

... THE ...
VEIL REMOVED



... THE ...

VEIL REMOVED

and

Other Gospel Papers

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On the Rock

ROBERT was a sailor of melancholy disposition. He seemed unable to "look at the bright side of things," but he had a sister who had been led to feel her sinfulness, and to "behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world."

Anne was very anxious for her brother. She prayed for him, and when he was at home tried to induce him to accompany her to hear the Word of God preached, but Robert always refused, with this selfish reply, "Don't ask me to go, Anne; I should not enjoy it; I tell you I should be out of my element there; I am young, and I intend to enjoy life; but when I come to die I'll give my heart to God."

In the course of time Robert married. After a long voyage, with money in his pockets, there was nothing he liked better than to "treat" his companions. His wife, who was a Christian, tried to persuade him to think about his soul, and one Sunday morning begged him to hear a preacher with her. "It may be your last opportunity, Robert; don't throw it away."

"I can't go with you, Mary," he answered. "I have promised to spend the day with a friend, and I must go soon, for the train won't wait." So say-

ing, he hurriedly left the house and went to the station. But the words of his wife kept ringing in his ears, "It may be your last opportunity, Robert; don't throw it away." "My last opportunity," he thought, "my last opportunity! I can't go to see Sam; something stops me; I'll go with Mary."

He turned back, and, with his wife, heard the preacher pressing upon the congregation the importance of salvation. As he thought of his unsaved soul the tears fell from Robert's eyes. Mary saw this and quietly thanked God.

But pleasures came temptingly, and once more his salvation was postponed till he "came to die."

It was a wild stormy night in winter, and Robert's vessel was homeward bound. The snow was falling fast, and the blinding storm threw the helmsman out of his reckonings, and too near the sunken rocks which skirt the coast. All efforts to save the ship were in vain. She struck. Signals of distress were sent up, but no boat could face the terrible waves. The ship went to pieces, and the crew were engulfed in the seething waters. But God remembered Robert still. With eight others he was cast upon a rock. The snow ceased, and a keen frost was setting in, and those nine men felt that their last hour had come.

Then, for the first time in his life, Robert

prayed. Earth was fading from his view, and the dread realities of death and judgment were very near. "Lord, save me," he cried. It was not for life that he cried—that he knew was ebbing away—but for the salvation that he had neglected. The long years spent in neglect of God made him shudder now. "I am going straight to perdition; Lord, save me!" was his cry; then, numbed with cold, he lost consciousness.

The morning dawned. The storm had subsided. All through the day those poor men still lay helpless and dying, and the darkness began to set in. A coastguard was pacing up and down the rock-bound shore. Looking in the direction whence the signals of distress had arisen during the late storm he could see no remains of the shipwreck, but his eye fell upon the rocks beneath, where the men on the rock still lay. He hurried to the village, and a boat went out to pick them up. The heavy swell against the rocks made it hard to approach, but the boat succeeded.

The men were believed to be dead, but when restoratives were applied they began to show signs of life. They were tended with great care and kindness by the villagers, but within a week some of them died. When Robert was fit to be removed, he was taken home, and his sorrowing wife watched by his side, praying that even then

he might be saved. "His left lung is gone," the doctor had said, "and in his exhausted state he cannot get over it." But Mary prayed that before he died he might know the forgiveness of sins through faith in Jesus.

Hearing of Robert's illness, a servant of God went to see him, and, bending down, he said, "Your days are numbered, Robert; very soon your spirit will return to the God who gave it. Often has God delivered you from the dangers of the sea, and given you warning after warning, and you have lived without Him: you have refused His love. You put off salvation to a dying hour; but, late as it is, you can still come by faith to Jesus, and though you have long refused to listen to His voice He will receive you, for He says, 'Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out' " (John 6: 37). Then Mr. D. read the 107th psalm, while Robert listened with a softened heart. He came to the verses,

"They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters; these see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep. For He commandeth, and raiseth the stormy wind, which lifteth up the waves thereof. They mount up to the heaven, they go down again to the depths; their soul is melted because of trouble.

They reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man, and are at their wits' end. Then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and He bringeth them out of their distresses."

Robert cried out, "That's me! that's me!" and in the 34th psalm, which Mr. D. also read, "This poor man cried, and the Lord heard him and saved him out of all his troubles," Robert again exclaimed, "Oh, sir, that's me!"

It was then that his eyes were opened; he saw how wonderfully God had preserved him during those twenty-eight dreadful hours upon the rocks. He had been a terrible sinner—he knew that well. He had sinned so long that he felt almost too bad to come to Christ; but when, in spite of all, he heard that God loved him, *that* quite melted his heart—Jesus who had died was willing to save him, poor Robert Maxted! Jesus had done all the blessed work, and there was nothing for him to do but to accept the gift of eternal life.

The peace of God which passeth all understanding, how it filled the heart of Robert. His face was a witness of the joy he possessed; instead of the gloom and despondency it habitually wore, it was always bright, and his saying was, "Oh, how good the Lord has been to me! He might have allowed me to die on those rocks, and then I should have gone straight to hell, but He

preserved me, blessed be His name. He shipwrecked my body to save my soul."

His great desire was that he might be restored to health, in order that he might live for God and testify of Christ to all around, especially to those who had known his former godless life. His prayer was heard, for he did not die, as the doctor had said he surely would, but remained upon his bed for thirteen months.

At last he was strong enough to rise. His first thought was to seek out all his old friends, and to tell them of his happiness in being saved.

Many summer visitors to his native village have seen a seafaring man, sadly paralysed in one side, strolling on the beach. He would often say, "Will you accept a little paper from a shipwrecked sailor?" and in the conversations that followed he would dwell with peculiar joy on the way the Lord had led him to Himself, and point out the way of salvation to his listeners. That man was Robert Maxted, and many souls have been blessed through his humble efforts to spread abroad the wonderful way of God's grace to hard-hearted sinners.

G. A. A.

Lord Curzon and the King of Terrors

AN incident, said to be “without precedent in the history of journalism,” has been published, relative to the death-bed of the late Lord Curzon who succumbed to a serious malady last May. It is reported that, “For days the statesman had been lying on his sick bed, fully conscious, his mental faculties made more alert by his sufferings. Every morning he appealed for one of his favorite newspapers; but his physicians, fearing the effect of their own published bulletins recording the gravity of his illness might have on their patient, were forced to refuse his request.

“Yesterday it was seen he had entered upon the last phase of his struggle with death; his indomitable will alone keeping off the enemy. The physicians, seeking every possible means to buoy up the dying Marquis, appealed to the *Daily Graphic*. It is not usual for a great London Daily to agree to halt its presses, even for the highest in the land, but the editors replied that they would issue a special edition of ONE COPY announcing Lord Curzon’s recovery.

“And so, in the early hours of this morning, while Lord Curzon’s life was fast ebbing away,

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this special 'bedside edition' was prepared."

It hailed optimistically the "great improvement" in the condition of the Marquis, and went on to speak of his cheerfulness, his bravery, and the almost certain convalescence upon which he would soon enter. But, almost at the moment the huge presses turned out their message of encouragement, *the end came!*

The one copy edition never was read by the one for whom it was published.

What a pitiable subterfuge! What mistaken kindness! Why hide from those departing the fact that life is ebbing away? Deception cannot ward off the "King of terrors," and he is no respecter of persons:

"Death comes down with rapid footsteps
To the hall and hut;
Think you death will tarry knocking
When the door is shut?"

The Preacher says, "There is no man that hath power over his spirit to retain the spirit; neither hath he power in the day of his death, and there is no discharge in that war, neither shall wickedness deliver those who are given to it" (Eccl. 8: 8). But to die is not all of death; and herein lies the reason for man's anxiety to put off the inevitable. "After *death* the *judgment*," says Scripture (Heb. 9: 27). If evolution were true,

and man had no responsibility Godward, but died like the beast, death need have no special terror for man. But since man was made in the image of God, and God breathed into man the breath of life (Gen. 1: 27 and 2: 7), his existence is eternal, and his responsibility is toward his Creator.

Death by sin is the declaration of Scripture. Its very presence is a constant testimony to man's guilt. Why then evade the issue, and deceive oneself? Better to face the fact, and find out, before it is too late, what lies beyond the "great change."

For the unbelieving, death means eternal doom. *Death, judgment, the lake of fire*, are inseparably linked. To die unsaved is to be damned for all eternity—to reap the fruit of a sinful past, and remorsefully to remember that precious opportunities were despised and warnings were unheeded.

The "change" need have no terror for the believer. For such, dissolution is but the means for entering upon eternal joys. Faith can say, "Absent from the body" is to be "present with the Lord." No "king of terrors" is here, for by His dying the Saviour took the sting from death, and victory from the grave. No need to hide from the child of God that his departure is at hand, but as

a conqueror through Him who gave His own life for us, he can say, "O Death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?"

Reader, is Death to you a terror, or a servant to bring you to the Father's home of light and love?

J. W. H. N.

THE REPENTANT SINNER'S PLEA

I am coming, Lord, to Thee—
Soul and body Thine to be.
Let Thy cross my pardon be:
Oh, receive me, even me!

Thou who knowest all the sin
That has lurked my heart within,
None can save from sin but Thee:
Save me, Saviour, even me!

Thou hast seen the downward road
That my wayward feet have trod,
None can guide to heaven but Thee—
Lead me, Saviour, even me!

Thou who died on Calvary
That lost souls might ransomed be,
Snatched from death and misery,
Ransom me, Lord, even me!

Lord of life, give life to me—
Life can come alone from Thee—
That my soul may worship Thee.
Hear me, Saviour, even me!

MARY E. YARD.

The Dying Athlete

AN athlete of Avignon, noted for his giant strength, literally struggled with death. His last words were, "O death, if you were a man, what short work I'd make of you!"

But he is not a man; to all the children of disobedience he is "the king of terrors," and it is *sin* that makes him that to the unconverted. But for all those who have received Christ, the sting of death is taken away.

Your time is coming, unconverted reader. But trust in Christ for everlasting life, and then should Death approach you, you may say to him in the holy triumph of faith, "O Death, where is thy sting? O Grave, where is thy victory"?

Secker has justly said, "Death levels the highest mountains with the lowest valleys. He mows down the fairest lilies as well as the foulest thistles. The robes of illustrious princes and the rags of homely peasants are both laid aside in the wardrobe of the grave." Yes, Death is on *your* track, my reader. In your efforts to out-distance him you run a losing race; he will overtake you at the last.

"I have no hope in what I have done," confessed Dr. Doddridge, on his dying bed, "yet I am full of confidence; and this is my confidence;

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My trust is in Christ; in Him I have strong consolation, and shall surely be accepted in this Beloved of my soul." But where is *your* confidence, my reader? And in what is your trust? May it be Christ and Him *alone*. C. K.

The Saviour and the Salvation Preached

GOD'S appointed means for man's salvation is *faith in Christ* whom He has provided for our salvation. So, according to God's order, the preacher is sent, the gospel is preached, the sinner hears, and is saved by receiving the testimony concerning Jesus Christ, the Saviour. The gospel may be preached, or printed and read, but whatever the form, it must be the truth concerning the Saviour. It must be *God's Word* in some form—not error, not falsehood, but the truth as God has declared it concerning Christ—who He is and what He has done. "Go," said the angel to the apostles as he brought them out of the prison where the enemies of Christ had shut them up. "Go, and speak to the people all the words of thy life" (Acts 5: 20).

"He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life, and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life, the wrath of God abideth on him" (John 3: 36).

The Veil Removed

Or, How a Jewess was Brought to Christ

The object of the following true narrative is not to speak of myself, but as a testimony to the marvelous power of God's Word and of prayer.

I was born of Jewish parents, in prosperous circumstances. Everything that a loving father could give to his only daughter was mine. A wise mother watched over me, never allowing me to go unattended where there was any peril to her daughter. She dressed me modestly, though in good taste. She would have been afraid of my being stolen from the streets in broad daylight had she allowed me to go out like some of the young girls of to-day. We both liked good music, and to drive out in the country; thus we spent many pleasant hours together when I was not at my studies. Surely any girl, living for this world alone, should have been contented, but my heart was not at rest. I remember, when but a child, wondering how any one could keep the commandment in Deuteronomy 6: 5, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy might." I knew well that my love for my earthly father was greater than that for my heavenly Father.

There was at the High School a teacher whom I loved and admired exceedingly. She was a devout Christian, very kind, but never said anything to me about Christ; however, her *life* spoke to me; she was a living testimony to the power of Christ in a life yielded to Him.

Before finishing the course at the Normal and Training School, preparatory to teaching, I broke down in health, and my parents sent me to recuperate in the country. In the Lord's providence, I boarded with a Christian family. There was a well-used Bible on the parlor table. Daily family prayers were the order in that home. I, being of the Jewish faith, did not take part in this service.

One day a Bible colporteur came to the house. When he found that I did not believe in Christ, he urged me to read the New Testament. I told him that my people looked upon Jesus as an impostor, and that my mother would not wish me to read that book. The man then said he would *pray* for me. I laughed, and said that his prayers would not hurt me—thinking they would be of no avail.

I thought at the time that people were born into their religion, falling heirs to that of their parents, and under obligation to keep it. We felt quite superior to the "Goyim" (Gentiles) who, we said, had two Gods, but knew no better. The

Jewish people, being God's chosen people, worshiped the one true God, we believed. We knew no difference between merely nominal Christians and true followers of Christ, coming in touch almost entirely with the former, and seeing but little to admire in them. I had never heard of any *Hebrew* Christians, though later I found that my mother knew of some, but looked upon them as impostors, who made a pretence of following Christ merely for earthly gain. That there *are* nominal Christians among Hebrews I have, alas, found to be as true as that there are many such Christians among Gentiles; but that does not alter the fact that Christ has *true* followers from among both Gentiles and Hebrews. The true follower of Christ, whether he be Gentile or Hebrew, has the love of God shed abroad in his heart by the Holy Spirit and can hate no one, any more than the nominal Christian can truly love any one with Christian love. How often I have seen the hand of God upon an Anti-Semite. The God of Mordecai is still our true God; and no one can follow the ways of a Haman without meeting Haman's fate.

But I must return to my story. I seemed to have forgotten about the Bible colporteur; but a week after his visit to that country home, I suddenly had a desire to read from the Bible on the parlor table.

I owned a Leeser's Translation of the Old Testament, but the only book I had brought was Mrs. Browning's Poems. Never shall I forget that Saturday morning in July when I opened to the third chapter of Malachi:—"Behold, I will send my Messenger, and he shall prepare the way before Me; and the Lord whom ye seek, shall suddenly come to his temple." At the heading of the chapter were the words, "Of Messiah's Kingdom;" and at the top of the page I saw the name of Christ. Is it possible, thought I, that these Christian people, many of whom are so intelligent, should look upon Christ as the Messiah of the Jewish people? Then I thought of that High School teacher whom I admired so much. She, too, believed that Christ was the Saviour of all who believed in Him. Well, thought I, surely it would do no harm to read that New Testament which she and so many others believed to be true, and see for myself what it said.

So I turned to the Gospel according to Matthew. When I came to the Sermon on the Mount (chaps. 5-7), I reasoned: "Surely these are *not* the words of an impostor," and suddenly I had an irresistible desire to get down on my knees and pray. I had never seen any of my people kneeling in prayer; how could they do as the Greek and Roman Catholics, who had persecuted them for

generations, and never had a service without kneeling? But now I went up to my room and fell down on my knees! There the Holy Spirit revealed Christ to my heart. Oh, the love for Him that filled my whole being!—it seemed almost like heaven.

How long I was there on my knees transported with joy I cannot tell, but when I returned downstairs to that New Testament, I was a new creature, born of the Spirit, washed in the blood of Christ, the spotless Lamb of God. I finished the Gospel according to Matthew that day—devouring it, as I never did any other book. I read Mark the next day, and Luke the following, continuing to read a book a day, filled with a hitherto unknown joy; but wondering what would happen when I told my parents of my new-found faith in Christ our Messiah, my Lord and Master, the One altogether lovely! “Seek first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness,” was the Lord’s word to my heart.

When I got to the epistles of Paul, I found them very difficult; but a schoolmate came for a time to board where I was staying, and we read these letters together. It threw some light on these books, but it was not until some years after that I comprehended the difference between law and grace. Indeed, a “Seventh Day Adventist” lady

induced me for a time to go back to 7th day Sabbath-keeping; but I was convicted by God's word in John's first epistle, chap. 3: 14: "We know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren," and I saw that through her teaching my love for God's children was waning. Searching the Scriptures day by day, I saw the difference between the Old and New Covenants, and I joined my brethren in Christ everywhere in observing the first day, the Lord's day, in memory of Christ's resurrection, and our death to the old life and resurrection to the new. But I am ahead of my story.

My joy in the Lord hastened recovery to health, and I returned to my home and parents, determined by God's grace to show my people first of all by my *life* that I had found peace with God. I bought a Bible containing both Old and New Testaments, and pored over its pages mostly in secret, going to a Sunday-school at times. My mother soon saw that my tastes had changed, and anxiously watched me. In the meantime, having completed my course at the Normal and Training School, I received an appointment to teach. Although my father was able to support me without my earning a living, I foresaw that it would hardly be possible for me to remain at home when I confessed Christ openly; so I was very happy at my

parents' permission to begin teaching in the Public Schools of our city.

One evening, about a year after my conversion, my mother asked me outright whether I was a Christian. I walked out of the room. A week after this she again asked the same question. During the interval, I had been much in prayer; so was able to answer fearlessly: — "Mother, I have found our Messiah, the Christ of God." Oh, the bitterness of those words to her! She was ill for several days, and pleaded with me to give up Jesus. With a heart aching for her, I told her that this was impossible; that *I* had not sought Him, but *He* had sought me; that I couldn't help believing in Him!

Then I was sent to the most prominent Rabbi in our city. He told me that he had read the New Testament through, and found nothing in it for the Jewish people; that I was very foolish to allow such things to influence me. At last, as I remained unmoved, my father, who had loved me so devotedly, told me that if I could not take Jesus out of my heart, this home would no longer be mine. My clothes and trunk were put out in the hall, ready for packing, and I went out that afternoon not knowing where I would sleep that night. A school-mate, a devoted Christian, took me in until a suitable boarding-place could be secured.

My parents thought that by sending me away, I would, as they said, "come to my senses," as I had never been robust in health, and would not be able to hold out.

Several years after this I had a severe attack of the grippe, which left me so miserable in health that it seemed I could go on no longer. I confess that I was worried. I went to the mountains for a summer vacation, however, and met there a lady who had just returned from some fruitful revival meetings she had held in Switzerland. Through her teaching I gave myself more completely to the Lord, and, in answer to prayer, was restored to health and much encouraged in the Lord, later on doing considerable Christian work among the Hebrew people. Through the faithful prayers of this devoted servant of Christ also, I was, by God's grace, kept from marrying a Jewish man who professed faith in Christ, and was then working among our people, but was really a wolf in sheep's clothing.

About twelve years after my conversion, my dear father, being very ill, sent for me by letter, written for him by the family physician. When I arrived, my father sat up and talked with me as though there had been no separation. He was willing that I should return; my mother, however, wished me to hide my faith in Christ, and live as

though I had given up the Saviour. This was impossible; so I visited my father as frequently as possible. For a time he grew better, but a week before his death the doctor ordered him to be taken to the hospital.

There, at last, my opportunity came to speak to him of Christ, unhindered. The nurse had told me that he had been crying out about his sins for hours. The Lord had indeed heard my prayers, and I needed but to tell my dear father that Jesus Christ, the promised Messiah, the Lamb of God, loved him, and had shed His precious blood for his sins. Oh, the joy on my father's face, as his heart said "Yes" to the Lord who had so long sought him.

My mother knew nothing of this. Several years afterwards my brother found my poor mother dead in bed; she had died suddenly of heart failure. Whether she had found peace with God at the last moment, I cannot tell. That she had seen a change in my life, there is no doubt, for one day when I was visiting my sick father, she said I must have been cured of my quick temper, that no doubt it was because I was older. How I longed that she could see it was Christ ruling in my heart, and that He brought peace.

For some years I have been in poor health; but God has never failed in His promises: "When my

father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up" (Ps. 27: 10). And, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee" (Heb. 13: 5).

As I behold Him, the spotless Lamb of God, and then look within, the marvel to me is how the Lord ever chose me, and revealed Himself to me through His precious Word; for I have seen increasingly what a wretched sinner He saved in me; but does His word not say in 1 Corinthians 1: 27-29: "God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty; and the base things which are despised hath God chosen, yea, the things which are not, to bring to nought the things that are; that no flesh should glory in His presence."

In closing, may I quote from one of my favorite hymns by J. E. Hall:—

"The love that Jesus had for me,
To suffer on the cruel tree,
That I a ransomed soul might be,
Is more than tongue can tell.

The joy that comes when He is near,
The rest He gives so free from fear,
The hope in Him so bright and clear,
Is more than tongue can tell."

C. R. R.

A “Good Christian’s” Conversion to God

Mr. George Whitefield was going to preach, and a young man quite satisfied with himself decided, out of curiosity, to go and hear this renowned “Methodist preacher.”

That evening Mr. Whitefield preached from the verse, “But when he saw many of the Pharisees and Sadducees come to his baptism, he said unto them, O generation of vipers, who hath warned you to flee from the wrath to come?” (Matt. 3: 7). Mr. Whitefield described the Sadducean character—their gross materialism, denial of the resurrection, and unbelief of Scripture. This did not touch the young man, for was he not a “good Christian like everybody in England?”

From this the eloquent preacher went on to the Pharisees, describing their outward decency, their professed reverence for the Scriptures, while the poison of hypocrisy, malice and self-deception lay deeply imbedded in their hearts. This rather shook the young man in his self-esteem. Then, breaking off suddenly from his discourse, Mr. Whitefield paused a few moments, and lifting up his hands and eyes to heaven, burst into a flood of tears as he exclaimed, “O my hearers, *the wrath to come!* —THE WRATH TO COME!” The young

man too wept, and when the sermon was ended retired to his abode, alone.

For days and weeks, "*The wrath to come!* —THE WRATH TO COME!" kept sounding in his ears. Finally, humbled and broken before God, he both saw and confessed himself a ruined sinner in the presence of Divine holiness, found forgiveness and peace through faith in Christ, and became a notable preacher himself.

M. A. D.

HOW ANNIE WAS RECEIVED

A godly preacher was having special meetings in a country town, and the Holy Spirit was working conviction of sin in many hearts. One of these was a servant-girl in a near-by farm. She concluded one day to go to the preacher and seek help for her burdened soul.

Coming to the door she suddenly thought of her poorly-attired condition, and hesitated much to enter. But the wife, who had opened the door, made her so welcome, especially on learning the object of her coming, that Annie soon was freely pouring her soul trouble in the ears of the minister and his wife. Annie's great difficulty was how to make herself fit for acceptance before the holy Lord.

"Annie," said the preacher, "when you thought you were not dressed as you should be, did we not welcome you in? Well, more willing far is our Saviour to receive you *just as you are.*"

"Will He?" answered Annie; and the light of God's grace there and then illumined her heart, so that she returned home rejoicing.

The Speech and its Sequel

“George Whale, 75, presiding at a dinner of the National Press Association at the Trocadero restaurant last night, collapsed and died in the presence of 200 guests, just as Maj. G. H. Putnam, American Civil War veteran, was proposing a toast to his health.”—*Cable despatch, dated London, May 5th, 1925.*

STANDING alone, this news item would scarcely interest us; it is what follows that adds importance to it: “The dinner was in honor of the centenary of the birth of Thomas Huxley and to encourage a campaign against Christian churches. Whale made a speech in which he attacked the dogmas of Christianity and its ministers.”

He ridiculed the article of Christian faith in reference to the enlightening influence of the Holy Ghost. “When the light does come,” he said, “I predict it won’t have the dazzling effect of the light which fell upon the apostle en route to Damascus—a light which left him dazzled for the rest of his life.” “The guests laughed appreciatively,” at this weak attempt at wit, the despatch says.

Then, just as the company was beginning to applaud the first sentence of the major’s toast to the blasphemer, he collapsed. “Hushed whispers and awe-stricken faces replaced laughter and

smiles. Then followed a tense silence, broken only by Whale's strangled breathing," the account concludes.

This piece of news is not copied from the pages of some "fanatical," religious periodical, as some might suppose; nor did it appear in any one of the sensation-mongering yellow journals. It was reported in a no less carefully conducted newspaper than the *Springfield Republican*, under the startling heading, "DIES AFTER ATTACK ON CHURCH DOGMAS."

The moral of the above scarcely needs pointing out. Man may blaspheme, and God may bear long with him in his wickedness; He is a God of long-suffering patience, and is above being tempted of men. But let not the doer of wickedness suppose that because the Almighty does not immediately take up his impious challenge He is indifferent as to taking knowledge of his ways. No! He stands ready, as He tells us in His word, "to execute judgment upon all, and to convince all that are ungodly of their ungodly deeds . . . and of all their hard speeches which ungodly sinners have spoken against Him" (Jude 15).

That the sudden collapse and death of the blasphemer was a direct interposition of God is not for us to determine; it may have been no more than a remarkable coincidence. In either case it

is solemn enough to make men pause and think. "Be not deceived; God is not mocked," His inspired apostle tells us (Gal. 6: 7).

Scripture furnishes us with several examples similar to the above. We select but two; that of Belshazzar from the Old Testament, and that of Herod from the New.

"Belshazzar the king made a feast to a thousand of his lords," the record reads. And "whiles he tasted the wine" (toasted, as we would say to-day), he ordered the holy vessels to be brought which his father, the great Nebuchadnezzar, had pillaged from the temple of the Lord at Jerusalem. From these his lords and ladies drank out of contempt for the one true God of heaven and earth, "and praised the gods of gold and of silver, of brass, of iron, of wood, and of stone." Then appeared the mysterious fingers upon the wall writing the blasphemer's doom. "THOU ART WEIGHED IN THE BALANCES, AND ART FOUND WANTING," the sentence read; and the execution was swift as it was sure: "*In that night was Belshazzar the king slain*" (Dan., chap. 5).

So men may feast and men may mock, and God's judgment is reserved to be executed in His appointed time; yet He does sometimes strike the offender in the face, as it were, that men may fear before Him.

Of wicked Herod God's Word gives this account, "And upon a set day Herod, arrayed in royal apparel, sat upon his throne, and made an oration unto them. And the people gave a shout, saying, 'It is the voice of a god, and not of a man.' And immediately the angel of the Lord smote him, because he gave not God the glory: *and he was eaten of worms*, and gave up the ghost" (Acts 12:21-23). He accepted divine honors from the mouth of a foolish and self-interested people, and the angel of the Lord immediately smote him with corruption! This is immediately followed by the significant words, "But the word of God grew and multiplied."

So let puny man in his pride deride or deny his Creator, and cast ridicule upon His Word, that Word still grows, though Belshazzar and Herod, with Paine and Whale, be dead; it is being multiplied each year; the presses of the Bible Societies are being taxed to capacity as the demand for the Book increases with the years. The Word of God is neither dead nor bound, and shall, as He Himself declares, live for ever. Hand may join in hand, men may band together, and at their God-defying banquets conspire to destroy His truth contained in the Bible. They may "take counsel together, against Jehovah, and against His Anointed (Christ), saying, Let us break their

bands asunder, and cast away their cords from us. He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh: the Lord shall have them in derision" (Ps. 2). Then indeed shall "hushed whispers and awe-stricken faces replace laughter and smiles," as in the present instance where two hundred men were met "to encourage a campaign against Christian churches."

While infidels and scorners make light of and contradict God's word, He, *in amazing mercy*, sends it forth still with messages of salvation to sinners—to every one that will in this day of His grace call upon Him. Oh, that men would cease to cavil, and become reconciled to Him through the death of His Son. May it be yours, reader, to be brought a suppliant at His feet, there to find mercy and pardon of all guilt. Amen! C. K.

"Do you think you will get better?" was a question asked of a young man in consumption. "*If I do, it will be all grace; and if not, it will be all glory*," was the answer. Not many months after it was "all glory" for him.

What about you, dear reader, if you should leave this scene in a few months or weeks, or even less time than that? What if it should be *to-day*? It must either be to spend eternity with Christ in glory, or to be for ever lost with those in despair.

An "Easy-going" Man's Conversion

(Told by himself.)

"I had been living without a thought of God, and for twenty years had not entered a place of worship, but spent my Sundays chiefly in reading the newspaper. One Sunday evening, as it drew to a close, I began to think that this was not a satisfactory way of spending my time—and soon after this came a most remarkable moment in my history.

"One morning as I was dressing I suddenly heard a voice say, '*This day will be your last opportunity.*' I looked round, but could see no one, but the voice I heard, and the words uttered were unmistakable. So affected was I that I nearly fell to the ground. Breakfast time came, but I could eat nothing. Those terrible words, '*This day will be your last opportunity,*' kept ringing in my ears.

"My wife thought I was ill, and wished to send for a doctor, but this I declined, as I knew no earthly physician could do me any good. Attend to my business I could not; so leaving it in charge of others, I went out and wandered about in the distress of my soul. All my sins, my wasted Sundays, my neglect of God and His Word, came overwhelmingly before me.

“Dinner-time came, but I could take nothing. Again I wandered about. Tea-time came and still no relief; in fact my anxiety increased as the hours of my day were fast passing away. Evening set in and at last bed-time came, and the day of ‘*my last opportunity*’ was fast drawing to its close. What could I do? Whither could I turn? I could not pray!

“At last, in the deep distress and agony of my soul, I could no longer keep the state of my mind from my dear wife, but told her all that had happened to me that day—that dread sentence, ‘This day will be your last opportunity,’ and all the deep exercises it had produced, and asked her (she being a Christian) to pray for me.

“Together we kneeled down on that memorable night. She pleaded earnestly with the Lord for my forgiveness and salvation. At last my tongue was loosed, and I cried for mercy to the God I had so shamefully neglected and sinned against. And He heard! Blessed be His name! Before the clock struck twelve, ere the day had passed away, light broke into my soul, and I rose from my knees a happy and forgiven man.”

May I ask you, reader of this true narrative, the plain but important question, “Are you pursuing the God-neglecting, Christ-rejecting course which this poor man for so many years pursued, whom

32 If You have Fallen, can You Rise Again?

God in so remarkable a way awakened from his death-slumber and brought to Himself?"

God does not often interpose in so remarkable a manner as this, especially where the gospel is listened to Lord's Day after Lord's Day, which may be your case, for God is speaking to you by His servants every time the precious message of a Saviour's love reaches your ears. And God is lingering over you, waiting for you to turn to Him, not willing that you should perish, but turn to Him and live. Did Jesus die for sinners; and did He not die for you? Or are you the only sinner for whom He did not die? Blessed be God, that cannot be, for it is written that "He died for all." "He gave Himself a ransom for all." "This is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." You *are* a sinner; turn then to the Saviour of sinners; confess to Him your great need; trust in Him, and live. E. M.

If You have Fallen, can You Rise Again?

A leading business man in one of our American towns writing to his patrons in a message of cheer and goodwill says in part as follows:

"The history of mankind has been a series of

sprawls in the mud and painful gettings up to try again, like the two-year-old toddler learning to walk in the back-yard. It doesn't make so much difference how many times we go down, as does the determination with which we get on our feet and go ahead again."

Everyone appreciates an illustration of this kind taken from a little child. There is something fascinating, and in a great measure true, in learning from a little child lessons for ourselves. The Lord Himself used illustrations such as this to point His incomparable teaching.

"The history of mankind has indeed been a series of sprawls in the mud." No one can deny this. It is 20th Century history, no less than 1st Century history. In this, at least, Evolution has made no great change in man. But it is wrong to compare people of responsible years to a child tumbling down and getting up again.

This picture may be true enough from a business man's point of view. A man may fail in business, though he has done his best to float it, then determine to try again, and succeed where before he had failed. We know many have done this. Even Abraham Lincoln's biographers say he miserably failed in some of his undertakings, but at last surprised the world with his wonderful statesmanship.

34 *If You have Fallen, can You Rise Again?*

But if a child falls it is not because it intended to do so; nor does it mean to remain fallen. If it falls, it is willing to receive help to regain its feet and start off again. In this and in other respects the child rebukes the man.

We may be asked just what we mean by this comparison? We mean that man, looking at him as having fallen—fallen from his uprightness, from his integrity with which he came from God's hand at the beginning—is *willing that it should be so*, and, unless awakened in conscience and heart, *intends to remain in that condition!* This fact is aggravated by the persistent denial on man's part that he is fallen, and especially that he is so by his own choice. If a child does not realize that he has stumbled, he will of course make no effort to get up. That fact would manifest that there was something seriously wrong with the child.

Are we not right then, in reasoning from the child to the man, that there must be something very wrong with the man who being a fallen creature, denies that fact, and is content to remain where he is?

But there are some who know they are down—men and women with whom the cry of the heart is, "God, be merciful to me a sinner." To all such we would say that the gospel, God's good news, is just for you. It tells of the Saviour of

whom you have perhaps often heard. He is just the Saviour for you. He is not a mere Helper or "Way-shower," as He has been wrongly represented. No, He is a *Saviour*, which means that He really *saves* all who trust in Him. He does not expect you to raise yourself up from your fallen condition. Were you able to do this, you would not need a Saviour. The reason why many are not saved is because, in their belief, they are *not* completely lost. But listen to His words, intended for you.

"Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Can you doubt His power or love to do as He says here? Just trust Him enough to come and see whether His words will not be fulfilled in you. Thousands, nay, millions, of sinners just as guilty and helpless as yourself have come to Him and found His words true. Why should not *you* have this rest?

And no matter how often you have fallen in the past, trust Him, not alone to lift you up, but to uphold and keep you to the end.

"Wherefore He is able to save to the uttermost (that is, through everything, through to the end) all them that come unto God by Him, seeing He ever liveth to make intercession for them" (Heb. 7: 25).

—WM. HUSS.

FORGIVEN!

*"Wherefore, I say unto thee, her sins, which are many,
are forgiven" (Luke 7: 47).*

Because my transgressions are many,
Yea, more than the hairs of my head—
The sins that are black and secret,
The sins that are crimson red—
Because on Thy cross I have seen them,
And beheld how deep was their dye,
Because Thine own lips have absolved me,
Here, here, O my God, am I!

The more as a dark remembrance
Those sins in their terror arise—
The more to my soul they are bitter,
The more they are black in mine eyes,
The more must I wonder and worship,
Beholding how great was the debt
By Thee, Lord, forgiven, forgotten,
Though I must remember them yet.

For Thou on the throne of Thy glory
Hast shown me Thy hands and Thy feet;
Thou sayest, "Behold my forgiveness,
Eternal, and sure, and complete:
Well known to Me measure and number
Of sins that in part thou hast known—
By Me in mine agony measured,
By Me in mine anguish, alone."

... My God and my Saviour, as surely
As Thou art in glory in heaven,
So surely I own it, rejoicing,
That I, even I, am forgiven!

—FRANCES BEVAN.

‘Life or Death?’

On Thursday, March 8th, 1648, the British House of Commons were debating and voting on the question, Whether Duke Hamilton, Earl Holland, Lords Capel, Goring, and Sir John Holland are to die or live. Carlyle, in his inimitable style, writes, “They have been tried in a new High Court of Justice, and all found guilty of treason, of levying war against the Supreme Authority of this Nation. Shall they be executed; shall they be respited? The House by small majorities decides *against* the first three; decides in *favor* of the last; and as to Goring, the votes are equal—the balance-tongue trembles, ‘Life or Death!’ Speaker Lenthall says, *Life*.”

Reader, your case, too, has been tried—tried in advance, we might say, for the judgment of the Great White Throne has not yet come. The Supreme “Judge of all” has already pronounced upon your case — found guilty of high treason against the Supreme Authority of His Throne, you are doomed to die, for the Divine Statute reads, “The wages of sin is death!” Having sinned, and rebelled against your Creator, you are already under sentence.

What then? Must you perish? Is there no

hope? On the principle of law, or strict justice, there is none. "The wrath of God abideth on him," is the desperate position of him who "submitth not himself unto the Son," the Lord of glory who came into the world to save those who receive Him. (See John 3: 36).

But the sentence, though passed, has not been executed. Thank God that it has not! There is pardon to be had; mercy is offered; respite has been purchased by the Saviour's infinitely precious blood.

Oh, wonder of wonders! The very One so sinned against—contemned, blasphemed, it may be; scorned, perhaps—has died, and by His death the guilty may be spared the doom their crimes deserve! "While we were yet sinners Christ died for us," it is written in the Book (Romans 5: 8). And again: "Christ, also, hath once suffered for sins, the Just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God" (1 Pet. 3: 18).

Like the fate of Goring, reader, *your* destiny depends upon the decision of one. And, pray, who is that one? Reader, it is *thyself*! Yes, your life or death eternal hangs upon *your own decision*. It is a proposition fearful to contemplate, but true, nevertheless. Moses, the man of God, solemnly told the people under his charge: "I call heaven and earth to record this day against

you, that I have set before you life and death, blessing and cursing: therefore choose life!" (Deut. 30:19). So, too, reader, we have set before *you* the choice of life or death, blessing or cursing. Which is it to be? Oh, be wise; be not your own worst enemy; elect not to perish for ever; therefore choose life!

It was a custom among the Greeks in the time of Socrates to permit the guilty to pronounce sentence upon themselves. It was a farce, however, for when that philosopher at his trial decided that, being found guilty, he should be maintained at the expense of the State for the rest of his life, he was given the deadly hemlock to drink. He chose life, but was accorded death. But God neither trifles with nor mocks guilty man. He loves the creature, though fallen and alienated from Him. He "would have all men to be saved," as His own Word declares. It is not His will "that any should perish," He has emphatically declared. (See 1 Tim. 2: 4 and 2 Pet. 3: 9).

And if the sinner, if *you*, my reader—or any one, of any age, any condition, any religion—will in penitence submit himself to Christ, will confide in and accept the offer of God in the gospel, he shall have *life*, he shall be *pardoned*, and *dwell* with God, cleansed from sin, and reconciled forever.

Again we urge with Moses, Choose life! Make blessing your choice, and elect not to dwell in everlasting burnings under the just curse of a spurned and insulted God. No, be not so void of understanding. Choose, oh, choose life! C. K.

Where to Junction

IN returning home lately I had to change trains at a certain place, and while waiting I entered into conversation with a porter, who informed me that it had taken him a whole month to master the intricate time-table of his line.

“But these time-tables are useful things to understand, sir, and I have just shown a gentleman with a quantity of baggage the way to go. I can direct you anywhere you want to go, but the great thing is to know where to junction.”

“Well,” said I, “you are a great help to travelers, indeed, and as you can direct one everywhere, I would like to ask if you can show a lost sinner the way to heaven.”

“Well,” he said, “I think I could do that too, sir. I don’t, like a good many, neglect my Bible, given to us when we were married, and it lays on our best table. My wife, too, is a religious woman.

I'm not so *good* as some, and not so *bad* as some."

Thus the man began to justify himself instead of speaking of God's way of justifying a sinner. I told him that he was really on the wrong road, and though he could tell travelers "where to junction" on earthly journeys, he was not able to tell me about the junction for heaven.

Before my train left I had time to tell him of God's way of salvation so simply and so plainly set out in His Word.

May I apply this little incident to the conscience of my reader? You are a traveler going out of this world, journeying, it may be, by pleasant ways, enjoying the scene, and making the most of it. Every comfort may be yours as you pass station after station on life's journey; or it may be the reverse; but the important question is, What is your condition *spiritually*? If without God in the world, you are traveling the broad way that leadeth to destruction, of which hell is the terminus.

You may say that is not where you intend to go, but if you have not come to "the junction" where the change for heaven is made, you are still on the broad road. Satan has many lines, but the terminus of each is at the same place — Hell. They all run to the same, disguise it as he may. Oh, do not be ignorant of his devices!

Some of his travelers say they are doing the best they can; others, that they never did any particular harm, like my porter friend; others hope God will be merciful, but none of them speak of that which *Christ has done*, and without Him none can enter God's holy dwelling. O my reader, there is a junction at which every sinner—every one of us—must change. The porter did not know its name nor where that is, but I will tell you: it is at *Calvary*, where Jesus died in atonement for sin; and the change is called *conversion*. It is a change from trusting in one's self, whatever that be, to trust in Jesus, the repentant sinner's Saviour. HE is the door to heaven and glory, as He said: “*By Me if any man enter in, he shall be saved*” (John 10: 9). The porter's saying, “I am not as good as some, and not so bad as some,” will open heaven to no one. Jesus and His blood of atonement is the title of entrance there. Reader, make sure that it is yours.

* *

“COME UNTO ME”

(Matt. 11: 28.)

Loud the voice of judgment sounding
Filled my guilty soul with fear:
Dark the clouds, with wrath abounding,
Loud those thunders drawing near!

But a Voice of sweet compassion
Reaches me through thick'ning gloom:
"Sinner, come!" it says in pity,
"Sinner, come! there still is room."

Draws me to Him, stills my trembling,
Folds me to His loving breast—
Never love *His* love resembling,
None can give such perfect rest.

Art thou one who still is hov'ring
At the threshold of the door?
"Come to Me," that Voice is saying—
"Hide thee from the thunder's roar!"

—E. O. HEWLETT.

"Your Will Can Do it"

SUCH was the title of the New Year's editorial in one of the large Daily papers. It was an appeal to men and women to determine to do this year better than they have ever done before. The readers are constantly reminded, through the article, of the freedom of the will, that it is able to do whatever it sets itself to do.

There is no doubt that an immense power resides in the human will, which is able to operate in various directions. By it many things have been accomplished which might have seemed impossible. Battles have been fought and won against

great odds; wonderful engineering feats have been accomplished; large business projects have been carried out successfully. There is no doubt as to all this, and that much more may yet be accomplished. Of course the editor was advocating the putting into operation the power of the will in accomplishing that which is good for one's self and for man at large.

There is one department of man's being, however, which has been so affected as to leave the will without power to do what it approves. In other words, a man might ever so much desire to do what he knows to be right, or not to do what he knows to be wrong, yet find himself utterly wanting in power to do otherwise than he habitually does, or *not* do what he knows he should not do. In this department of his being, man finds that he is *not* free, that he is fettered—that is, supposing he has right desires. Others find, if they would confess the truth, that their will is strong only to do evil, strong to sin, but entirely weak to do right.

It is easy to tell men what they *ought* to do, but to *do it* is another matter. It was one of Greece's philosophers who said, "I know and approve the better: but I follow the worse." *Knowing* what is right and good is one thing, but *doing it* is another matter. Even an apostle could say,

recounting his experience with sin, "To will is present with me, but how to perform, I find not" (Rom. 7: 18).

Nor must immorality alone be called "sin;"—it is but one form of it. Some find little or no temptation in that which to others is as a fire in their bones. But the moralist who on this account is apt to despise and hate the one he should pity, is himself not without sin. The Law not only forbade *all* sin in act and word, it forbade it in the *heart*. This is the negative aspect of the Law. Positively, it commanded love, complete, unstinted love both to God and man.

Here is the Law's positive declaration: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, with all thy mind (note its completeness, commanding all the powers of our being to love our worthy Creator), and thy neighbor as thyself" (Luke 10: 27). But who has fulfilled this two-fold command? The answer from God is, "There is none righteous, no, not one" (Rom. 3: 10).

If we inquire as to *why* man does not love God and his neighbor, the truth comes out that it is not in his heart to do so. He has no wish or will to love God. His will is *opposed* to God, and thus he necessarily hates Him. This hatred, or absence of love, may not be outwardly manifest.

That is to say, it may not be expressed, but covered up by other things which prevent its being observed—even by the man himself.

Whatever a man's opinion of these things may be, the Book of truth declares that, "If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us" (1 John 1:8). Having sin and not loving God come to the same thing; for, in its essence, sin is opposition to God's will. The only Man who ever kept the Law, said, "I delight to do thy will, O my God: yea, thy law is within my heart." It is not in the natural man's heart to do God's will, for his own will governs him. God is not dwelling in such a man, for there is no place for God where the creature's will is substituted for God's will. Alas! man's will is perverted from that which is right. It wills to sin—that is, to resist God!

In the 5th chapter of John's Gospel we read of a man whom Jesus found at the Pool of Bethesda. He had been thirty-eight years a helpless cripple waiting for a miraculous movement of the water for healing. Having no strength himself to come to the water, he continued in his helplessness. He wanted to be well, but lacked the power needed to help himself. It illustrates the principle contained in the Law, of self-help. To tell such a man to assert his will power is but to

tantalize him. The Son of God finding he wanted to be whole, said to him, "Rise, take up thy bed, and walk." In giving the command He supplied the strength to fulfil it. He imparted new life to the man, in the power of which he could rise up, take up his couch, and walk.

That is what the gospel does. It comes to men in their helplessness and imparts new life to them. The gospel is "the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth." The Word of God in the gospel imparts eternal life to all who receive it, and in the joy and power it imparts, man wills and accomplishes the will of God.

Has my reader found that he is helpless to do the law's requirements?—Turn to Jesus then; tell *Him* what a helpless sinner you are, and you will prove what He Himself has said, "*The Son of Man is come to seek and TO SAVE THAT WHICH WAS LOST*" (Luke 19:10). —WM. HUSS.

DEAR FRIEND:—Time is fast hurrying you on to Eternity. Every tick of the clock—every beat of your pulse—each rising and setting sun—all proclaim how rapidly time is traveling, and how near, how very near, Eternity is. In view of the *suddenness* of death, and the *nearness* of Eternity, let me affectionately ask you; *Are you ready to meet God? Are your sins forgiven?* Can you say, "Being justified by faith, *we have peace with God* through our Lord Jesus Christ" (Rom. 5:1)?

If not, you still may. The work is done by which God can righteously and freely forgive the most guilty sinner. 1900 years ago Jesus said: "*It is finished.*" Nothing remains for you to do but to rest your soul on the work done for you. The atoning death of Christ has met all God's righteous claims against sin. God has raised Christ from amongst the dead, and He now sits at God's right hand because the work is done, and God's proclamation now is: "Be it known unto you therefore, men and brethren, that through this Man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins, and by Him *all that believe are justified* from all things, from which they could not be justified by the law of Moses"—
Acts 13: 38, 39. P. W.

"There is a time, we know not when,
A point, we know not where;
Which marks the destiny of men,
For glory or despair.
There is a line, by us unseen,
That crosses every path;
The hidden bound'ry between
God's mercy and His wrath.

How far may we go on in sin?
How long will God forbear?
Where does hope end, and where begin
The confines of despair?
An answer from the skies is sent:
"Ye that from God depart,
While it is called TO-DAY, repent,
And harden not your heart."

Extract from "A Preacher of the Old School."

The Monument is Still There!

It was reported recently that when some one told President Coolidge of the attack made on the character of Washington by the novelist Rupert Hughes, "he smiled, peered out of a window of his office, and then remarked, 'The monument is still there!'"

Yes, while some people were in a flutter of *pros* and *cons* over the rash utterances of the novelist concerning the character of "The father of his country," his monument stood there in full view, silhouetted against the sky, towering 550 feet high—the highest of its kind in the world.

And when men, whether rashly, or from "malice aforethought," speak evil of either the character or mission of Christ the Son of God, His friends need give themselves no concern. His monument stands, the memorial of His life and death remains, the results of His mission are with us, seen everywhere.

And this monument, this memorial, these results, what are they?

Sinners saved by grace — multitudes of men and women who, though once a prey to every evil, slaves of pride and lust, are now redeemed, set free from sin, "manifestly declared to be the

epistle of Christ, known and read of all men" (2 Cor. 3: 2, 3). No labored argument is required to prove the divine character and mission of Christ; this can and has been done, but it is needless; His monument, the standing proof of His deity and power on earth, is before the eyes of all. Every truly converted soul, every man, woman and child saved and made happy by faith in Him is a living witness to the truth of the gospel—of what Holy Scripture declares concerning Him, that He came from the glory, that He lived on earth, that He died for sin on Calvary, that He was buried, and rose again, and sits now at the right hand of the Majesty on high—a Prince and a Saviour, willing and able to save all who, confessing their sins, come to Him. Oh, what better proof could any ask or give?

So if any deny or question the deity and almighty power of the Christ of the Bible, we who believe have only to point to His monuments—individuals delivered from sin, from Satan, and from themselves by the power of His grace. They stand as living witnesses to the truth of Scripture concerning who Jesus Christ, Son of God and Israel's Messiah, really is. These not only include drunkards delivered from their ruling passion and kept free, thieves made honest and industrious, foul-mouthed blasphemers transformed into

reverent worshipers of God, liars made truthful, blatant infidels made humble and happy believers, but also proud moralists become penitent at the feet of Jesus, devotees of pleasure and butterflies of fashion turned into sober, self-sacrificing men and women following the precepts of Him who was "meek and lowly in heart."

These things have not been done in a corner; all have seen something of this kind of evidence of Christ's power; His witnesses are everywhere; and these incontrovertible proofs of His deity patent to all. Who can deny it? By what other means or power could these mighty transformations have been brought about? What other explanation can be given to account for these moral revolutions in the lives of men, through faith in Christ Jesus? They take no credit to themselves but give the glory to Jesus Christ their Saviour. Yes, His monuments stand! Let His traducers say what they will.

In addition to these individual witnesses of who and what Christ is, there is in Christianity a general effect of even a traditional belief in the Bible account of Christ, seen in all so-called Christian lands. Unlike Christ as many are, the effect of even the profession of His name is most marked when these nations and countries are compared with those in which He is not recognized as a

divine Person. What are China, India, or even Japan, compared with lands like Great Britain, Continental Europe, the United States and Canada?

So that those unbelievers who have to live for a time in non-Christian lands, look eagerly forward to the time when they can return to the land of Bibles, churches, Sunday-schools, hospitals, free schools, culture, abundance, and all that makes life worth living to them. And what has made these countries the most desirable in which to live, and in which to bring up children? It is the knowledge of the Bible and the Christ of whom that Bible speaks. No honest man can deny this. Other factors may be adduced; but these themselves have had their origin in Christianity, else our civilization would be little different from that of licentious, idol-worshiping ancient Greece, or militarist, slave-filled ancient Rome. They had education, culture, art, for the few; but where was morality? The mass were either kept in abject slavery or hopeless poverty and ignorance. Yes, a Christless civilization would be little preferable to a state of savagery such as has almost overcome Russia, and would have done so ere this had its apostate Jewish rulers succeeded in their design of blotting out the name and memory of Christ from the hearts and homes of the peasant population.

So let the liberalist and Bible-rejecting Jew plot and rave; let the Modernist theological seminary professors or occupants of mis-called "Christian" pulpits evade or openly deny it, JESUS IS GOD THE SON INCARNATE, and the proofs of His "eternal power and Godhead" have stood since the beginning, and shall continue to stand in the earth until that hour ordained by God when "every knee shall bow, and every tongue confess that He is LORD to the glory of God the Father." Listen! "The Father judgeth no man, but hath committed all judgment unto the SON: that all men should honor the SON, even as they honor the Father" (John 5: 22, 23).

Open your eyes, ye doubters or deniers, to the facts around you, and your ears to the voice of God in His Word. "Kiss the Son," it is there written, "lest He be angry, and ye perish from the way, when His wrath is kindled but a little. Blessed are all they that put their trust in Him" (Ps. 2: 12). You must either submit and trust in Him or perish. Which is it to be?

C. KNAPP.

"Saved thro' the blood of Jesus,
Saved from all guilt and shame;
Saved is the soul that trusts Him,
Trusts in His precious Name."

“I cannot Say that, Sir”

“ARE you one of the saved?” I asked a young man at the close of a gospel-meeting where souls were being led to see their awful danger in not being “READY” for the coming of the Lord, and the above title was his answer.

The text of the address that evening was : “They that were READY went in with Him to the marriage, and *the door was shut*” (Matt. 25:10). Then an inside scene was pictured: “Let us be glad and rejoice, and give honor to Him: for the marriage of the Lamb is come, and his wife has made herself ready” (Rev. 19: 7). It is the beginning of unending joys for all His beloved people — the toils and sorrows of the pilgrim-way ended for ever—all tears wiped away—all united, to part no more, to spend that long eternal day “singing still His grace.” Oh blessed and happy portion!

But who can picture the *outside place* as it will be? Look at the many that shall be knocking at the closed door, saying, “Lord! Lord! open to us! But He answered and said, Verily I say unto you, *I know you not*” (Matt. 25: 11, 12). They shall own Him “Lord” then, but they would not do so, nor obey Him in “the acceptable

time," "the day of salvation;" and then they are too late, *the door is shut for ever!*

In vain they plead: "In thy name we have done many wonderful works — cast out devils, and prophesied" (Matt. 7: 22). But these things are no title to the marriage supper of the Lamb. "We have eaten and drunk in thy presence, and Thou hast taught in our streets," Luke's Gospel records as another part of their plea, but one and all hear the same solemn reply, "I know you not, DEPART FROM ME, ALL YE WORKERS OF INIQUITY."

What a scene that will be!—and the hour is not far hence. O unsaved one who reads these solemn words of our Lord, turn ere they become an awful reality to you; turn to Him who is able to save, and still invites you, saying, "COME UNTO ME, AND I WILL GIVE YOU REST" (Matt. 11: 28). But come with no such plea as "Wonderful works," or "taking the communion"—or anything you have done, but come with your need alone, saying,

*"Take me, oh, take me as I am!
My only plea—Christ died for me:
Oh, take me as I am!"*

And if you do this, His promise is sure, "*Him that cometh unto Me, I will in no wise cast out*" (John 6: 37).

Again God's word says, "If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and believe in thy heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, THOU SHALT BE SAVED" (Rom. 10: 9). This is what He bids us *do*; and if we only take Him at His word, we can know with assurance that we are saved—not because *we* say so, but because GOD says so. For of what good would it be if *I* said all my life, "I am saved," if God should say, "I know you not—depart from Me?" But if He says *now* to those who put their trust in Christ, "Your sins and iniquities I will remember no more" (Heb. 10:17,18), He will not change His word *then*.

So, my reader, take God at His word, and you are both *safe* and *sure*. A. H. STEWART.

The Bible-woman's Poser

MRS. J—— the Bible-woman, was a well-known figure in the town where she went about with her well-stocked basket of Bibles, books, and tracts slung over one arm, while the other held a roll of the year's almanacs. She would make her way along the busiest thoroughfares, and into one and another place of business, not only offering her goods, but speaking, very often, to the owner

and clerks alike, the solemn truths of the gospel.

Her comings and goings in time came to be looked for, and in some cases appreciated. Business men found it a pleasant break in the everyday occurrences to have a visit from the cheery, sunshiny old woman, and while on the one hand they parried her home-thrusts, would rally her about herself, her profession, and the like. In almost every instance, however, it was Mrs. J——, and not her opponents, who got the best of the argument. And just how much good resulted from these little encounters, where God's Word aptly quoted was the all-powerful weapon wielded by our earnest Bible-woman, only "the Day" will declare.

It was on one such occasion that as two gentlemen stood talking together in the doorway of a store, Mrs. J—— appeared in sight. One, the owner of the establishment, began to remark on the old Christian's "peculiarities" as he termed them; he being one who had often tried to corner her, but in vain, as he then owned.

"I tell you," said he, "there's no matching her."

"Nonsense," said his friend. "I'll put a question to her now as she comes up that I bet she won't answer." — "You'll be beaten," returned the other; "you'd better not try."

As Mrs. J—— came, both gentlemen accosted her in the friendly fashion that was generally accorded her. The gentleman number two shortly made opportunity to submit his poser.

He began, "I understand, Mrs. J——, you can talk lots about the Bible and all that. Now I want to ask you one thing."

"Say on, sah," replied Mrs. J——, using Scriptural words in answer, after her quaint custom.

"Do you think," said the gentleman, "that God is going to have an old black woman like you in heaven?"

"No, sartainly not," was the answer given without the least dismay and with great energy; "God won't have any old black woman in heaven, course not! But sah, I tell you dis, I'm going to have a new body — a glorified body — like Christ's. Dat's what the Bible says," quoting chapter and verse, "'We shall all be changed,' all who are washed in the precious blood of Christ. And then," she added with a gentle laugh, "shall we be for ever with the Lord."

"But, sah," she went on, "lemme ask you dis here. Does you suppose dat God's goin' to take a rich white man to heaven wid all his sins 'pon him?"

Her questioner was dumb.

“I told you so,” quietly observed the store-keeper.

The reader will surely agree to this, that none, be he white or black, can enter heaven with his sins upon him.—Have yours been washed away?

—EXTRACTED.

Giving Away what is not your Own

IN Luther's house was a servant who in a fit of discontent and hot temper left without giving the family any notice. She afterwards fell into bad company, and into immorality, and became dangerously ill. In her sickness she requested that Luther might visit her. On taking his seat by her bedside the good man said:

“Well, Elizabeth, what is the matter?”

“I want to ask your pardon for leaving your family so abruptly,” she said, “but I have something weighing more heavily on my conscience—I have given my soul away to Satan!”

“Why,” said Luther, “that's of no great consequence; what else?”

“I have done many wicked things,” she continued, “but what oppresses me most is that I have deliberately sold my poor soul to the Devil. Oh, tell me, sir, how can such a crime ever find mercy?”

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“Elizabeth, listen to me,” rejoined the man of God. “Suppose while you lived in my house you had sold and transferred my children to a stranger, would the sale or transfer have been lawful or binding?”

“Oh, no,” said the deeply humbled girl, “for I would have had no right to do that.”

“Well; you had still less right to give your soul to the arch-enemy—it no more belongs to you than my children do; it is the Lord’s property. He made it; when lost He redeemed it; it is His with all its powers and faculties, and you can’t sell what is not yours. If you have attempted it, the whole transaction was unlawful and void. Now, do this: Go to the Lord, confess your guilt with a broken heart and contrite spirit, and entreat Him to pardon you, and take back again what is rightfully His own; and as to the sin of attempting to alienate the Lord’s rightful property, throw that back upon the Devil, for that is his part.”

The poor girl obeyed, was converted, and died full of faith and hope. * *

“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!”

Lost and not Knowing it

It was lunch time ; and as I crossed a busy thoroughfare of the city I saw near the curb a group with a policeman among them. I drew near to see what it was that attracted the people. A little child was in the centre, and the policeman stooping over it patted it on the head while the child quietly munched a stick of candy. Nothing strange in that, of course, but what made people stop and inquire was this fact—*the child was lost*. And not only lost but it did not know it, nor seemed to care while munching its stick of candy.

The sight of this child and its circumstances awakened in my mind the following reflections: This little one is a picture of what we all are—lost children of Adam (if strangers to Christ), and unconcerned about it while something pleasant is in hand or engages our thoughts. Oh, what multitudes apparently are unconcerned as to where they are going, or whether they are on the right road. The child was kept contented in its ignorance with a stick of candy while lost ; and how many are unconcerned and satisfied with a few pleasant things here, though lost !

And the devil is using every means under his hand to keep people in this ignorance, as Scripture

says, "The god of this world (Satan) hath blinded the minds of them which believe not, lest the light of the glorious gospel of Christ, who is the image of God, should shine unto them" (2 Cor. 4: 4). Some, he entices with various vices; others he deludes with the sweets and legitimate things of this life, to be so occupied with them as to want nothing more—taken up with culture, pursuit of wealth, of honor, of pleasure—anything to keep them satisfied, though lost!

And what is this being "lost?" some may ask. Well, reader, it is just being *away from God*, as this child was away from its mother. It is being *in heart* like Adam. After he had broken away from God, knowingly transgressed against His command, he *hid himself* from Him; or like Cain who, having killed his brother, went *away from the presence of the Lord*, who had spoken unto him, to dwell in the land of Nod (land of "forgetfulness"). Read Genesis 3: 8-11, and 4: 8-16.

As I said, the child did not realize that it was lost; but one was anxiously seeking for it. It was the mother who, urged by love to her child, was looking and diligently searching for it. Having seen the group, and found her child there, how gladly she took it up, clasping it to her bosom. Now this is just what the Lord said about *His* joy in finding the sheep He had lost, and the

father's joy when his lost son returned to him. Read it in Luke, chap. 15, verses 3-24.

But there must be reconciliation when returning to God after having transgressed and wilfully departed from Him. For this, that a sinner might be righteously received back to God, Jesus came to make atonement for man's sin, that God might be just and pardon the offender who confesses his sins—putting his trust in Jesus.

O reader, if you have not done so yet, come to Him now, for He has said, "Him that cometh to Me, I will in no wise cast out."

"Jesus my Shepherd is;
'Twas He that loved my soul,
'Twas He that washed me in His blood,
'Twas He that made me whole,
'Twas He that sought the lost,
That found the wand'ring sheep
'Twas He that brought me to the fold,
'Tis He that still doth keep."

W. B. B.

Will A God of Love Condemn the Guilty?

"I am cold in a certain sense," said a man. "Were I a judge, and my own son be convicted of murder, and I the only judge to pass judgment upon the case, I would do my duty even to the point of sentencing him to death. It would be a

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hard thing to do, but it would be my solemn duty as a judge to do it. I would do it because the State cannot be maintained, and its sovereignty vindicated, or its integrity preserved unless the law is strictly enforced, and without favor. It is the business of the judge to uphold it, and he must do it to the point of every sacrifice. If he fails, justice fails, the State falls. That looks cold-blooded, doesn't it? But I would do it."

How cruel! The brute! some sentimentalist will exclaim. The man must be utterly without heart! He must be devoid of all feeling of tenderness to so express himself. How could a man with the feelings proper to a father's heart speak or act thus?

Let us see, and listen further: "Then his face lowered," the biographer writes, "and he said, 'Then, after sentencing my own son to death, I would go out and die of a broken heart, for it would surely kill me.'"—That man was the late President, Woodrow Wilson!

Hear, ye deniers of God's right to punish sin—all ye who question the love of God in sentencing the sinner to eternal banishment from His holy presence, as His Word declares He surely will! Will you be more wise than the Almighty? Or even than the honored statesman above mentioned? Or if it be a question of sentiment, is

your heart more loving than God's? Or are your feelings more tender than those of Mr. Wilson? One might conclude that you think so by the way you object to God's condemnation of the wicked. You complain of His determination to punish the guilty in eternity; you tell us how your tender feelings are harrowed at the thought of His punishing the wicked everlastingly, unless they repent and come to Christ for pardon. How weak, how foolish, are all the objections raised against the future judgment of the ungodly on purely sentimental grounds—as ninety-nine out of one hundred always are. And not only weak and foolish, but wicked as well.

A former college president, eight years chief executive of the United States, declares that if placed in the position of judge he would not hesitate to pass sentence of death on his own son; that it would be incumbent upon him; that not only justice but reasons of State would require that he do so; that it would be his "solemn duty," and he states *why* it would be his duty so to do. "I would do it," he says, "because the State cannot be maintained and its sovereignty vindicated or its integrity preserved unless the law is strictly enforced, and without favor." "Strictly enforced," he says, please notice. And that is just the reason why "God the Judge of all," as He is called in

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Scripture, is bound to punish, and that forever, the sinner who will not repent nor avail himself of the provision God, at His own exceeding cost, has made for the salvation of all that will accept it.

God's law must be upheld; its justice must be vindicated; His righteous government of the universe must be maintained, and if these laws were not enforced, strictly enforced, it would reflect upon His own character, His wisdom, and His truth. For if He gave laws which could not be strictly enforced in perfect righteousness, it would prove that He was unjust in promulgating them, lacking in wisdom in giving what He could not righteously require from His creatures, and in consequence tyrannical in punishing them for their failure to obey.

But more: the hypothetical condemnation of the statesman's son would be just, and in no sense cruel, though he had never been offered pardon for his crime. But in addition to the sinner's guilt of breaking the moral laws of God's government, he remains wilfully guilty of refusing God's provision of pardon through His own Son who died for sinners that God might be just in pardoning those who receive Him. In spurning His proffered grace, in preferring "the pleasures of sin for a season" to His gift of eternal life through Jesus Christ, what awful guilt is incurred! So if an

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earthly judge be not only justified, but *obligated* to condemn his own son, who had not been offered pardon, how much more will God be justified, aye, in righteousness required, to pass sentence of death eternal on those who have not only sinned against His government, but *refused* His offers of pardon—even resenting the efforts of His servants to persuade them to be reconciled to God!

There is yet more. “It is the business of the judge to uphold the law, and he must do it to the point of every sacrifice. If he fails, justice fails, the State falls.” Exactly. God’s law must be enforced in one of two ways; if man will not honor His law by obeying it, God Himself must honor it by punishing the transgressor. So in either case the law, the expression of God’s righteousness, must be vindicated. Otherwise justice, and the moral government of the universe would fall, chaos would result, and the end would be?—the soul shudders to think what!

But it shall not be so: God has sworn by Himself that justice shall be done, even if it require the eternal condemnation of His creatures. But will He condemn them coldly? Will He without feeling banish them from His presence for ever, Will He say to them unmoved, “Depart from Me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire prepared for the devil and his angels?” (Matt. 25:41). No!

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No more than the human judge who said, "Then after sentencing my own son to death, I would go out and die of a broken heart." Yes, heart-breaking would it be indeed to sentence to the gallows or the chair one's own flesh and blood.

And God, will He be indifferent when compelled in righteousness to punish the impenitent sinner? Did He not "so love the world that He gave his only begotten Son"—forsaking Him when hanging on the cross and made a curse for us? Does He not now in longsuffering bear with man's blasphemies and rebellion—bear with man's refusal of His grace and offer of pardon and life through faith in the sacrifice of His Son? And did not Christ, "God manifest in the flesh," weep over sinners? Hear His lament: "When He was come near, He beheld the city, and wept over it, saying, 'O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets, and stonest them which are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, *and ye would not!*'" (Luke 19: 41; Matt. 23: 37). Is not this love? Is there anything in human history to match it? This is God's heart of yearning compassion displayed. Let those who complain and cavil at the threatenings of God's judgment show anything approaching to this Divine compassion!

Both Calvary and hell display God's utter and unalterable hatred of sin. At Calvary He forsook His own beloved Son where He bore the sinner's sin. Hell will manifest that same hatred of sin by the eternal punishment of those who would not be freed from sin by the acceptance of Christ as their Deliverer and Saviour.

We said that to question the justice of God in punishing the wicked was not only weak and foolish, but *wicked*. Is it not wicked to want all government destroyed, crime go unpunished, law abolished, and anarchy enthroned? God could not acquit the sinner, allow sin to go unpunished, and remain the just and holy Being that we know Him to be.

Let sinful man therefore cease from what would forbid the Majesty of heaven to enforce the moral regulations of His universe. For, as surely as He cast out from heaven the angels that sinned, as surely as He cursed the earth because of Adam's sin, as surely as by the flood He punished the world of the ungodly in Noah's day, and consumed the corrupt cities in Lot's, aye, as surely as He punished sin in His own Son on Calvary, just so surely will He punish all *cavilers* at God's judgments, unless they repent and seek salvation through the shedding of Christ's blood. C. K.

“ONE THING THOU LACKEST”

“One thing thou lackest!”—oh, how sad!

A soul doomed to death *by itself*,
For some brittle toy of earthly joy
Or some perishing paltry pelf!
Above, there shines the crown that lasts,
On the brows that never pale;
Above, there glows the wealth of God,
In mines that never fail.

Below, there is poor joy to-day,
No certain hope for the morrow;
Below, on every rose a thorn,
In every heart a sorrow.

The short-lived joys are dearly bought,
The eternal, freely given;
Both earth and hell claim blood and tears,
But God holds out His heaven.

Yea, God brings down His heaven to us,
And stands beside our door,
Till men and angels all confess
E'en He could do no more.

If Jesus be lacking, then the soul
Goes down to endless hell,
Where he hates the thing he once loved dear,
With a hatred none can tell.

O soul, that clings to aught below
That keeps thee back from Christ!
Hast thou guessed one half the pain of hell,
Or aright heaven's glory prized?

Look now to Jesus Christ, who died
 For sin upon the tree,
 For Heaven stands wide, but Hell is deep—
 And either waits for thee. * *

CONFIDENCES

“My confidence is, not that I have lived such or such a life, or served God in this or the other manner,” said the well-known Doddridge, preacher and hymn-writer, shortly before his death. “I know of no service I ever performed but there has been such a mixture of what was wrong in it, that instead of recommending me to the favor of God, I needed pardon through Christ for the same.” “And yet I am full of confidence,” he added, “there is a hope set before me: I have fled, and still fly, for refuge to that hope.” And that hope was CHRIST—His atoning blood and merits—and His alone.

“I have no time to add more,” wrote the poet Cowper in a letter to a friend, “except to add, that if I am ever enabled to look forward to death with comfort (which I thank God is sometimes the case with me), I do not take my view of it from the top of my own works and deservings—though God is witness that the labor of my life is to keep a conscience void of offence toward Him.

Death is always formidable to me except when I see him disarmed of his sting by having sheathed it in the body of Jesus Christ." Never more blameless man lived, perhaps, than the poet Wm. Cowper; yet his only confidence in facing death was the knowing that death's sting had been buried in the sinless bosom of the Son of God when dying on the cross for sinners, such as Cowper, *you, me*, and all men, reader.

Dr. Simpson was for many years tutor in the college at Hoxton; he was a man of unblemished character, a minister of the gospel; "and while he stood very low in his own esteem, he ranked high in that of others," writes one who knew him well. "After a long life spent in the service of Christ, he approached his latter end with holy joy." He spoke with disapprobation of a phrase often used by pious people and sung in their hymns, namely, "Venturing on Christ." He said, "When I consider the infinite dignity and all-sufficiency of Christ, I am ashamed to talk of *venturing* on Him. Oh, had I ten thousand souls, I would at this moment cast them all into His hands with the utmost confidence." Then, as death approached, he addressed him as though in actual sight: "Who art thou? I am not afraid of thee. Thou art a vanquished enemy through the blood of the Cross!"

C. K.

The Sin of Profanity

A man having some business to transact in an Express Company's office was waited on by a clerk, boisterous and profane in his talk. He was asked by the customer if he used that kind of language when *ladies* were present. The clerk looked up with some surprise and said, "Of course not." "Then," replied his questioner, "remember that there are *gentlemen* around to whom this kind of talk is very offensive."

The clerk looked, and probably felt, embarrassed, and the customer took occasion to thrust another dart: "Did you ever stop to think how such language sounds in the ears of *God*? And do you realize that it is on record that, 'For every idle word that men shall speak they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment?'"

What the effect was upon the mind of this youth, I do not know. Perhaps the rebuke was soon forgotten, or it may be that it lodged in his conscience, and led him to repentance. God grant it may have been so.

Men who are accustomed to profanity, when spoken to of it, generally excuse themselves by saying that it is but an idle habit, or that they really do not mean anything by it. But while

those who indulge in it excuse the habit, it is not excused by Him toward whom it is directed. He has said in unmistakable language, "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain, for *the Lord will not hold him guiltless, that taketh his name in vain*" (Exod. 20: 7). Men often forget that this was written by the "finger of God," but it shows all the more how little regard they give to the *very words* of God. If God's Word meant anything to such, it would be hid in their heart that they might not sin against Him.

In some countries, to speak against the Ruler is a capital offense, and many have been imprisoned or put to death for such a thing. Yet men dare to speak against the Ruler of the Universe, the Creator, the God of heaven and earth, and use His holy name profanely, and likewise that of the Lord Jesus Christ who died for sinners that they might be saved — and they treat the matter lightly! Scripture says, "Because sentence against an evil work is not speedily executed, therefore the hearts of the sons of men are fully set in them to do evil" (Eccles. 8: 11).

Did you ever chance to be near an open grave, and get the stench arising from a corpse? It is more offensive than can be described. Well, it is to this that God likens what comes forth from the natural man's heart: "Out of the abundance

of the heart the mouth speaketh," He says, and, "*Their throat is an open sepulchre*"!

If the prophet Isaiah, when he saw the glory of the Lord, cried out, "Woe is me, for I am a man of unclean lips; and I dwell in the midst of a people of unclean lips, for mine eyes have seen the King, the Lord of Hosts" (Isa. 6: 5), and if he needed the "coal from off the altar" to purge his lips and take his sin away, what shall be said of those who delight in the abominations that run riot in their heart? Is there any sacrifice that can remove the awful stench of their sins, other than the infinite Sacrifice of Calvary?

Reader, if you are one of those who use their lips in profanity, or language which will not bear repeating in decent company, remember that God has heard it all; He knows all you say and think. He knows all about the vileness which you love, but which He hates, and is ready to visit with His wrath. Why does He spare you, allowing you to live and continue to blaspheme His name and the name of His beloved Son Jesus Christ, and to pour out filth from your lips which you would not dare to utter except in company of men like yourself? Is it not because in Divine patience and mercy He desires you to be saved from these things, and from the awful consequences that must follow them? But remember that God is not

mocked, for “whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.” Because God is patient and long-suffering, do not tempt Him more by continuing in those things which bring down His wrath, and on account of which not only men, but whole nations have been exterminated from the earth. Remember that the “Hell” about which you joke perhaps, is the very “Lake of fire” into which God will cast the abominable, upon whom will rest forever the sentence, “He that is filthy, let him be filthy still” (Rev. 21 : 8; 22 : 11).

But remember also that there is forgiveness with God, and that if you seek Him in repentance, He will surely answer and save you. Save you, not only from the judgment, but also from sin itself—from all sin. It is written, “The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin.” Think of the greatness of the price paid for your ransom, and listen to God’s entreaty, lest His wrath descend upon your guilty head, and cut you off forever from all hope of mercy. However bad you have been, however vile, remember the words—

“None can be too vile for Jesus;
None can be too poor:
By His blood are peace and pardon;
Mercies ever sure.”

“If thou shalt be wise, thou shalt be wise for

thyself: but if thou scornest, thou alone shalt bear it." "He that being often reprov'd hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be cut off, and that without remedy." "Repent therefore of this thy wickedness." "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." Ask God to purify your lips and your heart, that you may thereby glorify Him, whom heretofore you have defamed.

—WM. HUSS.

Not "So Lived" But "So Learned"

"Stephen Marshall was a Christian in practice as well as profession. He lived and died in the faith; and was an example to believers in word, in conversation, in charity. When I, with some others, conversed with him about his death, he replied, 'I cannot say, as one did, I have not so lived that I should now be afraid to die, but this I *can* say, I have so *learned* Christ that I am not afraid to die.'"

"This was the dying utterance of Stephen Marshall, an eminent divine," testifies Mr. Giles Firman, who had known him long and intimately in life and attended him in death.

Such dying testimonies are worthy of being repeated so long as one sinner remains on earth who

needs to know that the most blameless life ever lived, the most devoted service rendered to mankind or the Church, the most noble character or example one could set—not any nor all of these together, could give a sinner title to heaven, or minister true peace and comfort to him in the hour of death. For any one to say, “I have not so lived that I should be afraid to die,” is to betray either a total lack of sincerity, or an utter ignorance of God’s holiness and what sin is in His sight; for what a son of fallen Adam may call his *best* is but as *soiled rags* in the light of God’s presence.

“I have so learned Christ.”—Yes, that is it! I have learned that He died for me the sinner, that He shed His blood to atone for human guilt, that He casts out none who come to Him, and that God in His Word declares that “whosoever believeth in Him shall not be confounded.” Have you so learned Christ for yourself, reader? If you let “some other trust intrude,” you but deceive yourself, and must discover, too late perhaps, that you trusted to “a broken reed,” a spider’s web.

C. K.

An Appointed Time

In the 3rd chapter of Ecclesiastes Solomon tells us that, "To everything there is a season, and a time to every purpose under heaven:

A time to be born and
A time to die;
A time to plant and
A time to pluck up what is planted."

Fourteen times Solomon contrasts what he has named with its opposite, beginning with life and death—the two points between which the whole of man's life on earth is comprised. To speak of the beginning, no one objects; to recall our youthful days is generally an agreeable subject; but to meditate upon the terminus of this earthly life, how unwelcome to most! I know a young man who will not take his mother to the cemetery in his car to see her mother's grave, as he does not like to see or hear what reminds him of death, though, as the poet has justly written,

"Time is earnest, passing by;
Death is earnest, drawing nigh.
Sinner! wilt thou trifling be?—
Time and death appeal to thee."

Surely, it is not so much the fear of the mere dying that alarms men, but of what comes after

death—vague as that may be to many; but there is a consciousness in man's soul, where it has not been stifled by persistent opposition, that "It is appointed unto men once to die, but

AFTER THIS THE JUDGMENT" (Heb. 9: 27).

Yes, *what comes after death*, incontrovertibly, is what makes the thought of death so unwelcome to those unreconciled to God.

"May I give you this little tract to read?" was said to a fellow-traveler in the street-car one morning—"No! I have no time for such things," was the evasive reply.—"Ah, but eternity is long," was the sad answer to this refusal. Just think of it—no time to read a booklet or think about eternity!—and (unless brought to repentance now) an eternity to bewail the folly of pleading, "No time for such things."

Ah, reader, the word of God declares that "where the tree falleth, there it shall be" (Eccles. 11: 3), and the time is coming when the word of the Eternal shall come forth: "He that is unjust, *let him be unjust still*; and he which is filthy, *let him be filthy still*" (Rev. 22:11), for the time of repentance and of forgiveness shall have passed away.

Yes, "it is appointed unto men once to die, and *after this* the judgment." It is an appointment to

which man must submit; an appointment which neither wealth, nor science, nor power, nor anything of man can put off or cancel.

“Death comes in with reckless footsteps
To the hall and hut,
Think you it will tarry knocking
When the door is shut?”

We read in the Gospel of a rich man whose farms yielded so abundantly that he was at a loss where to put his overflowing harvests. So he thought—not of God to be thanked, nor of death or preparing for the life to come, nor of the poor about him—but, said he, “I will pull down my barns and build greater ones; and I will say to my soul, Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years; take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry.” Is not this a true picture of prosperous men to-day, who look forward to rolling along in pleasure, but have “no time” to think about dying? But then God speaks: He says, “Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee: then whose shall those things be which thou hast provided?” And the Lord adds, “So is he that layeth up treasure for himself, and is not rich toward God.” Ah, yes, time for planning, time for greater business, time for pleasure, but no time for eternal concerns!

Of all the men that lived before the flood,

nearly a thousand years each, eight times over we read, "*And he died*"—all except one, Enoch, who "walked with God, and he was not [found], for God took him" (Gen. 5: 24). This eight times repeated, "*And he died,*" is no doubt meant to enforce the fact that however long the life of sinful man may be, there is a terminus of God's appointment: "*He lived. . . he died*"—"Prepare to meet thy God."

One morning, recently, in entering my place of business I was asked, "Have you heard that Mr. B—— has suddenly died?" The day before Mr. B—— was in perfect health; the next day he was gone—"he died," he had passed out of this transient life into the unending one! More people of my acquaintance have died in the last few months than in any previous period that I can remember. In some cases, it was a joy to think of them as at home with Christ their Saviour. In others it was sad to think of their passing on to the life beyond without Christ, without God and without the Christian's blessed hope.

Yet none need die without this blessed and sure hope, for God Himself entreats a sinful people with these words: "Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be made as white as snow, though they be red like crimson, they shall be as

wool. If ye be willing and obedient, ye shall eat the good of the land; but if ye refuse and rebel, ye shall be devoured with the sword: for the mouth of Jehovah hath spoken it" (Isa. 1: 18-20). This was addressed to Israel; but to us, since Christ has died to make atonement for sin, and is risen again, and glorified in heaven, we are addressed in these words, "To as many as receive Him (Jesus, the Saviour) to them He gives power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on His name" (John 1: 12): and it is added, "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). Of His own goodness and love to us, God has provided a Saviour, Jesus our Lord, who has by His death upon the cross made full provision for the salvation of all that receive Him, so that

None need be lost!

All may be saved!

Has my reader confessed himself to God as a transgressor, and received Christ to his heart as the Saviour—the only Saviour—of sinners?

"God commendeth *His* love toward us, in that while we were yet sinners Christ died for us" (Rom. 5: 8). What a Saviour! How shall we

escape God's awful judgment if we *neglect*, and worse still, if we *despise*, so great a salvation!

F.

THE USE OF A TELESCOPE

Who is so silly as to buy a telescope to look at it, instead of through it to the distant object we desire to see? Yet this is the strange mistake made by many as to faith, in regard to salvation. They look *at their faith* instead of at the Saviour. They are occupied with faith as if *it* had virtue in itself—as if *it* were to be their Saviour! What a blunder! The telescope does not contain the object to be seen, but only looks at it. So faith looks not to itself, but to the Saviour.

Faith, or trust (which is the same thing as faith) has no value of itself. Persons often trust, have faith in, what is untrue, or unreal, and are deceived. It is the person in whom you trust, or have faith in, that is all-important. Put your trust in Jesus, my reader. *He* will not disappoint nor deceive you. You will find Him true to His Word: He is our God-sent Saviour; and He said, "*Him that cometh to Me, I will in no wise cast out*" (John 6: 37).

“Why was I so Unbelieving?”

Mr. H—— in early life was a locomotive engineer; later he moved to a ranch in western Kansas where he lived until his exit from the world a few weeks ago. About two years before, an insidious disease, which baffled the doctors, laid its fatal hand upon him, and when remedies failed to arrest its progress hope of recovery was all but gone.

When well and strong Mr. H—— treated the things of God with cold indifference—not infrequently sarcastically. When his face looked rather unkempt, and his wife would remind him that he needed a shave, he would answer, “I’ll leave that for the undertaker,” which shows the stolid indifference and bravado that characterized him.

From the first, the prospect of soon facing death seemed but to increase his indifference as to all that lay before him. Instead of being softened, he was hardened, and tried to fortify himself against the thought of God and a future state. He borrowed books from his unbelieving neighbors on infidelity and atheism, devouring them with an eagerness that made Christian friends who visited him shudder. Several times after the disease had marked him for dissolution, Bible-loving neighbors

gave him pointed gospel papers, and sought to impress him with his condition before God, and how terrible it would be to depart this life without a change of attitude toward Him: but all efforts seemed unavailing. The enemy, to all appearance, held him steady in the very trench of death.

Death was slowly creeping on, for days reaching for the remaining cords that held him to time. The last three days, some of God's children who took a special interest in his spiritual welfare were in constant attendance upon him. The last few hours it could almost be said he was in neither world, and yet in a certain sense in both; at least he was near enough to the other to see and to know what he had never seen and known before. This is undeniably proven by what he said. In his mutterings he would say (and yet his utterances were distinct), “Oh if I could sleep in peace—sleep in peace!—in safety—in safety!—*Why was I so unbelieving?*”

Hearing this, and knowing that he was almost beyond the power of speech, a Christian bowing over him said, “Fred, is there something you want to say?” After some moments he answered, “Oh yes—yes—yes—yes”—but the power of articulation was gone. Shortly after the spirit took its flight—but where? We do not presume to say, He had heard enough *gospel* to save a nation, if

believed. We can only hope that in his last moments he committed himself to Christ in the simplicity of that faith that takes Him as an all-sufficient Saviour, "While the lamp of life holds out the vilest sinner may return" is a common saying.

The testimony of those present is, "We know what was passing through his mind at the last." But they could only judge by what he said. His startling question, "*Why was I so unbelieving?*" extorted from his lips in that telling moment was so unlike the former Mr. H—— that it seemed a mental revolution was produced by some spiritual revelation.

Like Prof. Pollus, the noted German philosopher and atheist, Mr. H—— was not permitted to die without giving a most solemn warning. So grounded was Prof. Pollus in his atheism that when dying he was going to give his like-minded friends a thrill of proof to confirm them in their disbelief in a future state. Calling them about him, he said, among other things in his last rational moments, "I want to show you how an atheist can die. This is what is called the process of dissolution." He then lapsed into a state of unconsciousness, and remained long enough in that condition to cause the watchers to expect no further words from his lips. Suddenly, his face

assumed an awful look of consternation; his eyes transfixed with fear, and with hands wildly reaching aloft, exclaimed in vehement tones, "*There IS another life! There IS another life!*" and then swooned away in death. No atheism can survive the realities of death, but not all are compelled in the crossing, as were these men, to leave the testimony of an existence beyond.

Friend, what is passing through *your* mind? We do not know for we cannot hear you speak, and if we could we might yet not know, for you might speak deceptively; but you would not speak deceiving words on your *death-bed*. Neither did *these men*. Death makes all intensely real. But we know that, if possible, Satan would fill your mind with delusion and cause you to bolt your heart against the kindness and love of God, blind you to eternal blessing, and cause you to be your own worst enemy. God says, "He that sinneth against Me wrongeth his own soul" (Prov. 8: 36). Sin against Him no longer, I beseech you, by rejecting His Word, despising His grace, and refusing His SON as your Saviour.

"*Blessed* are all they that put their *trust* in *HIM*" (Ps. 2: 12).

"*Believe* on the Lord Jesus Christ, and *thou shalt be saved*" (Acts 16: 31).

C. C. CROWSTON.

The Sailor's Sermon

Or, WHAT FAITH IS NOT

IN a Journal concerning his Residence in the Sandwich Islands, Mr. Stewart relates the conversion of one of the sailors in the ship which carried him from America to the Islands. Having been brought to trust in Christ for his salvation, this sailor was seeking to direct another who was inquiring the way to be saved.

“It was just so with myself,” he said: “I did not know what faith was, or how to obtain it; but now I know, and possess it. I may not be able to tell you just *what* it is, or how to get it, but I can tell you what it is *not*. It is not knocking off swearing and drinking, and such like; it is not just reading the Bible and praying, nor being good: it is none of these; for even if they would answer from now on, there is the old score still, and how are you to get clear of *that*? for God says ‘He requireth that which is past.’ It is not anything we have done or can do; but trusting to what *Christ has done*. It is just confessing our sins, and looking to Him for their pardon because He died and shed His blood for them.”

“The most learned divine” says Mr. Stewart, “could not have given a more simple or scriptural exposition of this most important subject, or one better adapted to carry conviction to the heart. The simplest terms are the most difficult of explanation, while the expressions of genuine piety find a ready response in every awakened mind.”

It is almost as important to know what faith and conversion are *not* as to be able to express what they *are*. Many to-day (and that not among ignorant sailors, either) seem not to know that reformation in life, forsaking bad habits, practising religious exercises, etc., are *not* what God or the gospel demand. No! but it is to believe in Christ, to trust His completed work of atonement on the cross, to look to Him alone for pardon and eternal life. “And it is nothing else,” as the newly converted sailor truly told his companion.

This believe and thou shalt live, my reader.

C. K.

“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).

Whither Bound?

A FRIEND confided to me that in his youth he was utterly indifferent as to God's word and his future, till one day a young Irish preacher came to the town where he lived, and in the course of his preaching repeatedly urged upon his hearers the question:

“WHITHER BOUND” ARE YOU?

So insistent was he in this, that the question fastened itself upon my friend's mind; nor could he shake it off until he honestly opened his heart to the Saviour of sinners. To you also, my reader, let me ask — and do consider it well — WHITHER ARE YOU BOUND?

For the devil so manages to fill people's daily life, not only with lawful pursuits, but especially with pleasures and various ambitious aims, so engrossing many as to leave no time nor inclination to consider the end thereof and the eternity beyond. It often requires, therefore, some intervention of sore disappointments, or sorrow, or physical affliction to awaken the soul to the eternal issues of this life. Is it not too short, and death too near, to leave the most important question unsettled—“*Whither am I bound?*”

And how common it is, when death has come, for survivors to put forth every effort to hide the solemn reality of death—dress it up with a pro-

fusion of flowers and eulogies of the dead, or with flowery speeches that mean nothing except to hide the solemn realities of sin before God, which makes death the dread enemy that it is! A friend told me of a very wicked man's funeral: a beautiful little sheaf of wheat was placed in his hand, and as wheat is the emblem of children of God, they put down this man in his grave with a lie in his right hand!

O friend, be honest before God, and ask yourself, "*Whither am I bound?*"

I have recently spoken at ten funerals (some weeks apart) in the same house. In one case it was a joy to say with confidence that the dear Christian woman whose body remained with us, was now in soul and spirit "at home *with the Lord*." In sad contrast to this was the funeral of an ungodly man who had gone on in sin, and finally, in one of his debauches, had taken his own life.—No joy, no comfort here, but the terrible outlook of an eternal separation from God as the self-chosen prospect of the ungodly, who say to God, "We will have none of Thy counsels."

None of us know what a day may bring forth. How often life comes to an unexpected end! Even to-day you may be called away from this world.—Then what?

Last summer, at a funeral which I attended, the

speaker dwelt upon the fact that it is not the physical pain of dying that is feared so much as what comes after death, for “It is appointed unto men once to die, *and after this the judgment*” (Heb. 9: 27). Every man has, in his own conscience at least, some realization that he must answer to God for his sins, as it is written in the Book of Truth, “As I live, saith the Lord, every knee shall bow to Me, and every tongue shall confess to God. So then every one of us shall give account of himself to God” (Rom. 14: 11, 12).

But, note it well, God does not take pleasure in the death of the sinner. Nay, He pleads with him to turn from his evil ways and live; and whosoever turns sincerely to God in confession of sin will find mercy. Indeed, the very God against whom we have sinned, has Himself provided a Saviour! In wonderful grace He has given *His own Son*—sent *Him* here to become through His death the Saviour of all them that put their trust in Him. “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).

Every faithful preacher of the gospel warns of the judgment to come, and entreats men to come to the Saviour to receive forgiveness of sins. To Him, dear reader, we affectionately invite you.

F. L. F.

An Itemized Account

A DOCTOR once sued his patient for refusing to pay his fees. Payment had been refused because the doctor would not give a detailed account of the number of visits. The case was soon settled; judgment being given for the defendant.

Passing out of court the doctor said to the judge, "It is an unjust judgment, and you will have to render account some day."

"Yes," said the judge, "and an itemized account."

This brings before me a verse in Romans 14: 12, "Every one of us shall give account of himself to God." Think, my reader, what this means. The Great White Throne will be a place where those who appear there "shall give account to God" concerning their whole life.

Now let me ask you to go back as far as your memory serves and trace the windings of your sinful life. The sins of childhood, youth, middle age! Sins that lie covered up in your bosom, known to none but yourself and God. There are sins that you would blush to have known by your very dearest friend. We should not like it to

be thought that we are as bad as we are. Come now, tell me, would you like to give account of them to God? Would you like to meet Him this day, and look into His sin-abhorring eye and render account for all that is past? No one can deny that the sentence would go against us. That long account of our sin would rise up and condemn us. The awakened conscience would add its amen to the just sentence, "Depart from Me, ye that work iniquity."

But if you are awakened to a sense of your guilt, I rejoice to say that I have most blessed news for you. I can tell you of a Substitute, One who was great and good—great enough to render a just account to God. The dark death sentence of sin He took upon Himself. That holy, sinless Saviour went to Calvary; upon His spotless person came the judgment of God. "He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon Him; and with his stripes we are healed." This glorious message is preached for your acceptance and comfort. God sends it to you. He tells you Christ died for the ungodly.

You have not a word of excuse. Your only hope is in a frank confession—"guilty before God" (Rom. 3). Placing yourself in His

hands of sovereign mercy, He will gladly pardon; He will frankly and freely forgive. As far as the east is from the west, so far will He remove your transgressions (Ps. 103:12). Will you then accept in simple faith the work Christ Jesus did for you? You must surely know that no good deeds of yours can possibly remove your sins. No promise of amendment can blot out the account of the past life. All is naked and open before the eyes of Him with whom we have to do.

If you were a tradesman, and had failed in business, and were about to appear in the bankruptcy court, and some kind friend offered to meet your debts and settle every outstanding account, what would you do with such an offer? Why, of course you would gratefully accept it, and thank him for it. Oh, that even now as you stand, a poor bankrupt sinner with nothing to pay, you would accept what the Lord rendered in His death. Do now accept it and thank Him for it. He would assure your heart with precious words like these, "God, for Christ's sake, hath forgiven you" (Eph. 4:32). J. H. L.

The Uncertainty of Life

THE following dispatch from Christchurch, New Zealand, was recently printed in a newspaper:

“Bobby Leach, who achieved fame when he went over Niagara Falls in a barrel, died to-day of injuries received in slipping on an orange peel. Leach, who made the perilous journey over the falls without receiving a scratch, broke his leg when he slipped on the orange peel. Complications set in, following an amputation, causing death.”

The preservation or continuance of our natural life often seems, and by some is treated, as a gamble. But if we could see with the eyes of Omniscience, we would be compelled to say, “There is but a step between my soul and death.” We may be most exposed to danger when we think ourselves most secure. We may pass unscathed what we thought to be the gauntlet, and be taken off by a trifle as light as a slip on the sidewalk.

Bobby Leach was the second person to go over the falls and live. He made the trip July 25, 1911, going over the Niagara Horseshoe Falls, 158 feet, when he was forty-nine years old. Fifteen years later he met his death in the antipodes, in a way least expected. His case

is only one of many thousands recorded, with more untold. An officer, hero of a hundred fights, escapes the sword, only to die later from the scratch of an infected pin. A sea captain, who had weathered many a storm, and always reached port in safety, was found drowned in his bath tub at home. Ahab, a skulking king of Israel and husband of Jezebel, disguised himself in battle with the Syrians, and was brought down by a bow "shot at a venture" (1 Ki. 22).

The moral is plain, it needs no pointing: "Be prepared!" "Be ye reconciled to God." Your time may be short — much shorter than you dream or think. I had a neighbor, a robust looking man, scarcely past the prime of life. After dinner, lately, he toppled over on the couch and when the doctor arrived he was gone!

Gone, but where? Into eternity; that is certain: and more than this it is not for mortal man to say. Not that nothing is known beyond the grave: indeed, we could know nothing beyond this life without the Bible, but, in His book, God has told us of a world beyond — two in fact, one of endless bliss and another of endless woe. The one, commonly called heaven, is peopled with angels, made and preserved holy from their creation; and with men, once sinners, but redeemed from guilt by the blood of the spot-

less Lamb of God, slain on Calvary. The other, known as hell, is the destined and eternal abode of wicked demons, the fallen angels; and of men who die unreconciled to God, unpardoned, because they will not come to Christ for cleansing from sin.

There is no denying this; it is made as plain in Scripture as words can make it. And however much professing Christians may lack faith and disagree as to many details, one thing they hold in common: There is a future life, and all do not go to one place. So, be your religion what it may, go you to mass or sermon, or nowhere at all, you are bound to believe that death does not end all. You cannot persuade yourself that earth is everything, and that existence ends for man (made in the image of God) at the termination of his brief existence here.

Be prepared, then, I repeat; take no chances; lay yourself out to know the truth of these matters, before the unseen reaper takes you off and all opportunities to rectify mistakes are gone for ever. *Only Christ* can save; *God only* can forgive your sin; and the *Bible alone* is the authority in these matters of life and death, of heaven and hell, of salvation or damnation. Be wise, then, and "prepare to meet thy God!" C. K.

HE CALLS UNTO THEE

As a Stranger unregarded
God thy Saviour stands;
See His eyes of love's compassion,
See His feet and hands.

'It is I," He says—"behold Me
Walking on the sea
Of thy turmoil and thy sorrow,
Sinner, COME TO ME."

Amid thy songs and thy laughter,
He sees thy heart's despair —
Told in idle words and mocking,
Yet untold in prayer!

Which wilt thou?—the fading tinsel
And the withering rose,
And the glittering spring whence
Bitter water flows.

Or the gold once tried in fire
When in darkness dread
Jesus bare the curse and judgment—
Smitten in thy stead?

O come to the Living Waters,
And God's unfailing Tree;
Fruit for meat and leaves for healing—
A banquet spread for thee.

And those streams of purest waters—
Waters, of love divine—
Sweet, pure, and forever flowing,
Say!—shall this be thine?

—FRANCES BEVAN.

“God Commandeth”

A MESSAGE has been sent by God to everybody—to the rich, to the poor; to the learned, to the illiterate; to men, to women, to children—to ALL. God has sent a message to YOU.

He is going to judge this world in righteousness by His Son, the Lord Jesus Christ—the despised Jesus of Nazareth, who was rejected and put to death by man, but who has been raised from the dead by God.

But before this day of judgment comes God has sent this message so that we may have to do with Him now in the day of grace as a *Saviour-God*, and never have to meet Him as a Judge in the day of judgment.

The message is simple and can be easily understood by all, though it is to be feared that the majority to-day are practically indifferent to it, and with some it is positively and wilfully ignored.

It is not addressed to any particular nation, nor to any distinct class of persons, but, as we have said, it is sent to all. Let us quote it:

“God now commandeth all men everywhere to repent” (Acts 17:30).

Note; it is to all men, everywhere!

There is no country, no town, no village that is not included in “everywhere;” and there is no

man, no woman, no child who is not included in “ALL.”

You, my reader, are included. Have you repented? Judgment is God’s strange work. He desires that all should be saved, and hence has opened a door, so to speak—a door of repentance — by which we may return to Him. In longsuffering mercy that door is still open for you; but mark! there is no repentance the other side of the grave: death shuts that door for ever.

The passage in which we read the message goes on to explain why such a command is given. We are sinners, every one of us, and hence are called upon to repent; for, as the verse reads:

“He hath appointed a day, in the which He will judge the world in righteousness by that man whom He hath ordained” (Acts 17).

To-day is the day of salvation, and it is now that God enjoins us to repent, for He is not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance.

But this is not all. Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, and it was when we were yet sinners that Christ died for us. How simple and beautiful this is! We are sinners; and hence “repentance towards God” is necessary — it is the open door through which I may return to God.

Christ is the Saviour of sinners, He is the only One who can meet my need; hence my faith may rest in Him; there must be "faith in our Lord Jesus Christ."

Would you not like to turn your back on the past for ever—the past, with its failure, its weakness and its sins? You may do so. You may repent. And not only so but God, too, will act in like manner, for He will remember your sins no more, He will cast them, as it were, behind His back for ever (Isa. 38: 17; Heb. 10: 17).

Repentance is not reformation. Many have tried to turn their back on the past, to "turn over a new leaf," as folks say. But the past remains just what it ever was—the black leaves of our life's book are just as they ever were. This does not meet the case. Our consciences are not put at rest like this. A reformed future cannot undo a sinful past.

Repentance is turning to God about the past and owning our sinfulness to Him.

God does not tell us to blot out the past by a better future. He tells us of His way of salvation—He points us to Christ.

Our faith cannot rest on anything in ourselves or on anything that we can do. If it does, we may well have doubts as to our safety. But it can rest wholly on Christ. He is both necessary and enough.

M. W. B.

Does Infidelity Satisfy?

IN these days of so much infidelity, it is well to know what its votaries have to offer in the way of comfort and certainty as to the future.

Dr. E—— in his eulogy of Colonel Ingersoll said:

“He added to the sum of human joy; and were every one to whom he did some act of kindness to bring a blossom to his grave, he would sleep to-night beneath a wilderness of flowers. Life is a narrow vale to look beyond the heights. *We cry aloud, and the only answer is the echo of our wailing cry.* From the voiceless lips of the unreplying dead there comes no word; but in the night of death, hope sees a star, and listening love can hear the rustle of a wing.

He who sleeps here, when dying, mistaking the approach of death for the return of health, whispered, ‘I am better now.’ Let us believe, in spite of *doubts* and *dogmas*, of fears and tears, that these dear words are true of all the countless dead.”

Flowery language, truly; but how destitute of solid comfort! The life of Ingersoll might have been all that the Dr. claimed; yet, if those whose lives were poisoned and hopes blasted by his God-dishonoring teachings could rise from their graves, what a wail of anguish and bitter cursing would rise to the sky!

His body might have been beneath a “wilderness of flowers” but we ask, What of the soul? “*Life is a narrow vale to look beyond the heights!*” So, after all, the Dr. recognizes there is something beyond this present life. How important then to have something more than the “torch of human reason” to light our way.

How pathetic are the Dr.'s worlds: "*We cry aloud, and the only answer is the echo of our own wailing cry.*" It bespeaks the impotency and despair man is shut up to where revelation is denied! It reminds one of the words of the poet, describing man as,

"An infant crying in the night,
And with no language but a cry."

Is this the recompense infidelity offers in exchange for divine revelation—for the "We know" of the unerring Word? (2 Cor. 5: 1). This surely is a frail bark in which to put out on a shoreless sea! And the Dr. tells us: "*From the voiceless lips of the unreplying dead there comes no word.*" True indeed as to his fellow-unbelievers, for none can pass over that fixed gulf (Luke 15) to tell the horror of their gloom.

"COME," "GONE," "FORGOTTEN,"

are the words of the Preacher (Eccl. 8: 10) as to the wicked dead. From the precincts of hell there "comes no word," all is wrapt in eternal silence; living or dead the followers of Ingersoll are "without hope."

Yet the Dr. continues: "*But in the night of death hope sees a star, and listening love can discern the rustle of a wing.*" Is this a mere poetic flight? or shall we ask the Dr. and his fellows, "What star?" "What wing?"—their lips would be as unreplying as the "unreplying dead." What miserable vaporings! What utter absence of comfort, yea worse—the *language of despair!*

Yet he hoped that Ingersoll's words, "I am better now" in spite of "doubt and dogmas" are true of all the departed!

Reader! are you willing to risk your *all*, by trusting the "torch of reason," and thus pass out to the great beyond in the gloom and uncertainty of a godless

night? Infinitely better is the position of the most simple believer in revelation. With such, all is divine *certainty* since Christ has brought "life and incorruptibility to light through the gospel." I ask you which is better, the uncertainty and comfortless doubts of infidelity, or the reassuring and comforting words of Scripture, "Fear not, I am the first and the last, I am He that liveth and was dead, and behold I am alive for evermore, and have the keys of hell and of death?" (Rev. 1: 17, 18).

These are the words of Him who once was *dead* for our sake, but is alive for evermore, and from whose lips springs eternal hope bringing certainty and comfort to those who believe His gracious words.

All that God is, has been fully declared by Him—the Father's love-gift to the world—who died the Just for the unjust to bring us to God. His resurrection from among the dead assures to those who receive Him a glorious future, a "path of life," with "fulness of joy" eternally. How blessed the portion of the believer who, dying in faith, is at once "present with the Lord." What comfort, as we stand beside the open grave with tear-dimmed eyes and sorrowing hearts, to hear the words of healing balm: "As we have borne the image of the earthy we shall also bear the image of the heavenly. . . . we shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump: for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed. . . . Then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, DEATH IS SWALLOWED UP IN VICTORY" (1 Cor. 15: 49-54).

And not alone in the hour of departure does Christ give peace and satisfy the human heart. Amid the various exercises, trials, and sorrows, we are all familiar with, the love of Christ sustains, so that a Paul could

say "For me to live is Christ," when manacled in a Roman prison, and in daily expectation of a violent death.

Compare this lofty utterance, dear reader, with the words of Lord Byron, once courted and flattered by the world, but left at last to die in poverty,

"Count all the joys thine hours have seen,
Count all thy days from anguish free,
Then know, whatever thou hast been,
'Twere something better not to be.'"

And this from one who said he "awoke one morning" to find himself "famous over-night!"

After a mis-spent life, dying in retirement, forgotten and unloved, he wrote:

"My days are in the yellow leaf—
The flowers, the fruits of love are gone;
The worm, the canker and the grief,
Are mine alone.
The fire that on my bosom preys,
Is lone, as some volcanic isle;
No torch is lighted at its blaze—
A funeral pile."

What terrible monitors are an accusing conscience and a disappointed heart! How empty after all, are the world's honors, how fickle its favors!

Take another comparison. In the memoirs of Louis Henri, Conte de Brienne, he gives an incident of Cardinal Mazarin's farewell to his possessions. He says: "I was walking in the new apartments of his palace, and recognized the approach of Cardinal Mazarin by his slippered feet, which he dragged one after the other as a man enfeebled by a mortal malady. I concealed myself in the tapestry, and heard him say, '*Il faut quitter tout cela*' (I must leave all that). He

stopped at every step, for he was very feeble, and casting his eye on each object that attracted his attention, he sighed as from the bottom of his heart: 'I must leave it all'; 'What pains I have taken to acquire all these things;' 'Can I leave them without regret? I shall never see them more, where I am about to go' "

Such, dear reader, is the character of man's world. How inadequate to fill and satisfy man's heart made to find his true joy and happiness in God. The words of the Preacher are surely well spoken: "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity" (Eccles. 1: 2). After he had tried the world in every form, Solomon's verdict was: "Vanity and vexation of spirit."

But, our blessed Saviour has said: "Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, *and I will give you rest*" (Matt. 11: 28), and to a woman, wearied with a false world, He said: "Whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again: but whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him shall be in him, a well of water springing up into everlasting life" (John 4: 13, 14). Here the thirsting heart can rest, and drink of the streams of grace which *fully satisfy*.

"Thousands have fled to His spear-pierced side;
Welcome they all have been, none were denied,
Weary and laden, they all have been blessed;
Joyfully now in the Saviour they rest."

Reader, have you "fled to Christ for refuge?" If not, why not TO-DAY?

J. W. H. N.

“Who Among Us?”

IT was a bright May morning, the skies were clear, the birds singing joyously, while from the sidewalk below floated up the sound of merry childish voices. Seemingly every one was happy, and nothing was wrong on this beautiful earth provided for our dwelling by the loving hand of our Creator. Let me tell you, however, why my thoughts were sad.

Earlier in the day, a pedlar trying to sell some fancy goods, laughingly said, “We need cheerful things here, as we shall be a *long time* dead.” And this was echoed by a woman who specially enjoyed a luxurious table, exclaiming, “Something good to eat! It’s all there is in life for me, and I intend to have it.”

Just think of it!—bright-colored apparel, and the best you can have to eat, is what life means for some! These utterances sound like echoes from pagan climes. An ancient Greek maiden might have spoken similar words as she bound her ringlets with flowers to join her companions in the dance. So might a citizen of ancient Rome have talked, while gorging himself at some luxurious banquet. But for the land of open Bibles—ah me!

Twentieth century illustrations are in Eccles. 8: 15 : “Then I commended mirth, because a man hath no better thing under the sun, than to eat, and to drink and to be merry.” All this would be brutish enough if there were nothing beyond the grave, and death were indeed an eternal sleep; but to us who profess to believe God’s Word and its solemn injunction: “After death, the judgment,” it is dreadful in the extreme to think of those who are going so carelessly on, making no preparation for the hereafter. Provision for *time* is eager enough. Real estate is sharply bargained for; loan associations and insurance companies are well patronized; good investments are sought on every hand, yet these all perish with the using. Some day—how soon, only God knows—the proud possessor of houses, lands, bank stock, etc., must leave them all to enter “that bourn from which no traveler returns.”

“How much did he leave?” someone inquired concerning a neighbor who had just died.

“He left *everything*,” was the solemn reply.

“For we brought nothing into this world, and it is certain that we can carry nothing out” (1 Tim. 6: 7).

Several years ago I used to meet daily at a boarding-house an elderly gentleman of consider-

able experience in business and social circles. He was well-to-do, intelligent, and a rather interesting talker, but an unbeliever. Bitter were his words when he referred to “religion;” in fact he scoffed at anything pertaining to heaven or immortality, declaring he “did not intend to die.”

Well, the Lord bore with him for many years. He was not cut off prematurely. He who spoke such kindly words even of wicked Ahab, “Seest thou how Ahab humbleth himself before Me? Because he humbleth himself before Me, I will not bring the evil in his days,” this same gracious One gave every possible chance to this gentleman for repentance; but, alas for the poor misguided man, never with all his wealth found he the true riches, nor to all his knowledge added that “fear of the Lord which is the beginning of wisdom” (Prov. 9: 10).

One day he was suddenly stricken. He lived a few hours, unable to utter an articulate word, though seemingly in great agony of body, and perhaps of mind also. A Christian friend of mine who was present, seeking to help the poor distracted wife, said, “It was a terrible experience this watching a lost soul pass out into the utter darkness.”

How is it with you, my reader? Suppose the summons came for *you* to-day: would it mean

heaven or hell? Oh, think of it—not for a day, a year, a century, but *forever!*

Just a word more, to which, in the light of death, of the judgment, and of eternity, I beseech you to listen: Did you ever notice this verse in Isaiah 33: 14? Let me quote it in full:

"The sinners in Zion are afraid; fearfulness hath surprised the hypocrites. Who among us shall dwell with the devouring fire? Who among us shall dwell with everlasting burnings?"

Can you in any volume, ancient or modern, find aught more solemn? Look over any list of sentences—interrogative, imperative, exclamatory—is there one more soul-searching, more awful?—"Who among us shall dwell with everlasting burnings?" WHO?—will it be *you?*

"To die in thy sins!

Hast thou counted the cost?

To die in thy sins

And thy soul to be lost?"

But remember, if you are eternally lost, it is because you *choose* darkness rather than light. Our Lord Jesus Himself said, "Ye will not come to Me, that ye might have life."

If all the rest of the Bible were destroyed, there is one beautiful text sufficient to rest your

soul upon for time and eternity. Attend carefully to its sweet message:

“For God so loved the world, that He gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life” (John 3:16).

Cast yourself upon Him, the spotless Sin-Bearer, and you will secure peace and happiness here, and glory hereafter.

I cannot refrain from one more word in passing. *Christian* reader, are you living up to your *responsibility*? Are you, are we publishing abroad the glad tidings of salvation to a perishing world?

“Who among us shall dwell with everlasting burnings?” Oh, may it not be your companion, your friend, your associate, to whom you failed to introduce your Saviour, and *their* Saviour if they will but open their heart to Him?

C. G. ATKINSON.

“Be There”

AT the time of writing this article the city of G—— is all alive with the rush and excitement of a County Fair. While great preparations were being made for this annual occurrence, canvas-

covered autos were driven through the streets bearing striking advertisements and with two words in commanding plainness following — “BE THERE.” Not only were the words large and striking, but they seemed to command every one who saw them to be there. I thought, How much more important, and in keeping with man’s transient existence here, if those sheets of canvas had upon them the word HEAVEN with the following words of advice or command — “BE THERE.” But, alas, it does seem that few in this pleasure loving age care to be there. It is a day when man’s little things are counted big, and God’s great things are counted little. Yea, worse: in man’s estimation earth’s business, pleasure and bubbles are *everything*, and heaven’s everlasting realities, glories and joys are as *nothing*!

Reader, *where* will YOU be in a hundred years? One thing is certain—you’ll not be here. But why should my question have such a wide margin when the grass upon your grave *may* be green within six months?

Friend, let the gravity of your very uncertain and short existence here, and the certainty of your everlasting abiding in the life beyond, hasten you to obtain the assurance that when your life is done, you will be where only the redeemed go — to

heaven. Remember, *trusting Christ* and going to *heaven* are inseparably linked together.

Trust Christ, and you'll be there—
Where sorrows are unknown.
You'll see His face, who bore your sins
As though they were His own.

Trust Christ, and you'll not be
For hell's dark region bound,
But in your ears the welcome note
Of "*pardon*" shall resound.

Trust Christ, and you shall be
On that glad path of light
That terminates where glories roll
In oceans of delight.

Trust Christ, and all is well,
For time and endless years.
Receive Him now, and be no more
Possessed with judgment-fears.

Trust Christ, and you shall be
Of God a child and heir,
And through the roll of ceaseless years
His glory you shall share.

Trust Christ, and you shall be
Of God a king and priest—
Your privilege to serve Him here,
And there with Him to feast.



“And Jesus Said”

The following were personal experiences of Mr. J. N. Darby, and related by himself.

I REMEMBER a case in Ireland where a Testament had been torn up and the leaves thrown to the winds; a poor man found one of the leaves and picked it up. He could read, and on the leaf he had picked up he read, “And Jesus said;” again, “And Jesus answered and said;” then a third time, “And Jesus said,” and so on. He said to himself, What! has the blessed Lord said so many things and I did not know them? Struck by these simple but solemn words, “Jesus said,” he soon went off to the neighboring town and bought a Testament, believed what Jesus said, was converted, and was happy in knowing the Saviour as his very own Saviour. But you say, How did he know it was true that Jesus said these things? Well, God guides the humble, simple soul. Jesus said it, and His word had power over his soul by grace.

As I have related to you one history, I will tell you another. I was in a cabin in Ireland where I was known, and began speaking to the brother-in-law of the man of the house about Scripture. His niece, a young woman who was present, said, “But they tell me, sir, *that* is a bad book, and that the devil wrote it.” She was very ignorant, and

could not read. I said, “That is a shocking blasphemy. But I will not reason with you, but will read you a bit, and you shall tell me yourself if the devil wrote it.” I read to her what are called the Beatitudes in the 5th chapter of Matthew:

“And He opened his mouth, and taught them, saying, Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

“Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted.

“Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth.

“Blessed are they that do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled.

“Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy.

“Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.

“Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God.

“Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness’ sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

“Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake. Rejoice, and be exceeding glad: for great is your reward in heaven: for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you.”

I then said, “Well, what do you think? Did the devil write that?” “No, sir!” she answered, “the devil never wrote that; that came from none but the mouth of God.” The word of God had laid hold of her; she lived and died most happy,

dying three years after of a fever in a hospital. That is, the word of God proves its own truth and power to the soul.

J. N. DARBY.

Reader, are you one of that class, who knowing little or nothing of what is written in the Scriptures, belittle, or worse, speak evil of them? The apostle Peter speaks of such in these words: “But these . . . speak evil of the things that they understand not; and shall utterly perish in their own corruption” (2 Pet. 2: 12).

This judgment did not fall on the unlettered Irish girl because she did it ignorantly. She was honest; for when she heard the Word for herself, her prejudices melted, and her heart submitted to “the word of truth,” spoken by Him who was Himself “the Truth” (John 14: 6). The result was that she was saved by it and entered into “joy and peace in believing,” and died triumphant in the faith of the truth of the gospel.

Are you as honest as she, my reader? Surely, in a land of schools like this you cannot be as unlettered, though you may still be as ignorant of God, or more so. For true wisdom does not consist in knowing English, mathematics, physics, or any or all of what men call education: “The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom,” the Book of truth tells us. And if this fear once

takes possession of your soul, it will stop all cavils and questionings against the Bible; and you will be in the sure way of knowing and understanding that gospel which “is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth” (Rom. 1:16).

C. KNAPP.

“Is that It?”

Or, WHAT MUST THE SINNER BELIEVE?

YEARS ago, in the State of New York, a servant of Christ was asked to visit a young lady on the brink of the grave. “I inquired of her,” he says, “‘Do you not feel that you are a great sinner before God?’ Bursting into a flood of tears and raising her attenuated hands, she cried, ‘Oh! yes, that is what pains me. Oh, I have been *such* a sinner, and God has been so good to me—Christ so good, and I have sinned so much!’

“Being satisfied that she was sincerely penitent for sin, I spoke of the atonement of Christ—its necessity and nature, and asked her if she could see into that plan to save, that there was room for her. ‘No, not for me; I am *such* a sinner,’ she said; and a fresh flood of tears attested the sincerity of her confession. Then I told her of the love of Jesus, and besought her to believe in His

love and sacrifice for us, sinners. Still she could not trust herself in His hands.

“Making another effort, I said, ‘Perhaps you do not understand precisely what you are to believe. You say that you think that Christ is willing to save to the uttermost all that come unto God by Him, repenting of their sins. You say that you repent. Now, trust with all your heart in the promises which He has made; believe that He is willing to save you.’

“A smile as from heaven played on her pale cheek, as she exclaimed, ‘Is that it?’ and casting herself upon Christ, she was filled with joy in believing. Lingered for many weeks afterwards, her faith never wavered; her views of God’s love and grace in salvation grew continually brighter; her confidence in God deeper and stronger; and when death approached, she welcomed it as a friend.”

How beautifully simple is the gospel-way of entering into peace! It is not one’s sincerity (though one must be sincere); it is not the sinner’s repentance (though he surely must repent); it is not in feelings (though one surely will feel, if truly convinced of sin); *it is simple faith in the Lord Jesus Christ*, believing that He died for, and saves, ME! Do this, reader, and you are saved.

C. K.

God's Righteousness in the Gospel

AN ADDRESS BY ALEX. H. STEWART.

QUESTIONS such as the following often arise in people's minds: Is there a God?—If so, how can I know about Him? Is there a law of right and wrong, and am I accounted by it a sinner? Is there a judgment to come?—how can I know? And if so, is there a way of escape from it? It will not do to shelve such questions when a solid answer to them is given in the first three chapters of the Epistle to the Romans.

First, then, IS THERE A GOD?

The whole realm of Nature is adduced in answer to this, as follows:

“For the invisible things of Him (of God) from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made, even his eternal power and Godhead; so that they (unbelieving sinners) are without excuse” (Rom. 1: 21).

Psalms 19 also bears witness thus:

“The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament sheweth his handywork. Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge. *There is no speech nor language, where their voice is not heard.*”

Creation proves there is a God who created the glorious heavens above and the marvelous earth

on which we tread. The fool can say in "his heart" that there is no God, but man can never say it from the intelligence which God has endowed him with. He can say it "in his heart," because "the heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked." That there is a God is proved "by the things that are made." This takes us back to Genesis 1 : 1 : "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth." "And God said, Let the earth bring forth the living creature after his kind, cattle and creeping thing, and beast of the earth after his kind: and it was so." And, as we know, everything reproduces "after its own kind." It never begets anything else. By cultivation or selection, plants and animals may be somewhat changed or improved for our purpose, but if left alone they soon return to their original creation. Thus all creation bears witness to God, the Creator of all things. It is the fool, therefore, who says, "There is no God."

The heathen makes an idol, then bows down to it. Has he any excuse for doing so? No! for he is worshiping what he himself has made. A man is certainly greater than the thing he makes, and when he bows down to an idol which he has made, he is worshiping himself. But when I behold God's creation, I am constrained to say, "O Lord my God, Thou art very great! When

I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which Thou hast ordained: What is man, that Thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that Thou visitest him?"

Second, IS THERE A LAW OF RIGHT AND WRONG?

I read Romans 2: 12-15:

"For as many as have sinned without law shall also perish without law: and as many as have sinned in the law shall be judged by the law; for not the hearers of the law are just before God, but the doers of the law shall be justified. For when the Gentiles, which have not the law, do by nature the things contained in the law, these, having not the law, are a law unto themselves: which show the work of the law written in their hearts."

Thus we see there is a double testimony to right and wrong—the *Law* given at Sinai, and *Conscience* which is in every human being. The law, detailed in the Ten Commandments, is summed up into two: *perfect love toward God*, and the same *toward man*.

Those nations that know not the law of God, have "a law unto themselves." Their conscience is a code of right and wrong to which God holds them responsible.

Third, AM I A SINNER?

We turn to Romans 3: 19, 20:

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“Now we know that what things soever the law saith, it saith to them who are under the law: that every mouth may be stopped, and all the world may become guilty before God. Therefore by the deeds of the law there shall no flesh be justified in his sight: for by the law is the knowledge of sin.”

Am *I* a sinner? Yes! Are *you* a sinner? Certainly; condemned by the law of God. It is of no use to measure ourselves with others when it is with God we have to do. While traveling recently I met an old gentleman who talked to me about real estate. I wanted to talk about his soul, but he wanted to talk about religion — about “faith, hope, charity,” with the emphasis on *charity*. He didn’t believe in slandering a man; he believed in giving the other fellow a square deal; but, notice, it was all about himself as a man among men. Whenever a man is confronted with his need of Christ, he immediately begins to measure himself with others.

The first and great commandment is, “Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind.” You never hear sinners talk about loving God like that. They talk about loving their neighbor, but the Lord Jesus said, “This is the first and great commandment.” Have you loved God with all your heart?—with all your soul?—with all your mind? Of course you haven’t! *Then you are*

a sinner before God! The apostle Paul says that "*by the law is the knowledge of sin.*" If you want to know the measure of your sin, come to God's law, and "your sin will find you out." The law is God's looking-glass to show us our defects. It is the "schoolmaster to bring us unto Christ." Thus the whole world is proved "guilty before God." That is what God's law is for: to discover to men that they are "guilty before God!" The very hardest thing is to find a man who will confess his guilt. Sinners generally hide behind something. God turns to you to-night, and you know you have not loved God or even your neighbor as yourself. He is looking for you to say, "I am verily guilty before God."

I was preaching in a town once where a man named Stewart was urged by a friend to attend, as he and I bore the same name. The back seats being full he had to sit near the front. I was pressing upon my hearers that whilst the whole world was declared guilty before God, He was looking for individuals that would admit their guilt. Suddenly this man, Stewart, sprang to his feet and cried, "I am one." When I returned later to the same town, Stewart was there, and said, "I never knew the law was given to prove me guilty, and am glad I found it out. Now I know that 'by the law is the knowledge of sin,'

and that we are justified before God, not by the law, but by faith in Christ, who died upon the cross to put our sins away."

That's it, my friends. Confess your sins to God, and He will pardon you. But if you try to justify yourself, God's law can only condemn you.

Fourth, IS THERE A JUDGMENT?

Romans 2: 15 reads as follows:

"The work of the law is written in their hearts; their conscience also bearing witness (and their thoughts the meanwhile accusing or else excusing one another) in the day when God shall judge the secrets of men by Jesus Christ, according to my gospel."

If you could open a man's heart and see its secrets, you would learn that you and I have a court-house inside of us. When you say, "According to my judgment," what does it mean? It means that you have had a session within you and have come to certain conclusions. *Reason* is the Judge. Your conscience *bears witness*. Your thoughts either accuse or excuse you—they are *the jury*. There is also what we call remorse—that is *the sheriff*; and when he gets hold of you, you have a hard time of it. When committing a crime and you think no one knows it, your own thoughts accuse you, and you know it. You may tell me that you never told a lie, but you cannot

convince yourself. Your own thoughts are accusing, and your conscience is bearing witness. Oh, how your thoughts accuse you—thoughts of many secret sins! You think no one knows about them; but *you* know them. They are registered in your memory and will never be erased. They will all come against you in the coming day. If you were dying and I came, patting you on the back, saying, “You have always been a good fellow,” back in your memory you would have a storehouse of witnesses to the contrary. God knows all about them! *You* know about them also, and you cannot get away from yourself.

A millionaire was dying, and in a miserable state of mind. His friends asked what was the matter, and as he was no longer able to speak they gave him a pencil, and he wrote, “*Remorse!*” That is the sheriff, and if you don’t confess your guilt, repent, and turn to Jesus Christ, the sheriff will some day take you in hand.

“In the day when God shall judge the secrets of men by Jesus Christ, according to my gospel.” Stored in your memory are the very things that will make a hell for you in the coming day. One witness after another will come forward. “You were the boy who was disobedient to his parents, and sinned against light and knowledge.” “You were the girl who told lies and secretly did

wrong." The jury of your thoughts will convict you and will hand you over to the sheriff, *Remorse!* That is why Judas hanged himself.

So, then, there is a court in session within you. It is a proof that you are going to appear at another judgment-seat some day. Your thoughts will accuse you; reason will hand you over to the sheriff, and remorse will lay hold of you. This would be a terrible place to stop in our questions; but let us pass to the next.

Fifth, CAN I ESCAPE THE JUDGMENT TO COME?

Again I read in Romans 3: 26-28:

"To declare, I say, at this time God's righteousness: that He might be just, and the justifier of him which believeth in Jesus. Where is boasting then? It is excluded. By what law? Of works? Nay; but by the law (or on the principle) of faith. Therefore we conclude that a man is justified *by faith, without the deeds of the law.*"

The God who created the universe; who has manifested His power and Godhead by the things that are made; the God who put a conscience within me as a monitor of what is right and wrong, who gave the law to show me my guiltiness, how can He justify me? Oh, friends, that is the glory of the gospel! It is the gospel of the *righteousness* of God. It shows us how God can be righteous in justifying the guilty sinner that casts him-

self upon His grace. So the apostle says, "To declare at this time his righteousness." You thought it was the gospel of the *love* of God; didn't you?

Two Scotch ladies talking together agreed that their favorite verse on the love of God was John 3: 16. Many Christians consider it so too; and it is so; but it is the great *judgment* verse as well. "God so loved the world that *He gave his only begotten Son.*" And hear that awful cry from the cross: — "My God, my God, WHY HAST THOU FORSAKEN ME?" What further proof do you need that it is the gospel of the *righteousness* of God? The love of God is a *righteous* love, a *holy* love. So the apostle, speaking of the "gospel of Christ," says, "Therein is the righteousness of God revealed."

You go into a home where is a mother whose children do or say anything they please, and she negligently forgives them. What kind of love is that? A visitor once asked an old lady who was dying how she felt. She answered, "I am trusting in the righteousness of God!" "You mean the *love* of God," said her friend. "No," said the dying woman, "I mean the *righteousness* of God who judged my sins upon His own Son."

"To declare, I say, at this time his righteousness: that He might be just, and the Justifier of

him which believeth in Jesus." God had no other way of being a just God, yet a Saviour-God, but through the death of His Son. God's holiness must be maintained, God's righteousness vindicated, else we could never have peace. Think of a scene of darkness, and in that darkness a holy One hanging on the cross bearing the judgment of God! *That* reveals God's righteousness—God forsaking His own Son while He bore our own sins!

Here is another scene of light and glory. In it is a Man. It is Christ risen from the dead and glorified. He "was raised again for our justification." *That* is the way of escape from the judgment to come.

Let us suppose that I owe a man one hundred dollars. After I've paid him, I get a receipt, and lay it away. The man dies, and his executors find that a man named Stewart owes the deceased one hundred dollars, a debt of some years' standing. I get a letter advising me to settle this account, and I go to them and say, "Sirs, I paid that bill." "Have you the receipt?" "I have it at home." Back I go and look for it, but cannot find it, and I return and tell them so. "Of course, your story may be true," they say, "but we are doing business for these people and we must have the receipt." "But I cannot find it!" "Then you

must pay the bill." I bring the matter to court; the judge listens to my story and asks, "Have you the receipt?" and I answer, "No." "Then you must pay the account."

Friend, if you are to escape the judgment to come you must have the proof that your debt is paid. Everything depends on your having a receipt—and God's receipt cannot be lost. Listen to that cry, "My God, my God, *why hast Thou forsaken Me?*" Because God is just, because He is holy, He forsook His Son when He "was delivered for our offences." That is the dark scene. But the bright one is He "was raised again for our justification." *A risen Christ is God's receipt* to those who have fled to Jesus for refuge from judgment. Let my thoughts and Satan accuse me:—a risen Christ acquits me. "Who is he that condemneth? It is Christ that died, yea, rather, that is risen again." This is the answer to every accuser and accusation. So the apostle, linking all our foes together, and searching heights and depths says,

"Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword?"

Then he exclaims:

"I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any

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other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

My friend, if you want to escape from yourself and the judgment to come, just come as a guilty sinner and accept from His hand pardon, full, free, and eternal. Will you do it now, or are you going to wait for the judgment-day? "It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God." How shall they escape who "neglect so great salvation?"

Friends, let me plead with you. Come to the Lord. Don't wait until a better time. This is the best opportunity you have. All the opportunities of the past are gone forever and all you have is **NOW**—and it may be *now* or *never*. Come to the Lord, confess your guilt, accept Him as your Saviour, and be saved and justified. Then God will write a new thing upon your memory. "Their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more." You know you have sinned. You know there is a law of right and wrong. You know there is an almighty God and a judgment to come. You know the gospel, the way of escape. You know that God will cast all your "sins into the depths of the sea," and that you will be forgiven for Jesus Christ's sake, *if only you will come to Him*.
COME!

CHRISTMAS

AND THE GIFT OF GOD

The very thought of Christmas with its brightness and happy spirit of giving, is cheering. It should be so to those who recognize it as the birthday of Christ, God's greatest gift to this needy world. It commemorates the entrance of the Saviour into this dark world. All cheer, then! God has sent His Son to be the Saviour of the world. Hopeless, fearful sinners may find refuge in this Saviour! Rejoice, O sinner, for God offers you His greatest gift in the person of His Son,

"THE GIFT OF GOD IS ETERNAL LIFE, THROUGH JESUS CHRIST OUR LORD" (Rom. 6: 23).

And how may we receive this gift, which brings salvation from God? Well, how do you accept any gift? Do you work for it? pay money for it? or give a note for it? NO. You would not insult your friends by attempting to pay for their gifts. Nevertheless, many are insulting God by vainly offering Him some little sacrifice, some good works as a petty payment for salvation! But mark the words written by the Spirit of God,

“For by grace are ye SAVED THROUGH FAITH, and that not of yourselves; it is the GIFT OF GOD, not of works, lest any man should boast” (Ephes. 2: 8, 9).

Suppose that you wrap up a valuable present and hand it to a friend, saying, “This is a gift that I want you to accept.” Your friend looks at it, shakes his head and walks away. How hurt you would be, and your face would flush as you think, “He doesn’t believe in my friendship.” Are you one who refuses the Gift tendered by our loving God, the Gift of ETERNAL LIFE—because you do not believe that He loves you sufficiently to offer such a Gift? What grief and sorrow the constant refusal of His costly Gift must produce within God’s heart!

But, although you would not think of paying for a gift, is it not true that *someone* paid for it? And if it were not paid for, but stolen, you would neither value nor receive it. Right! This is also strictly true of the Gift we are considering. It is absolutely free, but it has cost more than man can realize.

Remember what this Gift brings: the forgiveness of sins, the cancellation of guilt, the removal of the sentence of judgment—all of which gives us the title to live forever with God and our Lord

Jesus Christ. Some would have God give this dishonestly, as it were, without paying for it at all, simply saying to men and women, "I love you, and I forgive you." Ah, no! a just God can do nothing of that kind, as you will find if you absorb the following portion of God's Word, which applies to all who put their trust in Christ.

"Justified freely by his grace, through the redemption which is in Christ Jesus: whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation (i.e., sacrifice), through faith in his blood, to show his righteousness . . . that He might be just and the Justifier of him that believeth in Jesus" (Rom. 3: 24-26).

This simply means that before God could make us such a gracious offer of mercy, He had first of all to righteously meet *our guilt*. This He did by His Son, sending Him into the world (is not the world celebrating His birthday?) to make propitiation for our sins that they might be righteously forgiven. "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world." HE has made payment. That gloriously perfect and beloved One suffered the full penalty for sins. He endured the fearful death of the cross. In terrible anguish He cried out beneath the judgment of sin, "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?" And yet He that was forsaken

was the beloved Son of God! Friend, how much God must love us! Finally, the full price being paid, the Sufferer cried again, "It is finished," and died. That is the cost of the Gift that is freely offered to us. It has been paid for in full!

Do not hesitate to accept it, or doubt its reality. It is as real as the horrors of Calvary. The One who thus bore our sins lives to-day a Man on the throne above, with wounds in hands, feet and side, a living testimony to the reality of the CROSS and SALVATION. His blood was shed, His life laid down, and the resurrection of Christ is the guarantee that the price paid was sufficient and acceptable to God.

What an extraordinarily happy Christmas it will be for you, if you now receive this priceless Gift by lifting your soul in faith to God the Saviour, thanking Him for His love and mercy, and receive into your very heart the Gift of God! Christ and eternal life are one and inseparable; you cannot receive one without the other: "He that hath the Son hath life; and he that hath not the Son hath not life, but the wrath of God abideth on him." Life in Christ—death without Him.

We join you in praise to God for the blessed Christ of Bethlehem and Calvary! All honor upon this day. But will you join us in the bright-

ness of glory, when this short life has passed, in honoring Him and singing,

“TO HIM THAT LOVETH US AND WASHED US FROM OUR SINS IN HIS OWN BLOOD, TO HIM BE GLORY AND DOMINION FOREVER AND FOREVER?” (Rev. 1: 5, 6).

Or, alas, will you be among that fearful throng that stand before the Judgment Throne, look upon the pierced hands of the Judge, and realize what it is to have passed by Christ in pursuit of sinful pleasures (which last for a miserably short time), and have bitter remorse for eternity!

The saddest thing in the world is that Christ has paid for redemption, and men stubbornly refuse Him, and proceed toward the blackness of darkness of hell. Are you one of them? There is such a thing as pardon *now* (countless thousands have received), but,

“Whosoever was not found written in the Book of Life was cast into the Lake of Fire” (Rev. 20: 15).

Face it squarely: are you celebrating the birthday of your Saviour, or of your Judge? Saved—or Lost?

“For God so loved the world, that He gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life” (John 3: 16).

R. P. HYDE.

GOING TO MAKE A HOME

A FRIEND of mine started out for the West intending there to make himself a home. I almost wished that I were going with him. Before going, he gathered all the information he could about the country—papers, books, maps were all carefully studied, that he might have all the information he could gather about his intended destination.

His diligence in this has been a lesson to me, for we are all on a journey to an eternal dwelling. We all are anxious to know all we can about our future home—its inhabitants, its joys and privileges, that we may know somewhat what to expect. *You*, my friend, whither are you bound? And what do you know about the place of your destination?

Now, the Bible is the only book that can tell us. It speaks of two places—only two. One is a home of light, of holiness and love, where God dwells, and they shall see His face (Rev. 22: 3, 4,). The other is the abode of the devil, and demons, and of men unreconciled to God. That place is called Hell; the other is Heaven. With Jesus as my Saviour I am bound for Heaven. *You*, my friend, whither bound? To which place are you journeying?

Our Ruined Condition, and God's Salvation

No one in his senses intends to spend eternity in hell; but many who intend to be saved, hope for it and want it in their own way—not in God's way. They intend to gain heaven by deeds of merit, though they may have few or none to show in the past. To own themselves real sinners in God's sight, *already lost*, and needing to be saved entirely *by another*, they deem preposterous, and refuse altogether. Yet, my reader, this last is God's way of salvation.

The truth is that we naturally have no right conception of the holiness of God, and on the other hand no just appreciation of the depth of evil in us. Both of these we learn best from God's Word—the Scriptures—so far as we are enlightened by the Holy Spirit. And He will enlighten, and lead us on if we are truly sincere.

The world's condition as a whole should confirm the sad truth that man loves sin, is corrupt, away from God, and out of fellowship with Him. God's testimony as to our natural condition is this: "*The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked*. Who can know it? I, the Lord, search the heart, I try the reins" (Jer. 17: 9, 10); this also is confirmed in Romans 3: 10-18 by many quotations from other parts of Scripture. Yet, wonderful to say, it is such proved

and self-confessed sinners that God justifies through faith in Christ who, coming from heaven, offered Himself in sacrifice for sin, that God might be just in justifying everyone who receives Jesus as Saviour!

O reader, what a *Saviour* (not a helper merely) He is to everyone that receives Him!—however dark and many his sins may have been.

Henry Riley

Or, The Churchman's Conversion

WHILE visiting the city of Montreal some time ago I met a very interesting old gentleman. He was a typical Englishman of the middle working class—respectful, hearty, and communicative. He was a child of God, “just a few years old,” he told me; and he was not only willing to tell of his conversion, but anxious to have it appear in print as well. This he tried to do in verse, but not possessing the gifts either of literature or poetry, he had not succeeded very well; and when I offered to write out and have published his story if he would give me the facts, he seemed delighted, and gave the following account of himself. I regret that I cannot convey to paper the charm of his local Yorkshire accent.

My name, said he, is Henry Riley, and I was born in Anstrey, just a mile from the center of the Midlands, and 26 miles from Birmingham, on February 16, 1852. I was baptized, confirmed and brought up in the Church of England. I loved the church and her ordinances, and the happiest days of my unconverted life were spent attending its services. I did not smoke, drink, gamble, or have any bad habits whatever, and never to my knowledge said a bad word in my life. I thought I was a very good Christian indeed, and as certain as any of going to heaven. I learned the blacksmith trade of my father and worked at all kinds of wagon-ironing, horse-shoeing, machine-shop, and marine work. My wife was long an invalid, and I was devotedly fond of her; and when at last she died of cancer I promised her faithfully that I would meet her in heaven.

From that hour my troubles commenced; for though I went to church regularly and took the sacraments, I could get no peace. I had no certain assurance of getting to heaven, and the promise given my dying wife preyed constantly on my mind. The more I tried to be a good Christian the darker my soul seemed to become. I lived for a time with a son at Southampton, and then came out to join another in Canada. Here I became more miserable than ever, and all my efforts

to get peace seemed to plunge me deeper in despair; so that at last I said to myself, I shall never find peace this way, though I go to church till doomsday; I must try somewhere else.

So, one night as I was walking down Wellington Street, I heard the voice of singing; it was hymns, and came from a hall called the "Onward Mission." I stood outside for a while, not caring to go inside; there were so few there and no one else coming in. I said, I cannot get any good there; but at last in sheer desperation I went in, though I had never entered such a place before.

I got no help that night, but thought I would try again. Then the testimony of a young boy, telling of his conversion, struck me, and I said, "If yonder lad could find salvation, surely there is hope for me." So I came a second and a third time, which was on a Sunday. When I opened the hymn-book that night the first hymn my eye lighted on was one about the judgment to come, and I was so stirred that I said to myself, It must be now or never; and when the last hymn was sung, "Almost persuaded," I felt it was my last chance, and I accepted Christ as the *only*, and *my*, Saviour. Then, what joy filled my heart! How happy I was! My heart was filled with peace, and I left the hall rejoicing.

The following Wednesday I was almost run

over by a truck and only escaped as if by a miracle; but I said, If I had been taken, thank God, I am prepared.

Now I am happy all the day, and only waiting for the call to go home. I have had more real joy during the last five years since my conversion than in all my lifetime before. I have never had a doubt since I trusted Christ for salvation that Sunday night, and it is now my chiefest delight to get in a word for Him to others.

So, by means of this printed account, this dear old Christian is getting in his word of testimony to others—even *to you*, my reader. Are you, like Henry Riley, a good loyal churchman, clean, honest, sincere, industrious, temperate, and all that goes to make up what most consider a Christian?—yet not saved, without peace with God, and with no assurance of heaven as your portion?

The generality of the Jews in Paul's day were in this condition. "I bear them record," he says, "that they have a zeal of God, but not according to knowledge...going about to establish their own righteousness," and not submitting to God's righteousness by receiving Jesus Christ as their Saviour. They were religious, sincere, faithful in their attendance upon the "services of God," and endeavoring to keep His holy law. But with all this they were not saved, else why should the

apostle be so concerned for them, and write as he does, "Brethren, my heart's desire and prayer to God for Israel is *that they might be saved?*" See Romans 10: 1-3.

Reader, learn from their case, and from the experience of Henry Riley that you "must be born again," that only Christ can save you, while church and sacraments, coupled even with a blameless life, are all in vain. All have their place; but faith in Christ must come first, and the good works will of necessity follow.

"The righteousness which is of faith " is what saves the sinner; and this faith "worketh by love," as Scripture tells us. It is not a dead faith, giving assent to a creed, however correct, but a living faith in Christ as one's personal Saviour. This faith brings peace with God and assurance that we are His children—"born again," and "heirs of salvation."

Reader, ask yourself, Am I a mere churchman, good-living and honest, but not yet truly converted to God, and therefore on the road to everlasting ruin? Look the matter squarely in the face; and having done this and learned that you are a sinner, trust only in Christ and He will save you; for His mission to earth was "to save sinners"—the lost, ungodly ones, such as I and you and all men by nature are.

May God speak through Henry Riley by means of this little paper to many. C. K.