GOSPEL ROOMS,
(Cor. May and Fulton Sts.)

Lord's Day Meetings at 3 and 7:45.
Thursday Evening at 7:45.—Come!

THE RAM'S HORN.

JOSH. VI

Registered at Chicago as 2nd Class Matter "Preach the Word."

NO. 2. CHICAGO, JUNE, 1882. VOL. I.

THE OLD CLOCK,

OR DANIEL QUORM.

The old clock stood in the corner of the cobbler's shop, and was, with but one exception, the most precious bit of furniture he possessed.

The little shelf of books was very dear, but Wesley's works even, would have gone, "Notes," and "Sermons," and all, before the clock. Indeed there was only one thing that would have had any chance beside it. That was an old green-baize covered Bible, with loose leaves; dear, as the Book of precious promises from which every day, Daniel drew strength and peace and hope, it was dearer because on the fly leaf, amongst many family names and sundry accounts and entries, came the writing in a large straggling hand: "My mother's Bible. July, 1832."

Away in the quiet little churchyard was a grave, carefully tended, made beautiful with simple flowers; and at its head a stone that explained this date. Here rested John Quorm "of this parish," who died 1820. Here also slept Margery Quorm, wife of the above, who departed this life July 16th, 1832; and underneath this name was the text: "I bowed down heavily, as one that mourneth for his mother." Little wonder that the Bible was dear to young Quorm.

But what could there be in a clock? It was an old-fashioned clock in a tall wooden case, that solemnly ticked in the corner——slowly and solemnly ticked the minutes through, "giving warning" five minutes before the hour; striking deliberately, as if it stayed to count each stroke, and then settling down for another solemn hour's work. Yet solemn as it was, and much above all trifling, there was a strange little bit of humour on the very face of it. A round, chubby face with two round eyes was intended to "represent the moon," and had been formerly connected with workings that marked the lunar changes and quarterings; but by some mishap it had slipped down, and one eye now peeped out of the corner with a cunning look, that seemed to say, "You think me an old sober-sides who has not

a bit of fun in him, but that's all you know about it." And one almost expected to see a sly wink from that half shut, that cunning little eye.

But these things,—its solemn ticking and its sly peeping—however noteworthy they may have been, could not explain how it came to have such a place in Dan'el's heart. This was its story.

Daniel was about seventeen years of age when his father died. "Of course," said everybody, "of course old Mrs. Quorm will leave the place now. Pity, but what young Dan'el was a few years older." Old Mrs. Quorm's relatives had actually gone the length of making arrangements for her removal. But it had never crossed Dan'el's mind; and when he heard of it, he simply stared with his one little sharp eye, and asked, "Whatever for?" and looked so amazed, and asked it, with such angry surprise, that the relatives took a little longer to think of it, in which time Daniel settled the matter in his own way.

He at once took upon his young shoulders all the care and toil of manhood. He never questioned how he should do, but just sat down in his father's place, and rose early and sat late, and worked away with a will that would have discovered the North-West passage, much less sufficed to keep the old roof over the dear mother's head. It was a constant joy to him that she whom he loved so dearly, was so dependent on his thrift and industry. The very tools caught the impulse of such a generous motive. The hammer never rang so merily in the old man's time; even the tough leather, and the hard lapstone, might have had a heart in them somewhere, and never did their part so well—so all Penwinnin declared.

One night Dan'el sat, long after every other worker in the village was fast asleep, busying that one little eye that seemed never to tire. As he bored, and stitched, and hammered, his mind dwelt upon his father's death, and many thoughts began to stir, that had often come and gone with no very visible result—thoughts of death and immortality, memories of words and events that had impressed him in his very childhood, and now woke up from their long slumber with strange force; how that *he*, too, must pass away, and *whither should he go?*

Suddenly the old clock in the corner took up the message with its slow and solemn ticking. In that still hour it kept repeating with measured beat, and strange monotony, its brief sentence—*For ever,—where? For ever,—where? For ever,—where?* Without a pause for a moment, without a break, it ticked on its dreadful question. Every other sound was hushed, and in the lonely stillness, the ticking clock seemed to become almost unbearably loud. It was troublesome, and Daniel hammered more vigorously; but the ticking only grew louder; the question was pressed home only the more closely. Distinct and incessant it repeated itself,

For ever,—where? For ever,—where? For ever,—where? Daniel's deepest feelings began to be stirred. The memory of his father's last words broke upon him,—"Good bye, Daniel, but not for ever." And again, slow and solemn, the old clock took up its strain, *—For ever,—where? For ever,—where?* Daniel could bear it no longer. He rose, laid down his work, and resolved to stop this persistent messenger. He walked over to it and opened the narrow door. More loudly the question began, "*For ever*," but before it could be finished, Daniel put his finger on the pendulum. At once all was still, and he returned to his work.

But the silence was more impressive than the slow ticking, and from within himself, a voice began to say some plain things,

"Daniel," it whispered, "thou art a coward and a fool." "So I am," he cried aloud, as he flung down his work, and as the tears gathered in his eyes. "Stopping the clock won't stop the time. The moments are going all the same, whether I hear them or not. And am I going with them, *for ever—where? For ever,—where?* No, I'll set it agoing again, for it does no good to stop it."

Bravely he set it off once more. But the work lay at his feet, and with clasped hands and head hung down, he gave himself up to thoughts that impressed him so deeply; the thought of God, of His claims, of His goodness, of His righteousness, grew upon him; of sin, of its horribleness and its awful peril. All the sins of his life began to rise up before him, especially the one great sin of neglecting and forgetting God; and amidst it all, came every now and then that slow, solemn ticking: *For ever—where? For ever,—where?* His distress became unbearable. He flung himself upon his knees, and cried, "Oh God be merciful to me a sinner!" Long he cried in earnest; but all was in vain, No help, no light, no peace came. In despair he ceased to pray, and buried his face in his hands. *For ever,—where? For ever,—where?* rang again from the clock, in that lonely silence.

What could he do? Goaded and driven on by that dreadful message, where could he fly? All he could do was to fall, as a poor helpless sinner, into the Savour's arms. The tears fell faster, as he flung himself helplessly on the stool, and groaned: "Oh Lord, broken and crushed, have mercy upon me, and save me." That moment light dawned upon him, for he *rested upon Christ his crucified Redeemer, and that was everything.* Helpless and undone, he just *clung* to the Cross of Christ, and there he found what the thousands of the redeemed have found there,—pardon, and peace, and heaven. For his sins the Lord had died; for him, that life had been laid down. The clear light of the Holy Spirit, who is come to testify of Jesus, lit up all the purpose of the Cross, and revealed the mercy of God in Christ. Daniel knelt,

hushed in adoring gratitude. Again through the stillness came that message from the clock in the corner, welcomed now with strangely different feelings—*For ever—where? For ever—where?* From Daniel's heart there burst the rapturous response: "Glory be to Thee, O Lord! with Thee for ever! 'He that believeth—hath everlasting life!' and I have it. I believe Thee Lord."

As he rose the old clock struck twelve. "The 'old things are passed away,'" he whispered, "'and all things are become new.'" Well may the old clock strike twelve, and finish this strange night; ay, and that old life! A new day begins for me." And he left it in the darkness ticking on its solemn message: FOR EVER,—WHERE? FOR EVER,—WHERE? The answer now was "with the Lord."

Reader,—hast thou heard the message? What is the answer? Onward, downward, towards the eternal darkness? or forward, upward, towards the sunny distance of the everlasting light?

"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."

Jesus Only.

How encouraging are the invitations in the Bible, to come to Christ and be saved! We read of some who came, who doubted his *willingness*, but believed in His *power*; of another who doubted His *power*, but reposed in His *willingness*. We read of some who asked *earnestly*, and of others who *never uttered* a word, but only *touched* the hem of His garment, the *little* faith and the *strong*. Yet *all* had their need supplied: *none* were sent away. And what do all these varied and expressive figures teach us? Just this,—that it was not *the way* in which they came that was of any moment: it was, that *they came*, and came to Jesus. Their *believing* was not what it ought to have been; their *asking* was not what it ought to have been; all was faulty, yet Jesus sent none away.

Yet how often do we hear people say, "I am afraid I have not *come* or *believed* or *asked* as I ought!" This is quite true; and all is faulty. But it is not your *coming* rightly, or *believing* rightly, or *asking* rightly, that saves you. It is JESUS—JESUS only. You are making a Saviour of *these* instead of *Christ*. The Lord says, "He that believeth on Me *hath* everlasting life." Look not at these, but at Christ, and believe. "Only believe."

But you say, "I *do* believe: yet I cannot *feel* that all my sins are forgiven, and that I have eternal life." Now you are making a *Saviour* of your *feelings*. You would *believe* what God says if you could only *feel*. Does not this show that you do *not believe?* The Lord Jesus does not say, "if you *feel* it you have everlasting life," but, "if you *believe*." Here is your stumbling-block; you do not *believe* Him. If you would only *believe* first, you would *feel* afterwards: this is God's way. You

want to *feel* first, then you will *believe*: *this* is *your own* way. You will never have peace till you reverse the order. "Only believe."

"But I cannot believe that I *have now* eternal life, because I *have been* and *I am* such a sinner." "Christ Jesus came into the world to *save sinners*." It is just because you *are* a sinner that He died for you. Your sinfulness is your *title* to the Saviour's mercy. You could have no claim whatever to eternal life if you were *not* what you are,—a sinner. Perhaps you think within yourself, "Well, if I were only *better* than I am, I could *believe*." You would *believe* if you were *better!* You would be more pleased with *yourself* if you were *better!* Is not this self-righteousness? God's desire is to make you *displeased* with *yourself*, in order that, looking away from yourself to Jesus; you may be *pleased only with Him*. "Only believe."

"But my faith, my prayers, my love, my holiness,—how cold, how sinful, how dead they are!" You wish you were better, don't you?

Now, honestly ask your own heart, *why* do you wish this? "Why, if they were *better* I should be much more *satisfied* with myself." Oh, what self-righteousness! God's design all through life is to make you more *dissatisfied* wtth yourself, and more satisfied with Christ and His work *for you*. It is the ever-deepening sense of your own sinfulness *alone* that will drive you out of yourself to look at Jesus. The more sinful you see *yourself* to be, the more precious will *Christ* appear: the less precious *Christ* appears, the more will you become satisfied with *yourself*. Look to Jesus.

Perhaps you say in despair, "What am I to *do?* I have no peace." *Do nothing*: only believe Christ has *done* all. He has *done* the work of salvation, and *done* it for *you*. "Only believe." A father sends a letter full of good news to his child. What will make the child glad and happy? Simply *believing* it. God the Father has sent *you* a message,—"He that believeth on Me *hath everlasting life*." What will make you glad and happy? Simply believing it. Salvation does not consist in *feeling* certain influences on the soul, but in *believing* the Spirit's testimony of Christ in the Word of God. It is the Spirit of God showing to the soul the Lord Jesus and his finished work.

But is it not *presumptuous* for any man to say that "the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sins?" to say, in other words, that he stands before God free from every charge of sin? A man is not called *presumptuous* because, when God tells us that the world was drowned by a flood, he *believes* it; and yet if a man, *on the same testimony*, believes that he has the pardon of his *sins*, and acknowledges it, he is called *presumptuous*. Is not this inconsistent?

In both cases it is simply the testimony of God's word. Only believe that testimony, and you *have* eternal life. Remember, however, this is no mere *head* knowledge. Thousands are all around you who have this *intellectual* be-

lief, and are still unbelievers. "The devils believe and tremble," and their *intellectual* belief makes them no better. It is the work of the Spirit of God,—of Him only. He *goes before* the Lord in every case of *real* conversion to God, to *prepare* his way. He first makes the heart *dissatisfied* with itself. He creates a desire to *come* to Jesus, to *believe* in Jesus, to *pray* to Him, and to strive after salvation. Then he makes the heart dissatisfied with its coming, its believing, its praying, and its striving, until it sees no *goodness* in any of these things. Thus does the Spirit of God take from under the soul every prop on which it would lean. Then he presents Jesus to it,—His finished work *for* it. His righteousness to *cover* it, His love to *preserve* it to the end; and all this, without any thing in the sinner to merit it. Thus, by turning the eye away from *itself* to *Jesus*, does he bring peace to the soul. And the *first* words as well as the *last*, which the Spirit of God utters to that soul, the echo of which is to ring in its ears forever, are, "Look off from yourself unto Jesus—Jesus only."

Reader, have you received Him? (John i. 12, 13.) If so, you are a son of God; and if a son, an heir. Surely, happy is that people whose God is the Lord.

WHITEFIELD.

"Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money: come ye, buy, and eat; yea, come buy wine and milk without money and without price." (Isa. lv. 1.)

The Hod-carrier.

Not long ago, in an American city, a *hod-carrier* was toiling up a ladder with his load of bricks upon his back, when a letter was handed him by a messenger. He paused in the midst of his work and read it; when suddenly he dropped his hod, threw off his working garb, and tossing his hat in the air, exclaimed: "Boys, I'm not going to carry bricks and mortar any longer. *I'm a rich man!*

It proved that he had received a letter from his far-off home, in Ireland, announcing that a wealthy uncle had died, leaving him the heir to a large property. This was the occasion of his *extraordinary conduct*. It was a very sudden change. It would seem, also, to be a very extravagant course of action, —throwing up his whole business, casting away the tools and the garments of a day-labourer, and announcing himself a man of wealth; and *nothing* to base it all upon, *except* the fact that the postman had brought him a *letter*.

"I don't believe a poor man can become a rich man as quick as that," said one of his fellow-workmen. "I think he'd better *see* his money, before he is quite so sure," remarked another. "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush," said a third; "and a dollar in the pocket, is better than a hundred dollars on letter paper.'

In spite of all these comments, however, our workman persisted in his *assurance* of sudden affluence, declaring that he had no occasion to work any longer, since he was

now a man of wealth. And what was the ground of his confidence? Simply that he *believed* in the genuineness of the letter. He knew the writer well, he said, who had communicated the news. He recognized his signature. He knew that his uncle had been rich, and believed that he had now bequeathed to him his property. And that was enough.

Now, how may a man know that he is *saved*, and has eternal life?

A letter has come to him from heaven, announcing that God has made a bequest to him. "*This is the record, that God hath given to us eternal life.*" "*He that believeth on the Son hath eternal life.*" Such is the contents of our letter. We become rich, therefore, and assured possessors of salvation, by simply believing the message that has come to us. It is not what we *feel*, that gives us the evidence of our salvation.

The workman *had not felt the money*. He had not put his finger on the coins; he had not handled and examined the title deeds of his estate. He simply believed the letter; and his faith in this letter which he had seen, was the only evidence of the wealth which he had not seen.

Won't *you* believe the letter that God has sent you?—cannot you "believe the record that God has given of his Son?" The Gospel is "good news from a far country"; and faith is just our believing that news.

It is not what *we feel*, but what *God has said*; not what we read in our own consciousness, but what we read in God's letter to us: "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*" (1 John v. 13.) There was, certainly, a possibility of mistake in the workman's letter; but there were such evidences of its genuineness, that the hod-carrier was satisfied.

There can be no mistake about the genuineness of the letter which the Word of God brings to us. It has been proved authentic by a thousand evidences. It has every mark of veracity that can possibly be required. There are much stronger reasons for crediting it, than the hod-carrier's letter—so, "If we receive the witness of men, the witness of God is greater." The good news of eternal life has been brought to us; who will credit it, and become *rich instead of poor*—become possessors of all things, instead of having nothing?

Perhaps, you say, "I'll try and believe." You never can *try* and believe a thing. "The Gift of God is eternal life."

'*The Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all.*" We were under condemnation, the curse, because we have sinned against Him; but God's Son came and "bare our sins in His own body on the tree," and then said, "It is finished." So *now* there is nothing for *us* to do, but to accept what he has provided for us. Perhaps, you say, "I should be afraid to say I am saved, just because I BELIEVED that; I want to feel it."

If your salvation depended on your feelings, you might be afraid;

but it does not—it depends on you believing in Christ. You do not wish to make God a liar, do you?

But hear what God says: "He that believeth on the Son of God hath the witness in himself; but he that believeth *not* God, hath made him a liar, *because* he believeth not the record that God gave of His Son."

Do you see, if you do not believe God's record (that He hath given us eternal life), you are just making God out to be a liar?

Have you ever seen it in this light before? Will you not just take Him at his word *now?* Will you not just believe His letter to *you* now, and rejoice in having to labour no longer in misery to try and save your soul? for He writes to you, that He has borne all for you, and is only waiting for you to come and claim His *dying gift*—Just come and claim it; and then thank Him for it.

The Four Righteousnesses.

1. Created Righteousness—God made man righteous but he sought out many inventions—and thus lost it.

2. Self Righteousness—that is it done, or, supposed to be done by the sinner, with the view of propitiating God.

3. Imputed or reckoned righteousness—Jehovah Tsidkenu the Lord our Righteousness. Blessed is the man to whom the Lord imputeth righteousness without works.

4. Wrought Righteousness (*i. e.*) the good works done by men unto whom righteousness is previously reckoned—as Abraham offering up his son Isaac, after his faith was imputed to him for righteousness.

The Ram's Horn will be published on or about the First of every month, and will not be under the control of any sect or party, neither will it advocate any sectarian claims, right or wrong, excepting God's and His Word,—"To the Law and to the Testimony" alone will be its testing standard. It has no cause to advocate nor "recognitions" to ask, and is dependent on God alone—therefore to please him only, in lifting up His Christ, is the object and motive.

Christians who wonder what their gift is, ought to divide their towns, &c., into districts, and hand a copy of it into every house. We are responsible to make known the Gospel of God's Grace to all creation. Let us do it.

If the little paper covers its own expenses—of paper, printing, postage, &c., nothing more is desired—any excess in income beyond that will be expended in gratuitous circulation. We will also have a fund for that purpose, in which any child of God may have fellowship, if desired.

The prices are set at figures which will only cover expenses, provided 10,000 copies are subscribed for.

The regular subscriptions ought to be made, so as to terminate with the 8th No. (i.e.) the current year. Thus we keep separate each year's accounts.

Subscribers will be received at any time. City subscribers and Old Country subscribers will be charged 1 cent extra postage for every five copies.

All subscriptions payable in U. S. currency-postage stamps, or P. O. orders.

PRICES.

1 copy	1 cent,	per year,	free by	post....	$ 0.15
2 copies	2 cents;	"	"	....	25
3 "	3 "	"	"	....	30
4 "	4 "	"	"	....	35
5 "	5 "	"	"	....	40
10 "	10 "	"	"	....	75
20 "	15 "	"	"	....	1.40
30 "	20 "	"	"	....	2.10
40 "	25 "	"	"	....	2.60
50 "	30 "	"	"	....	3.00
100 "	50 "	"	"	....	5.50
200 "	$1.00 "	"	"	....	10.50
300 "	1.50 "	"	"	....	15.00
500 "	2.25 "	"	"	....	24.00
1000 "	4.25 "	"	"	....	47.00

All orders, &c., to be addressed to the publisher,
DONALD ROSS,
13 North May Street, Chicago, Ill. U. S. A.
Canada, Ont.; Fred. Monteith, 25 Church Street, Toronto.
Indiana: R. W. Price, Crown Point.
New York: R. W. Owen 7 Clinton Place.
Boston: Henry Shepperd, 49 Court Street.