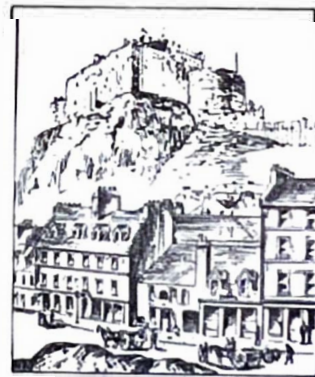


**FIRM**  
AS A  
**ROCK**

# FIRM AS A ROCK

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A BOOK  
OF  
CERTAINTY



EDINBURGH CASTLE

Edited  
by  
Hy. Pickering

"WHO IS A ROCK SAVE OUR GOD?" (*Psalm 18. 31*).

# Firm as a Rock

OR

TRIUMPHS OF THE  
GLORIOUS GOSPEL  
PAST AND PRESENT

Edited by

**HY. PICKERING**

Author of "How to Make and Show 100 Eye-Gate  
Lessons," "1000 Tales Worth Telling," etc.



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## Uncertainty !

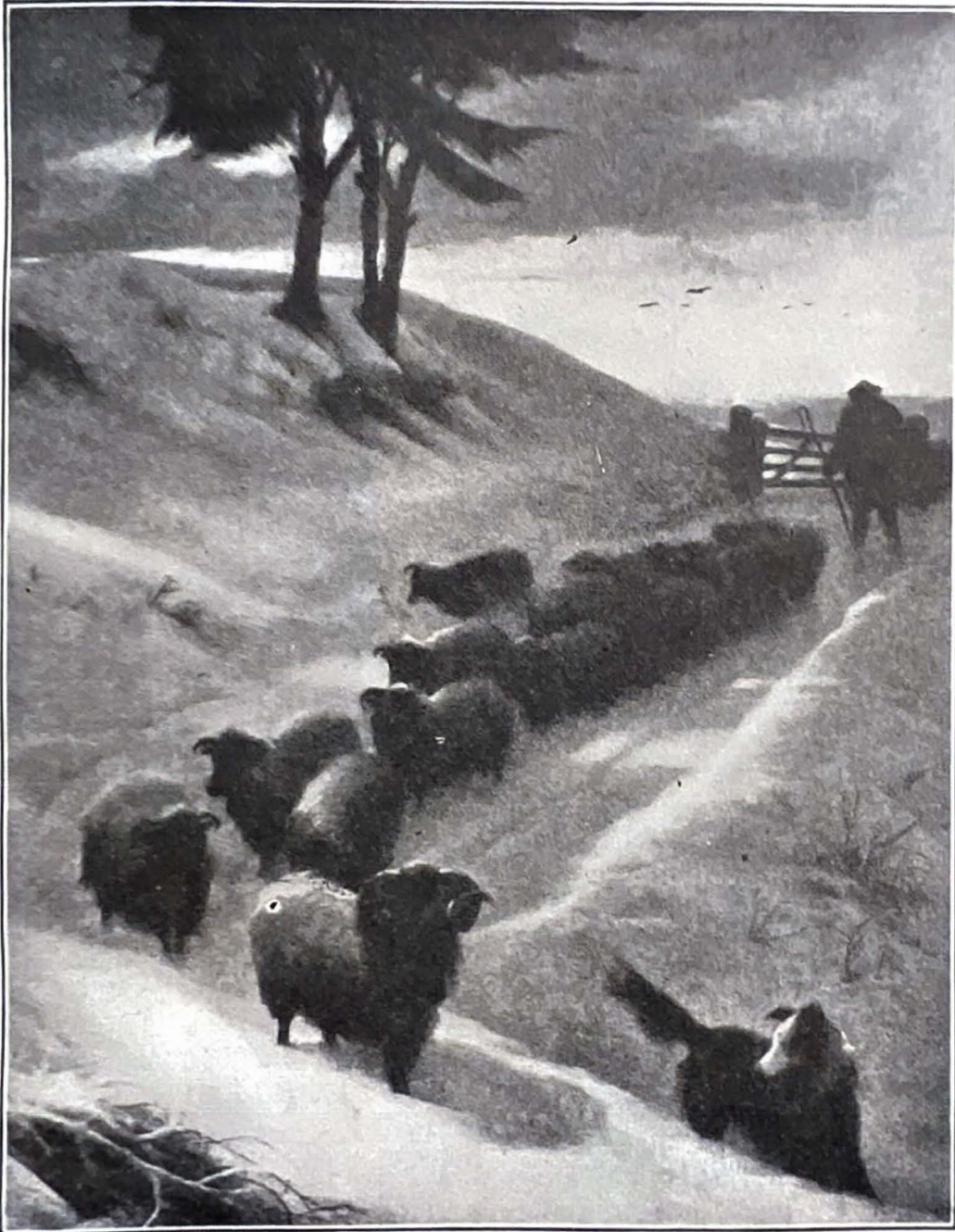
is everywhere abroad to-day. Uncertainty in Religion, Uncertainty in Politics, uncertainty in Commerce, and Uncertainty in Church, and even the world over.

## This Book is Different

it actually sets forth how you may be *certain* both concerning this life and the Life to Come. Tells you how you may have "peace with God" *now*, Joy should you come to die, and Glory for ever in Eternity, and no dubiety about it.

HYP.

AS HE TURNED THE CORNER ON HIS WAY HOME, HE OVERTOOK HIS  
AGED FATHER, WHO WAS FEEBLY MAKING HIS WAY HOME FROM THE  
WATCH-NIGHT MEETING.

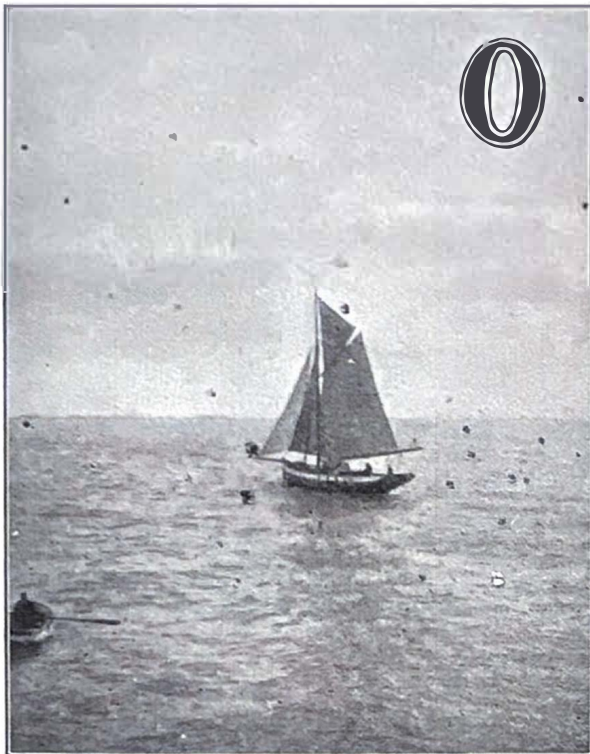


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IN TIME OF SNOW.

"I never experienced," said Russell, "any happiness on this earth equal to that which I felt when I took my father's arm and told him that his prayers had been answered, and I had found Christ."

## A GLAD SURPRISE ON NEW YEAR'S EVE.



ON New-Year's Eve a number of loafers and drinkers were assembled in the bar-room of the Wilson House. Liquor was flowing fast and furiously, and everybody was feeling boisterous. SAMUEL RUSSELL had drunk considerably, but was not yet under the influence of the stuff; it always took a great deal to intoxicate him.

During a pause in the conversation, Joe Allen came in. He was a hardened toper,

with a terrible hatred for all kinds of religious things. "They're having a watch-meeting over in the Church," he said, as he stamped the snow from his boots and took a drink meanwhile, "and I don't see why we can't have one here. We can all do something to give the meeting a lift. Brother Eldridge will please lead in prayer." Eldridge was a glib-tongued fellow—a barber, who had just come into town—and he immediately dropped on one knee and gave a mock invocation.

"We will now sing a hymn," said Allen, in a voice which so exactly imitated a certain affected young preacher in the town that it brought roars of laughter from the crowd. And he "lined" one of the hymns of the day, with profane variations, the others joining in uproariously.

"Brother Samuel Russell will now preach the sermon," announced Joe, "and we trust it will be for the spiritual good of us all." It was a terribly disagreeable suggestion to young Russell, and he tried in every way he could to evade it. He even attempted to rush to the door, but they caught him and stood him up at one end of the room behind a table. "Preach now, or treat all round," they shouted; and as he had not the money with him to do the

latter, he reluctantly consented to "say a few words," but complaining that he had no text.

"Try '*The spirit is willing but the flesh is weak*,'" shouted Joe. So the young man commenced in a mumbling way, telling them that the spirit seemed very strong that night, and they would find that the flesh would, as a result, gradually grow weaker; that they were all on the broad road to death, and as a New Year was about to begin they had better make a break with the old sinful things, and start a new era in their lives.

"Why, I believe the fool's in earnest," said Joe, in his usual sneering tone.

If Russell, the minister's wayward son, was not already in earnest, something in Joe's words and tone went far toward making him so, and he began to say things which had been really in his heart for many years, but which had been covered by his wicked, careless life. Things he had heard his old father say, fragments of prayers remembered as having been uttered by his dead mother, passages that he had learned from the Bible while a little boy at Sunday School—all came to him now with new force and meaning—faster than he could speak them. The others looked at first resentful, then surprised, then interested. Even the most drunken seemed suddenly sobered, and all soon began to listen in intense silence.

As Russell went on, strange to say, he began to notice the effect his own words were having upon him. He felt that they were true. Then he commenced to ask himself, "If they are true, why do you not get down on your knees and pray to a merciful and offended God for forgiveness?" And that was what he finally did, right in the midst of the sermon. In the company that were present two were converted to Christ before they left the room, and went away sober and serious, and Joe Allen, though he did not make a public profession, was never heard to say anything more against religion, or suggest another sermon.

"As I turned the corner on my way home," concluded Samuel Russell, the hero of this strange but true story, "I overtook my aged father, who was feebly making his way home from the watch-meeting, and I never experienced any happiness on this earth equal to that which I felt when I took his arm and told him that his prayers had been

answered, and I had found Christ. He spent the rest of the night on his knees thanking God. "That was my first sermon. I have preached many since, with varying success; I have never climbed the ladder of distinction and fame, but I feel that I have done as well as I could the will of Him who that New-Year's Eve snatched me like a brand from the burning, and made me His own for ever."

B.G.

### SAVING FAITH.

**I**T is not the quantity of your faith that saves. A single drop of water is just as true water as the whole ocean. A spark of fire is as true fire as a big blaze. A little faith is as true faith as the greatest. Besides, faith is only as the instrument. Salvation is in the Saviour that faith lays hold of—HE saves. It is not the spoon that fills the stomach, but what is in the spoon.



What difference will it make to YOU, if You have had . . . A life of ease, or of hard work with strain—wealth or poverty—good health or poor health—The realisation of your sweetest dreams or continual disappointment.

### BUT

It will make all the difference to You . . . whether you are for ever with Christ, or for ever with the Devil—whether you are saved, or lost—whether you are in Heaven or Hell.

### THEREFORE

YOU must be sure that . . . You are going to Heaven, you possess eternal life, your Saviour is the Lord Jesus. AND this *you* can have in the following simple way:

As a Sinner you take the Lord Jesus Christ as YOUR Saviour, because He died in your place, giving His precious Blood to blot out your sins.

Have YOU ever thanked Him for doing this for YOU? (Read John 3. 16; Rom. 5. 8; Eph. 1. 7; John 1. 12). Now is the time to DECIDE.

# True Stories of Well-Known Men.

We give these just as the workers kindly supplied them, feeling assured that they will be read with interest, and show the varied workings of the Holy Spirit.—No. 7.

## Personal Testimony of GEORGE KNOWLES

A WORKER IN JERUSALEM, PALESTINE, AND SYRIA.



GEORGE KNOWLES, JERUSALEM.

MY father was a respected Inn-keeper in the town. I had a good mother and father, and I was the youngest of a family of three. Whilst I was quite young my mother died, and this troubled me very much, and every time I saw a funeral I became worried, and my trouble increased. I went to Sunday School, and said my prayers, but I knew not Christ as *my Saviour*.

Shortly after my mother's death, my father retired from the Inn, and went to my mother's native village, and there I went to school and to Church, and became a choir boy and grew religious. I was taught the Catechism and made to believe that "In my baptism I was made a member of Christ, a child of God, and an inheritor of the Kingdom of Heaven." This I believed with all my heart, just as many do to-day.

Just at that time my brother went to the South African war, and lost his life. This was another blow, and I feared lest I might be called to die, and to meet God, for I knew I was not ready. I remember that the Minister called me to the Vicarage, and after reading the sad news of my brother's death, said to me: "Never mind, George, you be a good boy, come to Church, keep the commandments, say your prayers, and you will be all right." This I believed for years, and carried it out very religiously until God by His grace opened my eyes to see the simple way of salvation through Jesus Christ alone.

At 14 I worked as an errand boy in a grocer's shop, the manager of which was a very earnest Christian man. He watched his opportunities, and many times spoke to me about my sinful state, and God's wonderful plan of salvation through the Lord Jesus Christ, and more than once I wept. As a result, though only 14, the Holy Spirit revealed to me very clearly my utter helplessness and hopelessness—I was convicted of sin.

I tried many times to justify myself; I made many good resolutions, turned over many new leaves, and made repeated attempts to live differently, but all to no avail. I grew more and more religious, and for months I went through numerous religious exercises before sleeping, so as to ease my now greatly troubled conscience. I said the Apostles' Creed, Lord's Prayer, the Collect for the day, and read a chapter of the Bible, being led to believe, like many others, that it is our "goodness" that takes us to Heaven, and brings us into favour with God. If ever anyone tried, I did, but failed, of course, because as yet I knew not the way of Salvation.

The manager prayed for me, and invited me to the Gospel meetings. I promised many times to go, but did not. Though outwardly religious I was a sinner, and Satan was hurrying me down the broad road that leads to destruction. I tried self-reform, but it was no use. The conviction of sin increased daily, so much so that I could not sleep at nights. But thank God, deliverance came.

It was on the 27th November, 1904. I set off from my aunt's house with the full intention of going to the Gospel meetings to which my Christian manager had invited me. As soon as I got outside the house, I saw a man, evidently a Christian, inviting people to some meetings. I thought he had a box, and was collecting for some missionary cause, and having some pocket-money with me, I felt again that by giving some, I would gain favour with God, and thus merit Salvation. So I called to him, and he came over, but he had no box. I was so bitterly disappointed that I cried out from the depths of my heart, as I leaned my head on his breast: "O, I want *to be saved*." I saw instantly that it was not my giving money that could save me. This man took me to another

*"I do Believe that Jesus Died for Me."*

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meeting some distance away. There my misery increased, the conviction of sin deepened, and I felt wretched, lost, and undone. I had never been in such a meeting before, but once in, I felt I could not go out till I was saved. I wanted to be saved, but I did not know what to do, and I wept.

"*What must I do to be saved?*" was the all-important question with me that night. Time went on; the meeting continued after the regular time of closing. Not even my aunt's threat of a beating if not in by 8 p.m. had any power to take me away. I dare not leave. *I must be saved*—I must know my sins forgiven before I left that meeting, even if it were after midnight.

I have not a very clear memory of all that happened that night, but I *do* remember someone giving out a hymn: "There is a fountain filled with Blood, drawn from Immanuel's veins." I rose with the others, but could not sing, for I had a lump in my throat. I was broken down: my sins were before me: Hell stared me in the face: the thought of death and judgment made me tremble. What could I do? How could I get rid of my sins? Whilst singing this hymn, the Holy Spirit was gently pleading with me, and He caused me to see that it was not what I had done or could do, but *what Christ had done, that saves the guilty sinner*. My inability was apparent to me now; I saw my unworthiness; I saw my great need of a Saviour. It was a wonderful revelation. I saw that Jesus died, and that *He died for me*; that He died for *my* sins, according to the Scriptures; that He was delivered for *my* offences, and raised again for *my* justification; that He could "save to the uttermost all that come unto God by Him" (Heb. 7. 25); that there was no other way; that the best time was *now*; that God was willing to forgive and to forget all my sins, if only I would believe on the Lord Jesus. I there and then *believed* on the Lord Jesus, and sang, with tears running down my cheeks:

"I do believe, I will believe,  
That Jesus died for me;  
That on the Cross He shed His blood,  
From sin to set me free."

Oh, it was wonderful. I saw it so very clearly. It is not what I am, but what *He* is; not what I have done,

"I have never ceased to thank God for saving me."

but what *He* has done, and just at that moment the light dawned into my hitherto darkened heart. Joy, deep real joy, came into my heart as I opened it to the Saviour, and to this blessed truth. I literally wept for joy.

"O happy day when Jesus washed my sins away."

Assurance came with salvation. I knew I was saved. How could it be otherwise? Jesus had died for me. Therefore He was my Sin-bearer, my Substitute, my Saviour. I left the meeting saying: "Thank God for saving me." "Thank God for saving me." And ever since I have been thanking God for saving me.

I was quite happy when I went to work next morning, and the first thing the manager said to me was: "Why do you look so happy this morning, George?" It was with real joy that I told him I was converted the night before. He was so pleased, although I did not go to his meeting as I had promised. I then told the assistants, the other errand boy, and all my mates, about my conversion.

It is more than 30 years since that happy experience, and I have had many years in which to prove Him as my Saviour, Keeper, Counsellor, and Friend, and my testimony to-day is, that:

"He is *not* a disappointment,  
Jesus is far more to me,  
Than in all my glowing day-dreams  
I had fancied He could be."

"I know whom I have believed and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day" (2 Tim. 1. 12).

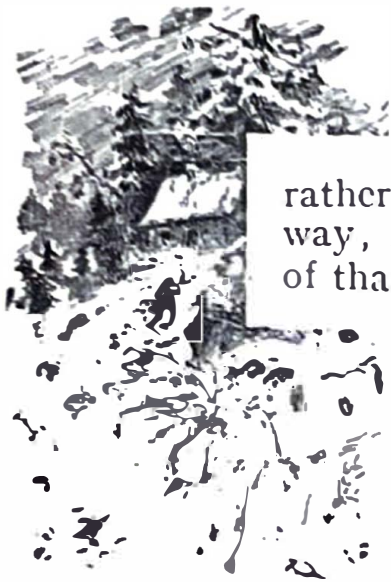
These Scriptures make it perfectly clear that it is *not* what *we* can do that saves us. The work is FINISHED. The Lord Jesus Christ finished it on the Cross of Calvary, when He bowed His head and gave up the ghost. "IT IS FINISHED" (John 19. 30). How can we add to a finished work? It is an insult to Christ to attempt it. All we are asked to do is to *believe it*, and *confess it*, for "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*" (Rom. 10. 9). "BELIEVE ON THE LORD JESUS CHRIST, AND THOU SHALT BE SAVED" (Acts 16. 31). *Now* is the accepted time. G.K.

## THE HAPPY CABMAN.



HE HAD MUCH TO STAND FROM HIS FELLOWS.

## THE HAPPY CABMAN.



HE had an honest face, that cabman, and as I reached up to his high perch to pay him, I was attracted by it. His fare was rather a large one, for we had come a long way, and I said, "You won't drink any of that money, will you?"

"Lady," he replied, "I'm a poor man, and I ain't ashamed to own it either, and I'm *thankful* for the money, but it's just twenty-eight years since I put my hand to a bit of paper, and, bless the Lord, I've never had any desire for the drink since."

Assuring him of my pleasure at hearing this, but fearing that he might be depending on his good conduct for salvation, I asked a few questions. He told me when he had been converted, and said he was trusting only to Christ. "*He has done it all*," he added. Then he said, "Lady, if I live till the 13th of next month, I shall have lived my appointed time, three score years and ten, but, bless the Lord, I feel as well as ever still!"

His "bless the Lord" was pleasant to hear, and told of one who did not forget His benefits. After some remarks about the place that Christ has prepared for believers, I asked, "And are you quite sure you belong to Him, and are going there?"

"Bless the Lord, lady," again he answered, "I'm as sure as I'm on this cab!"

Here was the assurance of faith. "By Him all that believe *are* justified from all things" (Acts 13. 39). "*We know* that we *have* passed from death unto life" (1 John 3. 14). Doubts and fears come from unbelief; "joy and peace" are found "*in believing*" (Rom. 15. 13). May they be yours, and may you be enabled to sing:

"Happy they who trust in Jesus,  
Sweet their portion is and sure,  
When the foe on others seizes,  
God will keep His own secure.  
Happy people!  
Happy, though despised and poor.

May you all be found among the "HAPPY PEOPLE." H.L.H.

## WHAT PROVISION BEYOND JORDAN?

THE crossing of the River Jordan by the Children of Israel having ended their wilderness experience and introduced them to the promised land of Canaan, the term "Crossing Jordan" has in consequence become a popular way of speaking of Death—the end of the earthly road and the introduction into the spiritual realm. It is not, however, popular—though it is very profitable—to consider very carefully what lies beyond Death, as this interesting story shows.



"Beyond Jordan."

Photo—J. H. Stone.

A SCENE ON THE RIVER JORDAN.

In a beautiful spot in the "land of brown heath and shaggy wood; land of the mountain and the flood," there lives an honest "son of toil" who had the following remarkable experience in the year 1932, since when his whole outlook has been entirely changed, resulting in rich blessing to himself and to others. Though still a young man, it occurred to him one day that if "something happened to him" his earthly life might be cut suddenly short, and that as a husband and father he should make *such provision as he could* for his wife and family.

A sensible proposition indeed, but no sooner had he decided on his course of action than a voice within him (was it conscience?) urged in imperative tone: "*You are making provision for your wife and family here, but what provision are you making for yourself beyond Jordan?*" The question created a most uneasy feeling, the cause of which it did not require much investigation to demonstrate was sin, and that fact brought the strong conviction that he was quite unprepared to *meet his God*.

He was miserable and could find no comfort in his business rectitude, his parental solicitude, his sociability with neighbours, his regular attendance at Church, or in any of his charitable actions, for had not the Book of Truth declared that "all *our* righteousnesses are as filthy rags" (Isa. 64. 6). He now felt truly sorry for his sins, but if as the Bible (the *only* authority on such grave matters) plainly states, that by works of law-keeping *no* flesh can be justified in God's sight (Rom. 3. 20), what *was* to be done?

One evening, when looking very dejected, his wife suggested they should have a walk together along the public highway, hoping thus to drive away his depression. The husband, however, knew that no earthly interest could lift the burden from his soul, and pleaded to be excused, stating he would rather have a quiet walk all alone in the wood. There, amidst the solitude of the stately pines, the language of the now contrite heart was similar to that of the returning prodigal—"Father, I have sinned against Heaven and before Thee"—and when that confession is *honestly made*, is there *any* hesitancy on the part of God to meet the dire need? *Never!* See again in the case of the repentant prodigal—the

## *"He Returned Home as if Walking on Air"*

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father ran to meet him. *Why* God should be so willing to meet and pardon the sinner we cannot tell; but well we know that He *does* thus manifest His great love to the broken-hearted rebel.

There amidst the calm and charm of nature, the God of nature revealed Himself to this penitent sinner as a *just God and a Saviour* (Isa. 45. 21). Though, as a result of soul trouble he had been reading the Scriptures and attending Church regularly for a whole year, his *will* had not yet been broken. Now came the final test. To his conscience urged the searching question: "Are you *ashamed* to confess Christ?" He had been and was. *Would he still be ashamed?* That was the point he must *now* settle. The issue would be far-reaching. Heaven above and Hell beneath seemed to await his answer. At last it came: "I now receive Christ as *my* Saviour and confess Him as my Lord." His own words are: "The minute I decided to put Christ *first*, I passed into a *new joy*. Half a minute after that I could have proclaimed Christ to anybody."

He returned home as happy as if walking on air, but with this strong desire in his bosom: "Oh, that my wife and chum (a fellow-workman) could only know what I have received." Not only were the wife and chum told, but he made a special visit to the manse and told the wonderful transaction to the Minister. Whether the occupier of the pulpit profited by the testimony is not known to the writer, but he has seen both the "chum" and his friend's wife, and is happy to state that they also are now rejoicing in Salvation, after each having been under the conviction of sin for about six months.

And now, let me point out that with the writer and others, you are quickly passing on to Eternity. Are you ready to meet God? What does *your* conscience say? Have you been born again—made a new creature in Christ Jesus? If not, conclude at once that you are on the broad road which leadeth to destruction; turn to Him against Whom you have sinned, with the words welling from your heart: "God be merciful to me, a sinner," and you, even you, will quickly know the Grace of His forgiving Love, the peace of God in your heart, and the "sure hope" of Heaven as your Eternal Home.

A.I.

## VON WINKELRIED'S HEROISM.

A LITTLE over five hundred years ago Austria and Switzerland were at war—Austria seeking to keep her less powerful neighbour under her yoke, Switzerland endeavouring to free herself from the tyranny of the haughty Austrians. Switzerland's hills and mountain passes helped her much, and made success in war possible against the large and well-disciplined armies of Austria.

On the 9th July, 1386, at Sempach, the decisive battle was fought. The Austrians in the plain had formed a solid phalanx of shields and spears. The Swiss charged impetuously in wedge form, only to be beaten back, leaving sixty Swiss warriors dead on the plain, whilst the Austrians escaped without the loss of a man. Again and again the fiery Swiss charged down the hill, only to be repulsed as often. At last their valiant leader, Arnold von Winkelried, of Interwalden, cried out, "I will open a passage into the line; protect, dear countrymen and confederates, my wife and children." Having uttered this noble speech, von Winkelried rushed upon the spears of the Austrians, gathered as many of them as he could in his arms, and expiring in the act, bore them down with his weight to the ground. The Swiss poured through the gap their brave leader had made, and defeated the Austrians, who were at their mercy, encased as they were in cumbersome armour, when once the line had been broken. So died one of Switzerland's noblest sons, whose heroic act was specially commemorated five hundred years later, on the fifth July, 1886, with great fervour throughout his native land—that act which freed Switzerland from the yoke of the Austrians, for Leopold, Duke of Austria, was slain.

Arnold von Winkelried died to *help* to save his countrymen; but we want to remind you earnestly of One who died not to *help* to save us, *but died to save us*. When von Winkelried was expiring he could not say, "It is finished," for his countrymen had yet to win the fight. When our Saviour won His victory over powers ten-thousandfold more powerful than Austria, He cried with a loud voice, "IT IS FINISHED." Upon the hill called Calvary He died. As it were, He gathered every spear, and pressed each into His sinless bosom. The very spear with which the Roman soldier pierced the side of the Saviour drew forth the blood which saves. "Where sin abounded grace did much more

*"That Act which freed Switzerland from the Yoke."*

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abound." If sin expressed its hatred of Jesus by thrusting that spear into His side, grace tipped it with the crimson Blood that cleanses.

Listen to what the dying Saviour cried, "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?" Why did God forsake His Son? In order that He might never forsake you. But if you do not trust that Saviour, you *must* be forsaken by God through a long, lost eternity. "IT IS FINISHED,"



CRYING OUT "I WILL OPEN A PASSAGE INTO THE ENEMY'S LINE."

he triumphantly cried with a loud voice—the work is *all* done. He died not to *help* to save us, but to save us out-and-out. The Lord Jesus is the only One who will ever be able to say, "It is finished," when the question of bearing the punishment of sin is gone into.

The blessed Lord Jesus Christ bore the judgment at the Cross, that you might never, never bear it, for if you bear it, everlasting judgment will be your portion. Oh! receive the love of our Lord Jesus, expressed so touchingly by His death on Calvary's Cross, and be blessed. N-B.

## THIS VERY MOMENT.

**M**ERCHANT or man, look at your watch or at the clock, and whatever the hour and the moment indicated thereon you can say—

THIS VERY MOMENT I am in Christ or in my sins; yes, I am either saved or lost, I am nearing Heaven or Hell. I may not believe it, and very much dislike to think of it, and do my best speedily to forget it; but it is nevertheless true. Ahead lies "Everlasting punishment" or "life Eternal" (Matt. 25. 46).

THIS VERY MOMENT my character and condition are naked and open to the eyes of an all-seeing God, and I have no power whatever to change them nor conceal them from His sight. "For there is nothing covered that shall not be revealed" (Matt. 10. 26).

THIS VERY MOMENT He has power to call me into His presence; He may at once command cold, cruel death, the king of terrors, to cut me down because I am a cumberer of the ground. Some have died since I began to read, and I may drop dead while I am reading. "It is appointed unto men once to die" (Heb. 9. 27).

THIS VERY MOMENT a record is being made in that book out of which every sinner is to be judged. A true record is there, not only of what I have said and done, but my desires and motives are recorded too. Am I glad it is so? Nay, I tremble at the thought, for my guilt is so great, and my sins are so many. "He hath appointed a day in the which He will judge the world" (Acts 17. 31).

THIS VERY MOMENT is passing into eternity to be a witness against me, because I have spent it in my sins, and the millions of moments all gone before testify to the same terrible fact that up till now I have lived in my sins. Oh, God, what moment shall I die in my sins?

THIS VERY MOMENT I am being affected, I am either yielding or rebelling; I am either hardening or softening under the weight of the solemn facts; I am either turning to or from our Lord Jesus Christ. I feel that this very moment is somehow determining my eternal destiny, that my Eternal Hell or Eternal Heaven hangs upon my present decision.

Lord Jesus, by Thy love constraining me, at this very moment I yield my rebel will to Thee; I trust my guilty, sin-stained soul to Thine all-atoning blood. J.M'K.

DURING THE TERRIBLE TYPHOON WHICH STRUCK JAPAN IN SEPTEMBER, 1934, THE LEPER COLONY AT SOTOJIMA, NEAR OSAKA, WAS SWEEPED AWAY IN LESS THAN AN HOUR. OF THE 594 INMATES 170 LOST THEIR LIVES, AS WELL AS FOURTEEN MEMBERS OF THE STAFF AND THEIR FAMILIES.



**THE CHIEF NURSE PERISHED TRYING TO SAVE THE BLIND.**

"He was blind, and she was guiding him through deep water when a high wave struck them. He was saved, but he wept bitterly when he heard that the chief nurse was missing, and he wept again at the funeral service, crying: 'She died instead of me, me, helpless, blind, half dead, ugly leper!'"

## GREATER LOVE—A TYPHOON TRAGEDY.



A TYPICAL INDIAN LEPER.

A MOST touching story of self-sacrifice is told in the January issue of "Without the Camp," the quarterly magazine of the Mission to the Lepers. During the terrible typhoon which struck Japan in September, 1934, the leper colony at Sotojima, near Osaka, was swept away in less than an hour. Of the 594 inmates 170 lost their lives, as well as fourteen members of the staff and their families. The chief nurse Miss Nakano, was one of those who perished in helping to save the blind and helpless patients. The survivors were distributed among five other leper institutions in various parts of the country,

and on October 10, a funeral service was held which one thousand lepers attended. During this service one of the surviving Sotojima patients stood up and told with much feeling how he himself had been saved by Miss Nakano.

He was blind, and she was guiding him through deep water when a high wave struck them. He was saved, but he wept bitterly when he heard that the chief nurse was missing, and he wept again at the funeral service, crying: "She died instead of me, me, helpless, blind, half dead, ugly leper!"

When reading this thrilling, simple story of great heroism, words of an old Book come back to us with added force: "He saved others; Himself He cannot save" (Mark 15. 31). The Lord Jesus could have escaped the Cross; there was no need for Him to come to this world of sin, to suffer unspeakable indignities and to die a felon's death on the Cross. Yet He meekly and patiently endured

*"He Died instead of Me—a Leper."*

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it all out of pure Love to us guilty sinners. Like the leper, we were *blind*. But ours is a moral blindness. The Lord Jesus stated the solemn fact. "Except a man be born again he cannot *see* the Kingdom of God" (John 3. 3). Then he showed that before we could receive spiritual sight, He must be lifted up to die (John 3. 14-16). He added that faith and trust in Himself bring at once Eternal Life, with all other blessings in their train.

Because of his blindness the leper was *helpless*. He could not see the way to escape the deep, swirling waters and was in imminent danger of being engulfed. So we are in danger of eternal destruction. We hear the warning cry (for thank God, we are not *deaf* to God's voice unless we wilfully close our ears). "Flee from the wrath to come."

Whither shall we flee? Where is safety from the coming judgment? As soon as we cry: "Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I" (Psa. 61. 2), how gladly He responds! Then we sing: "He set my feet upon a Rock . . . and He hath put a new song in my mouth" (Psa. 40. 2, 3).

The leper stated that he was *half-dead*, and no wonder. Weakened by the terrible complaint from which he was suffering, buffeted by the dreadful typhoon, he had little strength to resist the wind and waves, and must soon have perished. That is a graphic picture of every sinner, and indeed God uses the very words to describe in parable how Satan leaves his dupes: "He fell among thieves which stripped him of his raiment and wounded him, and departed, leaving him *half-dead*" (Luke 10. 30).

The leper gave himself the least attractive name: "*me, ugly leper!*" Leprosy is the most loathsome of diseases; Sin makes men and women ugly in God's sight. It affects their characters and sooner or later leaves its mark on their faces.

But remember, *God loved us in our sin and wretchedness*. "While we were yet sinners, Christ died for us" (Rom. 5. 8). With all our striving, all our supposed good works, we could never make ourselves attractive to God, for our hideous sin—leprosy, remains. He bids us come to Him as we are, when He will cleanse us and make us gloriously fit for His eternal presence.

## *A Typhoon Tragedy—Martin Boos.*

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"If you tarry till you're better  
You will never come at all,  
Not the righteous, not the righteous,  
Sinners Jesus came to call."

The leper sobbed out the touching words: "*She died instead of me.*" Every saved sinner, standing thankfully on the golden streets of Heaven will gladly join in the song of the redeemed. "Unto Him that loveth us and loosed us from our sins in His own Blood, to Him be glory for ever and ever" (Rev. 1. 5, 6).

Will *you* be there? Trust in the Lord Jesus as your own Saviour, thank Him for dying in your stead, then testify to others, "He died for me!" R.W.C.

### A ROMAN CATHOLIC PRIEST.

MARTIN BOOS was a Romanist. In the discharge of his office as a priest he went, in 1789, to visit a woman distinguished by her humility and piety, who was dangerously ill. "I do not doubt," said Boos, endeavouring to prepare her for death, "that you die calmly and happily." "And why?" asked the woman. "Because," replied Boos, "your life has been a continual chain of good actions."

The woman smiled and said, "If I were to die relying for my salvation on the works which you mention, I am certain that I should be condemned; but that which makes me calm at this awful moment is that I rely on Jesus Christ my Saviour."

"Those few words," said Boos afterwards, "in the mouth of a dying woman, who was looked upon as a saint, opened my eyes for the first time. I understood the meaning of 'Christ for us;' like Abraham, I saw His day. From that time I announced to others the Saviour whom I had learned to know, and there were many who rejoiced with me."

He was used of God as the instrument of a religious awakening, and his labours were blessed in an extraordinary manner. After a long life of much usefulness, when he felt the end drawing near, he wrote: "Even now I feel that none shall see the Lord without having washed his robes in the Blood of the Lamb," without having believed on the Lord Jesus Christ to the saving of the soul.

## True Stories of Well-known Men.

We give these just as the workers kindly supplied them, feeling assured that they will be read with interest, and show the varied workings of the Holy Spirit.—No. 8.



THOMAS BLACK, WHO TELLS THIS STORY.

### PERSONAL TESTIMONY OF THOMAS BLACK.

**A**CCORDING to the certificate of birth in my possession, I was born in April, 1864, in Alexandria, Vale of Leven, Scotland. There were eight of us in the family, and I was the fourth boy. About twenty years later I had a second birthday, being born again on Monday, 7th May, 1883, while sailing through the Indian Ocean. On the first birthday I was born "in Adam," while on the second I was born "in Christ"—a remarkable difference.

*Apparently Indifferent yet Really Concerned.*

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My parents were worthy folks, and though poor in this world's goods, and having to fill a niche in the humblest walks of life, were respected by all around.

My schooldays were spent in Alexandria and Bonhill, villages on the River Leven, adjacent to the loch, and noted all over for their turkey-red dyeworks. I still recall while quite young singing at the day-school:

"Childhood's days are passing o'er us,  
Soon our school days will be done,"

and such was only too true. My boyish aversions to reading, writing, and arithmetic were appeased, alas, far too soon, for school days were over long before I had appreciated their true value. At the age of thirteen I was at work in one of the large print works, and soon my hours of youthful leisure were occupied with football, boating, cricket, and, of course, card-playing, that favourite "pass-the-time" occupation of idle or lazy hands.

Yet during all those years of apparent indifference and unconcern to the serious affairs of life, I can recall time after time when God, in some way or other, spoke to my young mind about those things "concerning Himself." But while no one occasion can be said to have had a particular influence upon me as to spiritual matters, attendance at Sunday School, Foundry Boys' Society, Revival Meetings, and contact with out-and-out Christians, had a cumulative effect in influencing me for good and preparing me for the time when I should turn from Satan unto God. In this uncertain state of mind the days of my youth slipped past; sometimes I was anxious about my soul's eternal welfare, at others times I was quiet unconcerned.

One day, while standing at the street corner with a number of other youths, a Gospel preacher, named Duncan M'Nab, who was passing, stopped and spoke to us about sin and salvation. A rude remark that I made pleased me at the time, but when the preacher had left us, what I had done came home to my conscience, and I felt that I had done something "evil in the sight of the Lord." Thus was the work of conviction deepened in my heart by the Spirit of God.

At this time work had become very slack in the Vale, and many were emigrating to other climes in search of better conditions. Soon I also was overcome by the pre-

### *How the Happy Moment was Reached.*

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vailing urge to go abroad, and obtaining an assisted passage to Queensland, Australia, I, as a young man of 19, sailed from Glasgow on board the barque *Scottish Wizard*, bound for Port Mackay with about 450 people on board.

The usual discouraging days at the start of a long voyage followed. Head winds, cross currents, choppy seas, sickness, and the other distresses, made many regret they had come and wish to turn back. Soon, however, we were sailing on the broad Atlantic; we had found our sea legs, things were easier, and; under full sail, we were fast heading for the Equator and the Southern Seas. A number of Christians on board began to hold informal talks and meetings, and, as there was not much else to do, many attended and became interested.

This resulted in quite a number accepting God's offer of salvation and being saved by faith in Christ Jesus. Among them were several young men, one of whom was a close companion of mine. The effect on me was simply electrical, and immediately brought home to my heart my need of a Saviour who could save me from my sins. The conversion and complete change in life of a most ungodly bricklayer also was such that it seemed to me to be a voice from Heaven itself to my soul. Troubled thus, I found my way to the little gatherings. It was evident that I was in an unhappy state, and when courteously asked if I would like to be "saved," I willingly replied, "Yes." It was some time before I saw the light. I wanted the real thing, not the sham, and was hesitant in being assured that all was well with me, until the soul-saving words of John 5. 24 were explained to me. And, as I read the words: **"Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that heareth My word, and believeth on Him that sent Me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation; but is passed from death unto life."** I could plainly see the grand and blessed offer of salvation in that wonderful verse, and there and then I closed in with God's offer of mercy; I put my trust in His beloved Son, the Lord Jesus Christ; I believed in Him, and was saved with an eternal salvation.

Before this happened I had sincerely believed *about Christ*, but nothing happened; I still remained in my sins. Now I believed *in Him* as my own personal Saviour, and

## *Personal Testimony of Thomas Black.*

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I passed from death unto life. The glorious words of John 3. 16: "For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life," were also brought to my notice, and as I pondered over them, "the peace of God which passeth all understanding" came over my spirit right away, and as I again reached the deck I was happy indeed. I had gone to the meeting "a sinner in God's sight," I left a saint—a sinner saved by grace—"for by grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves; it is the gift of God" (Eph. 2. 8).

A little later that eventful evening, as I was taking my final stretch up and down the deck before retiring to rest, a fellow-traveller stopped me and asked the question: "Do you really think it possible for anyone to know for certain, here and now, that they can be sure of Heaven after this life is over?" "Yes, it is," I at once replied, "and I am happy to tell you that I myself am sure of Heaven hereafter." "How long ago is it since you came to believe such a thing?" he asked in surprise. "Oh, just an hour ago!" "Well, well," he said, "we will give you six weeks. By the end of that time you will be ashore and back at the old life again." I did not reply. No answer seemed to come to me, but this confession of Christ on my part, however little it seemed to affect my questioner, brought joy and peace and thanksgiving to my own soul. The six weeks quickly passed, and the sunny shores of Port Mackay were safely reached. A parting gathering among the thirty or forty who, like myself, had accepted Christ as their Saviour during the voyage, found all happy and rejoicing in God, but sorry indeed to part company. Farewells to each other and the good ship *Scottish Wizard* followed, and then off to our far-scattered destinations, to work hard for our living, and to "serve the Lord with all our hearts."

More than half a century has passed since then, and a happy Christian experience lies behind. Before me, there lies the bright prospect of being "with Christ which is far better," and of receiving the "crown of glory which fadeth not away." May I ask, will that be your portion also? Have you been "born again by the Word which liveth and abideth for ever?" (1 Peter 1. 23). T.B.

## CONVERSION: WHAT IS IT?

ONE hears the remark sometimes: "Oh, I don't believe in conversion." But any one who attaches importance to the words of our Lord Jesus Christ will never speak in this way. For He taught, distinctly and emphatically, the necessity of that great vital change known as conversion. "Verily, I say unto you, except ye be converted . . . ye shall not enter into the Kingdom of Heaven" (Matt. 18. 3).



A Most Important Question.

"OH, I DON'T BELIEVE IN CONVERSION."

### *Christ as Example or as Saviour—Which?*

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We hear a good deal about "imitating" Christ and "following His example," but if we want to do as He did, we shall press upon people (even religious people), the necessity of conversion, and shall say as He did: "Except a man be born again he cannot see the Kingdom of God." The fact is, no one can be a Christian, in the real sense of the word, without this preliminary regenerative change. No accident of birth, no rite or ordinance, no education, civilisation, or environment can make a man a Christian.

You go into a paper factory. In one place you see a pile of dirty rags, and you take care not to go too near to them. In another place you see some beautiful cream-laid note-paper, fit for a king to use. The dirty rags have been converted into the fine paper. Or visit some soap works. Here you see a tank containing horrible scraps of animal fat. A feeling of nausea comes over you at the sight and the smell of them, but there, in elegant boxes, you see cakes of sweet-smelling toilet soap. There has been another conversion. The putrid pieces of fat have been converted into fragrant soap, fit for my lady's toilet. An even greater change takes place when a sinful man or woman is converted. He or she is changed into a "co-heir with Christ," a child of God, a Christian, and the truth to emphasise is that all men need this change, for all have sinned, and "There is none righteous, no, not one" (Rom. 3. 10. 23).

The New Testament shows us that there are three very necessary things connected with every genuine conversion.

(I). **Light.** A description given of conversion in 1 Peter 2. 9 is this: "Called out of darkness into His marvellous light." This is far more than a change of habits or of character. A man, digging potatoes in his garden till it is too dark for him to go on working, goes into his house to change his gardening clothes and put on a better suit. He cannot lay his hands upon a box of matches, so he goes to his room and makes a change in the dark. This is similar to what happens in many a case. A man gives up drinking and gambling, turns his back on bad companions, and lives a good moral life. This is much to be thankful for, but it is reformation, not conversion. Conversion may lie at the back of such a change or it may not. All depends on whether the

### *Three Very Necessary Things.*

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light has entered the man's soul, convicting him of his sinful and lost condition, and revealing his need of a Saviour. Has he been brought into the marvellous light of God's salvation? If not, it is a mere reformation that he has undergone, and that does not qualify him for eternal happiness with Christ.

(II). **The Shepherd.** In the same chapter of 1 Peter, verse 25, we find another beautiful description of conversion: "Ye were as sheep going astray, but are now returned unto the Shepherd and Bishop of your souls." The Shepherd and Bishop of souls is, of course, our Lord Himself. In the case of a person genuinely converted, there has been a definite returning to Him. It can now be said of such a one: "Ye belong to Christ." He is separated from his fellows by this great fact. It is not a case of merely believing certain facts about Him. We read of the people of Antioch, that "a great number believed and turned unto the Lord" (Acts 11. 21). Without the "turning" the believing would have been in vain. To believe facts concerning the Saviour, such as that He died for sinners, is one thing. To turn to Him, and put one's whole-hearted trust in Him as a personal Saviour, is quite another. It is the latter act that constitutes a true conversion.

(III). **The Blood of Christ.** We find a helpful definition of conversion in Ephesians 2. 13: "Ye who sometimes were far off are made nigh by the Blood of Christ." The Saviour's precious Blood has brought something to pass in the case of all who are converted. It has changed their position with regard to God. Instead of being far from Him they are brought into a place of nearness and relationship. Instead of fearing to meet Him, they have "peace with God." To them He is the living God, a great reality, and they delight to serve Him and walk in His ways.

How can we tell if a man is genuinely converted? Not always by his own statement, for without wishing to deceive, he may be himself deceived. He may have been at some "revival," and because he stood up, or raised his hand, or went into the inquiry room, he was reckoned as a "convert," greatly to his spiritual injury. Something more than this is necessary before the man is a

### *The Mark of a Genuine Conversion.*

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convert in the true meaning of the word. Four marks of genuine conversion are given to us in 1 Thessalonians 1. 9, 10. They are these: True converts

**Have turned to God.** They know Him as their Father. They love and reverence His Name.

**Have turned from their idols**—from all that would rob Christ of the place he should have in their hearts—from all that would divide their allegiance with Him.

**Serve the Living and True God.** Instead of living to serve and please self, they aim at serving God. It is not that they are perfect, and never fail in this, but to serve God is the desire and delight of every really converted person.

**Wait for God's Son from Heaven, Jesus, their Deliverer from wrath.** They are not content with the present order of things. They look for the time when Christ will return in person from Heaven, and after gathering them to His presence, assume the government of the world, and straighten out the terrible tangle into which things have got in the hands of men.

Tested by these four marks, can the reader say that he has been genuinely converted? The need for it was urged by St. Peter when he said, "Repent ye therefore and be converted" (Acts 3. 19).

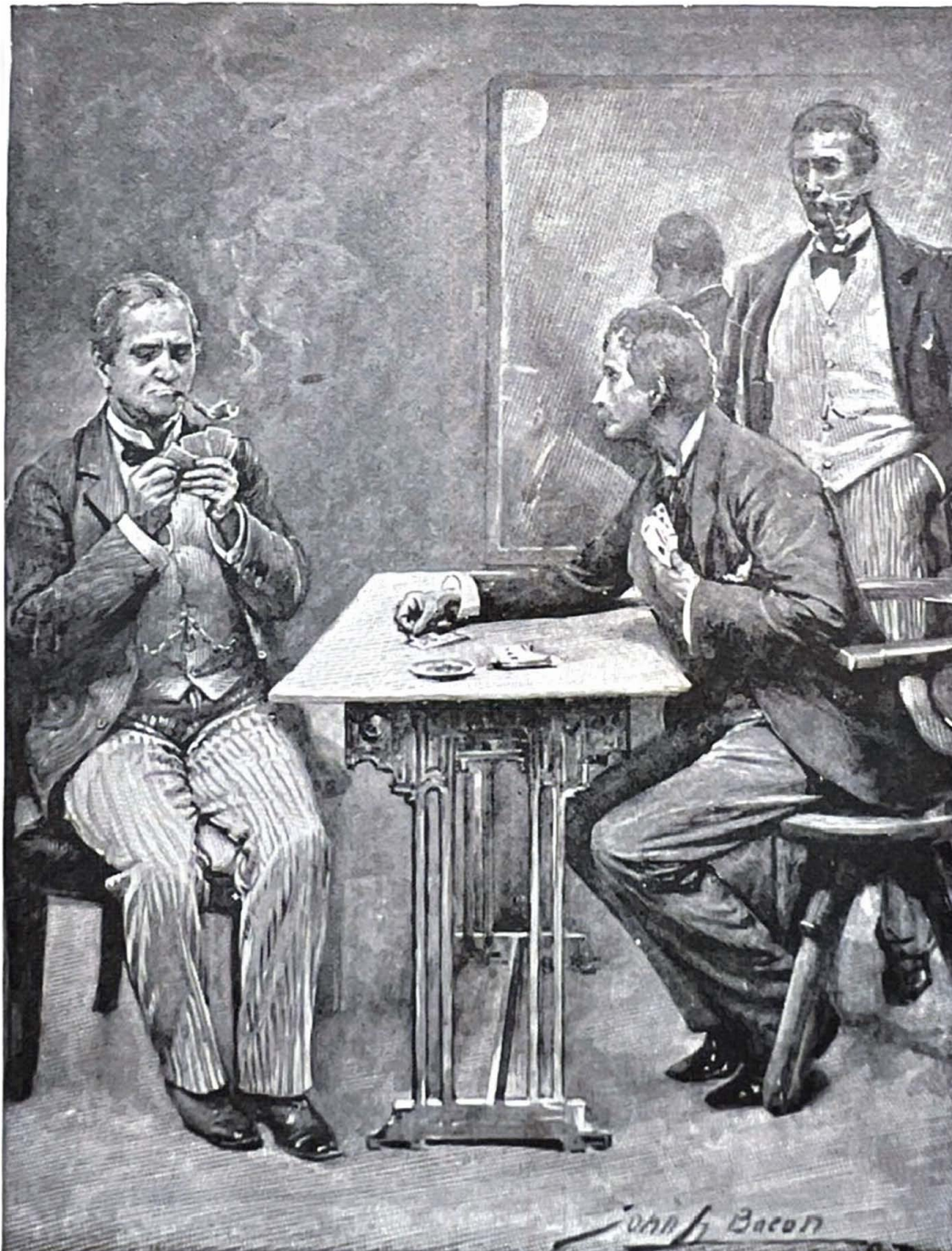
The question is sometimes asked: "How long does it take a man to get converted?" In the story of the jailer at Philippi we find that he was converted with great suddenness (Acts 16). A cruel, hard-hearted prison-keeper, then a would-be suicide, then an anxious inquirer, then a rejoicing believer—all in the space of one night. When our Lord said: "I am the door," He certainly did not mean to suggest that entrance is a long process. One moment outside, the next moment inside. That is how we pass through a door. One step does it. In a similar way we become Christians, not by adopting a certain line of conduct, nor by imitating others, nor even by imitating Christ, but by the initial step of entrance through the door. This step is conversion. It is a step of faith in Christ, and is accompanied by repentance, and the power of the Spirit of God lies behind it.

Such is the converting and transforming power of the grace of God!

H. P. D.

## THE PHILOSOPHER'S STONE.

I REMEMBER, when a lad, hearing a story of some philosopher's stone, for which there was a great search, because it was said to be such a wonderful stone that, with it you could turn anything into gold. Of course that was only a fable; and yet it seems an apt picture of the state of the world around us at the present moment. A single glance shows you that everybody is bent on a



THEY ARE DETERMINED TO BE HAPPY AND HAVE A JOLLY TIME.

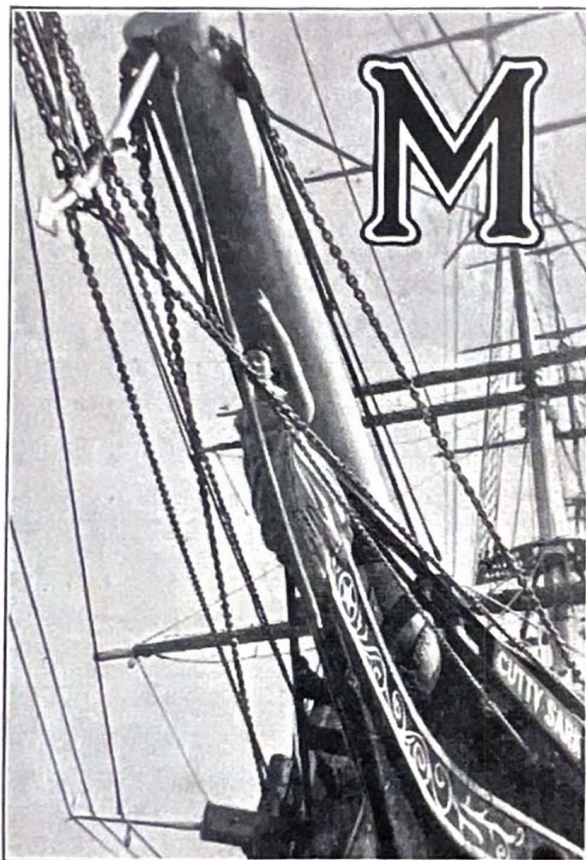
*Various Ways of Being Happy Here Below.*

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search. But what is it for? If not for the philosopher's stone, it is at least for *a* philosopher's stone. Everybody is bent on the search for pleasure—joy, satisfaction: call it by any name you please; the search is for something that will satisfy the heart. The desire is there; there is no doubt as to that. How is it to be satisfied? That is the question. How is the empty place in your soul to be filled?—for you know perfectly well it is there. The world tries hard to answer the question, and sets its streams of false delight agoing for all comers. See the crowds, how they run in their search after this something that is supposed to make them happy. There's a lot away into the public house. They are determined to be happy and have a jolly time; and for a little it does very well; but at last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder. There's another lot after the world's amusements—some at the card table, others at the concert—some at the world's dancing, others at its grand processions—some at its evening parties, others at its sensual enjoyments; and, strange to tell *they all search in vain*. Ask any of them, "Have you got it now? Have you found the joy that never flies away?" and they say "No." And why is this? It is because they had not got Christ. They left Him out of sight in their searching. It is Christ, and Christ alone, who can fill that heart of yours. It was made for Him, and He alone can satisfy it. Ah! Christless one, you have been on the wrong track in your search. You have been running after pleasure—something that would satisfy; and you have failed to get it. Of course you have. Perhaps you found that flimsy thing which the world calls pleasure; but it will not stand to be tested by the still hour of death—far less by the terrible blaze of eternity. It is Christ you need, and nothing less—Christ, and nothing more. We read that there was no room for Christ in the inn. Is there to be no room for Him in your heart. They valued Him at thirty pieces of silver. Are you going to value Him at less? Silver and gold could not purchase the pardon He now offers freely to you: it took His own "precious blood" for that. And shall you esteem it lightly, and prefer the world to the Son of God? Or will you now receive Him, and be saved and happy in His love?

N.B.

## A NOTORIOUS ANARCHIST SAVED.



R. KENELM VAUGHAN, a Roman Catholic, wrote as follows to the *Catholic Times* (May 29, 1903), concerning a popular edition of the New Testament which he had circulated in Spain: "The good that this precious Book is doing is immense. To give you a striking instance, you remember that five years ago the notorious Anarchist, JOSE ASCHERI, who came from Marseilles, committed the horrible deed of throwing a dynamite

bombshell in the midst of the Corpus Christi procession in Barcelona, and was seized, imprisoned, and condemned to death. About that time I happened to be in Barcelona to meet the arrival of this fresh stock of New Testaments. By apparent chance I called at the Jesuit College in that city and presented the Father Rector with the first copy. Thanking me for it, he hurriedly put it into his pocket, saying that he was suddenly called off to the city prison to prepare Ascheri for death.

"When he reached the prisoner's cell he did his utmost to convert the Anarchist to God, but in vain. He proved obdurate of heart, incorrigibly impenitent! Seeing, then, that he could make no impression on the condemned prisoner, he took out of his pocket the New Testament that I had given him, and presented it to Ascheri.

"Ten days afterwards he returned to visit him and found him a changed man. He had been reading the New Testament, which proved to him to be a vehicle of the merciful grace of his conversion. There and then he made a contrite confession of his crimes, and died in the disposition of a true penitent."

## **"NOT FIT TO MEET GOD."**

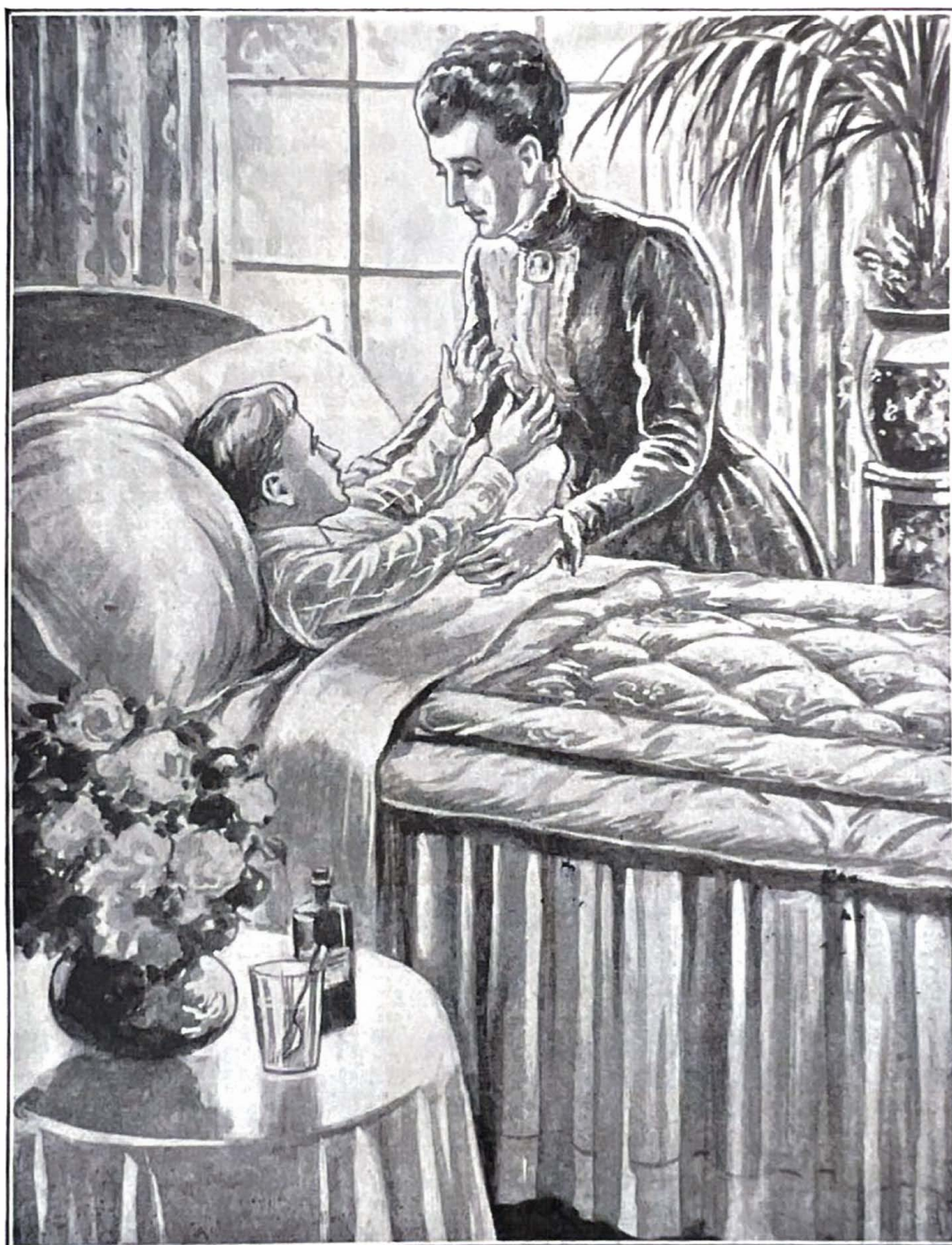
**I** HAVE made a study of different religions, of Mohammed, Confucius, Buddha, and others, but the tracts you gave me remind me that, with all my sins, I am not fit to meet God." So said a man in the California mountains to a servant of Christ, as he was driving his Gospel wagon out of the town of Sierraville.

There are many besides this man who take for granted that peace of soul is to be found in the belief of some creed, the observance of some religion. Naturally they desire to know what is the best religion to follow. So they set about examining the various conflicting creeds. They may find excellent moral maxims, as, for instance, in Confucianism. They may find conspicuous examples of unselfishness and devotedness as in Buddhism. They may find earnestness to the point of fanaticism as in Mohammedanism. But there is one thing for which they search all these religious systems in vain. What is this one thing that is lacking? It is the knowledge of how a wretched sinner may be made fit to meet a supremely holy God.

In Christianity, however, this knowledge is to be found. Yet Christianity, as a mere religion, no more satisfies the need of the soul than Buddhism, or any other system. There are many who profess Christianity who are as far from being truly satisfied as any deluded pagan. It is not the belief of a creed, however correct, but faith in a living Person that is the way of blessing. Religion, that is the mere outward expression of a creed, is no saviour. Christ alone can save. Confucius, Buddha, Mohammed have lived their lives hundreds of years ago, and are dead. But Christ is not dead! True, He laid down His life upon the Cross. He suffered and died for sinners. But His resurrection is a great fact. He lives to-day. "Wherefore He is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by Him, seeing He ever liveth" (Heb. 7. 25). And it is to this living Saviour you are invited to come. On the ground of His atoning work God can blot out all your sins from under His holy eye, and thus make you fit for His own presence. What comfort and peace of heart it gives the sinner to hear God say: "I have blotted out, as a thick cloud, thy transgressions, and, as a cloud; thy sins" (Isa. 44. 2). Do not let another hour go by without putting your trust in the Saviour of His providing. H.P.B.

## THE FATAL ROYAL KISS

"KISS ME, MOTHER," AND SHE, BREAKING THROUGH THE RESTRAINTS  
OF PRUDENCE, PRESSED UPON HIS PARCHED  
LIPS A MOTHER'S LOVE KISS.



*Drawn by G. A. Nelson.*

THE ROYAL KISS OF LOVE.

"Prince Ernest Louis would never forget that kiss of love that cost his mother her life, he would have been an unnatural, unfeeling son if he had."

## THE FATAL ROYAL KISS.



QUEEN VICTORIA.

PRINCESS ALICE, the greatly beloved daughter of Queen Victoria, was married to the Grand Duke of Hesse-Darmstadt. She had nursed her husband and daughters, the youngest of which, just a babe, had died, through the then greatly dreaded diphtheria when her only son was sorely stricken. Though worn out by nursing, she insisted upon taking full charge of her suffering boy.

One day, when the fever was at its height, he stretched his hands out to her and said, "Kiss me, mother," and she, breaking through the restraints of prudence, pressed upon his parched lips a mother's love-kiss. That kiss cost her her life. God has stooped down to put the kiss of His love upon the world, but it cost Him the life of His Son; He knew that it would when He gave Him. "He spared not His own Son, but delivered Him up for us all." He sent Him into the world, not with flaming fire to judge it, but in lowly grace to put His kiss upon it to save it. The Son of God came forth from His Father with a commandment, and that commandment was to lay down His life and take it again. It was the only way. I will quote the very words of the Lord Jesus, for the Gospel story would be incomplete without them. He said, "I lay down My life for the sheep. . . . Therefore doth My Father love Me, because I lay down My life that I might take it again. No man taketh it from Me, I lay it down of Myself. I have power to lay it down and I have power to take it again. This commandment have I received of My Father" (John 10. 15-18.)

Let no one think that it was an easy thing for the Father to give that commandment, or for the Son to carry it out. Nothing but infinite and divine love, the love of God, could have done it. In His agony in the Garden, Jesus cried, "Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass

## *The Love which has Conquered Death.*

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from Me." It was not possible, the commandment must be carried out. It was the measure of God's love to men; He so loved the world.

But see what these words of JESUS mean. "No man taketh My life from Me." It was impossible for men to slay Him. In intent they did it, on their part no effort was wanting to bring Him down into death; their malice and cruelty knew no pity; they were indeed from that point of view His murderers, they slew the Holy One and the Just; and yet, when they had done their worst, He voluntarily laid down His life, a sacrifice for sin. He anticipated that spear thrust that ripped His side, and offered up Himself without spot to God. In their mocking of Him, they cried, "Come down from the cross and we will believe on you." He could have come down from the cross. It was not the nails that were driven through His hands and His feet that held Him there. It was LOVE that held Him there, the love of a Saviour-God. He did not die by the violence of men, though they could not have been more violent; nor did He die from any natural cause. He cried, "It is finished," with a loud voice and yielded up His own life. So that, when the soldiers came to finish the work of that brutal day, they marvelled that He was dead already. One act on their part remained to be done, that the ancient word might be fulfilled, and that the sacrifice might be complete. One of them stepped back a pace and thrust his spear into the side of the dead body of the Saviour, and forthwith came there out blood and water. *"And he that saw it bare record, and his record is true; and he knoweth that he saith true, THAT YE MIGHT BELIEVE"* (John 19. 35).

Death has met its Master, the power of the grave has been broken, and Jesus lives. He has carried out His Father's commandment and finished the work that He gave Him to do, and God has glorified Him with the glory that He had with Him before the world began. And all this is involved in our text; if that commandment had not been carried out, and if that work had not been finished, sinners never could have felt the kiss of God's love, and it never could have been said, "Whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

Prince Ernest Louis would never forget that kiss of

love that cost his mother her life, he would have been an unnatural, unfeeling son if he had; but the world cared nothing at the time for the love of God that made Him give His Son, and it cares nothing for it now. It is indifferent to the kiss of God's love. Yet if any will hear and believe the story, to them flows the rich blessing that is the result of it. And multitudes have heard and believed it, and every one of them has been kissed by the kiss of forgiveness and love. Let no one suppose that when God gave His Son His love to the world ceased. The gift did not exhaust the love; it fills His heart now as ever it did, and when a sinner, weary of his sins turns towards Him, God sees him when he is yet a great way off—for the eyes of love are very keen; and He has compassion on him—for the heart of love is very tender; and He runs—for the feet of love are swift, and He falls on his neck and kisses him. Each sinner is kissed for himself and can say, as the love of God is shed abroad in his heart by the Holy Ghost, that is given to him, "God who knows all, has forgiven all, and He loves me, yes, even me."

And what has the devil to give in comparison with that? He lied to Adam and Eve in the garden. He told them that God did not love them, that He was withholding something from them that would exalt them and do them good, and if they would but listen to him he would make them happier and higher than God had made them; he would make them as gods, knowing good and evil. They listened to his lying words, and turned their backs upon God who did love them, and followed the devil who hated them, to their ruin! John 3. 16 is the answer to the devil's lie, and the truth of it dispels the darkness that lies as a black pall upon the souls of men. For when a man believes the Gospel he is saved and set free, the Son makes him free, for the Son came to undo the works of the devil, and set his captives free. It is the kiss of God's love that awakens dead souls to life, and that dissolves the shackles that bind them; they are no longer the dupes of the spirit that worketh in the children of disobedience, but they know that God is rich in mercy, and they know His great love wherewith He has loved them, and they know that He has quickened them together with Christ and that they are united to the One who has died for them. N-B.

# True Stories of Well-Known Men.

We give these just as the workers kindly supplied them, feeling assured that they will be read with interest, and show the varied workings of the Holy Spirit.— No. 8.

## PERSONAL TESTIMONY OF ROBERT TELFER.

I WAS saved by the grace of God in the City of Glasgow, in the month of June, 1877. I had passed my 17th birthday, and up till then I had never heard the Gospel. I had been brought up to say my prayers, go to church, and avoid evil companions; I did not drink, swear, play cards, nor use tobacco; but I loved the novel and the dance.

I had not thought much of what comes after death,

until I came across a book which I began to read, *The Anxious Inquirer*, by John A. James, of Birmingham, England. The contents of this book led me to face the question: "Where will I spend Eternity?" I could not say I would spend it in Heaven, but I would not like to think I would spend it in Hell. Then, I was young, and why should I bother about



ROBERT TELFER, A CANADIAN WORKER.

such a gloomy subject. However, I could not get rid of these convictions, as they were pressed upon my mind by the Spirit of God.

By this time I was thoroughly aroused and the all-important question with me was: "What must I do to be saved?" (Acts 16. 30). I tried to make myself better by "turning over new leaves," but the new leaves soon became as black as the old ones. God says in Romans 3. 20: "By the deeds of the law shall no flesh be justified in His sight." I could have passed current in the eyes of men as a Christian, but it was God I had to deal with, and He saw and knew me through and through. In my struggles to become a Christian by "trying" I reached the point where I felt in despair. Alone in my room I knelt down and told God I felt I was too bad to be saved, and I must just submit to the inevitable and go to Hell, where I felt I deserved to go.

I arose from my knees, and as I did so the thought flashed into my mind, "Did Jesus not die for sinners on the Cross?" Why, of course He did. Then He died for me. There and then I believed on Christ, for the first time, as my own personal Saviour, and I was able to thank God for saving a sinner like me.

About a month or two after I was saved, a young man whom I met said to me: "Is it true that you are converted?" I replied, "Yes." "Well, we will give you two months, and you will be back again amongst us." His prophecy did not come true, for what I got that June night has stood for nearly sixty years. I proved the truth of John 6. 37: "Him that cometh unto Me, I will in no wise cast out."

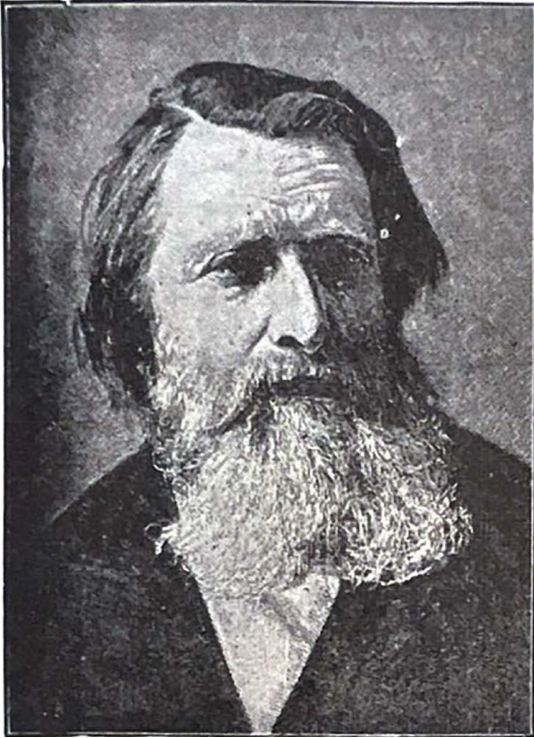
Have you ever thanked God for saving your precious soul? If not, why not as a helpless sinner "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved?" (Acts 16. 32).

To-night may be thy latest breath,  
Thy little moment here be done;  
Eternal woe—the second death—  
Awaits the grace-rejecting one.  
Thine awful destiny foresee—  
Time ends, and then Eternity!

R. T.

**An Except without an Exception.** JESUS SAID: "Verily, verily, I say unto *thee*, Except a man be *born again* he cannot see the Kingdom of God" (John 3. 3).

## JOHN RUSKIN AND THE BIBLE.



JOHN RUSKIN, FAMOUS AUTHOR.

"ALL that I have taught of Art, everything that I have written, every greatness that has been in any thought of mine, whatever I have done in my life, has simply been due to the fact that when I was a child my mother daily read with me a part of the Bible, and daily made me learn a part of it by heart." So wrote Ruskin, one of the greatest of Englishmen, and so have written thousands more of the noblest men of every nation, for there is no

book which has done so much to ennoble, elevate, and bless mankind as The Bible.

Wherein lies this power? Because, *first* of all, it puts man on a right level, sets him on a right basis—a sinner, lost, guilty, unable to save himself, only able to say, "In me . . . dwelleth no good thing" (Rom. 7. 18). Because, *second*, it creates right thoughts about God as the One who loves sinners, who "willeth not the death of any sinner," who "commendeth His love toward us in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us" (Rom. 5. 8). Because, *third*, it brings the guilty sinner and the holy God together in the person of "the Mediator between God and men," the One who made peace through the Blood of His Cross.

Poor, frail man, knowing his helpless condition, realising the love of God to him, believing in the atoning work of Christ for him, is saved, has peace with God, receives eternal life, is endued with the Holy Spirit, and thus becomes empowered in a way that no human agency could devise, and can only be known through the inspired Word of God—THE BIBLE. Whether John Ruskin knew these facts, we do not presume to state, but *you* may know, experience, and enjoy them.

HYP.

## "ONE DIED FOR ALL."

**A** MARVELLOUS statement found in the Word of God in 2 Corinthians 5. 14, proving three things:

1. "All were dead" and needed Another to die for them, for "in Adam all die" (1 Cor. 15. 22). Just as all in a submarine, whether good, bad, or indifferent, die when she sinks to the bottom and sticks there, just because they are *in* the vessel, so all the sons of Adam's race are included in the sentence, "*All have sinned* and come short of the glory of God" (Rom. 3. 23). Lest any should think they are not included in the sentence, God says, "There is not a just man upon the earth, that doeth good, and *sinneth not*" (Eccles. 7. 20). All are "guilty before God" (Rom. 3. 19).

Whatever may be your feelings or your thoughts, this holds good—"YOU ARE A SINNER, UNABLE TO SAVE YOURSELF, AND NEED SOMEONE TO DIE FOR YOU."

2. One has died for all. Hear the solemn declarations of God's Word, and believe them: "He *died for all*." "Christ died for the *ungodly*." "Scarcely for a *righteous* man will one die, yet peradventure for a *good* man some would even dare to die; but God commendeth His love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, *Christ died for us*" (Rom. 5. 6, 8). He, the Just, died for us, the unjust. "I declare unto you the Gospel . . . how that *Christ died for our sins* according to the Scriptures" (1 Cor. 15. 1, 3). The "Chief of Sinners" said: "The Son of God . . . loved *me* and gave Himself for *me*" (Gal. 2. 20).

3. Because HE died, YOU may be saved NOW. The Jailer at Philippi, in his dilemma, asked: "What must I do to be saved?" The apostles immediately gave the simple and definite answer, good for that day, *as good to-day*. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved" (Acts 16. 31)

"Because the sinless Saviour died,  
My sinful soul is counted free  
For God the Just is satisfied,  
To look on Him and pardon me."

ACCEPT Christ and be *saved*, REJECT Him and be *lost*. "He that *believeth* on the Son hath everlasting life. He that *believeth not* the Son, shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth on him" (John 3. 36). What is your choice NOW? It settles your destiny in Eternity. *hyp.*

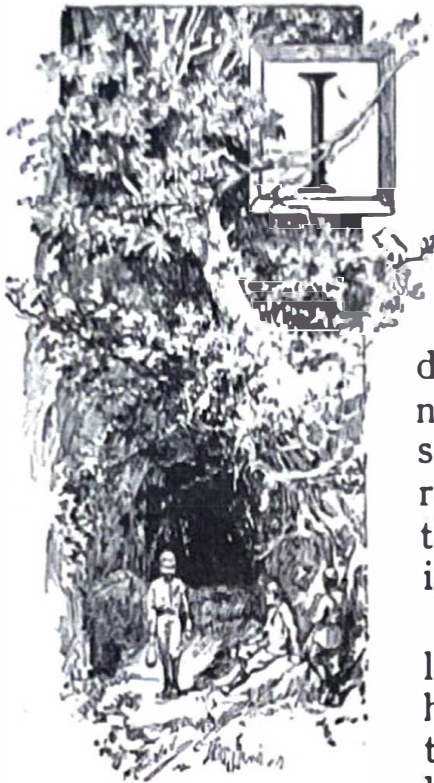
## THE FORESTER AND HIS TESTIMONY.

"DO YOU BELIEVE THAT THE LORD JESUS HUNG ON THE  
CROSS INSTEAD OF YOU."



I MADE MY WAY THROUGH THE FOREST ALONG A SNOWCLAD AVENUE.

## THE COTTAGE IN THE FOREST.



HAD heard for some time of a forester who was lying ill in a cottage in one of our great forests, so I made my way through the forest along a winding snow-driven avenue.

Arriving at the cottage, a lonely place distant from any other dwelling, I inquired of the forester, now in his 70th year: "What of your soul?" "I believe in Jesus," he replied. "But your life has not been that of a believer! You are not known in the place as such!"

"No," he said sadly, "I wish my life had been different from what it has been. I have done many things that I wish I hadn't." "Do you know the Lord Jesus Christ as *your Saviour*?" "Yes, ma'am, I do!" "Tell me about it. When did you first find out your need so as to desire salvation?"

"Well," he said, "of course, I have thought a great deal while lying here, and one night I cried out, 'Oh, what *can* I do to be saved?' and the answer came pretty quick!" he said solemnly.

"What was that?" I inquired, for the sufferer paused, as if he would stop there. But he evidently thought that I should know.

"Oh, 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved'" (Acts 16. 31). What has the "Lord Jesus done for you?" He died, and says that "He will abundantly pardon" (Isa. 55. 7).

"Do you believe that when Jesus hung on the Cross it was *instead of you*, and that you deserved to be there?" "Yes, ma'am," he promptly replied.

Day after day, so long as the gleam of consciousness remained, this aged man continued to show an increasing and intelligent interest in the Word, and that is ever a hopeful sign of life from the dead. A lifetime of good works would not have justified in the sight of God, for all He demands is faith in the Record which has been given of His Son (1 John 5. 10, 11).

But according to the teaching of the Epistle by James (chap. 2) a soul coming just at the last misses that justification in the sight of men which must be accorded to the believer who exhibits "the *obedience* of faith."

Abraham is given as an instance of this justification by *works* before men. He also is mentioned in the Epistle to the Romans (chap. 4) as an example of a soul justified by *faith* in the sight of God.

Many cite these two chapters as contradictory, whereas they are in perfect harmony, as to how a soul can be "just"—God-ward, and man-ward. God sees *within* where *faith* is; man can only see what is *without* where *good works* are.

"For with the heart man believeth unto righteousness" (Rom. 10. 10). Where *faith* is found, God, for the sake of His Son, makes the unjust to be just, the unrighteous to stand in divine righteousness, the unholy to be "whiter than snow."

"For we are His workmanship, created in Christ Jesus unto good works, which God hath before ordained that we should walk in them" (Eph. 2. 10). God puts these words only in to the lips of the believer; the works of all else are not good, but "dead," and the doers need the Blood of Christ (Heb. 10. 14). It is natural to the human heart to try to do something first, but God's order is faith for righteousness.

"Cast your deadly doing down—  
Down at Jesus' feet;  
Stand in Him, in Him alone  
Gloriously complete!"

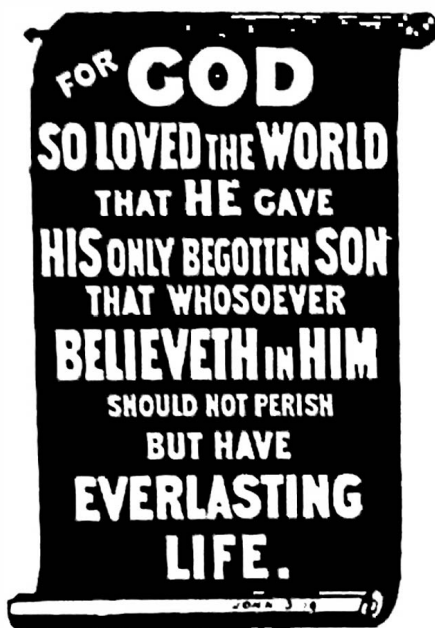
G. W.

### UNINVITED GUESTS.

**I**N the *News* of Dec., 1929. it was recalled that at the coming-out ball of the daughter of a British Peer and Peeress, held in a London hotel, and which cost £696, 250 guests were invited and 468 persons attended. Evidently a number of what the papers term "gate-crashers" had made their way in. The Bible does speak of "the violent taking the Kingdom *by force*" (Matt. 11. 12), but it closes with, "*nothing* that defileth shall enter therein" (Rev. 21. 27). Remember there will not be one uninvited or one "gate-crasher" in Heaven.

N-B.

## "WHERE DID YOU GET THAT?"



IN the outskirts of the city of Springfield, Missouri, United States of America, "Revival Services" were being conducted. At the close of the address an invitation was given to all who were desirous of "getting religion" to go forward to the "penitent bench." Amongst those to respond was a young man who was thoroughly aroused to an apprehension of his guilt and danger, and threw himself flat on the floor beside the "altar rail," in deep soul agony, weeping bitterly. A number of Christian workers gathered around him, and instead of pointing him to Christ, the sinner's Saviour, prayed and pleaded with God to have mercy on him.

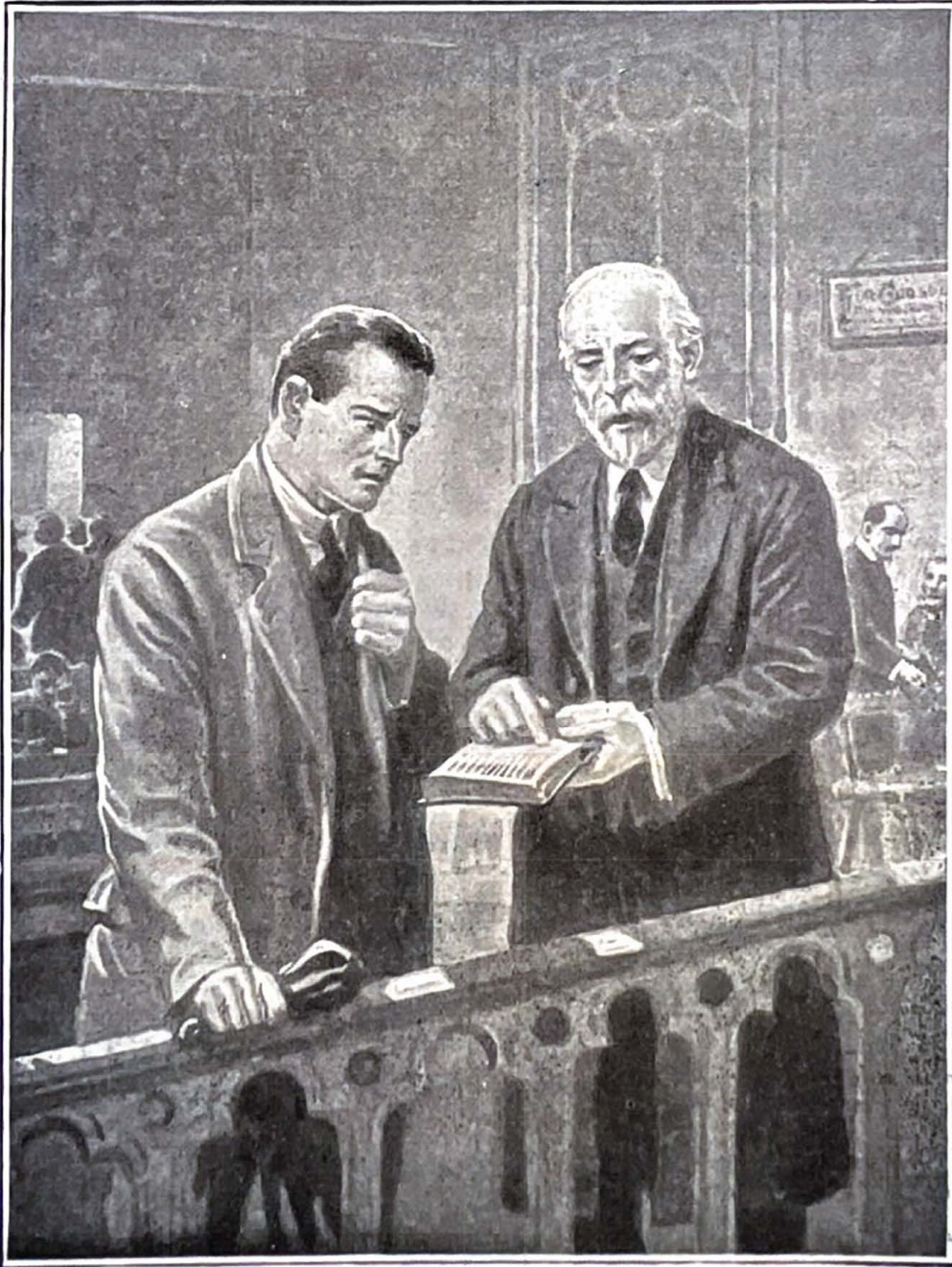
A well-known worker, who was a helper of D. L. Moody during the last five years of his life, stood beside the seeking soul, and putting his hand on his shoulder, said, "The Lord Jesus died for you," then opening his New Testament slowly read John 3. 16: "For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." "Lord, have mercy on me," was the only response. The worker read the "wonderful words of life" of John 3. 16 six times to the awakened soul, and six times over the man exclaimed, "Lord, have mercy on me!" As he read the Scripture the sixth time he observed that the young man was manifesting more interest in what he read. Hence he continued, and as the glorious Gospel declaration was being repeated for the eighth time, the young man raised himself from the ground, and looking into the worker's face inquired, "Where did you get that?" Placing the open Book in front of him, the Christian worker asked the seeking soul to read God's royal Gospel declaration. Taking the New Testament into his hand, the young man read aloud the precious words that have brought comfort and peace to multitudes of weary, sin-sick souls. The Holy Spirit applied the

*A Clear Statement of God's Way of Salvation.*

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message in power to the conscience and heart of the "inquirer." Getting on his knees, he exclaimed, "I am saved! I am saved! Jesus has purchased me!" Then jumping to his feet, he cried, "Jesus has purchased me!"

"Whosoever believeth in Him" is God's way of salvation. How simple! How grand! Note, it is not "Whosoever believeth in Him" and acts up to it, nor, "Whosoever believeth in Him," and does the best he can,



OPENING HIS NEW TESTAMENT HE SLOWLY READ JOHN 3. 16.

nor, "Whosoever believeth in Him," and holds on to the end. It is simply, "Whosoever believeth in Him," who was "wounded for our transgressions and bruised for our iniquities" (Isa. 53. 5), "shall not perish, but have everlasting life." Every one who believes on Christ is at this very moment the present possessor of everlasting life. And this is obtained on the assurance of the testimony of the Lord Jesus Christ.

The moment that the seeking one ceased looking within and around and down, and laid hold of the soul-saving truth of the Gospel, he shouted, "I am saved! I am saved! Jesus has purchased me!" When he believed on the Saviour he saw that he was "redeemed with the precious Blood of Christ" (1 Peter 1. 18, 19). Christ bought "the field," which is the world, for the sake of the "treasure." Being "bought" is one thing, and being "redeemed" is another. Redemption is actual deliverance, and atonement is the ground on which deliverance is obtained.

"There is one God, and one Mediator between God and men, the Man Christ Jesus; who gave Himself a ransom for all" (1 Tim. 2. 6). The ransom has been paid and accepted, and you are entreated to believe the "glad tidings" and enter into life and liberty. Don't say that it is "too easy" a way of deliverance, since it is obtained through the sufferings and death of the Saviour. He bore our sins in His own body on the tree (1 Peter 2. 24), that we might be delivered from the penalty and slavery of sin. His glorious atoning sacrifice is a perfect satisfaction to offended justice, and by believing on Him who did it all and paid it all, you will obtain eternal life as a free gift and a present possession. If, however, you do not believe on the Saviour, a sad doom awaits you.

Can the reader say with the young convert, "I am saved?" If not, why not? "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved" (Acts 16. 31). When you do so you will be enabled to adopt the familiar lines as the expression of your deep cherished convictions:

"I do believe it! I do believe it!  
I am saved through the Blood of the Lamb;  
My happy soul is free,  
For the Lord has pardoned me,  
Hallelujah to Jesus' Name!"

A.M.

## A KING ON THE VALUE OF TIME.



THE LATE KING EDWARD VII.

IT is said of Pythagoras, the famous Greek philosopher of the sixth century B.C., that he was so anxious to pursue his studies to completion and yet fight sleep, that he tied his hair with a string to an overhead beam. Immediately he started to nod, the sudden tug aroused him, and thus he was kept awake until his task was done.

The late King EDWARD VII said shortly before he died: "I could do

with thirty-six hours to my day. Time is so short."

A certain queen desired her portrait painted; and, after careful thought, she chose an able and promising artist. The appointed time arrived for the first sitting; but the artist never appeared. Ten minutes later he dashed up with profuse apologies, but was told that her majesty had gone. His greatest opportunity was missed by a few minutes and never returned.

On the one hand is the drowsiness of sin, which renders men unconscious, like the sleepiness that comes over the Swiss traveller at times before he freezes to death. On the other hand is life's golden opportunity. The King of kings is passing by. Hear Him say to you: "Come now and let us reason together . . . though your sins be as scarlet they shall be as white as snow" (Isa. 1. 18). "Behold now is the day of salvation" (2 Cor. 6. 2).

Peter says: "Christ also hath once suffered for sins, the just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God" (1 Peter 3. 18). The Apostle Paul could say: "He loved *me* and gave Himself for *me*" (Gal. 2. 20). The Saviour presents Himself to you now for your reception or rejection. To delay is insult to Him and danger to your eternal soul. While time and opportunity are yours still, receive Him gladly, confess Him openly, serve Him devotedly. G.A.N.

## WHAT ARE YOU LOOKING FORWARD TO?

**A**FTER the Indian Mutiny a ship left Calcutta bound for England, having on board a number of time-expired soldiers. A passenger relates that some time after leaving port some strange faces were seen on deck. Those, he learned, were convicts condemned to imprisonment for insubordination. The tedium of the voyage was relieved by singing, dancing, and general amusement, and all seemed to enjoy themselves, including the convicts, some of whom took a leading part in the amusements. As the ship was nearing the shores of England, however, it was painfully evident that the true nature of their position was being forced upon the poor convicts. While the other passengers were joyful in the happy prospect of shortly reaching home and meeting friends and loved ones it was otherwise with the convicts, who became more melancholy the nearer they approached their destination, for with some of them there was no hope of their ever seeing loved ones again.

Like the time-expired soldiers who were happy in the prospect of the early realisation of their hopes, the Christian's outlook is also bright. His guilty past having been put away by the blood of Christ, he rejoices "in hope of the glory of God" (Rom. 5. 2). True he has his troubles down here, but these will end one day, and he will enter into the presence of his Lord, where there is "neither sorrow, nor crying, nor any more pain" (Rev. 21. 4).

With the unconverted it is otherwise. He is "condemned already" (John 3. 18), and every tick of the clock is bringing him nearer the time when the sentence of Eternal Death will be executed (Rom. 6. 23). He has nothing beyond time to look forward to but "judgment and fiery indignation" (Heb. 10. 7). The present is the only opportunity he will ever have of enjoying himself; and Satan knowing this is supplying him with all kinds of amusements to get him to forget eternity and meeting God. Alas! he may waken up when it is too late. Thank God, the judgment due to sin having been made to meet on Jesus on the Cross of Calvary (Isa. 53. 6), mercy's door, which leads from the captivity of sin to the glorious liberty of the Gospel, is open wide, and across its portals are the words, "Whosoever will may Come." Enter by faith now and be saved Eternally.

J.G.

## THE COMING CORONATION DAY.

NO NATION IS ENJOYING MORE FREEDOM OF THOUGHT, VOICE, AND ACTION, NO NATION IS MORE BOUND TOGETHER AS KING GEORGE V RIGHTLY DESIRED "A FAMILY OF NATIONS."

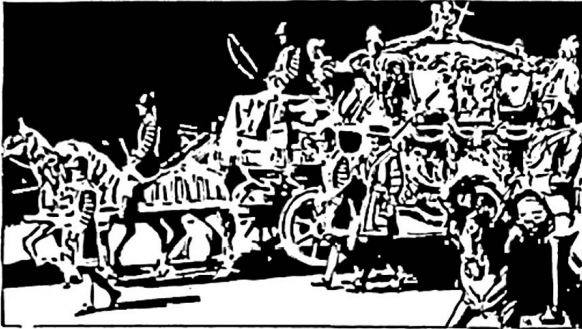


*Photo—Sport and General.*

THE KING AND QUEEN AT A CATTLE SHOW.

"Every member of that family of nations truly desires the happy and favoured pair 'a long, peaceful, and happy reign;' and 'by grace' be enabled to honour the Throne so illustrious for years and years to come."

## THE COMING CORONATION DAY.



THE ROYAL COACH.

WE are all looking forward to that great day, MAY 12, for on that day KING GEORGE VI and his Consort, Queen ELIZABETH (whose photos are on front page) are to be crowned King and Queen of the Brit-

ish Empire. It will indeed be "a great Day."

No higher honour could be the portion of anyone at the present time, as after the awful period of the Great War, when a million young men, the flower of the nation, were laid in graves, known and nameless, and the times of depression which followed, the nation is now showing signs of prosperity withheld for many years. No nation is enjoying more freedom of thought, voice, and action, no nation is more bound together as King George V rightly desired "a *family* of nations."

Every member of that family of nations truly desires the happy and favoured pair "a long, peaceful, and happy reign." His great grandmother QUEEN VICTORIA reigned for 64 years; his grandfather, EDWARD VII, reigned for 10 years; his father, GEORGE V reigned nearly 26 years; may George VI and his beloved Queen "by grace" be enabled to honour the Throne so illustrious for years and years to come.

Yet the events of the past cause us ever to remember that as regards Royal Personages, as well as regards their humble subjects, "we know not what *a day* may bring forth." 1936 saw a death, a proclamation, an abdication, and an unexpected succession.

The SUDDEN DEATH of George V reminds our King and ourselves that "it is appointed unto men—sovereign or subject alike—*once to die*, and after this the Judgment" (Heb. 9. 27).

The hope which filled Queen Victoria's heart—*the Coming Again of the Lord Jesus*, may take place in 1937. He has said "I will come again" (John 14. 3). His last Message from the Throne in Heaven was "Surely I come quickly" (Rev. 22. 20).

## *The Coming Coronation Day.*

Whether it be to face the "Judge of all the earth" by the avenue of death, or to meet "the Lord in the air" (1 Thess. 4. 16, 17), may the solemn urge be found in all hearts—Prince and peasant alike—"Be YE ALSO READY" (Luke 12. 40). Ready for death, ready for the Coming, ready for an "abundant entrance into the Everlasting Kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ," to whom be Glory for ever and ever. HYP.

### SUDDEN DEATH OF KING GEORGE V.

THE DEATH OF KING GEORGE V clearly shows how suddenly all our affairs may be changed. About two years ago all was joy and gladness at the celebration of 25 years of a beneficent reign. On Dec. 25, 1935, His Majesty was celebrating Christmas festivities with his happy family circle. In 4 days' time the sad news was flashed that his life, so precious, was ebbing away. *To-day* he is lying at rest with former rulers in Royal Windsor, and a new King reigns.



THE KING AT THE MICROPHONE GIVING HIS  
LAST MESSAGE TO HIS EMPIRE FAMILY.

"THE KING ETERNAL." Two verses in the Old Book stand curiously close together. The familiar one: "This is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptance, that *Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners*" (1 Tim. 1. 15); and with only a verse between, the great exclamation: "Now unto *the King Eternal . . . be honour and glory for ever and ever*" (v. 17). As there is only one Saviour now, CHRIST JESUS, so there is only one Eternal King—CHRIST JESUS. The "born-again" Christian rejoices that he shall be in this Kingdom with this King, and "shall reign *for ever and ever*" (Rev. 22. 5). P.K.G.

## THE KING WHO WAS NOT CROWNED.



THE ROYAL RESIDENCE.

IN this photo you see King EDWARD VIII wearing the Imperial crown of Britain. He succeeded his father, GEORGE V to the Kingship on Jan. 20, 1936, and was to have been crowned on May 12th,

1937. But nothing short of a tragedy occurred, and he abdicated on Dec. 10, to be succeeded by his brother, GEORGE VI.

Never young man entered upon life with brighter prospects, never ruler began to reign with higher hopes set in him, certainly never King was more beloved by his people, and more truly prayed for than was King Edward during his brief reign, yet he disappointed all hopes, gave up the Throne of the British Empire, surrendered position, power, and future glory, for what he himself called in his final broadcast to the Nation—"the woman I love."

Is he alone? Are there not numerous men, women, young men and maidens, who are abdicating their life hereafter for what they might truly describe as "the woman I love," "the man I love," "the house I love," "the sport I love," "the money I love," "the pleasure I love," and alas, how many thousands could sorrowfully add "the *sin* I love?" A great dignitary rightly exclaimed "OH, THE PITY OF IT!"

May this national episode be an urge to all, young or old, to consider "this life" and "the life to come," and to make the wise choice to "Seek the Lord while He may be found" (Isa. 55. 6), to "choose that which is *good*" even CHRIST as Saviour, the BIBLE as Guide, HEAVEN as the Eternal Home, and "the *Pleasures* at God's right hand which are for evermore" (Psa. 16. 11). Your decision in time settles your destiny in Eternity! Therefore *choose now*, and choose the Christ of God, who is "able to save."

REMEMBER that whilst the choice of King Edward only had to do with this life, your choice of Christ has to do both with "this life" and "the life to Come," for "Godliness is profitable unto all things, having the

### *The King who was not Crowned.*

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promise of *the life that now is*, and of *that which is to come*" (2 Tim. 4. 8). Therefore make the choice now, and be wise both for time and for Eternity. Don't cleave to sin, don't abdicate the good, don't lose your soul, don't forfeit Heaven and the joys Eternal, don't miss reunion with saved ones gone before, don't have to say at last, "I have played the fool and erred exceedingly" (1 Sam. 26. 21).  
HYP.



KING EDWARD VIII AS HE MIGHT HAVE BEEN ON 12TH MAY.

## TESTIMONIES OF THE ROYAL FAMILY.

THE COUNTESS OF HUNTINGDON used to say she was riding to Heaven on the letter M, for if the Bible had said not A-N-Y rich she would have been excluded; but as it says "Not MANY rich are called" (1 Cor. 1. 26) that M took her in. Let none think, as is sometimes even said, that *none* of the wise, wealthy, and great are on the Christian side. Here are a few REMARKABLE ROYAL TESTIMONIES:

The Duke of Kent, father of Queen Victoria, when informed he was nearing the end, replied: "Remember if I am to be saved, it is not as a prince, but *as a sinner*."

Prince Consort, Queen Victoria's beloved husband, constantly repeated, "Rock of Ages" on his deathbed, "For" said he, "if in this hour I had *only* my worldly honours and dignities to depend upon I should be poor indeed." Hence he built upon the Rock of Ages.

Queen Victoria, Britain's Greatest Queen, gave to an octogenarian neighbour at Balmoral what may be taken as her testimony. Asked by the aged friend: "Will your Majesty meet me in the Paradise above?" the Queen answered: "Yes, by the Grace of God, and the all-availing Blood of Christ, I'll meet you there" (Rev. 5. 9). She had inscribed over the entrance to the Royal Mausoleum at Frogmore, wherein lay her husband: "Farewell, well-beloved! Here at last I will rest with thee, and with thee *in Christ*, I shall rise again."

King Edward VII at one Ascot Race Meeting, saw a worker aiming at approaching him with one of his red-covered little books, "The Sinner's Friend." An equerry blocked the way. "No, no," said the King, "let me see what it is?" In his last illness he requested a special friend to try and procure for him a copy of the same little red book, which he got and read.

Queen Alexandra gave permission to Canon Fleming to quote this incident, written with her own hand: "In 1888 all my five children received the communion with me, and I gave Eddy (the Duke of Clarence, elder brother of King George V) a little book and *wrote in it*:

'Nothing in my hand I bring,  
Simply to THY Cross I cling.

and also:

'*Just as I am*, without one plea,  
But that Thy Blood was shed for *me*.  
O Lamb of God I come.'

## *Testimonies of the Royal Family.*

"When he had died, and lay like one sleeping, I turned to the table at his bedside, and saw the little book in which were written those words, and I could not help feeling that *he did cling to the Cross*, and that it had all come true."

**King George V** in presenting a Bible as a prize to a girl from one of the Windsor Schools, said: "When I was your age my grandmother (she was Queen Victoria, you know) gave me a Bible, and she advised me to *read a chapter in it every night*. I have always done it, wherever I have been—except, of course, during that bad illness; I could not do it then. Now if you make that a rule of your life, and stick to it, I don't think you will regret it when you come to my age . . . and you've got a long way to go yet."

**Queen Mary**, our beloved Queen Mother, when

Princess May, along with her mother, the Duchess of Teck, used regularly to visit and help in "Geo. Holland's Mission," amongst the poor of London. Alfred Holness, a well-known publisher in Paternoster Row for over 50 years, and friend of all out and out evangelical missions, twice told me that in the vestry of the Mission he read letters to Mr. Holland in Princess May's handwriting, indicating her interest in the work, and expressing first a desire to be assured of salvation, and then a clear note of having that knowledge "through faith which is in Jesus Christ" (2 Tim. 3. 15). It is well known that the Princess and her mother went to Eccleston Hall and heard FRED S. ARNOT, the pioneer African missionary,



KING GEORGE V AND QUEEN MARY AT THE TIME OF THEIR CORONATION IN 1910.

### *The Custodian who fell asleep.*

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invited him to tea, had an earnest conversation about Mission work, and left no doubt in Mr. Arnot's mind but that they were both true children of God, and followers of that which is good (1 Peter 3. 13).

May such testimonies bestir every reader to leave behind a clear testimony of his personal faith in the Lord Jesus Christ (2 Tim. 1. 12; 4. 6, 7, 18). ED.

### **KING EDWARD VII OUTSIDE THE DOOR.**



**D**URING the reign of King Edward VII, he with his consort, Queen Alexandra, had occasion to visit Italy, where one day they desired to see the great Cathedral. They came to the building and found the door closed, and strange to say, the person in charge within had fallen asleep.

By and by he heard the knocking outside the door, and coming sleepily to it he said: "Some beggar, there are always many," and without opening the door the weary monk called through the keyhole, "Go in peace, go, there is nothing for you." But the knocking continued, and a voice said that there were visitors outside who desired to view the church. The monk said: "Don't bother, this is not the hour for sight-seeing." Whereupon an officer of the Italian army who was riding past observed the visitors knocking in vain outside the door, and dismounting quickly the General saluted and springing to the door said, "Open at once, open! Do you know who it is you have kept outside? You have refused admission to a King and Queen." Needless to say the weary monk was greatly confused, and could hardly open the door quickly enough to give admission to none other than King Edward VII and Queen Alexandra.

Reader, it may be that you are keeping a Greater than these outside your heart's door, even the Lord Jesus Christ, the King of Kings. If so, just now—

"Swing your heart's door widely open,  
Bid Him enter while you may."

N-B.

## QUEEN VICTORIA AND THE YOUNG SOLDIER.

SOME years ago, as the late Queen Victoria was walking one day in the grounds of Windsor Castle, she met a soldier who was just then on duty near a door; he was in fact a new-comer.

Her Majesty stopped to speak to him, and after having asked him several questions, she put this one to him, which has also a great importance for each reader of these pages. "Young man," said she, "do you know that your



QUEEN VICTORIA AT THE TIME OF HER CORONATION IN 1837.

## *Queen Victoria and the Young Soldier.*

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sins are forgiven? Can you say that you have passed from death unto life?"

The soldier confessed to his royal questioner that he did not think that he could say that he had passed from death unto life.

Then Her Majesty told the young soldier the story of the wonderful grace of God that has provided in the death of Jesus Christ a way of salvation for poor sinners who are in danger of perishing. "Do you know," continued she, "that your precious soul is worth more than my imperial crown, and all the possessions over which I reign? When you are free from duty will you read the words of Jesus, '**Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that heareth My word, and believeth on Him that sent Me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation (judgment), but is passed from death unto life**'" (John 5. 24).

Deeply touched by the care thus shown for his well-being by the Queen, the young soldier gave the required promise and sought the first opportunity to fulfil it. He read and re-read this precious verse, which has, by the grace of God, been made a blessing to so many souls, and to him also, for after some time he could rejoice in the knowledge of the forgiveness of his sins.

Some days after this the Queen said to him, "Well, young man, what do you think now of the subject of which we were speaking a little while ago. Is it a settled thing? Can you say now, 'I have passed from death unto life'?"

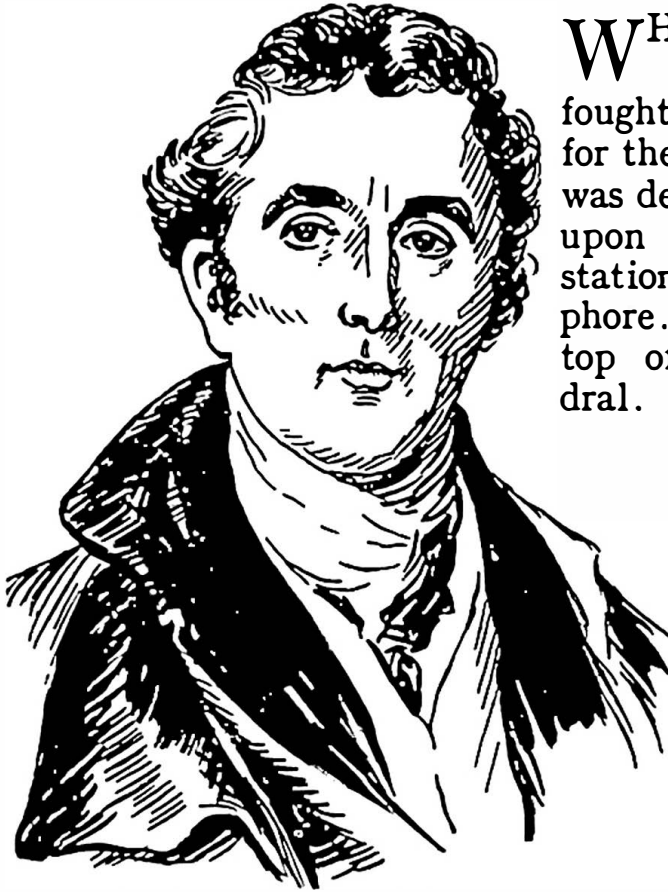
With joy the soldier replied, "Yes, your Majesty, I can say, *I have passed from death unto life.*"

Let me ask, can you say the same thing? "*Whosoever believeth in Him shall receive remission of sins*" (Acts 10. 43). The Word of God, holy and just, declares that he that hears His Word, and believes on Him who has sent Jesus, shall never come into judgment.

Whoever you may be, noble or peasant, rich or poor, learned or ignorant, Jesus died for you. He who was nailed to the Cross is now seated on the throne of God.

Before He left this world He said, "I will come again" (John 14. 3), and the Bible ends with, "Surely I come quickly." Say! would you be happy to see Him? J.P.P.

## THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S SIGNAL.



THE GREAT DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

WHEN the battle of Waterloo was being fought, all England, waiting for the result of the battle, was dependent for the news upon signals flashed from station to station by semaphore. One of these was on top of Winchester Cathedral. Late in the day the

message was received: "WELLINGTON DEFEATED . . ."

At that moment a sudden fog descended. The news of the disaster spread like wildfire, reaching London, and causing an unspeakable gloom, almost bordering on despair.

Just as suddenly the fog lifted again and the rest of the message was received: "WELLINGTON DEFEATED THE ENEMY." Sorrow and gloom were turned into untold joy, defeat into victory.

When the Lord Jesus went forth to the Cross all hope seemed to die out. His followers saw Him in death, and the hosts of hell must have rejoiced in that seeming defeat. Thank God, the fog of doubt and disappointment was suddenly lifted and the full message was declared "Christ defeated the enemy." In resurrection He appeared to prove His victory over sin, death, and Satan.

In that very death which seemed defeat "He put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself" (Heb. 9. 26), broke its power forever, overthrew the enemy, and won victory over death for ever. In His resurrection He opened the Kingdom of Heaven to whosoever will; and now all who believe in Him, instead of living in the fog and dread and despair, can know the absolute certainty of His triumph by having their chains snapped, sins forgiven,

## *The Duke of Wellington's Victory Signal.*

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and the glorious prospect of sharing His triumph for ever.

"Who was delivered for our offences and was raised again for our justification. Therefore being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ" (Rom. 4. 25; 5.1). G.A.N.

### AN EMPEROR'S CONVERSION.

THE Emperor Alexander was the best Czar that Russia ever had, he loved his people, and sought in every possible way to bless them in temporal and spiritual things. For some years he had been a seeker after God, but his definite conversion took place at Heilbronn, where a godly lady who had been used of God to the blessing of the Empress came and preached to him. Many were the quiet talks over the Word of God which lasted to the early hours of the morning between the Emperor, Madame de Krudener, and a Swiss pastor.

One day the pastor asked the Emperor plainly, "Sire, have you now peace with God? Are you assured of the pardon of your sins?" Alexander was not a man who could hear or answer such a question without emotion. So after a time of silence he looked up and answered, "Yes, I am happy, I am very happy, I have peace, even the peace of God. I am a great sinner, but since Madame de Krudener has shown me that *Christ Jesus came to seek and to save that which was lost*, I know and believe that my sins are pardoned. The Word of God says that he who believes in the Son of God—in God the Saviour—is passed from death unto life, and shall not come into condemnation. *I believe, yes, I have faith.*"

Some years after the above incident he said to a friend, "It is only since Christianity has become important above all things else to me, since faith in the Redeemer has been manifested in me, that His peace has entered my soul."

Many other noble Russians in those days were also saved, and confessed Christ by life, lip, and labour. Truly king and subject are alike sinners and both need a personal Saviour. The Emperor discovered that true happiness and lasting peace only became his when he became Christ's. Can you say with this godly king, I know and believe that my sins are pardoned? S.L.

## CAN A REAL KING BE A REAL CHRISTIAN?



From a Swedish Photo.

OSCAR II KING OF SWEDEN.

OSCAR II, King of Sweden, was remarkable in his ways, in that he was a *Christian* King to whom pertained the *romantic*, in that he was the grandson of a French shoemaker,

To deal with the ROMANTIC first: The grandfather of Oscar II, the founder of the dynasty, was a bootmaker's apprentice and a Frenchman. Just after the outbreak of the French Revolution he shouldered a musket in the French army and in the course of time won the position of Marshal in Napoleon's army. At that time, and for a long time before, the Swedish dynasty had been involved in serious complications respecting the succession. Baron

## *The Conversion of a Real King.*

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Morner, a Swedish statesman, suggested that Marshal Bernadotte should offer himself as Crown Prince. He did so, and was accepted, and in 1818 succeeded to the throne of Sweden.

As to the REMARKABLE, Mr. Josiah Nix relates that some years ago, at Bergen, the King was on the point of leaving for Stockholm when a party of Polytechnic visitors cheered lustily. Thereupon the King said to Mr. Nix, their conductor: "Do you like my country?" "No, your Majesty," was the reply; "we *love* it, and your people." Mr. Nix then thanked King Oscar for his message to the Y.M.C.A. in London on their celebration, and also for the Queen's greetings. "Are you a disciple?" King Oscar asked. "Yes, your Majesty, the least of all the disciples," was the answer, upon which the King said quietly and in a pleasant voice: "Then please do not refer to me as 'your Majesty.' *We are one in Christ Jesus.*" All saints are "one in Christ" (Gal. 3. 28).

Touching details are given of the solemn moment when the King of Terrors (though not in this case the terror of kings) entered the royal chamber. When at two o'clock on Saturday afternoon, His Majesty became conscious for a moment, he recognised his family and said in a clear voice: "God bless you all." The Queen said: "Yes, the Lord shall carry you through; His mercy is so great." To this the King replied: "Yes, *His mercy is great.*" The Queen then bent down over her husband's bed and whispered in his ear the words of the First Epistle of John, chapter 1, verse 7: "But if we walk in the light as He is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and *the Blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin.*" The King said in a distinct voice: "THANKS BE TO JESUS." These words were King Oscar's last. At four o'clock he was "with Christ, for it is very far better" (Phil. 1. 23, R.V.).

Thus is being amplified the testimony from monarchs and mighty men not a few, and from masses of the rank and file, the saved of the Lord, that (1) "without shedding of blood is no remission" (Heb. 9. 22); (2) that "the Blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin" (1 John 1. 7); (3) that "peace through the Blood of His Cross" (Col. 1. 20) can be enjoyed in life and in death.

*A King's Testimony—A Fact for All.*

It is well to remember that "with God there is no respect of persons" (2 Chron. 19. 7). His invitation is world-wide alike to sovereign and subject. "To CHRIST gave all the prophets witness, that through His Name *whosoever* believeth in Him shall receive remission of sins" (Acts 10. 43). "Therefore thou art inexcusable, O man, *whosoever* thou art" (Rom. 2. 1). "None need perish, all may live since Christ has died."

The vital question is: Are you resting alone in the peace-speaking Blood and finished work (John 17. 4) of the Son of God for happiness here and bliss hereafter? Is it the true note of your heart—"PRAISE BE TO JESUS?"    HYP.

The . . .  
Greatest  
of all . . .

# Facts

*“Ye Must  
be Born  
Again”*

- You may be a King, an Emperor, a President, or a Dictator,  
● but "Ye must be born again" (John 3. 3).  
● You may be a Queen, an Empress, a Consort of Royal  
● Blood, but "ye must be born again."  
● You may be a Princess, Duchess, Peeress, or person of  
● very high rank, but "ye must be born again."  
● You may be an Admiral, a General, a Premier, a Bishop, a  
● Professor, or one in any class or rank of life, but one fact  
● remains true, "ye must be born again."  
● You may be of the humble or menial class, but it is equally  
● true from the lowest to the highest, for none are exempt—  
● "YE MUST BE BORN AGAIN."

*For the Saviour of the World, the Lord of Glory declared:*

• **Except a man be born again he** •  
• **cannot see the Kingdom of God** •

(John 3. 3).

- *The Apostle JOHN asserts in his First Epistle, Chapter 5:*
- *verse 1: "Whosoever belleveth that Jesus is the Christ*
- *is born of God."*

- Rest not till you are certain that you are "BORN AGAIN"
- through faith in the Lord Jesus Christ (John 1. 12; 1 Peter
- 1. 23; 2 Tim. 3. 15).

This is "THE ACCEPTABLE YEAR OF THE LORD" (Luke 4. 19). P.L.

P. L.

## THE TWO PECULIAR LETTERS

WHILST a postman was attending to his letters one morning his attention was attracted by a text of Scripture which he saw on an envelope. The words were these: "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" As he pondered the question, and thought of the solemn and momentous issues involved, he became alarmed. What if he were to lose his soul?

About a week from the time of his noticing the text on the envelope he observed a second one with a different text imprinted. This time it was the Apostle Paul's reply to the Philippian jailer's question: "What must I do to be saved? Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved" (Acts 16. 30, 31). There was a clear definite, and Scriptural answer to the greatest of all questions. He gazed earnestly at the answer to the all-important question. Did he not believe on the Lord Jesus Christ? Had he not always believed on Him? Did he really believe, though not in the right way? Most certainly he did not believe on Christ, and had not believed on Him in any way. The apostle did not say to the jailer: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ with the right kind of believing, and thou shalt be saved." If he had, the poor, heathen would not have understood what he meant.

The same day that the letter carrier read the second passage of Scripture he happened to pass a place where he observed that a service was going on. He entered the building, and was surprised that the preacher's text was the passage of Scripture he had seen on the second envelope: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." As the preacher told out the wondrous story of God's mighty and matchless love in giving Christ to die as a sacrifice for sin; as he showed what His death had accomplished, the postman laid hold of the glorious Gospel and rejoiced in Christ as his Saviour. "I have been a different man ever since," said he to a lady to whom he told the story, "and I do bless the one that sent that envelope."

Believe on Him who bore sin's penalty, and died to deliver you from going down to the pit, and you will be saved in a moment—saved for nothing, yet at infinite cost, and saved for Eternity. Look and live now. A.M.

❖❖❖ THE GREATEST DAY IN MAY. ❖❖❖

SOON AFTER THIS THE KING WILL LEAD THE PROCESSION FROM THE  
ABBEY AMID THUNDEROUS APPLAUSE FROM THE  
ASSEMBLED MYRIADS, AND REPEATED  
SHOUTS OF "GOD SAVE THE KING."



Photo—Sport and General.

THE FIRST ARRIVALS FOR THE CORONATION.

"God save the King!" we pray from our hearts. And when we do so we pray not only that he may be preserved from every danger that may threaten him, but that the best and greatest gift that God has for men, His wonderful salvation, may be his.

❖❖❖ THE GREATEST DAY IN MAY. ❖❖❖



KING GEORGE VI.



QUEEN ELIZABETH.

AT an early hour the crash of guns and the sound of trumpets will awaken London on May 12th for the Coronation of His Majesty King George VI.

At 10.30 a.m. the guns will again boom from the Tower and Hyde Park, and the Royal Procession will leave Buckingham Palace just before 11 a.m. The King and Queen will enter the Abbey, the choir chanting the 72nd Psalm.

As Their Majesties take their seats, the Archbishop of Canterbury, accompanied by the Lord Chancellor, will present the King to the people, while the Peers and Peeresses shout "God Save King George VI" amid a fanfare of trumpets. The Scriptures are then read, followed by a short sermon, after which the Oath is administered and signed by the King. Following this, His Majesty will kneel, four Knights of the Garter holding over him a pall of cloth of gold, whilst the Dean of Westminster anoints him with oil. Other ceremonies follow, including the placing in his hand of the Orb and the Sceptre before the Crown is placed on his head.

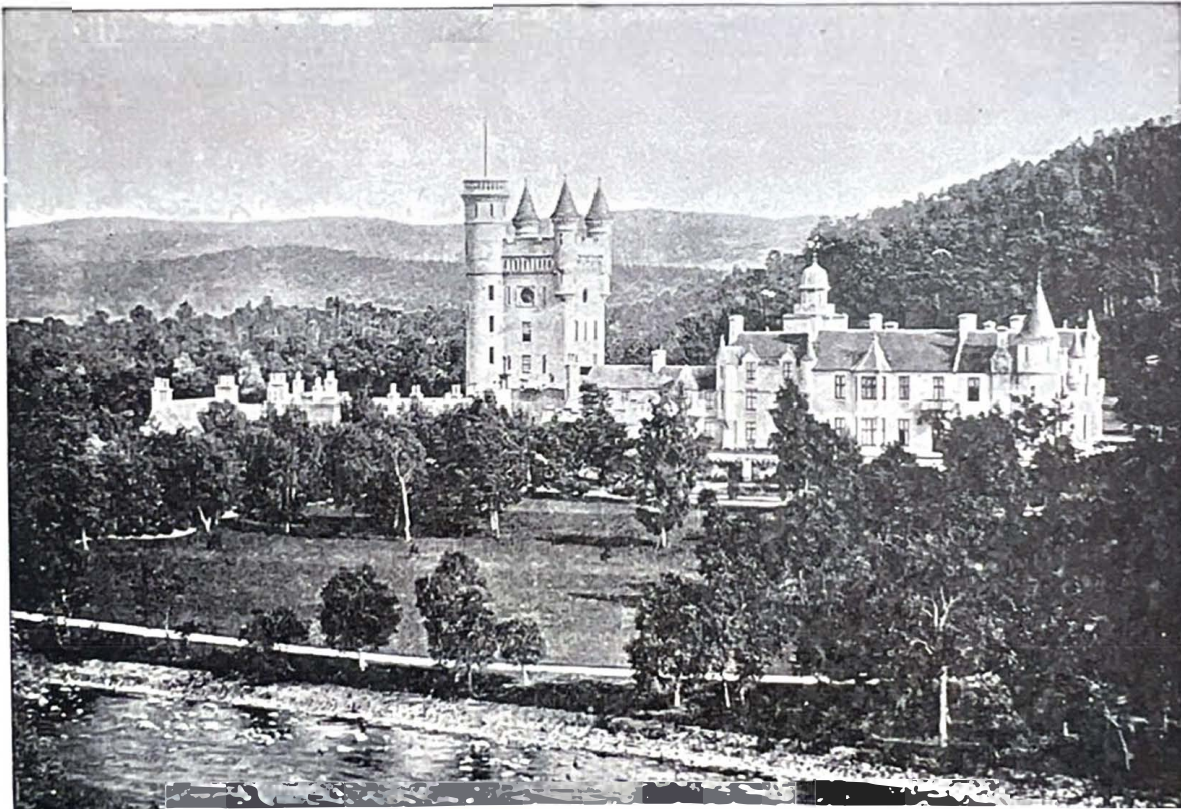
The Archbishop will place the Crown upon His Majesty's head amid the shouts of "God Save the King" from the assembled multitudes, and the thunder of guns from Hyde Park and the Tower. After the crowning ceremony the King will be presented with a Bible. Soon after this he will lead the procession from the Abbey amid thunderous

👑👑 *The Great Coronation Day—May 12th.* 👑👑

applause from the assembled myriads, and repeated shouts of **"God Save the King."**

King George VI has come to his throne in troublous times. The nations look askance at one another. Things are in a terrible tangle, and many are persuaded that nothing will straighten them out but the coming of a greater King, whose sovereignty will be universal.

That Christ is really coming no Christian should doubt.



Special Photo.

BALMORAL, THE ROYAL RESIDENCE IN SCOTLAND.

The ancient prophecies speak definitely as to this, and New Testament writers add their confirmatory testimony.

Will He come in King George's time? Who can tell? The important thing for each one of us is to be ready to meet Him. Our Lord uttered an urgent warning as to this, and used serious words with regard to the man who "prepared not himself" (Luke 12. 47).

"God Save the King!" we pray from our hearts. And when we do so we pray not only that he may be preserved from every danger that may threaten him, but that the best and greatest gift that God has for men, His wonderful salvation, may be his. He has had the inestimable boon

of God-fearing parents, and we are sure that they must often have mentioned the name of their son before the Throne of Grace. May their prayers be answered!

Our Lord Jesus Christ offers Himself as a Saviour in that *He has died for us*. He has earned for God the right and title to forgive us without compromising His justice. Those who have opened their hearts to the Saviour in genuine repentance are saved in the act. "By grace ye are saved" (Eph. 2. 5) said St. Paul.

It is all this we have in mind when we pray for certain people, that they may be saved. And in the very widest, fullest significance of the term we pray, "GOD SAVE THE KING." (Issued as Booklet with photos. 2d. net). H. P. BARKER.

### WHY WILL PRINCESS ELIZABETH BE QUEEN?



PRINCESS ELIZABETH.

**P**RINCESS ELIZABETH now aged 11, will in due time, if things continue as they are, be Queen of the Great British Empire.

Only a girl now, she may be a Royal Queen. Not because of wealth, beauty, size, character, or other features, but solely because she is of Royal birth, elder daughter of our present King and Queen, for *birth alone* secures the right to the British Throne.

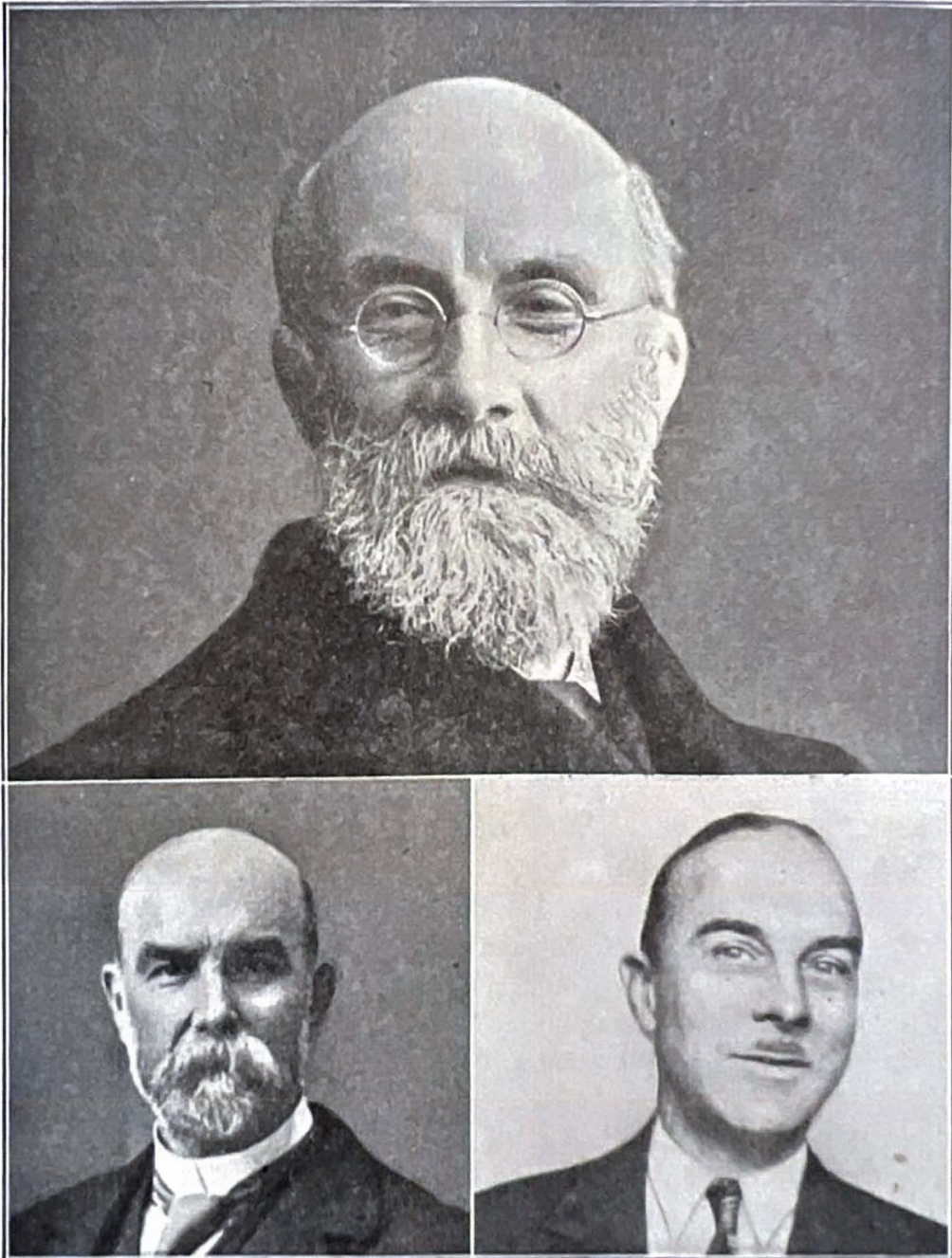
So with the greater Kingdom, that of Heaven, wealth, fame, char-

acter, position, power, and even religion does not count there. The Saviour Himself said:

"Verily, verily, I say unto thee, except a man be **BORN AGAIN**, he cannot **SEE** the Kingdom of God" (John 3. 3). Rest assured of this, no reader of this paper will be in Heaven unless they have been "BORN AGAIN." HyP.

## True Stories of Well-known Men.

We give these just as the workers kindly supplied them, feeling assured that they will be read with interest, and show the varied workings of the Holy Spirit.—No. 9.



T. McLAREN, FATHER, SON, AND GRANDSON.

### THREE THOMAS McLARENS IN HEAVEN.

**A**T the mouth of two or three witnesses every word shall be established" (Deut. 19. 15). This is essential in our Courts of Law to-day, as it was in the time of Moses the great Law Giver, and a recognised part of the great legislature machine that under British rule provides every one with justice and protection.

### *The Testimony of Three Generations.*

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The testimony, then, of three ordinary men living at different periods, under different circumstances, in different parts of the world, must be of immense importance. All bear the same name.

WITNESS No. 1. **Thomas McLaren** was born in Bannockburn, Scotland, 7th Feb., 1832, the descendant of sturdy Highland ancestors. 'From his earliest moments he was surrounded by all the advantages of a godly home. Realizing that he must be "born again" if ever he intended to be with his loved ones in Eternity, he trusted the Lord Jesus as his own personal Saviour. In 1850, employed by Ramsay Dyeworks, in Greenock, the then "Famous Sugartown," he formed lifelong Christian ties and actively engaged in Gospel work. In 1861 he was preaching the Gospel, arousing opposition by his enthusiasm and spiritual power. In 1871 he, with others, began *The Missionary Echo*, now better known as *Echoes of Service*. When over 70 years of age he personally visited many of the Mission Stations in India. After his return home he struggled against the ebbing tide of life. He entered into rest on 9th June, 1908, in his 77th year. His deathbed was lit up by the reflection of anticipated Glory.

WITNESS No. 2. **Thomas McLaren, Jun.**, was born in Glasgow, in 1861. His testimony is this: "It was my honour to be the son of God-fearing parents. From our earliest days their great aim was that we might be 'saved' (Acts 16. 31). They sought to bring before us continually the realities of Eternity, our condition before God, and the need of 'being born again.' Many a time did I weep and tremble as I heard the solemn truth, 'after death the judgment'" (Heb. 9. 27).

In 1874 his mother fell asleep in Jesus. Before she died she called her son to her, and taking him by the hand, looking into his face, she asked, "Tom, my boy, shall I meet you in Heaven?" He answered, "Yes." But he says: "I was far from clear on the subject, only I did not like to grieve her, so said, 'Yes.'" God was, however, graciously watching over him, and in July, 1875, he attended a tent meeting in Glasgow. That night "the mighty deed was done," and T. McLAREN, Jun., definitely decided "Christ for me." He says: "Never can I forget that night. It was the opening of a new life to me. As I

### *Three Thomas McLarens in Heaven.*

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walked home, my happy soul found expression in those precious lines, which I sang over and over again :

"Safe in the arms of Jesus,      There by His love o'ershaded  
Safe on His gentle breast,      Sweetly my soul shall rest."

From this date on he gave himself, whole heart and soul, to the service of the One Who died for him. He took an earnest and practical interest in all branches of Christian service. Outdoor and indoor, by printed page and spoken word, to young and old, he told "the old, old story." God graciously used him to lead many to Christ. He was indeed "a sower beside all waters." In October 9th, 1918, he was suddenly called to higher service, and triumphantly passed into the presence of the King.

WITNESS NO. 3. **Thomas McLaren, III**, was born in Leeds, Yorkshire, in 1892. Blessed with godly parents—his father being Witness No. 2; his mother descended from the well-known Ironside family of New Deer, Scotland. At an early age, as the result of careful Christian training and "mother's prayers," led into deep conviction. At 10, on a visit to the Orkney and Shetland Islands, God spoke in the power of the Holy Spirit, and from then on he had no peace till "the burden rolled away" on the 20th Aug., 1904. Being then 12 years of age.

He says: "I can still look back to that night as the "happy day" in my experience when my choice was made, and as a guilty sinner I accepted Christ as my substitute and found peace through believing.

On the Pacific Coast at Vancouver, B.C., he is ever busy in work for the Lord. At Lantern Services, Young People's Meetings, Sunday School, he seeks to tell the young that Jesus saves.

Two of our witnesses are now in Glory, entering into the presence of their Lord and Saviour in conscious victory. Witness No. 3 is "marching to Zion, the beautiful City of God," and expecting shortly to meet the other two when there will be **Three Thomas McLarens in Heaven**. HALLELUJAH! All the praise be to Jesus! Each of these could triumphantly say:

"The Cross of Christ is all my boast,  
His Blood my only plea,  
My passport to the realms of bless  
Is "JESUS DIED FOR ME."      T.M.L.

## WHICH IS REALLY THE RIGHT WAY?



J. C. RYLE, FIRST BISHOP OF LIVERPOOL.

**A**RE you sure you are on the right way? Do you know where you must go for the pardon of your sins? Do you know where forgiveness is to be found? There is a way both sure and plain, and into that way I desire to guide you.

The right way is, simply *to trust in the Lord Jesus Christ as your Saviour*. It is to cast your soul with all its sins unreservedly on Christ—to cease completely from any de-

pendence on your own works, either in whole or in part; and to rest on no work but Christ's work, no righteousness but Christ's righteousness, no merit but Christ's merit, as your ground of hope. Take this course and you are a pardoned soul. "To Christ," says Peter, "give all the prophets witness, that through His Name whosoever believeth in Him shall receive remission of sins" (Acts 10. 43).

The Lord Jesus Christ, in great love and compassion, has made a full and complete satisfaction for sin, by His death upon the Cross. There He offered Himself as a sacrifice for us, and allowed the wrath of God, which we deserved, to fall on His own head. For our sins He gave Himself, suffered and died—the Just for the unjust, the Innocent for the guilty, that He might deliver us from the curse of a broken law, and provide a complete pardon for all who are willing to receive it.

"Believe on this Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved" (Acts 16. 31). Come to Him this day with all thy sins and wickedness, with all thy doubts and fears—with all thy feelings of unfitness and unworthiness, and He will not cast thee out, nor refuse thee. He has said it. He will stand to it. He never breaks His word. "Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out" (John 6. 37). COME NOW !

J. C. RYLE.

## THE NURSE'S GLAD SURPRISE.

A CHRISTIAN nurse in an hospital was as interested in the souls of those about her as she was in the bodies of her patients. She was particularly interested in the other nurses with whom she associated constantly. The duties of these nurses and their long hours of service kept many of them from attending religious services. Therefore it was no uncommon thing for them to drift away from the faith which they had learned at home.

Upon one occasion, this saved nurse brought with her to the church another nurse who had expressed a desire to hear the Gospel preached by a physician. I saw the two girls in the service, and knew that one of them was a stranger. At the close of the meeting my friend brought the new nurse forward to the pulpit introducing her to me. Thinking immediately of her salvation, I asked: "Are you a saved nurse, or are you a lost nurse?" "Oh," she replied, "I am a Christian. I joined the church twelve years ago." I replied: "It is certainly a pleasure to know that you are interested in these matters. Do you know that there are *two kinds of church members*?" "No," she said, "what are they?" "Saved ones and lost ones," I answered. "I wonder which kind you are?"

This reply seemed to be a little disconcerting to the friend. She did not answer at once. I could see the Christian nurse at one side praying that the Lord would do a good work in the heart of her friend. How blessed it is that we may help the soul-winner by prayer and thus have a part in the harvest.

After a few thoughtful moments, the nurse looked up and said: "Really, doctor, *I do not know whether I am saved or lost*. I came to this service to find out. I am not at all clear in my mind about the way of Salvation, and I feel that I should be." "Did you ever sing that beautiful hymn, 'Jesus Paid it All'?" I inquired of her. "O yes," she said, "that is in almost every hymn book that I have seen. It is an old song, and I like it very much." "Well, tell me, nurse, did Jesus pay it all for *you*, or did He not?"

Again the nurse bowed her head in meditation. She was a thoughtful girl, and was not to be hurried into making any statement that she did not mean. Finally, she said, as she looked up: "I wish I knew whether He

DID pay it all. I do not feel that He has:" I answered quickly: "Would you prefer to go by *your* feelings in the matter, or would you be willing to believe what the Word of God says about it?" "I do not want to be fooled," she answered; "I want to know the truth. What does the Bible say about it?" "'It IS FINISHED,'" I replied. "Jesus said this on the Cross as He was dying for you, and it is recorded in John 19, verse 30. If HE said, 'It IS FINISHED,' surely it *must be* finished, do you not think so? Again let me ask you, nurse, 'Did Jesus finish the work of salvation for *you*, and did He pay all of *your* debt?'"

We had been standing up by the pulpit until now. When she heard these words and this question, she turned from me, stepped over a little to the front row of seats and knelt down with her head and arms upon the seat. I slipped over quickly and knelt beside her to hear what she was saying to the Lord. These were her words: "Lord Jesus, I never knew before that You had paid *my* debt on the Cross. I knew You had died for sinners, but I did not know that it was for *me*. You *did* pay my debt. You said, 'IT IS FINISHED.' I thank You for it, Lord Jesus. I believe *my* debt is paid, and O, what a peace You have given to my heart!"

The saved nurse had knelt on the other side of her friend, and as this simple prayer of faith was ended, we both said, "Amen," and thanked God for another work of grace in a hungry heart.

It was not convenient for me to visit that particular hospital again for a number of days, perhaps a week. When I did go, I sought to find the newly saved nurse and to see whether she had really trusted Christ and had His peace and joy in her heart. I found that she was working on one of the upper floors in the diet kitchen. Approaching the kitchen, I looked through the serving window and saw my friend in the far corner of the room making up some fresh trays. Calling to her, I said: "Nurse, tell me, did Jesus pay it *all*, or did He fail in the attempt?"

She stopped her work, hurried quickly to the window, and with her face wreathed in smiles, said, with happiness in her heart, "Doctor, Jesus DID pay it all. He paid it ALL for ME. If you had told me two weeks ago that it

*The Nurse Found that her Debt was Paid.*

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was possible for a person to have such 'Heaven on earth. as I have had this week, I would have laughed at you and thought the idea preposterous. Now I have Heaven,' in my heart, for I belong to the Lord Jesus Christ."

You, too, may enjoy "Heaven on earth" if you will only learn to know and love the Saviour who "PAID it ALL."

DR. W. L. WILSON.

(From "The Romance of a Doctor's Visits," just published, 1/3 post free).



SHE INVITED ANOTHER NURSE TO THE MEETINGS.

## CAN YOU SPOT THE WINNER?

I SHARED a compartment in a Newcastle-London express with a rather distinguished looking man. He wore a thick growth of hair in the Lloyd George fashion, had a wide and mobile mouth, and a sort of swagger with him; I decided that he was a Labour Member of Parliament, and anticipated an interesting journey. I had made a bad guess, he was a vegetarian. And he was not ashamed of his views; he had no intention of hiding his light, and firmly believed that the only hope for mankind, and England in particular, was *to cease eating meat*.

I listened to him for a long time and then suggested that while it was right to give some attention to the health of our bodies, it was more important to *look after the salvation of our souls*. He got scornful and irritated at that, and declared that he "cared nothing for his twopence-ha'penny soul," he'd "rather save the lives of sheep."

There was only one thing I could say in answer to that, and it was that God had set a very different value on his soul, for the Son of God had said, "**What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul? Or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?**" (Mark 8. 36, 37). And that closed the conversation.

I had to go to Doncaster, and it was ST. LEGER DAY. I managed to get standing room in a compartment filled with cheery, optimistic Yorkshire men. They were expecting an exciting and profitable day. I was reading my pocket New Testament, and one of them, eager for the latest information, wanted to know if it was a book of form I was studying, and could I *spot the winner of the big race?*

I told him that my Book never made a mistake, and I could tell him as a dead certainty who the losers would be. Every man was interested, and I read: "**What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul? Or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?**"

They were decent fellows, and did not abuse me, but they made it as clear as could be that not their souls, but the big race was the big thing with them that day. Anyhow, at the end of the day when the excitement was

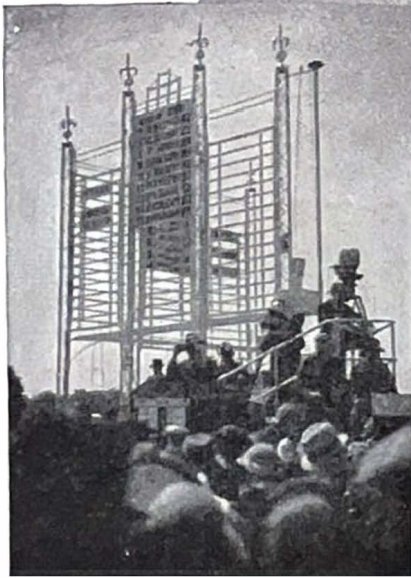
## *What I Replied to the Joker.*

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As this is the period of year when great Races are run, it makes this article opportune.

Please read carefully. —  
ED.

\* \* \*



over and their pockets empty they may have remembered my text.

The vegetarian was scornful when I spoke about his soul, but some people treat the subject as a jest. I was staying in a boarding-house, and one morning there was chalked on my bedroom door, "*Is your soul saved?*" It was a practical joker who had done it, and I had no difficulty in spotting him. He meant no harm, all he wanted was to raise a laugh, but I tell you the salvation of the soul is no laughing matter.

Multitudes are totally indifferent to the peril and need of their souls, anything but that—pleasure, plenty of it, business, well that may be exciting too, but the soul and

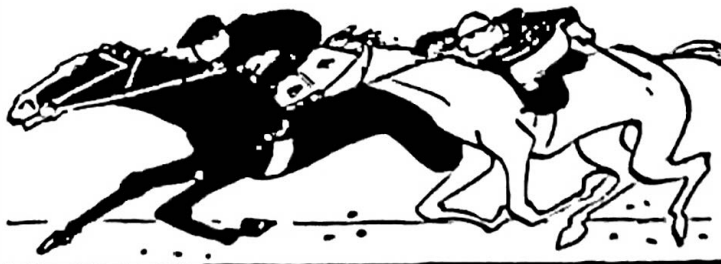
## *What Kind of Pleasures do You Want?*

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its destiny! No, thank you. I was introduced in the North of England to a young Norwegian, a cultured and attractive fellow. He was the son of a successful business man and had come to England to perfect himself in our language. I said to him, "Wouldn't it be a splendid thing if you yielded your soul to the great Saviour at the very start of your visit? That would be worth coming to England for."

"No, no," he said, "I want life, I want pleasure. I get that in England." "What sort of pleasure are you wanting?" I asked. "O, the horses, the races, the theatres. I want horses, theatres," and his face glowed in anticipation. He had made up his mind, and my warning that these things were sometimes the devil's soul-traps did not move him, and after a few days he went up to London where he could gratify his tastes to their full bent. A few months passed, when I received through the post a copy of *The Daily Telegraph*. A paragraph in it was blue pencilled; it told of a young man who had been found dead in the bedroom of a London Hotel with a towel twisted round his throat. The verdict of the Coroner's jury was *felo de se*. He was the young man of my story. He had backed the favourite, but it was the wrong horse; he had staked his all and lost. He had sold his immortal soul for sinful pleasure and it had slain him. Crowds are doing it; eagerly, willingly they barter their souls to the Devil for the excitement of the race-course, the theatre and worse places. Instead of God's salvation they choose the downward road that may not in their case run to a suicide's grave, but most certainly ends in Hell, prepared for the Devil and his angels.

Why does the Bible say "The redemption of the soul is precious?" (Psa. 49. 8). Because the soul is the real man, your soul is you, and you are worth something. When the body dies the soul still lives. The shock of death leaves the body a corpse, but it does not slay the soul; it



*You may be both "saved" and "satisfied."*

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lives on—you will live on. Your soul is immortal, you have been created for eternity. Sin and the Devil would land your soul in a lost eternity and God would save it, He would save you. God has opened up a great destiny for you. He desires your company in Heaven. He wants you to make His acquaintance. Is not the knowledge of God worth having? It is this that will lift up your soul from grovelling in the foul and sordid world, and make life worth living. *Saved and satisfied your soul may be.*

Hear these wonderful words: "God commendeth His love towards us, in that while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us" (Rom. 5. 8). You see the fact that we are sinners, you and I, must enter into this matter. It is because we are sinners that we need a Saviour, and Jesus, the Lord Jesus, is the only Saviour. "God is love," yes, that is true, but God is holy, He is righteous, He is the just God. He has found a way by which His love can come to us in perfect righteousness. He is a just God and a Saviour. And now He proclaims the forgiveness of sins through the Name of Jesus who died for us, and He declares that all that believe are justified from all things (Acts 13. 38, 39). Oh, hear the word of Salvation, for faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the Word of God, and this is the word of faith which we preach, "that if thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thy heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved" (Rom. 10. 9).

Issued in neat booklet, 1d. (6/ per 100 post free).

J. T. MAWSON.

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**The Greatest Text.**



God .....	The greatest lover
So loved .....	The greatest degree
the world.....	The greatest company
that He Gave.....	The greatest act
His only begotten Son	The greatest gift
that <b>Whosoever</b> .....	The greatest opportunity
<b>BELIEVETH</b> .....	The greatest simplicity
in Him .....	The greatest attraction
should <b>NOT perish</b> ....	The greatest promise
<b>BUT</b> .....	The greatest difference
<b>Have</b> .....	The greatest certainty
Everlasting life .....	The greatest possession

N.B.

## BEFORE I SLEEP.

NEW lodger just arrives; and to share the room next to my one. His name was John Toms. It was Saturday night; and I waited till he would "come in," which he did about 12 o'clock. "Do you enjoy prayer and Bible-reading?" I asked. But John made no answer, and was off to his bed at once. Next morning (the Lord's Day) I was out early, and did not get into conversation with John until dinner-time. I found he was a very moral young man, a great attender at church, besides a collector of money for missions, and altogether considered a "Christian worker" of some note. But John had never been born again. With all his works and morality he was still a stranger to grace and to God. I then told him my conversion—how the Lord had saved my soul, and that, with all the morality I possessed, I had to be born again. The tear stood in John's eye. The mighty Spirit of God was taking the word home. John saw that he lacked "one thing." I rose from the table, and left him in that state. After my little labour in the Lord's vineyard for that day was over, I got back in the evening. I then asked John if he was saved yet. "Not yet," he answered. But John was in earnest about his soul's salvation. So he made an agreement with me; and I believe it was the very language of his soul. You find it in Psa. 132. 4, 5; and it reads thus: "I will not give sleep to mine eyes, or slumber to mine eyelids, until I find out a place for the Lord, an habitation for the mighty God of Jacob." John wanted a place in his heart for Christ—yea *the* place in it—before he slept.

Perceiving what I thought to be his difficulty, I said: "The devil will likely be telling you that by to-morrow it will be all gone; but God says, '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'" (Rom. 10. 9). The Lord blessed His own words, and John was that night "born again . . . by the Word of God, which liveth and abideth for ever" (1 Pet. 1. 23). "I thank God for Jesus," he cried; "I see it all now." He had found a place for the Lord, an habitation for the mighty God of Jacob; and John was happy. He then asked to stay in the same room with me. We had a happy time, for blessed are they that know the joyful sound. Let me ask: "Are you born again?" w.s.

## "MUST I QUIT ALL THESE?"

HE RECEIVED THE ANNOUNCEMENT WITH SORROW, AND WAS GREATLY TROUBLED, FOR HIS POSSESSIONS WERE ENORMOUS. ALL HIS LIFE LONG HE HAD BEEN HOARDING, AND HIS LOVE OF PICTURES BEING STRONGEST HE HAD A CHOICE COLLECTION OF THESE.



Specially Drawn for "Herald."

"MUST I QUIT ALL THESE?"

The Cardinal was seen, in nightcap and dressing-gown, tottering along his gallery, pointing to his pictures, and mournfully exclaiming, "*Must I quit all these? MUST I QUIT ALL THESE?*"

## "MUST I QUIT ALL THESE?"

CARDINAL MAZARIN was one of those shrewd and clever men, who, from a comparatively humble origin, have risen by energy and ability to rank and influence. With a pleasing exterior, graceful manners, learned, accomplished, and of insinuating address, he had the faculty in a singular degree of captivating and making friends of all with whom he came in contact.

Born in 1692 at Piscina, he rose from a captain in the Pontifical Guard to hold the reins of power in France, when his cup of honour was full to overflowing and there seemed nothing wanting on this earth. But it was now found that his unwearied application to state business had brought on a painful disease, and on consulting GUENAUD, the eminent physician, he was told that he had but two months longer to live. He received the announcement with sorrow, and was greatly troubled, for his possessions were enormous. All his life long he had been hoarding, and his love of pictures being strongest he had a choice collection of these.

Now he was face to face with the great fact stated in God's Word, that "it is appointed unto men once to die, and after this the judgment" (Heb. 9. 27). Place, position, wealth, fame count not when the "king of terrors" makes his imperative call. How wise it is to be "ready," for "we know not what *a day* may bring forth" (Prov. 27. 1).

Soon after the physician told him what a short time he had to live, the Cardinal was seen, in nightcap and dressing-gown, tottering along his gallery, pointing to his pictures, and mournfully exclaiming, "*Must I quit all these?* MUST I QUIT ALL THESE?" He realized that he had to leave all his treasures behind.

The Cardinal's last words were, "Oh, my poor soul! What must become of thee? Whither wilt thou go?"

In the light of this historic fact, ponder the words of the true and living God: "What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" (Mark 8. 36). You cannot be here for ever. Solemn thought—In 100 years from now both reader and writer will either be "with Christ" in Eternal Glory, *or*, with Satan in Eternal Gloom! Your decision *now* settles your destiny then! *What shall it be?* HyP.

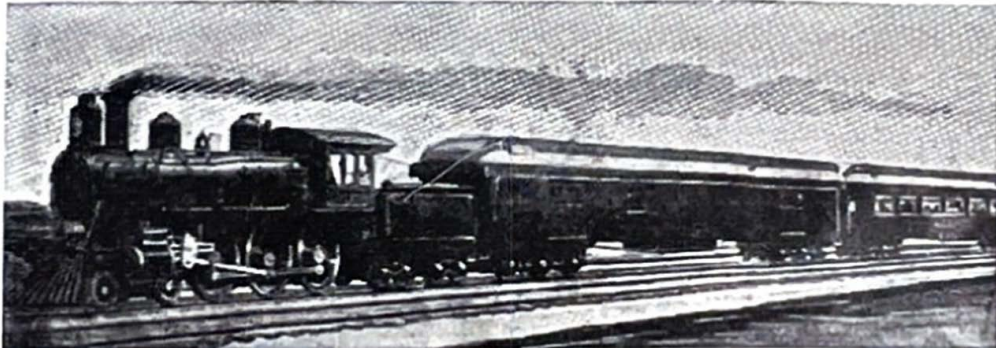
## HOW HE ANSWERED THE INFIDEL.

**I**N the Spring of 1901 I had a very interesting experience with a noted infidel in Southern California.

I was busily engaged in purchasing and loading a car of citrus fruit, for an Eastern market, and during my course of duties I made repeated trips on the Santa Fe Railway to and from Azusa, Calif. (a small town a few miles east of Los Angeles) the point from which the fruit was to be shipped.

During one of these trips I chanced to share the seat with a very pompous looking gentleman, who was far above the average in intelligence and seemed to have quite a knowledge of certain portions of the Bible.

I made it a rule to try and redeem the precious time by giving out tracts wherever I had a good opportunity, but



AN AMERICAN TRAIN RUNNING AT FULL SPEED.

I must confess that it took some grace to offer my dignified seat-mate one of those tracts. At last I mustered up courage and handed him one, and sure enough my fears had been well founded, for he immediately opened up on me in such a way that made me sit almost like one dumb with astonishment.

I simply could not meet his many arguments, so did not answer back a single word. But oh, if I could only have slipped out by some secret passage, what a relief it would have been, but no, I was on a fast moving train, and there was no possible chance of escape, so I had to simply sit there and take my medicine.

Well, at last he seemed satisfied that he had made his point, and of course I suppose he had the majority of passengers with him, because of his brilliant flow of words, for he evidently was a well-educated man, and highly respected. I do thank God that I did not know in advance

*"If I am wrong, I have lost nothing."*

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what I was running up against, for I fear my courage might have failed me.

When he at last had fully stated his case, to my utter surprise I felt a sudden impulse to offer a rebuttal testimony, not an argument at all. We see that this was in Divine order, for even St. Paul, when he got in a tight place, fell back on his personal experience. See the 26th chapter of Acts, Paul before Agrippa.

So I turned to my opponent and said in the most courteous and gracious manner possible: "Now I will grant for the sake of argument, that you are absolutely right and I wrong, but nevertheless for many years I have enjoyed this 'Hallucination,' as you see fit to term it, and I am happy to say that *it has changed my entire life*, this experience of the New Birth and full surrender to Christ, so I wish your candid answer: **What have I lost, even granted that I am in the wrong?**"

He tried to parry with me for a moment, but I insisted that he give me a straight-forward answer, so rather reluctantly he replied, "Well, I guess you have not *LOST anything*." Whereupon I immediately grasped my opportunity and replied, "Well, then, according to your own statement, even if I am wrong, I have not lost anything."

"Now, to be honest, are you *absolutely sure* that you are right, so in the event that *I might possibly* be right, what about YOU?"

The poor man saw that I had won in the argument, even against great odds, so far as worldly wisdom is concerned, for he never answered another word.

From that moment it was really embarrassing for the poor man, for many people in the coach had naturally become quite interested in the heated discussion especially on his part.

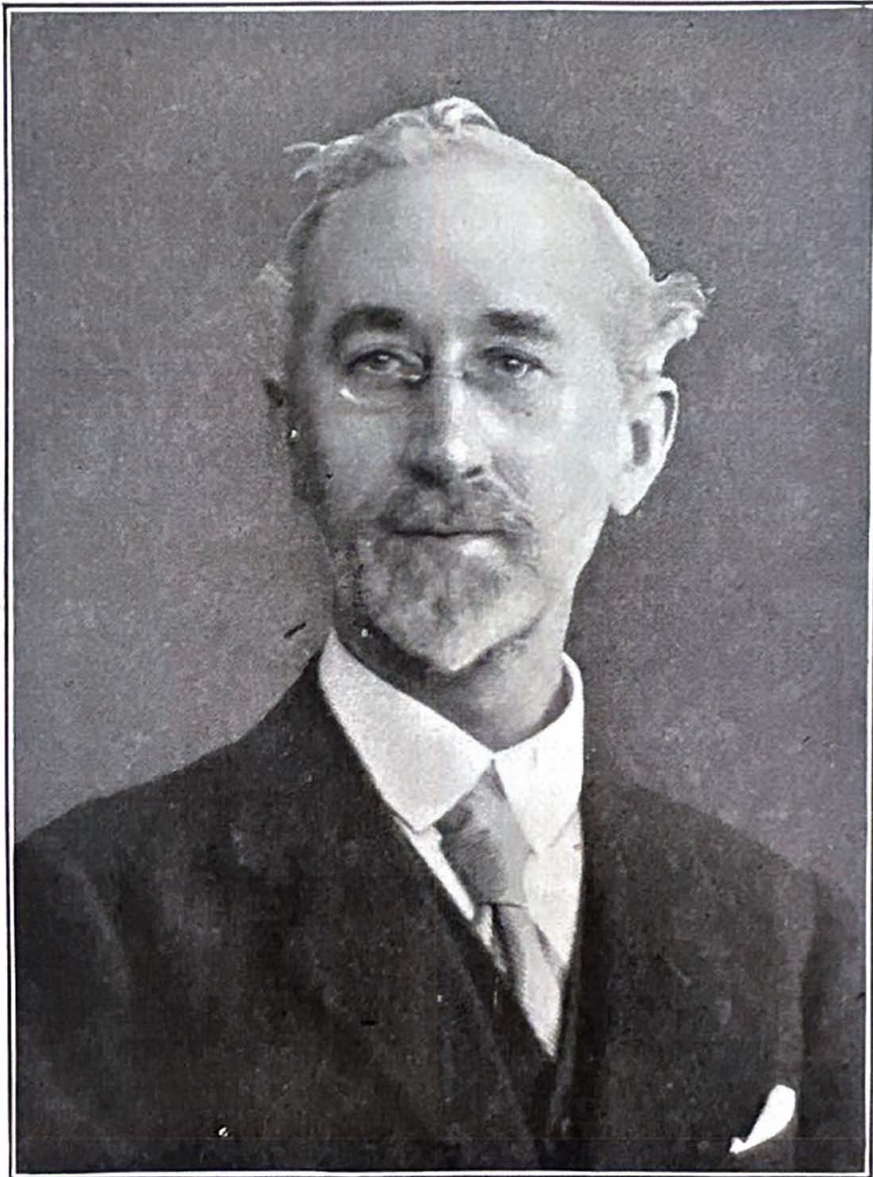
Had I lost it would not have been quite so hard on me, for I doubt if a single person in the coach knew my name.

I take no credit for this reply to his apparently unanswerable arguments, in the manner the Lord undoubtedly led, for I never thought of such a thing a moment before God led me to speak. The great point is *Are you right?* *Are you Saved?* If not you will eventually lose all.

W.M.B.

# True Stories of Well-known Men.

We give these just as the workers kindly supplied them, feeling assured that they will be read with interest, and show the varied workings of the Holy Spirit.—No. 10.



ROBERT LEE, OF MANCHESTER.

## PERSONAL TESTIMONY OF ROBERT LEE.

**T**HERE was nothing dramatic or out of the ordinary in my conversion. The Sunday School Class I was a member of was a troublesome one. Restless and talkative, we seldom betrayed the slightest interest in the teacher's carefully prepared lessons, testing greatly his faith and patience.

It would almost seem a miracle if some Sunday School classes were attentive and interested, for the lessons are usually presented in such a cut and dried fashion. But

*What happened Fifty-four years ago.*

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our teacher was not so, for he manifested a deep interest in our moral and spiritual well-being, made our conversion the subject of constant prayer, and spent all his spare time the first half of the week in carefully preparing next week's lesson.

One Sunday afternoon in November, fifty-four years ago, we seemed worse than ever. Prior to this, owing to the influence of a loved mother who was particular about our correct behaviour in School and Church, I had been a little better behaved than the rest. But in May of that year she had gone Home to be with her Lord, and somehow I had become like the rest of the boys, and indeed on that particular afternoon, worse.

The opening exercises over, the teacher commenced; but talk we would, notwithstanding his entreaties, until at last, in desperation, he turned to me and laying his hand on my knee, said, "Robert, you wouldn't have done this if your mother had been alive!" Simple though these words were, they cut deep into my heart, for I had loved my mother dearly; and after school I sought an interview, asking forgiveness. "Ah, that is easily granted. I do most readily forgive you, Robert. But don't you know you have sinned against God, and you must ask Him to forgive you?"

For the first time in my life it dawned on me that I was a sinner and needed a Saviour. As that much-tried and faithful servant conversed with me, God by His Spirit gave me a sense of sin and of my lost estate. "If I give you a prayer, will you offer it on your knees when you reach home?" I most readily agreed. The prayer was the one Peter offered when sinking in the sea, only with one sentence added: "*Lord, save me, for Jesus' sake, Amen!*"

I knew very little. My views of the Cross and of the Gospel of God's wondrous grace were very hazy and indistinct, but, thank God, our salvation does not depend on our much knowing and asking! Humbly and penitently alone in my bedroom, I presented this petition. I had regularly "said" my prayers, but this was the first real prayer I had ever offered, and it was only a short one of seven words. As I prayed, instantly I knew something had happened, "and immediately Jesus stretched forth

His hand and caught me," and although many storms of sin and temptation have swept around me since that day, Hallelujah! still "He holds me with His right hand."

Immediately following that prayer I became conscious of six things. *First*, God ceased to be a mere name, becoming a blessed reality. *Second*, I knew the Lord Jesus had become my Saviour. *Third*, I was conscious of a great love for the Word of God, and simply devoured the New Testament. *Fourth*, I became conscious of a love for the Lord's people, and a great delight in attending the Church and Sunday School. *Fifth*, a longing to win others for Christ took possession of me; and *sixth*, like Peter, I, too, discovered, by grace, the glorious possibility of doing the impossible—living day by day a life of victory over the world, the flesh, and the Devil. R.L.

## 5 MOST WONDERFUL WORDS IN THE BIBLE.



HERE are 773,692 words in the Bible. In my judgment the 5 most wonderful are found in Romans 5. "Christ died for the ungodly."

"Christ." Who was He? Son of Man and Son of God, the One of Whom *the Father* said, "This is My beloved Son" (Matt. 3. 17); on Whom *the Spirit* abode as a dove (Matt. 3. 16); *Gabriel* named "the Son of the Highest" (Luke 1. 32); *a Friend* said, "Thou art . . . the Son of the living God" (Matt. 16. 16); *a Neutral* said, "Certainly this was a righteous Man" (Luke 23. 47); *a Foe*: "I have betrayed innocent Blood" (Matt. 27. 4); *Demons*, "Thou Son of God" (Matt. 8. 29). The One whom ages have demonstrated as the Friend of sinners, the One for whom ten thousand martyrs have laid down their lives; whom millions on earth to-day worship as their Lord and Master; the Lord of Life, the King of Glory, the Saviour of the World. *Is He yours?*

"Died." Not was born, not lived, not wrought miracles, not taught parables, not became an example, not lived a model life. All these may be true, but there is only one thing which the Bible says Christ did FOR you—"Christ *died* for the ungodly." His death means life for all who

## *The Five Most Wonderful Words in the Bible.*

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*believe* on Him. God's righteousness is manifested in that "He might be just, and the Justifier of him that *believeth on Jesus*" (Rom. 3. 26). Remember the Lord Jesus Christ has done what no other being in Heaven or earth has done *for you*. He died an awful death on a Cross of shame, in order that you might not die the death which is Eternal. *Have you ever thanked Him from the heart?*

"For." "In lieu of," "in the room of," "instead of." "One died *for* all" (2 Cor. 5. 14). "He is the propitiation *for* our sins; and not for *ours* only, but *for* the sins of the whole world" (1 John 2. 2). "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life *for* his FRIENDS" (John 15. 13); but the greatest love was manifest in "that when we were ENEMIES we were reconciled to God by the death of His Son" (Rom. 5. 10).

As surely as the lamb died in Egypt and the Israelites went free (read Exod 12. 3-13); as truly as the scapegoat died *for* the Israelites (read Lev. 16. 7-10); as the kid died for the "common" sinner in Israel (Lev. 4. 27-29), so the Christ of God *died for you* on Calvary's tree. *Does your heart not bubble over with gratitude and your tongue exclaim, "Thanks be unto God for His unspeakable gift" (2 Cor. 9. 15).*

"The Ungodly." Not "the good," the "religious," the "moral," the "respectable," but, wonder of wonders, "*for the ungodly.*" Christ said, "I came not to call the righteous, but *sinners* to repentance" (Luke 5. 32).

The Word declares that "God spared not the *angels* that sinned, but cast them down to Hell; He spared not the *old world* . . . bringing in a flood upon *the ungodly,*" and burned up the sinful cities of the plain (2 Pet. 2. 4-6). That same Word also declares the Gospel of the Grace of God, in that while we were sinners, enemies, ungodly, without strength, "in due time *Christ died for the ungodly.*"

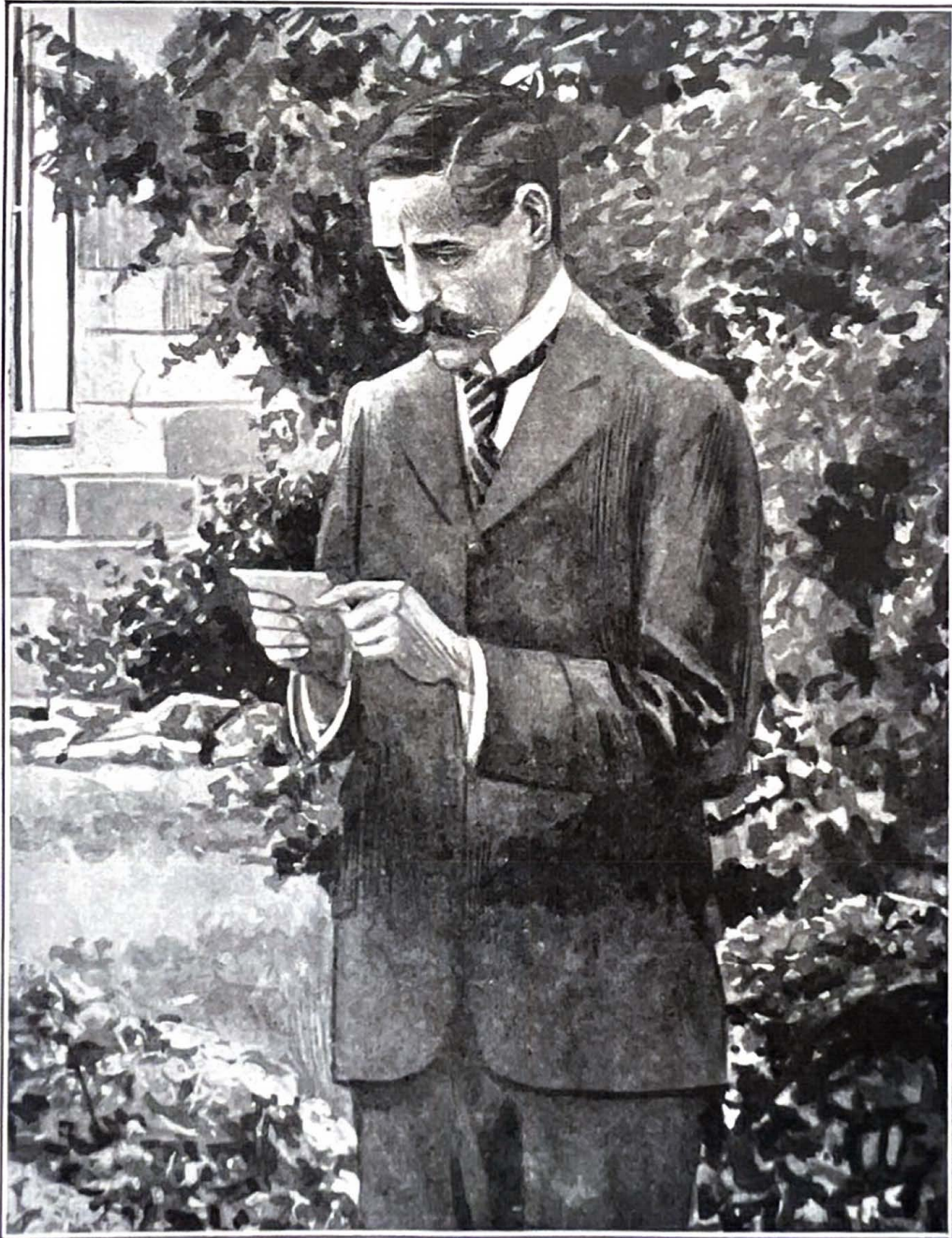
"He knew how guilty we had been,  
He knew that God must punish sin.  
So out of pity Jesus said:  
'I'll bear the punishment instead.'"

Just now accept the place of the ungodly, trust Him who bare your sins in His own body on the tree, believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and *thou* shalt be saved (Acts 16. 31). "Behold *now* is the accepted time; behold *now* is the Day of Salvation." SETTLE IT NOW. HyP.

## "GOD IS LOVE."

HERE is a simple, positive statement about God, and readily understood, couched in such easy language that it is generally the first text taught to children; yet how few of us have grasped its meaning or done more than taste its sweetness.

"GOD IS LOVE"—it is impossible to mistake it, nor can we pass it by unnoticed, for here it is again—"GOD IS LOVE" (1 John 4. 8, 16): precisely the same simple words,



"BUT DOES HE REALLY LOVE ME?"

like "two immutable things" (and yet the same), rendering it "impossible for God to lie;" or as if God stooped to our need and gave us "two witnesses" to this great cardinal truth of His nature, of the Gospel—nay, it *is* the Gospel. But the point is, "Does He really love *me*?"

"GOD IS LIGHT" occurs once (1 John 1). "GOD IS LOVE" twice, as if He delighted to make it known—this "Glorious Gospel of the happy God." His love He manifested at the Cross; when we have entered into this it is good, but not enough, for through our whole lives we must never weary of learning and repeating "GOD IS LOVE." This is Christianity. "We have known and believed the love that God hath to us: God is love" (1 John 4. 16); that is, the outcome of the nature of a being who is love, can be nothing else but love.

Sorrows and distresses may come, but the clouds that look so dark are, so to speak, lined with love—the disappointments that are so hard to bear are framed in love—the losses that are so heavy are compensated for by love. Oh, do we believe it? Do we live as those who are "of God," who "is love?"

One Sunday night, not long ago, a lady sat at home with a little boy too young to attend an evening service. She had been employing him with a box of letters, and upon the table they had spread out a series of Bible texts, all sweet to behold. As bed-time arrived, the child thoughtlessly passed his fingers over the words and disarranged the verses and letters, and at that moment his father entered the room.

"So," he said, "you have been setting up texts! Look," he continued to the lady, after bidding good night to his little son, "only one remains! All are in confusion but that 'GOD IS LOVE'—how strange! Is not that a lesson for you and me? Men may twist the Bible to their own use, sorrow may come, there may be confusion in the Church, but 'GOD IS LOVE' always remains—the golden thread running through the maze of life: let us remember that."

We may anchor our souls on "GOD IS LOVE." We cannot understand His way, much less explain it, for it is often in the "deep waters," and "His footsteps are not known," but we none the less trust His love, we know He cannot make a mistake.

H.L.H.

## "CONVERSION" OF THE CROWN PRINCE.

**I** DO not say that the CROWN PRINCE of BULGARIA was converted to God. I say that years ago, when quite a child, he was announced by the authorities of Bulgaria to have been "converted." Converted to what? we may well ask. To be truly converted is to turn in faith and repentance to God; to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ; to receive the forgiveness of sins; to be cleansed from guilt by His precious Blood.



WORKERS BUSY IN A ROSE GARDEN IN BULGARIA.

But what happened in the case of the Crown Prince was as follows. His father, King Ferdinand, before he was called to occupy the throne of Bulgaria, was a Hungarian officer, a Roman Catholic by birth and education. His subjects, for the most part, belonged to the Eastern "Orthodox" Church, as it is called. To give them pleasure, he arranged for his infant son to be transferred from one communion to the other, from the Roman Catholic Church to the Greek Church. This change was announced in the papers as the "conversion" of the prince. But the

prince was but an infant, and the "conversion" was merely nominal, and carried out for State reasons.

Now it cannot be too emphatically stated that this sort of thing is *not conversion, in the Bible sense of the word.*

Read such passages as the following: "Then will I teach transgressors thy ways, and sinners shall be *converted* unto Thee" (Psa. 51. 13). "Repent ye therefore, and be *converted*, that your sins may be blotted out" (Acts 2. 19). "Their eyes have they closed, lest they should see with their eyes . . . and should be *converted* and I should heal them" (Acts 28. 27).

Do these texts refer to a mere change of religion, as in the case of the heir to the Bulgarian throne? No, they refer to something infinitely more profound. They relate to a change so vital and radical that it can be produced by no power save that of the Holy Spirit. A man is "born again" (John 3. 3, 7) by this power, and conversion to God is the result. Have *you* been born again? Are *you* a converted man or woman?

I heard lately of a person, who had abandoned Mohammedanism and adopted Christianity, and of others who, ceasing to be Roman Catholics, had become Protestants. It does not follow that they were truly *converted*.

A really converted person has come out into the light and discovered his sinfulness and helplessness. He has been "called . . . out of darkness into God's marvellous light" (1 Peter 2. 9). He has had to do with the Lord Jesus Christ, coming to Him in all his need, and trusting Him as his Saviour. He is one of those of whom it can be said: "Ye were as sheep going astray; but are now returned unto the Shepherd and Bishop of your souls (Peter 2. 25).

See to it, *reader*, that you are satisfied with nothing short of *the real thing*. Conversion, according to the Saviour's own words, clear and unmistakable in their meaning, is an absolute necessity for those who would enter the kingdom of Heaven.

Do not then deem me intrusive, if again I ask you, earnestly and pointedly, *Are you converted?* "Have you been "born again" or "born from above." If not you will miss Heaven above where all is love.

H.P.B.

## OCCUPIED WITH THE INCONSISTENCIES OF OTHERS.



THE CONVERSATION AT THE TEA TABLE.

**B**EFORE I was saved," said a young woman, "I was occupied with the inconsistencies of religious professors, but since my conversion, I have had enough to do to look after myself." There are many like her who seem to be more occupied with the shortcomings of others than with their own. The worst of it all is that some use the inconsistencies of their fellows as an excuse for continuance in sin and rebellion against God. When they are spoken to of the importance of preparation in order to meet a holy and righteous Judge; when the necessity of regeneration is brought before them they were eloquent in dilating on the inconsistencies of Christian

professors and finish up by comparing themselves favourably with such, declaring that they would not stoop to do things which they practice. That there are numbers of Christian professors in these difficult and perilous times having a "form of godliness but denying the power thereof" (2 Tim. 3. 1-5), cannot be denied. But this can never palliate nor excuse *your* sin. You would not think of rejecting a good banknote because you were once deceived by a counterfeit one. And though there are professing Christians who have a name to live but are spiritually dead, there are *real* Christians, and according to your own confession you are not one. Why should you not become a genuine Christian even though others may be counterfeits? Such a method of reasoning, as that spoken of, is most absurd and illogical. Paul did not argue that, because Judas was a hypocrite, and Peter an inconsistent professor, that he would reject or neglect the salvation of God. Men are not so foolish as to counterfeit that which is valueless. Instead of being occupied with the failures and sins of others, would it not be much wiser and more profitable for you to think of your own shortcomings? The proverb says that "those who live in glass houses should not throw stones." Think of what you are in the sight of a righteous and Holy God. You admit you are not what you ought to be. You know that you have done what you should not have done; and in God's sight you are a lost, ruined, and helpless sinner. If you apprehend God's thoughts regarding you, you will never say to Him "I thank Thee that I am not as other men are . . . or even as this publican" (Luke 18. 4). Doubtless you will admit that you are a "sinner," and God says that "The soul that *sinneth* it shall die" (Ezek. 18. 20). Not only are the immoral, profane, irreligious exposed to sins' penalty; every one that has sinned against God in thought, word and deed is in the same position. Think, then, of your perilous condition. Cease thinking of others failures, and accept God's verdict against yourself. Take the *lost* sinner's place and claim the *lost* sinner's Saviour. "The son of Man is come to *seek and to save that which was lost*" (Luke 19. 10), *therefore* He has come to seek and save *you*. Are you willing to be saved in God's way? If so stop looking at others:

*If God is Satisfied, should not You be?*

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gaze by faith on *the Lord Jesus dying for you* on Calvary's Cross. What He did on your behalf is *enough*. God is satisfied. God is glorified by Christ's atoning sacrifice. If God is satisfied with the "finished" work of Christ, surely you ought to be satisfied with that which satisfies Him.

May you take God at His word and be able to say from your heart:

"I do believe it! I do believe it!  
I am saved through the blood of the Lamb  
My happy soul is free  
For the Lord has pardoned me:  
Hallelujah to Jesus' Name." A. M.

**DO YOU BELONG TO THE ONES OR TO  
THE FIVES?**



RICE T. HOPKINS, AN EARNEST WORKER.

AS a well-known Christian worker named RICE T. HOPKINS was travelling by train to a Christian Conference, he noticed one of the two fellow-passengers craning his neck to note everything as they passed a certain town. "Do you know this place?" inquired Mr. Hopkins "I should," said the passenger, "for I was born and brought up there." "Then you know the place well." "Very well." "Then perhaps you could tell

me if there are many Christians, or "saved" people, in the town?" "I'm afraid not," was the reply; "in fact I should not think there would be more than *one* Christian to *five* who are not."

"And which class do you belong to, the *ones* or the *fives*?" The few, the *ones* bound for Eternal Glory, or the *fives*, the many travelling to Eternal Gloom." HYP.

## OVERBOARD !

“**M**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 Granton. 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 a 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.

What about that soul of yours? The Christ of God died for you. He waits to save. Trust Him *now*. N.B.

## THE TRAMP AND THE BLACKSMITH.

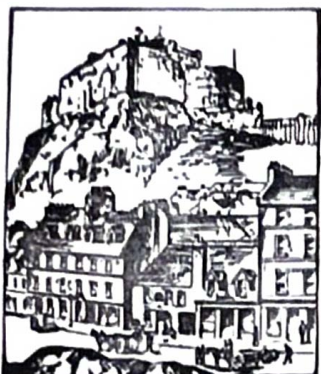
THE BLACKSMITH GAVE HIM A LETTER TO A SMITH ON DEESIDE,  
WHOM HE KNEW WAS IN NEED OF A MAN. THIS WAS SUPPLEMENTED  
BY A HALF-CROWN AND A COPY OF "THE HERALD OF SALVATION."



"LAND OF BROWN HEATH AND SHAGGY WOOD.  
LAND OF THE MOUNTAIN AND THE FLOOD."

"Do you remember a tramp calling at your smithy eighteen months ago? Well, I'm that tramp, and I have called to return the half-crown and to thank you for all you did, especially for that magazine you gave me, *The Herald of Salvation*."

## BORN IN SCOTLAND AND BORN AGAIN IN NEW ZEALAND.



EDINBURGH CASTLE.

**W**ILLIE BROWN was one of the old identities of the town of Invercargill, which lies at the south end of the South Island of New Zealand. It is said to be the most southerly town of any size in the British Empire.

I first met him about 50 years ago, and found him an admirer of ROBBIE BURNS, the Scottish poet, and also interested in everything that reminded him of "the land of the heather"—his native country. He plied his trade as a shoemaker, and time slipped past as if he were going to be here on earth always. He lived his life alone, without knowing much of the joy of home life, and became a wanderer. I lost trace of him, until the time I wish to tell you about.

Visiting the public hospital one afternoon, and going round the beds in the men's wards, I handed a small leaflet to an old man who was lying awake, having evidently no friends who were visiting him that day. I read the words to the old man, as I gave it to him, telling of the confession of General Valpy, a Waterloo veteran:

"In peace let me resign my breath  
And Thy salvation see,  
My sins deserved eternal death,  
But Jesus died for me."

I looked into the old man's face as I spoke, and recognised him as Willie Brown. I said, "You are Willie Brown." "Yes," said he. "What do you think of these lines I have been reading to you?" I asked. "Man, I agree with you," was the answer. "But," said I, "are you in the good of them?" "Oh, no, I could not say that," he replied. Seeing him on several other visits, his attitude was not changed. He seemed to have a longing after something he did not have, and as he was over 80 years of age, it was not easy to continue a conversation with him.

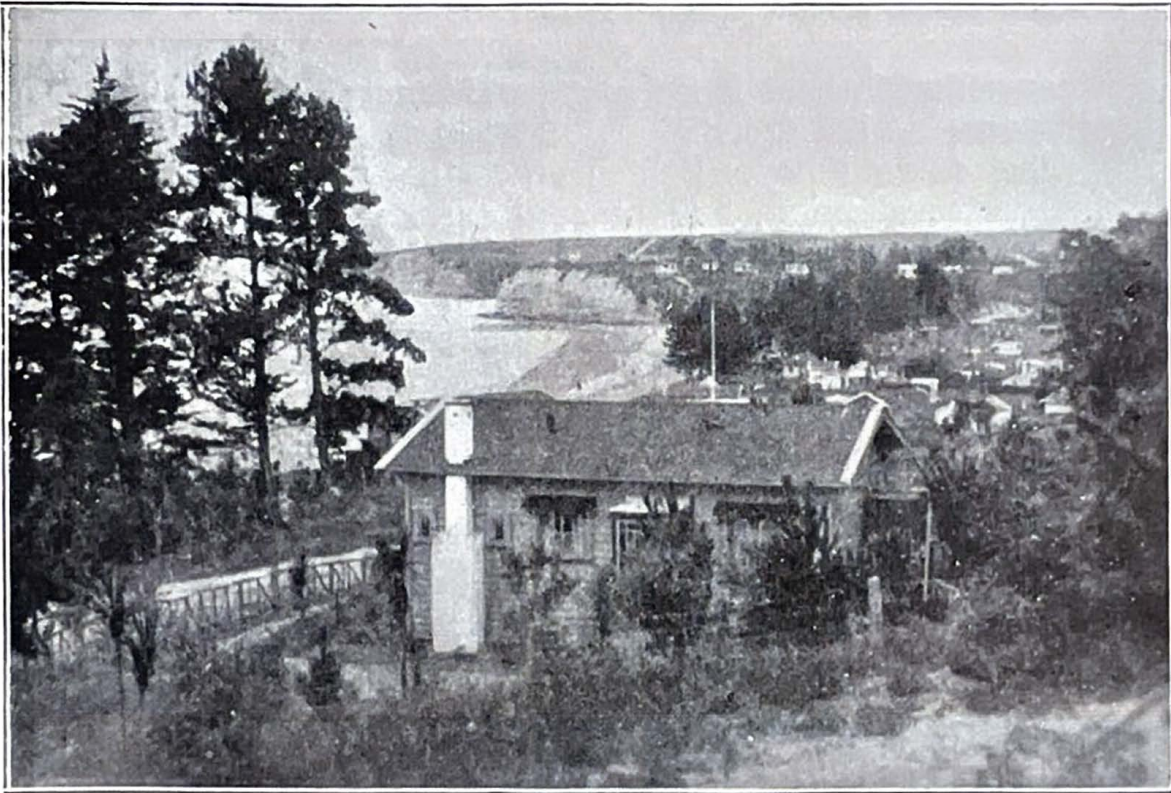
On subsequent visits his bed was empty, and it was not until a visit to a special hospital for old people near Invercargill, that we came in touch with him again. Passing one of the beds, he recognised me, and said,

*Willie Brown was a Lost Sheep.*

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"It's you," and immediately began to repeat Dr. Valpy's verse. I said, "What about it?" He replied, "I'm with you." The words evidently touched a chord in his heart, and had been present with him since he had heard them first in the large hospital.

For several weeks he was visited by some who had begun to take an interest in him, but he would not move away from his opinion, "I'm with you." On one occasion when



"BROWN'S BAY," A TYPICAL NEW ZEALAND COAST SCENE.

my friends were singing in nearby wards to those who were able to move about, I found my way to old Willie's bedside. I read the 53rd of Isaiah, and tried to explain it to him. Coming to verse 6, I read: "All we like sheep have gone astray," put your name in, and read it like this, "'*Willie Brown like a sheep has gone astray,*' God says it, and I believe it, do you?" He said, "Yes, I do." "'*Willie Brown has turned to his own way.*' You have sinned in your own way, Willie. God says it, and I believe it; do you?" He said, "Yes, I do." We then came to the last part of the verse, "And the Lord laid on Him the iniquity of us all."

## *The Good Shepherd Finds the Sheep.*

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Before putting this part before him, I took a book, and laying it on my right hand, I told him to think of that book as representing his sins, and the hand that was holding it as himself. "Suppose", said I, "that some one lifts the book from my right hand, and puts it on my left hand, could it be on both hands at the same time."

Willie was watching my hands as he lay in bed, and said, "Your book could not be on both hands at the same time." Then I read the last part of the verse, "*And the Lord laid on Him (Jesus) the iniquity of Willie Brown.*" "If God took *your* sin from you, and laid it on Jesus, who was willing to bear it for *you*, as He hung on the Cross, where would it be then?"

The old man's eyes lighted up as the truth shone into his darkened mind, and he said eagerly as he put his withered hand into mine, "My sins, they must be on Him." I can feel that grip yet, as the dying man entered into peace and joy and became the possessor of Eternal Life—the gift of God—which He gives to those who trust His Son.

So in that never-to-be-forgotten moment, one who had been a stranger to grace and to God, for 80 years, was born again. The Good Shepherd had found the sheep that was lost. He put himself into John 5. 24: "He that *heareth* My Word, and *believeth* on Him that sent Me, *hath* Everlasting Life." He believed and was saved.

Two short months only elapsed, and Willie departed to be with Christ which is far better. He told all whom he could of the Saviour who had found him. J. DUNBAR, N.Z.

### **"KEPT."**

"**T**HERE is just one thing that makes me hesitate," said a young man, on the point of decision for Christ. "I'm afraid I can't hold out. You know, where I work there are some pretty rough fellows. I don't believe there's a real Christian in the crowd."

For answer, the worker reached down and lifted a flower vase on the table.

"Do you see this flower, Arthur?" he asked. "It grew right in the mud and slime of a marsh. You see how clean and spotless it is. That's because God kept it. And He can keep you, too."

M.E.

## True Stories of Well-known Men.

We give these just as the workers kindly supplied them, feeling assured that they will be read with interest, and show the varied workings of the Holy Spirit.—No. 12.



WILLIAM G. TURNBULL, OF EDINBURGH.

### TESTIMONY OF WILLIAM G. TURNBULL.

**I**N the attractive suburb of Colinton, near Edinburgh, an old Border farmer is living, whose memory goes back far beyond D. L. Moody's first visit. He was born about ninety-three years ago, in the year of the Disruption, and when Queen Victoria had not long commenced her long and notable reign.

WILLIAM G. TURNBULL had a farm, "Spithie-on-Rule," in the village of Denholm in the Hawick district. He was for many years secretary of the Border Union Tent,

### *Dunn and Scroggie at Kelso Races.*

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and in that connection was much in contact with that fine, brave preacher of the Gospel, RICHARD HILL. The notes which follow are a remarkable production for a man of his extremely advanced age.

It was in 1873 or '74, when Moody and Sankey stirred England. They were invited to Edinburgh and offered the Free Assembly Hall. Scotland was awaiting a harvest time.

About 1873, at Kelso Races, a young man stood at one end of Kelso Bridge giving away tracts, another at the other end doing the same, but unknown to each other. JOHN SCROGGIE was one, WILLIAM D. DUNN the other. They met, and took to each other, and henceforth were always known as "DUNN AND SCROGGIE."

Dunn and Scroggie were first heard of in Galashiels, where a good work was done, A deputation from Hawick urged them to visit that town. The Corn Exchange and Hall were secured for several weeks, and great gatherings were held. The town was moved, and in spite of some opposition, a large united Mission was formed, which continues to this day. The evangelists went to Jedburgh, where similar results followed. Denholm was given one week, where "I believed, received, and confessed."

We were a large family and blest with godly parents. My younger brother and I had much in common. We were taken to church four miles distant, every Sabbath, taught the Shorter Catechism, familiar with the Bible stories and the "Pilgrim's Progress." We had family worship morning and night.

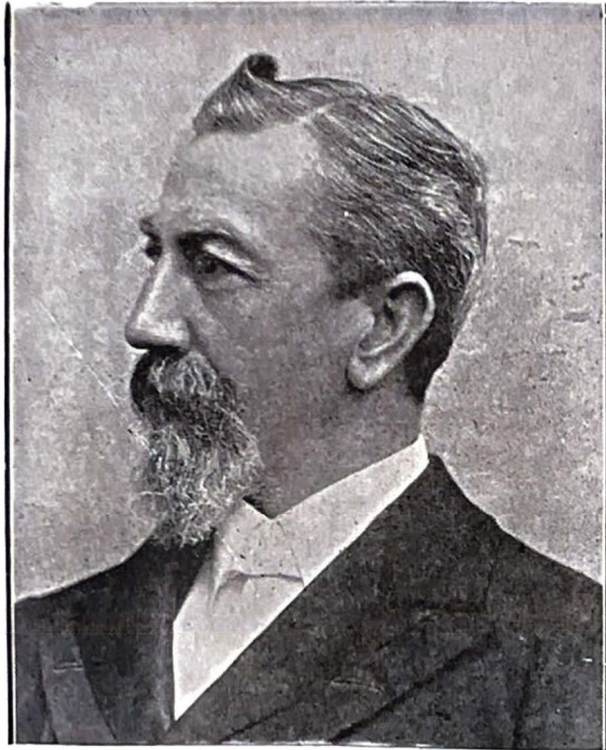
Mine was a hard nature, and I rested content with head knowledge. I loved sport, worldly pleasures and attractions. Our father died, calling us one by one to his bedside and giving each his parting blessing. I was early put in charge of the farm. The family house was nearly empty except for my godly mother and myself. How much I owe to her influence on my otherwise careless life. My conscience awoke to the unsatisfactory state of my spiritual safety. The barren fig tree seemed to speak to me: "I have come seeking fruit these past 30 years and find none, cut it down." Mercy cries: "give it another year—if it bear fruit—well, and if not . . . ?"

Messrs. Dunn and Scroggie were to visit our village for

*The Change must be Experienced.*

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a week's mission. I went each night. I just thought: "They are two young men like myself; I would like to have a private talk with them, for help." I waited until the last night. Mr. Dunn was in charge as Mr. Scroggie had left. I went to his lodgings before the meeting, and said I was dissatisfied with my spiritual condition, and thought he could help me. "Let us hear what God says; 'All we like sheep have gone astray' (Isa. 53. 6); 'There



W. DOUGLAS DUNN.

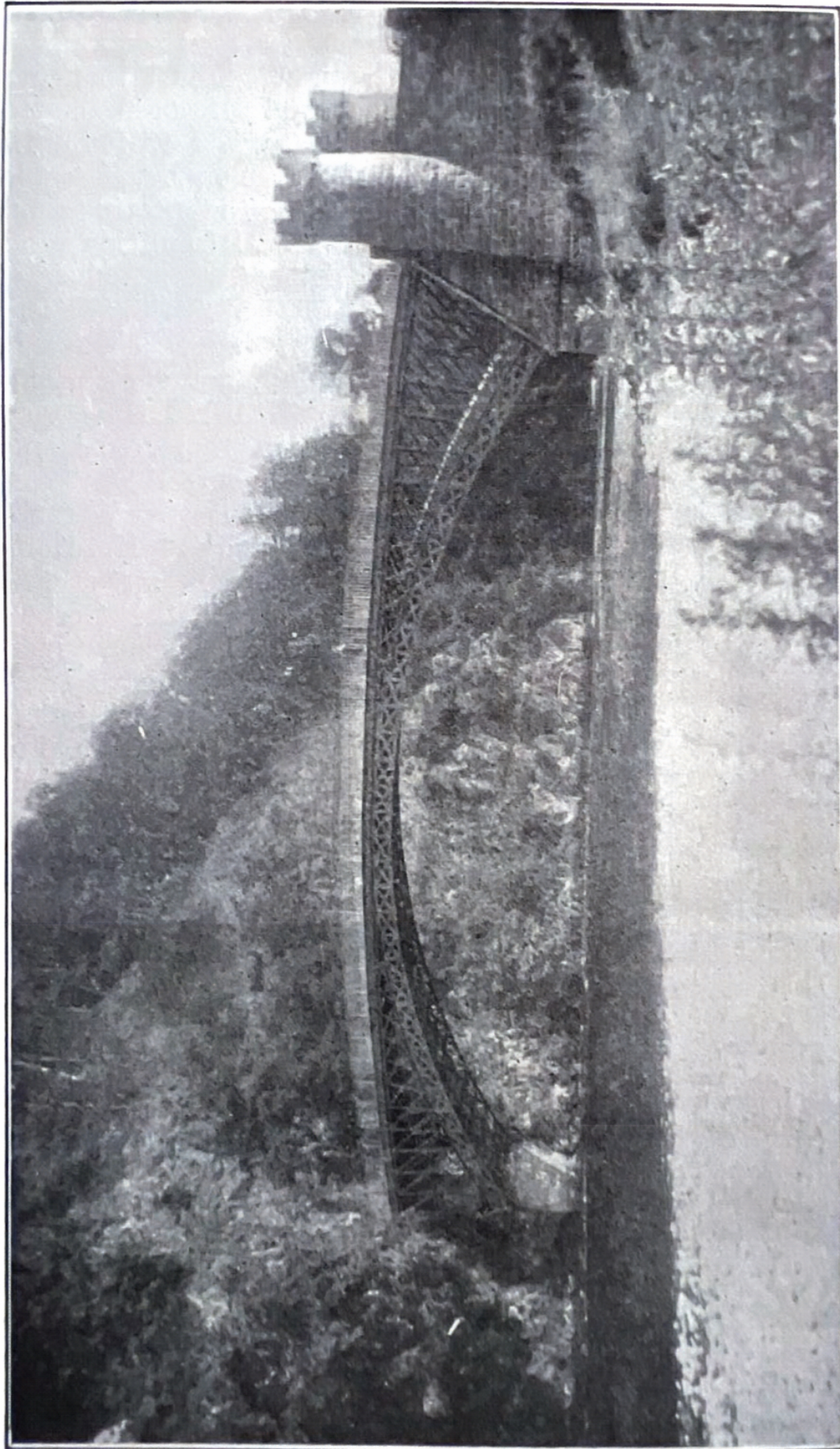
is none righteous, no, not one' (Rom. 3. 10). Have you felt that to be true of yourself?" "Yes, that is what is troubling me." Mr. Dunn showed me God's love in the Gospels from various incidents, which I knew to be true intellectually, I hesitated to take God at His Word. Mr. Dunn replied: "He that believeth not God hath made Him a liar" (1 John 5. 10). He quoted to me John

3. 36: "He that believeth on the Son of God hath life." God's "*hath*", present tense, present possession, gripped me. I yielded up my will to Him, accepting His Son as my Saviour and my Lord, and said—

"Just as I am—Thy love unknown  
Has broken every barrier down;  
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,  
O Lamb of God, I come."

I felt a different man than when I came up the road. I can't write about the change; *it must be experienced*. On saying "Good night" to mother, I said: "Mother, I think I see my way now, spiritually." She wept tears of joy, and blest me.

He lived to old age and died triumphantly. D.J.F.

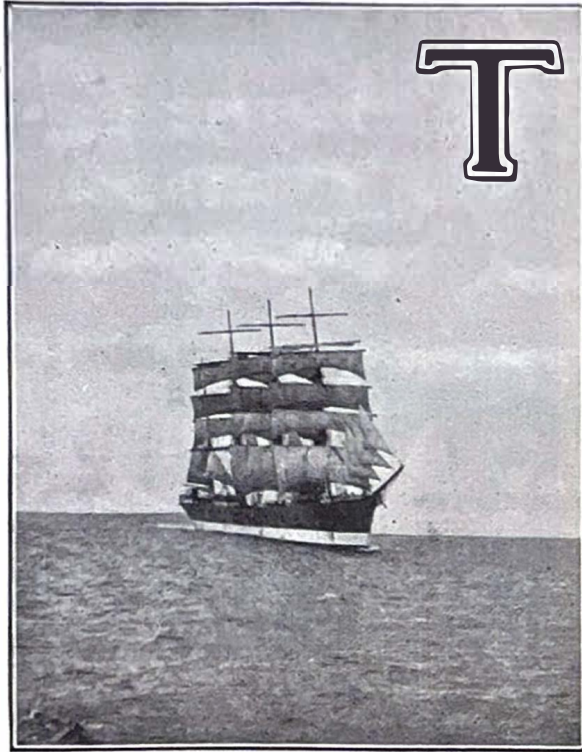


Special Photo by Robert Sharp, Edinburgh.

Visited by many at Conference Times.

Craigellachie Bridge.

## THE TRAMP AND THE BLACKSMITH.



THE smithy at Craigellachie in the lovely valley of Strathspey is associated in a variety of ways with the triumphs of the Gospel.

Years ago when the late DONALD MUNRO was heralding the Glad Tidings amongst the hills and dales of Bonnie Scotland, he came to Craigellachie. The meetings for a start were held in a shed belonging to the village carpenter, but one evening Mr. Munro was warned that he

could only have one more night in the shed. The only other place suitable in which to preach the Word was the shoeing shed of the smithy, and the man of faith said to his companions: "I believe the Lord will save the smith, and that he will give us the shed now." He was right; the shoeing shed was granted for the meetings; the smith attended, was soundly converted, and thereafter assisted in every way he could to spread the joyful news, the reception of which had made *him* a new creature in Christ Jesus. The message of Salvation brought deliverance to many—one outcome of which is the now well-known Craigellachie Conference of Christians which has proved a means of spiritual blessing to hundreds of believers who attend it from far and near.

Among these happy companies are found the present blacksmith and his son, and the following story related by the former will, it is believed, prove of the greatest interest to the readers of *The Herald of Salvation*.

One day there entered the smithy, a tramp, who asked the smith whether he could have the use of one of the furnaces to boil water wherewith to make himself a cup of tea. Permission was granted, and the smith, keeping his eye on the man of rags, quickly noticed a workman's

movement at the furnace. On being questioned; the man admitted that in former and better days he had been "in the trade." Observing that he had but small fare for his tea, the blacksmith called his wife, who provided the poor fellow with something substantial to eat. He was then asked whether he would like a job, to which he made reply that nobody would employ such a disreputable-looking character as he. The blacksmith made answer: "Would you take employment if offered?" and the reply was "Yes." The blacksmith then gave him a letter to a smith on Deeside, whom he knew was in need of a man. This was supplemented by a half-crown for expenses by the way, a "piece," and a copy of *The Herald of Salvation*.

Nothing further was thought of the incident until one day a commercial traveller told the blacksmith that his fellow-tradesman on Deeside desired him to know how very pleased he was with the man he sent. He never had had a man who could handle tools like him, and he proposed taking a month's holiday, leaving the man in full charge. The traveller added that the man was "very religious and read nothing but the Bible." This was good news to the smith, and settled satisfactorily any question in his mind as to recommending a tramp for employment.

Later, the blacksmith got from a farmer the following particulars regarding a visit by the tramp *on his way to Deeside*. As daylight was fading he came to the farmer and inquired whether he might have shelter for the night. The farmer demurred, but on the man showing the letter to the Deeside smith, he called his wife, who, it happened, was a sister of this blacksmith. It was then agreed to give the man quarters for the night. The farmer's wife afterwards brought him some bread and tea for supper, but before partaking, *the tramp gave thanks* in a most fervent and grateful manner—a "grace" indeed which brought tears to the eyes of the farmer's wife.

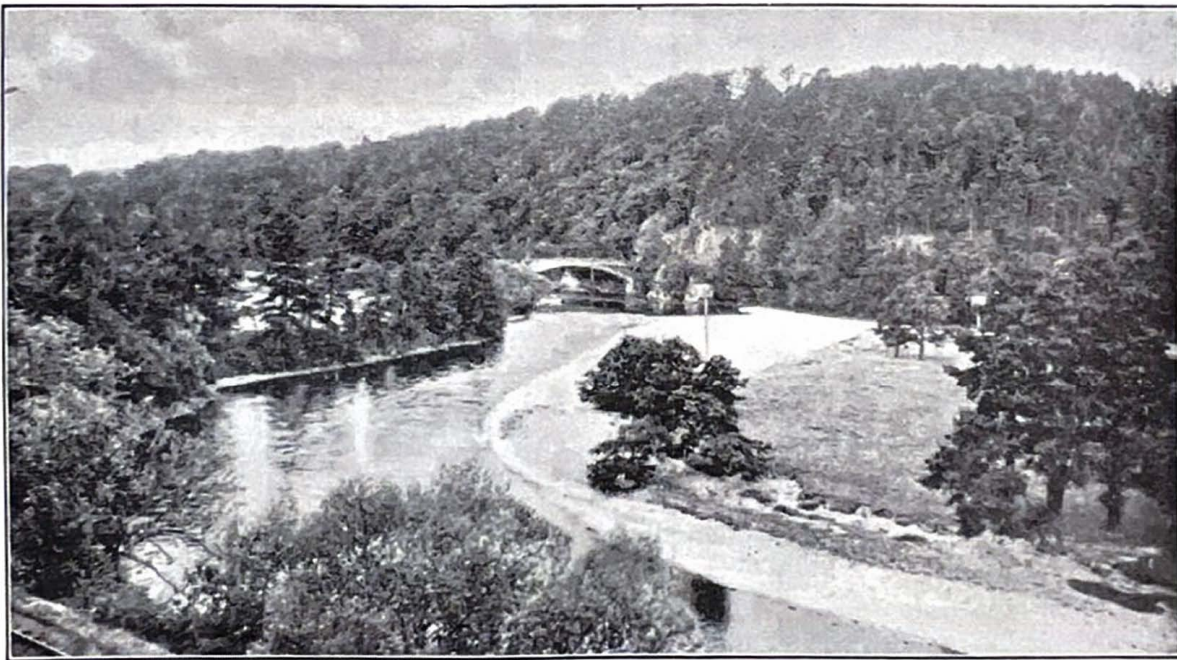
In the morning the visitor was invited to come to the kitchen for breakfast, which was served at a side table, separate from the table at which the farm labourers were seated. The man again audibly thanked the Lord for the food which still more deeply impressed the farmer's wife, as well as the labourers, who all reverently laid down their spoons when he began "grace," and afterwards declared

### *The Blacksmith Commended the Tramp.*

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that they "had never heard such a prayer all their life." The farmer's wife then said to her husband that they could not let the man go to her brother as he was, with the result that he was supplied with presentable boots, a decent half-worn suit, and a good hat, together with refreshments for the "inner man."

Now for the explanation of this remarkable experience at the wayside farm, and also at the Deeside smithy. Calling him by name as he was passing along the village road one day, a stranger, well dressed with umbrella in



SPEY AND BRIDGE, CRAIGELLACHIE, BANFFSHIRE.

hand—a gentleman to all appearance—asked the Craigellachie blacksmith as to his welfare. Thanking him, he replied: "But you have the advantage, sir; I'm sorry I don't know you." "I believe that," replied the visitor; "but you will perhaps remember having called at your smithy some eighteen months ago, a tramp, to whom you showed no small kindness, giving him in parting something to eat by the way, a half-crown, and a *Herald of Salvation*, together with a letter to a blacksmith on Deeside. Well, I'm that tramp, and I have called to return the half-crown and to thank you for all you did, especially for that magazine you gave me, *The Herald of Salvation*."

## Saved through the "Herald of Salvation."

"I recall the circumstances clearly," responded the smith; "but please come to my house and tell me more about it." "That I would gladly do," said the visitor, "but time forbids, and perhaps you will walk with me to the station, when I will relate what happened after you parted with the tramp." The blacksmith agreed and listened with the deepest interest to the following tale.

"After leaving Craigellachie, I proceeded on my way, and having covered a good few miles, sat down by the wayside to rest and eat the 'piece' your wife so kindly gave me. The repast finished, I next had a look at the pamphlet you gave me. As I read, something both



gripped and charmed me. My need as a sinner I required no one to tell me, but the provision my Maker had made for that need, and which was so clearly revealed through the *Herald*, I had never before known. Now I saw, in spite of all that I had done and was, *God loved me, Christ died for me*, and that simply by receiving Him, all my sins were remitted and everlasting life was mine. I rose from the wayside, knowing something wonderful had happened, and I was actually walking, leaping, and prais-

ing God for His great mercy towards me the sinner. Thank you again, sir, for your goodness; I now leave for my home in England to tell my friends there the great things God has done for me."

Though only a minority of the readers of the *Herald of Salvation* may have gone so far astray as the tramp, *all* have gone astray (Isa. 53. 6). All are guilty before God (Rom. 3. 19), and all, therefore, equally in need of salvation, which can be known and enjoyed by all on these clear and simple conditions:

"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" (Rom. 10. 9). Do it *now* and be saved. A. INGRAM.

## SIXTY SOVEREIGNS.



"HE DREW OUT A BAG CONTAINING SIXTY SOVEREIGNS."

THE newspapers told the story of a man in a certain place in England who bought a bed ten years ago on which he had slept ever since. Wishing to repair it, after having had it for that length of time in his possession, he recently took it to pieces. Finding something hard in the bedding material, he drew the hard lump out, and found it was *a bag containing sixty sovereigns*. For ten years he had been sleeping on gold and didn't know it. It was a good "find" for a poor man, but it seems a pity that he was so long in finding it. The bed is supposed to have belonged to a miser who died a number of years ago. He had to leave his gold behind him.

There is a hymn with a chorus attached that runs thus:

"Oh yes, my friend, there's something more, something more than gold;

To know your sins are all forgiven is something more than gold."

Now here is a question for the reader: Whether would you have *a bag of gold* or have *your sins forgiven*? The man near Harwich may have been a Christian man and known the joys of sins forgiven, and many a man enjoys forgiveness who earns gold by hard work, but if it were a choice between gold and forgiveness which would you have?

There are great numbers who are selling their souls for gold. They say if they attend to the business of this world while they are in it, the next world **can stand** for itself. They are more concerned about their bank account

than about how they will account to God for the way they have treated the Lord Jesus Christ. They treat as of no account the story of how He died to obtain for us the forgiveness of sins.

The man who found the bag of gold didn't know during the ten long years that it was so near at hand. Yet there was the treasure all the time within his reach. He may at times have been hard pressed for the rent. He may have had other difficulties that a few sovereigns could have squared away. But he didn't know there was so much treasure within his reach. That was it—he *didn't know*. He was in ignorance; *he didn't know*.

That is the condition of many sinners in this land of Gospel treasure and Gospel blessedness. *Forgiveness is near at hand*. Deliverance is near at hand. Sweet peace is near at hand. All the treasure of the saving grace of God is near at hand. They don't know. Prejudice blinds some, bigotry blinds others, love of sin blinds many. The man found the bag of gold in the bed he slept in. Some are hoping to find salvation on their dying bed. They may find it there—they may not.

"Now is the accepted time" (2 Cor. 6. 2). "Draw nigh to God and He will draw nigh to you" (Jas. 4. 8). "What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" (Mark 8. 36). J. CLIMIE.

### A TRAP OF THE ENEMY.

"**W**HAT'S to be, will be; so never mind about the future." This is about the poorest reasoning that Satan could possibly bring up; for he is the one who does bring it up, and for the very purpose of taking souls the more surely down to the lake of fire. And some people are so simple as to conclude that "If I'm to be saved, I'll be saved, and if I'm to be lost, I'll be lost," while all the foundation they have for it is that "What's to be, will be." Now, just consider the matter for a moment. Do people ever show such stupidity in the affairs of this life? Do you see the workman, for instance, sitting down on Monday morning and saying, "There's no need for me to work, for if I'm to get my dinner I'll get it—'What's to be, will be.'"? Or do you see the farmer making himself cosy at the fireside while his fields are in weeds, and comforting

himself with the thought that if there is to be a fine crop of wheat in harvest time there will be one, for "What's to be, will be?" You would say of such an one: If he waits on in that way till harvest time, he will find a crop of weeds, but nothing more, and no "ifs" about it, for he will just reap what he sows. Exactly; and that is the very truth which God has plainly laid down in His book: "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." If you are sowing to the world and the devil down here, how can you expect to reap a Heaven of joy up yonder? Or, to put the question in God's words, "How shall you escape if you neglect so great salvation?" You need not try to escape by saying "What's to be, will be;" for, if you neglect to receive the Christ of God, you shall reap the wages of sin, and be punished with everlasting destruction; and there is no "if" in the matter. But if you—and why should not you?—make sure now of God's great salvation, eternal life shall be yours, and your place for ever shall be in the presence of the Lord in yon Heaven of light Which, then, is it now to be? Your decision in time settles your destiny in Eternity. W.S.

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## THE UNANSWERED PROBLEM

*Which GOD cannot answer, MAN cannot answer, YOU cannot answer.*

"HOW shall we escape, if we neglect so GREAT SALVATION; which at the first began to be spoken by the LORD" (Hebrews 2. 3).

"The Salvation which is in Christ Jesus" (2 Tim. 2. 10).

"Neither is there Salvation in any other" (Acts 4. 12).

"To YOU is the word of this Salvation sent" (Acts 13. 26).

To "Neglect" or "Reject" so great Salvation is to assure Eternal Judgment.

### DO YOU ACCEPT OR REJECT GOD'S SALVATION?

There is no neutral position. You must  
have one or the other! WHICH?

## AT ANY AGE.

**G**OD can save men at any age if they will turn to Him for pardon and salvation; and at all ages men do turn, as facts prove. A favourite theme with some is to talk of how many are saved, say at twenty, and how few, and growingly less few as years advance, are saved at forty, fifty, sixty, and seventy. But such calculations are one-sided. Figures in the hands of some people are fearful and wonderful things. A man may be an adept at juggling with numerals, and may turn them out accurately without at the same time covering all the field of fact.

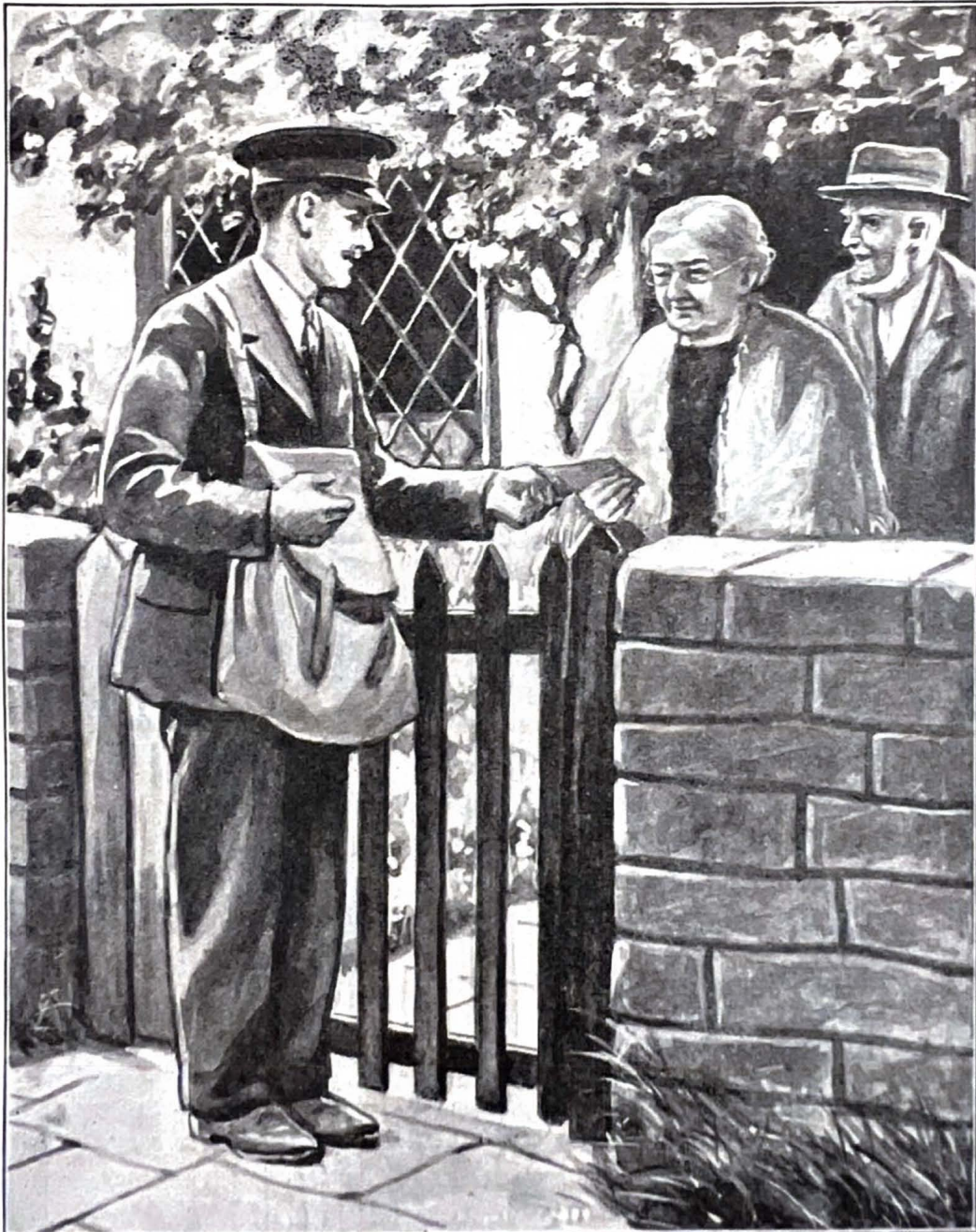
There are fewer saved at sixty or seventy than at twenty or thirty; so it is said, and the fact is admitted. Its obviousness is manifest to anyone acquainted with soul-saving work, however superficial his acquaintance may be. But there are fewer people to save at sixty or seventy. That is the fact that some overlook, and to that fact we call attention. God can save the man of grey hairs just as easily as the man with the dew of youth upon him; and again and again we have seen Him do it. But it is better to be saved in youth than in old age! Better! many times over; but not for one moment would we lend our signature to the one-sided things that are often said about how few are saved in old age. Such statements oftentimes leave room for the inference that while God's saving grace is an excellent thing for youth, its power for renewing the hearts and lives of men up in years is questionable. This thought may not lie behind the statements, but men well advanced in life who now and again have serious thoughts are apt to be troubled by the suggestion that such statements contain.

Again we say it is better to be saved in youth; but as salvation is all of grace, and as human merit is nowhere, the blessed fact cannot be too plainly told, that the God of all grace can save men at any age. The man who is not saved until he is on in life loses much; he loses years of peace with God, and years of fruitfulness for God, but no loss can exceed, or even equal, that of losing one's own soul: and thank God, no man, however careless he has been, and many are very careless, need perish because the days of his youth are far behind him, for God is "not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance" (2 Peter 3. 9).

J.C.

## THE SURPRISE LETTER.

THEY HAD THOUGHT HE WAS OUT TO GET ALL HE COULD OUT OF THEM ;  
WHEN, IN REALITY, HE WAS WAITING TO MAKE THEM THE RECI-  
PIENTS OF HIS BOUNTY WITHOUT ANY CONDITION.



"TO THEIR SURPRISE THERE WAS A LETTER FOR THEM."

"There was a letter for them that morning, and one which was destined to alter the rest of their lives. A ray of hope lit up their faces as they received the letter and wended their way indoors to examine its contents.

## THE SURPRISE LETTER.



"THE POSTMAN! Yes, John, he *is* coming." Sure enough, the old lady was right, for there was a letter for them that morning, and one which was destined to alter the rest of their lives.

The old couple had lived in that beautiful little cottage with its thatched roof and rambling roses for nearly fifty long years, and their constant dread was of having to leave it. Their family had grown up and scattered, and the infirmities of old age were upon them. Life had been one long battle against adversity and poverty, and even now it looked as if they were to be overcome at last.

A ray of hope lit up their faces as they received the letter and wended their way indoors to examine its contents. They were glad that their granddaughter was not about, though she usually did all their correspondence. Both of them had received a very meagre education in childhood, and even now they could scarcely read or write.

One word they knew well. It was "rent." It was the landlord's writing, and he was evidently reminding them that it was overdue. That was the gist of the contents, they thought. Sadly they laid it aside, after a serious effort to understand its meaning. Perhaps help would come soon.

Two weeks passed and nothing more happened, though the rent was still unpaid. The following Lord's Day the landlord, on his way home from the morning service decided to call in. Long before he reached the cottage, the old folks had locked the doors and kept well out of sight. They heard the knocking, but made no response.

During the week another attempt was made, but with the same result; so that on the following Lord's Day at a different hour, the landlord tried again, this time successfully. They gasped in astonishment, and wondered what was to happen.

"Did you receive my letter all right?" asked the landlord.

"Ye-s, sir," replied John very slowly, who went on to apologise for their long delay.

The landlord saw the situation at a glance, and inquired for his letter. Then he made them sit around the fire with him, while he read it to them.

*But a More Surprising Letter for You.*

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The old folks were utterly overcome, in fact, tears ran down both faces copiously as the secret was divulged. They had been mistaken entirely, for the letter told of a plan whereby they were to be provided for in their old age, which far surpassed their highest hopes. At the other end of the estate was a lovely little cottage, with a beautiful garden; this was to be their new home for the rest of their days, where they would require to pay no rent, and



*Photo : Fleming.*

"THERE WAS A LOVELY LITTLE COTTAGE."

where they would enjoy relief from all financial anxiety by the help of a life pension.

It was a long time before they could compose themselves. They were completely overcome by such unexpected kindness. They had thought he was out to get all he could out of them; when, in reality, he was waiting to make them the recipients of his bounty without any condition, save a grateful acceptance. And so it came to pass, and there in a lovely home they lived and enjoyed to the full the benefits of that surprise letter.

*You Don't Believe it, but it is True!*

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But there is a *more* surprising letter for you, bearing news that should settle every fear and give you a glad assurance of a full provision for your future. It is God's free gift of pardon for every sin; peace because that sin has been righteously put away; and a glorious home above prepared for all who, though they have nothing to their credit in the eyes of God, become possessors of His bounty by simply claiming it.

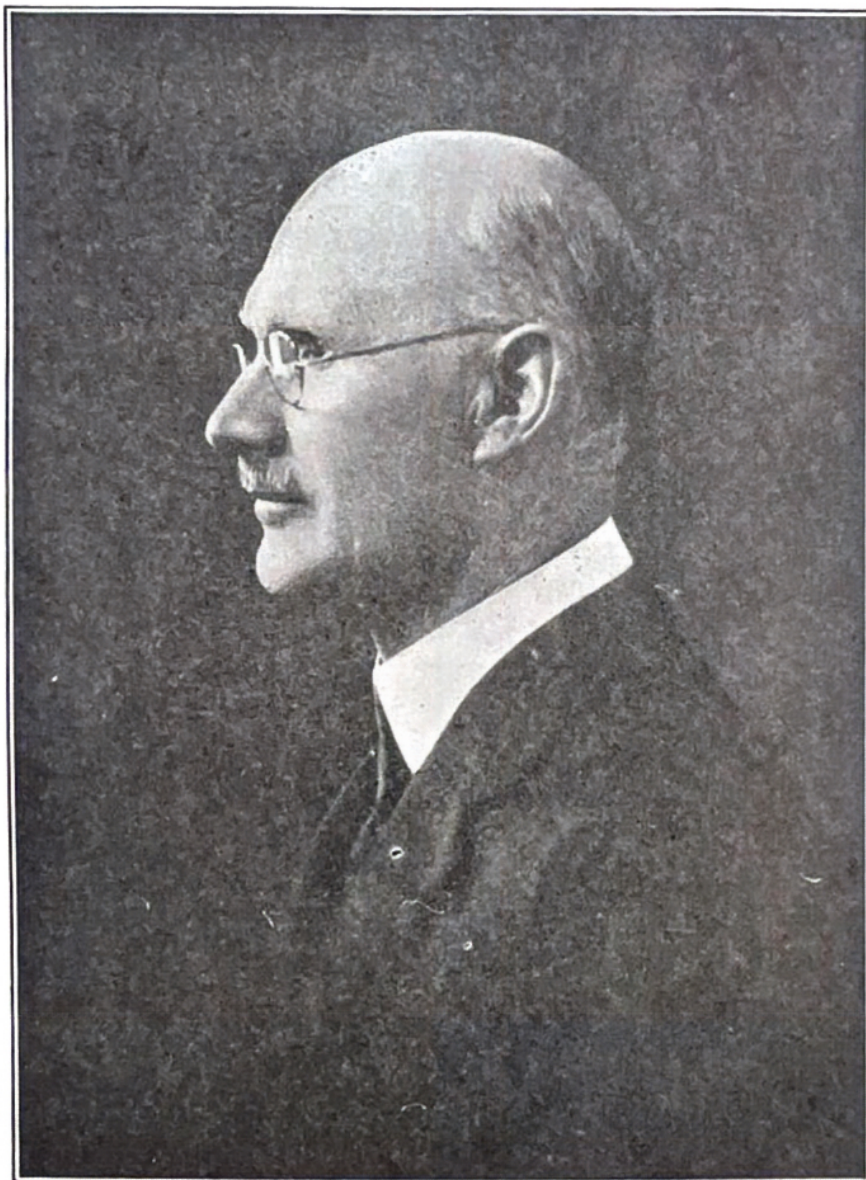
Most people imagine hard thoughts of God. They think, like the heathen, that He must first be appeased: His anger must be turned away by some sacrificial effort on their part. A God of infinite love and grace waiting to pour forth His gifts on His undeserving creatures without any merit or condition on their part is unthinkable, BUT IT IS TRUE. God has come in, and, in the person of His Son, has done everything Himself as regards our eternal salvation. The Cross has seen the end of all effort. God has written "finished" across that perfect work of His dear Son; for there He stood in the place of the sinner, bearing all the condemnation of a broken law. God's righteous wrath fell on Him instead of you, and in resurrection we see the supreme proof that every sin has been judged. Never again will sin have to be punished—unless for those who deliberately refuse the Saviour and die outside of Christ to be judged at the Great White Throne.

Perhaps you have heard His knock, but you, too, have locked the door and hidden yourself. Remember, He comes to *give*, to bestow treasures richer than all the gold of earth; but you must give Him admittance first. Weary one, won't you let Him in? He yearns over your priceless soul. "Behold I stand at the door and knock: if any man (that is you) hear My voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with Me" (Rev. 3. 20). In a word, will you acknowledge yourself as a guilty, undeserving sinner and ACCEPT Him now? "As many as received Him, to them gave He the right to become the sons of God" (John 1. 12). Full forgiveness, present peace, and the certainty of an eternal home are yours, because He paid the price in Blood, and you simply accept the gift as the fruit of His atoning and triumphant death. Remember *now* it is yours for accepting. *To-morrow* it may be gone.

G.A.N.

## True Stories of Well-known Men.

We give these just as the workers kindly supplied them, feeling assured that they will be read with interest, and show the varied workings of the Holy Spirit.—No. 13.



### TESTIMONY OF WM. M. RAE, Portland, Oregon.

**F**OR generations back my kith and kin have been clear-cut Christians. I was the third son of a family of eight, but doubtless the worst of them all, as may be gathered from such a statement as was made to me by my mother after having been into some scrape: "*Willie, if you dinna change your ways you will end on the scaffold.*"

I was born in Elgin, Scotland; shortly after my father, JOHN RAE, with the family, moved to New Deer, where we lived until setting out for Canada, and well do I remember the day we boarded the Allan Line steamer at

## *A 16 Days' Sail to Quebec.*

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Glasgow. To my boyish mind it looked large and attractive, but it proved to be but a very small and commonplace ship, which rolled and threatened to turn over at times when plowing through mountainous seas, and well did I realise that if the boat went to the bottom, and I was drowned, I would be in a lost eternity.

This thought was a terrible one indeed, and very real to me. After 16 days' sailing we landed at Quebec. In a new world, and never in my brief life was I so glad to be once more on *terra firma*, than on that occasion some 52 years ago, but clear to me as though it was yesterday.

A few days later we reached our destination in Western Canada; here everything was new, it was a farm district, inearly June. The whole country was throbbing with young life, wild ducks, geese, calves and colts, lambs bleating and cattle lowing; and also at times, the howl of the prairie wolf, all of which was a thrill to me, so I was charmed with the new world into which we had been planted, and tried to get the most possible out of it, being willing to throw off all serious thoughts of Eternity, etc. But alas! such I found to be an impossibility, as again and again we experienced the most nerve-racking thunderstorms, for which Western Canada is famous, storms which brought death at times to man and beast, and resulted in the burning of barns and houses. These made a great impression upon me, and I trembled each time a storm arose lest I would be cut down by a lightning bolt, for I knew Hell was then my doom.

Added to all this was the constant dread of "the Coming of the Lord" which I knew if taking place would find me left here for judgment and, finally, Eternal death. I might state that this awful thought followed me all along my brief life since I was a boy of 16 summers. One March morning before going off to school, feeling dejected and almost abandoned by God I opened my Bible and scanned its pages from place to place despairingly, until at last my eyes fell on the words of 1 Peter 3. 18, where I read: "For Christ also hath once suffered for sins, the Just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God, being put to death in the flesh, but quickened by the Spirit."

At once I exclaimed audibly: "What a fool I am, why did I not see this before?" There and then a holy peace

*Saved and Happy for 40 years.*

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and joy filled my soul, for I saw that Christ had suffered for me, the unjust one; and I really felt like telling my friends that I had been *saved without believing*, for this was my great trouble, *how to believe?*

I am sure that many like myself have faced the same difficulty and are "trying to believe." Let me plead with you if still unsaved, do not try, but *trust*. He bore your sins in His own body on the tree some 1900 years ago. Claim Him as your own to-day. Thus God answered the many prayers of my father and mother, as well as the pleadings of many other friends, who from time to time dealt faithfully with me as a boy, so that from the time I was 8 years of age I was deeply convicted at times, and nothing moved me to such grave concern as to my condition of soul as the truth of the "Coming of our blessed Lord," a terrible thought to an unsaved person, but a *blessed hope* and thought for the saved one. Yes, it's my greatest joy to-day to think that He is just on the threshold of the door.

Are you ready for His Coming? Do not let this day pass until you are truly "*ready*." For almost 40 years now it has been my privilege to tell out the good news of a Saviour's love from Atlantic to Pacific, and into far North Alaska, therefore, I can again repeat that grace does run in the line—but never in the blood, and only Eternity will disclose what I owe my parents, under God, for their godly counsel and prayers for me. And my dear Saviour will never hear the end of my praises for His amazing grace extended to me, and for the gift of His Son.

**GOD SAYS IT.**

"**B**UT," says the awakened sinner, "how can God save me at once from wrath to come, through simply believing on Jesus?" To this we answer: "Because God says it." "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life," and "shall not come into judgment" (John 5. 25). Such are His terms: "Believe, and live." If His terms had been "Work, and be saved," or, "Pray, and be saved," or, "Hope on, and you shall be saved," we should have told forth these terms of salvation. But God has attached no such conditions to His great salvation. Its freeness is unquestioned. "All that believe" are justified from all things. w.s.

**THE TESTIMONY ON BLACKPOOL SANDS.**



*Photo : J. H. Stone.*

**A Typical Coast Resort.  
BLACKPOOL SANDS AT THE HEIGHT OF THE SEASON.**

## A TESTIMONY ON BLACKPOOL SANDS.



**D**URING the Summer months services are regularly held on Blackpool sands, when crowds listen to the speakers, and many interesting testimonies are given. Here is one of the testimonies given by a jack tar.

When I joined the Royal Navy I left behind me a quiet home and a praying father. At first I was greatly shocked at the oaths and curses I heard around me, though I gradually got hardened to them; but ere the first twelve months were over I could drink and swear with any of my shipmates. I wrote home less frequently, until at last I ceased writing altogether. When I became a rated seaman I was allowed more privileges, and was enabled to plunge more deeply into sin, and my conversation was so profane that respectable persons would not have anything to do with me; even those with whom I associated, bad as they were, would sometimes reprove me, and beg of me not to swear so much. At times conscience would make itself heard, and then I would feel miserable, and wish I had never been born. I have often looked at the water, and wished that I could find courage enough to drown myself; but I feared to die, and did not dare to hope that as I was, I could ever be saved, but dreaded to go to Hell.

I went on thus until the spring of 1874, when, as I was walking out toward Landport one Sunday evening, I received an invitation to tea for the following evening at the "Royal Sailors' Home;" I accepted it, though I was not sure whether I would go or not. However, when I came on shore the next evening I went up to the "Home," and there a lady met me, and asked me to go in. Finding I was caught, I thought I may as well make the best of it, and I went in. After tea it was announced that a gentleman named Jones would give an address to all who would like to stay. I went out, but the Lord had brought me there, so I went in again, and crept into a dark corner. They were singing:

"Tell me the old, old story,  
Of unseen things above,  
Of Jesus and His glory,  
Of Jesus and His love,"

Loved W.B., Died for W.B., Life for W.B.

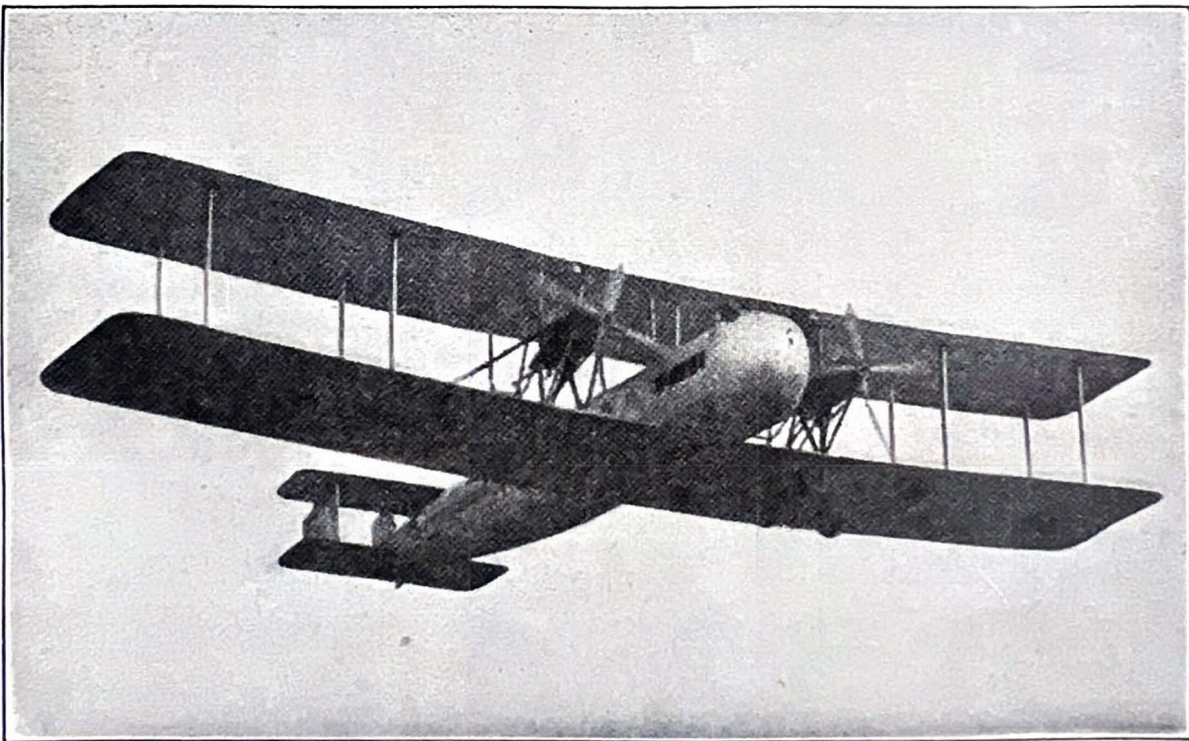
as I went in, and it carried my thoughts back to the time when I first heard "the old, old story" from my mother's lips, but that mother was lying in her grave, and I!—the thought maddened me, and great drops of sweat rolled down my face as I thought how grieved my mother would have been had she been living now. I rose up several times to go out, but I seemed bound by a spell, and listened while the preacher told of a Saviour's love. It was, indeed, "the old, old story," but the Devil whispered that it was not for such as me, that I was too bad to come to God.

At last I could bear it no longer; I got up and rushed out of the room. All that night I lay awake, afraid to go to sleep lest I should awake and find myself with the lost. The solemn thought that "it is appointed unto men once to die, and after this *the Judgment*" (Heb. 9. 27), laid hold of my conscience.

I went on board in the morning, but could find no rest, and as soon as the day's work was done I was off on shore, where Mr. Jones was to preach in a schoolroom. I went in, and I again heard the story of the Saviour's love, and again Satan told me I was too bad for Jesus to save; when suddenly my attention was arrested by the words: **"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). As I listened, the word "WHOSOEVER" seemed burned into my very soul; I saw at once that I could not be too bad for Jesus to save; that "whosoever" meant even me. Oh! what joy and gladness filled my heart! I felt I need not fear, for Jesus had died for me, even me. I believed that I could rest on that single text, knowing it was God's own word; by faith I put my name into the "WHOSOEVER:" "For God so loved W.B., that He gave His only begotten Son for W.B., that if W.B. believeth on Him, W.B. shall not perish, but W.B. shall have everlasting life." Praise God, it, or rather He, took me in. Then with Paul I could say: "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief" (1 Tim. 1. 15). Now my joy is to serve and wait for that blessed One, Who has promised to take us to dwell with Himself for evermore. W.B.

## AN UP-TO-DATE SAVIOUR!

SOMETHING UP-TO-DATE? Yes, but that's what you need! You are up against present-day conditions of life in very truth, with its difficulties and unrest, all the rush and tumble of a new world that people declare has advanced a very long way since our great-grand-fathers' time. In some respects that's true. The old folks at home in the long ago couldn't actually hear people speaking in Australia, nor did they hear a voice from the *Queen Mary* in mid-Atlantic—or a diver under the sea. Nor could they hold a conversation across the



A LONELY FLIGHT FROM AMERICA TO ENGLAND.

Atlantic, nor could they go to a call-box and phone someone in Australia.

To our forebears it would have seemed an idle tale, that a man could make a lonely flight like a bird, from America to England—or a solitary woman pilot her aeroplane over Africa from end to end and back again.

Because you live in such a very modern world—because you are so exceedingly “up-to-date” in every way, do you think you don't need the same Salvation as those who have gone before? Is sin, and salvation, and even God's own Word, old-fashioned and out of date? Yet that Word is God's own mirror—there we are revealed

as sinners, and "the soul that sinneth it shall die!" (Ezek. 18. 4). But God's revelation does not stop there. "God—so loved . . ." not the *sin*—but the *sinner*. That Love of His gave the Lord Jesus to die upon the Cross of Calvary: because He died those who come to Him by faith, find pardon and peace, and Life Eternal. In the old days, it cost something to name the Name of Christ, and to read His Word, even in secret. Men and women often paid the price of allegiance to Him with their lives.

But it all seems so easy now, because we are so up-to-date! Just put in an appearance at some religious service once on Sunday morning—then spend the rest of His Day as you like! If it is a very tempting, fine Sunday, give services of every kind a miss and go off for a long day's hiking, or by car. Yet, with all up-to-date methods for time-saving, money-saving, and pleasure getting, together with the craze for culture: the rush for latest health knowledge in hopes of prolonging life, in spite of all, one factor is still as up-to-date as ever—and *that is Death!*

Too busy for God: too full of your own affairs to remember that "this night thy soul may be required of thee" (Luke 12. 20). Yet you are not too "up-to-date" to die, and after death the Judgment! So, what about it? You need the self-same message that was believed in by the old-fashioned folks whom you, with your up-to-date smartness, profess to despise:

"My sins deserve eternal death  
But Jesus died for me."

Yes, that's it! An up-to-date sinner needs an up-to-date Salvation; people just as modern in their surroundings as you are, and living just as busy lives, have had to meet that up-to-date enemy, which all the science of the world cannot vanquish: *they had to find time to die!*

A BUSY STATION-MASTER in Cornwall—probably you've seen him on his platform many a time, if you've travelled in the West—a man who knew his job, and above all, knew his Bible and his God; an earnest worker for Him. With much to live for and a reasonable hope of many more years of life, God's call came, and found him ready. No need for vain regrets over the lost opportunities of a wasted life. He had given himself to God and His service too young for there to be any wasted years. Those who

## *An Up-to-date Salvation for You.*

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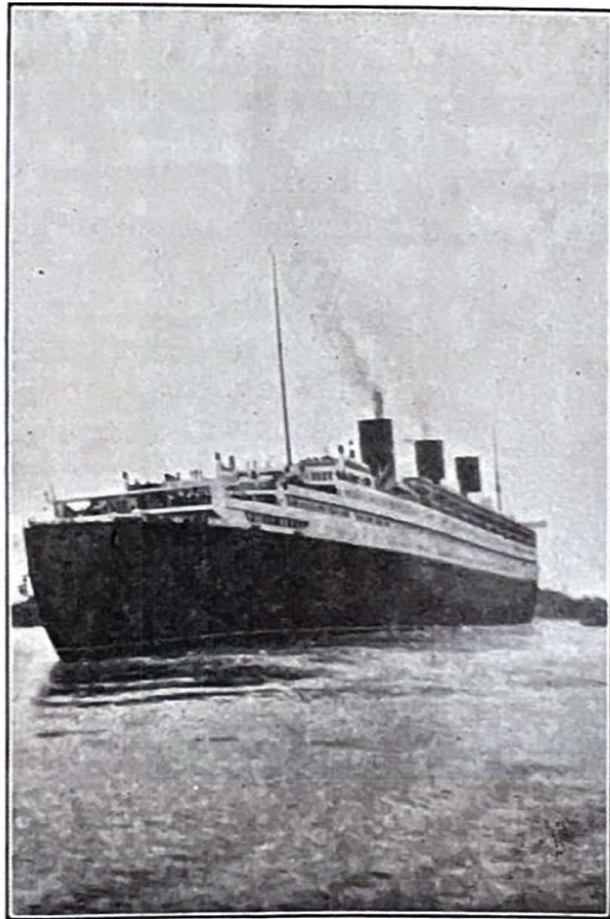
loved him best stood listening, as this official, so well known in his native west, drew near the end of life's journey . . . This was what they heard, at the very last:

"I sink by Dying Love compelled,  
And own Thee Conqueror."

Can you, with all your up-to-dateness, go as far as that? Dying Love! the conqueror of death on Calvary—had conquered the station-master long years before . . . A Salvation bought with a price long ago, that same Salvation is needed just as much—and is just as "up-to-date" to-day.

Another in a beautiful home, with love and comfort around her, a DEVOTED MOTHER, was stricken down in anguish so terrible, that there were moments when we who loved her, asked God to take her speedily to His Home where there

is no more pain or crying, and all tears are wiped away! She had been a busy, happy woman, wife, mother, friend, devoted to her Lord, and to His service among the needy and the sorrowing—yet just as "up-to-date" as you are, in her love of life, and all it brought her. But now in the silence of the night watches, when suffering became unbearable, and the heart of her beloved sister who was with her, was wrung with the anguish of watching her pain, there came a moment's respite . . . Then, slowly, brokenly, the words:



THE "QUEEN MARY." Photo by Miss K. Staff.

## *"All Through Life's Long Day."*

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"Oh, sister! what should I do if I had to seek God's Peace . . . God's Salvation . . . now? I—I couldn't! I can't even think . . . pray . . ." Then, later, when she was far through the Valley of the Shadow—past recognising those she loved on earth . . . she recognised the One she loved most of all. Again and again came the words:

"Through life's long day, and death's dark night,  
O gentle Jesus . . . be our Light!"

Yes, and that prayer was answered! "Though I walk through the Valley of the Shadow of Death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me!" (Psa. 23. 4), and He, Who had ruled her life, met her . . . on the Other Side.

Have you made sure of such an "*up-to-date Salvation*" as that? You, with all your modern thoughts need the same Old Gospel! The same Saviour, because He Himself is the Way, the Truth, and the Life. Death may meet you in some "up-to-date" fashion—at the crossing of a road, or the driving of a car: be sure that you insure your soul by accepting His great Salvation which is "Up-to-Date," and do it *NOW*. GRACE PETTMAN.

### MUST BE PREPARED.

"YE will not come to Me, that ye might have life" (John 5. 40). This is the reason why men are not saved—they *will not* come to Christ. They do not want to be saved. They have made up their minds that they will have nothing to do with Christ.

Therefore they remain under condemnation. The fault is entirely on their own part. Christ is able to save—willing to save—waiting to save. But they refuse to be saved. That is to say, they do not want to be saved *now*. They mean to be in Heaven. But they want to enjoy the world as long as they can. Therefore they reject Christ.

But, have a care, if I am speaking to such a procrastinator. It is well that you should be made aware of this, that Heaven is a *prepared place for a prepared people*. If you are not prepared for Heaven down here you will never enjoy Heaven up yonder. You must be *made meet* (Col. 1. 12) for the inheritance. You must be changed in the spirit of your mind. In a word, you must be *converted unto God*, "YE MUST BE BORN AGAIN" (John 3. 37).

*Every One Must be Prepared.*

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You need not flatter yourself that you shall pass from the scene of this world's carnal mirth into the enjoyment of Heavenly felicity. It is only they who enjoy Heaven down here that shall enjoy it up yonder. Even supposing you were to be taken to Heaven straight from the scene of fleshly delight, Heaven would be no Heaven to you.

If Heavenly conversation wearies you on earth, what a dreary place Heaven would be to you! If you find Sunday such a long day here, how intolerable would you find the never-ending Sabbath—that rest that remains for the people of God! If you care so little for godly company here, what would you do in Heaven where there is *nothing but* godly company?

Therefore away with the soul-destroying delusion that you can serve the Devil as long as you please on earth, and then enjoy the company of Christ in Heaven. You must be cleansed by the Blood of the Lamb—you must be “born again” (John 3. 3)—you must undergo the great change *here* of passing from death unto life. Then, possessed by the pilgrim spirit, Heaven will not be a strange or dreary place to you. Yea, even here you shall have the foretaste of everlasting joy. All who are journeying to the Heavenly Canaan have found out that Heaven begins below. w.s.

XX

# WONDERFUL LOVE

*The Most Wonderful Words Ever Heard.*

**“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).

“GOD is love” (1 John 4. 16).

“We love HIM, because HE first loved us” (1 John 4. 19).

“Hereby perceive we the Love of God, because He laid down His life for us” (1 John 3. 16).

“If any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ, let him be accursed” (1 Cor. 16. 22).

## Have YOU Responded to this Love?

If not there is not a better year, a better month, a better moment than now!

Scripture Tracts, No. 12. Same size as *Herald*. 6d. per 100 (post free, 7d.)

## "I DO NOT FEAR DEATH."

"DEATH, which we ALL dread." No, not "All!" One who has seen and accepted God's way of salvation, does not dread death. I do not fear death. Often I wake in the night and think of it, look forward to it, with a thrill of joyful expectation and anticipation. Why?

Now, how has this come to be with me, for it was not always thus? I know as well as anyone what it is to "dread death," and to put away the thought of its absolute certainty, because I dare not look it in the face. There was a time when I saw clearly I could not save myself—that I deserved Hell in many ways, but in one most of all: that I owed the whole love of my heart to God, and had not given it to Him; that the Lord Jesus had so loved me as to die for me, and yet I, unmindful of it, had treated Him with daily, hourly ingratitude. I saw the sinfulness of my heart and life. I could not make my heart better. "The soul that sinneth, it shall die" (Ezek. 18. 4). So unless sin is taken away my soul must die and go to Hell.

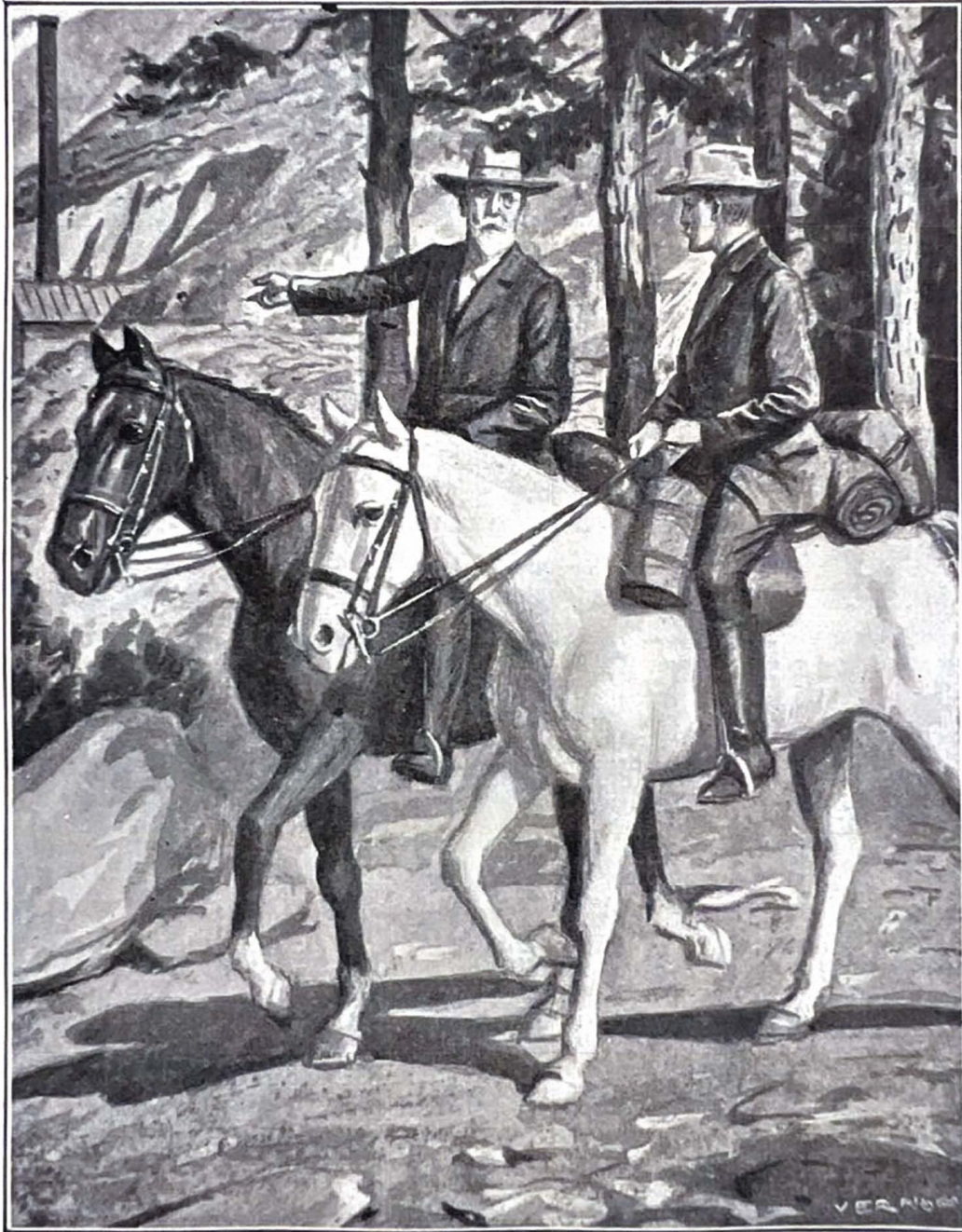
Where, then, was my hope? In the same Word of God, 1 John 5. 10, it is written, "He that believeth on the Son of God hath the witness of himself," and John 3. 36, "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life; and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him." Believe what? That He must keep His word and punish sin, and that He has punished it in the Person of Jesus, our Substitute, "who His own self bare our sins in His own body on the tree" (1 Peter 2. 24).

If the Lord Jesus has paid any ransom, and borne the punishment of my sins, I only simply accept this, and believe Him, and it is all a true and real transaction. It is no theorising, but acting. And I did this, I believed it, and cast myself, utterly hopeless and helpless and lost in myself, at the feet of Jesus, and took Him at His word, and accept what He had done for me. What was the result? Joy, peace in believing, and a happy, full trust in Him, which death cannot touch. Now it is a reality of realities to me; it is so intertwined with my life that I know nothing could separate me from His love. I could not do without Jesus. I cannot and I do not live without Him. It is a new and different life; and the life and light which takes away all fear of death is what I want others to have and enjoy.

F.R.H.

## ALMOST BUT NOT QUITE TWINS.

AT TIMES WE RODE OUT TOGETHER AND ENJOYED THE RURAL COUNTRY. OUR CONVERSATIONS SOMETIMES SAVOURED OF TALKS ABOUT THE LORD.



*Specially Drawn.*

"AT TIMES WE USED TO RIDE OUT TOGETHER."

We arranged to have a personal talk in his home on one evening later in the week. When the time arrived, I drove over to their home and found them anxiously awaiting my arrival.

## ALMOST BUT NOT QUITE TWINS.



THIS interesting story concerns a business man of some prominence and his wife. Mr. Tee was the Secretary of a widely known company whose scope of business covered Missouri, Kansas, Oklahoma, and Iowa. Because the company with which I was associated handled merchandise which we sold Mr. Tee from time to time for his firm, we often met together in business matters. At times we rode out together and enjoyed the rural country. Our conversations sometimes savoured of talks about the Lord. He was religiously inclined and seemed always to welcome any information about Christian things. During none of these visits, however, was there any sign of personal desire nor anything more than curiosity.

One day, as I sat at my desk in the office, my friend entered and seated himself beside me. I could see that he was not in the market for merchandise, for he had just recently purchased his requirements. "I am glad you have come in for a visit, Mr. Tee," I said. "Usually, we converse about business matters, but perhaps to-day we may be more personal."

"Yes," he replied, "I have come in for a personal talk with you. In my various trips to your plant and in our conversations together, I have noticed that you men have a peace with God and a knowledge of God that I do not possess. It is most attractive to me, and I would like very much to know what you have that I do not possess. That is really the object of my visit."

"I am sure, Mr. Tee, that what we have is just what you may have. It is not a 'thing' but a 'Person.' We have received Jesus Christ and have personal fellowship with Him. It is His presence that transforms the life, saves the soul, and makes us unlike the world. Do you have Christ, and have you ever received Him?"

Mr. Tee looked puzzled by this question, and said: "I have religion, and was raised in a great church of which denomination my father was a pastor. Father and mother often prayed that I would be a preacher or a missionary, and at one time I was selected to be a missionary to the

## *An Important Meeting in a Dining Room.*

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foreign field. I was so exercised by it that I retired to my room for a thorough investigation of my own condition before God. I asked myself what I would tell the heathen when I reached their shores. I did not know God personally, and felt quite sure that I could not tell the foreigners of One whom I did not know in my own heart. The more I thought of the difficulty *I would have in telling them of Christianity*, the more helpless I saw myself to be. I returned my appointment with the statement that whenever I got to know God for myself, then I would be ready to speak of Him to others."

"Have you learned yet how to be saved?" I inquired. "Do you have a clear understanding of the value of Christ and of the Cross?"

He replied, saying, "No, I do not; this whole thing is a muddle to me. Although I was raised in a minister's home, it seems that I know no more than a heathen. I want you to explain to me what this Christianity is that seems to have been such a blessing to you."

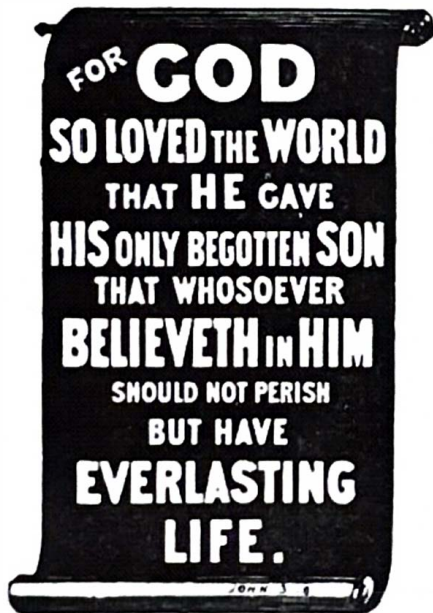
The delightful invitation was a golden opportunity, which could not be unnoticed. "Mr. Tee," I said, "we shall be constantly disturbed here at the desk. You can see how busy our office is, and I fear that our conversation together would not be very satisfactory. May I call at your home some evening? Would your wife mind our visit?" "Mrs. Tee is just as much interested as myself," he said earnestly. "I have told her of the visits I have had with you and of others in your office, and she, too, has a deep desire to know the secret of your peace and joy. When can you come?"

I arranged to have a personal visit in his home on one evening later in the week. When the time arrived, I drove over to their home and found them anxiously awaiting my arrival. The children had been sent to bed, and Bibles placed on the dining table. Upon making some inquiry of their religious experiences, I soon discovered that they had been depending on good works, moral character, and religious activity for their salvation, none of which had satisfied their hearts. Neither Mr. nor Mrs. Tee felt sure that this was God's path. They had attended several kinds of churches, including some of the modern cults which are so diametrically opposed

to the teachings of orthodox Christianity. Seeking peace, they found none. They had tasted of several of Satan's nostrums, only to find that there was no remedy for the heart, no peace for the soul, and no light for the mind in those teachings.

We read together Isaiah 1. 6: "From the sole of the foot even unto the head there is no soundness in it; but wounds, and bruises, and putrifying sores." Again, we read in Romans 3. 10: "There is none righteous, no, not one." "This," I explained, "is God's description of you. As the Lord looks down upon you. He sees nothing attractive, but only wickedness and sinfulness. Do you

believe that God's diagnosis of your case is true?"



THE GOLDEN TEXT.

This thought was so new to the hearts of my friends that they did not reply at once. They could hardly conceive that there was nothing whatever in their hearts and lives that God could call good. *Surely they were not utterly bad.*

We then turned to Mark, chapter seven, and read at verse 21: "For from within, out of the heart of man, proceed evil thoughts, adulteries, fornications, murders, thefts, covetousness, wickedness, deceit, lasciviousness, an evil eye, blasphemy, pride, foolishness: all these evil things come from within and defile the man." I called their attention to the fact that no good thing was mentioned in the list. In God's sight, everything that emanated from the heart was evil and wrong. "You see," I continued, "this is not a description of your life as we may see it; this is *a description of your heart as God sees it from Heaven.*"

Through these passages the Holy Spirit convicted Mr. and Mrs. Tee of their sinfulness and their need of a Saviour. Both of them acknowledged with tears their undone condition and their need of Christ; both were ready then to plead for mercy. I decided it would be best to

*Accept and be Saved—Reject and be Lost.*

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deal with each one alone, and therefore addressed my Gospel message first to Mrs. Tee. "Will you," I said, "kindly find three Scriptures that we may read together in sequence?" She assented and we turned together to John 3. 16, followed by John 1. 12, and closing with 1 John 5. 12. She read these Scriptures slowly and audibly in the order given. "Let me explain these passages to



Photo by J. H. Stone.

CHAINED BIBLE AT RIPPLE CHURCH, NEAR TEWKESBURY.

"TIME TO MEDITATE ON TWO ASPECTS OF GOD'S WORD."

you, Mrs. Tee," I remarked. "In John 3. 16, we find that God is giving to you His own Son. You need that Son to save you. None but He can save you; no one else has been appointed by the Lord to save you. God saw your need of being saved and therefore sent His own Son to you to put away your sins. In John 1. 12, our second Scripture, God is giving you, too, the privilege of accepting that gift described in John 3. 16. God the Father wants you to take His Son to-night."

I hesitated at this point in order that my friend might

## *Two Persons Rejoicing in One Saviour.*

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meditate on these two aspects of God's grace: the giving of Christ on His part and the taking of Christ on her part. She was reading the verses over and over again for herself, and was permitting the Holy Spirit to impress upon her heart His own blessed truths.

"What will happen if I take Christ," she said.

"That is answered in the third passage which I gave you. Let us read it together." We then read 1 John 5. 12: "He that hath the Son *hath* life; and he that hath not the Son of God *hath not* life." "Here is your answer, Mrs. Tee. Eternal life is wrapped up in Christ. If you will take Him to-night, you *will* have eternal life in Him."

"I see it clearly now," she said. "I do accept this Saviour; He is mine." Leaning over on the table, she said with tears, "O God, I accept Thy gift to me. I take Jesus Christ to-night. He is my Saviour."

Just here, Mr. Tee spoke quickly as he, too, was weeping, and said: "I believe all of that, but I am not saved. Why do I not get peace as Norma did?"

I could see by his question that he was occupied with his own faith and feelings. Because of this, I turned to 1 Peter 3. 18, that his mind might be diverted from any deeds of his own. We read in this passage, "Christ also hath once suffered for sins, the Just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God." We also turned immediately to 1 Peter 2. 24, and read: "Who His own self bare our sins in His own body on the tree." This revelation of the work of Christ was exactly what Mr. Tee needed. He saw immediately that *the Lord Jesus Christ had done for him on the Cross what he could not do for himself*. For the first time he realised the value of the work of the Lord Jesus at Calvary in his room and stead. "Oh, I see clearly," he said. "*Christ took my punishment and paid my debt*. How wonderful it is! How clear it is! I believe it with all my heart. My sins are gone and I am saved."

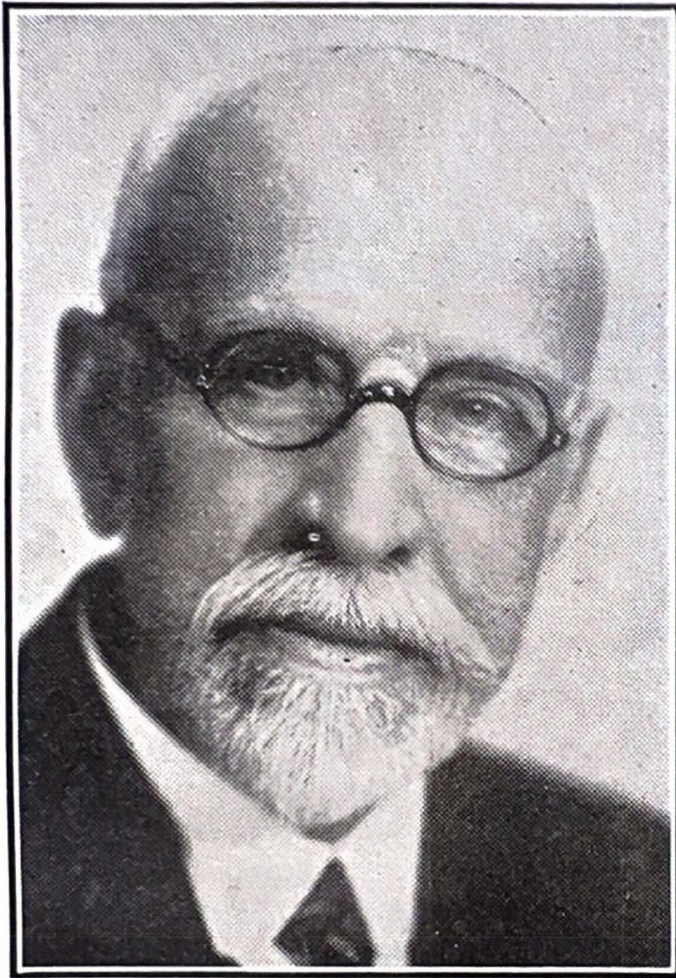
Thirty minutes had elapsed between these two conversions. The wife saw Christ and trusted Him at 11.30 p.m. The husband saw Christ and trusted Him just as the clock was striking twelve. A different line of truth was necessary in each case. The one was not saved by the light which the other received. They were almost twins, but not quite.

DR. W. L. WILSON.

# True Stories of Well-known Men.

We give these just as the workers kindly supplied them, feeling assured that they will be read with interest, and show the varied workings of the Holy Spirit.—No. 14.

## TESTIMONY of Dr. JAMES M. GRAY, Chicago.



DR. J. M. GRAY, HEAD OF MOODY BIBLE INSTITUTE.

I WAS a member of a Christian household, and brought up in a Christian family—nominally so, at least.

My life as a boy was moral and obedient, and I regularly attended church. At fourteen years of age when I knew "the creed, the Lord's Prayer and the Ten Commandments," I was "confirmed, in the most holy faith" by a bishop of my church, and was taught my catechism that I had then become "a child of God,

a member of Christ, and an inheritor of the Kingdom of Heaven."

But this I do not believe now, nor have I believed it since I was converted.

That happy event took place about seven or eight years after my confirmation. I had passed my majority, and already had my face turned toward the Christian ministry, not as a divine calling, but a human profession, before I really knew Jesus Christ, or was saved. And I cannot but believe that had I died during the intervening period, moral youth that I was, and church member besides, *I should have died in my sins.*

My conversion was like this: I was reading a book—

How God Saved Principal of the Bible Institute, Chicago.

did space permit, I should like to describe the exceeding unlikely circumstances that I should have been reading that book at such a time, but it was part of the mysterious and unmerited favour of God in me. The author was William Arnot, of Edinburgh, and the title "*Laws from Heaven for Life on Earth.*" It was a series of brief homilies upon the Book of Proverbs addressed to young men. I did not care for my Bible, but this book had a strong attraction for me.

On a memorable night, in the quiet of my own room, after an exciting evening among worldly people, my eye fell on this sentence: "*Every soul not already won to Jesus is already LOST.*"

It was an arrow of conviction to my soul. Quicker than I can express it, an overwhelming sense of my lost and hopeless condition fell upon me. I knew that I was not won to Jesus, and yet I knew that I ought to be. There was nothing in my life, professedly Christian and outwardly clean as it was, to indicate that I belonged to Him, or that He possessed or controlled me. Hell seemed open to receive me, and my soul was hanging over the abyss. I was condemned, and realised the justness of the condemnation. I had absolutely no plea, but mercy.

Daily had I said my "prayers" since childhood, but that night, like Saul of Tarsus, "*I prayed.*" The prayer of the publican came to me, the prayer the blessed Saviour placed upon my lips: "*God be merciful to me a sinner!*" I am not ashamed to say that in agony I uttered it with my face upon the floor.

And God heard it. He always hears that prayer. He put the everlasting arm under me that night. He lifted me out of the miry clay, and planted me upon a rock, and established my goings. He put a new song in my mouth, which I have been singing ever since, even salvation unto my God!

Dr. Gray lived to witness to the saving Grace of God for many years. Was Principal of the Moody Bible Institute, Chicago, and passed to his Reward recently "a sinner saved by Grace." His books testify to the manifold Grace of God.

**The SAVIOUR who saved Dr. GRAY will save YOU.**

## WAS QUEEN VICTORIA SURE OF HEAVEN?

THE Queen attended a service in St. Paul's Cathedral and listened to a sermon which caused her to ask her chaplain "if one could be absolutely sure in this life of eternal safety." The answer was that he "*knew of no way one could be absolutely sure.*"



QUEEN VICTORIA AND PRINCE CONSORT IN EARLY DAYS.

## *Was Queen Victoria sure of Heaven?*



ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

This was published in the *Court News* and read by a humble Christian, JOHN TOWNSEND, who was a great friend of George Muller. After much thought and prayer, Mr. Townsend sent the following note to the Queen:

"To Her Gracious Majesty, our beloved Queen Victoria, from one of her most humble subjects:

"With trembling hands, but heart-filled love, and because I know that we can be absolutely sure even now of our eternal life in the Home that Jesus went to prepare, may I ask your Most Gracious Majesty to read the following passages of Scripture: John 3. 16; Rom. 10. 9, 10?

"These passages prove there is full assurance of salvation by faith in our Lord Jesus Christ for those who believe and accept His finished work.

"I sign myself, your servant for Jesus' sake,

JOHN TOWNSEND."

Much prayer from many hearts went up to God concerning the result of this letter. In about two weeks a modest-looking little envelope was received.

"To JOHN TOWNSEND:

"Your letter of recent date received, and in reply would state that I have carefully and prayerfully read the portions of Scripture referred to. I believe in the finished work of Christ for me, and trust by God's grace to meet you in that Home of which He said, 'I go to prepare a place for you.' (Signed) VICTORIA GUELPH."

"Jesus said, I am the resurrection and the life: he that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live."

Other verses that prove this truth are: John 5. 24; John 10. 28; Heb. 7. 25; John 3. 36; and Rom. 8. 1.

"He that hath the Son hath life; and he that hath not the Son of God hath not life. 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."

The Queen often said that she hoped the Lord Jesus would return during her reign so that she might lay her crown at His feet.

P.L.

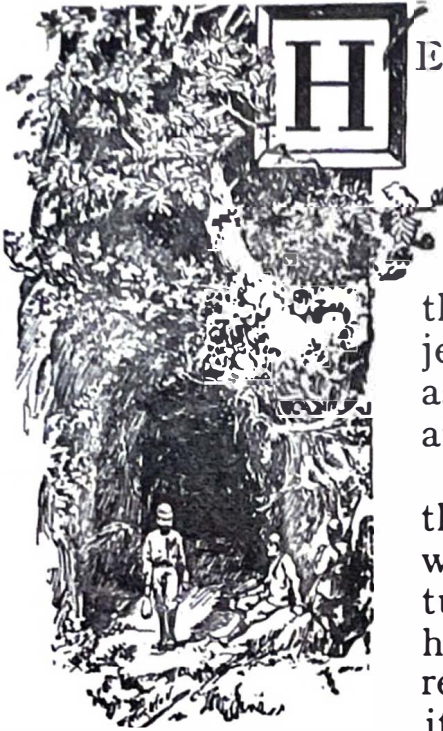
*Can a Queen make sure of Heaven?*

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**THE GOOD WHITE QUEEN IN YOUTH.**

## HE'S DONE IT!"



HE sat on a seat near the Park gate by the roadside, his head resting on his hand. Before I came up to him I thought he was asleep, but saw as I was about to pass him that he was only lost in dejected thought. "Tired?" I asked, as I came up to him, and was about to go on.

He looked up at that, and I saw that he was a man of about forty, with hair that was beginning to turn grey. "You would be if you had walked the miles I have," he replied. "No work? Is that it?" "That is about the size of it," he answered.

"I know life is very difficult for some people just now," I said, "but 'GOD IS LOVE.'" "Why do you say that to me?" he asked, with a quick turn of the head. "Because it is true," I replied. He sat silent for a few moments, then he said slowly: "I am afraid I must say I do not agree with you." "Why not?" I asked. "Well, how can God know anything about it? He has never been homeless, hungry, and destitute. If God had come down to earth, and felt all these things, and was ready to give a hand to one who does, there might be something to be said; but as it is——" He shrugged his shoulders as much as to say that the subject finished there.

"*He's done it,*" I replied. "Done what?" asked the bewildered man. I took a seat on the other end of the public rest, as I answered, "*He has come down to earth and been homeless and hungry, and is ready to give a helping hand to one who knows what it is to be destitute of daily food and clothing.*"

"*What do you mean?*" "I mean that Jesus Christ was God," I answered reverently, and taking out my Bible, I read to him the following passages, which show the Deity of our Lord without question. "God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto Himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them, and hath committed unto us the

*The Man who Walked many miles Seeking Work.*

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word of reconciliation" (2 Cor. 5. 19). "And without controversy great is the Mystery of Godliness: *God was manifest in the flesh*, justified in the Spirit, seen of angels, preached unto the Gentiles (nations), believed on in the world, received up into glory" (1 Tim. 3. 16).



HIS HEAD WAS IN HIS HAND, AND HE LOOKED SAD.

When I had finished, this man began to tell me about himself, and this was the story he told: "There were four of us in family, and we were brought up in what I suppose you would call the respectable middle class. Our parents couldn't be said to have any religion worth speaking of,

*He said not: "I have nearly Finished the Work."*

or if they had, we children never saw it. When they wanted to, they went to the pictures, Sundays and week days alike, when they began to be open on Sundays; and we were allowed to spend that day as we liked, never going to church or Sunday school, and I do not remember seeing a Bible in our house. What little we knew came from day school, never church or our parents. I can't be said to know much about religion, and as we went out into the world, we each followed the way we had been brought up, never troubling about church or religion of any kind.

"But if what you have read from that Book is true, it means that God in Christ has come down to earth, and has felt all these things that I said if He had done there would be hope."

"I have something further to tell you about this wonderful God in Christ Who came down to this earth. Listen to what God Himself says about it. 'The Father sent the Son to be the Saviour of the world' (1 John 4. 14).

"You see, He tells us that it was His Son Who died for our sins on the Cross. Then turning to Isaiah again, I read in chap. 53. 5, 6: "But He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities, the chastisement of our peace was upon Him, and with His stripes we are healed."

When I left this man, after having given him some money for present needs, and a New Testament, which he promised to read, he was saying to himself: "*He's done it! He's done it.* WHAT A GOD."

F.I.N.

### SOME DAY IT WILL BE TOO LATE!

**W**HAT a waking up there will be some day! The hour is nearing when yonder professed sceptic shall be a sceptic no more. The day is at hand when that man who mocks at sin and laughs at revival will be in terrible earnest. In that day there will be no jokes passed—no jovial song sung—no caricaturing of God's servants. Yonder bold scoffer will be dumb. Not a single unbeliever will be found. But although men will be in earnest, they will be *too late*. O! how the glare of the Judgment will open men's eyes to the terrible truth that Heaven was a



reality, and Hell was a reality,  
and Conversion to God was a  
reality! Reader, be warned of God *now*  
to flee from wrath and be ready for that  
day.

W.S.

MANY would fain have Heaven, simply because it is preferable to Hell. They care not for Christ. Yet it is only those who will have Christ that shall have Heaven.

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# Man's Question God's Answer

*The Jailer at Philippi asked:*

**"SIRS, WHAT MUST I DO TO BE SAVED?"**

*GOD answered through the Apostle Paul:*

**"BELIEVE on the Lord Jesus Christ, and THOU SHALT be Saved" (Acts 16. 30, 31).**

"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).

"God will have all men to be SAVED" (1 Tim. 2. 4).

"According to His mercy He saved us" (Titus 3. 5).

**Are YOU one of the SAVED or LOST?**

Scripture Tracts, No. 13. Same size as *Herald*. 6d. per 100 (post free, 7d.)

## THE VILLAGE TROPHY.

**A**MONG those who came to the Special Services was a young man well known in the village for dare-devil achievements, yet a regular Church-goer, and generally considered straight in all his dealings. When he appeared the first time among us he was inclined to despise the Gospel on account of the simple way in which it was preached.

The preaching was so different from the well-arranged discourses he had been accustomed to hear that he sat asking himself: "Is that all? Is that the preaching that is drawing such crowds and working the wonders of which I have been hearing for weeks?" But after all, he could not help seeing how powerfully it affected the hearers; and even he himself felt strangely influenced by it. Indeed, he was rendered so restless that he came back again and again, until he was convinced that he was going down to a lost Eternity. He was then led to see the great work accomplished by the Lord Jesus on Calvary, and passed out of the darkness into the light.

In spite of the most violent opposition the man came clear out for God, and astonished the whole neighbourhood by openly in one of the services declaring that he had found Christ and had experienced the saving change. His testimony to the converting grace of God produced a great stir, and many decent "Church members" began to feel rather doubtful as to their own condition, seeing that the young farmer with all his Church membership had only now been converted to God.

Nothing will avail with God unless you are soundly converted to Him. You may have a certain amount of what is called "religion," you might be a dilligent attender upon what is called "the ordinances of God," and yet be in "the gall of bitterness and the bond of iniquity" (Acts 8. 23). Have you been born the second time? Are you cleansed by the Blood of Christ? Have you experienced the saving change? Better far to have these questions answered now than to meet them in "the solemn day," when it will be for ever too late to find an answer. God's Word says, "Behold, now is the accepted time" (2 Cor. 6. 2). In this "the accepted time" accept the Lord Jesus Christ as your own Saviour, and you will be saved and satisfied.

T-P.

## THE QUEST OF THE INQUIRING MIND.

THE FACT THAT THE PEOPLE OF THE WORLD CAN LISTEN SIMULTANEOUSLY TO ONE VOICE IS THE ISSUE OF THE INQUIRIES OF THE FAMOUS MARCONI, THE INVENTOR OF WIRELESS.



Fox Photo

SENATOR MARCONI.

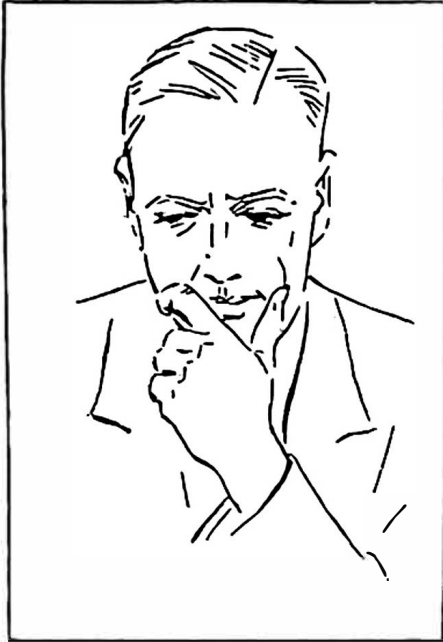
The inquiring mind facing facts which cannot be honestly disputed, asks: "How came this to be?" The Holy Scripture, the only light upon the problem, gives the answer.

## THE QUEST OF THE INQUIRING MIND.

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### *Why? Where? When? How? Who?*

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THE man who has ceased to ask questions has ceased really to live. To the questioning "why" of GEORGE STEPHENSON we owe the locomotive pulling our comfortable trains. The girdle put around the globe by the electric telegraph, resulted from the questioning of GALVANI, why a frog's leg twitched, when placed in contact with different metals. The fact that the people of the world can listen simultaneously to one voice is the issue of the inquiries of the famous MARCONI, the inventor of

"wireless." Splendid achievements of the "happy discontent" of desiring to know. And life is one long asking of questions when the mind is growing fastest. Why this? Why that? Where? When? How? Who? We become walking interrogation marks.

*This is an age of inquiry.* Life has, so to speak, got so thoroughly shaken up by various circumstances, often, tragic circumstances, that the things of life are not accepted on their face value. And no one with any common sense would deprecate this spirit of questioning, so long as the inquiries are pursued in a sane, sober, searching manner, with the supreme determination only to be content with facts, and not theories, and an honest submission to the facts when discovered. And may I say that the latter virtue is not always prominent in mankind.

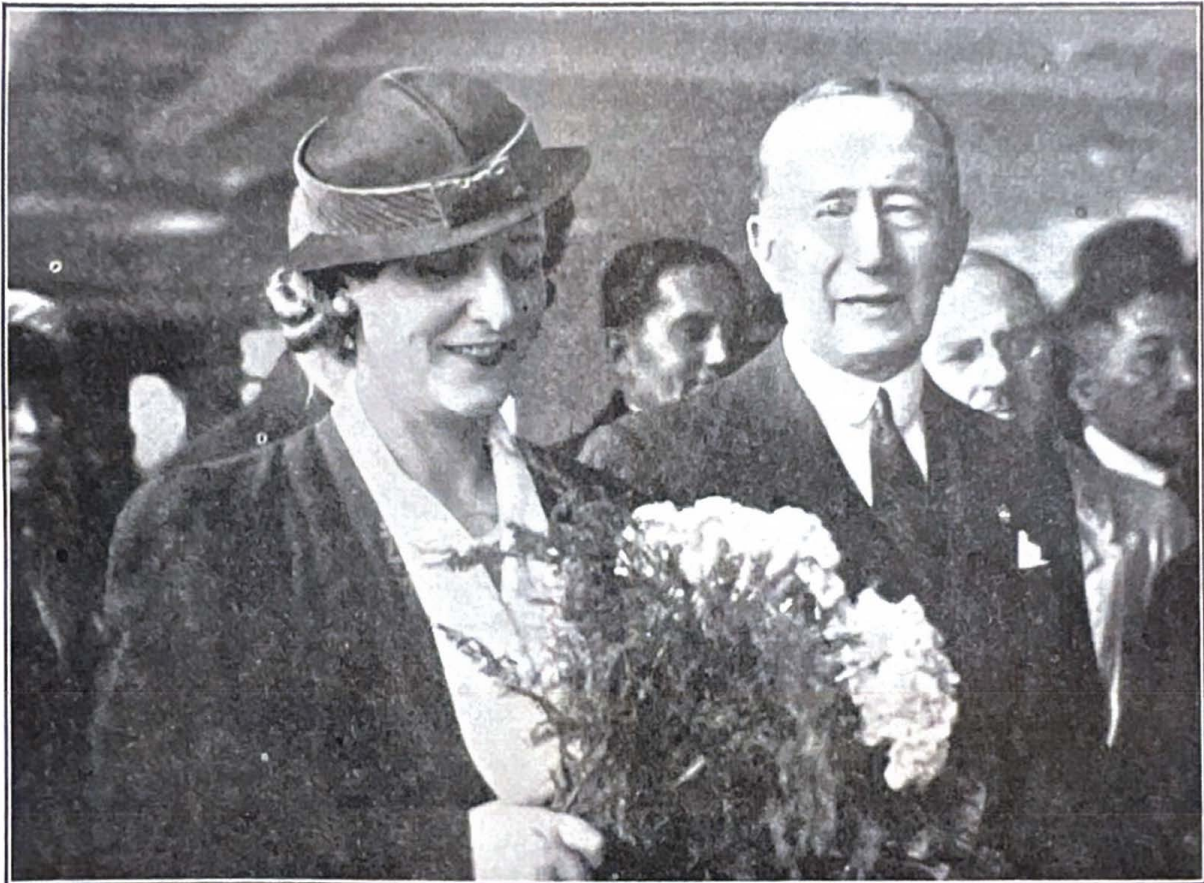
When WILLIAM HARVEY tabled his facts regarding the circulation of the blood he was received as a crack-brained imposter, but now his discoveries are recognised as established scientific truth. When FRANKLIN made known his discovery of the identity between lightning and electricity, he was sneered at. But the scepticism of,

*The Inquiring Mind wants to know—*

## *Why? Where? When? How? Who?*

and the sneering at facts cannot dispose of them. Therefore, the honest inquiring mind will always submit to facts.

As I have said the inquiring mind asks: *Why this? Why that?* And in an inquiry which I would, without



Fox Photo.

SENATOR MARCONI AND HIS WIFE.

apology, characterise as the deepest inquiry of life, these questions arise. We take up our newspaper and read that someone has died. Why this? Why should we not go on living? We read again that someone has been murdered. Why that? Why this cessation of life? Why this passion in man issuing in deepest tragedy? The inquiring mind wants to know. Why should life blossom in violence, selfishness, self-will, refined or sordid, and be burdened with the woes of scarred and marred humanity?

## *Why? Where? When? How? Who?*

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Why is mankind with all its education, refinement, and culture, so ready to war with one another, so ready to crush in order to obtain its individual desire? Why the strange contradictions of life? The quest of the inquiring mind is to search out the reason.

Can it know? *Can it enter into the sphere of certainty and grasp the answer?* The answer can be given in one word. It is a word, which I have come to learn, that the world hates. And yet it is a word which, to be faithful to the inquiring mind, must be uttered. That word is *sin!* "SIN, when it is finished, bringeth forth *Death*" (Jas. 1. 15). This is God's answer to our questioning.

Sin is like the yaguey tree in Cuba, which affords a striking illustration of its progress and fatality. This tree begins to grow midway or at the top of another tree. The seed carried by a bird or wafted by the wind into a moist branching part, takes root and speedily begins to grow. It sends down the body of the tree that is occupied a thin, string-like root, which is soon followed by others. These rootings in time strike the ground and growth commences upward. New rootings continue to be formed and get strength, until the one tree grows as a net with the other inside. The outside one surrounds and presses the inner like a huge girdle of snakes, strangling its life and augmenting its own power. At last *the tree within is killed*, and the parasite which took possession becomes the tree. Here is a startling picture of *the enslaving and fatal power of sin*.

*The inquiring mind facing facts*, which cannot be honestly disputed, asks: "How came this to be?" The Holy Scripture, the only light upon the problem, gives the answer: "By one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin; and so death passed upon all men, *for that all have sinned*" (Rom. 5. 12). That one man was Adam who stood as the representative of the race. In fact, all coming generations were in him. In his fall, through disobedience to God, the race fell. This answer alone sheds light upon the problem. The teaching of man—and it is abundant—only leads into the shadowed chamber

*The Inquiring Mind wants Certainty as to—*

## ***Why? Where? When? How? Who?***

of speculation. That fall caused distance between God and man, and brought death, not only to the body, but also to the soul, in that death-state which is separation from God.

The question surely to be asked is: "This being so, am I doomed to be tyrannised by sin and eternally separated from God? *Is there no deliverance?*" The answer from Holy Scripture, again the only light upon the problem, is:



HE WANTS TO BE ABSOLUTELY CERTAIN ABOUT ETERNITY.

## *Why? Where? When? How? Who?*

"Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the *sin* of the world!" (John 1. 29). The only One who can meet the need of every human being is the Sin-Bearer, the Son of God. His word to us is: "I come that they might have *LIFE*, and that they might have it more abundantly" (John 10. 10). And in order that life eternal might be ours, He laid down His life on the Cross bearing our sin. The answer to all questioning regarding God's love, wisdom and righteousness in relation to this world is *CALVARY*. There Christ died in our room and stead, bearing our sin and guilt before God, the Just for the unjust that He might bring us to God. *How to be saved from sin*, its power and doom, is to turn to Christ the Saviour and receive, through faith in Him, God's gift of eternal Life. "The wages of sin is death; but the gift of God is Eternal Life" (Rom. 6. 23).

Eternal Life is a gift to be received from God's gracious hand, in simple faith, and is proffered because of the atoning sacrifice, on our behalf, of the Lord Jesus Christ. To take the step of faith is not something new. Millions down the ages—who tried other ways to get rid of sin—have taken this step, and proved the truth of the Saviour's words, and found peace, pardon and eternal life. To accept Christ means that there is no longer separation, but union with God. We are born into the family of God, receiving the "new birth," the new spiritual life, through God the Spirit who comes to indwell us, energising the life, and empowering to live the life of holiness unto God.



*The inquiring mind* so often driven upon a storm-tossed sea by the vexing questions of life, death and the here-after, finds the solution in Christ. Turn to God, place full trust in the Risen Saviour, and receive God's gift of Eternal Life. "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; 5. 24; 1 John 1. 12). ALFRED MATHIESON.

## True Stories of Well-known Men.

We give these just as the workers kindly supplied them, feeling assured that they will be read with interest, and show the varied workings of the Holy Spirit.—No. 16.

### FIDDLER JOSS: A TROPHY OF GRACE.



"FIDDLER JOSS" AND HIS WIFE IN EARLY DAYS.

**JOSHUA POOLE** was born at Skipton-on-Craven, Yorkshire, on April 24, 1826. The story of the early years of JOSHUA POOLE is a very sad and tragic one to read. Very early he became addicted to strong drink, and if ever a man was held in bondage by that curse it was the subject of this article. It makes one sorry to read the tale of his degradation step by step. Then he got into a set of bad companions who only dragged him

down and down. He spent years fiddling in low public houses and at the Wakes in England.

At last he was brought before the magistrates for his conduct and was taken to Wakefield prison. There he found himself in the charge of two Christian officers, who manifested an interest in his spiritual welfare. One of these good men said to him one morning: "Joshua, you have been a Saul; you should now strive to become a Paul, and you might be an instrument of winning thousands of souls." Soon these men began to see signs of the Spirit's striving with Joshua, and they kindly arranged that whenever he so desired he might have the use of a private room in which to pray. Joshua availed himself of this on many occasions. One morning he was in great soul distress, and his officer seeing this, burst into singing:

## *How a Modern Saul became a Paul.*

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"Have you not succeeded yet?      Mercy's door is open set,  
Try, try again;                      Try, try again."

Let Joshua tell the rest: "*Ere he had finished the verse I found peace, and entered my cell that night resting by faith on Christ as my Saviour.* All night I prayed. I sang and shouted aloud for joy. The man in the next cell to mine started from his sleep, and hearing me singing and praying, although he had not prayed from his childhood, did that night pray, and resolved to lead a different life." Then Joshua began to confess Christ to all with whom he came into contact. In due course he was released from prison, and the last night he spent in his cell, he wrote on the slate these lines:

"Farewell unto my lonely cell;  
I bless the Lord I'm out of Hell!  
Teach me, Lord, in thy paths to walk,  
And of Thy mercies loudly talk,  
That I may lead poor drunkards from  
That curse which hurries mortals home."

As he left the prison, he exclaimed: "O Lord, by Thy power, here goes Joss into the world to live as a Christian!"

His father and a brother met him, and as they walked along a street, Joss told them of his conversion. Joshua fell on his knees in the public street, and sought help from God for his new life. Such an unusual sight soon attracted a crowd, to whom Joshua told his story. Very soon he found himself in the company of Christian people, and at once started to serve the Lord as best he could.

His wife, Mary, was very doubtful of the change professed, and for some time refused to join him, having bitter remembrances of her past experiences with him. In due course it became more than evident that Joss was a new creature, and soon he and his wife were reunited. In his wife he found the best possible companion, and very soon they were both actively engaged in service.

Soon JOSHUA and MARY POOLE became well known in their Gospel efforts throughout the British Isles.

Everywhere Fiddler Joss attracted men and women to hear the Gospel, and many stirring scenes were witnessed.

On 17th May, 1908, the Lord was pleased to call Home His faithful servant, Joshua Poole, at the age of eighty-two. He was indeed "a brand from the burning." J.S.

## MISERABLE ON THE STAGE.

How Lillian the Circus Favourite found the Saviour.



For Photo.

"By HER DARING LILLIAN HAD WON THE HEARTS OF MANY."

## MISERABLE ON THE STAGE.

IN one of the great circuses, there appeared a bright, happy dark-haired girl, who had won the hearts of many. She appeared to never have a care. She was attractive in appearance, delightful in conversation, and radiated happiness to those whom she met. This was Lillian in the public eye and in the ring.

In the dressing room and in the hotel, Lillian was quite a different girl. There she frequently wiped the tears from her eyes; deep sighs would come from her heart. Sometimes after the performance, she would retire to her room, throw herself across the bed, and sob out her sorrow of heart.

Lillian's husband was afflicted with tuberculosis. He had been on the stage with her at various times, and as a team they were much in demand. Now Willard was lying on his back, wasting away with that dreaded white plague, while Lillian was seeking to pay the bills by appearing in an individual sketch. It seemed most convenient for Willard to remain in Kansas City for medical treatment, for Lillian was frequently in and out of this centre as she filled her engagements. As her husband continued to grow worse, the darkness in Lillian's heart became a greater burden, until she felt that she could hardly continue on the stage in her hypocrisy.

One day her distress was so great that at the close of her afternoon performance she asked the stage hands if there was any down-town church where she might go to find relief from the distress of her heart. They replied that they did not know of such a church, for they were not church-going men. One of them volunteered the information that there was a factory down on Seventh Street where there were a lot of religious people who gave away tracts and Bibles. Perhaps she could get some help there. She immediately accepted the suggestion and found her way down to our plant.

From my desk in the private office, I observed a lady entering the sales-room, weeping as she came. I went out at once and said to her: "May I serve you in some way, my friend? I notice that you are weeping over some sorrow, and it would be a pleasure indeed if we might help you to bear it."

"I heard up at the theatre from one of the stage hands

### *Was the Circus Maiden Truly Satisfied?*

that you people had Bibles and Gospel tracts, and probably would help me. Have you the time to listen to my story.

"Yes, indeed," I replied, "it will be a privilege to do so."

We retired to a private room in which conference meetings were often held, and where prayer to God was made daily. Here, when we were seated, she told me the story of blighted hopes, thwarted ambitions, and the dying husband.



Fox Photo.

A CONTRAST, A CIRCUS COMPANY AT REST

Matthew 11. 28 was brought to my mind at once by the blessed Spirit of God as the passage which this young woman needed. I was delighted to see how the Holy Spirit had been working in her heart through the past years, on and off the stage. How blessed it is that He will work anywhere and will touch lives in every situation. He had given Lillian to see the utter emptiness of all that this world offers in the way of pleasure and popularity. Her husband was out of the race. Her own heart was broken. Her future was filled with darkness.

## *How the Circus Girl found the Saviour.*

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"Let me read you this verse, Lillian," I said: "'Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest' (Matt. 11. 28). This is what your heart desires. This is what Christ is waiting to give you. He wants you to come directly to Him for His pardoning grace and His saving Blood. 'Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners,' is what we read in 1 Timothy 1. 15. He came to save you. In saving you, He will give you rest. Would you not like Him to take away your sins and relieve your heart of your burden?"

"Yes," she replied. "My heart is just over-burdened. It seems I can carry on no longer. I am at my wits' end, and do not know which way to turn. I am not getting very much for my work on this circuit, and the illness of Willard takes it all as fast as I can get it. It is getting harder and harder for me to dance and sing with a smile on my face."

"Will you not read this verse again, Lillian," I inquired, and at the same time handed her my Bible opened at Matthew 11. 28. She made no reply, but read the verse. Over and over again she read it. The words seemed to entrance her. The call seemed to attract her. I could see that the Person of Christ and the rest which He was offering to her troubled heart was enticing her to His side. Quietly she bowed her head in her hands and meditated on the passage. I remained quiet also, waiting to see what the Spirit of God would do to her heart. While waiting, I asked the Holy Spirit to reveal the Lord Jesus to Lillian's heart and to lift the load from her shoulders. I felt that He would not begin a good work in her and not finish it. While I was still praying, she spoke from her burdened heart, and said: "I will come to the Lord Jesus Christ to-day; I want His rest; I need His peace; I need Him. How glad I am that He has invited me to come. I will lay the burden at His feet and will trust Him with my soul."

"Lillian, is Christ Jesus your own Saviour now?" I asked. "Have you really taken Him? Do you believe that He died to save you, and is living now to forgive you? If you do, let us kneel together while you tell Him so. He is in Heaven and can hear every word you say. Would you like to tell Him what you think of Him?"

### *How She was Sure at Last.*

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She seemed eager to do so, as she replied: "Yes, if you will tell me how."

I answered, "We will kneel together and I will tell Him that I am bringing you to Him by faith for His pardon and forgiveness; then you will tell Him that you are coming to trust Him. He is the living Saviour on His throne in Heaven and will hear all that you say to Him."

We were soon on our knees in prayer. I told the Lord Jesus how glad I was to bring this lost sinner to Him for His salvation and redemption. Having finished, I said: "Now Lillian, you tell the Saviour what you think of Him."

She did so, and said: "Jesus, I come to you to be saved. I know You came to save sinners, and I want You to save me. You said that if I would come to You, You would give me rest. I believe You will, and so I do come to trust myself to You. Won't You bless Willard also? He doesn't know You and he is dying. Do save my husband. Do help me to tell him about You in such a way that he will believe." Her weeping closed the prayer, and we arose to rejoice in the wonderful peace of God. W.L.W.

### I DON'T HOPE AT ALL.

ONE day, at the seaside, as I walked with a respectable and religious farmer, we met a fisherman, to whom I spoke, asking if his sins were forgiven. "No, they're not," was the straightforward reply. "Oh, but I *hope* we're all forgiven," said the farmer. "But I don't *hope* at all," I continued. "I'm sure about *mine*. Though, like you, only a poor unworthy sinner, I trust to Jesus, as having paid my debt when He died on the Cross. He says: 'He that believeth hath everlasting life,' and I just take Him at His Word.

"Now, let me make this plain. If a gentleman were to buy a boat, and give it to our friend here, and he accepted it, and took possession of it, he would not say that he *hoped* to have a new boat, but that he was *sure he had one*. Now I *hope* to enjoy Heaven, because I am not there yet; but I do not *hope* to be forgiven, when God tells me plainly that He has blotted out my sins."

"I have blotted out, as a thick cloud, thy transgressions, and, as a cloud, thy sins: return unto Me for I have redeemed thee" (Isa. 44. 22).  
W. S.

## THE MAN WHO KILLED 30 MEN.



**D**R. CLARK tells in his journal of missionary travel how once in Africa he listened in a humble tent to the song of a lot of coolies who had been a band of cut-throats and murderers but who had been marvellously redeemed. One of them, named Kothabye, had been the chief of a robber band and at last had been captured and sold as a slave. But no master would keep him, he was so wicked.

At last a missionary bought him with the hope of saving him. One day he heard the missionary tell how the Blood of Christ could cleanse a sinner. At the close he came up and in a stealthy voice asked: "*Could He cleanse a murderer?*" "Yes," said the missionary, "the Blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin." "But if he had killed *ten* men?" "Yes," said the missionary, "all manner of sin shall be forgiven unto men." "But if he had killed *twenty* men?" "Yes," said the missionary, "though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow." "But if he had killed *thirty* men?" "Though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool," answered the missionary. "Then," said he, "I am that sinner, for

## *Saved after Killing Thirty Men.*

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*I have killed thirty men."* But the Blood of Jesus Christ saved even that man, and he was now the leader of a coolie band of soul winners, and they were singing every night the song of thirty murders and the blood that could wash them all away. N-B.

### WHY CHOOSE THE WORLD?

THE world will not thank you for neglecting your eternal interests. You may sacrifice everything to gain its smile and drink at its fountains. Yet, when the trying hour comes—when you stand on the verge of eternity—you know well that the world can do nothing for you then. It has got no lasting joy, even for time; and, as for eternity, the world is truly "a physician of no value." It proves a broken reed in the very hour of your extremity. It cannot bring consolation in the trying hour of death; neither can it give assurance of safety in the great storm of judgment that must soon break upon all who obey not the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ. But in Him are everlasting joys. Then why dost thou choose the world? Choose CHRIST and choose Him *now*. w. s.

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# PROFIT and LOSS

THE PROBLEM RAISED BY THE LORD JESUS CHRIST FOR THE  
CONSIDERATION OF ALL.

"For what shall it profit a man, if he shall gain THE WHOLE WORLD, and lose his own Soul" (Mark 8. 36).

"No man can serve TWO masters" (Matt. 6. 24).

"Ye cannot serve GOD *and* MAMMON" (Luke 16. 13)

"Choose ye this day whom ye will serve" (Josh. 24. 15).

"Know ye not, that to whom ye yield yourselves servants to obey, his servants ye are to whom ye obey; whether of sin unto death, or of obedience unto righteousness?" (Romans 6. 16).

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## What is YOUR Choice To-Day?

Scripture Tracts, No. 11. Same size as *Herald*. 6d. per 100 (post free, 7d.)

## GENUINE GOLD SOVEREIGNS FOR A PENNY EACH.

CAPTAIN BARCLAY, an eccentric Englishman, wagered £500 with a gentleman that he could not sell twenty sovereigns within an hour on London Bridge at a penny each. The bet was accepted, and the Captain, with sovereigns in hand, took his stand at a convenient spot and cried, "Gold, gold, genuine gold, a penny each!" But the people hurried along, and heeded not his tempting offer. Doubtless some smiled at the well-dressed man, wondering if he imagined that anyone would be foolish enough to believe him. The seller continued his call, "Gold, gold, genuine gold, at a penny each!" but the Londoners were unbelieving. The hour had nearly expired when a poorly-dressed man edged up to Barclay, and gazing on the sovereigns, purchased half a dozen. On closer examination he perceived their value, and would have bought more, but the sixpence that he had invested was all his ready cash. Darting off to cash one of his newly-acquired gold pieces, he returned only to find that the "sovereign-a-penny" man had gone. Captain Barclay, therefore, won the £500 bet.

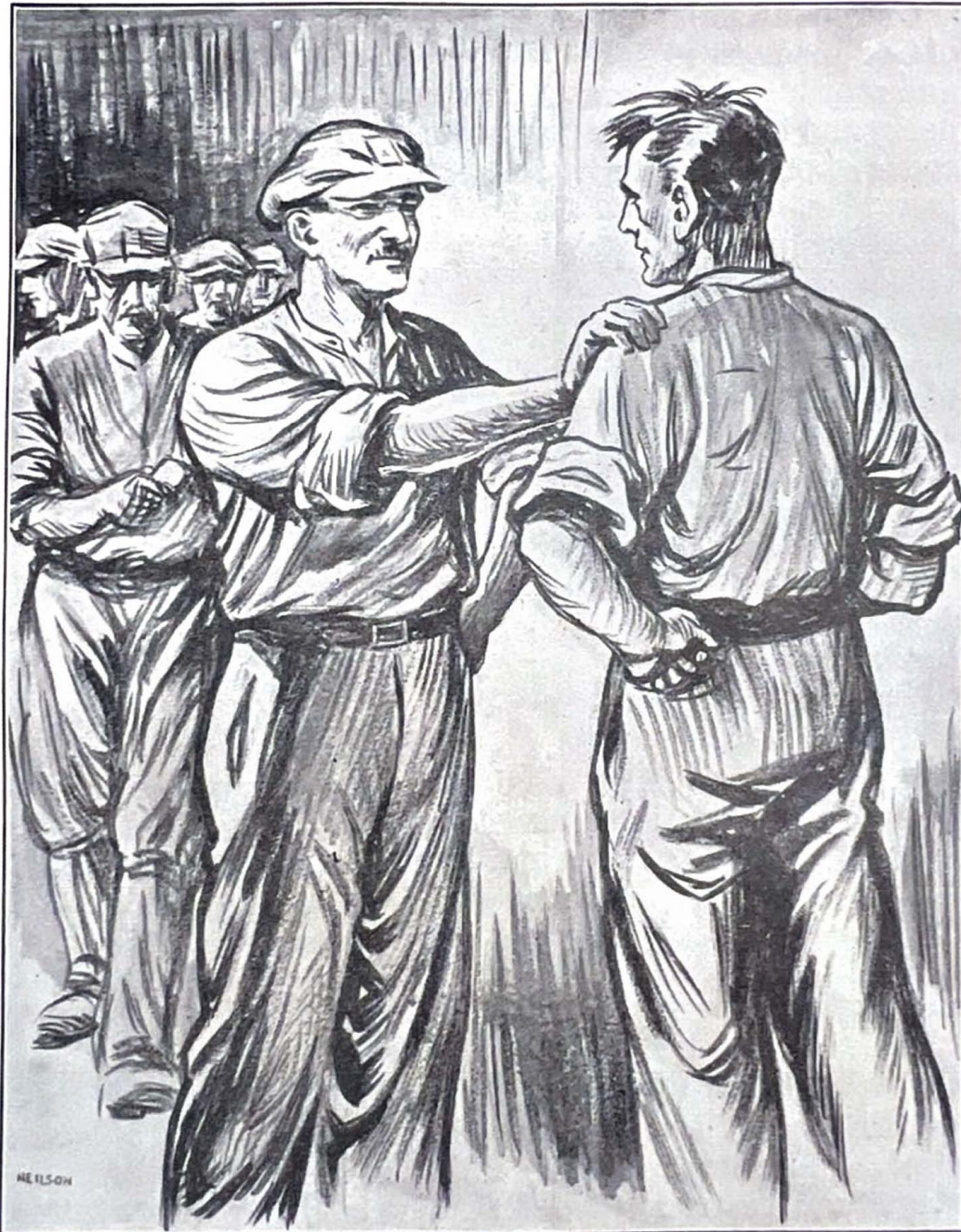
This incident illustrates greater and more important things. Though God at an infinite cost has provided salvation for the perishing, and presses it on their acceptance as a free gift, the masses of the people don't accept it on His terms. They are besought to take it freely, "without money and without price," but they think that this is "too good news to be true."

The "genuine gold sovereigns" were not offered as a free gift. It was certainly a splendid bargain to be offered sovereigns worth two hundred and forty pennies at a penny a piece. If God offered salvation on the ground of the sinner heaving a sigh, shedding a tear, renouncing a sin, or performing a single good deed, then it would not be all of grace. Yet Scripture says: "By grace ye are saved through faith, and that not of yourselves; it is the gift of God, not of works, lest any man should boast" (Eph. 2. 8, 9). God is satisfied with what Christ did for us, and He wishes us to be satisfied with that which satisfies Him. Look to Christ and you will obtain peace, pardon, and eternal life. Don't try to merit God's free gift of a full and present salvation.

A.M.

## HOW BILL FOUND THE WINNER.

"I HAVEN'T MUCH MONEY, AND I WANT THE SURE WINNER," CONTINUED HIS FRIEND.



"Bill hast thou got the Sure Winner?" "Yes."

On Saturday Bill went as usual to receive his wages from the pay office, and was there accosted by one of his old companions, who asked, "Bill, hast thou got the winner?"

## HOW BILL FOUND THE WINNER.

A FEW years ago, a servant of the Lord, whose heart was aglow with love for souls, visited a village in West Yorkshire to proclaim the old, old story of the love of God.

One night as he spoke of the perfect work of the Lamb of God, he noticed in the congregation a strong, well-built, and robust young man. A scarf was loosely tied round his neck, and he was dressed in the usual miner's garb. As he spoke, both powerfully and earnestly, of the grace and mercy manifested in God's Lamb to those who were perishing in their sins, he noticed that the eyes of this young miner were fixed intently upon him, and that he appeared to be listening with rapt attention to every word, whilst upon his face, which bore the unmistakable marks of sin, was a look of concern and unrest.

At the close of the service he stayed to speak to the preacher, and said, "There's one thing you said to-night that I cannot forget."

"What is that?" queried the preacher.

"You said," replied the young miner, "that if I accepted Jesus Christ as my Saviour, that this month would be the beginning of months. But oh! sir, I am too bad, too vile to be saved."

"Thank God for that," exclaimed the preacher; "for you are just the one whom Jesus came to save, for He came from Heaven to seek and to save those who are bad, not the good." And in a similar strain he pleaded with him to trust the Saviour, and urged upon him an immediate surrender to Christ. After several Christian friends had prayed with him, he left the service, undecided and unforgiven; yet they had faith in God that he would ultimately yield, and that shortly he would be amongst the redeemed of the Lord.

Bill Smith, for that was his name, instead of going straight home that night, called to see his parents, and stayed until after 11 o'clock. As he left, he said, "*Mother, it's no use me going home, for I know that I shall not be able to sleep.*" His surmise was correct. His conscience troubled him; the many sins which he had committed passed before him like a panorama, for he knew that he was a lost sinner.

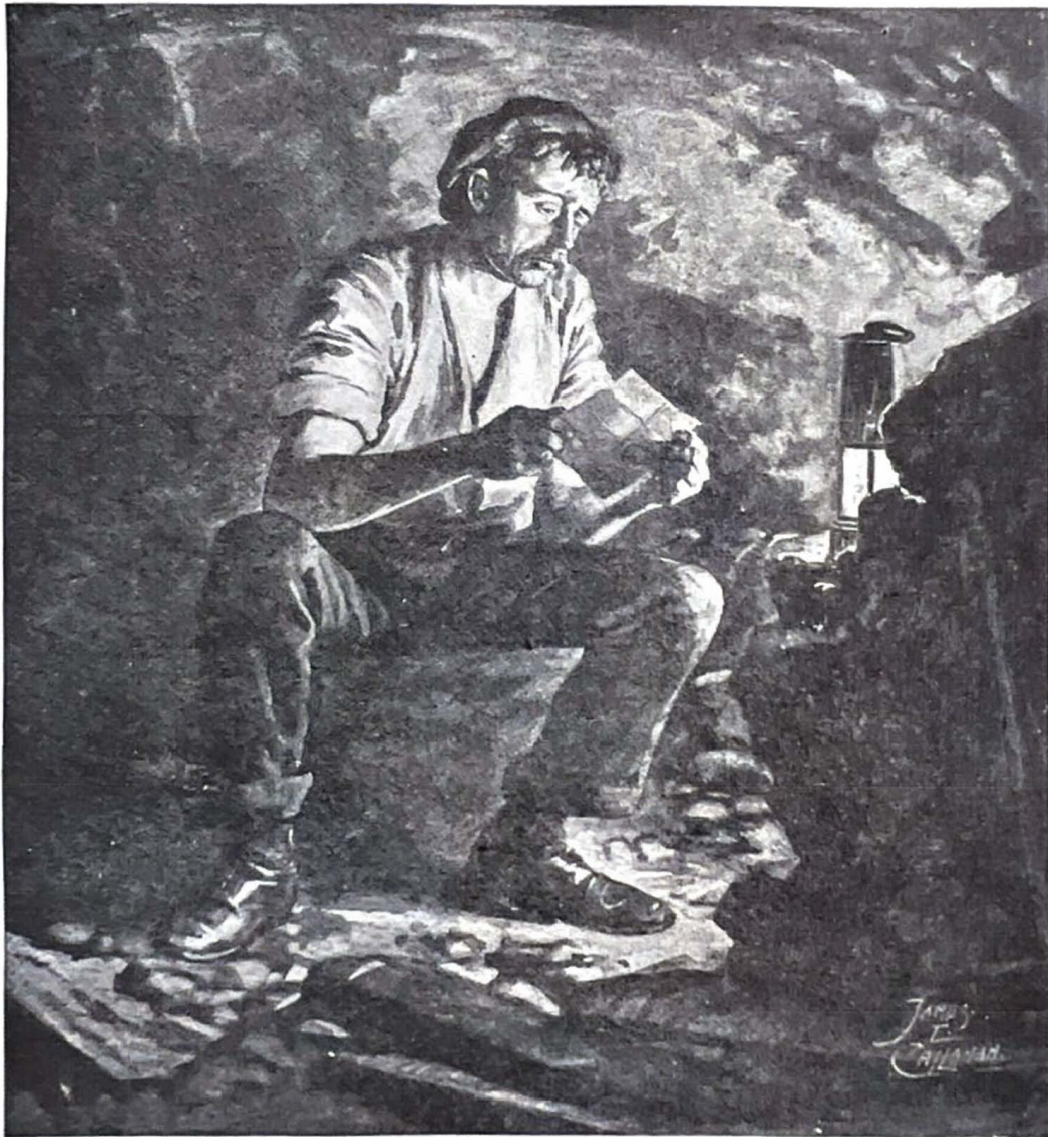
When morning dawned, Bill felt that he dared not

## *The Man who found the Saviour*

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descend the pit. His work was called "strait work," or "heading"—work which is fraught with great danger; and he felt, as never before, that, should he be overtaken by accident, and thus meet with death, he would be lost forever.

The next evening the preacher, accompanied by a con-



"HIS WORK WAS FRAUGHT WITH DANGER."

verted miner, went to visit him, for they knew that he had been a valiant servant of the Devil. He was very pleased to see them, and pressed them to take supper with him, after which the preacher, longing for his soul's salvation, brought to his notice from the Scriptures that belief in the Lord Jesus Christ was God's only way of

salvation, and besought him to *believe and live*. But his only response was, "I cannot trust myself;" to which his friend replied, "I am glad you cannot trust yourself, Bill, for you are not fit to be trusted; but you may trust the Saviour."

A battle was raging in Bill's sinful heart, between the powers of darkness—for Satan does not readily yield up his prey—and the Christ of God; but, praise God! the victory was to be for Christ. With true penitence he bowed his knee in the presence of God, and the "light of life" flooded his dark heart, dispelling the dense darkness. He was thus washed and made whiter than snow by the precious Blood of Jesus Christ.

The following evening he again attended the Gospel service, not as a miserable sinner, but as a happy Christian, and with a face beaming with heavenly joy triumphantly stated to those present, "All's right, and all's bright." And as the Christians present beheld his countenance, radiant with peace, they truly could rejoice and say: "To God be the glory, great things He has done."

Previous to conversion Bill was a noted gambler. He would sit up until the early hours of the morning, reading the various papers connected with betting, horse-racing, etc., and he was considered by his comrades quite an authority upon the subject. The following Saturday Bill went as usual to receive his wages from the pay office, and was there accosted by one of his old companions, who asked, "Bill, hast thou got the winner?"

"Oh, yes," replied Bill.

"I haven't much money, and I want the sure winner," continued his friend.

"Well, I have got the sure winner," said Bill.

"I am delighted to meet thee, Bill, so do tell me which it is," his comrade continued.

After keeping him in suspense for a few moments, which seemed a long time to the interested miner, Bill said: "Yes, I will tell you, George, and right gladly. *The winner is my Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ.*" Thereupon George coolly turned away without saying another word.

Bill had also been very fond of pigeon-flying and dog-running, he being the owner of a dog which had won many prizes, for which he had been offered twenty pounds after

*"I want a sure winner"—"Have you got it?"*

she had run in a fifty pounds sweepstake at Dudley Hill, near Bradford. But all these things were given up; he was a new creature in Christ Jesus, and the former things dropped off as autumn leaves, and passed away, as he manifested by his changed life that he was the Lord's free man. Through the grace of God he could say with one of old: "But what things were gain to me, those I counted loss for Christ. Yea, doubtless, and I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord" (Phil. 3. 7, 8).

Bill now publicly confesses Christ. Truly he is a brand plucked from the burning, and his prayers continually



**MEN ON THE COURSE LOOKING FOR THE WINNER.**

follow the preacher under whose ministry he was first led to consider the evil of his ways, and by whom he was pointed to the Lamb of God, who bore his sins in His own body on the tree. In a letter dated a few weeks ago he states that he is waiting for the One who has won his heart to come for him from Heaven.

May you, dear unsaved one, as Bill and thousands beside, "turn to God from idols to serve the living and true God, and to wait for His Son from Heaven." Then true rest, heart satisfaction, and endless joy will be yours. For Christ Jesus, to save your soul and to win your heart's affection, endured the Cross, despised the shame, and now calls from yonder excellent glory, saying, "Come, COME, COME!"

A.G.

## **True Stories of Well-known Men.**

We give these just as the workers kindly supplied them, feeling assured that they will be read with interest, and show the varied workings of the Holy Spirit.—No. 16.

### **TESTIMONY OF F. B. WILKINSON, Paignton.**

**I**T has been stated that—just as no two blades of grass are exactly alike, so no two conversions are quite the same. It takes an earthquake to arouse some, as with the Philippian jailer. The hearts of others just open to God's love, as the rose opens to the warm sun, like Lydia of old. The writer would place his conversion within the last-named category.

My home influence as a boy was good so far as my mother was concerned; and one of my earliest recollections is that of hearing her play and sing such hymns as "Almost persuaded," "Knocking! Knocking! Who is there?" and others. So that in a sense I was a 'religious' boy, hating such gross sins as swearing, etc., yet having no joy in God, no knowledge that one could know one's sins forgiven.

I was brought up in the Church of England, became a choir-boy, and was duly confirmed. My Sunday School teacher at that time was not a Christian himself, and merely sought to give his class an interesting time. Much was made of temperance as gaining merit with God. This same teacher once started an anti-smoking campaign amongst his boys. The inconsistency was that he himself was an inveterate smoker! He promised however, that when 24 boys had signed a non-smoking pledge, he

### *How a Religious boy was Saved!*

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would be the twenty-fifth to sign. After over 20 boys had signed such pledges the book disappeared, and our teacher continued his smoking habits! It was through such teachings, however, that we were led to believe that *God's favour and forgiveness could be merited*; and because



F. B. WILKINSON, MANAGER, TORBAY COURT, PAIGNTON, DEVON.

of that, of course, I did not feel my need of Christ as the all-sufficient Saviour. I had yet to prove that "All our righteousnesses (not *un*-righteousnesses, merely, but even our *best*) are as filthy rags," and that "By grace are ye saved . . . not of works."

At the age of sixteen I became the boy-organist of a

church known as "Emmanuel" Free Church of England, whose incumbent was the late William Troughton. He was a most godly man, and later became Bishop Primus of that denomination. I believe that I heard the simple Gospel for the first time from his lips. His messages were uttered with no uncertain sound. "Ye *must* be born again!" (John 3. 3, 7). "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved!" (Acts 16. 31). He had no great powers of oratory, but relied on the living Word of God to do its effective work—and it *did*!

About the age of seventeen I realised that the Lord Jesus had died for *my* sins, and that He had a personal interest in *my* salvation. Before then He was merely a historical figure; now He was "The Son of God Who loved *me*, and gave Himself for *me*" (Gal. 2. 20). So, without deep conscience of sinnership, and almost imperceptibly, I passed "From death unto life." I can look back to no definite date as my second birthday, and yet I know that there was a "*Happy day*, which fixed my choice." I can give no chapter and verse as that which aroused me to a sense of Christ's saving work for me, and yet *I know* that I accepted Christ as *my* Saviour through the "Seed . . . incorruptible, by the Word of God" that I was born again, and became truly His child.

I have never doubted my security as a believer. It rests on what the Lord Jesus *did*, and that cannot alter. My final argument with myself was that if I had been born again, I could never be *unborn*.

A fellow-teacher and myself used to go to the beach—for it was in the seaside town of Morecambe, Lancashire, and preach the Gospel to the passers-by. We had much joy in the work, and many conversations with visitors and residents who stayed behind.

One trusts that this account of a very ordinary conversion, if any conversion can be "ordinary," will energise any "religious" young person to make sure that they have not merely a religion, but a *personal Saviour*. And may any timid one who is sincerely trusting Christ as Saviour be encouraged in the thought that a date and a verse are not indispensable, if you know that there has been, in your past life, that *Red-letter day* when you, too, passed "from death unto life."

F.B.W.

## "GOD HAS SPOKEN TO US."

AT one of the mission stations the lady missionary saw a strange African, clad in skins, come out of the long grass leading a goat. She watched him with great interest, for he was not known to her. He came on to the compound, tied his goat to a banana tree, and



HE BROUGHT A GOAT TO BUY GOD'S BOOK.

eagerly looked around. Then, seeing the white lady, he put aside his weapons and came to her with keen inquiry: "White lady, has God's Book arrived in our country?"

"Are you interested in God's Book?" she asked.

"Yes," he replied. "My son brought back these pieces of paper, and on them are the words of the Father of creation, and my boy has been teaching me these words: 'God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son.' I heard that God's Book had arrived, and I have walked for five days, and I have brought this goat in order to buy God's Book."

Then she showed him the neatly bound copy of the Scriptures, and said: "Truly, this is God's Book."

Eagerly he questioned: "Do you know 'God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son?'" Then she found the place and read the words to him.

"Give me the Book," he pleaded. "You may have the goat."

With tears in his eyes the massive warrior walked up and down, pressing the Book to his breast, saying: "God's Book, God's Book. He has spoken. God has spoken to us in our own language. I thought He knew the white man's speech only, but He has spoken in our language."

Away he went over the hills, where no missionary is, with God's Book.

N-B.

### THE TWO PAIRS OF FETTERS.

MANY years ago, a fierce war waged in India between the English and Tippoo Sahib. On one occasion, several English Officers were taken prisoners; among them was one named Baird. One day a native officer brought in fetters to be put on each of the prisoners, the wounded not excepted. Baird had been severely wounded, and was suffering from pain and weakness. A grey-haired officer said to the native official:

"You will not think of putting chains upon that wounded man?"

"There are just as many pairs of fetters as there are captives," was the answer, "and every pair must be worn."

"Then," said the noble officer, "*put two pairs on me; I will wear his as well as my own.*"

## *The Two Pairs of Fellers.*

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This was done. Strange to say, Baird lived to regain his freedom—lived to take the city; but his noble friend died in prison.

A noble act; to bear a heavy burden for another which that other could not bear for himself. Thus our Saviour showed His love for the world. "When we were yet without strength, in due time Christ died for the ungodly" (Rom. 5. 6). Christ took my place and died for *me*. T.S.

### HANNIBAL'S GREAT MISTAKE.



A ROMAN EMPEROR.

WHEN Hannibal was ravaging Italy, and had defeated the Romans at Cannae, he was urged by his generals to march at once upon Rome itself, which, they said, would fall an easy prey into his hands, seeing that the flower of the Roman youth had fallen in the battle, and the city could only be garrisoned by a small number of troops. For some reason, however, Hannibal delayed, and lost his opportunity, and on this account a Carthaginian named Barco said to him with some heat: "Hannibal, you know how to *gain* a victory, but not how to *use* it."

But how wondrously in the fulness of time did God intervene.

"That He might spare His enemies,  
He would not spare His Son."

and it lay with Him to devise this marvellous way that His banished ones be not expelled from Him.

The great God and the terrible is become the God of all grace, in the Gospel beseeching sinners, rebels, enemies, to be reconciled to Him. Man's heart was at enmity against God. Man was an enemy in his mind by wicked works. It was God who so loved the world as to give His Son; and He now says in the Gospel: "Enemy though you are, rebel though you have been, return unto the Lord and He will abundantly pardon."

This is royal grace, royal pardon, royal clemency, a salvation worthy of the God who devised it. Oh! that the word "Be ye reconciled" might be received in its simplicity as it will when the need is deeply felt. F.L.

## ANOTHER'S CARELESSNESS, BUT . . .



WHAT a lovely sight! At 3 o'clock in the afternoon of September, 20th, 1935, the Canadian Pacific liner, *The Duchess of York*, sailed from the landing stage, Liverpool, England, bound for Montreal, Canada.

On board were three sisters. One, Mrs. S., had invited two friends, Mr. and Mrs. K., to see her off, and the brother of Mrs. S., Mr. F., had procured a special pass for them to be able to say "Good-bye" to her on the boat. Gladly they agreed to do this; in fact, they had made up their minds to be on the landing stage, if at all possible, to say and wave their "FAREWELL."

Whatever has happened! Mrs. S. waited, her eyes ever towards the shore, but no sign of her friends nor did they come. Her sisters, who were making the voyage with her, tried to comfort her as did also her brother, who was there to say "Good-bye."

"ALL VISITORS ASHORE!" and soon the brother, with some of his friends waved their good wishes as the beautiful vessel moved from the landing stage—but still no sign of Mr. and Mrs. K.

Mr. F. and his friends came from the landing stage, and, to their surprise, met Mr. and Mrs. K., *just outside the barrier gates*. "Why! how is this?—Mrs. S. is so upset," said Mr. F. Showing him the pass, Mr. K. said: "What figure is this?" "A seven," said the brother. "What a blunder! No! it is a badly made *two*, far more like a *seven*, what a *shame*!" Then the two explained.

Mrs. K. required some material and thought that being in Liverpool was a good opportunity to obtain this. Knowing that some of the shops closed about 7 o'clock, and believing that the pass was from 1-30 to 7.30, she and her husband went to the shops first and then made their way to the boat, intending to have, and thinking they would have, at least four hours with their friend. *They arrived at the barrier just as the vessel was moving away . . . JUST TOO LATE!*

"See, the boat is moving!" exclaimed Mr. K., and the

### *They Missed their Friends at the Ship.*

two looked at one another, a big lump coming into the throat of each and a sinking feeling!—such a sinking feeling—which no one can describe, came upon them. Oh, the agony of that moment!

They waited to see Mr. F. in order to explain, and then they went home, hardly a word being spoken on the way. There they both broken down. Mr. K. and Mrs. S. had been exceedingly good and kind to his wife and himself.



JUST LEAVING THE LANDING STAGE, LIVERPOOL.

Now, she had gone to Canada to live and they had not been at the boat in time even to wave to her a "*God-be-with-ye.*" Never again will they have that opportunity, for Mrs. S., who was a patient sufferer for months, passed to her Heavenly Home in 1936.

TOO LATE! Lovers of the Word of God, watching world happenings, see prophecies being fulfilled, and signs of the times, during which we are taught to expect the return of our Lord Jesus Christ, when all, who are looking

for Him, will be taken away from this evil world and its coming troubles, to be with Him (Hebrews 9. 28; 1 Cor. 15. 50-58; 1 Thess. 4. 13-18).

Reference has been made to the Coming of the Lord Jesus Christ for His people, and many, the writer among them, believe that this great event will take place in the *near future*. Oh, the agony of those who will fail to realise until *too late*. The pass to the ship was useless after the date and time stated. The barrier was closed and guarded by police and no amount of beseeching could alter the position. The ship had gone. Beloved, to-morrow may be *too late* (Luke 13. 24-30). TO-DAY, THIS MOMENT, NOW, is the day of Salvation (Hebrews 4. 6, 7; 2 Cor. 6. 2).

Then there is another thought. We must note that their misfortune was really due to the *bad* workmanship of another. Several people had seen that pass, and, without exception, the figure in question had been taken for a *seven*. This is a "beware" thought. Beware of those who would teach any way to obtain Eternal Life but through the *one appointed WAY*—the ATONING WORK of our LORD JESUS CHRIST (John 14. 6; Acts 20. 28-31; 1 John 4. 1-6). Mr. So-and-so taught me this and that, will be of *no use* at the *Judgment Day*, nor will a plea of ignorance avail. Flee to Christ now and be saved and satisfied, and ready for Glory. S.T.S.

### "WHOSOEVER WILL."

*"And whosoever will let him take the Water of Life freely"*  
(Rev. 22. 17).

PROCEEDING from the throne of God

A stream of love and mercy flows;  
Life, joy, and peace are shed abroad—  
The desert blossoms as the rose.

The water is as crystal clear;  
The night becomes eternal day;  
No pain or sorrow ventures near,  
And all the curse has passed away.

Come, sinner, come! thy welcome prove;  
Come, thirsty one, and take thy fill;  
This stream of mercy and of love  
Is free to "*whosoever will*." WM. WILEMAN.

## HOW "THE BULLDOG" GOT THE VICTORY.

HE was a soldier; he had fought in many a brave fight, but this time he had been fighting, not with Germans or Turks, but in a drinking row. "The Bulldog" they called him, and his face corresponded with the name. Evidently he was defeated in the battle of life. Why? He had fought on the wrong side.

"Give us a drink," he said, going into the public-house where he had left many a bright shilling. But as the drink was twopence, and he had only three halfpence, the drink-seller demurred at serving. "Lend us the odd ha'penny." No, they did not trust. He was thirsty, but no money evidently meant no drink. Hard, was it not? He thought so, and went away a bit offended.

A Christian lady saw him, and invited him to the Winchester Soldiers' Home. Could he have a drink there? Certainly. So going up to the little bar he had a cup of coffee, and the cost was only one halfpenny. Could he have a feed at the same price? Yes; so he had a cake for another halfpenny. Then he thought, this is a better shop than the old one; there I was a halfpenny short; here I have eatables and drinkables both, and am a halfpenny to the good. Just then in an adjoining room some one sang:

"Go bury thy sorrow, the world hath its share;  
Go bury it deeply, go hide it with care;  
Go think of it calmly, when curtained by night;  
Go tell it to Jesus, and all will be right."

He was arrested, and listened. This was what he wanted, a burying-place for his sorrow. Next night he was there again, and the next. Then he expressed a desire to be a Christian. There and then the lady worker told him how "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). Gave Him to death, for "without shedding of blood is no remission" (Heb. 9. 22). "Christ once suffered for sins, the Just for the unjust" (1 Peter 3. 18). Yes! Christ Jesus, Son of God, and Son of Man, was made the Sin-offering, to take the full and awful punishment for sin, for him. That Story conquered his heart, and he lives to tell it.

If every other foe has conquered you, come to the Lord Jesus Christ, believe on Him, and you will be saved now, and more than conqueror by and by.

W. L.

## THE WHEELWRIGHT AND HIS WORK.

“WELL, wheelwright, are those wheels ready yet that I asked you to make for me?” “Oh, yes, sir; quite ready. Come here and I will show them to you, and I can assure you, sir, a better pair of wheels never left my workshop. Now, look for yourself; there’s a finish for you, is it not?” “Yes, I must confess they look well indeed. But if you will give me your tools for a few minutes I will put a small peice on here, and add a larger piece over there.” “Oh, my dear sir, I couldn’t do that; you would spoil the wheels.” “What! spoil the wheels by adding a little to them?” “Yes, completely spoil them. I tell you straight there is not a man in or outside this parish could improve my work, and I’m sure you couldn’t.”

“Well, I didn’t think I could, but I thought I would try and teach you a lesson. When I spoke to you a few days ago about the importance and necessity of being saved and knowing your sins forgiven through the atoning finished work of our Lord Jesus, do you remember you said you were doing the best you could, and when I told you that Salvation was a finished work, and that all our doing and trying was only an insult to the Saviour and a practical denial, that the work of Christ was perfectly done, you got into a temper and said quite rudely, ‘We must do our part,’ and now to-day you feel quite insulted at my proposal to take the tools and improve upon the wheels. Don’t you see you are exactly treating the Lord Jesus in a way you would not allow me to treat you. Oh, just think what you are doing. You are practically denying that Jesus finished the work of atonement, for surely if you believe that it was finished you would rest upon it and thank the Lord Jesus for dying for you upon the Cross.

“At the close of His perfect life on earth, Jesus declared that He had FINISHED the work, which God gave Him to do (John 17. 4), and His dying words on Calvary’s Cross were, ‘IT IS FINISHED’ (John 19. 31). Such is enough for me. Here I rest, and millions more besides, and why not you? Oh, to-day give up all your trying and doing, and trust His FINISHED WORK! If you do, you will be saved. If you don’t, you will be lost eternally. Oh, what will you do with Jesus and His perfect finished work? Will you still try what you can ‘do,’ or will you thank the Lord it is done?”

J.M'K.

## CHRISTMAS IN A PRISON CELL.

THE POLICE FELT THEY HAD GLEANED SUFFICIENT INFORMATION TO LEAD THEM TO BELIEVE THEY HAD TRACED THE WRONG-DOER. SO TO JOHN THAME'S COTTAGE THEY CAME THAT DAY, ARRESTED HIM, AND TOOK HIM TO THE POLICE STATION.




For Photos

**The Policeman Questions a Man.**

"John Thame, I arrest you." Arrest him? Whatever for? True, some sad and sordid story of wrong had been going about the village, but John Thame know nothing about it.

# Christmas in a Prison Cell.

HRISTMAS was coming! Already the village shop was making the very best of its display of gifts and "goodies." There was talk among the children of Christmas trees and Christmas treats. People were beginning to think of the reason for all this gladness and goodwill and joy—that it was in memory of the Greatest Event in history—it began in Bethlehem's manger nearly two thousand years ago, when the Divine Lord of Glory came down to earth to give Himself a ransom, because "God so loved the world," and love delights to give.

**Christmas was coming!** In one happy little home in a pretty village under the Chiltern Hills, preparations for a real good time were going on. Father, mother, and the children were counting the days till Christmas, when suddenly the blow fell!

A knock upon the cottage door; the unexpected sight of the uniformed men on the doorstep; the terrible words: "John Thame, I arrest you." Arrest him? Whatever for? True, some sad and sordid story of wrong had been going about the village, but John Thame knew nothing about it. Yet, somehow, his name had been connected by village gossip with the crime; the police felt they had gleaned sufficient information to lead them to believe they had traced the wrong-doer. So to John Thame's cottage they came that day, arrested him, and took him to the police station.

Brought up before the local bench of magistrates, they, as is often the case, found themselves in a quandary. There seemed some amount of evidence to connect John Thame with the charge, and there had not been sufficient time to arrange for the defence which would completely clear him. So they took the only course open to them at the moment, committed John Thame for trial, and for some reason did not allow him to go home on bail.

**Christmas was coming!** The glad season for which there had been so much planning and preparation going on in that little home. Mother and children went back broken-hearted to sit in the dark shadow of their grief. John Thame was taken to the neighbouring city to await trial upon the charge brought against him.

What made the thought of spending Christmas in

### *Why he Spent Christmas in Jail.*

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prison all the more terrible, was the fact that his conscience was clear—he was charged with a sin committed by another—might even suffer punishment in the wrongdoer's stead, while the real criminal got off scot-free.

None knew—none will ever know, what John Thame suffered through those lone dark hours. Did there come to him the memory of One Who, suffering wrongfully,



*Fox Photo*      POLICEMEN ON THE WAY TO APPREHEND HIM.

### *Christmas Eve and a Christmas Letter.*

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suffered the burden of sin not His own, since He Himself knew no sin—had by the sacrifice of Himself upon the Cross put away sin for those who by faith come unto God by Him?

**Christmas Eve!** and the shadow of wrong done to an innocent man lay heavy upon his wife and children in the darkened home, for him there was nothing but Christmastide in a prison cell.

But God remembered, and some of His servants in that city remembered beforehand, too, in time to assure themselves that not a single prisoner in that gaol might be forgotten when Christmas morning came. Christmas morning and a letter for him. John Thame took it wonderingly when it was handed to him. It was not from his home—the handwriting was strange. Who had cared for him enough to write him a message of cheer and comfort on Christmas Day?

**A Christmas Letter.** There he sat in his cell on Christmas morning, reading the letter—written by some unknown friend, a letter that brought a message straight from God to him. There it was, all he had learned as a child, all he had well-nigh forgotten. God's great love not only to a world lost in sin, but to him personally, the sinner in God's sight, though as his own conscience told him, not guilty of that of which he was accused by law. Christ had come to make peace by the Blood of His Cross, so that peace, goodwill, and joy were God's gifts to those who would accept His great Salvation—a salvation offered freely to all who will accept it as His gift, and give themselves to Him (John 1. 12).

John Thame saw it all—his soul was in prison, the prison of himself by sin, and only Christ could set him free. As he sat in his cell that Christmas morning reading the letter, God's offer of the greatest of all gifts, freedom from the penalty and power of sin, even for him, if he would but accept God's invitation to come, then and there.

**"Bring my soul out of prison"** (Psalm 142. 7). The prayer of the Psalmist was in his heart as he went down on his knees and repeated sincerely:

"Just as I am, Thy love unknown,  
Has broken every barrier down,  
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,  
O Lamb of God, I come."

### *Mistaken in a Prison Cell.*

Just as he was, then and there in his prison cell, with the Christmas letter before him, John Thame prayed that prayer. "O Lamb of God, I come," seeking and finding life eternal, God's greatest gift of all to him on Christmas Day (Rom. 6. 23), to him a day of all days.

**Freedom at Last.** A little later he was free. At the



WHY?  
AN EVE IN  
THE CELL.

## *How he got out of the Prison Cell.*

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County Assizes evidence was brought forward that cleared his character completely. Proved innocent of the charge that had been made against him, he left the court cleared, not a stain against his character—free. Free to go back home to wife and children, not only to tell them the great glad news that he was cleared, but the still greater news of what wonderful things the Lord had done for him, a prisoner in a prison cell—ON CHRISTMAS DAY.

You may never have been arrested, and put into man's prison-house—what about the prison-house of sin? Only Christ can set you free, because He Himself has paid sins' penalty. Will you seek His freedom—His salvation—here and now and have a glad Christmas? G.P.

### MAN'S QUESTIONS—GOD'S ANSWERS

**Am I accountable to God?** "Every one of us shall give account of himself to God" (Romans 14. 12).

**Has God seen all my ways?** "All things are naked and opened unto the eyes of Him with whom we have to do" (Heb. 4. 13).

**Does He charge me with sin?** "The Scripture hath concluded all under sin" (Gal. 3. 22). "All have sinned" (Romans 3. 23).

**Will He punish sin?** "The soul that sinneth, it shall die" (Ezekiel 18. 4). "For the wages of sin is death" (Romans 6. 23).

**Must I perish?** "God is not willing that any perish, but that all should come to repentance" (2 Peter 3. 9).

**How can I escape?** "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved" (Acts 16. 31).

**Is He ABLE to save me?** "He is able to save to the uttermost them that come unto God by Him" (Heb. 7. 25).

**Is He willing?** "Christ Jesus came into this world to save sinners" (Timothy 1. 15).

**Am I saved on believing?** "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life" (John 3. 36).

**Can I be saved now?** "Now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation" (2 Cor. 6. 2).

**As I am?** "Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out" (John 6. 37).

**Shall I not fall away?** "Him that is able to keep you from falling" (Jude 24).

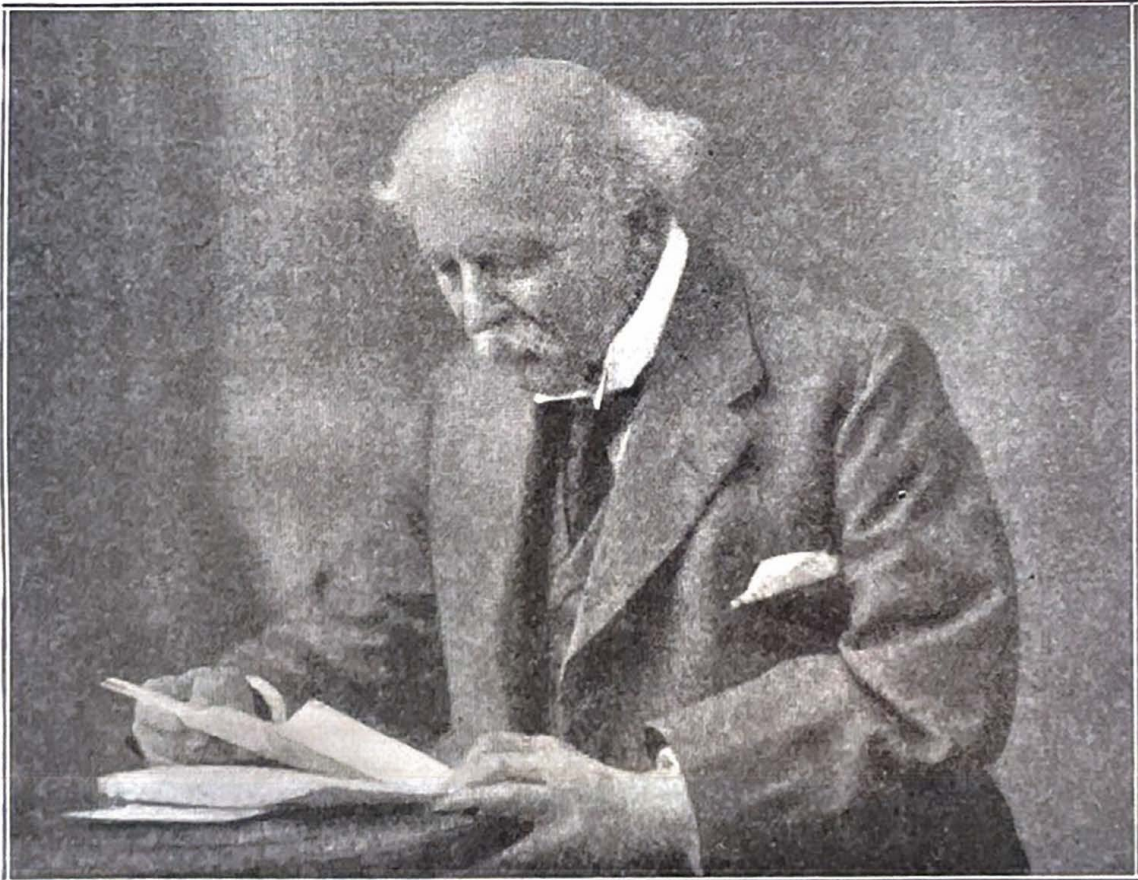
H.F.T.

## True Stories of Well-known Men.

We give these just as the workers kindly supplied them, feeling assured that they will be read with interest, and show the varied workings of the Holy Spirit.—No. 17.

### Testimony of Dr. HEYMAN WREFORD, Exeter.

**I** REMEMBER when I was a boy I was very often anxious about my soul. It was not the fear of death so much that haunted me—the bounding life of a healthy boy does not tend to thoughts of death—but the fear of the Second Coming of the Lord Jesus Christ used to terrify



HEYMAN WREFORD WRITING AT HIS DESK.

me beyond all telling. I knew that He might come at any moment, night or day, when I was asleep, or when I was awake. This truth of the Second Coming of Christ had fastened itself upon my heart; I could not get away from it, and the awful horror of being left behind, when He came to call His people into Heaven, was often more than I could bear.

Let me repeat to you, dear friends, one of my experiences.

**The Devil's Whisper.** It was midnight. There was no sound in the quiet house; all was silence and darkness. A little boy lay sleeping in his bed, alone in the room.

## *Is the Lord Really Coming back?*

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Suddenly he awoke in an agony of fear, shaking in every limb, while the perspiration trickled down his cheeks. He slipped out of bed, went trembling to the door of the room, opened it, went out on to the landing, and then down the stairs. He stopped outside the bedroom door of the landing below his room, and eagerly listened. After a while he went upstairs to his own room again; and going down upon his knees, burst into tears, praying to God to save him. What had happened?

His parents were Christians, and he was still unsaved. Often had he felt the Spirit striving with him, and he desired salvation. This night as he lay asleep, it seemed as if Satan had come to his bedside and whispered in his ear: "*The Lord has come and you are left behind; you'll never be saved now.*" He heard the words quite plainly, and awoke in great fear. He gazed fearfully around the room, but there was nothing to be seen.

Again the tempter seemed to speak, and now he said: *They are all gone and you are left.*

An awful terror now seized him. He knew Christ was Coming, and he believed now He had come. His heart was throbbing wildly, as if it would burst from his bosom. What should he do? Where should he go? All at once it struck him that he would go downstairs, and listen outside his parents' door, and find out whether they were really there or not. He did so; and when he heard them breathing it seemed as if an awful load had been taken off his heart. He crept slowly back to his room, and knelt down to pray, his heart almost breaking with emotion. Not long after he was saved by faith in Jesus.

He started meetings in Assembly Rooms, in 1880, moved to Public Rooms holding 1000, filled this, then in 1884, took Victoria Rooms, seating 2000, where for years large audiences heard fiery Gospel messages from the Dr. He did a good work circulating literature among the soldiers, and continued and expanded this Depot work after the war. His booklet, "How Can I be Saved?" and others, had an extensive circulation. His heart embraced all for whom the Saviour died, and his efforts reached out to all parts of the world. After a very active life of service for the Master he passed peacefully away on Jan. 1, 1930, aged 84. "Be ye *also* ready!"

## A BURIAL AT SEA.

AT the shipping office two young men, about to "sign on" were drawn to each other by mutual consent. Whether it was that each others looks pleased them both, or the very natural desire to have a "chum" when about to enter upon a long voyage, or to have the aid of a friend in time of stress, is of small consequence. One proposed it, the other consented. But the latter had very distinct views on friendships got up on so short an acquaintance.



THE CAPTAIN READ THE SOLEMN WORDS.

## *Two Men who Chose Different Paths.*

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He was a Christian, that is, converted. He had been *born*, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, *but of God* (John 1. 13). The young Christian seaman accepted the overtures of the other with the object of preaching the Gospel to him.

After joining the ship the two found an opportunity of conversing together. After a few general remarks, the Christian said: "Well, as we're to be chums, I'd like to begin as I wish to continue this voyage—*I belong to Christ—do you?*"

"Well, this ain't my idea of chumming," replied the other with some warmth; "the first thing you do is to try and cram religion down your chum's throat."

"I'm saved, and I'd like you to be," returned the Christian, "I don't think you can count that an unfriendly wish. I'm happy and want you to be."

"Ah! that's right enough. Religion's alright, and I've nought to say against it. But I don't like fellows ramming it at you everywhere you go and whenever you see them."

"It's not religion I want you to get," said the Christian, "it's Christ. Thousands have got religion but they're not in any way benefitted by it. *I have Christ*, and Christ has got me. He blotted my sins out of His book by His Blood."

"Aye, well, I don't deny you're a good chap——"

"Oh, no, I'm not," interrupted the Christian, "I'm a sinner cleansed by the Blood of Jesus, with nothing left of myself to boast about."

"Aye, aye," the other went on wearily, "as I said, religion's right enough in its place, but we've no room for it aboard this packet—anyhow, I've got no time for it. If I was religious inclined I wouldn't have it now."

"Why?"

"Well, I'm young, and I want to see life. I don't want to join the long-faced regiment."

"I don't belong to that regiment," said the Christian. "I don't think I'm long-faced."

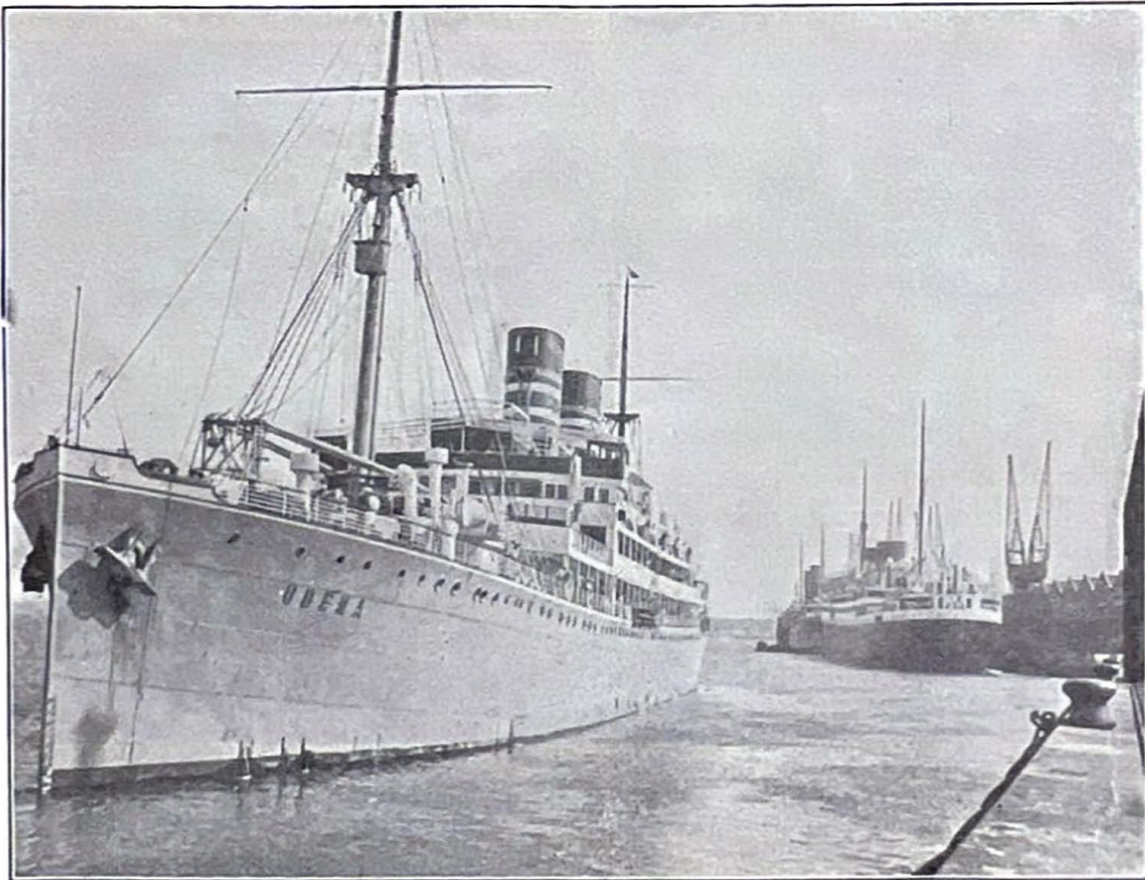
"No, I admit you ain't. But I'll tell you flat and final, mate, *I'm going to have none of it.*"

This answer closed the conversation. The ship almost at once encountered bad weather. Each day it grew worse. On the fourth day, the young man who above

*"I'm a Dead Man and I come to Life Again."*

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declined the Gospel, complained to another of feeling very ill. He then told how he had suffered from pneumonia before sailing, and that he was not really better when he joined the ship—but was anxious not to miss this particular vessel. The listener took him to the doctor, who, after examination, ordered him into the ship's hospital forthwith. *Before ten that evening he was delirious.* At that



NEARING THE END OF THE VOYAGE.

time a gale was at its height, the ship pitched and rolled dangerously. Great seas swept the decks. Perhaps this was the cause of the man told off to look after the patient, neglecting his post. However, left alone he was, and in his delirium he ran out on deck with only his night attire on, was immediately drenched by rain, sleet and salt water, hurled by the rolling against the side, screaming as he did so: "I'm a dead man and I've come to life again!" Members of the crew encountered him thus and ran off in terror, believing they had seen a ghost! But on the officer of the watch being apprised of the occurrence, he

### *The End of a Christ Rejecter.*

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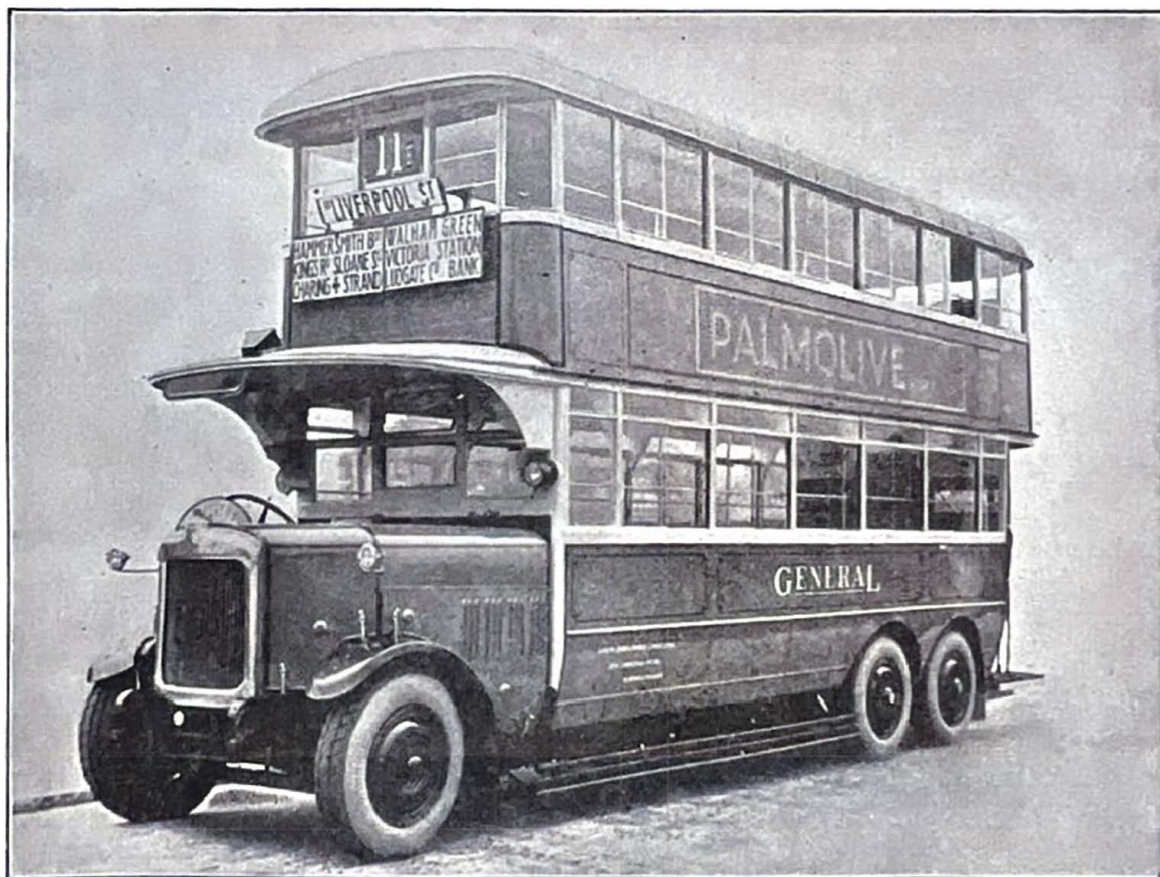
soon ascertained the true facts of the case and sent men to secure the poor sufferer. He was again put into the hospital and all was done that could be for his well-being. But about 5 a.m. *he breathed his last! He had gone to meet God!*

At 4 p.m. that day the poor body was sown up in a hammock and weighted. The day was bleak and wintry. Immense seas tossed the ship about like a toy. The decks were swept, and the rolling was so great that it was next to impossible for the captain and chief officer to stand just abaft the bridge with bared heads to conduct the burial service. It was a solemn and a weirdly impressive scene. It appealed to every heart—but how would every heart respond to the appeal? On the deck above, on the deck below, on ladders and booms, crowded the passengers, holding on as best they could. Then with difficulty four men, bearing the body on a hatch-cover, came from the hospital, across the deck, and laid their burden down—a third of it over the side, and covered by a Union Jack. Then the captain in a solemn voice began the impressive service. The people bared their heads and tried to catch the words as the gale had subsided slightly for the time. They all heard the raised voice of the commander as he read: *"We therefore commit his body to the deep."* The men raised the improvised bier, the flag was withdrawn, and all that was human of the departed sank into the billows, "until the sea gives up its dead," and all will stand before that awful throne, whose whiteness will but emphasise the awful blackness of the lives of sin there reviewed.

Be not deceived. Do not neglect God's warnings. They are many and varied. God wants you to be saved before you die. As you do not know how soon you may die, it is but common prudence to make all preparation for that event. Men use such prudence in making their wills. And the soul is of much more value than the property. If you enquire: *"What must I do to be saved?"* the Divine answer is: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved" (Acts 16. 30, 31). E.C.Q.

**"THESE PLEASURES WILL SOON BE OVER,  
AND WHAT THEN?"**

A CHRISTIAN sat in an omnibus in which were a number of educated young men, who chatted and talked of scenes of revelry and dissipation. Whilst conversing about their pleasures and frivolities the omnibus passed a graveyard. One of them drew the attention of his companions to it and said: "This is



"WHILST CONVERSING ABOUT FRIVOLITIES THE BUS PASSED A GRAVEYARD."

what I hate," and added: "Boys, THESE PLEASURES WILL SOON BE OVER—WHAT THEN?" The effect of these words upon the young men was very manifest. They acted like a wet blanket on their merriment; none of them spoke for several minutes.

The unsaved are only happy in forgetfulness of God. When they succeed in banishing from their minds thoughts of death, judgment, and eternity they are cheery. But when they reflect on the fact that "It is appointed unto men once to die, but after this, the judgment" (Heb. 9. 27), then merriment, like that of the young men that I

## *Pleasures Ended—Judgment Come!*

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have spoken of, is gone. God complained of Israel that they would not consider. "The ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib, but Israel doth not know, My people *doth not consider*" (Isa. 1. 3). Centuries previously He made the same complaint in the well-known words: "O that they were wise, that they understood this, that they would *consider their latter end!*" (Deut. 32. 29). They tried to forget their "latter end" and many to-day are like them.

The reader may be endeavouring to obtain happiness in the world's amusements, pastimes, or pursuits. *Real lasting joy cannot be had apart from Christ.* The language of the Christian is:

"All that my soul has tried left but a dismal vow,  
Jesus has satisfied, Jesus is mine."

Think on the young man's words: "Boys, these pleasures will soon be over—and what then?" Aye, "*what then?*" Perhaps that youth was the child of Christian parents and his conscience was being aroused through his mother's prayers.

This world, come glory, ease, wealth, or pleasures, cannot satisfy the deep longings of your heart, oh, unsaved fellow-traveller to Eternity. The day is coming when you will have to bid good-bye to this world, and "what then?" "It is appointed unto men once to die," and what then? "AFTER THIS THE JUDGMENT."

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 may talk about and may even deny that there is a day of reckoning, the "mercy of God," and despise it. The day is drawing near when you will see how you were deceived by Satan and you will have to appear before a righteous judge. The books will be opened, and the sins of a lifetime will be manifested and made known to others. *Then* you will learn that the most terrible, the most awful of the all innumerable sins that you have committed is the unpardonable sin of rejecting or neglecting God's "great salvation"—no longer delay the settling of the great question of your soul's salvation. COME NOW! for Christ's is a loving invitation and the promise "Him that cometh I will in no wise cast out" (John 6. 37).

## THE PERFECT WORKMAN AND THE PERFECT WORK.

"SIT down," said the sick man. "I am glad you have come. I once heard you preach in the open-air, and I said, 'If ever I come to die, I'll send for that man.' And now I have sent to ask you what I must do to be saved."

"Well, I'm afraid I can't tell you what to DO," replied the preacher. "NOT TELL ME WHAT TO DO TO BE SAVED?" replied the invalid; "why, I thought you were a preacher!"

"And so I am," replied the latter; "but for all that I cannot tell you what *to do* to be saved," and the poor man sank back disappointed on his pillow, and there was silence in the room. But the silence was at length broken, for the preacher, who had been gazing about, suddenly remarked: "That's a nice cabinet that you've got over yonder." "Well," said the sick man, "it's a pretty good one, I believe, though I shouldn't be the one to say so, for none ever put a touch to it but myself." "And good work, too," said the preacher. "But I'll just bring my tools round one of these nights and put a few finishing touches to it."

"It's kind enough of you to say so, but indeed you mustn't," said the sick man, "and I'll tell you why. You see, when I'm gone I want my family to have something to remember me by. Now, I've done every stroke to the cabinet myself, and that'll just be its value in their eyes. With them it will be the workman that gave value to the work, and it wouldn't be the same thing to them at all if a stranger put a finger on it."

"I quite understand," said the preacher, and added: "Just now you asked me what you were to DO to be saved, and I told you I didn't know, and I don't, for there's nothing that you *can do* that could ever save your soul. But the Lord Jesus Christ has done a work, and it's a perfect work, for when He was expiring, He said, 'It is finished,' so there's nothing left for you to do."

Like showers upon thirsty soil fell this message on the ears of the dying man, and he rested his soul's eternal salvation, not on aught that he could do, but upon what Christ had already done; and so entered into rest.

My reader, there is nothing left for you to do. Simply, therefore, as a sinner accept of the Perfect Workman who has done the perfect work. "It is finished." "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved" (Acts 16. 31). "Behold, now is the accepted time." J. R.—t.

## "WHOSOEVER" TAKES YOU IN.

MARY was sent by her unconverted parents to the Sunday School, and was there savingly converted. She went home and told her father and mother what God had done for her soul, and how sweet to her was the Name of Jesus. On hearing her testimony the father was deeply impressed but he did not show it to the child. He had been smitten by the Lord with conviction of sin, and he could find no rest day or night. He had wandered about till midnight, and felt that he dare not go to bed. He seemed to see the yawning gulf of Hell beneath his feet. He saw that he must meet God the righteous Judge, and he trembled. He came home wringing his hands, and begged his wife to pray for him. She had never prayed for herself, and God made her feel that although she had "said her prayers" often enough, she had never really *prayed*. "I can't pray for you, husband," she said; "but Mary can." "Do you think she can?" said the distressed father; and, going to the peaceful cot, his tears fell on the calm face of the dear little one. "Mary, can you pray for your poor father?" "Oh yes," she said; and when they raised her out of her bed she lifted up her hands and prayed, "O God, for Christ's sake, save my poor father and mother." That was all. She had prayed all her heart in these few words. The father asked her to read; and, guided by the Spirit of God, she turned to the 3rd of John. The father drank in every word till she came to the 16th verse. "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." "What!" said the father, "is that in the Bible? Read it again." She read it again, and again, and again, until the father clasped his hands and cried, "O, Mary, that *whosoever* is your poor father." And he believed and was saved on the spot—saved, not by virtue of anything he did, but by virtue of the dying of Jesus on the Cross.

Unto you is the word of this salvation sent. You surely see that "*whosoever*" takes you in. Do you shut yourself out?

In the matter of your soul's salvation you cannot be neutral. You must either accept Him or reject Him. Which will it be? "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved" (Acts 16. 31).  
w.s.