

---

---

**T**IME is Winging Us Away

---

---

✧                      ✧                      ✧

---

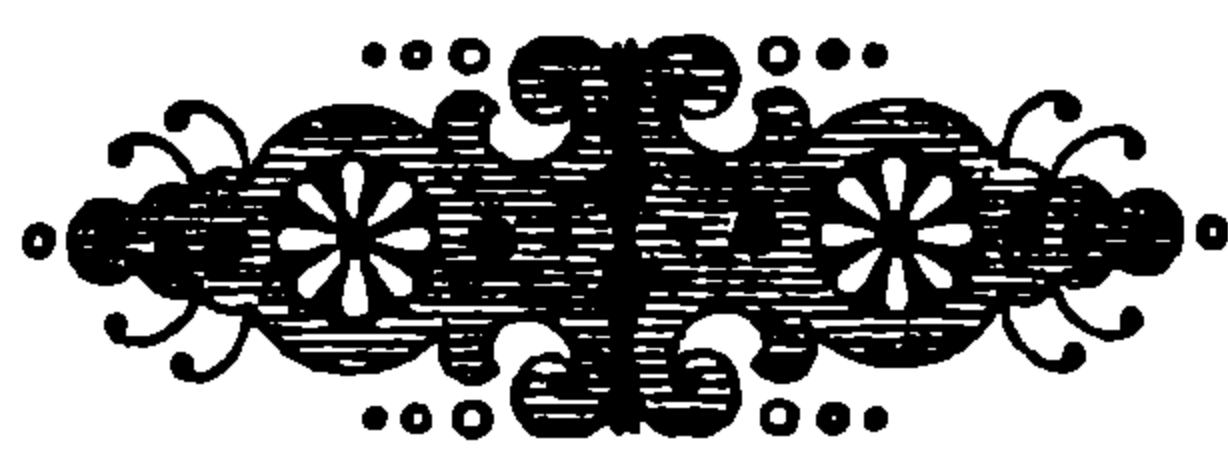
---



# TIME IS WINGING US AWAY

AND

## OTHER PAPERS



New York  
Loizeaux Brothers, Bible Truth Depot  
1 East 13th Street

# **Contents**

	<i>Page</i>
<b>Another Year . . . . .</b>	<b>1</b>
<b>Over a Child's Grave . . . . .</b>	<b>3</b>
<b>Come ! . . . . .</b>	<b>6</b>
<b>On a Bermudian Highway . . . . .</b>	<b>10</b>
<b>"Time is Winging Us Away." . . . .</b>	<b>13</b>
<b>"For Your Sakes " . . . . .</b>	<b>17</b>
<b>What is Your Price? . . . . .</b>	<b>23</b>
<b>The Station Marah . . . . .</b>	<b>25</b>
<b>A Visit to an Old Rabbi . . . . .</b>	<b>30</b>
<b>A Rare Find . . . . .</b>	<b>32</b>
<b>The Right Kind of Faith . . . . .</b>	<b>35</b>
<b>"I'm Trusting Jesus. I'm on His Shoulders " . . . . .</b>	<b>37</b>
<b>"Man Overboard " . . . . .</b>	<b>41</b>
<b>"Repent . . . Be Converted " . . . . .</b>	<b>44</b>
<b>A Frightful Mistake . . . . .</b>	<b>49</b>
<b>Last Words of Bessie L. Kreidler . . . . .</b>	<b>53</b>
<b>The Gold Miner . . . . .</b>	<b>56</b>
<b>"Penny Wise and Pound Foolish " . . . . .</b>	<b>61</b>
<b>The Bishop and the Emperor . . . . .</b>	<b>63</b>
<b>Lost at Sea . . . . .</b>	<b>65</b>
<b>Wisdom . . . . .</b>	<b>67</b>
<b>"Only Words " . . . . .</b>	<b>73</b>
<b>The Love of Jesus . . . . .</b>	<b>75</b>
<b>A Plea for a New Bible . . . . .</b>	<b>77</b>
<b>How Unreasonable ! . . . . .</b>	<b>85</b>
<b>On a Battlefield . . . . .</b>	<b>86</b>

# Another Year

**Y**ES, another year has gone and a new one is opening before us. Where does it find *you*, kind reader, with regard to eternity? The things of time have indeed their place, and we must needs attend to them; but they have an end. Eternity has no end. It is far more important than time therefore. Indeed, the chief importance of time is to use it in view of eternity.

But again, *where are you*, dear reader, in the affairs of your soul? Are you one of those to whom it is said, “I write unto you, little children, *because your sins are forgiven you* for His (Jesus) name’s sake?” or one of them to whom the same Jesus will say, “Depart from Me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels?” There is no middle ground. Were you at this moment cut off from this life you would either be at once in the bliss of Paradise or in the miseries of Hell.

What Jesus suffered on the cross for sin is of such infinite value before God that every man, whoever he be, whatever he may have done, is accepted of God and his sins forgiven the moment he falls at the feet of Jesus and confesses himself guilty and undone. There is absolutely nothing which prevents any human being on the face of the earth from being saved now, at this

very moment, except his refusal to *repent*. They will twist and turn to avoid repentance. They will promise to do better in the future. They will do *penance* if you like. Anything to avoid making a clean breast before the God who knows them through and through, and must have honesty.

Oh that men were indeed upright with God! How soon then would they learn that He is *Love*; that He desireth not the death of the sinner, but that he should repent and live. The moment they hide nothing more, He looks on the atoning sacrifice of His blessed Son and says, "*Go in peace, thy sins are forgiven thee.*"

Oh reader, are you one who has heard God's voice speaking those blessed words? If so, let the year now opening be lived day by day to His praise. Live a thankful life; a praising life; an unselfish life full of devoted service; let not the raging plague of money-making and pleasure-seeking side-track you.

It is already crippling too many. It leaves them no time and, alas, little *inclination* for prayer, for praise, for enjoying the word of God, for training their families for heaven. They are making shipwreck of faith; selling their birthright for a mess of pottage. *Oh be not like that!* Make it the first, the great business of life to live to the glory of God, to the praise of the Lord Jesus, to the blessing of

your fellows, to the laying up of treasures *in heaven*.

But are you still in your sins? Still treading the broad road which leads to destruction? Listening perhaps to the devil's gospel of no hell-fire, no judgment to come, no eternal woe? Friend, listen to that voice of love which pities you. Listen before it is too late. Jesus came from the eternal world to save you for that world. He suffered agonies for the sin *which you love*. Love it no more then. Love Him instead. What a difference it will make in you both for time and for eternity!

---

## Over a Child's Grave

**A**T Toronto, late last July, we had let down into its little grave the body of a lovely boy of four years, an only child. His illness and end had been very sudden, and the bereaved father and mother were in much grief, though peacefully accepting the sorrow from the hand of Him who had laid down His life to redeem them, and in whom they had for years put their trust.

After prayer and a brief address to the group around the grave, we were near dispersing when Mr. Greenman, said what follows:

“Forty-seven years ago, my friends, the Lord

Jesus spoke to my soul over just such a grave as this. A boy companion of mine had died; and as I looked down into his grave, I said to myself, 'If I were there instead of my companion, where would my soul be?' I knew I was not ready to meet God. It led to my conversion.

"Later on I became a preacher of the gospel, and in the course of my labors I found myself in Manitoulin, among the lumber camps then active all over the island.

"I was returning to the bay where the mails were landed, and from there was to start afresh for another part of the island. I had walked about fifteen miles, and was nearing the village on the bay when I met a young couple carrying a little coffin in their arms. They were grief-stricken. It was their first-born. It had lived but a few weeks—enough to entwine itself around their hearts—and then vanished away. They knew nothing of the Saviour, but they knew enough about funerals to have in their minds that at least a carriage and a minister were required. They could get neither, and so there they were in their sorrow carrying in their arms to the burying-ground the little form of their darling. It was a pitiable scene, and my heart was moved to its depths.

"As I offered them each a little gospel paper, and some consolation, and they learned I was

a preacher of the gospel, they begged me to 'take charge of the funeral.' I told them I could do nothing, of course, for the child; that it was in heaven already, because Jesus had died for it, and put away from before God the sin in which it was born; but in sympathy with them I would help them carry and bury it. So we carried it in our arms in turn to the cemetery, and buried it. Then I laid before them the great love of God in sending His Son Jesus Christ into this world of sorrow, of sin, of guilt, and of death; how He sympathized with the sorrowing, died in atonement for our sin and guilt, then rose again in triumph over death; that all little ones, like theirs, went therefore straight to heaven, and their bodies would rise again when Jesus came back from heaven to call them out of their graves; that if they themselves repented of their sins and trusted in that blessed Saviour they would be forgiven, and be ready also to go to heaven.

"They listened with rapt attention; and from what followed I have good reason to believe they received the Saviour as their own on that very spot. God had taken their little one from them in that lonely land, away from the ordinary course of things, to bring them, at the hour of their distress, in contact with His glad tidings of salvation. To learn where their sweet babe was, and *why*, had captivated their



heart. Then, to learn that that same Saviour was for them too; that their iniquities had been laid on Him; that He had made atonement for them, and that the moment they owned themselves sinners and Him as their Saviour they were forgiven and free, was joyful news to them. Perhaps they were the very ones, if no others, for whose salvation the Master had sent me to that island.

“And now, my friends, some of you here may have also little ones in heaven. The little ones of Christians are there; so are the little ones of infidels, of Jews, of heathen. Are any of you going to miss getting there? Are any of you without Christ? Are any of you concerned about the affairs of time and indifferent as to those of eternity? What folly! What madness! Let then this little grave preach to you as once it did to me, and as it did to that bereaved young couple in Manitoulin Island.”

---

## Come!

**W**HAT a precious word is “come,” as found in the Scriptures. How full of meaning and instruction. The word itself is an invitation. It means that the person addressed is wanted, and wanted by the one speaking. In Matthew 11:28 the Lord said,



“Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.” How simple the language. He says “come,” not *go*, as Satan would suggest. Reader, depend upon it, any thought that may arise in your heart as if Christ did not want you, is from Satan, for he is a liar. That is what the Lord Himself called him. Why not then believe that loving Saviour? Can He lie? Could One who loved poor sinners enough to die for them deceive them? Harken, O man! It is the Son of God, come from heaven’s glory to save thy never-dying soul who speaks to thee. He *beseeches* thee. Do not turn a deaf ear to the pleadings of Love. He asks nothing from thee. He needs nothing, and thou hast nothing to bring. It is *thee* He wants. Believe the glad invitation and take Him at His word. Come !

But you still say, If I only could know He wants me; I am so sinful, so unworthy. Dear soul, we can only repeat that He says, “Come unto Me.” Canst thou not trust Him? Venture on Him. Thousands, yea millions, have done so and are in heaven’s bliss now—a Mary Magdalene, a thief, an adulteress, a persecutor of saints, all sinners whom He has washed in His precious blood.

Like many others, you feel as if you must do something. But He does not say “do.” Never in all the word of God is salvation offered to



any one in return for doing something. That is possibly Satan's greatest snare to keep souls from Christ. Doing or trying to do only delays your salvation. He asks none to do anything till He has saved them. Would you make the Son of God a liar? You do, if you refuse to believe Him, and that is the greatest sin you can commit. If you come, confessing your sins, He blots them all out with His precious blood. If you refuse or neglect the invitation to "Come," you will at the approaching judgment hear the solemn utterance "Depart." You will *have* to obey then. Now He pleads; then He will command.

But am I invited, you ask? Yes, if you take your rightful place. Not the righteous; not those who think they are good, but they who feel themselves sinners. They are the invited ones. All who try to be good and cannot be; who labor for rest, but whose burden grows heavier; to all such, the voice of Jesus is, "Come unto Me, and I will give you rest." What a voice is this in the midst of a world filled with sorrowing, toiling, guilty millions of men. Rest! Oh, what that word contains! What balm to a troubled conscience—for rest can only be enjoyed in the knowledge of sins forgiven. See that woman in Luke 7—an outcast of society, but now a repentant sinner. She hears that Jesus is in the house, and she



*comes* and takes a repentant sinner's place, at His feet. Does He leave her in doubt? Listen! "Thy sins are forgiven," He tells her. She is at home with Jesus, and no wonder.

Reader, no one else can give guilty sinners rest. Jesus alone can—He who was able to take your sins upon Himself and atone for them.

You must take it as a gift from Him, or go without. Faith puts out its hand to Him. There is no merit in faith itself; no more than in the outstretched hand of the beggar when he looks to you for supply. You fill his hand. It is grace in you. So with God. He says, "By grace are ye saved through faith" (Eph. 2: 8).

How simple it all is. Just come, take, receive. It costs you nothing. Do you say, How cheap? Yes, to *us* cheap, thank God, but it cost *Him* Calvary's cross. There on His spotless soul your sin's awful load was laid. See Him in Gethsemane's garden, prostrate on the ground, in agony as He anticipates those dark hours of atonement. Hear that cry on the cross, "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me." Canst thou say "cheap" to that? Oh, the matchless love and grace that thus He should die that He might offer us rest!—for only on the ground of sin atoned for can He give holy rest.

Then, dear reader, take Him at His word and Come. Think what He offers—sins forgiven, rest of mind and conscience, peace with God,



and joy through this life and for eternity. Will you, can you refuse?

“Come,” ’tis Jesus gently calling,  
 “Ye with care and toil oppress’d,  
 With your guilt, howe’er appalling—  
 Come, and I will give you rest!”  
 For your sin He once has suffer’d,  
 On the cross the work was done,  
 And the word by God now utter’d  
 To each weary soul is “Come!”

E. HARSHAW.

---

## On a Bermudian Highway

**A**T a point where the road in Somerset, Bermuda, leads to a pass cut through a hill of coral rock are painted in large, white letters the following words:

There is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved, but the name of JESUS.

Who put them there is a matter of some conjecture. Some credit a certain Christian man with the work, but carefully state that they have no positive proof for their surmise. When exposure to the weather has dimmed the glorious words, suddenly they are renewed under cover of night, observed by none save the eye of God, who by them thus speaks to men.

Thousands of tourists pass by here each sea-



son, and read this quotation from Holy Writ; let us hope, with results which will cheer to all eternity the painter of the text.

What tremendous issues are contained in it! It is impossible to exaggerate its import. It declares that Jesus has the exclusive right and power to admit one into heaven. Its context may be found in Acts 3 and 4. Peter had healed an impotent man through the power of the name of Jesus. When challenged by the leaders of the Jews, he boldly answered, that "by the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, whom ye crucified, whom God raised from the dead, even by Him, doth this man stand here before you whole. . . . Neither is there salvation in any other: for there is none other name under heaven, given among men, whereby we must be saved." Beloved reader, No other name than His avails with God.

The physical disease healed by Peter through the power of Jesus' name is but a symbol of the moral disease of sin, which has left all men everywhere in a palsied condition, i.e., utterly helpless and undone. But God in infinite grace has made ample provision to meet the need of palsied humanity. "When we were yet without strength, in due time Christ died for the ungodly" (Rom. 5:6). Our text points as with an index-finger to the only hope for salvation—the Lord Jesus Christ. Reformation cannot



save the soul. Moral character, excellent in its place, falls utterly short of giving its possessor even the faintest hope of deliverance from the judgment of God. Apart from Christ, all must necessarily end in ruin and despair, whether man be moral or otherwise. Baptism, "confirmation," or rites administered by priest, bishop, or pope, cannot be substituted for the Saviour. Assent to a creed, however orthodox, is not salvation. One may be baptized, "confirmed," respectable and refined, yet perish forever.

But, blessed be God, though there is none other name given, the name of Jesus is the eternal guarantee of salvation from the judgment to come and the present power of sin for every one who receives Him. For "as many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on His name" (John 1:12). Will you, beloved reader, cast yourself without reserve upon God's unlimited grace, and "*do it now?*" "We will hear thee again of this matter," said some Athenians to the apostle Paul long ago. But the Scriptures are significantly silent as to whether they ever had the opportunity to make good their resolve, for Paul departed from among them (Acts 17:33). Will you take the same risk? I trust not.

E. H.

---



# “Time is Winging Us Away”

A FEW years ago my wife stenciled in bronze on the door of our clock, just below the dial, the first line of that sublime old hymn, “Time is Winging Us Away.” Then, on a card, she printed part of that solemn verse, Eccl. 3 : 15, “God requireth that which is past,” and appended it to the clock shelf.

In vivid clearness those two pointed fragments of truth, one human, the other divine, appealed to the gaze of all who entered the room.

A young woman who lived in the vicinity used to visit my wife quite frequently. During her calls her eyes often fell on those striking epigrams. She would look with rapt attention for moments at a time, and on returning home often wept bitterly. What caused her to weep, do you ask? It was because she knew that ruthless time was wafting her on toward the judgment, where she would have to answer for the unforgiven sins of the past. Reader, hast thou ever wept over thy sins? It is better to weep and be saved now, than to laugh now and to wail and be lost forever.

Although this young woman was a professing Christian, amiable and moral, yet there was between her soul and God the unsettled question of her sins. This distressing condition of soul continued for a number of weeks, until one



day she went to the city to have some dental work done. While the dentist was operating, quite abruptly but kindly, he asked her the vital question, “*Are you saved?*”

This proved to be the Lord’s way of leading her into liberty and blessing; for, though the Spirit of God had been striving with her so long, creating in her a desire to be saved, yet she had not found the rest of faith. On the afternoon of this day, however, while driving home, she said within herself, “I desire to be saved. God desires to save me. Christ has died to save me. The work is all done. Why, then, am I not saved?”

Blessed be His name, immediately the light of the glorious gospel of Christ flooded her soul, she was a child of God, a joint heir with Christ. Then she could add the second line of the hymn to the first,

“Time is winging me away  
To my eternal home.”

A little while ago it was, “Time is winging me away to judgment;” now, “To my eternal home.” What a change!

At her earliest opportunity she came to tell us the joyful news. The clock, the texts, the conviction preceding conversion—all was told.

Reader, what hast thou to say for thyself? If thy sins are not forgiven, thou hast just as much cause to be aroused in thy conscience as



the subject of this narrative. Time is rapidly doing its work for thee. Thy feet shall soon stand upon the brink of eternity. For aught thou knowest, to-day's footprints may be thy last upon the shores of time. Birth, life, death are crowded into a brief period. At the end of life's little day begin eternal ages. O unsaved one, in the face of such tremendous issues, wilt thou be indifferent and unconcerned?

But you say, “What am I to do? I cannot stay the wheels of time, nor prevent the inevitable from coming to pass.”

No; neither can you revoke the inspired declaration that “God requireth that which is past.” Nor can you avoid meeting Him when your eyes have closed in death. But you can accept His gracious and ample provision for you in the death of His Son. Then you shall meet Him with *joy*, and not with dread; as a *child*, and not as a rebel; for everlasting *blessing*, and not to be judged at the great white throne. Meet Him now in grace as a *Saviour*-God, confessing your sins, and He will put them all away and receive you with delight. Then no words of future judgment will ever alarm your soul. Queen Esther, before going into the presence of the king, moaned out the doleful words, “If I perish, I perish.” She went with fear and trembling, not knowing how she would be received at the palace, as she



was going *uninvited*. But she was going to plead a good cause, and this spurred her on to venture, though she was taking her life in her hands (Esther, chaps. 4, 5). In coming to God let no such fears possess your soul. Your peril is not in coming, but in staying away. He has *pressingly invited you* (Luke 14: 17–23), and there is nothing that delights Him so much as to have His invitation accepted. Read Luke 15, and see how God is represented by the father in looking and longing for the prodigal's return. *He saw him a long way off, “and had compassion, and ran and fell upon his neck, and kissed him.”* Then he said to his servants, “*Bring forth the best robe, and put it on him; and put a ring on his hand, and shoes on his feet: and bring hither the fatted calf, and kill it; and let us eat and be merry: for this my son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found.*” O sinner, how canst thou refuse such a welcome! But mark how this wondrous wealth of blessing was made good to the wretched prodigal: “*I will arise and go to my father, and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven, and before thee*” (verse 18).

Glorious decision and confession which resulted in reconciliation, and brought a full tide of joy to his heart and the father's! He was in the same state of contrition and repentance as



the publican when he cried to God, smiting upon his breast, “*God be merciful to me a sinner*” (Luke 18: 13). Go thou and do likewise, and thy Saviour shall say of thee as He said of him, “*I tell you, this man went down to his house justified*” (verse 14). Then you too can take up the happy strain and sing,

“Time is winging me away  
To my eternal home.”

C. C. CROWSTON.

---

## “For Your Sakes”

[Abbreviated notes of an address given to the Pueblo Indians in the Roman Catholic Church, Laguna, N. M., August 18, 1912.]

BY H. A. IRONSIDE.

“For ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that, though He was rich, yet for your sakes He became poor, that ye through His poverty might be rich.”—2 Cor. 8: 9.

**I**N the first place, I want to call your attention to a remarkable statement made by St. Paul in this text of Holy Scripture, concerning our Lord Jesus Christ. He tells us “He was rich!” Do you know when that was? Can you answer the question, “When was He rich?”

He was not rich at His birth. We are told that the blessed Virgin Mary and her good husband St. Joseph came to an inn that night, but



there was no room in the inn. Now, we know well enough that though a place like that might be pretty well crowded, still, if one has lots of money, he can be reasonably sure of getting some sort of accommodation. But Joseph and Mary were poor. They could not offer to pay well for a room, and so that night they spent in the stable, and there the Lord Jesus was born. They took the holy Babe and wrapped Him in swaddling bands and put Him in the manger. That was His cradle. He was poor as the poorest at His very birth. Yet St. Paul says “He was rich!” When?

Was it as He grew older? When He was a young child Herod, a wicked king, sought to kill Him, and a holy angel from heaven warned Joseph in a dream to flee with Him into Egypt; and in obedience to the warning he took the young Child and His mother and fled as he was told. They were poor, homeless wanderers, fleeing from the wicked king.

And when at last the time came to return to Palestine, they went to, and dwelt in, Nazareth, one of the meanest and worst cities in all the land. There Jesus grew up, and there He was known as “The Carpenter.” How close He has come to you hard-working men! His hands used the hammer and the saw; and yet He made the worlds! How He has dignified labor! But do rich men work like this? No; but He



was poor. Rich people did not live in Nazareth. If they got rich, they would move away.

At last the time came when Jesus was baptized by John, and began to go about preaching and teaching the people, and by His mighty works showing that He was the Son of God. Did He become rich then?

No; for He said, “The foxes have holes; the birds of the air have nests; but the Son of Man hath not where to lay His head.” Who could be poorer than that? You have homes of some kind; and you enjoy certain comforts of life. He had no home. Often He slept on the mountains and pillowed His holy head on the ground. He was a homeless stranger down here.

Yet St. Paul says “He was rich!” When was He rich? Never while on earth. But before that; before He was born as a little babe in the stable—before He stooped to this poor world—oh, then He was rich! All heaven was His. He was the delight of God the Father’s heart. All the holy angels loved to wait on Him, and to obey His least desire. Riches such as only belong to God were His; but He left them all for us!

Think of such amazing love. A heaven full of angels could not satisfy Him. He must come down to earth and live and suffer and die to bring back a host of poor sinners, cleansed by



His precious blood, to share His heaven with Him. Then, when He has them all about Him in that glorious place, “He shall see of the travail of His soul, and shall be satisfied.”

Yes, He was rich!—none so rich as He! But “for your sakes He became poor.” I have spoken of the poverty in which He was born, and of the poverty of His life. But, after all, that is not the worst poverty. To have friends who will comfort and help me, will cheer me even if I am poor; to have them care for me when I am sick, and show love and sympathy when I am dying—ah, no man is really poor who has friends like that!

But listen. The time came when He must die. Did He have friends then to help and cheer? No. “All the disciples forsook Him and fled.” He was nailed to that bitter cross, and crowned with thorns; and in His anguish “He looked for some to take pity, but there were none; and for comforters but He found none.” Ah, now He is poor; poorer than I hope any of you will ever be. He has not one friend to stand by Him now. He has indeed become poor at last.

But is this the deepest poverty? No! For even though men forsake you in trouble, in the hour of death, still if you are a pious man you may be comforted of God. He will never forsake you. He will ever be with you. To have



the presence of the Most High is not to be poor ; it is to be rich !

Did Jesus have this sustaining joy ? Listen to the cry of anguish that bursts from His sorrow-stricken heart : “ My God ! My God ! why hast Thou forsaken Me ? ” Ah, now He is indeed in deep poverty ! God has turned away His face from His beloved Son, and left Him alone to suffer and to die !

Do you ask, “ Why was so holy an One forsaken by God like this ? ” The answer is in the text : “ For *your* sakes.” If you have to meet God in your sins, with all your guilt upon your soul, He must turn His face away from you, and leave you in the darkness forever ! He cannot look upon sin. And so when Christ Jesus was dying for us, bearing our sins, God turned His face away from Him that He might look in love and grace on us !

But now listen well ! Though Christ became so poor “ that ye through His poverty might become rich,” some will never get those heavenly riches. They are for all ; forgiveness of all sins, the Spirit of God to dwell in your breast, a place in heaven to share Christ’s joy and be in the glory with Him. All these riches He has purchased for you ; but you cannot have them unless you come to Him and trust Him as your Saviour. You cannot have them if you cling to your sins. If you want to go on in sin, you will



miss the heavenly riches. To obtain them you must turn to God in repentance, trusting the Lord Jesus as your own Saviour.

There will be lost souls in hell-fire who will wail forever: “Jesus became poor that I might be rich; Jesus died that I might be saved; and I knew all about it: but I loved my sins more than Christ! I loved my follies and my wicked ways and I turned away from His loving voice; so now I am lost and there is no hope. I have come to the end and beyond this life there is no more mercy. I can never share the true riches now. I must be poor, *poor*, POOR, forever!”

Oh, I trust none here to-day will have to take up that awful cry. But if you would not, do not trifle. Come at once to Jesus Christ, confessing your sins *direct to Him*, fleeing from every evil way; and He will cleanse you from them all and give you a share in the true riches.

I close by directing your earnest attention to some solemn words spoken by St. Paul in a sermon he preached on one occasion in a Jewish synagogue. They are found in Acts 13: 38 to 41. “Be it known unto you therefore, men and brethren, that through this Man” (that is, Christ Jesus—who became so poor that you might be rich) “is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins: and by Him all that believe are justified from all things, from which ye could not be justified by the law of Moses”



(that is by your own *good* works). But now notice what he adds, "Beware therefore, lest that come upon you which is spoken of in the prophets: Behold, ye despisers" (oh, I trust there are none who will despise such grace here to-day!) "and wonder and perish:" (that is, if you refuse to be saved through Christ alone, you must die in your sins) "for I work a work in your days, a work which ye shall in no wise believe, though a man declare it unto you." I am a poor, weak man, but to-day I have declared it unto you in the Name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost, and now I must leave it with you, praying that each one will share these eternal riches which Christ became so poor to give us a part in. May He grant it for His Name's sake!

---

## What is YOUR Price?

**A**MONG the spoils of Coocha, Khorassan, was a valuable diamond, weighing 132 carats, and valued at more than \$650,000. This precious gem was used for a long time by a peasant as a flint for striking fire.

And this is just like a great many people with the gospel; they possess it in their Bibles, and a good many have it in their heads, but, ignorant of its inestimable value, they have never received it into their hearts. It has little if any



value in their eyes, and, like Esau of old, they are quite ready to sell their evangelic birthright for any mess of pottage offered them.

This "mess," with many, is a bit of worldly pleasure; with others, some place of prominence in this swiftly-passing world; others still sell out completely, body and soul, for fleshly lusts; and not a few for "the gold that perisheth."

The Persian peasant, striking fire in his miserable hut with a jewel worth more than half a million, living very likely in squalor and poverty, and parting with it at last for a trifle and without a pang, is a striking illustration of souls all around us to whom the precious truth of Christ is next to nothing in value; and in the end they surrender Him, like Judas, for a price that is not worth the retaining, as the base traitor discovered to his everlasting shame and sorrow.

Reader, what is Christ and His gospel to you? Beware lest you lose all—life, joy, eternity, your SOUL, by treating Him as a person of unimportance and His salvation as a thing of next to no value. For "there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved" (Acts 4: 12).

So, letting Christ go, men lose all, and for all eternity.

C. K.

---



# The Station Marah

*Translated from the French.*

**T**HE express steamed noisily into the station. The guard shouted its name and threw the carriage doors open. A young man hurriedly stepped out with a heavy traveling bag in his hand. As he came down the icy steps, his foot slipped, and he fell heavily on his back, his head striking on the iron-bound step. He lay there motionless. He was not dead, however, but had fainted. He was hastily carried to the nearest hotel, and a physician called. He saw nothing serious in the head wound, but seemed very apprehensive of the shock the spinal column had suffered.

When the young traveler had recovered full consciousness he was able to answer the questions asked him, and his relatives informed by telegraph were soon by his side. So were also his fiancée and her mother. Poor young man! He was just on his way to be married. The anxious faces of his friends, their tears held back with difficulty, the grave looks of the doctor, beside his own evident weakness—all told the patient of the seriousness of his condition. The doctor had said: "Concussion of the spine; little hope."

He now needed patience to go through the long weeks and months during which he grew neither better nor worse. But how obtain that patience? True, his mother remained by him. A hospital nurse also came to tenderly care for him. But spite all, how slowly time wore on! And gloom increasingly settled upon the poor sufferer.

He thought of the business he had lately started; of the lovely wedding-trip he had planned to take with his young bride, and of the surprises he had prepared for her in the arrangements of their new home—of all his cherished hopes for the future. But instead, there he lay on a bed of suffering, with hope of improvement gradually growing less.

Was he then to die so young? At thought of this, despair would take hold of him, and he would break out in bitter complaints sometimes growing into a torrent of curses. Who among men could bring him comfort under such conditions?

When less agitated he would gladly allow himself to be read to from the newspapers or some interesting book. One evening the nurse asked him if he would let her read him a portion of the Holy Scriptures. A look of surprise and scorn passed over his face, and he made short answer. "As you please," he said.

Then the nurse turning to the book of Exodus,



read verses 23 to 26 of the 15th chapter: "And when they (the people of Israel) came to Marah they could not drink of the waters of Marah, for they were bitter: therefore the name of it was called Marah (bitterness). And the people murmured against Moses, saying, What shall we drink? And he cried unto the Lord; and the Lord showed him a tree, which when he had cast it into the waters, the waters were made sweet."

"Why have you chosen that passage?" asked the patient of the nurse.

"I thought it fitted you," she replied, "for I believe you are now at Marah."

"Yes, surely," he said. "The station at this place should be called Marah, for it is a bitter place to me. If only the tree that made the waters sweet grew here too!"

"That tree does grow here, sir," affirmed the nurse with emphasis. Then, as the patient made no reply, she went on to speak of Jesus, the Saviour, that Tree of life whose leaves are for the healing of the Gentiles—of Jesus who said, "I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life," and who, speaking of His sheep, said, "I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it abundantly" (John 10:10).

The patient listened in silence.

"Is it distasteful to you to hear me speak of Jesus?" asked the nurse.

“No, no,” he answered quickly. What she said was carrying his thoughts backward. When a young boy he had heard and read such passages of Scripture. His grandmother, always patient and cheerful, had been bed-ridden for years, and often as he sat by her bedside she had had him read out of the Bible to her. Sometimes as she made him read the same portion over again, he would say, “Why, grandmother, we have read this so often we know it by heart.”

“Yes,” she would gently reply, “only keep it in your heart, for you will need it some day.”

And that day had come. But his proud heart rebelled. It was hard to submit to God—to condemn his past life in true repentance. It was most difficult, in the face of all his blighted earthly hopes, to admit that that dreadful blow had been guided by the hand of the God of love to bring his heart back to Him. But “the word of God is quick and powerful,” and it so proved itself to this afflicted young man.

He learned in truth that Jesus is the Tree which sweetens the most bitter waters. He found peace with God when he saw that, to save his immortal soul, Jesus had died on the cross. There, in that death, was the supreme manifestation of God’s love to him. Henceforth he was happy and submissive. He knew God as his Father, and his Father had done all



things well. He could bless and praise Him for His way with him.

The winter and spring had passed, and summer had begun to give way to autumn when, early one morning, he called, "Sister Anna! sister Anna!"

The faithful nurse was at once by his side.

"I think," he said, with a smile on his face, "I have been at the station Marah long enough. I must move on."

The nurse understood. She knew his desire to go and be with the Saviour now so dear to him. So she asked, "Shall I wake your mother?"

He nodded assent, and his mother was soon beside him. They telegraphed to the rest, but they were too late. With eyes full of tears the mother said to them, "Once more he had the passage about Marah read to him, and at the words, 'The Lord showed him a tree, which when he had cast it into the waters, the waters were made sweet,' he said, 'Amen,' and passed into the presence of his Saviour, at home in the Father's house."

And now, dear reader, what says this brief and true story to you? Have you too been tempted to say or think God's ways with you were hard? Read Job 33, and see there the three-fold object God has in such deep trials as the young man of our narrative, or Job, or many others have passed through: To turn men from

the broad way ; deliver them from eternal doom ; illumine them with the light which leads to eternal glory. Through Jesus, who came to seek and to save that which was lost, does He accomplish this.

Your own plans and hopes in life may have been overthrown too. If not yet, they may be to-morrow.

And all, to turn you to God from your idols, and lead you to find satisfaction and far more beside in Jesus and His love.

---

## A Visit to an Old Rabbi

**H**IS name was Nathan. He lived like a hermit, in a dilapidated old house on the outer edges of the city. He spent much of his time in prayer. He told me his history as follows :

“My childhood was a happy one. By persevering industry I reached the position of Rabbi at the age of twenty-six. I married and had a large and lovely family, but in the short space of ten days my wife and five of my children died. About the same time through the act of another my fortune was gone. Last year, my last child, a widowed daughter, died in a hospital. Before dying she wrote me the following :



‘I know I am on the brink of eternity, but I go in perfect peace, for I know that my Redeemer liveth, even Jesus the true Messiah, my own Saviour who came to this world to seek and to save *sinners*. God is now my Father whom I truly love.

‘I leave you what little I have. It may be useful to you at your advanced age. But in the little book which I send you (the New Testament) you will find more than in all the treasures of this world. I cannot doubt, beloved father, that to fulfil your dying child’s last wish, you will carefully read the precious volume. It will be to you what it has been to me—a flood of light, a message of peace and abounding comfort. I can write no more . . . Farewell, father most beloved, to meet again, I trust, in our Father’s house above.’”

The dying daughter’s wish had indeed been fulfilled. The aged man had found in “the precious volume” all that his daughter had found, and though bereft of all and much isolated he was happy.

“I am never alone,” he said. “He (speaking of Christ) has kept His word. He never leaves me. Then I can at any time hold sweet converse with my Father in heaven.” F. B.

---

# A Rare Find

**W**E hear of fortunate men who, now and then, make wonderful finds. It is a rich pocket or vein of gold, or some jewel of great value, or some invention worth millions, or some sudden and fabulous rise in the value of an estate. Men who love money are ever on the alert in the hope of such a find for themselves. They will stake much of present comfort and necessity if it but offer them a ray of hope for such a find.

Strange to say, this strong desire after rare and valuable finds which is almost universal in man seems to be but a counterpart of what is true of God Himself.

What, you say, *God* after rare finds? What does He care for gold, and silver, and jewels, and rich estates? He could sweep man off the earth in an instant of time and have it all to Himself alone!

True, very true. So that is not the sphere in which God looks for rare finds. He looks for SINNERS, and when He has found one it is great delight to Him—more delight than to a money-lover who finds millions.

*Sinners!* Why, man, the world is full of them. It is *good* people you have to hunt for, not



sinners. Sinners are at your elbow everywhere.

Well, I was traveling by rail recently, and I met a man who had been spending the previous night in drunkenness and carousal. I asked him if he thought such a life as that entitled him to a place in heaven.

“Oh, we are all sinners,” he replied.

“Yes,” I said, “but what about *you*, your own self? Other people being sinners will not help you at the bar of God. You will not be arraigned there for your neighbor’s sins but for your own, *and your own only*. What will you answer *there* for your ways of the past night?”

And what do you think he said? Did he own his sin and confess his wickedness in the sight of God? No! Here is what he said, “I’m not so bad as some church members I know.”

He was not a sinner yet in his own estimation. He was not ready yet to take his place among those LOST people whom the Lord Jesus came to seek and to save.

“This is a faithful saying” said one of these, “and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save SINNERS; of whom I am chief.”

“They that are whole need not a physician; but they that are sick. I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance.”

This man, though vile in character, was not yet “lost.” He was not yet “sick.” He needed

not yet to be "saved." He was still more righteous than some church members he knew.

Reader, are you like that, or are you like the publican, smiting his breast and praying, "God be merciful to me, a sinner?" Or again like the woman at Sychar's well who found out what a guilty sinner she was and then what a Saviour Jesus is? They were both among the rare finds the Son of God sought after when He was here, and is still seeking from the place of glory where He is now. Oh, reader, do you not desire to be saved by the Saviour of *sinners*?

You may have heard the story of one many years ago in France, when the strong imprisoned and released the weak at their will. He was a nobleman visiting one of the prisons. In honor of his visit he was accorded the privilege of pardoning whichever one of the prisoners he chose. He went from one to another, questioning them concerning their sentences, and getting from themselves the reason for being there. As if with one consent they blamed not themselves but some one else. False witnesses, a prejudiced judge—all had wronged them. At last he came to one young man who with downcast looks said, "I am here because I am guilty. Indeed but for the mercy of the judge I would have been put to death."

"You are pardoned," was the immediate reply. "You *confess* your guilt; you are a *re-*



*repentant* man; you can safely be entrusted with liberty."

That repentant prisoner illustrates what God calls a sinner, and the noble visitor illustrates also the Saviour. As he, no doubt, left the visited prison joyful at the opportunity he had found there to rightly exercise *grace*, so "there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth."

Reader, have you yet been the cause of such joy? Our Saviour has been at untold pains "to seek and to save sinners." He had to endure the cross to exercise *grace righteously*. He pleads what He suffered there for *you* as proof of His deep desire to save *you*. What is your answer to it all? F.

---

## The Right Kind of Faith

**A**T one time in my Christian experience I was somewhat troubled in spirit as to whether I had the right kind of faith or not; when all at once, from the Holy Spirit, I believe, came this thought to me:

Do not be troubled about the right kind of faith; that is not what saves; but be assured that the work done on the cross was the right kind of work, for that is what saves. Straightway at this, there came to my soul a calm, rest-

ful peace, such as nothing had ever brought, and I wish to communicate it to others who may be tried as I was.

Yes indeed, faith is of paramount necessity, for it is faith that lays hold on Christ, but the work which our Lord accomplished on Calvary's cross is what saves, for, thank God, it is the right work done by the right Person.

It has satisfied God about our sins, and if it has satisfied Him may we not also be satisfied?

If we keep in mind the fact that Christ's work is sufficient for God and for us, then there will be no time spent in wondering if our faith is of the right kind.

The eye looks not at itself but on the object presented to it. So we see, not our faith, but Jesus doing that work on the cross which alone was able to put away our sins.

Faith is not the mediator between God and us; Christ it is who is that, and God receives us through His beloved Son. He sees no more sin upon us who believe than on His beloved Son now in heaven. When our sins were upon Him He hung in deep suffering on the cross, but this is all done now, and He is in heaven. Our sins are no more upon Him, nor are they any more upon us who believe on Him.

M. S.

---



“I’m Trusting Jesus. I’m on His Shoulders. Don’t Put it Off.”

**T**HESE were the last words of Jim Wilkinson. They also were his first utterance of his trust in Jesus, his assurance of salvation, and the word of warning to his relatives and friends gathered there to see him die.

Jim was but 23 years old, yet he had been a busy contracting bricklayer in West Philadelphia for several years. Life seemed good to him, and his prospects were to succeed by hard and honest work in attaining this life’s good things, while putting off to a future time all questions of God and eternity and of his soul’s deep need.

Only a few days (at most 10) before Jim spoke his last words as given above, the writer had felt especially burdened about his soul; so much so, that an appointment was sought and made, and Jim came to spend an evening at my home with the express understanding that necessity was upon me to speak to him of the Saviour and of his need of Him. He acquiesced out of consideration for me, but repeatedly pleaded that he “could not be a Christian and run a gang of bricklayers.” He was careful to say he meant to be a Christian sometime, but there was plenty of time to attend to that.

The evening came and Jim came with it. To my surprise, he manifested sincere conviction of sin. He confessed freely his need of reconciliation to God. Then why not *now*? I pleaded earnestly till far on into the night. But he repeatedly turned away with, "Not to-night," and again, "I cannot be a Christian and a brick-layer. I could not hold out."

We read together Luke 15: 1 to 7. The Shepherd who went after the lost sheep until he found it, was pressed upon him. The sweet "old, old story of Jesus and His love" was much dwelt upon. The 10th chapter of John's gospel was turned to, and the 10th verse, telling of the Good Shepherd giving His life for the sheep, brought up before us the Cross of Christ where atonement for sin had been made. Verses 27-29 of the same chapter were put before him also, telling of Christ's power to keep His own.

I little knew then why the yearnings of love for his soul strove so hard for victory that night. All seemed to end in failure, however. Satan was there too, no doubt, holding up the difficulties, for he left me saying, "I could not hold out." I reluctantly let him go; yet believing that God had wrought upon him, I found comfort in the precious words of Isaiah 55: 10, 11, "For as the rain cometh down, and the snow from heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth, and maketh it bring forth



and bud, that it may give seed to the sower, and bread to the eater: so shall My word be that goeth forth out of My mouth: it shall not return unto Me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it."

A few days after, upon reaching home one evening, my wife startled me by saying I should hurry to the Wilkinsons', for Jim was dying and was asking for me. Three messages had come that day urging me to come. I went immediately but found him unconscious; nor did consciousness return to him that night. Again and again at short intervals during the two days following, he became conscious for a few moments at a time, and each time he whispered my name, but I was not there. I had called there. I had called often, but missed those conscious moments. So now I felt God wanted me to stay there. I did so, and by and by he opened his eyes and asked for me. I quickly passed over to his bedside and whispered in his ear, "The Shepherd found His lost sheep, and laid it on His shoulders and carried it all the way home." It was enough, for presently he raised himself on his elbow, and looking upon a goodly number of relatives and neighbors gathered there, said in a clear and plain voice so that all could hear, "I'm trusting Jesus. I'm on His shoulders. Don't put it off." Then drop-

ping back exhausted on his pillow, he again became unconscious. I knelt there with the weeping ones and thanked God and left. Upon returning that evening, I learned he had gone home without having said another word. They were his last—his soul's testimony to Jesus, like that of the thief on the cross.

Dear reader, "Don't put it off." Be warned in time, for we know not what a day may bring forth. God is calling you and says: "Now is the accepted time; behold, *now* is the day of salvation." Can you say, "I'm trusting Jesus?" Do you know the strength of those divine shoulders to carry you safely through to His home above? Then why not now? "To-day if ye will hear His voice, harden not your heart."

It is over 18 years since Jim spoke these words, but they are to me as the words of yesterday, and recently I have heard them afresh ringing in my ears. In sending them forth to you, I lift my heart to our ever gracious Saviour to bless the message they contain to your never-dying soul.

"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?" (Mk. 8: 36, 37).

J. A.



# “Man Overboard!”

**S**OME years ago I was a sailor on board the *Heroine*, bound for Montevideo. We were east of the Bermudas, running under single-reefed top-sail. It was the dog-watch, in the evening, and a sailor named George, and I, were on the watch, on the topgallant forecastle, in the forward part of the ship. I was talking with him of my early life, and of the lessons of piety which I had learned at home. He ridiculed the whole, and declared that there was no God, and that all this talk was mere moonshine.

“Eight bells” rang; the watch was changed, and the men were called away to pump ship. George took a bucket to get some water to start the pump. As he flung it over the side of the vessel it caught in the water, and as we were going fast he was drawn overboard. Instantly the cry was heard, “Man overboard!” We were on the port tack; the mate shouted, “Hard starboard the wheel!” and the vessel came round and stood on the starboard tack. We could hear George crying in the darkness: “Save me! Save me!!”

We immediately launched a boat, but it stove in launching, and began to fill with water. The steward came to our assistance with some blankets which we stuffed in the hole to stop the water, and we hastened to the rescue. The

night was dark, and the sea was rough. We pulled out into the darkness, and followed the sound as well as we could, until we came to the place where poor George was struggling with the waves. Being a good swimmer, he had kept himself from sinking, and we found him about a quarter of a mile from the vessel, drew him on board, and pulled back to the ship with our boat half full of water. In thirty minutes from the time he fell overboard we had him safe in his bunk in the forecastle, and as comfortable as we could make him.

The next morning I said to him: “Did you think that the ship was going to leave you, and that you were lost?”

“Yes, I did,” said he.

“Now, George, be honest—what did you do then?”

“I prayed to God.”

“But I thought you did not believe there is a God.”

George replied: “When a man is overboard in a dark night, and the ship going away from him, and he expects to die, he thinks different and talks different from the way that he does when he is on the topgallant forecastle spinning yarns in safety.”

We heard no more of infidelity or blasphemy from poor George, but he did not recover from his terrible experience in the water. We left him

at the hospital at Montevideo, where he afterward died.

This is but one of a thousand instances where infidelity has not stood the test of actual experience in the hour of danger. Men can scoff and mock in the times of health and safety, but there is a secret hypocrisy in it all. As the man who had long stated that he believed there was no future punishment said when following his plow: “Of course, I do not believe in future punishment—I do not believe it, but I would give that yoke of oxen to *know* that it is not so.” Here is the truth: Men pretend to think very much as they desire to. “The wish is father to the thought;” but they would give a great deal to know that their unbelief has a good foundation.

---

A brigand on his cross was forgiven. A woman that was a sinner was forgiven. A Saul of Tarsus—a murderer of God’s children—was forgiven. All sin, every sin, God, the most tender, the most patient, the most compassionate of all beings, readily forgives, and forgives so genuinely that He *remembers it no more*.

Let none suppose, however, that this is apart from the sincere repentance of the offender, or from what Christ has suffered for sin on the cross of Calvary.

Let sin be lightly thought of; let there be indifference as to the awful work the Son of God had to do to deliver us from the wrath of God, and men will find at the end that God is holy and that sin can get nothing but judgment at His hand.

---



# Repent . . be Converted

---

“That your sins may be blotted out” (Acts 3: 19).

---

“But now (God) commandeth all men everywhere to repent; because He hath appointed a day in which He will judge the world in righteousness by that Man whom He hath ordained” (Acts 17: 30, 31).

**B**ELOVED reader, in view of the above statement from the word of God, it is surely imperative that you should pause and consider your present condition as before God. God declares that He hath appointed a day in which He will judge the world. The world, therefore, is going on to judgment, and you, if you are still unconverted, are going on to the same end. But God in mercy and long-suffering waits, and now gives you another warning, and another opportunity to turn to Him and accept His gracious offer of salvation. Dear reader, take notice of the warning, embrace this opportunity before it be too late.

The way of salvation is simple—repentance toward God and faith toward the Lord Jesus Christ (Acts 20: 21). Repentance, working a change of mind as to yourself and also as to God. You have hard thoughts of God. You are fighting against Him, and you believe He is fighting against you; but learn, and know that *He is for you*, and for your soul's eternal welfare. God

is not willing that you should perish. Therefore He has Himself provided the means whereby you may be saved, if only you will believe. You need to change your mind as to yourself also. You have fairly good thoughts of yourself, you consider yourself not too bad, and capable, if you were to try, of being as good as the rest; but learn, and know that before God, from the sole of the foot even unto the head there is no soundness in you; but wounds and bruises and putrifying sores (Isa. 1: 6); that you are dead in trespasses and sins (Eph. 2: 1), and that by doing anything yourself, however good, you cannot make yourself fit to stand before God, for by the deeds of the law there shall no flesh be justified in His sight (Rom. 3: 20). God in His word distinctly declares that you are guilty before Him (Rom. 3: 19), and as such you are exposed to the judgment and wrath of God.

Now there is a God-given shelter for you if you will accept it. In Exodus 12 God is about to execute judgment upon the king of Egypt for refusing to let His people, the Israelites, go. He says to Moses in verse 12, "For I will pass through the land of Egypt *this night*, and will smite all the first-born in the land of Egypt, both man and beast, and against all the princes (margin) of Egypt I will execute judgment. I am the Lord."

God had been longsuffering towards Pharaoh, had given him warnings in the form of plagues, but he had only hardened his heart each time, and refused to let the people go. Now the last warning having been unheeded, the judgment of God is about to overtake him and his people. The Israelites were sinners, too, and needed for themselves protection from the coming judgment. So God in His grace gives directions to His servant Moses what the people of Israel were to do. Every man, we read, was to take a lamb, according to the house of his fathers, a lamb for a house (ver. 3). The lamb was to be without blemish (ver. 5). The whole assembly of the congregation of Israel were to kill it in the evening (ver. 6). And they were to take of the blood, and strike it on the two side-posts, and on the upper door-post of their houses (ver. 7).

Then God says to them in verse 13: "And the blood shall be to you for a token upon the houses where ye are, and when I see the blood, I will pass over you; and the plague shall not be upon you to destroy you when I smite the land of Egypt."

Such were the directions given to Moses, and such God's answering word when He saw the blood.

In verses 21, 22, Moses communicates these directions to the people, and in verse 23 states



that the Lord will pass through to smite the Egyptians, and assures them saying, "And when He seeth the blood upon the lintel and on the two side-posts, the Lord will pass over the door, and *will not suffer the destroyer to come in unto your houses to smite you.*"

In verse 28 we read, "And the children of Israel went away, and did as the Lord had commanded Moses and Aaron, so did they."

That same night, dear reader, judgment fell upon the Egyptians, but *those under the shelter of the blood were untouched*. God has appointed a day in which He will judge the world; judgment therefore is about to overtake the world in the same way that it overtook the Egyptians.

Is there no way of escape for me? you ask.

The answer is, Yes. The very same that the Israelites had. God has provided the Lamb, none other than the Lord Jesus, and His blood has been shed. God points you to this as your sole escape, one that He has provided for you, knowing full well your need of it. Will you not then look upon God as your real friend? Will you not see what He has done for you? Will you not believe in the Lord Jesus, and trust His precious blood, that will forever shelter you from the coming storm? If so, you may have this assurance that when God sees the blood He will pass over you. Beneath the shelter of

the blood of the Lord Jesus Christ you are perfectly and eternally safe. In virtue of His blood you are forever justified, and His blood, and that alone, gives you a perfect title to stand before God. There is nothing of greater moment to you than the question of your future eternal state. For every one who disregards God's warnings and entreaties, and rejects Christ, there is nothing left but, "after death, the judgment."

On the other hand, for those who believe on the Lord Jesus, and by faith rest beneath the shelter of His atoning blood, there is no judgment—judgment for them is passed; Christ bore all in their stead; judgment due to them and their sins fell upon Him; so that they can say,

"Death and judgment are behind me,  
Grace and glory are before;  
All the billows rolled o'er Jesus,  
There exhausted all their store."

Dear reader, the Israelites had to sprinkle the blood *that very night*. The morning would have been too late. So now, before it be too late for you, flee to the Lord Jesus Christ. Take shelter beneath His precious blood. God says to *you*, "When I see the *blood* I will pass over you" (Exod. 12: 13). J. A. B.

# A Frightful Mistake

**W**HILE waiting in a village depot for an outgoing train recently, I handed a gospel tract to a young man who received it kindly, and seemed to read it with care. After reading, he broke the silence by commenting a little upon it. He said he liked it well, and added that "too many people trust in the church; and I tell you," he continued, "if a man is going to be saved he has got to get in and do something for himself." I had hoped to hear something clear and strong as to the way of salvation, so the reader can imagine my disappointment. I said, "My friend, you are greatly mistaken. Salvation is by what the Lord Jesus Christ has DONE, not what man can do for himself." Then I sought to set Christ and His work upon the cross before him as clearly as possible, but though he sought to impress me by telling me twice that he was a Baptist, it was evident he was as ignorant of the way of salvation as Simon the sorcerer, who thought that the gift of God could be purchased with money (Acts 8: 20). He was like multitudes of others who believe heaven is gained by their own doing; notwithstanding the flat denial of this all over the New Testament, and the



types and shadows of the Old Testament almost without number adding their weighty testimony to the same denial. Listen to the solemn and awe-inspiring declarations from Jehovah's lips: "When I see the BLOOD, I will pass over you" (Exod. 12: 13). Again, "*It is the blood that maketh an atonement for the soul*" (Lev. 17: 11). Again, "Every firstling of an ass thou shalt redeem with a lamb; and if thou wilt not redeem it then thou shalt break its neck" (Exod. 13: 13). This striking verse is burdened with the all-importance of *substitution*, emphasizing the burning fact that the unclean MUST be redeemed by the clean. Man is morally unclean and thus unfit for the presence of God. Christ is intrinsically clean, holy, sinless. Being so, He has died, "the JUST for the UNJUST, that HE might bring us to God" (1 Pet. 3: 18). The divine fiat had gone forth that the ass's colt must die because of its uncleanness or the lamb die to *redeem it*. Thus ONE must die. If the lamb lives the colt dies, but if the lamb is provided and dies in its stead the colt lives. God has emphatically declared, "*Without shedding of blood is no remission*" (Heb. 9: 22). When Solomon dedicated the temple, that a sinful people might approach God there and worship, twenty-two thousand oxen and one hundred and twenty thousand sheep were slain in sacrifice (1 Kings 8: 63). Rivers

of animal blood have flowed from patriarchal and Jewish altars, rolling across the plains of time for well nigh four thousand years towards Calvary, that all the accumulated weight of type, shadow, service and teaching might fall with their accentuated force on, "*Christ died for our sins according to the Scriptures*" (1 Cor. 15: 3), and on that other verse of glorious result for those who accept Him, "*The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin*" (1 John 1: 7). The saved glory and triumph in the blessed fact that they are cleansed by it, and exultingly sing,

"There is a stream of precious blood  
Which flowed from Jesus' veins,  
And sinners washed in that blest flood  
*Lose all their guilty stains.*"

And when the Saviour lifts them from their path of pilgrimage and takes them home, they carry their song with them. They sing with tireless, deathless tongues, "*Unto Him that loved us and washed us from our sins in His own blood . . . to Him be glory and dominion forever and ever*" (Rev. 1: 5, 6). It is their watchword *here*, their passport *there*, the foundation of *everlasting blessing*, and the *theme of endless song*.

And yet vast multitudes of well-meaning religionists go on hoping to merit heaven by

works, as though God had never spoken or Christ had never died. This class belongs to a very ancient family. Adam and Eve were the founders of this great system of vain striving. Instead of confessing their sin they took to sewing fig leaves together to hide it, hoping thereby to be able to stand before the scrutinizing and transpiercing gaze of Jehovah. But even they themselves were not satisfied with their human-wrought covering, for they tried to hide when they heard the voice of their Creator; they were ill at ease though robed in the best they could devise. Jehovah brought them forth and clothed them with coats of skin—beautiful picture of the believing sinner clothed in garments of salvation provided for him at the cost of the Saviour's precious blood (Gen. 3). Indeed, I might produce Scripture to fill a volume in pursuing this exalted theme of free salvation through the blood-shedding of Christ, but enough has been presented to give the prominence and emphasis due to *His atoning death*. It excludes all thought of redemption in any other way.

Listen to Isaiah's plaintive appeal, as moved by the Holy Spirit he writes, "*He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities, the chastisement of our peace was upon Him.*" To this faith's joyful answer is, "*With His stripes we are healed*" (Isa. 53: 5).



Then Peter's seal on it all: "*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). Reader, consider well the difference between trusting in *self* and trusting in *Christ*. It is the difference between *life* and *death*, between *darkness* and *light*, between an everlasting *wail* and a never-ending *song*, between *heaven* and *hell*. Oh, consider *well*.

C. C. CROWSTON.

---

## Some of the Last Words of Bessie L. Kreidler

(Née Brossman) who fell asleep in Jesus, Feb. 6th, 1913,  
at Reading, Pa.

ON the last day of her life she spoke one full hour to those gathered around her bed. She said in part: "I learned my need of a Saviour when young, about 10 years of age, and He has been my comfort all these years. I could not fit my mind now to trust Him if I had not done so when young. Oh how sad that many are putting off this most important thing and live for the world, but what do they have when they come down to die? Everything is lost if you have not Christ. It is our own soul's loss if we lose it for eternity.

"To think of serving Him and going to such

surroundings as I am facing is most exhilarating.

‘Lord Jesus, I have naught to plead,  
On earth below or heaven above ;  
But only my exceeding need  
And Thy exceeding love.’

‘Rock of ages cleft for me’ embraces all the great and divine principles of the gospel. I have nothing to regret, my sins are all washed away in the blood of Jesus. ‘On Christ the solid rock I stand all other ground is sinking sand.’ Here, Lord, I give myself to Thee ; ’tis all that I can do. The following verse I loved so much : ‘I know in 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). ‘Whoso trusteth in Him shall never be confounded’ (1 Pet. 2 : 6). My title to glory is : Jesus and the blood He shed. ‘Here we have no continuing city but we seek one to come’ (Heb. 13 : 14). Many make light of the things of God ; when they come to die they want God to help them, but sometimes it is too late. ‘Behold, now is the accepted time ; behold, now is the day of salvation’ (2 Cor. 6 : 2). Everything is lost if you have not this hope when you come to die.”

¶ She asked the nurse whether she was trusting in Christ as her Saviour. When answered “yes,” she said, “It is the only thing that will help

when you come to this." She also pointed the doctor to the Lord Jesus and told him not to neglect the opportunity of being saved. Her sorrowing father she committed into the Lord's hands and told him to trust and keep looking to the Lord as he always did; here we had sorrow, but that is the way through the world. To her husband she said: "I am sorry to break away from you. You have been so good and kind to me. But we will soon be reunited in heaven."

"I have marked the following verse in my Bible: 'One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek after; that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the Lord and to inquire in His temple' (Ps. 27: 4). But it must be deeper work than memory; it must be *soul* work. I long to be there and be in the presence of Jesus, which is far better. Blessed portion before my soul, worth more than all the world."

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

We know our loss is her gain, but, oh, how we miss her everywhere.

G. G. K.



# The Gold Miner

**I**T was the time of the gold fever. Rich deposits had recently been discovered, and people crossed oceans and continents and cheerfully put up with all sorts of inconveniences, in order to dig up the precious metal. The one prevailing thought was Gold! GOLD!

Among others Walt Reed was deeply smitten with the epidemic. He was a steady, hard-working young man, but he inwardly argued he might go on plodding and working all his life for a bare pittance, and never rise to an independency in the old-fashioned homeland. So, being quite free, he turned all he possessed into money, and crossed the ocean. Arrived in the land of gold, he lost no time in procuring a miner's outfit, and started for the diggings. An early arrival, he found no difficulty in staking out a claim. He did not carouse, did not gamble; he was persevering and determined. From the outset fortune seemed to smile upon him. Not caring to trust the doubtful security of the mine banks, he carefully secreted his fast-growing hoard where none ever suspected.

The work was hard, the conditions painful, and comforts there were none. Economy was studied at the expense of health, for the golden

glitter destroyed all the warning premonitions. The golden lure said, "Another few months, and then!" So he plodded on, deaf to all but the amassing of nuggets and dust in lavish quantity.

Then came a day when prudence dictated the necessity of the city bank for the greater safety of the "pile." Several other successful miners were under the same necessity, so a little company was organized; sufficient, as it was thought, for its own protection. The journey ordinarily occupied a week, and lay across some of the thirstiest parts of the "never-neverland." One night as the party were camped in the desert, about midway, a storm of great violence overtook them. Nothing was more favorable to the designs of two of the party, hitherto absolutely unsuspected. These had carefully noted Walt Reed's prudential disposition of his wealth, and this they stealthily abstracted, as well as that of several others. They loaded the horses they required, turned all the others loose, and decamped. The scene next morning can be better imagined than described. Profound mortification was scarcely a sufficient description of it. Added to the loss of their hard-earned wealth they were in the midst of a vast, waterless desert, with a broiling sun overhead. Upon Walt Reed the blow fell heaviest. He had been so successful, so careful, so hard-working, and

so sanguine of the happiness his wealth would procure him when carefully laid out. Now it was gone!

The rest of the party made up their minds to pursue their journey on foot. He only wished to be left alone to die. His already impaired health now gave way altogether. Unable to move him, his companions left him. As he lay there in the shade of his little tent in the baking desert he was indeed a pitiable object. He had "gained the whole world" (Matt. 16: 26), for the whole world to him had been GOLD! Now it was gone. And health was gone too. And evidently life itself must also soon come to an end. What a shipwreck of life!

Was he going to lose his soul too? Was he going to enter eternity with all his sins upon him, all his forgetfulness of God, all his neglect of what yet he knew to be of primary importance?

Reader, are you perhaps following the same path as poor Reed? Are you living as if this life were all? Are you forgetting that you possess a soul which must live on and on either in eternal misery or in eternal bliss? Are you bent on growing rich *first of all*? Oh, give heed to God's warning voice of love, for He desires your eternal welfare above everything else. See by what follows how pitiful He is, and how graciously He dealt with Walt Reed, so long forgetful of God but now in his extremity: while he lay



in the depths of despair such thoughts as those expressed above occupied his mind. They had been there before in the homeland, but he had successfully stifled them. "What a terrible mistake I've made," he moaned; "and, O God! I'm dying, too! Oh it was all GOLD with me—and the loss of my soul! What a deluded man I have been!"

Next day an out-station shepherd came upon him. Few words passed. The wilderness makes people taciturn. But the shepherd read "death" in the miner's face, so he kindly conveyed him to his own hut. One day as his host was departing he asked, "Have you anything I could read while you're away?" "Oh, aye, I have a Bible; but perhaps you'll not like that?" "Won't I?" replied the miner, with unwonted fervour; "it's just what I do want." He got the precious book, and pored over its contents with feverish interest. Memory, helped by the Spirit of God, brought back portions once learned in the Sunday-school; especially was this the case with the third chapter of John. Here was plainly set forth the way to obtain ETERNAL LIFE. As he came to the 16th verse the whole sunlight of heaven burst on his soul: "*God loved, and God gave.*" He believed, and he knew that he was saved. He cried, "Oh, how blind I have been! I had almost lost my soul in that gold mine, but now God has opened

up to me the inexhaustible mine of His love; He has made me a sharer in the treasures of heaven, and they are infinitely more valuable than the dross of earth! Praise His holy Name!" He lingered for some time, but never regretted the loss of his gold, for God had opened his eyes to better riches made his by the work of Christ on Calvary's cross. He passed away, rejoicing in the certainty of waking up in glory (2 Cor. 5: 1-4).

Friend, read the third chapter of the Gospel of John; behold therein the love of God to a sinful world, *to you*. Put your name into the "who-soever." Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and you will be SAVED. E. C. Q.

---

An awakened sinner is like the passengers and crew as they realize the awful fact that the ship is *lost*—sinking fast. Their one desire then is to be *saved*. All social, financial or moral differences are gone. All plans or ambitions of life are forgotten. One absorbing thing prevails—*how can we be saved?*

How welcome then the captain's ringing voice giving commands to that end! How interesting now the manning of those lifeboats heretofore so little noticed or cared for! How near to each other those people are now as they sail together toward the distant shore in those crowded boats! What a change has come over them all!

And all this but a feeble picture of awakening to a sense of sin, of guilt, of condemnation; then of finding life and peace in a once neglected, if not despised, Saviour.

# “Penny Wise and Pound Foolish”

**I**T is surprising how over-anxious many people are in regard to trivial and unimportant matters, and utterly indifferent and careless as to affairs of supreme importance.

What would be thought of a farmer who prized one of his mongrel sheep worth but a few paltry dollars more highly than his fine span of horses which would bring five hundred dollars in any auction mart? Or of a merchant who when closing his office in the evening carefully put away in the safe a five-dollar greenback and left a thousand dollars in gold lying on the desk exposed to the midnight burglar? Yet this is mild in comparison with the way thousands are acting daily.

Some time ago I was visiting in Washington at the home of Mr. R——, when a member of the family asked me what I thought of “Life Insurance.” I answered, “With a great many it is like a farmer who has a mansion that is worth ten thousand dollars and a chicken house which only cost ten dollars. He insured the chicken house, but never thought of his costly dwelling.” So hundreds of people zealously insure their bodies and quite forget their souls. They insure all that can suffer *present* loss and are indifferent to the constant threatenings of *eternal* loss. Why such stupendous folly? Yet they



have but to apply to the Lord Jesus Christ for their eternal security. And He charges nothing. He insures without money and without price. He guarantees everlasting protection from the fiery judgment which NONE can escape except by Him. Moreover, after securing forever all who apply to Him, He gives them day by day a "peace which passeth all understanding," and a little later on He will give them such glory as the world has never seen before. Bliss, also, which will make their hearts bubble up with joy, will be theirs forever. I beseech you then to avail yourself at once of this unique policy of GRACE. Yea, a multitude of clarion voices appeal to you in notes of pungent urgency to have this subject of overwhelming moment settled **NOW**. The uncertainty and brevity of life, the solemnity and sureness of death, the opening of the judgment-books with their record of uncanceled sins, and the departure into the wailing regions of endless night—all combine to constrain you to be interested in this the most weighty matter that ever engaged the mind of man. The energies of infinite love and grace have been employed to bring about for you this way of everlasting blessing. Jesus the Son of God has died, and in His death a righteous basis has been laid by which God can save and bless the sinner. Then, be assured, your never-ending weal or woe depends upon your

estimation of Christ and of the work He accomplished on the cross. The apostle Peter of old declared, "There is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved" (Acts 4: 12). And in an earlier day the Author of eternal salvation Himself thus appealed to men, "*Look unto Me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth: for I am God, and there is none else. I, even I, am the Lord; and beside Me there is no Saviour*" (Isa. 45: 22; 43: 11). Millions have realized their lost and ruined condition—have felt and owned their sins *against Him* and against their fellows, and by His surpassing love and their deep need have been drawn to *Him*. In the simplicity and power of faith they have *received Him* as their personal Saviour, and thus have passed from death to life. Reader, may such a choice be yours. C. C. CROWSTON.

---

## The Bishop and the Emperor

**T**HEODOSIUS the Great, who lived in the fourth century, embraced the Arian heresy, and would not therefore acknowledge the Lord Jesus as a divine person. On one occasion he was waited upon by a deputation of bishops. One of them, an aged man, was very careful to pay due respect to the emperor; but when the Prince Arcadius was introduced,

the bishop treated him with great familiarity, as though he were but an ordinary boy.

Much annoyed at this disrespectful behavior, Theodosius ordered the attendants to turn the aged man out of the palace.

Noting the emperor's anger, the bishop fearlessly said, "If you are angry because a slight is put upon your son, so will the heavenly Father be angry with those who refuse to His Son the honors which they pay to Himself."

This noble reply much affected the emperor, and happily led him to perceive the error of Arianism, and to renounce its profession.

Great is the folly of the man who refuses Christ as Saviour and yet hopes for the favor of God. "He that honoreth not the Son, honoreth not the Father which hath sent Him." The Lord Jesus says, "I am the Way, the Truth and the Life: no man cometh unto the Father but by Me."

God will have nothing to do with the sinner that will not approach Him in the name of Jesus. "Go to Joseph" was the word long ago. Now God's command is, "Go to Jesus." Every knee must bow to Him. God is determined to exalt His Son, for, when here, man abased Him. "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life, and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth on him" (John 3: 36).

C. H.



# Lost at Sea

**A** MOST pitiable story of hardship such as rarely finds a parallel is related by the captain of the British ship *Magdalena*.

The Italian bark *Duc Cugini* sailed from Pensacola, Florida, for Montevideo in February 1912, but contrary winds and currents drove her far out of her course until she was finally sighted in June 1912 by the *Magdalena* eleven hundred miles east of Barbadoes. Captain and crew were almost dead from starvation. For 40 days the daily ration of the men had been one sea biscuit and one pint of water. The enfeebled men presented the appearance of little more than bearded skeletons. They were unable to lift on board casks of water sent from the *Magdalena*. The captain of the bark admitted he was lost, for his chronometer indicated incorrectly. He was in reality 240 miles from the position in which he thought himself to be. The joy of the starving men at sight of their rescuers may well be imagined.

What spiritual lessons we may learn from the happenings of daily life, and especially such as this. Once realizing we are *lost* sinners how welcome is the provision of God's grace. These men were lost and perishing. They did not know their exact whereabouts. They had to learn them from others. Men often speak as if

their conscience were an absolutely correct guide; but conscience, like the bark's chronometer, may be so corrupted as to be unable to guide aright. Saul of Tarsus persecuted the early Christians to the death, and his conscience acquiesced in the matter (Acts 26: 9). The Moslem does the same, and his conscience is at peace. The Roman Catholic bows down to an image and thinks he pleases God. Holy Scripture is the unerring guide which God has given us. The human conscience is safely guided only by that. There God, who knows men perfectly, testifies that *all* are lost. *All* have gone astray. *All* are guilty. *All* need a Saviour, as *all* on board the lost ship needed to be rescued—the captain as well as all his crew.

What would you think of those men if, when their rescuers came to deliver them, they had cast off the water and the bread and the true directions for their guidance which were then brought to them? Would you not say they were mad? And what of people who are going into an eternity of misery and darkness, yet refuse the salvation which Christ has obtained for them at great cost to Himself, and is now offering to them *freely*?

Reader, if you have been doing that, oh, do it no more. Receive that blessed Saviour, and He will fill your heart with peace and heavenly joy.

E. H.

# Wisdom!

**I**N Proverbs 30: 24–28, we are instructed in the wisdom of four little creatures. The first: the **Ants**—“are a people not strong, yet they prepare their meat in the summer,”—*they provide for the future*. To this it was objected, not so long ago, that Solomon was in error, seeing that ants belong to a carnivorous family; that the story of their labor in storing food, instead of proving them wise, as intended, only betrayed ignorance of their habits on the part of the writer. Consider, said they, the stench of putrid flesh, the ensuing plague, the mortality, the—Bah! Solomon didn’t know so much after all. But these critics, even if still ignorant of, or refusing to believe in, the plenary inspiration of the Scriptures, have since learned that, as to fact, the ants referred to are called “harvesters,” and that there are myriads of these creatures deriving sustenance from seeds, a very considerable portion of which they reserve for future use, in which providence their wisdom chiefly consists. Were we considering the habits of lions and not of ants such prudence would seem unnecessary, for lions are “strong” and daring, and when very hungry have been known to roam far from their accustomed lairs in quest of prey, sometimes daring even to invade the habitations of men when that is possible: but



what could ants do under similar circumstances? They could do nothing: they are "*not* strong."

Let us apply the parable. In the ways of God this is the "summer," the time of spiritual abundance and opportunity, when the invitation goes forth: "Come, for all things are now ready" (Luke 14: 17); the time when "The grace of God which carries with it salvation for all men has appeared" (Tit. 2: 11), a character of grace which, having made world-wide provision for "all men," places that provision within their reach. "What would you do if I brought some grapes to you?" said a physician to a patient he was treating, and at the same time instructing in the grace of God. "I would thank you for them," was the reply.

"You would do something else first?" persisted the doctor.

"Yes, *I would take them.*"

Reader, do likewise with the "great supper" which an accomplished redemption has made "ready;"—a salvation which God's grace carries to you. Take it! You ask, How is this great and gracious provision to be appropriated? By faith! As it is written, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved" (Acts 16: 31).

But if ants overtaken unprepared for the winter are doomed, what must be the fate of men and women who enter eternity unprepared?

Are they “strong?” And can they avert judgment? No! for death rests upon the human race as an expression of the displeasure of God, to be followed by judgment, according to that solemn pronouncement, “It is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment” (Heb. 9: 27); thereby intimating that sinful man, as such, has received notice from God that he must vacate the earth, having forfeited the right to occupy it, in spite of the divine arrangement (Ps. 115: 16). How weak is man in the presence of death! The wail of a famous Queen,—“A million of money for a moment of time!” utterly failed to prolong for one moment the tenure of her life. Of Voltaire was it said:

“An infidel in health, but what when sick?

Oh! then, a text would touch him at the quick.”

And, notwithstanding his mingled invocations of entreaty and blasphemy, death sealed his lips. We are told that Methuselah lived for nine hundred and sixty-nine years, but we are also told that “he died.” Solemn fact! How emphatically does *the penalty of death* proclaim that man is “not strong.” Furthermore if he is thus pronounced unfit for earth he cannot be accounted fit for heaven, and therefore of necessity must be going to hell. But a way of escape and of deliverance lies open to him, of which he will avail himself if he is wise; a way

of escape from judgment, a way of salvation in view of eternity by submission to the Lord Jesus who suffered vicariously on the cross for sinners, thereby accomplishing a work by which such can be made ready for His company in the paradise of God—heaven itself. A wise man will seize such an opportunity in this the accepted time and the day of salvation: he will kiss the Son lest He be angry, and he perish from the way, when His wrath is kindled but a little (Ps. 2: 12): knowing that it is written, “If thou shalt be wise, thou shalt be wise for thyself: but if thou scornest, thou alone shalt bear it” (Prov. 9: 12).

“**The Conies** (rock-badgers) are but a feeble folk, yet make they their houses in the rocks”—*they seek protection from their enemies.*

Has man an enemy in whose presence he is feebleness itself? He has! Satan is that enemy. But the Lord met and annulled him by His death (Heb. 2: 14). He grappled with and defeated him in his last stronghold—death, and returned from the dreadful conflict victorious in the power of an endless life; so that the feeble, defenceless and terrified victims of that dread power might be emancipated, might be delivered from the power of darkness and translated into the kingdom of God’s dear Son (Col. 1: 13). What a rock of defense for those who have fled to its shelter! Once they were under



the power of the prince of darkness, dominated by him; now they are under another authority which, to them, is perfect freedom, being swayed by the beloved Son of the Father. And—praise the Lord!—they rejoice in the knowledge that “The name of the Lord is a strong tower: the righteous runneth into it and is safe” (Prov. 18: 10).

“The Locusts have no king, yet go they forth all of them by bands”—*they keep together*.

I remember reading of a boy who kept bad company. His father gave him some apples and told him to keep them for a few days after putting a decayed one among them. Alas! in a few days the decayed apple corrupted all of the rest. The father pressed upon the boy's mind the saying: “Evil communications corrupt good manners” (1 Cor. 15: 33). Hence it is that Christians are warned to keep morally apart from a Christ-rejecting world; but they are also taught that the secret of separation from evil company is to be found in *keeping good company*, for while, as to fact, the people of God are “by one Spirit . . . baptized into one body” (1 Cor. 12: 13) and are therefore eternally and indissolubly “one,” they are for that very reason to endeavor to be in practical accord with this truth (Eph. 4: 3). And it lies on the surface that where this endeavor is made there will be affectionate regard for those

brethren in Christ with whom they are located in any given place. As opportunity occurs, occasion to consort with them will be appreciated and those who isolate themselves do violence to their very nature as children of God and that in the teeth of Scripture and at their peril (Heb. 10: 25).

“**The Spider** (house-lizard) taketh hold with her hands, and is in kings’ palaces:” its wisdom consists in its *energy in entering the abodes of its choice*, stately buildings being preferred—a curious but veritable fact.

Applying this: Scripture is replete with proof that the abode believers shall enter in bodily by-and-by, is even now entered in by faith;—the Spirit of God leading their hearts and mind before hand in that blessed place. Though now upon earth, their citizenship is in heaven, whence they await the Lord Jesus Christ as Saviour to change their body of humiliation and fashion it like unto the body of their Lord (Phil. 3: 21): and where this is the habit of soul, communion with the Lord where He is will be enjoyed.

R. J. REID.

---

“Blessed are they that wash their robes, that they may have the right to the tree of life, and may enter in by the gates into the city” (Rev. 22: 14, R. V.).

# “Only Words”

“**W**HAT! do you mean to tell me that just believing what the Bible says will save a man forever and ever? Just believing words, *only words*?”

Well, a young man had caused great grief to his father and had gone away. Suddenly he returned. The estrangement between him and his father had become such a burden on his mind that it affected his health. But he was ashamed to go straight to his father after having so deeply wronged him, so he called upon an intimate friend of the family for help.

Both too full of matter to say much, they walked silently side by side toward the father's house. Let in, they waited a moment, then heard the father's steps on the stairs. His friend rose to meet him and said, “G—, I have brought a young man who has something to say to you,” and then turning to the son, who was trembling with excitement, he said, “F—, tell your father what is on your heart.”

He had not said many words when his father exclaimed, “My son, my son!” then grasped him in his arms and embraced him. *Only words* were spoken, but they produced a mighty change between those two beings, and a lasting and a practical one too.

So between God and man. Only words may

be spoken between them, but they have produced marvelous changes in multitudes of people. They have brought them out of the misery of estrangement, reconciled them to God, and filled their hearts and their lives with peace, joy, blissful hope—and fruit accordingly.

But more. Look at the face of this new, beautiful ten-dollar bill. *Only words* are on it. Is it then worth nothing? “Oh, yes,” you say, “but those words tell a great fact—that there is so much gold deposited in the national treasury at your disposal.”

True, and having full confidence in the government which tells you this, you have no anxiety, but feel as safe with the mere words on the bill as with the gold itself. So too the words of God tell great facts, wonderful facts. We have not seen the facts any more than you have seen the gold in the treasury, but we believe them. I did not see Jesus die for me. Had I stood by Him when He died I could not have seen my sins laid upon Him. But I believe the words of God which declare these facts and their results toward all who believe. Therefore I am as sure of heaven as if I were there already. Even governments may fail and their notes become worthless, but God can never fail. The atoning sacrifice of Jesus stands back of every promise; on such a foundation nothing can ever fail.

---



# The Love of Jesus

“WHO LOVED ME” (Gal. 2 : 20)

**P**RECIIOUS love! Having its source in eternity, it led Him, the Lord Jesus, into this world of wretchedness and sin, right onward to the cross. It was there, at the cross, He took the sinner's place, and endured, in all its terror, the awful consequences of that place—even the sinner's distance and the sinner's stroke.

It was there, too, He drained to the very dregs the bitter cup; exhausted, for His people, the power of death and judgment; bare their sins in His own body on the tree, washing them away in His own blood; and died, the Just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God.

Contemplating all this, how truly may the believer exclaim, “*Who LOVED me, and gave Himself for me !*”

“That bitter cup, He drank it up,  
Left but *the love for me.*”

But the love that led Him to the cross is a *present* as well as a *past* love; and the knowledge of this sustains His people, however tried, in their journeyings through this poor world.

It was this character of His love that sustained the sorrowing family of Bethany, when

they sent to Jesus, saying, “*Lord, behold, he whom Thou LOVEST is sick.*”

“Now Jesus loved Martha, and her sister, and Lazarus. When He heard *therefore* that he was sick, He abode two days still in the same place where He was.” How strange the need for such a “*therefore*” must have appeared, in connection with such a love! But these sisters had yet to learn that delays, with Him, are not denials. “The glory of God” necessitated His delay in responding to their call, and it became a means of exhibiting to them the fact that—

“His LOVE *is as great as* His power,  
And knows neither measure nor end.”

Oh, how sweet the rest it gives to know, deep down in the soul, that Jesus loves us; loves us *now*; loves us every day, every hour, every moment, has His heart set upon us, and loves with an unceasing and an unchanging love.

“We know it, by a sweet experience, now;  
Yet shall explore  
Its breadth and length, its depth and height of grace  
For evermore.”

Moreover His love endures *eternally*.

“*Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever*” (Heb. 13: 8).

What a glorious moment will that be, when

“tribulation or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword,” and all other wilderness sorrows, shall have forever ceased ; and when, too, in its widest and fullest sense, will be learnt that we are more than conquerors through Him that *loved* us ; for the love that sought and found will know no rest until it has us in its own glorious presence eternally !

What a Saviour ! What a salvation !

“Father, I will that they also whom Thou hast given Me, be with Me *where I am*.”

“I will come again and receive you unto Myself, that *where I am* there ye may be also.”

“And so shall we ever be *with the Lord*,”

“Through God’s eternal day.”

Dear reader, will *you* be there ?

N. L. N.

## A Plea for a New Bible

“Sir A. W.—, speaking in London on the results of Bible criticisms, asked—‘ Why could not the more capable men of to-day compile the religions of the world into a book which should replace the Bible, a book written to twentieth-century pitch, without curses or woes, but all pleasant reading?’ ”

**W**HY, certainly ! A brilliant idea to be sure ! Is it not extraordinary that no person has had the courage to propose it until now ? Of course, the old Bible does tell

us that, in its production, "Holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost" (2 Pet. 1 : 21), but then they could not possibly be so capable as the men of to-day. It is true that men of no mean ability have lived and died for it, but that was not in "the twentieth century." We are aware that our fathers and grandfathers—not to speak of our revered mothers—esteemed it their most precious treasure, and we surely respect their sentiments; still, times have changed, the world has moved on, education has wrought a mighty revolution, men claim the right to think for themselves, and having relegated to the past all that is ancient and antiquated, there seems to them no reason why we should cling to the old Bible.

In the new book, all that offends the cultured ear, such as "curses or woes," would be omitted, and only that which would form "pleasant reading" would be allowed.

That there are unpleasant statements in the old Bible cannot be denied; for example, there is that ugly assertion that :

"All have sinned, and come short of the glory of God" (Rom. 3 : 23).

That must go: somehow the very reading of it makes us feel uncomfortable.

Then there is the dismal text that says:



“It is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment” (Heb. 9:27).

That is, to say the least, disconcerting; of course “the more capable men of to-day” do not accept it; still, curiously, when read, there is a sort of strange foreboding that after all—well, it *might* be true; better eliminate it.

Then there is that positively dreadful text:

“The wicked shall be turned into hell, and all the nations that forget God” (Ps. 9:17).

Now, frankly, very few people believe that to-day. Theological professors deny it, ministers and clergy unite in repudiating it, and even in places where such things used to be preached, it is seldom, if ever, heard now.

No! no!! no!!! Let us by all means have a new Bible with all these unpalatable “curses and woes” carefully eliminated.

Before, however, we finally cast the old Bible adrift, it might be well to stop and enquire, Are these unpleasant statements *true*? If they are, would our banishing the Book alter the facts? To return to our first text, as we look abroad upon the world, which in many respects is very beautiful, we have to acknowledge that there are some nasty blots. There are the prisons and penal settlements, which always appear to be fairly well filled. There are the poor-houses,

where many through their own folly, and others as the result of being “knocked out” in the battle of life, find refuge. There are the hospitals, many of which are veritable colonies of suffering. There are the lunatic asylums, where so many, alas, from divers causes, pass a wretched existence. To come nearer home, we look at ourselves, at our own lives, in our own hearts there is a feeling that all is not well, and that in our relation to God we are not right. We enquire of “the more capable men of to-day” what is the reason of all this, but like Brutus, we wait for the answer that never comes. We turn to the old Bible, and the cause is given in one word—“SIN.” If then we abandon the Book will we abolish sin—from our own breast and from the world? If not, had we not better ascertain from the same Book if there be a remedy? We find that there is, for in John 1 : 29 we read :

“Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world;”

and in 1 John 1 : 7 :

“The blood of Jesus Christ His (God’s) Son cleanseth us from all sin.”

Furthermore, there have been men, women, boys and girls, of every class and condition, of every clime and tongue, in the first century, in all the centuries, and even in the “twentieth century,” who have owned their sin, trusted

the Saviour, learned the cleansing efficacy of His precious blood, and have become the possessors of a peace and a joy which the old Bible said could be theirs, but of which they never dreamed.

To pursue our inquiry and come to the second text. If we dispense with the old Bible will death disappear? So far, our cemeteries and churchyards are being filled with terrific rapidity. We were appalled by the number who perished in the terrible "Titanic" disaster; but we suppose, throughout the world, a larger number has died since you, dear reader, commenced to read these lines. It seems therefore to be indisputable that "it is appointed unto men once to die." We again appeal to "the more capable men of to-day" and inquire, "What is the cause?" and the echo answers—"What?" We refer to the old Bible, and there we read:

"Wherefore, as 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).

As to judgment, if we admit the existence of sin, we must also admit the necessity for judgment. If we had no law courts, no judges, no prisons, this world would, we opine, be an impossible place; and if our sense of right and wrong demands that wrong must be punished,

we dare not degrade Almighty God to a level lower than ourselves. Here again the old Bible brings us good news, for it tells us that :

“As it is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment: so Christ was once offered to bear the sins of many; and unto them that look for Him shall He appear the second time, without sin, unto salvation” (Heb. 9: 27, 28).

So that the simple believer on the Lord Jesus Christ says: “I deserved to die, but the Lord Jesus Christ has died for me; I had earned eternal judgment, but He has endured and exhausted the judgment that was due to me, so that I am no longer under sentence of death, but I have eternal life (see 1 John 5: 13). I no longer look for judgment, but I await the second coming of my Lord and Saviour.” Nor is there any presumption in this, for the old Bible tells us that the Lord Jesus Christ said:

“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 (or judgment); but is passed from death unto life” (John 5: 24).

Then with regard to the last text. It is indeed a serious one, but is it true? “No!” say “the more capable men of to-day; such a state-



ment is positively revolting to our 'twentieth-century pitch' of culture." Let us suggest to our cultured friends, should any such honor us by reading these lines, that for the next three months they throw their houses open to thieves, drunkards, immoral persons, etc., etc. "How awfull!" we think we hear some exclaim. But then, will not you and they spend eternity together in heaven? "Oh, but do you not understand," say "the more capable men of to-day," "*they* will have been punished, purified, and made fit before *they* enter heaven?" Ah! now then we must modify our proposal. We suggest that our friends should associate with discharged prisoners, recent inmates of inebriates' homes, and those who have just quitted "Borstal" institutions. "Impossible!" is the instant retort. So then you consider that God should be less careful as to who should dwell in His house than you would be as to the kind of people that you would have dwell in your houses. Nay! The word of God stands true: "The wicked *shall* be turned into hell," and if, in that category, our readers include those we have specified we do not object, and we feel sure they would take no exception to the appellation. Read on, however,—“And all the nations that forget God.” The mere religionists of “the twentieth century,” “the more capable men of to-day,” who by refusing the Bible refuse the

God of the Bible, all who do not believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, for

“He that believeth not the Son shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him” (John 3: 36).

What utter folly to banish the Book because it contains unpleasant *facts*, and to spurn the remedy because we resent being reminded of the disease. Shall we, on the same ground, burn the “British Pharmacopœia” because we read therein of consumption, cancer, and other deadly maladies? or shall we not rather be grateful to the men who have pointed out the symptoms, told us of the diseases, and who have, where possible, indicated the remedies?

Let us thank God for *the* Bible; let us read it as His living word; let us believe it with all our heart, and let us stake our souls’ eternal welfare upon its unerring and unalterable teaching. Therein God is revealed, the Lord Jesus Christ is presented, the way of salvation is made plain, guidance for the Christian path is vouchsafed, heaven is disclosed, hell is unveiled, eternity is set before us, and, writ large, is the glad message — “Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved” (Acts 16: 31).

—*Gospel Messenger*.

W. B. D.

# How Unreasonable!

**H**ERE is a cry heard from many quarters against salvation by the blood of Christ. Men who do not know they are sinners, and do not wish to know it, object to that blood which was shed for the remission of sins. They declare it to be inconsistent with the God who is love. They dislike to hear about blood. Yet they do not object to God's corresponding way in their daily life. Rivers of blood are shed every day to feed their mere bodies. Why then do they object to the precious blood of Jesus having been shed to save their souls?

They celebrate the Fourth of July because it tells of their freedom from oppression. But that freedom was gotten through much blood being shed, and they honor as heroes those whose blood it was that was shed. Is it not right that if they enjoy the freedom, they should honor those whose blood was the procuring cause of it? And should not we honor our Lord Jesus Christ whose precious blood has procured us an eternal freedom from the condemnation we deserved for our sins?

These faultfinders are in all countries and nations. They love their own country and their own nation. Can they point to one of them which has not been formed and established by the shedding of much blood? Were all these

men who bled to defend their homes, their wives, their children, from invaders and plunderers, men to be despised? And ah, far, far better than a home here, or wife and children, and comfort and liberty here—far better than *all* is the home above, the present peace of soul, and the eternal glory secured by the shedding of Jesus' *atoning* blood to all who trust in Him.

Unbelievers in Him and faultfinders concerning the salvation He has obtained for us may think themselves very wise, but they are certainly poor thinkers and most unreasonable. Oh that they, and all men everywhere realized *now*, while it is the day of *salvation*, the infinite mercy of that blood having been shed which *atones* for sin, and gives to the poor sinner who flees for shelter beneath it title to stand before God. It will be terrible guilt added to all other sins, however, to be found at the end having despised it.

\* \*

---

## On a Battlefield

**I**T was in August 1870. Two roofers were working together on a house at Basle, in Switzerland. One was an Alsatian, the other a German. They had long been chums under the same employer. Now, however, war had broken out and they must join the ranks of opposite armies.



It was evening, after the battle of Champigny. The dead and the dying covered the field. It was bitter cold, and one here and there, still able to move, realized that his safety lay in seeking shelter. The bright lights of the Red Cross ambulances shone in the distance and, spite their sufferings, they crawled and dragged themselves toward them.

One of these was the Alsatian roofer. With what little strength he had left he was painfully making his way among the bodies and wreckage of all kinds which covered the ground.

Suddenly out of the awful stillness came a voice. "Bruder! Bruder!" it called.

It cannot be addressed to me, thought the Alsatian, and he went on.

But again the voice was heard—in *French* now. "Frère! Frère!" it said, and the Frenchman recognized the familiar voice of his former chum who was lying on the field with a crushed foot. He must now get his friend to go with him toward the lights. "Can you move"? he asked. "Yonder is the ambulance, and if we can reach it all is well."

"But does it not belong to the French?" sadly objected the German.

"Oh, that makes no difference," replied the other in encouraging tones. "The flag of the Red Cross floats over it, and the Red Cross knows no enemies. Under it all are safe and

cared for alike." And the two men, clinging to each other, made their way onward, though every step drew groans from each one. The bodies lying in their path, and wreckage of every description impeded their course, but they kept their eye on the lights and got there and were not disappointed. Tender care soon relieved their sufferings and in due time they were both restored to health.

There is another battlefield of far greater import than that of Champigny. The dead and the dying are covering it too. You are among them, unconverted reader. But there is another Cross too of far greater fame than the Red Cross. It is the Cross of Christ. There He died for sinners. There He bore their sins in His own body. There He obtained an eternal redemption for them. From thence shines a light which attracts every soul burdened with sin. Do *you* feel the burden of your sins? Do you realize the dreadfulness of being called to account for all the wrong of which you have been guilty? Then come and meet your *Saviour* there. Not a single wounded *sinner* has ever failed to be welcomed and *saved* by Him. None ever die who entrust themselves to Him, for He gives them eternal life, and they can never perish. His voice to you, at this very moment, is, "Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest" (Matt. 11: 28).

# God's Attitude Towards Man

**B**E *ye reconciled to God* " are words which show what God's attitude is. God beseeches man, rebel man, to be reconciled to Him. Blessed fact! The death of His Son is before Him—His agony and blood on the cross—those hours of darkness and woe; and over these He stretches out His hands of mercy, and beseeches rebel man to be reconciled to Him.

Reader, can you forbear, if unsaved? Shall those arms be stretched out in vain? Shall God beseech and you refuse? Shall His love meet with hatred? His intense desire to save you meet with cool indifference? Friend, stop and think! It is God who appeals to you in the gospel, and not a man. If it were a man only, you might perhaps disregard; but, oh, the sin, the enormity of the guilt, of turning away from God, and spurning the beseechings of His grace. Reader, forbear; consider the fearful and everlasting consequences of such a course—the end of such a life of unbelief and rejection of His love.

"Knowing therefore the terror of the Lord, we persuade men" (2 Cor. 5 : 11). Not only does God beseech, but man also persuades his unsaved fellow to flee from the wrath to come, to fly to the arms of Love and beseeching Mercy,

and be reconciled to God. O unrepentant sinner, God and man unite on your behalf; the One to beseech, the other to persuade you to have mercy upon your poor soul; and, while it is called the day of salvation, accept, as a needy sinner, the proffered gift of salvation and eternal life through Jesus.

But—"How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?" (Heb. 2: 3).

---

## The Turned-Up Card

**A**MONG the workmen employed in building me a house was one who carried mortar. Often, while looking after the progress of the work, I distributed little gospel-books and tracts to the men. It was not very long since I had known for myself what the gospel was. I had been religious for years, while utterly ignorant of the blessedness of the man whose transgressions are forgiven, whose sin is covered, and to whom the Lord imputeth not iniquity (Ps. 32: 1). But now this blessedness was mine, and I longed to see others share it with me. For none did I feel more solicitous than for such religious people as I had been, knowing, by painful experience, the distress of mind he is in who, while earnest and devoted, and doing, doing, doing, never enjoys any peace



beyond that of self-satisfaction—the transient, cloudy peace resulting from known or supposed duty fulfilled.

This man, the mortar-carrier, was one of that kind. He had been converted for some years, and was evidently an earnest man, but he did not know what “peace with God” is, for he knew not the precious truth which produces it in the soul. He was altogether *in his own righteousness*. Some of the little books I had distributed, and which he had read, had sapped at self-righteousness and made him angry, so he determined to read my books no more. On the first occasion when I went up to the house with tracts again, I had a package of cards on which were printed the beautiful lines—

“There is life in a look at the crucified One ;  
There is life at this moment for thee ;  
Then look, sinner, look unto Him and be saved—  
Unto Him who was nailed to the tree.

“It is not thy tears of repentance, or prayers,  
But the blood that atones for the soul ;  
On Him, then, who shed it, thou mayest at once  
Thy weight of iniquities roll.

“We are healed by His stripes. Would'st thou add  
to the Word ?  
And He is our righteousness made ;  
The best robe of heaven He bids thee put on ;  
Oh ! could'st thou be better arrayed ?

“Then doubt not thy welcome, since God hath  
There remaineth no more to be done: [declared  
Christ once in the end of the world hath appeared,  
And completed the work He begun.

“Oh take, with rejoicing, from Jesus at once  
The life everlasting He gives:  
And know with assurance thou never canst die,  
Since Jesus thy righteousness lives.”

By some coincidence, I missed him that day in my distribution, the hand of God being in it, no doubt. At the same time one of the cards, whether dropped by accident out of my hand or thrown away by one of the workmen who had received it, got on his path. He stepped on it unknowingly, and it stuck to the sole of his shoe. Then, mortar accumulating on his foot, what he shook off turned upside down, and the card was now in full view. He picked it up, and the very first line smote his heart as nothing had ever done before. He read on, and it was resistless. Like a mighty current of a deep river, it swept his soul on; it mastered him completely. The back side of the card was soiled so he could not quite make it out. He washed it carefully and laid it out to dry. He went home, and read it over and over. The truth of the *gospel* had at last found an entrance to his soul. Its simplicity had put all his own thoughts to shame. Life was the gift of God, gotten “in a look at the crucified One,” not a bless-

ing bought of Him by a long train of good works. The words, "*We are healed by His stripes,*" sounded now like the roar of thunder above the din of his former thoughts and feelings. It was the blood, the precious blood of Jesus on which his eye now rested, and in that he now saw what is to be found nowhere else. He saw in it the reason why the preacher of the gospel can say, "Through this Man [Jesus] is preached unto you *the forgiveness of sins*, and by Him *all that believe are justified from all things*" (Acts 13: 38, 39).

The next time I went to the building, he asked me if I would please answer a question he had on his mind. He pulled a little Testament out of his pocket, turned to the first verse of Romans 5 and read, "Therefore being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ." "What does that '*Therefore*' refer to?" he asked. "To what precedes it," I replied. "Read the verse before: '*Who [Jesus] was delivered for our offences, and was raised again for our justification.*'" Oh, this precious "*therefore*"—which links the "peace with God" with Jesus "delivered for our offences, and raised again for our justification." May this wonderful statement speak to your soul, kind reader, as it seemed to speak to this man's at that time, and as it has spoken to my own, and to thousands upon thousands of others.

# At Home in God's Presence

**I**T is unspeakably blessed to be at home in God's holy presence. To be there without fear or dread, at peace with Him, and conscious of His divine favor resting on us. It is the portion and privilege of every true Christian to be thus at home in God's presence; not merely when we reach heaven, but now, as to the experience of the soul.

With the unsaved sinner it is not so; neither is it possible for a man in his sins to be at home in God's presence. The light and holiness of that presence make him miserable, because they detect and expose his sin and guilt, and convict his conscience of the same. There is nothing that an unpardoned sinner dreads more than the presence of God. It is dreadful to him—dreadful because he knows that in His presence everything must come out. “What makes manifest is light.”

Adam sinned, and when God came into the garden, he fled from His presence. “I heard Thy voice in the garden, and I was afraid, because I was naked, and I hid myself,” said poor Adam. Fallen, he was no longer at home in the presence of God; neither are any of his descendants who remain in their sin and rebellion against God. Light and darkness never go together; holiness and sin never commingle; there-



fore God and the unrepentant sinner must forever remain apart.

Is my reader unsaved? and does he enter into what it means to be apart from God? and what it means to be afraid of God, and to flee from His presence? Perhaps he may be entirely indifferent to the whole matter; nevertheless it remains the most important and solemn of all the matters which concern men. One honest thought of God, sin, death and judgment will banish all indifference from the heart forever. Indifference is awfully suicidal when such eternal realities are at stake.

It is the privilege of every man to be at home in the holy, sin-detecting presence of God. But how comes this? Upon what ground can he be there and not be afraid—having no disposition to flee, and in peace? Is it that he has found out that he is better than others? Is it that he has accomplished so much good, which outweighs all that stood against him, that gives him a title to be there without fear? Ah, no; nothing of the kind. In fact, it is because he has found out the evil that is in himself. It is hard for him to think that there is as much evil in other people's hearts as he now sees in his own. But, blessed be God, there is more. He has discovered that *God is love*, and that He has proved it in the giving of His well-beloved Son to die for him, and to bear his sins in His

own body on the tree. Is he a sinner? Christ died for sinners. Is he ungodly? Christ died for the ungodly. Has he been an enemy? Christ died for His enemies. Is he guilty before God? Christ died for the guilty. His great need is all met in the precious death of Jesus. With joy and triumph he can now say, "Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that He loved us, and sent His Son to be the propitiation for our sins" (1 John 4: 10).

That man is no stranger to God now; no alien now; not afraid of God and fleeing from His presence now; not fearing His wrath now, nor dreading the judgment; not filled with distrust and wrong thoughts of God now; he has taken God at His word, so he is fully at home in His presence. That presence is his *home* now. His sins are gone; God has justified him; he has peace; God's favor abides on him: he joys in God. No dread, no fear, no misgivings; all is clear and bright as the noonday sun. God is his *Father* and Jesus is his *Saviour*. What cloudless blessedness!

E. A.

---

"Not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to His mercy He saved us, by the washing of regeneration, and renewing of the Holy Ghost" (Titus 3: 5).

# The Oath of God

---

“**H**E sware by Himself, saying, Surely blessing I will bless thee” (Heb. 6: 13, 14)  
—yes, He sware by Himself *to bless*.

“I swear by Myself, saith the Lord, that this house shall become a desolation” (Jer. 22: 5)  
—yes, He sware by Himself *to punish*.

“I have sworn by Myself . . . . that unto Me every knee shall bow” (Isa. 45: 23)  
—yes, He sware by Himself that *to Him all shall bow*, and every tongue shall confess that He is Lord. He sware to exalt Christ and humble all the pride of man.

Dear reader, does this truth comfort you or does it distress you? God cannot lie; He cannot go back from His oath. He *will* bless His children; He *will* punish His enemies; He *will* exalt Christ and humble the pride of man. Are you ready to meet this truth in its tremendous significance? It makes no difference to the fulfilment of God's purposes whether you believe what He says or not. He will carry out His every design in spite of all that unbelief can urge. But your faith, or your unbelief, will fix your place in one or the other of the first two clauses which we have quoted; while the *third* clause will be realized sooner or later by *every one* of us. To those who come to Him now,

who confess Him as their Lord and Saviour, the first clause is a certainty. God has sworn that *they shall be blest*. But those who reject Him, or neglect Him now in this day of His grace, shall have to bow to Him in the day of His anger. "Nay," you say: "If there is one thing I dread, it is to meet an angry God." Then why not meet Him now while in grace and love He invites you to come and be blessed? The meeting with Him is inevitable. You cannot get out of it. It must take place. Meeting Him in time, through Jesus, means assured blessing. Meeting Him in eternity, to be judged by Him in righteousness, means sure perdition.

M. M. S.

---

## Tom's New Song; or, "Afraid of the Consequences"

**L**IKE showers upon the new-mown grass had the glorious gospel fallen on the little country town of B——. The children of God had been revived, and many unconverted awakened to their lost condition had been led to accept God's proffered salvation. Now the meetings were about to end, and a group of bright, youthful faces, lit up with a new-found heavenly joy, surrounded the tea-table of an aged Christian. The evangelist, whose services had been so richly blessed, had



a beaming smile and an earnest word for all present, prayerfully striving to confirm the newly-born souls in the faith. Specially did he press on them the blessedness of confessing with the mouth the Lord Jesus, deprecating the being converted and not making it known openly.

"Janet, that's like you," impulsively said a young man who was present, to his sister; "you were converted some time without ever speaking to me about my soul."

"Oh, surely I did, Tom," she answered confusedly.

"Well, maybe you did; you wrote me in a letter about it."

Come, sisters, how are we acting towards our unconverted brothers? Are we quietly enjoying the favors bestowed on us without exerting ourselves in their behalf? May not our apathy be disclosed in a similar way? At the same time we do not seek to justify the young man's conduct in thus exposing his sister.

It was not long before Tom's own faithfulness to the truth was put to the test. A week or two later some friends came to spend the afternoon at his father's farmhouse. They occupied a farm some miles distant, and with Alick, one of the sons, Tom was an intimate associate.

Alick found Tom's society unusually dull that afternoon. As for Tom, he was greatly dissatisfied with himself. In the first transport of

joy in the love of the Saviour he had found, he felt as though he could triumphantly proclaim His worth to all the world ; now, when an opportunity occurred for telling it simply to a friend, he felt strangely lacking in courage. He, who had been so ready to accuse his sister of timidity, was now full of it himself. This grieved him intensely, and taught him his own weakness, while an earnest prayer arose from his heart, pleading for strength to tell his friends of the great things God had done for him. No such prayer remains unanswered.

“Come, Tom,” said Alick, “what is the matter with you to-day ? Let us hear a song from you ; have you got any new piece ?”

In answer to this request Tom lifted his melodeon, and ran his fingers nimbly along the keys, accompanying the notes with his clear tenor voice. His friends listened in silence as the words fell on their ears—

“I am Thine, O Lord ;  
I have heard Thy voice,  
And it told Thy love to me ;  
But I long to rise in the arms of faith  
And be closer drawn to Thee.”

His vocal powers were exceptionally fine, and he sang the hymn through with a pathos which thrilled his listeners. Alick broke the silence which followed the singing of it by saying :

"That is a new kind of song for you, Tom."

"Yes," he returned, "the Lord hath put a *new song* in my mouth, and I earnestly desire that all my friends may hear it and be led to trust in the Lord."

Having thus boldly hoisted his colors, the young believer experienced the peculiar joy that springs from confessing Christ's blessed name; and now he had done so, his timidity all vanished, he felt "bold as a lion," and spoke earnestly to his companions, telling them how he had, as a lost guilty sinner, fled for refuge, and found shelter beneath the blood of Christ.

"The Lord hath given a banner to them that fear Him, that it may be displayed because of the truth," and once that banner is fully unfurled, the battle is half won. Those who do not rank under the same ensign soon fall aloof from the standard-bearer, and Tom soon found his former companions at variance with him. This did not move him; he was now a member of the "household of faith," and in that relationship found many with whom he held sweet converse.

Eighteen months passed. It was the annual show and sale of cattle at B—, always a *fête* day in agricultural districts. Tom and Alick were there, each attending to his father's interests. Since the day Tom had frankly avowed his allegiance to Christ, Alick had sedulously

evaded him; but that night, on leaving the market-place, he made up to him and appeared desirous of his company. Tom quickly noticed the change in his manner, and attributed it—rightly it turned out—to concern in spiritual matters. Their ways home lay in different directions, but Tom was too earnest over his friend's conversion to allow a few miles' walk to deter him from speaking a word in season to him. Soon Alick acknowledged that ever since he had startled him by the singing of his "new song," he had been a spirit-wounded, convicted sinner. He had endeavored to stifle the appealings of his conscience, but in vain. Next he tried weeping and praying, but these afforded no relief. Then he thought he would wait patiently till some wondrous change came over his heart, but all to no purpose. Theoretically, he knew the gospel well, but no amount of head-knowledge will suffice to bring comfort to a sin-burdened soul.

Simply and fully did Tom explain to him the "old, old story," how "God was in Christ reconciling the world unto Himself." That

"It is not our tears of repentance and prayers,  
But the blood, that atones for the soul ;"

that the moment faith lays hold of the wondrous truth that "the blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth us from all sin," in that moment



does the soul pass “from death unto life.”

Still Alick hesitated.

“Tell me,” said Tom, with deep feeling in his voice, “what is it that stumbles you?”

The two young men walked on for some time in silence, then Alick said, apparently with an effort,—

“I do long for pardon; my sins keep hovering like a dark spectre round me; I know the Lord Jesus has suffered for them, and that now He is offering me the gift of eternal life, but, but——”

“But what?”

“But I am afraid, if I accept it, of the consequences.”

“Afraid of the consequences! Afraid of the consequences! You may well be afraid of the consequences of *rejecting* so great a salvation, but afraid of the consequences of *accepting* it, you surely cannot be, when it will bring you ‘love and light and lasting joy.’ What do you mean by being afraid of the consequences?” rejoined Tom.

“Oh, I am not afraid of the benefits I will derive from it; quite the contrary, but I shrink from the reproach it might bring me. For instance, you to-day preaching in the market-place, where everybody knew you, and telling the decent farmers they were lost, and except they were born again they could not enter the kingdom of God. Most of them were laugh-

ing at you, and you have made the whole country-side ring with your name. I tried to picture myself—supposing I were getting converted—testifying as you were doing, and it quite unnerved me.”

“And no wonder,” said Tom quickly; “you were depicting yourself suffering for Christ’s sake before tasting the wondrous fruits of His sufferings for you. To me it seems a special gift ‘not only to believe on Him, but also to suffer for His sake;’ but with that you have, in the meantime, nothing to do. God, in grace, is now offering to you His unspeakable gift, and it is at your peril you refuse.”

More conversation followed, which need not be repeated here; then Tom, who was now a long way off his own route home, retraced his steps, praying unceasingly the while that his friend might not close his eyes against the light.

Alick, left to pursue his journey alone, did so with laggard step and cloudy brow. The road led across a hill, behind which lay his home. The mental anguish through which he was passing seemed to have weakened his physical strength. He dropped on his knees on the road-side, exclaiming, “I can’t go any further till I know my sins are forgiven.” It was not now quiverings about after-testimony that harassed him, but deep heart-yearnings after peace. And

peace came. In the deepening twilight, on the lone hill-side, streamed the light of the glorious gospel of Christ on his troubled soul. He rose from his knees animated by a new life, and with a joyous burst of song, walked quickly home. In the farmyard he met his sister Ellen, and with a gladsome mind he communicated to her the joyful news. She listened rather dubiously, and said, “It may be true, but it is a funny thing to happen in our family.”

It was undoubtedly something new. He was the first in that household on whom God set His seal, and very marked was the change it made in him. Previously he feared he might succumb to the taunts and jeers he would encounter, but now, realizing himself to be a “chosen vessel,” it was his delight to bear the name of Jesus before all with whom he came in contact. Naturally his brothers and his sisters were his first concern. He labored fervently in prayer for them, and was careful to let no opportunity pass of “speaking the truth in love.” His work was not fruitless. Ellen was the first to be told of his conversion, and she was also the first he was instrumental in leading to the feet of Jesus. Marvellous was the difference in that household, as one by one its members were turned from “darkness to light.” In the course of three years the whole seven of them were, in the divine sense, “children of one Father.”

Blessed, glorious consequences! Oh, you who are halting between two opinions, who long to be supremely blessed, but fear to venture your soul to Jesus' keeping, lest it might bring you a scoff from your companions, a jeer from your friends, or, you fear, might hurt your business, may you be enabled to say truly,—

“Jesus, I will trust Thee,  
 Trust Thee with my soul!  
 Guilty, lost, and helpless,  
 Thou canst make me whole.”

---

## “*Salvation is of the Lord*”

Come, all of you, draw nigh and hear  
 How Jesus left that sinless sphere  
 For this unfriendly world.

He came from those bright scenes above  
 To show the fulness of His love  
 To lost and ruined man.

He died on Calvary's awful cross  
 To save us men from endless loss,  
 And give us wealth untold.

He made the way thus clear and plain,  
 That all might life and glory gain  
*By trusting in His blood.*

No way of life has God made known,  
 Except through Christ, and Christ alone;  
*He died that we might live.*



God can accept no other fee  
Than this great price for me and thee,  
Paid by His own dear Son.

Oh, let me plead then: Turn and flee,  
While God in mercy waits for thee,  
*Life, joy and peace to give.* C. C. C.

---

## *“Come unto Me”— “Depart from Me”*

**B**OTH the above expressions were used by our Lord Jesus Christ. They are opposites because they belong to entirely different times and circumstances. The first applies to the *present* time—the time granted to man to secure the eternal redemption which Christ has obtained for us by His blood; and He cries, “*Come unto Me*, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest” (Matt. 11:28). This refers to the sense of guilt which burdens a man when he realizes that he must give account to God for every one of his actions.

No one in all the world can take this burden away but Jesus. Nothing that can be done by the burdened man himself, or by any other man, or men, can avail. Only what Jesus did on the cross in atonement for sin avails. Every man who desires his burden removed must go to Jesus and to Him alone; and every one who goes

to Him is given immediate rest of soul. Have you this rest, kind reader?

Those who prefer to enjoy sin in this life, and who stifle conscience lest it disturb them, will have to face Christ as judge when *the time of judgment* comes. Then He will tell them, "*Depart from Me*, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels" (Matt. 25:41). O reader, which will it be for *you*? "Come" now, and avoid that dreadful "depart."

---

## The Precious Blood of Jesus

---

*There is no forgiveness without it.*

"Without shedding of blood is no remission" (Heb. 9:22).

*It satisfies the holy claims of God.*

"When I see the blood I will pass over you" (Exod. 12:13).

*It makes atonement for the soul.*

"It is the blood that maketh an atonement for the soul" (Lev. 17:11).

*It cleanseth from all sin.*

"The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin" (1 John 1:7).

*It has made peace.*

"Having made peace through the blood of His cross" (Col. 1:20).

"Precious, precious blood of Jesus, shed on Calvary,  
Shed for rebels, shed for sinners, shed for me."

# God's Question, His Answer and His Oath

**R**EADER, if you are not a child of God by faith in Christ Jesus, I crave your earnest attention in considering what is embraced in the title of this paper. It is based on three scriptures, which tell in unmistakable words what is God's desire as to the wicked.

First, as to His *question*: We hear His voice breaking the silence of by-gone ages, "*Have I any pleasure at all that the wicked should die? saith the Lord God; and not that he should return from his ways and live?*" (Ezek. 18: 23).

We will not answer, but listen with reverence to His answer to His own startling question: "*I have no pleasure in the death of him that dieth, saith the Lord God; wherefore turn and live ye*" (verse 32). Oh, precious answer given by Him who delights in mercy and who calls judgment His "strange work."

In Luke 2 we hear the angels thrilling the night-enwrapped plains of Bethlehem with proclamations of the Saviour's birth: "Unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord . . . Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men." In no other way could God's desire for man's salvation be so powerfully expressed as in the sending of His Son into the world to become a Sacrifice for sin. "My de-

lights were with the sons of men" (Prov. 8: 31) was the sentiment of the Saviour's loving heart echoed forth long centuries before His incarnation. Now He had come to make it good by His actual presence among men.

But how was He received?

His heart full of grief thus poured out its complaint: "*They hated Me without a cause*" (John 15: 25). Thus man gave Him hatred for love, cursing for blessing, a malefactor's death for His life of devotion. Reader, draw near to that cross of shame and death, and behold His nail-pierced hands and feet. See His thorn-pierced brow! Look up into His compassionate face and listen to the sweet notes of that interceding prayer: "*Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do*" (Luke 23: 43).

Then, death being passed, and Christ risen, harken to the voice of an inspired apostle: "*Christ died for the ungodly*" (Rom. 5: 6). You may now drink in the full meaning of His answer: "*I have no pleasure in the death of him that dieth.*" The overwhelming proof of this answer of God to His own question is that in the fulness of His love He has chosen to give His Son to die for the ungodly. Yes, reader, for the *ungodly*—the "wicked." It is on the ground of His atoning death for them that He can freely offer to every sin-burdened child of Adam the inestimable blessing of everlasting life.



O sinner, the Son of God gave His life, not for kind and lovely persons but, to save a world of enemies from going down to the pit. Unserved one, if such boundless love does not win thy heart, thou must forever remain unsaved—for ever lost!

“No man of greater love can boast  
Than for his friend to die.  
Thou for Thine enemies wast slain;  
What love with Thine can vie?”

But now as to the “oath!” When God made promise to Abraham, because He could swear by no greater, “*He sware by Himself*” (Heb. 6:13). A promise resting in the power of such an oath, put an end to all doubt as to its fulfilment in the mind of Abraham. In Ezek. 33:11, again *He swears by Himself*: “As I live, saith the Lord God, *I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked; but that the wicked turn from his way and live;*” and in Deut. 32:40 He declares His eternity of being: “For I lift up My hand to heaven, and say, I LIVE FOREVER.” You may challenge three worlds for an oath like this, ratified as it is by the Eternal God. Let it silence all doubt, then, as to His *desire to save*.

Sinner, God has made every provision for thy salvation that love and wisdom could devise. He has sent His Son to die for thy sins. In His Word He tells the way of salvation as strongly

and plainly as it is possible for language to carry truth to thy soul. Moreover, He has sent the Holy Spirit to convince thee of thy need, and to make Jesus precious to thee when in thy hearing the gospel story is told. Yet all this will profit thee nothing unless thou wilt avail thyself of the rich provision of His grace by ceasing to resist the Holy Spirit, and by allowing Him to lead thee to exercise "*repentance toward God and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ*" (Acts 20: 21). The Lord Jesus and the martyr Stephen laid solemn charges against some in their day : "*Ye will not come to Me that ye might have life*" (John 5: 40); "*Ye do always resist the Holy Ghost*" (Acts 7: 51). *Rejecting Christ and resisting the Holy Spirit* are two sins that go hand in hand. If still unsaved, *thou* art guilty of both; and if thou wilt pursue this course, thy portion will be the doom of the lost—the "outer darkness," "the blackness of darkness forever."

Remember, when God deals with thee in judgment for all thy sins, it will be because thou hast *rejected His Son, resisted His Spirit, refused His grace, despised His love, and disdained loving entreaties* by which He has been seeking to charm thine ear and win thy heart all the years of thy wayward life. I beseech thee, reject Him no longer, but cast thyself by faith upon the almighty arms of His love; He will

receive thee and bless thee, and prove the truth of His word, "Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out" (John 6 : 37).

C. C. CROWSTON.

---

## The Pleasure-Seeker's Dream

*From his own testimony*

**I**T was in the spring of the year 1878, in my thirty-third year, that the Lord opened my eyes to the truth; up to then I had been very worldly and careless. In 1869 I first came to England from America with my wife, to settle down in it, to conduct my business, and have a good time.

As long as I can remember I always had one desire—to have my own way. I prospered in business, and had everything one needed to give worldly happiness—a loving wife, bright children, and good health—and how did I repay God for His goodness? By neglecting Him entirely, for I loved the company of my worldly friends, wine parties, card parties, and the like.

Pigeon shooting was especially my delight, not so much for the sake of killing the poor birds, but for the gambling spirit that pervaded it and all like amusements. In short, I loved the world and the things of the world.

In 1872, or thereabout, my next-door neighbor sold his business to his brother, who was a devoted servant of Christ, and whose chief desire was to bring souls to the knowledge of his Saviour. He never missed his opportunity of putting truth before his friends.

I became acquainted with him very soon after he came to Liverpool, and shortly afterwards he began to speak to me about my careless, worldly life, but I was always ready to argue and talk with him, having been taught the letter of the Word in my early days by my dear mother, now with the Lord. I reasoned this way: "God has given me certain desires and likings, and it cannot be wrong for me to fulfil my nature; I believe as you do, that Jesus Christ came to save sinners, and therefore He will save me." I did not realize the true nature of sin in the sight of God.

I always liked to talk and argue with my dear old friend, but he would say, "Now B——, just come into my office and have a word of prayer." I did not dare to do that, however, for I had not the slightest intention of drawing back, or of giving up my worldly ways and companions. I often wonder at the patience of God. Truly "He is rich in mercy," and "not willing that any should perish;" so in my rebellion He spared me.

For six years M—— dealt with me when op-



portunity offered, but I seemed harder and harder, except when Moody and Sankey were in Liverpool. In those days I was much softened, and would go to hear them whenever I could, and take others. But until 1878 I continued my old course. In the spring of that year I was brought face to face with Eternity and the consequences of the life I was living. It was in the way spoken by Elihu in Job 33: 14–18: “God speaketh once, yea twice, yet man perceiveth it not. In a dream, in a vision of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon men, in slumberings upon the bed. Then He openeth the ears of men, and sealeth their instruction, that He may withdraw man from his purpose, and hide pride from man. He keepeth back his soul from the pit, and his life from perishing by the sword.”

Yes, in a dream, God spake with me! I dreamt I was on my way to Paris, and on the Dover boat I quarrelled with a friend who was with me. He wished me to do something I did not want to do, and my words were, “I am going my own way, you can go yours.” His reply was, “When you want me, Harry, send for me.”

I now believe this friend was no earthly friend, but the Lord Himself. My dream changed, and I found myself in an immense amphitheatre, lit by a single light, and I was *alone*; it was a place where one hundred thousand people might have been seated, but no one

was there but myself, and an awful sense of individuality rested upon me. The horror of my loneliness so pressed upon me, that I cried out, "Oh, where is my friend?"

At once a messenger was beside me, who looked like a little child. He said, "I am sent for you."

"Who sent you?"

"Your friend," he replied. "Follow me."

He took me to strange scenes, to a city in total darkness, and at last to what he spoke of as Paradise. As he essayed to leave me, I called out, "Oh, don't go!" and I awoke; and lo, it was a dream!

I saw at once that God had been speaking to me, and recognized that I could not have this world and heaven as well. I was brought to the dividing of the ways, and took the narrow path. Throughout eternity I shall praise God that the Holy Spirit led me to that decision. A few days after, I received a note from one of my old chums:—

"Dear B——, The coach leaves Woodside Ferry ten o'clock for Chester races. Be in good time; a jolly crowd is going, and we will have a good time.—Yours,——."

My course was plain. I got into a hansom, and drove to see the writer. On entering his office, I was met with, "Hello! B——, what's up?"

I said, "—, old boy, I cannot go with you to the Chester Cup."

"Why not?"

"Because I am convinced that I cannot have heaven and this world. One is to end, the other is for eternity, and I have set out for heaven."

"Oh, nonsense," he said, "you can have both—you *never* have gone to extremes."

"No," I said, "I may not have gone to extremes, but I have lived for myself." I told him that my days with "the boys" were over. Take my name off the list, and you had better come with me. But no, he wouldn't; he believed every one would have plenty of time on his death-bed.

Poor fellow! He was cut down by a locomotive a few years after in an instant, and never spoke a word—a genial friend, a good father, a faithful husband, and one whom it was a pleasure to know. But, "Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven" (Matt. 18:3).

One of the first things I did after turning to God, was to go to my dear, faithful friend, M—, and say, "You can pray *with* me now. You are right; I was wrong." Oh, how his face lighted up, and how he poured out his soul to God in thanksgiving!

My friend, whoever you be, are *you* on the

road where I was, or on the one where I am ?

There is a vast difference between them. They run in very different directions, and reach very different ends.

\* \* \*

---

## God's Estimate, not Mine

**N**O man can have peace with God who has not in some measure apprehended the value of the work of Christ on the cross. But it is not in *my* estimate of Christ and His work that I am called to repose for the peace of my soul; it is in *God's*. Mine is a human, weak, partial, and in every way imperfect estimate. God's is a perfect, absolutely righteous one. Now, it requires the full depth of the value both of the Person and the work of Christ to meet the full depth of my guilt and need before God. To enjoy settled peace, therefore, in the presence of Him who alone knows the full depth of my guilt and need, I must rest in what He has found in His blessed Son to meet it all. How shall I know God's estimate of this? In that He has raised Him from the dead, seated Him at His right hand in glory, and given Him "a name above every name." Measure the distance between the depths of death into which Christ voluntarily descended and the infinite heights of glory to which God has exalted Him,



and you have the estimate of God. Let your soul lay hold of this, and Satan, with all his hosts, cannot shake the peace that will be yours, any more than you can shake the foundations of the earth.

---

## Robert's Love

“**Y**OU have a beautiful face, mother,” said a little boy as he climbed upon his mother’s knee; “I do love to kiss your face.”

Then, after a long, quiet pause, he began to ask in a solemn tone of voice, “Why are your hands so ugly, mother? I cannot bear to kiss them.” And little Robert was quite right. His mother’s hands were very ugly; the skin was puckered up all over them, and discolored in many places.

The mother did not answer at first, but sat silently with little Robert folded in her arms, thinking what she would say. Then she told him the whole story. “Yes, Robert, dear, my hands are very ugly and terribly scarred; but let me tell you all about these deep marks:

“When you were small, lying in your crib upstairs, I heard the nurse scream out that your crib was on fire. I rushed to your room, and found the curtains around your crib and the cover over you all ablaze; and at once I seized

the burning curtains and cover with my hands, and threw them blazing out of the window. You escaped without a hair of your head being singed, but my hands were sorely burned."

By this time little Robert was pressing his dear mother's hands harder and harder with his. Then he kissed them, and looking up, he said, "Mother, I will always kiss your hands first, since I have heard how they became so ugly."

Is not this a touching picture of the love of Christ! He still bears in His body the marks of man's hatred, when they nailed Him to the cross, where He suffered agonies untold to save us from a burning hell. His wounds will never appear ugly to those whom He rescued at such a cost, even the laying down of His own life out of love for sinners (John 15:13). He was wounded for our transgressions, bruised for our iniquities. He who knew no sin was made sin instead of us. The Holy One had taken our place in death, and all that was our due as lost sinners was meted out to Him on the cross. Now it is with His stripes we are healed (Isa. 53).

The nails, the spear, the crown of thorns—

He bore it all for me.

God laid my sins upon the Lamb,

He died to set me free.

---

# What is Your Soul Worth?

**A**LICE was a light-hearted, merry girl of about seventeen when she was asked to go and hear an evangelist who was visiting the town of P——. She made excuse that as it was Easter Monday she did not intend spending it in that fashion. However, after much entreaty, she reluctantly consented to go.

The preacher spoke that evening from Mark 8: 36, 37: "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?" He said, "I will ask you a question, '*What is your soul worth?*'" Alice sat and listened. She had been brought up from infancy in the fear of God, but now, at the age of seventeen, she meant to go in for the world, which in all its alluring brightness, was opening up before her. She meant to enjoy life, gain a position, and go in for the riches of this world; therefore, as the words of the text rang out through the silence of the meeting, she closed her heart against them.

The meeting over, Alice went home, apparently as light-hearted as usual. She laughed and talked at the supper-table with a great show of fun and mirth, but underneath that laughter there was an aching void which she tried to conceal. *You* may possibly know, my unsaved reader, what it is to try to laugh off

the effects of some word which God has sent home to your conscience. Oh, the hollowness of such mirth!

Alice tried that night to satisfy conscience by kneeling down and "saying prayers," but it did not, for in the stillness of the night came the words, "*What is your soul worth?*" She tried to forget them in sleep, but awoke again with a start to hear again, "What is your soul worth?" She thought, "This is terrible. Am I never to get rid of this?" Still, in the silence of the night, came the words, "What is your soul worth?" "What shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" Deeply troubled in her spirit, she said to herself, "I cannot stand this any longer; this question has to be faced. I must decide *now*—for Christ or for the world!" Alone there with God, Alice looked beyond the narrow limits of time out into the boundless ocean of eternity, and as she gazed onward she plainly saw there was nothing to be compared with the worth of her soul. Alone there with God she cast herself upon Christ, and found mercy, and a satisfying portion in His love which all the world cannot give.

And you, my reader, have *you* faced this question, "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?" What is *your* soul worth? For what

are you selling it? Is it for a little passing pleasure? Is it for money? What is it? Girl of fashion, do this world's latest fancies stand between you and the Saviour? Consider, I beseech you, whether any of these things will avail you on your death-bed? The fashion of this world passeth away. Man of business, do your plans for profit keep you from Christ? If called hence to-day, will money pay your passage into heaven? You know it will not! There is one price for your entrance there; a price far above the value of anything you can offer to God; it is the precious blood of Christ; for "Without shedding of blood is no remission." But, thank God, Christ has died, His blood has been shed in atonement for sin.

Think, therefore, what that soul of yours is worth when Christ should pay such a price for its redemption, even His own life.

Despise that blood?—then you must perish *forever*. There is no other way into eternal life. If you reject God's way of salvation now, will the trifling things of time afford you any satisfaction, when in a *lost eternity* you look back upon them? May God help you to face this question: "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?"

R. M.



# After Death—What?

**A**T a recent meeting of some of the professors of Swarthmore College, Dr. Holmes asked Dr. Brooks, the professor of Hebrew :

“Doctor, what do you know about the future life? What is there after death, beyond the grave? Twenty years ago such a thought did not trouble me, but now, as one gets on in years, one begins to wonder.” And all the wisdom of the learned professor could only give this reply: “That is something of which we can know nothing. The only thing to do is to lead the best life you can in this world, and let that take care of itself.”

How true, thought I, is the Scripture statement, that “the world by its wisdom knew not God” (1 Cor. 1 : 21); nor does it therefore know the future, since God alone knows it and can reveal it. Things which are plain to the simplest *believer* (for they are revealed to us in God’s word) are unknown to the world’s wisest, for, as it is written, they “by wisdom knew not God.” They can only say, “I do not know;” for if they distrust or cast away the only Book which could teach them and make them familiar with things unseen and not yet manifested, they will never know till knowledge can only be to their condemnation.

Some may say they do not cast it away en-

tirely. No, but they pick and choose from it what they wish, or use it as a book of mere morals, and reject all that does not suit their unregenerate mind.

But indeed *God* has spoken and revealed to us the future: "It is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment" (Heb. 9: 27). Death does not end all. Death does not mean annihilation, nor extinction, nor soul-slumber. All that are in the graves shall hear the voice of God's Son, and shall come forth, either to the resurrection of life or to the resurrection of judgment (John 5: 28, 29).

The resurrection of judgment is pictured in Revelation 20 in solemn words, where the dead, small and great, come forth from their graves and stand before the throne; and whosoever is not found written in the book of life is cast into the lake of fire. This is the second death. The book of life is the book of the Lamb slain from before the foundation of the world (Rev. 13: 8).

Thus God, even before the creation, looked forward to Calvary's cross as the only way by which guilty sinners could approach to Him. All who come to God believing in the Lord Jesus as their Saviour pass out of death into life, and shall not come into judgment (Jno. 5: 24). "He that believeth not the Son shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth on him" (Jno. 3: 36).

The learned professor therefore is wrong when he says we can know nothing of the future, for God has clearly revealed it in His Word. He is wrong again when he says the only thing we can do is to lead the best life we can in this world, and let the next take care of itself. For when we leave this world our eternal destiny is settled ; not by the life we have led, but by our attitude toward the Lord Jesus Christ, God's appointed refuge from judgment for the sinner. "He that believeth shall be saved ; he that believeth not shall be condemned."

F.

---

## *“Not Willing that Any should Perish.”*

**O**N my way home from work I have to take the ferry to cross the river. This connects with the trains which carry the people in every direction among the suburbs of the city. When the hour has come for the ferry-boat to pull away, one stroke of a great bell is heard, the official at the ferry-gate pushes it shut, so that none can pass any more, the fastenings are removed from the boat, and she speeds her way among the many craft which move up and down the river.

The official in brass buttons and white cap at the gate is a kind man. He enters into the disappointment of those who arrive after the gate

is shut, and his face seems to say, I am sorry for you. So, lest some should be only a few steps late when the bell strikes, he makes a great clatter with the gate as he slowly pushes it shut. You can see by his manner that he is warning belated ones, and anxious that they should not miss their train home. But the moment comes when, bang! the gate is shut, and the boat is gone.

Fellow-traveler to Eternity, there is a gate to be passed through on that road too. It is wide open now. The keeper of it is the Holy Spirit. The gate itself is Christ. Through Him, and Him *alone*, can you reach heaven. Nobody could make propitiation for your sins but Christ, and no man in his sins can ever be accepted of God. Christ has made propitiation. God stands ready to receive you through it. He bids you make haste and come while it is yet the day of grace. At any moment that day may end. When the railway officer shuts the gate, those left behind have but to wait some time for another train; but when God shuts His gate it is *forever*. Oh think of it! *forever* shut out of happiness; forever shut up to hopeless misery! And that misery brought on by your own self, of your own will, by your determined refusal of passing through the open gate of God's grace in Christ Jesus.

The hour is not far off when it will be shut.

The loving Spirit of God, like the kind railway officer, seems to agitate in the gospel all over the world in a special way, as if to say also, “Hurry on, be quick; be quick, or you’ll be too late!” Then that blessed Saviour, who wept over Jerusalem because of their having missed *their* opportunity, can but weep also over you for having missed *yours*.

---

## “Thank God! Thank God!”

SOME time since I was asked by a sister in Christ to visit her dying mother, who expressed a very special desire to see me.

When she saw me, she appeared like one who had attained some special object she had in view. Another person was there visiting her at the time; so, when I had read a scripture and prayed, she said she wanted to see me alone. Soon we were left alone, and then she said to me: “I have been longing to see you for some time—for a year or two—but I have put it off from time to time; now I couldn’t delay it any longer, because I may be dying, and I am not happy. The last time I heard you, you said that the elder brother alluded to in the parable of the prodigal son was a self-righteous man, and that he never got into the Father’s house, and I am afraid I am like him. Oh! how can I get in?”



Well, I said, we shall see which of the two sons you are like. The elder brother "would not go in," to begin with. Is that *your* decided wish—not to go in?

Oh, no! NO! she said, far from it.

Well, the next thing was that, as regards his character, he never transgressed any of his father's commandments. Is that your character?

Oh, no! I have at last found out my self-righteousness as well as my sinfulness.

Well, then, I said, the eldest son's case is evidently not yours.

But then, she said, when did the prodigal get into the house? I replied, When he was clothed in the best robe which the house could afford.

And can I come in too? she said.

Yes, I answered, so soon as you are stripped of your self-righteousness, for *Christ is all!*

At this point she lifted up both her hands and said, "Thank God! *thank God!*"

After her joy had subsided into intelligent peace, she said, "I shall never be able to thank you enough for having been led to open my eyes to see the truth."

When I was leaving, she called me back, and said, "I shall see you again up there; you will come after." Since then we buried her—rejoicing in the grace which had brought her peace and joy in believing.

---

# "I am the Man"

**W**HILE visiting from door to door to speak of Christ to the people, a Christian woman told me of a man who was in deep distress about his soul, and requested me to go and see him. She showed me, as near as she was able, the house, and then left me.

I knocked at the door, which was soon opened. Before me stood a care-worn, haggard-looking, hoary-headed man. He seemed somewhat bewildered; wondering, no doubt, what could be the object of my call.

Could you, I asked, tell me of any person living about here who is anxious to have the forgiveness of sins?

He seemed startled by my question; then, collecting himself, he answered, *I am the man*; and added, Come in, sir. Then, burying his head in his hands, he wept in silence.

I said, *I have a message from God for you.*

I shall never forget his face, as looking up, he said, *Have you?*

I then took out my Bible, and turned to Acts 13: 38: "*Be it known* unto you, therefore, men and brethren, that through this Man is preached *unto you* the forgiveness of sins."

His eye was fixed on me, and his whole body trembled, while he listened with breathless attention.

Does this message suit you? I asked.

But stop! said he, you don't know what sort

of a man I have been. Then, as well as he could, between sobs and tears, he tried to give an account of himself, of which the following is the gist :

At this moment I am suffering from a constitution ruined by drink. I have been a blasphemer. My home, my house, which should have been a comfort to my wife and children, has been broken up, and she has been driven to seek her own livelihood. She would not say so, but it is all through me. More : my father and mother were Christians, and I was brought up to read my Bible and go to meeting. Can there, do you think, be any hope for one like me ?

Yes, I said, *you are the man*, as you first said. Nothing but *mercy* will do for you. It's true you can't look up ; but what a mercy God can look down. The blood of Christ has enabled Him to come to you with this glorious message of pardon ; and mark, He *preaches it*.

Then we turned to Romans 5 : 6, “ For when we were yet without strength, in due time Christ died for the ungodly.”

Is that your character, *without strength and ungodly* ? Yes, he said.

Then this is the news—*Christ died for you*. In this lies all the wonder—oh, unfathomable mystery—that the eternal Son of God should have veiled Himself in flesh, and died for the ungodly !—those who deserved the lake of fire.

Since that time I have often been refreshed by his simplicity in speaking of divine things, which he found quite new, though having a knowledge of them from earliest childhood. Others who visited him believe with me that he was a brand plucked from the burning. All praise we give to God.

---

## REMOVED

**H**ERE is a sweet verse in psalm 103, which tells us in language of great force and beauty how entirely God has separated the believer from his sins. I allude to the twelfth verse, "As far as the east is from the west, so *far* hath He removed our transgressions from us." Have you ever noticed the striking simile made use of here to set forth this consoling fact? Let us suppose that from a summit of a lofty peak two eagles take their flight and fly with unflagging wing for a thousand years, one in an easterly and the other in a westerly direction; neither would be nearer the east or west than at the outset, for this simple reason that infinity lies between those opposite directions. So God has put *infinity* between us and our sins by the cross of His beloved Son. Trusting in our own righteousness we have no conscious need of Christ. Trusting in Him we are free forever from all our sins.

W. B.

# A Strange Cry

**L**ISTEN, kind reader, to the strangest cry ever heard upon the lips of a man: "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?" It is in the first verse of the 22nd psalm. Instructed by the Holy Spirit, the prophet pierces the future and looks forward to the cross of Calvary where the Lord Jesus Christ hangs and utters these words, as recorded in Matt. 27: 46. Has God really forsaken His Son? Surely so, for how could Jesus ever utter anything unreal. God had never forsaken anyone before, why then should He forsake Him? It is, dear reader, because of what you and I have done.

Jesus had come from His Father alone, but not to go back alone. He wanted to have His Father's house in heaven full of people that they might enjoy with Him the bliss of that place. You see, it is serious work; it is for us either that bliss with Him or else the result of our sins forever with the devil and his angels. But every one of us is a sinner and therefore unfit to dwell in the house of God. So out of pure love to us, He took up the dreadful task of putting our sins away, so that God's holiness being fully met, and having nothing more against us, He might bring us into His holy presence. Our sins were therefore laid upon Christ, and when they were so laid He must suffer their penalty as if



He were guilty of them Himself. Nothing short of this could satisfy Justice, for Justice is an awfully stern thing. It must punish all wrong. It was while suffering thus to satisfy Justice that our Saviour uttered these dreadful words.

Reader, what do they say to you? Once they said to me that sin must be an awful thing if Jesus, who was so holy, so good, so kind, and so perfect, must be so treated on account of sin; and I knew I was full of sin; it had broken out many times indeed in wrong doings.

But those words said something else to me too. They said that if Jesus had suffered thus for me, I, a repentant sinner, believing on Jesus who died for my sins, was thus forgiven and free: that is, I could now come before God in His house, where everything is holy, call Him my Father and throw myself into His arms. My sins were all forgiven! I was born of God and therefore His child; I could never perish: there was not a particle of merit in *me*; the merit was all in *Christ* and the great work He had accomplished on the cross. God had accepted me not for any good thing He saw in me, but for what He saw in His dear Son for me; and as that can never change, my being accepted can never change either.

Dear reader, this is *God's salvation*. It brings a peace and a joy with which nothing in this world can compare.

The blessedness of it all is, that it is for *sinner*s. Once I thought that salvation was for *good* people, and I tried to be good. It was hard work with no success. It made the end grow darker and darker, for I became the more conscious of sin as I sought the more to get rid of it. But since God's salvation is for *sinner*s, as bread is for the *hungry*, and water for the *thirsty*, and the physician for the *sick*, it fitted me well. Oh the joy of being no longer burdened with one's sins—of being no more afraid of God but to know Him as a Father! No more fear of death for, "There is now therefore no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus."

Then I found that peace with God is where good works really begin: nay, it produces them. Such love of the Father and of Jesus Christ His Son to me, produced a grateful heart and it is easy to obey and please God now, as I could not before when I thought of doing good to merit His favor or escape His judgment. Beside, a wonderful thing takes place when we put our trust in the Lord Jesus Christ: God the Holy Spirit takes His abode in us, giving strength for everything that is good and for the repression of everything that is evil.

O my reader, do you possess this great salvation? If not, I press upon you, at the close of this year, fall at the feet of Jesus; own your-

self a poor *sinner*, and know for yourself the happiness we have mentioned, and thus begin the New Year a new man.

---

## The Effect of the Bible

**T**EN years ago, in the dismal, filthy prison of the capital of Goyaz, in the heart of Brazil, a poor black prisoner, Pedro by name, purchased a Bible from a colporteur pioneer who chanced to pass that way on a journey across to Cuyaba, and who always made a point of visiting every prison encountered on the way. Two years later the same worker visited the city, and soon afterwards heard of the strange behavior of a man in the State prison, who had given up his images and vices, and changed his demeanor for the better, to the admiration of many, including the jailer.

On visiting the prison, it turned out to be the man who had purchased the Bible two years before. He declared he had read it through from cover to cover several times over; while shut up with those vile companions, with not a soul to help him, the light of God's grace had found its transforming way into his heart.

Soon afterwards Pedro desired to seal his faith in baptism, and God opened up the way, so that early one morning, with the prison guards as witnesses, he was baptized in the river

hard by, and returned to face eight more years of durance vile, with unspeakable joy in his heart.

It was no easy matter to live the life of a Christian in the midst of the terrible sin and blasphemy of Brazilian prison life, but from the moment he came out so boldly on the Lord's side, he strove by lip and life to attract his fellow-prisoners to Jesus Christ. Some received his word gladly, others mocked and reviled and made life still harder for him, but he kept on, and within the next few years five other convicts were converted to God through his ministry. Then a new and wonderful idea came to him: Could he not touch the lives of his fellow-countrymen outside the prison walls? He was a cobbler by trade, and was allowed by the prison authorities to work at his bench; the money thus earned being used to buy little luxuries of food and clothing otherwise denied him. Could he not do without these luxuries, and, living on the bare prison fare, be able to use the money earned in that way in sending the gospel to his countrymen, so long left out in the darkness of Romish night while light shone through his prison bars?

Deep joy filled his heart as he saw the money accumulating, and then one day, getting leave from the prison authorities, he sent a sum of money, about seven shillings, to the Brazilian

headquarters of the Mission at Sao Paulo, to which the missionary who had baptized him belonged, and had the joy of hearing soon afterwards that the money had been spent in extending the knowledge of the word of God. Again and again he sent sums of money to advance the kingdom of the Lord Jesus in his beloved land, and some time later when the same missionary, who had gone to live and work in Goyaz, spoke of making a journey into the Indian territory, he helped forward the cause by giving another two pounds.

A short time ago, by a rather remarkable act of clemency on the part of the government, Pedro was released, and is now having his first experience as a colporteur, and many are watching his career with the deepest interest.

Speaking of him, a visitor to the town in 1907 says, "One of our most fervent believers is a prisoner sentenced to thirty years' confinement in Goyaz jail, who obtained a Bible from one of our colporteurs, was converted, and though he has never yet heard the gospel preached, testifies freely in the jail. I found the chief jailer much interested because of the testimony of Pedro."

Let all who read this and love the Lord pray for this devoted man, that he may be kept near the Lord, and greatly blessed in his labors for the Master.—*Extracted.*

---



# The Only Fare

“FARE, please!” said the conductor one day, as I was riding from Lenape to Kennett. “All fares!” as he went on collecting from one to another; and all had the correct fare, until he came to one young man, who asked: “How much did you say?”

“Twenty cents, please.”

“That’s too much; you should only charge fifteen cents. You only charge ten from West Chester to Lenape, and you should not charge twenty for the rest of the way.”

“Twenty cents is the correct fare; that’s what you have to pay. You must pay the same as others. I don’t make the rate; the company says what shall be paid, and the fare is twenty cents.”

After some more demurring the fare was paid, and the passenger was entitled to his ride. I turned to the gentleman seated with me and said, “How good it is to *know* there is but one fare to heaven, and that there can be no dispute about it. *One only fare*—which is “the precious blood of the Lord Jesus Christ,” who died on the cross for our sins, and shed His precious blood to cleanse us from sin and make us fit for God’s presence.” And this is indeed the only way to reach eternal bliss. Men may dispute as to how to get there. They may decide in their own mind that by good works, or righteous

living, or turning over a new leaf when they are too conscious of wrong living, they may make some kind of amends for past deeds. Men's opinions and God's are widely at variance on this subject. But just as the passengers do not make the rate of fare on the trolley lines, neither can men determine the ground of admittance to heaven. The price is fixed by God. It is *absolute clearance from every stain—freedom from sin*—from what we have done and from what we are by nature.

Who of us have this fare to give? Not one! And yet that is the only ground of admittance to heaven—*absolute holiness* reigns there. Nothing unclean can draw near. An evil thought, word or deed shuts us out. And we are all as "an unclean thing." Even our best deeds are as "filthy rags" in God's holy presence. "There is none righteous, no not one." There is none that doeth perfect good. How then can we reach heaven?

Thank God! He not only determines the fare but provides it!

"The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin!"

To all who receive Him, trusting in His atoning death, God gives eternal life and free entrance to heaven. We *cannot* provide the fare ourselves. Our thought of what it should be will

*“I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ.”* 141

not take us there. But the simplest believer in the Lord Jesus Christ is cleansed from sin by His precious blood shed at Calvary. He is faultless before the throne of God because sin was put away then, and the believer is as righteous and holy before God as Christ's work on the cross is righteous and holy. He has therefore absolute title to enter: “Having therefore, brethren, boldness to enter into the holiest *by the blood of Jesus*—let us draw near.”

The believer is free to draw near already now. He has not to wait till after this life to have that privilege. He is saved now; he is accepted now; he is a child of God now. The fare for our way to heaven can never be more fully paid than it is now. Blessed gospel!

F.

---

**“I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ”**

(Rom. 1 : 16.)

“**O**F the gospel I am not ashamed ; ”  
It was God's blessed way  
Of bringing me from depths of night  
Into a nightless day.

“Of the gospel I am not ashamed ; ”  
It proved that I was dead,  
But it imparts new life through Him  
Who for my sins once bled.

142 *"I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ."*

"Of the gospel I am not ashamed ;"  
It showed that I was lost,  
Then pointed me to Christ for rest  
When fears like billows tossed.

"Of the gospel I am not ashamed ;"  
Once judgment loomed before,  
But now alarming notes of wrath  
Shall trouble me no more.

"Of the gospel I am not ashamed ;"  
I now have life and peace  
Through Him who severed Satan's chains  
And gave me sweet release.

"Of the gospel I am not ashamed ;"  
The world seems small and dim ;  
Since Christ has saved me by His blood  
I find my all in Him.

"Of the gospel I am not ashamed ;"  
Eternal glory's mine.  
My Lord will come and take me home  
With Him in light to shine.

And then through everlasting day  
I'll gaze upon His face,  
And prove what God made good to me  
*The gospel of His grace !*

C. C. CROWSTON.

# “I am Trying”

**A**N old man was lying seriously ill, and given over by the doctor. He was in great agony, his body very much swollen, and he was in expectation of speedy death. Entering his room, I said to him, “You are very ill. What about your soul? Are you ready to meet God?”

With unmistakable earnestness, the poor man replied, “I am trying as much as I can. I am praying and doing my best.”

Shocked at his reply, I said, “My friend, you will be lost! There is no salvation upon these terms. You are setting the death of the Lord Jesus aside. If a person can be saved by what he is doing, then there was no need for Christ to die. I urge you to stop.”

This was said in a very quiet manner. But the dying man then threw up his arms and raised himself upon his bed, crying aloud to God with intense earnestness, “I do believe in the death of Jesus as a sacrifice for my sins!” Having knelt down and prayed for him, I shortly after left him.

Calling again the next day, I found the man in an entirely different state of soul, and, taking his hand, said: “You are better in body, too. Well, my friend, God has made Christ your Saviour and healed you, body and soul.”



Presently the doctor arrived, and to his astonishment found that his patient, whom he had given up for death, was in a fair way to recovery. The agitation of the man's soul upon hearing that his prayers and doing his best were really setting Christ's sacrifice at nought, had so affected his body that it produced the effect which medicine was unable to do.

The man got well, and lives now to tell others that by Christ all who believe are justified from all things, from which they could not be justified by the law of Moses; that grace *means* grace, not works; and that “by grace ye are saved through faith”—not by works (Eph. 2: 8).

Reader, is it by doing your best that *you* are hoping to gain heaven? We urge you to stop: you are deceiving yourself and denying Christ. Give up your fatal endeavors, by which you practically deny Christ. You will never reach glory by that road:

“Doing is a deadly thing:  
Doing ends in death.”

Do not set aside the work of Christ; for if you could be saved by your doings, then the suffering of Christ in the stead of sinners is utterly useless. May God speak to you as he did to the subject of our story; and, like him, say from your heart, “O God, I do believe in the death of Jesus as a sacrifice for my sins.”

H. B.