaning to my words, he asked me to explain myself, which, in substance, I did as follows: "Although I was never the slave of man, yet I was the slave of one more cruel than any man could be. I was the slave of Satan, 'the prince of the power of the air, the spirit that now worketh in the children of disobedience

## *White Slaves in Kentucky.*

(or unbelief)' (Eph. 2. 2). Of him it is also written, that he leads men 'captive at his will.' To a certain extent it was a *willing* service I rendered, for, in fact, I did not know I was a slave until God, by His Word and Spirit, began to awaken me to the fact that I was being led by Satan, on to his own doom in the lake of fire. Then I tried to escape, but found his chains held me fast, and every effort to liberate myself only made the startling fact more manifest, that *I was a slave, and utterly helpless to extricate myself.* I turned over 'new leaves,' and made resolutions to live better, but still I was a slave, though now no longer willing, but groaning in the midst of my bondage. This was God's opportunity, so in the richness of His grace He pointed me to His own dear Son, the Lord Jesus Christ, who on the Cross of Calvary gave His life a ransom for my soul, so that God could now be just, and yet say: 'Deliver him from going down to the pit; I have found a ransom' (Job 33. 24). God thus proclaimed Himself satisfied with the finished work of Christ, and His willingness to save all who would come unto Him through Christ. The result was, I believed on the Lord Jesus Christ and was saved, and now I am free. For whom the Son makes free, they are free indeed." (Acts 16. 31; John 3. 36; John 8. 36.)

My companion listened eagerly as I thus told out, as best I could, the way of my deliverance from Satan's bondage and doom, and, as I ceased, he told me of having once heard a man say he was saved by the Lord Jesus Christ, "and," said he, "he talked very much as you do."

I could only tell him that all who *are* saved are saved in the same way, for Jesus says: "I am the Way, and the Truth and the Life; no man cometh unto the Father but by Me" (John 14. 6).

It may be my reader boasts of being FREE, but are you free indeed? Has the Son made you free? If not, then you are a slave to sin and Satan, and "the wages of sin is death" (Rom. 6. 23).

We are happy to tell you that the Lord Jesus Christ has been anointed by God, to "*preach the gospel* to the poor, to heal the broken-hearted, to *preach deliverance* to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind; to *set at liberty* them that are bruised, to preach the acceptable year of the Lord" (Luke 4. 18, 19). Does this meet your need? Why not be saved now, while God is waiting to be gracious? T.D.W.M.

# THE YOUNG LADY AND THE HONEST MAN;

— OR, —

DO YOU KNOW ANYTHING EQUAL TO GOD'S SALVATION ?



"HOW OFTEN I HAVE LONGED TO KNOW HOW TO BE SAVED."

"For a long time I have realized that all was not right with my soul. My father's house in the country has been, as long as I can remember, a 'preacher's home,' but none of our clerical guests ever spoke to me about my soul. They talked of the weather and of politics, of church entertainments, and church extension, but *never a word about my soul*; and oh! how often I have longed to know how to be saved."

## THE YOUNG LADY AND THE HONEST MAN.



At the close of a very warm day in August, a man, who knew and loved the Lord Jesus, and the souls for whom He died, was busy distributing Gospel tracts and leaflets among the people, who thronged the streets of the city of B——. From factories, shops and scores of other business places, the crowds were pouring, and hurrying off in one direction or another, to their homes. Some were too hurried to take his tracts—others accepted them with scant courtesy, and, occasionally, some one would glance at the heading of the paper, and, with a kindly smile, thank the young man, and give him a word of encouragement ere they passed on.

Alas! it is still true that there are many who know not “the day of their visitation,” and let the precious opportunities of reading and hearing of God’s way of salvation pass them by without a thought. Indifference, pleasure-seeking, and business,—all serve to shut out the gospel, and Satan, the enemy of God and man, by these and other things, succeeds in blinding the minds of those that believe not, lest they should be saved (2 Cor. 4. 3, 4). Thoughts such as these occupied the mind of our young friend, as he diligently passed out his printed messages. By and by, the crowds began to thin, and he turned his steps homeward, where, in the quiet of his room, he might ask God’s blessing on the seed sown.

As he hurried along, he noticed a young lady coming in the opposite direction, and selecting a card, he handed it to her. On one side of this card was printed a selection of Scripture texts, on the other was a question:—“Is your SOUL SAVED?” As she took the card from him, she read aloud the question, “Is your soul saved?” and looking the young man in the face, said, “No, it is not!” “Then,” said our young friend, “if you are not saved you are lost, and dying as you are, would spend eternity in hell!” “Thank you, sir,” was the quick reply of the young lady, “you are the first honest man I have met. For a long time I have realized that all was not right with my soul. My father’s house in the country has been, as long as I can remember, a ‘preacher’s home,’ but none of our clerical guests ever spoke to me about my soul. They talked of the weather and of politics, of church entertainments, and church extension, but *never a word about my soul*; and

*The Young Lady and the Honest Man.*

oh! how often I have longed to know how to be saved! Simply as the Christian worker knew how, he sought to preach Christ to this troubled soul, but her mind was clouded with thoughts of self-effort, and fears lest she might "fall away," even though she did get converted. At last, having told her where some special gospel services were being conducted at that time, and inviting her to attend them, they parted. God's arrows had pierced the heart of the young lady, so that it was with deepened anxiety, that she presented herself at the gospel meeting that night. The building in which the meeting was held was a plain one, and the preachers were plain men, accustomed, without apology, to call things by their true names. Relying on the help of the Holy Spirit, they preached the Word of God, warning men to "flee from the wrath of God," and, telling them of the ransom provided by God in the death of the Lord Jesus, urged them to "escape for their life" to Him who is the only Refuge for the guilty. As if to accentuate the preaching, the walls were decorated with such Scriptures and mottoes as "The wicked shall be turned into hell" (Psalm 9. 17), "Christ died for the ungodly" (Rom. 5. 6), "The Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost" (Luke 19. 10), and "The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin" (1 John 1. 7). Among the mottoes, was one that read:

A GOD Who sees thee,  
A MOMENT which flies from thee,  
AN ETERNITY which awaits thee.  
A GOD Whom you serve so ill,  
A moment of which you so little profit,  
AN Eternity, which you must spend  
IN HEAVEN or HELL—WHICH?

All this was new to the ears and eyes of the lady, who, in her anxiety, took all to herself as direct messages from God. It appealed to the condition and need of her soul. Her trouble increased as time went on. The Word of God was as a lighted candle, searching the innermost parts of her being and making sin, in her eyes, to become more exceeding sinful. At last from the depths of her heart came the cry, "I am lost! What must I do to be saved?" And God,

## *The Young Lady and the Honest Man.*

who is ever swift to save and eager to bless, did not keep her waiting, but answered through His Word, telling her, as long ago, through His servants, He had told another anxious soul, to "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved" (Acts 16. 31). As a little child, she rested implicitly on the Lord Jesus Christ and His finished work, and salvation, rest, and peace from God was hers.

Many years have gone by since that memorable night, when she passed from death unto life and became a child of God through faith in Christ. Those years have but proved the reality of the work then done for her, and in her, by the Spirit of God. She has proved that He who SAVED her, also KEEPS her. She has proved its value in times of prosperity and in times of trial. In affliction she has known its comfort; in sickness it has proved a stay, and when, as it was believed, she was nearing the gates of death, she could say with the Psalmist, "I will fear no evil. Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me" (Psalm 23. 4). Her soul rejoiced in Christ her Saviour!

Do you know anything equal to God's salvation? To those who are saved, Christ is everything! He is with them in life! He goes with them through death! and will be with them the blessed source of all their joy, and the theme of every song throughout eternity! And this portion may be yours—NOW! And, if Christ and His salvation is yours NOW, the faithfulness of God assures that He will be yours FOREVER! Remember, it must be Heaven or Hell for eternity! Trust Christ and live! "For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life" (John 3. 16).

T.D.W.M.

### HOW AM I TO KNOW?

"BUT how am I to know I'm saved when I believe on Christ?" Simply because *God* says: "He that believeth on the Son *hath* everlasting life" (John 3. 36). It is on the testimony of God that I know I have everlasting life. It is not because I feel I am better than other people, or more deserving than some. It is nothing in self at all that gives me confidence. *Christ* finished the work on Calvary's tree for me. I have believed on Him. God says I have eternal life, and I dare not doubt it. Therefore I have eternal life, and know it.

W. S.

## THE MOTHERWELL POLICEMAN'S DISCOVERY.

DO you believe you need to be "born again"? If not, consider the solemn words spoken to Nicodemus by the Lord Jesus, "Marvel not that I said unto thee, Ye must be born again" (John 3. 7).

A Scotch Highlander, whom we shall call Donald M'Donald, was in the Police Force of Motherwell, a town in the West of Scotland. Donald was a thorough worldling, but



'The Ironworkers' Town.

MERRY STREET, MOTHERWELL.

had been convicted of sin by the Holy Spirit, and for nearly five years was in deep anxiety of soul. He knew he was lost and on his way to hell, but was utterly ignorant of God's way of salvation. As he thought of his condition as a "condemned" sinner (John 3. 18), hurrying to endless woe, he was overwhelmed with sorrow. Not knowing anyone to whom he could unburden his mind, his health gave way, and resigning his position, he left the district.

He removed to the town of Forres, Morayshire, where he obtained employment. An old friend of mine, an earnest soul-winner, hearing of Donald's condition, visited him.

### *The Motherwell Policeman's Discovery.*

He had not conversed long with the Highlander until he found that he was greatly concerned about his spiritual condition. Mr. Hamilton immediately began to tell him the "old, old story of Jesus and His love." He read and explained such precious portions of Scripture as the following: "All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the LORD HATH LAID ON HIM THE INIQUITY OF US ALL" (Isaiah 53. 6). Donald was shown that God laid his sins on Jesus: that He was wounded for his transgressions and bruised for his iniquities (Isaiah 53. 5); that "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life" (John 3. 16).

As the wondrous story was unfolded—that Christ had settled the sin question with His precious blood (1 Tim. 2. 6), and that all who believe on Him are saved, and have eternal life (John 5. 24)—in wonder and amazement Donald exclaimed—"And is that the way of salvation?" "Yes," replied Mr. Hamilton, "That is how I was saved, and there is no other way." "Then," said the Highlander, "I'll do the same," and off he went to a fellow-workman to tell the good news. "My burden is gone," said he; "I have found my Saviour, and I am saved."

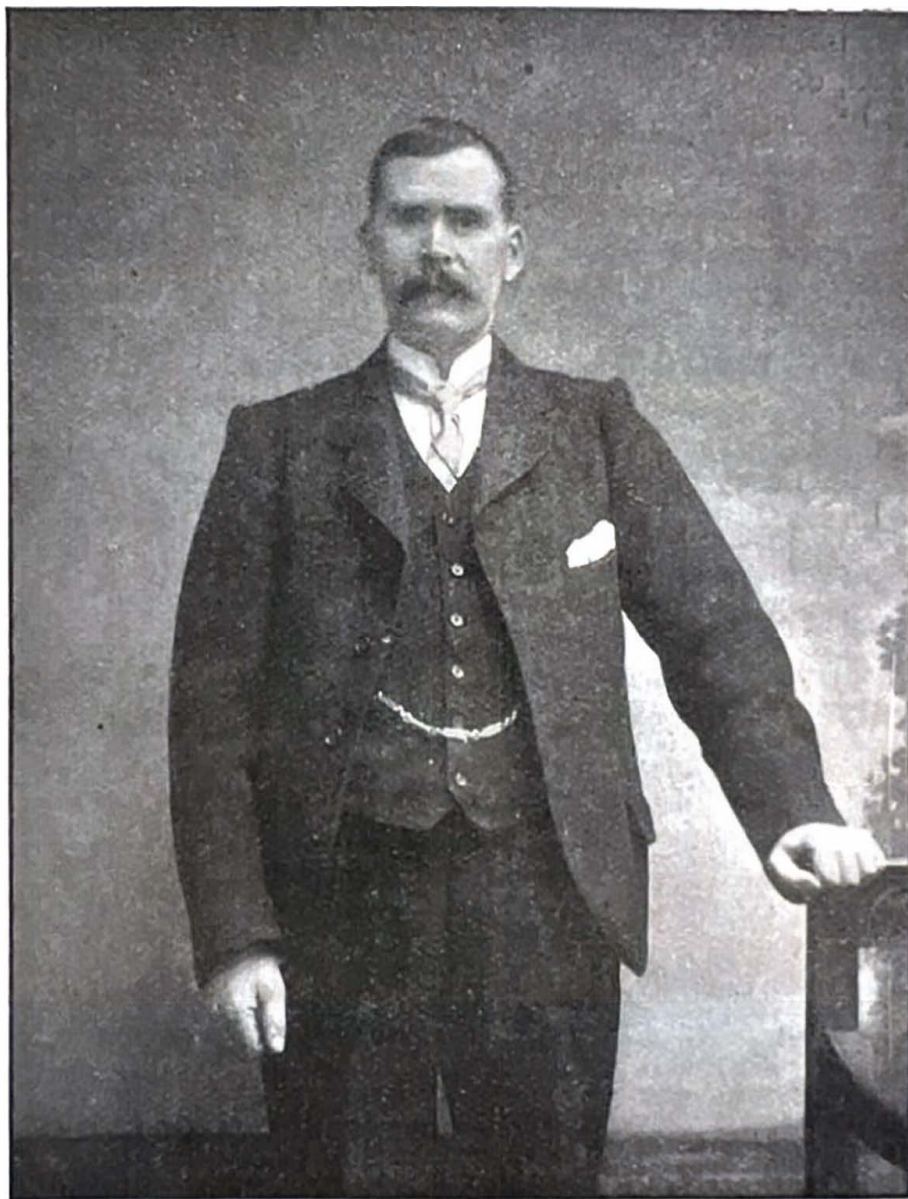
The fellow-workman bolted, followed by Donald, who found him on his knees pleading for mercy. Donald, with a full heart, told him the Gospel, which had so recently been God's power to his own salvation. That night the young convert was the means of winning his first soul for Christ.

Soon after his conversion the Highlander returned to Motherwell, with restored health and the joy of the Lord filling his heart. Now he witnesses for Christ, and tells others what great things God has done for him.

Truly, the "glad and glorious Gospel" is the "power of God *unto salvation to every one that believeth*" (Rom. 1. 16). Get to know what it is. *Believe* it and be saved at this moment, for the moment a son of Adam believes the Gospel of Christ, he becomes a son of God (John 1. 12), a possessor of eternal life (John 6. 47), and is justified from all things (Acts 13. 39). Give up all efforts of your own to obtain salvation. The work that saves was completed when Christ said, "It is finished." Nothing either great or small remains for you to do but to believe in Him, who died that you might not perish, but have everlasting life. A. M.

## A CHRISTADELPHIAN'S CONVERSION.

JOSEPH M'ILROY had been a Christadelphian for twelve years, was immersed in water for the remission of sins, and sought, by well doing, to merit the pardoning mercy of God. Though sincere in the belief that salvation



JOSEPH M'ILROY, KILDIRNIE, Ayrshire.

was obtained through his own doings, instead of Christ's glorious atonement, he was sincerely mistaken. God's Holy Word declares that salvation is all of grace, through faith, "not of works, lest any man should boast" (Ephes. 2. 8, 9). "To him that worketh is the reward not reckoned of grace, but of debt; but to him that worketh not, but believeth on Him that justifieth the ungodly,

### *A Christadelphian's Conversion.*

his faith is counted for righteousness" (Romans 4. 4, 5).

In the spring of 1908 Gospel meetings were being held in the Ayrshire village where Joseph resided. Quite a number of persons known to him professed to be saved through faith in the finished work of the Lord Jesus Christ. A Gospel booklet, written by the editor of the *Herald of Salvation*, entitled, "The Gospel in a Nutshell," was given to him by his brother. Though M'Iloy did not believe in the doctrines of grace, he accepted the tract, determined, as he put it, to "knock the bottom out of it." But God's Gospel has no "bottom." Its height and depth, its length and breadth, cannot be comprehended. God had His eye on the Christadelphian; His heart of love yearned with tender compassion toward him, and Joseph was brought to see that he was a lost, guilty, and hell-deserving sinner. Next evening he read and re-read the Gospel message, and as he did so he saw for the first time in his life what Christ's death had accomplished. A couplet in the tract arrested his attention. It was as follows:

"GOD LOVED—GOD GAVE—  
I BELIEVE, AND I'M SAVED."

As he pondered the words he said to himself, "There is something in this tract that I have not got." "The wonderful words of life" spoken to Nicodemus were brought home in wondrous power to his heart and conscience—"For God so LOVED the world, that He GAVE His only begotten Son, that whosoever BELIEVETH in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life" (John 3. 16). The truth that God loved *him*, a guilty sinner, so loving him as to give His only begotten Son to die in His room and stead, to save him from everlasting shame and despair, and by believing on Christ—"simply believing"—he would not perish, but have everlasting life, laid hold of his utmost being, and he exclaimed, "I BELIEVE THAT CHRIST DIED FOR ME." The moment he saw that Christ had died *for him*, peace and joy filled his heart. He rose and paced the room, rejoicing in Christ as his Saviour and Lord. Kneeling down, he thanked God for saving him from wrath and woe, and to-day he is an earnest Christian.

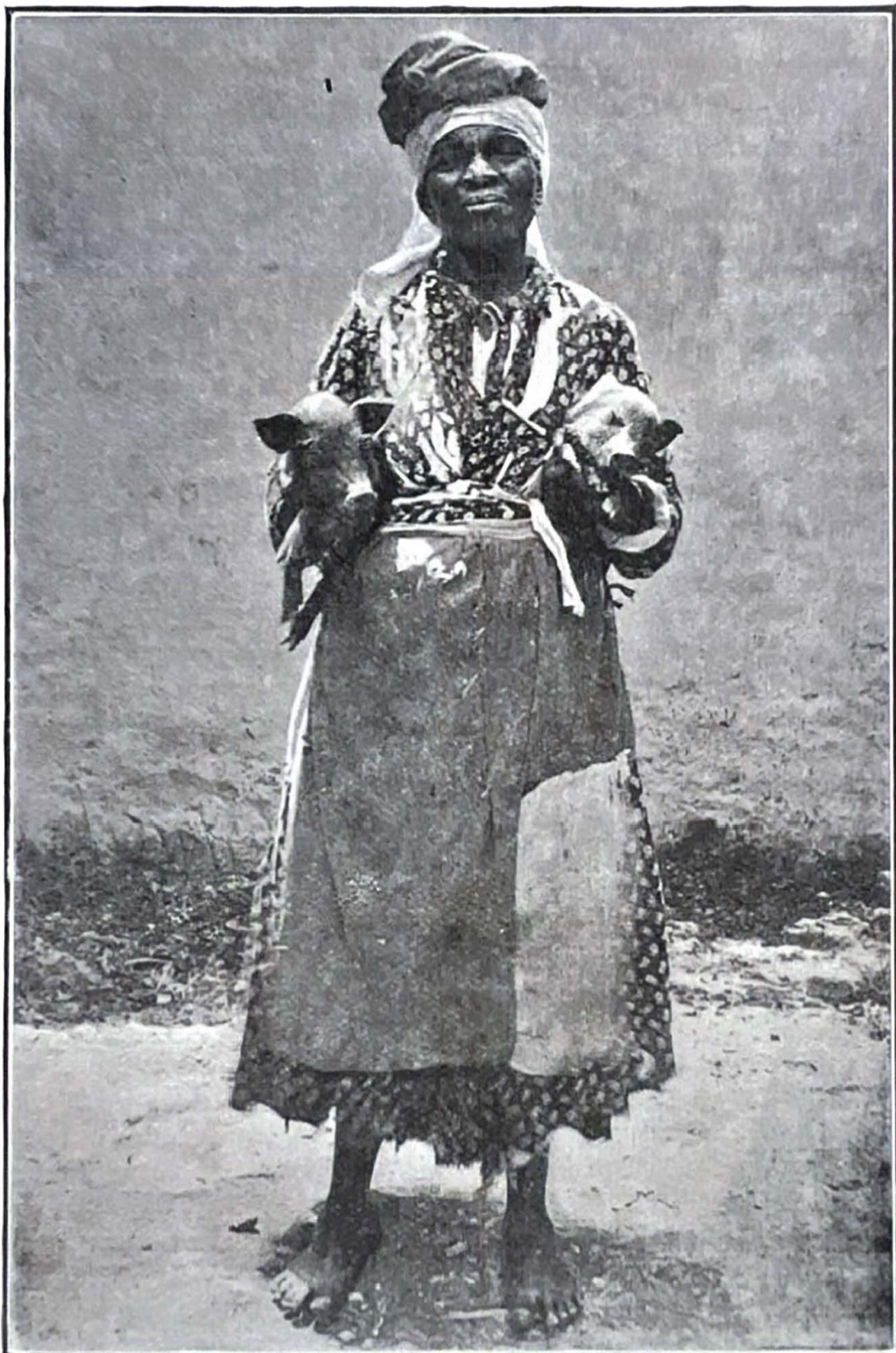
If you are unprepared for eternity, and longing to receive forgiveness, we urge you to believe on the Son of God, who loved you and gave Himself for you, and you will immediately obtain everlasting life.

J. M. B.

# THE WEST INDIAN'S FINE PAID;

OR,

"JESUS PAID THE RANSOM AND SALVATION IS FREE."



A SELLER OF FISH, BARBADOS, WEST INDIAN ISLANDS.

## THE WEST INDIAN'S FINE PAID.



BARBADOS is the most densely populated all the West Indian islands. Many of the people have a hard struggle to keep body and soul together. In country districts the average wage of a man is about tenpence a day, and of women 7½d. Women, as well as men, work in the cotton fields and sugar estates; numbers earn a living by selling bananas, oranges, plantains, and pigs.

A few years ago a black woman was brought before a magistrate on a charge of using profane language close to the highway. As this is considered a serious offence she was sentenced to a term of imprisonment with the option of paying a fine of 14s. The woman was exceedingly poor, and though she had a week to pay the fine, she failed to obtain it. One day when engaged in household duties a constable entered her home and took her to the district police station, intending to remove her to Bridgetown jail the following morning.

Mr. Nicholls, a Christian worker, hearing about it, sent a messenger on horseback with the money. Arriving at the station ere the departure of the constable he paid the amount, for which he obtained a receipt, and the woman was liberated. The messenger returned to his master acquainting him with what had taken place, and told him that the woman purposed visiting him to thank him for his kindness. An hour or two later she appeared at the door of Mr. Nicholls' house. From a heart filled with gratitude she exclaimed: "I 'turn you many thanks for paying my fine," adding, "May your children never want!" Speaking of how she felt previous to the arrival of the messenger with the money, she said, "When I heard the knock at the door I thought that the constable had arrived to take me to jail; instead of that it was your messenger with the money to set me free."

The Barbadian broke the law of the colony, and was convicted of the offence. If the fine had not been paid she would have been imprisoned. All of us have broken God's holy law, and deserve to suffer its penalty. "The wages of sin is death" (Rom. 6. 23). The "second death" is eternal separation from the Lord in conscious punishment. But God has no pleasure in the death of the sinner (Ezek. 33. 11). The "good news" contained in His Gospel is the glorious fact that the Lord Jesus paid the ransom, and died

*The West Indian's Fine Paid.*

that we might be eternally saved. "There is one God and one Mediator between God and men, the man Christ Jesus; WHO gave HIMSELF a ransom for all" (1 Tim. 2. 4-6). The "ransom" of God's provision is the precious blood of His beloved Son. "Jesus paid the ransom, and salvation is free." On account of His sufferings and death the claims of law have been fully met, justice has been perfectly satisfied, God's majesty glorified, in proof of which God raised Him from the dead. A risen and glorified Saviour at the right hand of the Majesty on high is the receipt that the penalty of our sins has been paid.

Was the West Indian afraid of imprisonment on learning of the payment of the fine? "Of course not," you reply. The moment she knew that the fine was paid she had no cause of fear. So with the Christian. Although conscious that he is a sinner, deserving nothing but punishment, he is not afraid of God. The ground of his confidence is not his own doings, but Christ's death for him.

Would the reader be afraid to meet God at this moment? "No," you reply. What is the ground of your confidence? "I have tried to do my duty." And have you succeeded? Have you always been what you should have been? Have you always done what you should have done? "I cannot say that I have." Then you are a sinner, and need a Saviour. The good news of the "glad and glorious Gospel" is that Christ paid the penalty on our account by bearing our sins in His own body on the tree (1 Peter 2. 24). "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world" (John 1. 29). Christ has so put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself (Heb. 9. 26), that He can righteously justify the guiltiest sinner on earth who believes on Him. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and *thou* shalt be saved" (Acts 16. 31). "He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of [or with the view to] our peace was upon Him; and with His stripes we are healed" (Isaiah 53. 5). Soul healing is not obtained through our prayers, doings, or feelings, but through faith in Christ's atonement. God is satisfied with the work of Christ, and He desires that you should be satisfied with that which satisfies Him. "If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, THOU SHALT BE SAVED." Why not believe NOW? A.M.

## MEMORY!



THE poet Longfellow in his beautiful "Psalm of Life" speaks of "the dead past." There is a sense, however, in which the past can never be really dead so long as memory lives. Memory is one of the most wonderful faculties with which God has endowed mankind. Its value and importance can scarcely be overstated, for without it the discipline of life would be well-nigh profitless; but by means of memory we are enabled to bear on with us an ever-accumulating possession of experience and knowledge. We do not leave the past behind us, but carry very much of it on with us into the present. Memory enables us to recall days and events long gone by, and to gaze with the mind's eye upon past scenes as if they were actually transpiring at the present moment. Some days and some events we love to recall, others we would fain forget—if we could.

It is questionable if anything that makes an impression on the human mind is ever really forgotten. May it not be that everything is stored away in memory's archives, and that it only requires certain circumstances to arise in order to recall any event of life.

It is clear from the Scriptures that when man has laid aside the tabernacle in which he now dwells, namely, his mortal body, and is found in eternity, even in his unclothed state prior to resurrection, memory still is his. This shows that memory does not perish with man's body, but that it is as eternal as the God who endowed him with it. It is not a faculty which pertains alone to man's brief existence in time; its domain is eternity. And who shall say but that the difference between the activities of memory now and then will be as great as the difference between Time and Eternity? Whilst in the mortal body there is much of the past that we all forget for the time being owing to the physical and mental weaknesses which beset us in our present state, in eternity these imperfections may have vanished, and memory's activities may be faultless.

If man were perfectly holy and if his acts were ever righteous, he could anticipate with pleasure the eternal operations of memory; but the fact requires no proof that man is by nature a sinner, and that the world is polluted with his corruption and vice. He may try to forget his past life of sin, and for the present his efforts may be crowned with some measure of success, but that past can never be

## *Memory !*

absolutely past—it is securely kept in memory's storehouse, to be met again in eternity, where it can never be forgotten.

And surely the thought of a sinner going hence to meet a life of sin which has never been covered by the blood of Christ is enough to make any one quake. If it be true that memory's operations are eternal, then certain it is that the



"MEMORIES OF THE PAST."

## *Memory !*

sinner's sins will live eternally, an ever present load of guilt upon his doomed soul.

The Lord Jesus Christ when on earth spoke of a worm that never dies, and of a fire that is never quenched. We may not understand all that these truly awful words imply, but we may at least see in them the unceasing activities of memory and the eternal remorse of an awakened conscience. The one referred to in Luke 16, who found himself in torments in eternity, was told to remember his life on earth, for that life gave him his only opportunity of avoiding the doom of the lost. That opportunity was unheeded, that life was wasted in riot and sin, and he reaps in Eternity what he sowed in Time. Ah, solemn reaping ! How little men think when they are sowing their wild oats of the bitterness of the harvest that must be reaped. How greedily they pursue sin in Time, how terribly will sin pursue them in Eternity. They roll it as a sweet morsel under their tongue now; it will sting like an adder then. They taste its pleasure here, they will learn its woes there. Sin, their companion in Time, will be their companion for ever. The fetters they forge on earth will bind them fast in hell.

But is there no way of deliverance from the anguish of the never-dying worm ? Can sin and the bitter remembrance thereof not be removed ? Is there no opportunity of escape ? Yes, thank God, there is, and we earnestly urge that the present opportunity be embraced. It will be too late when the boundary line of Time is crossed—too late for ever.

Listen then to the Word of God. "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin" (1 John 1. 7). It is not merely the forgiveness of sins that is here proclaimed, though that were enough; it is absolute cleansing. Thus only can the guilty sin-stained soul be made pure and holy. By this means alone can sin be righteously dealt with, and so removed that never in eternity can the memory of it rise up to mar the tranquility and bliss of those who have been justified through faith in Christ. When once the soul is thus cleansed there can be "no more conscience of sins" (Heb. 10. 2). How unspeakably blessed ! No longer is there a fearful looking for of judgment, no longer an accusing conscience, no longer a dread of meeting God. And why ? Because He Himself has said: "Their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more" (Heb. 10. 17). We may well forget what God has forgotten !

L. W. G. A.

## THE STRANGE SEASIDE VISITOR.

**I**T is a summer day; and the sea waves murmur gently on Lagg shore. Nature is at rest. Old and young alike are radiant with the summer sun which shines brightly



OLD AND YOUNG ALIKE RADIANT WITH THE SUMMER SUN.

### *The Strange Seaside Visitor.*

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on the scene. No sound breaks the stillness, except it be the dip of oars from yonder little boat that is making for the shore. So calm and peaceful are the surroundings, that for one brief moment you might be tempted to believe that Paradise had been regained, and that sin and death had ceased to reign. But soon you are reminded that this world is under the curse, and that amidst the loveliest scenes of nature, *death* may come in at any moment, and daub the fair picture with the hideousness of the grave!

The occupants of the boat had come on shore to spend a little time on the beach, and were on their way back, when, through some unexplained cause, the boat capsized, and all were at once struggling in the water; one of their number being a little boy. His father, a strong swimmer, immediately struck out for the rescue of his child. He seized the little fellow, and hoisted him on his own powerful shoulders. But the distance to the shore was longer than it seemed; and perhaps the little one's arms were too tightly clasped round his father's neck. But, be that as it may, both father and son went down, to rise no more until earth and sea deliver up their dead! And the sun continued calmly to shine; and the waters still murmured on that shore, as if they had not swallowed up their prey! That day a wife and mother waited for the sound of footsteps she would never hear, and for voices that were hushed and still in death. Truly earth's fairest scene is but the gilded splendour of the tomb! No Paradise here, so long as sin and death are here. But One is coming whose presence shall bless this weary world with Eden again. He who once came as the Saving One, is soon coming as the Reigning One. Then Death must quit the field. Then they that sleep in Jesus shall be with Him, nevermore to part. Say, will you be one of that happy company? Have you been saved from the coming storm of Judgment? Have you been converted unto God? If so, you have found that the world at its best is only vanity, and that thy true home, thy true rest, is yonder where Jesus is—where sin can never come, and Death shall be no more. If not, you can be saved, and saved now, for the divine answer to the anxious question, "What must I do to be saved?" is, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved" (Acts 16. 30, 31), and enjoy the "pleasures for evermore" in that land where the sea shall no more divide.

w. s.

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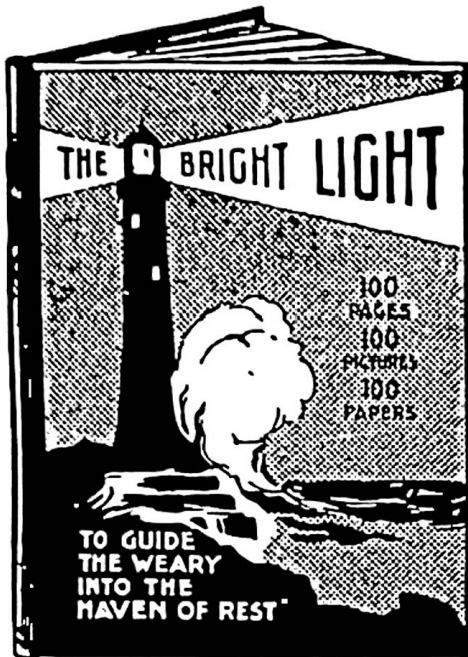
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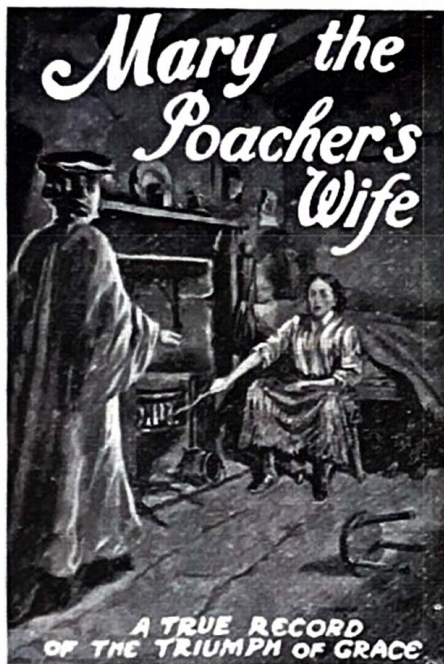
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