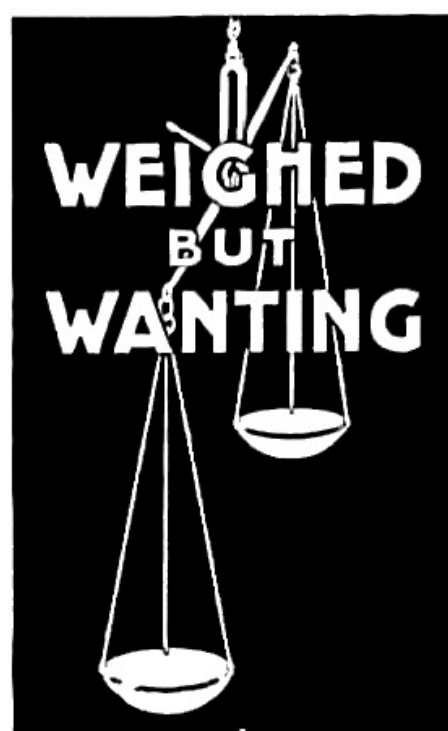


**WEIGHED
BUT
WANTING**







Thou art weighed in the balances and found wanting."—*Daniel v. 2.*

WEIGHED, BUT WANTING;

— OR, —

EARNEST APPEALS TO ALL.

BY

A. GARDNER.

Author of Heart Breathings, &c.



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CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE
Abounding Grace	40	Know thine Opportunity ..	109
Actual Possible—Impossible ..	25	Light at Eventide	155
Almost; or the Danger of Delay ..	8	Man, Know Thyself	69
Answered Prayers	62	Mercy or Judgment	31
A Soldier's Testimony	38	Meet Me in Heaven	68
Beacon of Warning	65	Miner's Conversion, A	150
Behold the Lamb of God	96	Mocker's Doom, The	129
Choosing and Refusing	132	Not Bad Enough for Hell ..	113
Day of Salvation, The	43	Not Cast Out!	86
Deliverance and Victory	15	One Mediator, or Make Much of Christ	54
Do You Know?	64	Only Two Ways	108
Edgar's Message	68	Pardon, Peace, and Power ..	90
Eternity! Where? <i>Poetry</i>	18	Pit Cap changed for a Crown ..	80
Exceedingly Precious	57	Queen's Message, The	81
From so Great a Death	51	Record of Grace	183
God is not Mocked	35	Rich Man's Offer, A	87
God's Best Gift	94	Royal Pardon,	42, 145
God's Dealings with a Railway Shunter	124	Saved and Gathered Home ..	12
God's Voice, or the Call Obeyed ..	177	Saved at Sea	19
Gospel of God	76	Saved!	83
Great Divide, The	180	Salvation alone in Christ ..	116
Great Transaction and where it took place	174	Seven Great Realities	101
Have not Applied	14	Shadows and Sunshine	171
He won't Die	179	Solemn Facts	24
He's Passed me by	166	Sowing to Reap	71
His Last Call	49	Story of the "Birkenhead" ..	51
Hollen with the Corals	30	The Prodigal's Return	3
How Grace Triumphed	98	The Puzzled Countryman	22
If it Happens?	103	The Scoffer at Prayer	95
In Hell for a Week	89	What Think Ye of Christ? ..	103
		What will the Harvest be? ..	169
		Who, then, Can be Saved? ..	136

THE PRODIGAL'S RETURN.

A WAY on the lovely Welsh mountains, in a lowly cottage, resided a lone widow and her only son, Tom, a sturdy young fellow of about twenty. On the occasion to which we refer, he was returning from his daily toil at the usual hour, and upon entering found his aged mother upon her knees praying. His mother's attitude, as also the fact that he suspected she was praying for him, annoyed him very much. He threw down his bag of tools, and in harsh tones shouted: "Mother, I'm sick of this business, and if I find you on your knees again I'll leave this place for ever."



"IN A LONELY COTTAGE RESIDED A LOWLY WIDOW."

But like Daniel of old, she feared the Lord, and knew that at the throne of grace she found solace for her broken heart, comfort in her trials, and strength to meet the exigencies of daily life. Besides, she longed that her Tom should trust her Saviour and know his mother's God.

Consequently, at the same hour the next night Tom returned home and found, to his sore displeasure, his mother in the same attitude praying for her only boy. "So you're at it again," he roared, "I told you what I would do, I can't stand this canting any longer, so now good-bye, and never more will I darken this door," so saying he walked hastily away. The feeble old soul rose from her knees, and in tender tones called after the retreating figure of her only son, "Ah, my boy! you may leave your home and your mother, but I shall never cease to pray for you." Did the tears course down her wrinkled cheeks? Did a deep sigh escape her lips? Did her thoughts travel back to the time when her husband died, and she knew from bitter experience what it was to be a widow? Could we wonder if an unbidden longing seized her for a moment, which could well be expressed in the words of another:—

"But oh, for a touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still."

Now her only son had left her; what for? Because she longed with the intensity of a saved mother's love for his Salvation. But doubtless in those retrospective moments God drew very near to her and reminded her of His care in the past, that He was the husband of the widow, who heals the broken-hearted and binds up their wounds, who is the God of all comfort, and who comforts all who are cast down.

Tom, after leaving home, went from bad to worse. It would not answer our purpose to give details of the grievous way in which he sinned, suffice to say that he sunk as low as he possibly could; and yet not too low for grace to reach; not too far off to escape the all-seeing eye of God; not too wilful to cause his mother to refrain from pleading with her God, as only a mother can for her erring, profligate son.

Days quickly passed into weeks, and weeks into months, when a man might have been seen one evening walking along the streets of W——. He was poorly clad in dirty, tattered garments, his face bore the unmistakable marks of sin, and upon his features was a look of utter dejection. He was just such a man as we often look upon with sorrow and compassion. Such a man that reminds us of the unerring

statement that, "The way of transgressors is hard." He was walking aimlessly along, a vacant look upon his hardened features; it was none other than Tom, the subject of many prayers, but alas, a poor despised outcast. He had sowed to the wind, he was now reaping the whirlwind.



"A FERVENT ADDRESS ON THE WORDS SO WELL KNOWN."

Suddenly he is seen to start, and the hard expression upon his face is softened. The cause is not far to seek, it was the singing of a gospel refrain which arrested his attention. Were they words sung in happy childhood's days?

Did they remind the poor fellow of the time when God had very loudly appealed to his heart? Be that as it may, he turned aside from the main street and entered the Hall, from whence had proceeded the singing which sounded to him as the harmony of Heaven.

The subject of a fervent gospel address were the words, so well-known and so little heeded; words which reveal the depths of compassion in the Saviour's heart: "Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden and I will give you rest," words which have brought hope to hundreds of sin-benighted souls, for the words of this Royal invitation are limitless and extend to all. As the preacher continued his passionate address, speaking forcibly of sin, righteousness, and judgment to come, Tom's past life was passing rapidly before him. He thought of his mother's tender warnings, his mother's earnest prayers, and his mother's fond love, also of his rebellion against his mother's God. These constantly recurring thoughts were too much for his breaking heart, he suddenly rose to his feet, and hurriedly left that Hall, desiring solitude.

It was a dark night, which seemed a fit emblem of the midnight darkness which filled his heart. The cool evening breezes fanned his forehead, whilst the Spirit of God worked upon his heart as a mighty hurricane, causing his sins to rise up before him as a host of spectres; and as his memory recalled them one by one, he felt himself a wretched man, a vile sinner, and from the depth of his soul-agony could say, "Woe is me, for I am undone!"

These experiences were too much for his sin-burdened heart, too much for his heated brain; he fell prostrate upon the cold pavement, where he lay for some minutes as though dead. A crowd quickly gathered, but he suddenly rose to his feet, and they saw a calm look upon his white, tear-stained face. His lips moved, and in clear subdued accents he said: "Good people, you may wonder what is the matter, God has convicted me of sin, I have cried to him for mercy, I am now a saved man."

The bystanders may have thought that he was intoxicated, or mad; nevertheless it was true that in those few moments there had been a definite transaction between a loving God and poor rebellious Tom, resulting in his having the blessed knowledge that his sins were all blotted out. In those few moments the joy-bells of heaven had been pealing, the

Father had welcomed the prodigal, the great Saviour had received another great sinner, another soul had been ransomed and delivered from the clutches of Satan.

This was not mere outward reformation, but a genuine conversion which was fully attested by his after life, which he spent for the One who saved his soul.

He obtained work, he wended his way back to the despised cottage he had vowed he would never again enter, and poured into the ear of his God-honouring mother the story



"POURED INTO THE EAR OF HIS GOD-HONOURING MOTHER THE STORY."

of his great awakening and ultimate salvation. And as they conversed upon the details of his repentance, and he rehearsed the wondrous dealings of God, it transpired that the very moment that he was lying on that cold pavement, smitten with a deep sense of sin, and craving the mercy of God, that very moment, in that lonely cottage on the Welsh mountains, was his aged mother on her knees, making to her God the oft-repeated petition, "O, God, save my erring son Tom."

How great is the mercy of our God! His mercy saved Tom from his sins, transformed his life, and prepared him for the glories of heaven. The same mercy reaches to you,

dear reader. However sinful, however vile, however far you may have wandered, we repeat to you the blessed news that "The blood of Jesus Christ, His [God's] Son, cleanseth us from all sin."

Therefore, turn now to the compassionate Saviour who saved wayward Tom, He loves you, He died for you, and now from heaven He speaks to you, saying: "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." O, accept this gracious invitation, then you will be able to truthfully affirm, with myriads besides, that—

"In sin, and shame, and sorrow,
I wandered far from God;
I thought not of the morrow,
My hopeless path I trod.
The loving Jesus sought me
Amid the storm and tide,
He sent my night of sorrow
To drive me to His side."

ALMOST; OR, THE DANGER OF DELAY.

THE Spirit of God is in the world, not only to reprove of sin, righteousness, and judgment, but also to indwell all true believers, to reveal to them the things of Christ, and to lead them into the blessed pathway of service to the One who in infinite love has washed away their sins, who loved them and gave Himself for them, as the following solemn occurrence, which happened some time ago, will show.

A Christian, walking one day along a country road, felt deeply impressed to announce a Gospel preaching to be held the following Sunday, close to a stone wall he had passed, which was not far from a number of cottages. This impression was so deep, that he felt it was the leading of the Spirit of God, and at once proceeded to write out a notice of the service, which he fastened in a prominent place, that those living in the neighbourhood might see it, in the meantime praying that God would bless His Word to the salvation of souls.

The following Sunday, accompanied by a friend, he wended his way to the place, and arriving at the time announced, saw to his great joy quite a number of people waiting, they having brought out their chairs and stools that they might sit down during the service. He felt that the Lord was

speaking loudly to them as he preached Christ to them, dwelling especially upon the two well-known texts:—

“Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sins of the world” (John i. 29);

“Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation” (2 Cor. vi. 2).



“HE FELT THAT THE LORD WAS SPEAKING AS HE PREACHED CHRIST.”

And as he proclaimed the glad tidings of a full, free, and perfect salvation, offered freely to all, and besought them to look by faith and behold Christ dying upon the Cross for them, and called upon them to accept God's great salvation, which was offered them, he noticed a look of intense interest and concern upon the faces of an elderly man and his wife who stood near, and who appeared to be eagerly drinking in every word. After the service, they approached him, and

asked him to be sure to come the following Sunday. However, he did not feel free to promise, but embraced the opportunity thus afforded to supplement his former appeal, and to urge upon them an immediate decision for Christ, and concluded by saying: "My dear friends, life is very uncertain. You may never live to see another Sunday, for you may be overtaken by disease, or have a stroke, or be, as many are, suddenly called into eternity. Therefore, settle at once this important matter by accepting Christ as your Saviour."

The week passed, and as Sunday again came round, the preacher, although he had not promised, remembering the interest manifested the previous Sunday, went to the same place at the same hour, and to his astonishment, found no one present. He waited a few moments, when some one came out of an adjoining cottage, and with subdued voice asked: "Have you heard the news?" "What news?" he asked. "Why, Mrs. R——, who asked you to come again, was this morning putting on the vegetables for dinner, when she had a stroke, and is now lying unconscious." The same day at 6 p.m. the poor woman passed away, without leaving the least testimony that she had received God's gift, eternal life.

About a week after, the husband was in the garden, and suddenly fell down, and was carried home dead. As far as could be ascertained, neither had spoken of the effect of the Gospel message to which they had listened with such apparent interest, or left the least indication that they had settled the great matter of their souls' salvation by resting upon the work of the Lamb of God.

Numbers on every hand are interested in the Gospel, but mere interest will not save them, and unless they heed its gracious call they will be lost. Many are persuaded that they are sinners, but the knowledge only causes a sense of unrest, for they will never people the courts of glory unless they accept God's remedy. Hundreds believe that "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners," but that will not give them the peace for which their hearts crave; for the true believer can with confidence affirm, "He loved me, and gave Himself for me." Thousands are affected as they hear time after time the old, old story of God's matchless love, and of Christ's boundless compassion, and yet they are unsaved. Multitudes, alas! listen to the sweet strains of the Gospel, and to them it is as a note that has lost its charm; they have lapsed into a state of apathy, living Christless lives.



AN OPEN-AIR MEETING IN THE DAYS OF WHITFIELD.

When they die, theirs is a Christless death; they are buried in a Christ-rejecter's grave, from whence they will be summoned by the resistless voice of God to be judged. And as they lived and died, and were buried Christless, so will they remain for evermore, for they will pass from that judgment to the caverns of eternal night, with the host of those who lived and died, either neglecting or rejecting God's great salvation.

Why lose your soul, why be lost for eternity, why go to hell, when God in His kindness and love calls upon you to believe and live, and has declared "that whosoever believeth in Him" (Christ) "should not perish, but have eternal life"?

"When may we have salvation?
Yes, God His time does state;
Be wise and *now* turn to Him,
Or you may be too late.
Now is the time accepted,
Now is salvation's day;
Now you may freely enter
By Christ, the living Way."

O, dear reader, beware of forgetting God. Do not you despise or neglect so great salvation. Life is very uncertain; the tree which will make your coffin may be cut down; the material which will make your shroud may be off the looms; the stone which will mark the spot where your body will be laid may be even now in the stone-mason's yard. Think, we pray you, of these things. Ask yourself these questions: Are my sins forgiven? Is my name written in the Lamb's Book of Life? Have I a sure passport into heaven? If not, here is a glorious message from God to you, "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners."

SAVED AND GATHERED HOME.

THE gospel of God's grace had been proclaimed in a thriving Worcestershire village, on a recent Sunday evening, to a deeply interested congregation, and one who had participated in the rich mercy of God, feeling that those who had stayed to the after-meeting longed to be freed from the galling bondage and heavy burden of their sins, was pleading with them to accept the great salvation of God, and urging the importance of an immediate decision.

After a few solemn and pointed remarks, he asked if there were any who desired to make a full surrender to Christ, and to accept God's terms of peace. There was a solemn hush, for the Spirit was moving upon the hearts of the unsaved, causing many to realise for the first time that they were guilty sinners, under the just condemnation of God.

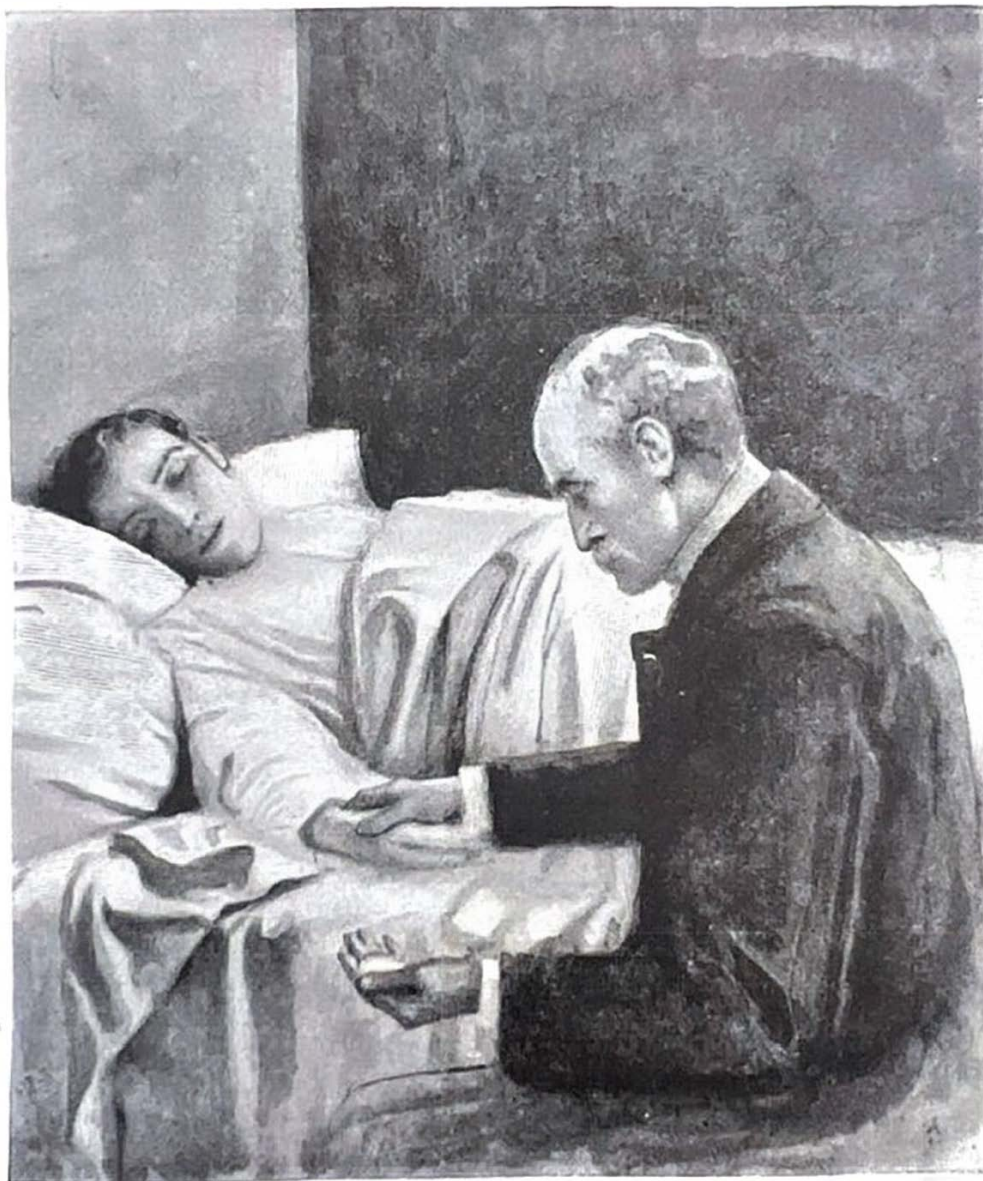
The first to manifest any willingness to be saved was a young man of about twenty-eight, who went into the inquiry-room as a seeking sinner. There Christians prayed for him, and pointed out the various Scriptures which so fully reveal man's deep need, God's rich grace, and the great love of Jesus Christ in not only coming to seek and save the lost, but also in dying that sinners might live. There he received the Gospel, trusted Christ for salvation, and left the meeting rejoicing in the knowledge of sins forgiven, as one into whose formerly unsatisfied heart had shone the Light of Life, into whose ear the compassionate Saviour had spoken the assuring words: "Thy faith hath saved thee; go in peace" (Luke vii. 50).

The special services extended over eight days, and on the Monday evening he again attended, and testified of the joy which filled his heart, and of the calm, settled peace which he enjoyed, for his faith rested upon a living Christ, and he fully relied upon the word: "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life" (John iii. 36).

He very soon manifested the unmistakable fruits of a real change of heart, and his burning desire was that others should know his Saviour, and taste his newly-found joy. After the service on the Tuesday evening, he mentioned to the one who had been instrumental in God's hand of pointing him to the Christ of God that he thought of missing a day's work so as to be able to tell the villagers of the riches of God's grace, to leave them some Gospel books, and to personally invite them to the special services.

Many of the villagers will doubtless remember his fervent words, as from door to door he testified of the Saviour's

love, and invited them to come to hear of the boundless grace of God in giving Christ to die for His enemies. Thus he spent the day in definite work for Christ and eternity, until, about 6 p.m., feeling rather fatigued, he called to see



"ALTHOUGH SUFFERING ACUTE PAIN HE SENT A MESSAGE."

some friends. A few minutes later illness seized him, and he was taken from there to his bed, a doctor being called, and although suffering acute pain, his love to precious souls was so great that he sent to the preacher a message requesting that the well-known hymn, the chorus of which is:

"For you I am praying,
For you I am praying,

For you I am praying,
I'm praying for you,"

should be sung at the service, which request was readily complied with. And who shall say that the sufferer's prayers remained unanswered, for as the hymn was sung, others confessed the Lord.

He lingered for about eight days after this, during which time he bore a bright testimony. Then came the end: he fell asleep, and passed peacefully into the presence of his Saviour and Lord, whom he had known and served but for so short a time.

Thus was a poor unworthy sinner brought to know the Saviour and permitted for a little while to serve Him, and was then called to depart to be with Him much sooner than was ever thought of by himself or his sorrowing friends.

Why is this recorded? It is that you may embrace the opportunity which God now grants of turning to Him for salvation. For as the one mentioned above was saved, so may you be. As he served his new Master, so may you have the joy of serving, when once you know that your many sins are forgiven. As he died,

" Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on His gentle breast,"

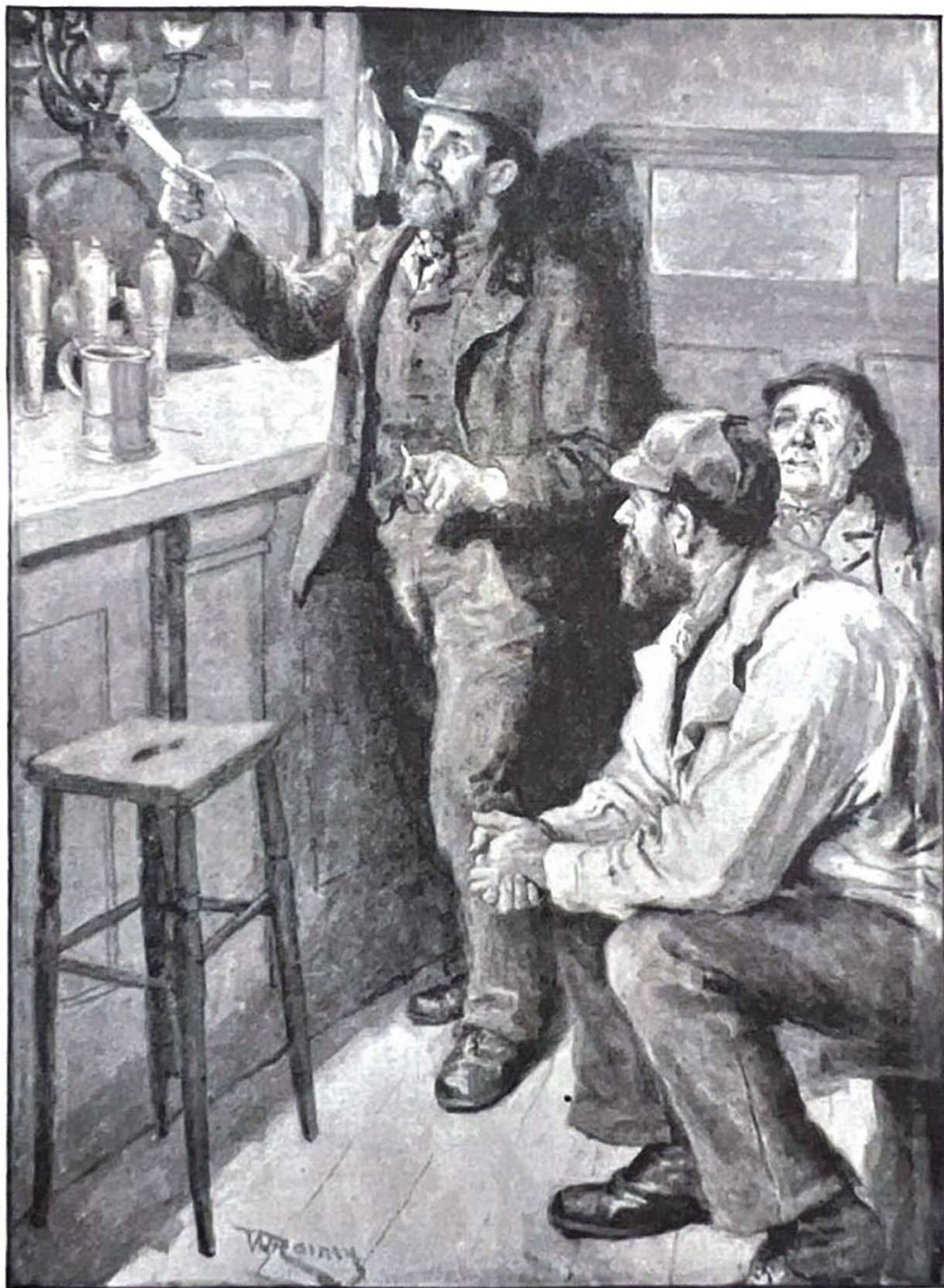
so may you, if called to die, know the presence of the One who said:—"Lo, I am with you alway." May you be henceforth enabled to rejoice in the Lord as your Saviour, your Master, and your eternal portion. And as you may, in less time than the one mentioned, be summoned into the great beyond, profit by this simple narrative, and turn to the Saviour of sinners, for "He is also able to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by Him" (Heb. vii. 25).

HAVE NOT APPLIED.

UNSAVED reader, whatever you may forget, do not forget this: Jesus Christ the Lord is *able to save to the uttermost*. You may have been given up as a hopeless case; perhaps you have given yourself up. Very well. That does not alter the blessed truth that Christ is "*mighty to save*"—in plain words, He is able to save you! You may question this, but that does not affect the great proclamation that He is able to subdue *all* things unto Himself. If you are not saved, it is because you have not come. If the disease of sin is still making havoc in your soul, it is because you have not applied to the Great Physician. It is not a question of His ability but of your willingness to be saved.

DELIVERANCE AND VICTORY.

THERE are many sins which bind with strong fetters those who practise them; which bespeak ruin to their slaves, to body and soul, both for time and eternity. Not the least of them is the terrible drink habit. A man bound by drink's cruel fetters, known to us, once vented his



"BOUND BY DRINK'S CRUEL FETTERS."

anguish, as he groaned for deliverance, in the remarkable ejaculation:—"O God, if there be a God, save me from strong drink." Thank God that shortly afterwards he found a Deliverer in the Lord Jesus Christ, who broke every fetter, and caused the slave, as one of old, to be seen sitting, clothed and in his right mind, at the feet of the Almighty Conqueror.

Another slave to strong drink, whose past life was but a repetition of the sad records one so often hears of the deplorable effects of that which God says at last biteth like an adder, manifested some interest in a mission held in a Worcestershire village a short time ago. It is not our purpose to dwell upon those deeds known only to himself and God, but in passing we would say that one day, when not at work, he left home in the morning with a sovereign in his pocket, spent the day at the village inn, and returned at night with but three shillings left. At other times his condition was such that he was absolutely ignorant as to how he reached home, and only in the morning, when his senses returned, would he discover where he was. Thus was a long season of his life spent, or rather wasted, in the pleasures of sin and in the service of Satan, only to realise, as thousands had before him, that "the way of transgressors is hard."

As time after time he sat under the sound of the Gospel of God, and heard the blessed news that "God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life" (John iii. 16); that Christ came and died, and that the Spirit of God was in the world to reprove sin, his interest gradually deepened into a burning desire to know Christ as his Saviour. No doubt the fact that his wife and daughter had been converted during the mission added to his concern lest he should miss the blessing which they had received.

One night, as the special services were drawing to a close, he left the meeting undecided and halting between two opinions. Now it so happened in the providence of God, that after the meeting one of the preachers called in at the cottage where our friend was visiting. Naturally the conversation turned to the all-important subject of the soul's salvation, and the Christian, observing that he was under deep conviction of sin, urged upon him the importance of present personal decision for Christ. The result of that conversation was that he took the guilty sinner's place, he claimed the poor sinner's Saviour, and being born again, he there and

then commenced to live for God. And he could truthfully sing—

“Trusting, trusting Thee alone,
Human merit I disown,
Thou, the Rock of my salvation,
Thou alone my perfect plea.
Jesus Lord, Almighty Saviour,
To Thy pierced side I flee.”

Such was the joy which flooded his heart that he afterwards confessed that there was nothing in this life to live for apart from Christ. And he emphatically declares that the happiest days in his life have been those subsequent to his conversion.

The light and peace which he now enjoys is expressed both by life and lip, and the desire for strong drink has given place to a stronger desire to know more of the things of God. The scoffing of his fellow-workmen was the means of bringing from his lips the blessed confession of faith: “Christ for me.”

Now the question confronts us—what brought about this transformation of character? Was it the outcome of mere mental resolve? Was it merely the turning over of a new leaf? Salvation is of the Lord. It was the grace of God which bringeth salvation, approaching the hopeless, and causing hope to spring up in his heart. It was the power of God releasing the prisoner. It was the gracious Saviour coming just where he was, and causing him to turn his back upon his own useless efforts to deliver himself. It was a repetition of the old apostolic description of the Thessalonian converts who “turned to God from idols, to serve the living and true God, and to wait for His Son from heaven.”

You, dear reader, may be groaning under the burden of some sin, and your burning desire may be to escape its bondage. In your own strength this cannot be brought about. But is there no hope? Is there no cure? Listen, there is an infallible cure, and that is the grace cure, which is summed up in one Person, and His name is Jesus. He has delivered myriads from their besetting sins. Yours may be the lust of the flesh, or the lust of the eye, or the pride of life, but still you may rejoice in a perfect salvation through Jesus Christ, who died on Calvary's Cross to purchase a pardon. O receive from His once pierced hand your pardon for every past sin, then behold the glory—crowned Lord at God's right hand, and remember that—

“The Lord, your Redeemer, will break every chain,
And give you the victory again and again.”

Eternity! Where?

WHERE shall it be? A Christless soul
To be where judgment's billows roll,
To feel the righteous ire of God,
To mourn that you sin's pathway trod,
Existing through that long drear night
Where never enters welcome light,
Where teeth are gnashed, where God is cursed,
Where ne'er a gleam of hope will burst.

Where shall it be? Eternity!
No peace or happiness for thee
Where all is blank despair and pain;
No joy, no hope—to die were gain.
For ever in that dread abode,
Alas! for those who chose sin's road.
For ever, where the surges roll,
Of grief, upon the guilty soul.

Where shall it be? In heavenly light?
Or, where the shades of darkest night
Come o'er the soul? All's dark despair—
No grace, or love, is offered there.
But hark, the news! There's mercy now
For all who will to Jesus bow;
He shed for you His precious blood,
Which makes the rebel's peace with God.

It may be in the mansions fair
Where never enters grief or care;
Where Jesus 'mid the glorious throng
Receives the worship, praise, and song;
Where peace will reign for evermore,
No longer's known sin's galling sore—
Where glory reigns. Come, brightest day,
When earth's dark shadows flee away!

But hark! The voice of God in love
Speaks now to you in tones above
The strife of life. He pleads, dear soul;
Now turn to Christ and be made whole:
He is the sinner's Friend, He died
That you might in His love confide.
'Tis Jesus died that you might live—
To Him now look; on Him believe.

SAVED AT SEA.

GEORGE P— was a sailor, and had sailed many thousands of miles. Like many other seamen, he was an ungodly, reckless fellow, blind to the things of eternity; a willing tool in Satan's hands, ever ready to do his behest. He revelled in the pleasures of sin, and was passionately fond of the various amusements which are so freely provided for the poor deluded pleasure-seeker.



"HE HAD SAILED MANY THOUSANDS OF MILES."

When ashore at Cardiff he went, as usual, to the theatre. During the play he was pricked to the heart by a sense of his sinful condition, and was caused to think of the judgment to come. And as he reviewed his past life, his conscience was aroused. Dismay and terror filled his breast

as he thought, with the deepest concern, of his soul's eternal welfare. There, in the theatre, the awful fact dawned upon him that he was on the highway to ruin; and he trembled with fear lest he should be called suddenly to meet God in his sins, and be for ever lost.

The soul-exercise and the deep impression made on his heart never left him; and shortly afterwards, when in the same town again, he was accosted by a stranger, who gave him a pressing invitation to hear the Gospel. He went, and he heard the blessed tidings that God in perfect righteousness was offering a full pardon to all who sought it in His appointed way.

At the close of the service, at which he had been a most attentive listener, he was pressed in the course of personal conversation to seek the pardon of his sins that night. After some hesitation, "I can't see my way clear now," was his reply. Then turning to his brother, who had accompanied him, he said, "Phil, if we go on in our sins we shall both go to hell." He then left the hall with another sin upon his conscience, the terrible one of rejecting the Son of God.

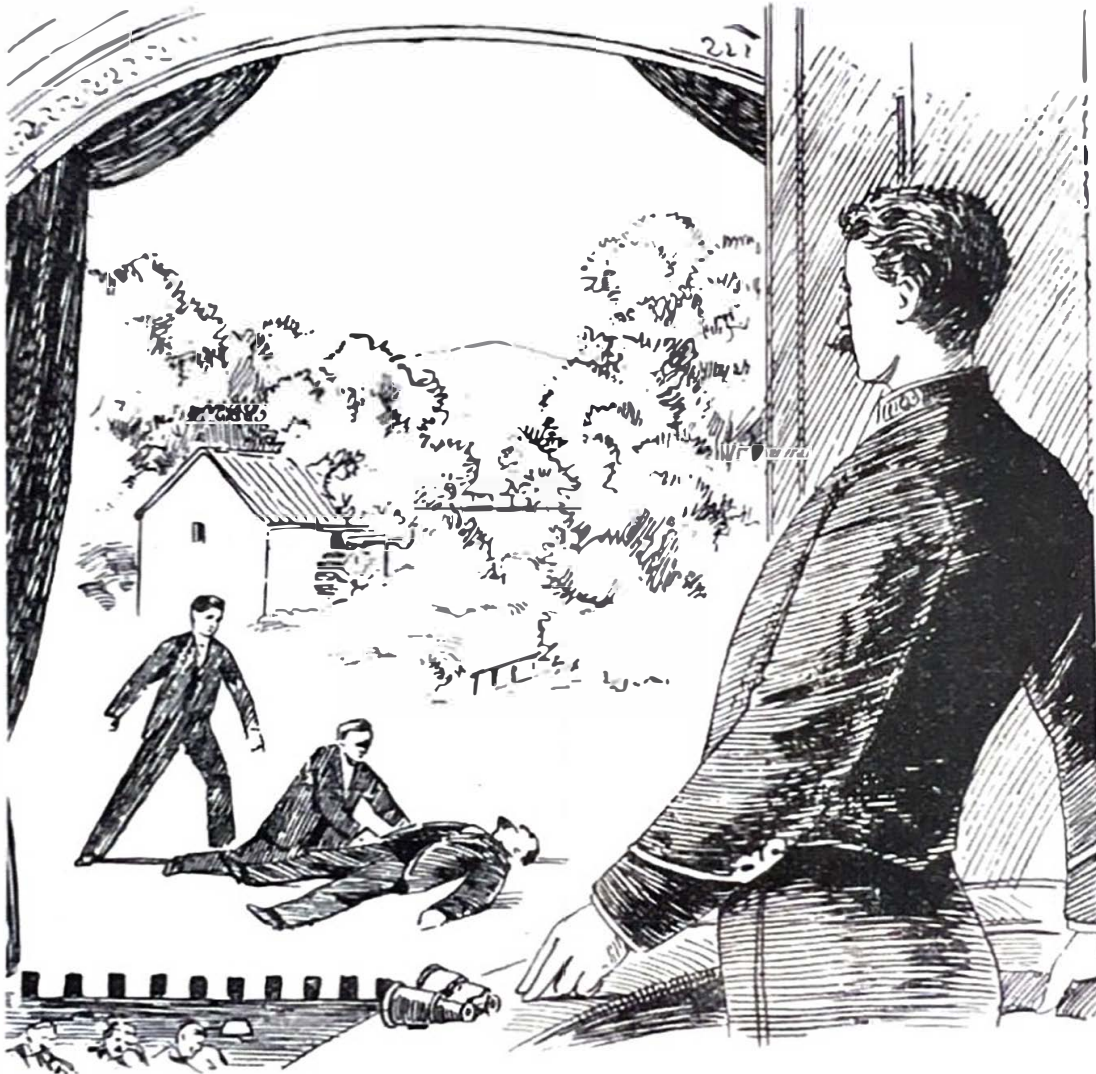
One bright morning in May, when upon the forecastle of his vessel, which was then sailing between Cardiff and Lundy Island, God once more aroused him to a still deeper sense of need. He was not then with the throng of giddy pleasure seekers, nor in the place where he had heard of the only way of peace, but he was alone with God. He was caused to loathe himself. Feelings of utter dissatisfaction with himself crept upon him; "O wretched man that I am!" his sin-laden heart acknowledged. "Woe is me! for I am undone," he truly felt. And as the ship sailed over the sea under heaven's broad canopy, he looked by faith to Calvary, and beheld the Lamb of God dying for him.

There and then he trusted Christ as his Saviour, and as the light shone into his gloomy, dissatisfied heart, it dispelled the dense darkness, and the peace of God flooded his inmost soul. As he beheld God's Lamb, he knew that He, the Just, bore his sins, and that he had found redemption through His blood; and from his crime-hardened heart the burden of his many foul sins rolled away. They were cast behind God's back into the ocean of His forgetfulness, nevermore to be remembered against him.

Thus sailor George looked to Jesus Christ and lived. And on the authority of the word of the eternal God, which states

"That whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have everlasting life," he knew he was saved.

You, dear unsaved one, may have been troubled on account of your sins, and many times have heard of the loving Saviour. Yet you are still unsaved, not having believed to the salvation of your soul, and not knowing by faith, the cleansing of



"IN THE THEATRE THE AWFUL FACT DAWNED UPON HIM.

the precious blood of Jesus Christ. Look to the Saviour now. Trust Him now for salvation. Rest now in the work which He accomplished on Calvary's Cross; and then you will be able, as sailor George and thousands of others, to affirm truthfully and with holy assurance, "He was wounded for *my* transgressions, He was bruised for *my* iniquities; the chastisement of *my* peace was upon Him; and *with His stripes I am healed*" (Isa. liii. 5).

THE PUZZLED COUNTRYMEN; OR, WHAT IT IS TO BE SAVED.

A SHORT time ago, one who had grown grey in the Lord's service, was partaking of refreshments in a restaurant, when he overheard the following remarks, made by one of two men who sat at the next table engaged in earnest conversation. One remarked: "A gentleman asked me the other night if I was saved, and, for the life of me, I could not tell what he meant." "Something about religion, I expect," his companion answered. And in a similar strain they continued their conversation, which manifested, to an alarming degree, their ignorance both of their own deep need as sinners and of the boundless love of God.

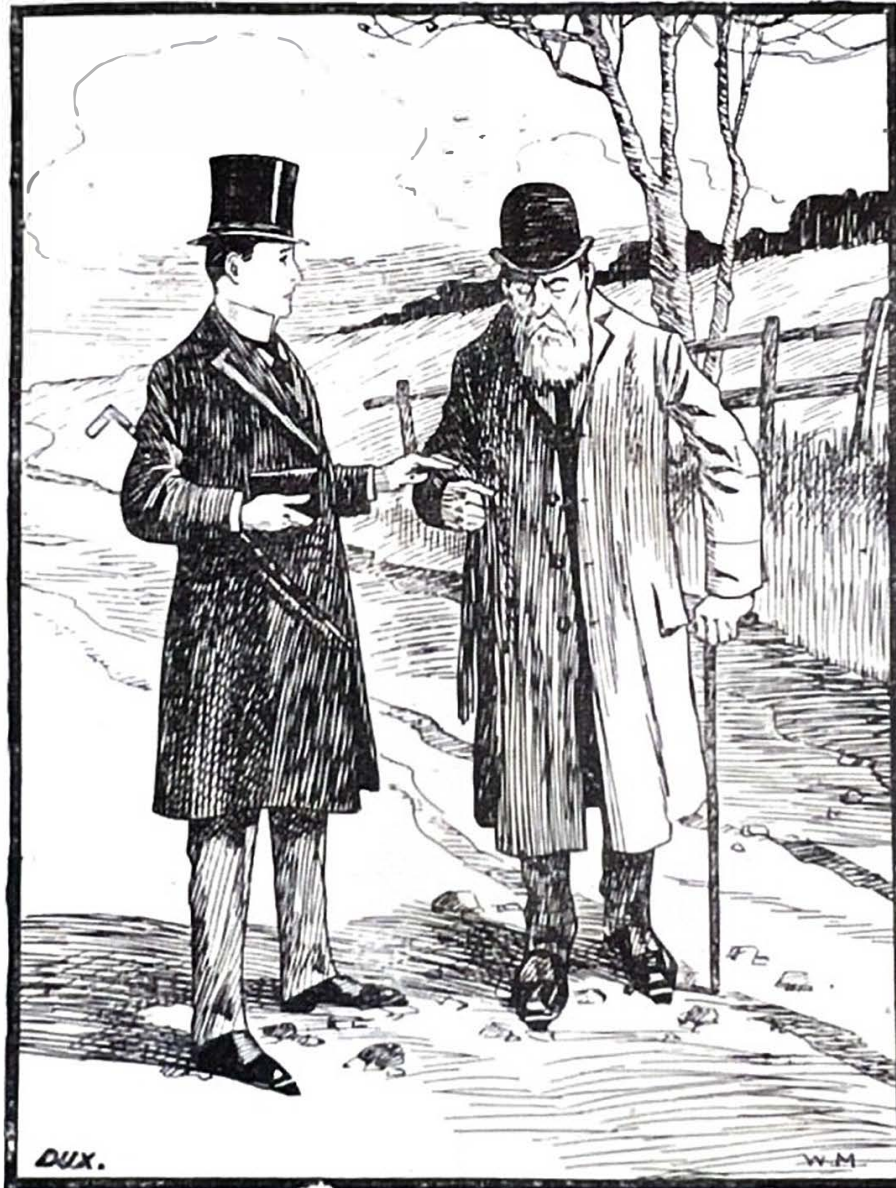
Presently one of them noticed the kindly face of the only other occupant of the room, and, turning to him with the air of one in a great dilemma, he asked: "Could you, sir, inform me what it is to be saved?" The aged Christian replied in a kindly way: "Why, to me it is one of the most simple things in the world." "However is that?" asked the other in amazement. For a moment the old man paused, and then asked: "Were you ever lost?" And without waiting for an answer he continued: "I have known to my sorrow what it meant to be lost on two occasions. Once in a pathless field on a cold, foggy night, where I wandered about for two or three hours; and once when the truth dawned upon me that I was a wayward sinner, wandering, lost and lonely, on the bleak mountains of sin."

Then, looking the countryman stranger in the face, he continued: "Now, suppose you were lost, what would you most need?" "Someone to find us, and lead us to a place of safety," he replied. "That's just it," said the Christian; "now remember that unless you know that you are guilty, lost sinners, you will never experimentally know what it is to be saved, for the Bible says, 'The Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost,' and you are amongst those described as lost." He then had to leave, with a silent prayer that his simple testimony would be to them a word in season.

Have you, dear reader, ever realised that unless you have believed in Christ to the salvation of your soul you are lost? It is solemn, nevertheless true, that you were born at a distance from God, and that during your life, whether long or short, that distance has increased, for you have

wandered still farther away. How graphically is your condition described by the prophet Isaiah: "All we like sheep have gone astray, we have turned everyone to his own way."

But through God's grace there is such an One as the Good Shepherd, who laid down his life for the lost, erring



"A GENTLEMAN ASKED ME IF I WAS SAVED."

sheep. He—very God—stooped to become man, yea, a Man of Sorrow, and—O the wonders of redeeming love!—on Calvary's Cross He endured the smiting of God, to atone for the sins of those who were, by wicked works, alienated from His Father.

O lost one, is the news of the death of Christ old and meaningless to you? Granted it is old: it is the old, old story, but it is once more repeated to you, that you may look back to Calvary and see the great Sin-bearer dying for you. Then truthfully you will be able to say: "'The Lord is my Shepherd'; He traversed the rocky mountains, the marshy bogs, the pathless deserts, and the thorny roads; yea, He gave His life for me."

But why, when such boundless love is proclaimed, will you still wander

"Away from His fold,
On the mountains so cold,"

when the tender Saviour, the gracious Shepherd, seeks you?

Oft before He has sought, He has called, He has pleaded, and you are still in the distance, still unsaved, and still in your sin. Heed now His loving calls ere your position is eternally unalterable. Soon, and how soon God only knows, the valley of the shadow of death may have to be traversed and Jordan crossed, with no guiding light, no Almighty arms, no Shepherd to lead.

Woe to those who enter eternity lost! They will be summoned to the dread tribunal of a righteous God; will hear their sentence passed, their doom fixed, because they wilfully turned away from the Saviour-Shepherd through whom was preached to them the forgiveness of sins.

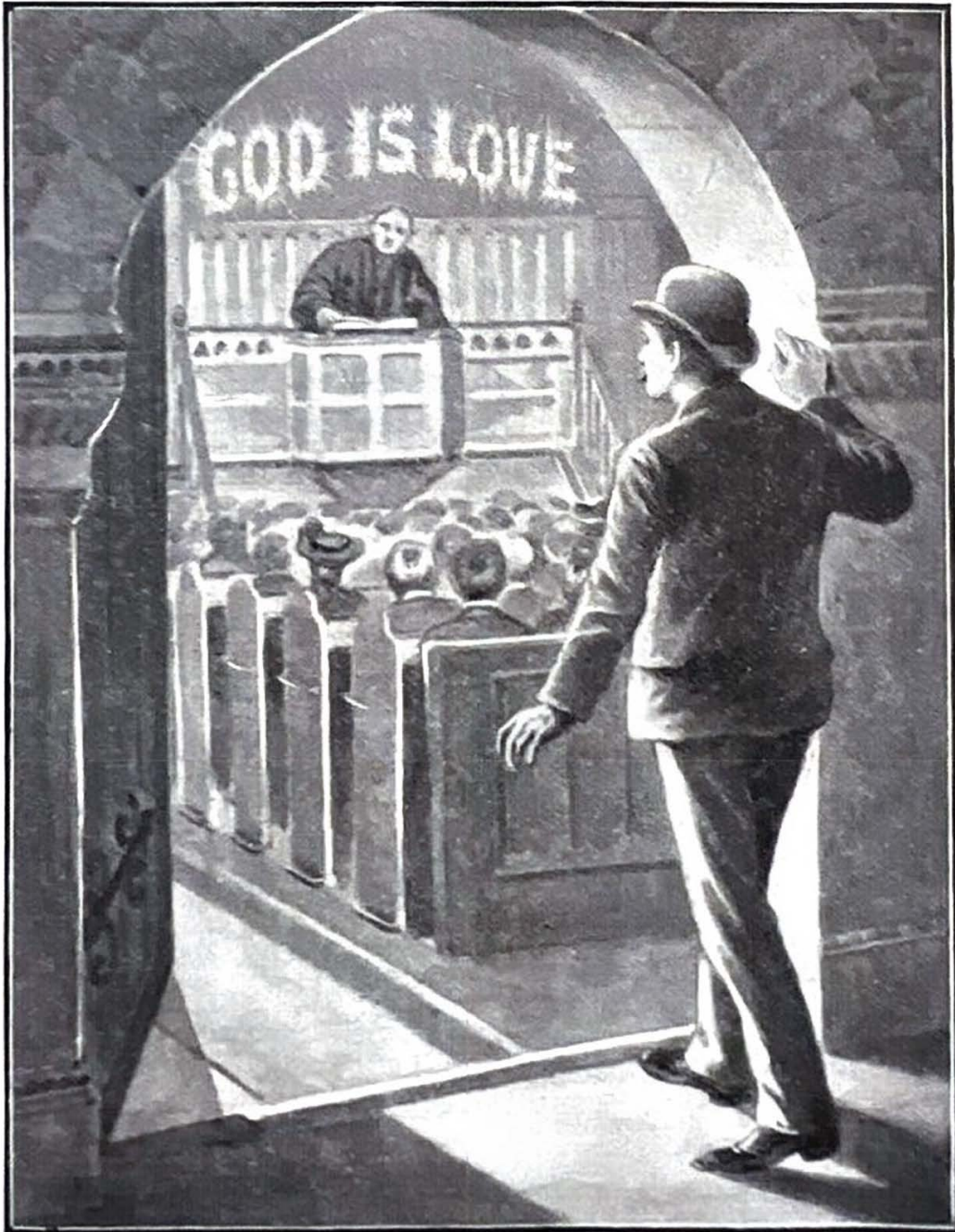
SOLEMN FACTS.

YOU may be clothed in purple and fine linen, and fare sumptuously every day, as Dives did, *and not be saved*. You may rule vast provinces, and command vast armies, as Pharaoh and Nebuchadnezzar did, *and not be saved*. You may be fair and lovely to behold, as Absalom was, *and not be saved*. You may even belong to a church, pure, simple, and apostolic, and blessed with holy ordinances, as Ananias and Saphira did, *and not be saved*. You may live under the highest blaze of Gospel teaching, as Judas did—nay, you may bear witness to the truths of Jesus, as he did, *and not be saved*. You may be exalted in privileges, as Chorazin was, *and not be saved*. But you cannot BELIEVE in the Lord Jesus Christ, and fail of salvation. The word abides forever, "*Whosoever BELIEVETH in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life*" (John iii. 16).

ACTUAL. PROBABLE. IMPOSSIBLE.

"Because there is wrath, beware lest He take thee away with His stroke; then a great ransom cannot deliver thee" (Job xxxvi. 18).

HUMAN nature ever goes to extremes, hence the alarming tendency of some to announce God's matchless love sadly at the expense of His righteousness, and of others to speak of His infinite holiness at the expense of His love: the former leads to *universalism and kindred errors*, whilst the latter leads to the unholy thought that



"GOD IS LOVE"—MOTTO IN D. L. MOODY'S CHURCH AT CHICAGO.

God is harsh and finds delight in tormenting the sinner. It becomes us to remember that God's Word puts all things in their proper order and place, and that as truly as it says, "God is love," it says, "God is light." It speaks of Him as the "God of all grace"; it also describes Him as "God of gods, Lord of lords, a great God and terrible." The love and righteousness of our God are equally balanced, and were fully manifested by His only begotten Son, by whom came into this graceless, lie-loving world both *grace* and *truth*.

The three statements which head this paper are as true and applicable to-day as when first uttered by Elihu to the disconsolate Job. First, there is the "ACTUAL." "Because there *is* wrath." Yes, it is a solemn fact that God is angry with the wicked every day. As truly as He sitteth in the heavens, as truly as He is the fountain of all love, as truly as He is God over all; so true is it that "There is wrath," and that sooner or later final judgment will be passed upon all who continue wilfully in the peaceless ways of death. Whatever phase sin assumes it must be punished. Be it the infidel with his time-worn cry of "No God," or the unitarian with his flickering cause crying, "No Divine Christ," or the agnostic with his drastic argument, "No hope beyond this life," or the drunkard with his acquired thirst, to satisfy which he will sell body, soul, and estate, or the pleasure seeker who loves pleasure more than God, or the strange woman whose house is the way of death, or the religious hypocrite who supposes that gain is godliness, or whether it be man's crowning sin, the sin of sins, rejection of the Son of God—for all these things the wrath of God cometh on the children of disobedience. For these things the unsheathed sword of divine justice hangs over their hearts, ready to descend to their eternal death.

Sinful men may endeavour to measure God's justice by their various standards of human righteousness, and thus make a god of their whims and fancies, an illusionary god; but the God of whom we speak, the living and true God, the Creator, makes no bargains, He asks no terms from His stubborn, rebellious creatures. He tells man of his awful danger, reveals to him his dire need, provides at great cost a way of escape, and gives him time to repent; yet He clearly states that if he will not accept His mercy he shall endure His wrath, and that if he refuses as a free gift eternal life he must receive the dread wages of sin—death—followed

by a judgment which will but confirm his guilt. He will be compelled to bow the knee, and his speechless lips will attest the fact that God is righteous in passing sentence for his banishment into the outer darkness of the lost world,



"AS A CONDEMNED MURDERER, WITH THE DEATH SENTENCE PASSED."

when he will prove to his eternal shame and loss that "There is wrath."

Besides all this it is "PROBABLE" that whilst this wrath is slumbering something else may take place. Therefore the divine warning is added, "Beware lest He take thee away with His stroke." It is solemn yet true that because

sentence against an evil work is not executed speedily, therefore the hearts of the sons of men are fully set in them to do evil. Therefore be warned in time, for if unsaved you are as a condemned murderer with the death sentence passed but awaiting execution. The wrath of God even now abideth on you. It is an awful thought that many who have rejected love, spurned grace, and slighted mercy, have been cut down in their sins by the stroke of God. "I would rather go to hell than hear the Gospel," once remarked a man bound by the cords of his sins, and in less than three hours he was dead. There are many to whom God has spoken loudly, but they delight in following the course of this world, in living in utter forgetfulness of God, revelling in the pleasures of sin. Warning after warning has been unheeded; call after call has been slighted, and they have been dealt with in judgment, taken away by God's stroke, to bear the terrible consequences of the folly and sin throughout a lost eternity.

"God is not mocked," is an unerring statement of God. His Word is as steadfast as His throne. O, poor sinner, why continue your wild career? Why tread the paths of death? Why treat God's warnings as idle tales?

Oh, beware! lest the God who created you, who has spared your life hitherto, who desires your eternal blessing, and who now calls you to be reconciled to Himself, take you



"GOD'S MESSAGE TO BELSHAZZAR"

away with His stroke as He did the profligate king Belshazzar, or the corrupt Herod of a later day. Then it would be "IMPOSSIBLE" to obtain deliverance. For our verse says, "Then a great ransom cannot deliver thee."

But God's stroke has not yet overtaken you, for you have the privilege of the present moment. "*Now* is the day of salvation"; "*then* a great ransom cannot deliver thee." God says: "Deliver him from going down to the pit, for I have found a Ransom." The ransom price has been paid by the precious blood of Jesus Christ, that now you may step out of thralldom into the glorious liberty of the truth which sets the captive free, and that you may experimentally

know God's delivering grace. The Son of God on Calvary's Cross bowed His head in death, and thus gave His life a ransom for many.

"Thou fool," said God to the rich farmer, and he was cut



"THOU FOOL," SAID GOD TO THE RICH FARMER.

down, he died as he lived, and no ransom could deliver him. Depend upon it, that when once the sands of your life have run out, or the Lord has called away His own blood-bought bride, there will be no "larger hope," for "a great ransom cannot deliver thee."

What remorse will rend the hearts of the impenitent who

have heard that the greatest possible Ransom has been provided by God, but have left the great atoning work of Christ unappropriated—who have left the Gospel supper untasted—who have carelessly passed by the door of hope—who have not heeded the loving calls of the Saviour—who have resisted the mighty strivings of the Holy Spirit, and have treated scornfully or carelessly the warnings of God. They heard, they rejected, they were cut down, they were buried; but that is not all, for as they were buried they will be raised, judged, and will then, when too late, know to their eternal doom what they had previously heard—that, “a great ransom cannot deliver them.”

No hope to cheer them there—no Christ to save them—no mercy to pardon—no precious blood to cleanse—no ransom to deliver. And indelibly written upon their memories will be that crushing statement, “a great ransom cannot deliver thee.”

Oh, sinner! make the most of present opportunities. Be warned by coming wrath, by the many who have been taken away by God's stroke, and by the unerring statement that then there will be no ransom to deliver. Now a loving Saviour bends to hear your heartfelt cry for salvation, for

“His love all embracing is boundless and free,
O, do not reject it, He offers it thee.”

Trust the Saviour: then in the full assurance of faith you will be able, with the host of the ransomed, to affirm:

“There is no condemnation,
There is no hell for me,
The torments and the fire,
My eyes shall never see.”

Cast yourself upon His boundless mercy now. He casts none out who truly turn to Him. Then, as did one of old, you will hear His message, a message heart-gladdening and soul-thrilling, “Thy sins are forgiven thee, go in peace.”

HOLDEN WITH THE CORDS.

YOU feel the bondage of sin; and you would fain be delivered from its terrible dominion. But mark this, if you fail to have that dominion broken by a living faith in the Son of God, the time may come when you will be so joined to your idols that you shall not have even the desire to be delivered. There is such a thing as being holden with the cords of your sins. Therefore beware, and repent,

MERCY OR JUDGMENT.

"I am the Lord, which exercise loving kindness, judgment, and righteousness in the earth, for in these things I delight, saith the Lord" (Jer. ix. 24).

WE were recently labouring in a certain Herefordshire village, visiting the cottagers and circulating Gospel books, and as we did so, speaking words either of comfort or warning as opportunity presented itself. In the course of our visiting we chanced to meet the village blacksmith, and offering him a book, we invited him to the Gospel service. He accepted it most reluctantly, commencing, as he did so, to pour forth quite a volume of words about the inconsistency of Christians; remarking, in most sarcastic tones, that he had in his time seen a lot of folk who professed religion, and assumed to be very good, whose object in so doing was merely to make gain; and that when they had achieved their



THE VILLAGE SMITH.

end, they turned aside, gave the whole thing up, and were as bad, and, in some cases, worse than those who made no profession.

In replying, we remarked that no doubt there were many who were mere professors of Christianity, assuming to be what they were not; who were in reality wolves in sheep's clothing; that there were hypocrites, who supposed that gain was godliness; that there were numbers who were hearers of the Word, but not doers; and that we believed there were many miserable imitators of the good. But we stated also that if there were no real Christians there would be no shams, and mentioned that it had been said that if there were no real sovereigns, no one would trouble to make counterfeits; also, reminding him that the inconsistencies of others would be no excuse for him in the coming day, and concluded by quoting the solemn words from Holy Writ, "It is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the Judgment," and emphasized the fact that at that judgment individuals will be judged according to their *own* works. He strongly objected to the thought of judgment after death, saying, "I believe that if there is a judgment it is in this life, not hereafter." We answered that whether mortal man believed or not, would make no difference to the unalterable decree of the Creator God, the Judge of all the earth, and thus we parted.

He came to the service, and was one of the most attentive listeners to the old, old story of God's love. May his blind eyes be opened to see, ere too late, that there is a "judgment to come," and that God has provided a way of escape in the One who—

"Bore, that we might never bear,
The Almighty's righteous ire."

O, dear reader, consider God's great love; think of His boundless grace; meditate upon His words of mercy; for His love is, and ever will remain, unequalled. It is this love which melts the callous heart of man; which is so great that instead of cutting you down in judgment, calls to you in beseeching accents, saying, "Be reconciled"; and louder, "Turn ye, why will ye die?" and louder still He proclaims, "I am long-suffering, not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance." O, the immensity of this love! its sway is illimitable, it extends to those who are in the far distance of alienation, to those who are on the

verge of perishing eternally. Its depth is unfathomable. From the glory of heaven it stoops so low that it may rescue the deepest sunken in the abyss of sin. It is so boundless and free, that it would embrace, pardon, and eternally bless all, no matter how sinful and wretched.

Judgment is God's strange work. He is rich in mercy, and to prove it to a lost, guilty world, He gave His only begotten Son, who satisfied all His holy requirements, that



"AS BAD OR WORSE THAN THOSE WHO HAD MADE NO PROFESSION"

the sinner may in perfect righteousness be brought into a nearer place than that which he forfeited by wilful disobedience, which resulted in his expulsion from the earthly paradise, for then he knew God as Creator, but now he may know Him as Father.

Moreover, it is God who in love provides the remedy, which is the precious blood of Jesus, which alone is the true ground of safety and peace, which alone can shelter the sinner from judgment; for, on that ground, and none other, does God pardon the guilty.

The solemn fact that all must meet God is unalterable either by men or demons. The day of reckoning is coming, and God has decreed that all must appear before Him, either in the day of His long-suffering love, when mercy is flowing like a mighty, boundless ocean, or in the day of His fierce anger, when not the smallest favour will be granted. All must have to do with Him, either now as God of love, or then as God of light. All will feel either the constraining love of Christ, or the terror of the Lord. All must receive either His kiss of reconciliation now, or the due reward of their sins hereafter. All must know Him either now as Father, or then as Almighty God, of whom it is written, "It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God." All must either in this life hear His voice of loving pardon, or after leaving time's scenes hear their dread sentence pronounced, "Depart, I never knew you."

Is there a judgment? Is it after death? Let us turn to the only true source of authority, the Word of God. We read in Rev. xx. 11 these words:—

"I saw a great white Throne, and Him that sat on it, from whose face the earth and the heaven fled away; and there was found no place for them. And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God, and the books were opened; and another book was opened, which is the book of life; and the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books, according to their works. And the sea gave up the dead which were in it; and death and hell delivered up the dead which were in them, and they were judged every man according to their works. And death and hell were cast into the lake of fire. This is the second death. And whosoever was not found written in the book of life was cast into the lake of fire."

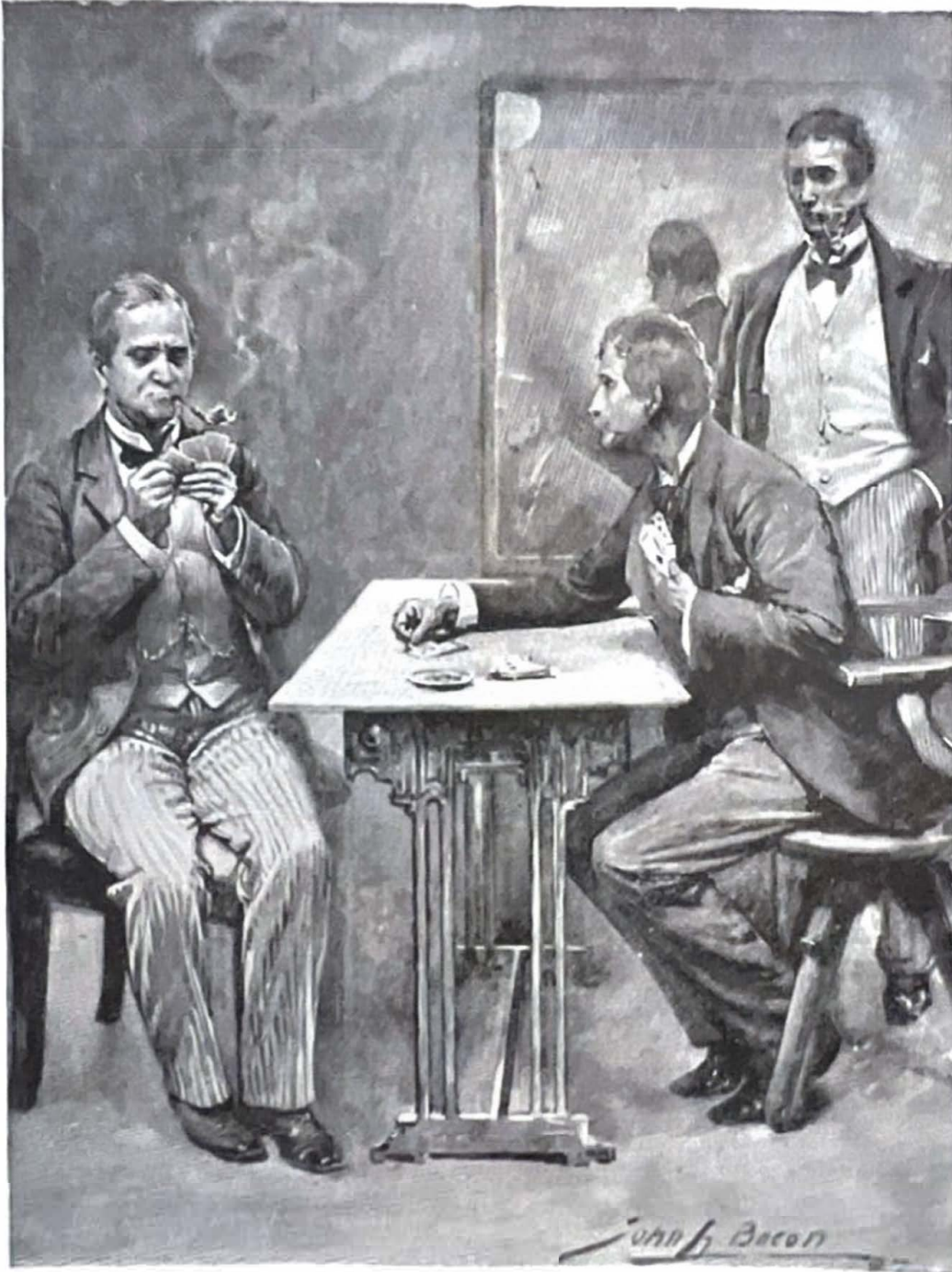
Thus you see from God's Word that all must meet Him, and have personal dealings with Him about the solemn matter of their sins; and the sins which you have committed must be accounted for, either in this life, or after death, at the great White Throne. You must either have the work of another imputed to you here, or be judged there according to your own works. You must either bow to Christ now as the loving gracious Saviour, or see Him then as the Judge. "Because He hath appointed a day in which He will judge the world in righteousness, by that Man [Jesus] whom He hath ordained" (Acts xvii. 31). Which shall be your experience, reader, Mercy, or Judgment?

A MOMENT to think of the millions of years you will spend in eternity. If saved, in heaven; if unsaved, in hell. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and THOU shalt be saved."

GOD IS NOT MOCKED.

"Because sentence against an evil work is executed speedily, therefore the heart of the sons of men is fully set in them to do evil" (Eccles. viii. 11).

THE following is a true incident related by an elderly Christian woman residing in Northumberland: the person mentioned she actually knew. May it serve as a warning to the reader, for sometimes, even in the wondrous



"CARD PLAYING IN A FREQUENTED GAMBLING PLACE."

day of His grace, God makes manifest His sore displeasure!

Four miners were card-playing on the Lord's Day in a frequented gambling-place, mingling with their conversation the most awful blasphemy. After a time, when their interest in the game was on the wane, they left their gambling and adjourned to an adjoining inn to drink. Whilst there, one of them, John B——, called upon the attendant to supply him with a quart of "Hell flames!" and should she be unable to procure this, she was to bring a quart of "Damnation!" Alas! vain man; his impious words and blasphemous demands were not only heard by the occupants of the tap-room, but they also reached the ears of Almighty God, who sometimes metes out immediate judgment against evildoers.

Not many hours afterwards, the profane mocker returned to his usual work down the pit, and whilst there was overtaken by a fearful accident, which resulted in his being so injured that the physicians who were summoned could neither afford him relief nor prolong his life; and his last words ere he passed for ever the portal of time and entered eternity, were:—"I am already suffering hell upon earth." The villagers declared that they believed it to be Heaven's judgment, and who shall say that they were wrong in their belief?

"As a tree falls so shall it lie;
As a man lives so shall he die;
As a man dies so shall he be,
All through the days of eternity."

It is the fool who mocks at sin, blaspheming God's holy Name, speaking flippantly of such realities as hell and judgment, mingling with their oaths the Name of the God of high heaven, and setting at nought His counsels of love. Man, led on by Satan, may raise his puny arm in rebellion against God, only to find that it falls palsied to his side. He may haughtily toss his head in defiance of God, but he will sooner or later bow it with shame, as he learns that God, and not he, is Master of the situation. These constantly recurring sins but manifest the pride and rebellion of the human heart, the downfall of thousands, from which so few ever arise. God will punish sin, and cause His enemies to taste the bitterness of judgment.

Perchance the reader of these lines may say, "I know that I am guilty. I acknowledge that I have sinned

grievously against God; but as the past cannot be recalled, how can I escape the bitter consequences of my many crimes, or is my case utterly hopeless?" There is but one answer to your question. Your only hope is in the mercy of God—the mercy that provides for you a way of escape, the mercy which flows out to the guilty transgressor, who believes in the Son of God, the mercy which blots out all transgressions, the mercy which you can avail yourself of now through faith in Christ. Does the prayer, "Purge me with hyssop and I shall be clean; wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow," spring up in your heart, and escape from your lips? If so, hearken to the voice of God saying: "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool."



"WHILE THERE, WAS OVERTAKEN BY A FEARFUL ACCIDENT."

A SOLDIER'S TESTIMONY.

"Prepare to meet thy God" (Amos iv. 12).



WHILE he was lying alone on the veldt in South Africa, during the Boer war, his frame racked with pain, he felt that his last moments on earth had arrived; and that death had surely laid upon his heart-strings its icy hand. With a great effort he thrust his hand into his pocket and brought forth a book, the Book of books, which has been the solace of thousands in their dying moments. Did he read it? did he seek its light through the valley of the shadow of death? Had he opened its sacred pages for his own comfort? No, for in those moments

when death stares him in the face, he is thinking of others. See, with his trembling fingers he holds a lead pencil, with which he writes in that sacred volume these assuring words:—"If I die on this veldt, I shall be in heaven."

God saw fit to spare his life, his earthly course is not yet finished, for he is home in England once more; but this simple incident is recorded, that you, dear reader, may consider where you would spend eternity if you were called upon to resign your breath. Would you have the same blessed assurance? Is it well with your soul? Were they mere presumptuous words? Were they founded upon a vain, delusive hope? Were they the imagination of a poor sufferer's brain? By no means; why then this calmness and the certainty of heaven in the supposed presence of death? It was because his sins had been blotted out, and he had been reconciled to God, owing to the efficacy of the precious blood of Christ, which both cleanseth from all sin and removes the sting of death. 'This, and this alone was the ground of his assurance. He was sheltered by the blood, and God in old time had declared, "When I see the blood I will pass over you."

O my reader! the thought of death may trouble you and cause your heart to quail and your whole being to tremble; for you cannot say, "His blood avails for me." But our

God in boundless grace has found a Ransom in His only Son who died on Calvary's Cross, in virtue of whose death you may escape a judgment which is terrible; and by whose blood you may be saved, sheltered, and enabled with holy assurance to say, "If I die now, I shall go to heaven, for Christ Jesus bore my sins in His body on the tree."



SOLDIERS IN HOSPITAL IN THE DOOR WAY

ABOUNDING GRACE.

"But where sin abounded, grace did much more abound" (Rom. v. 20).

ALL around us are living trophies of God's marvellous redeeming grace; those who once were alienated from God by wicked works, but who by Divine grace have been saved, and can therefore attribute the turning-point in their lives to the great fact that Christ died for their sins, and thankfully acknowledge, as the Apostle Paul: "Through the grace of God I am what I am."

A short time ago we had the privilege of speaking to an aged saint, whose whole being seemed moved at the mention of the Name of Jesus; as for many long years she had known Him as the Good Shepherd who gave His life for the sheep, and had many times realised that she was the object of His unceasing love and care.

In the course of our conversation about the grace of our God, she informed us that a short time previously she had lost her beloved husband, who passed away at the ripe old age of eighty-two, and who for almost fifty years had been a preacher of God's glad tidings; and added that just before he received the home-call, when infirmity, disease, and pain were triumphing over his mortal body, he said: "Now I prove the grace of which I have preached to others for nearly fifty years is sufficient for me here"; and that his last words, ere his eyes were closed in death, were words of welcome to the Lover of his soul, as, with a countenance radiant with joy, he exclaimed in exultant tones, "Jesus, my precious Saviour; Jesus, my precious Saviour." Thus did his spirit pass from his body to be present with the Lord, but what a testimony was his to the saving and sustaining grace of God!

The one mentioned above, at one period of his life's history, through the fear of death had been subject to bondage; but, as abounding grace brought to him salvation, and saved him from his sins, and gave him a sure hope of eternal glory, he could exclaim with thankfulness, "O Death! where is thy sting?" for it was but a messenger of love to usher him into the presence of the One who had tasted death in all its bitterness.

What a contrast between the peaceful death of the righteous and the death of the wicked who have spent their lives in self gratification and the service of Satan. For many in their blind zeal have left no stone unturned to promulgate error of the most insidious and deadly description. Think for a few moments of the deathbed of the notorious

Voltaire. He was dying what men call a natural death, doubtless, with every procurable comfort, and as, perhaps, loving hands ministered to the needs of the haughty rebel against God, they may not have thought that these were the



"THE MARTYR'S STAKE IS A PARADISE TO THIS."

last comforts he would ever enjoy, for there is no comfort in the abode of lost souls, no loving hand to wipe the tear from the eye nor to moisten the parched lips with water; for his life was slowly ebbing away, and with it all the providential blessings of God, who causes His sun to shine both upon the righteous and the ungodly. There he lies, the one who had ignored, cursed, blasphemed, and in every conceivable way opposed the God of heaven, who for so many years had spared him, despite the evil of his ways; who had given him space to repent, but alas! he repented not, for he shrieks from his gall of bitterness, from his bond of iniquity, "The martyr's stake is a paradise to this"; his cries being so terrible that it is said that his nurse fled from the room in terror. Just before he died he exclaimed, "I am dying!" and, truly, his was the death which never dies. Thus passing from Time to Eternity, a hopeless wreck for ever, to await the judgment of God, which is as sure as the death he had just died.

Were the death summons to sound in your ears, would it sound as an awful judgment knell? or would you die the death of the righteous? Would you be found unprepared, a Christless soul? or would it be a welcome message to usher you into the presence of the Saviour? But although you may be unprepared for Eternity, yet the boundless grace of God reaches towards you, and would rescue you from the miry clay of sin; for, in the work of Jesus Christ, who died the Just for the unjust, God sees that which both satisfies and glorifies Him, that now He can offer you this great salvation freely. The Gospel of His grace is therefore sent to you.

"O believe it! O receive it, 'tis for thee."

"For the grace of God, that bringeth salvation, hath appeared to all men" (Titus ii. 11).

ROYAL PARDON.

"**T**HOU art a God ready to PARDON, gracious and merciful, slow to anger, and of great kindness, and forsookest them not" (Neh. ix. 17). "He ABUNDANTLY PARDONS" (Is. lv. 7). Have you accepted the Royal Pardon?

By ROYAL COMMAND.—"God . . . now *commandeth* all men everywhere to repent: because He hath appointed a day in the which He will judge the world" (Acts xvii. 30, 31).

THE DAY OF SALVATION.



"WHAT MUST I DO TO BE SAVED?"

THE DAY OF SALVATION.

"Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation" (2 Cor. vi. 2).

ALMOST all are aware that God has revealed in His Word that unless the sinner turns to Him for the forgiveness of sins in this life he can never enter heaven, but his precious soul will be eternally lost, which means to be for ever banished from God, holiness, and heaven.

God in compassionate love uses various means to awaken the unsaved to realise their lost, sinful, and undone condition; but when the conscience has been reached and the sinner is bowed down with a sense of sin, and has almost craved God's forgiveness, has almost trusted Christ for salvation, has almost crossed the threshold of untold blessing, and is almost persuaded to be a Christian, therefore is *almost saved*, then it is that Satan, the great arch-enemy of God and man, who is ever on the alert to catch away the good seed, that souls may be ruined for all eternity, presents himself as an angel of light, and whispers in his beguiling manner his most successful argument: "Bye-and-bye, wait for a more convenient time, wait until such an event has happened, defer it until such a period of your life is past, for there is plenty of time yet." And hundreds of sin-burdened souls heed the lies of the deceiver, vainly endeavouring to appease their consciences and calm their troubled hearts by deciding on some future occasion to obey the call of the Gospel of God's grace and be saved.

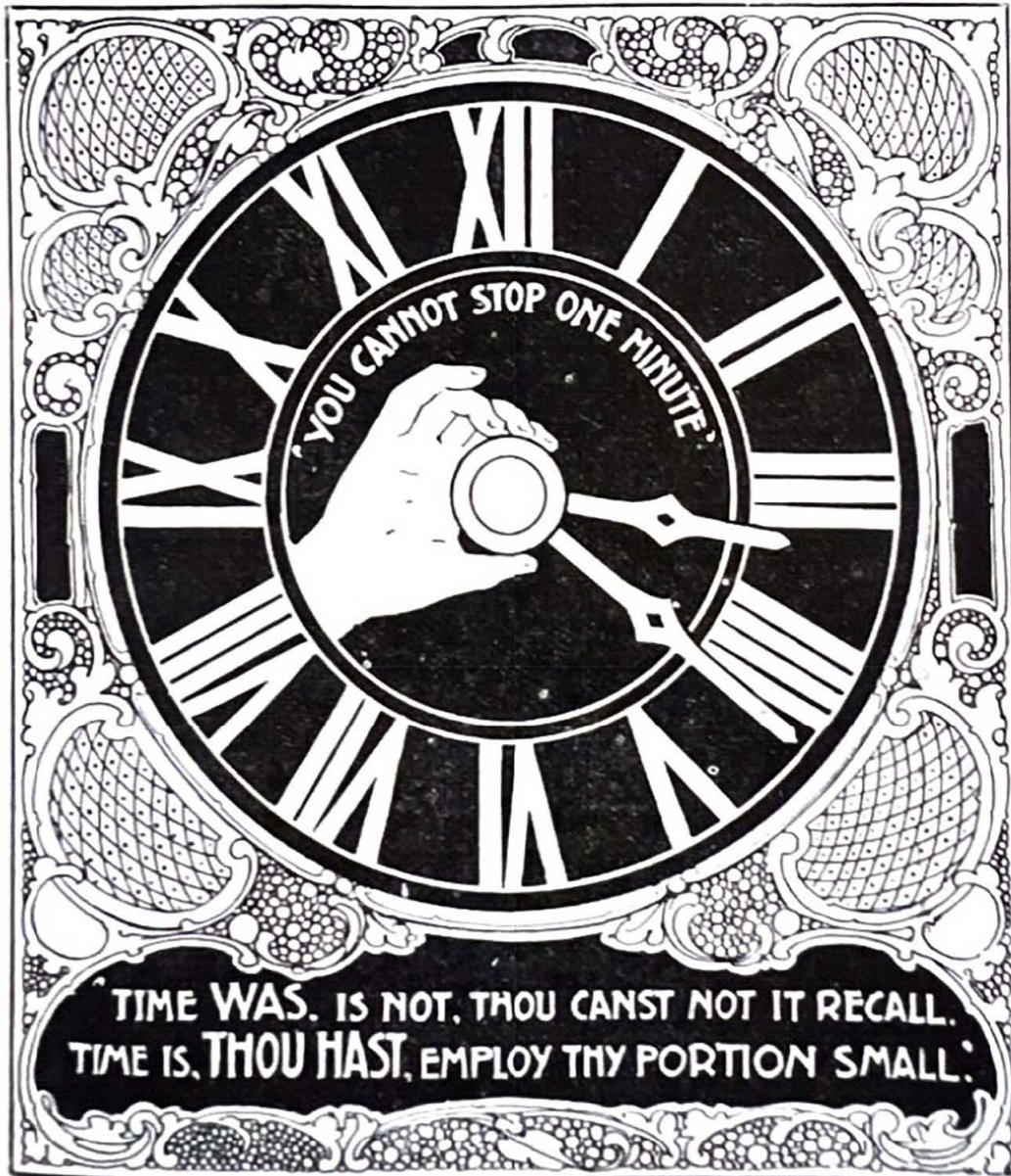
Thus Satan works, his object being to lull souls into a state of indifference, both to the claims of God and the wondrous love of the Saviour, that they may continue to be his bond-slaves, that they may settle down in this world which lies in his power, and that he may continue to lead them captives at his will.

Pause, and think! The solemn realities of eternity demand your immediate attention, before you is the terrible abyss, *hell*, into which, were the brittle thread of life snapped asunder, you would be launched. Mortal man does not control his life; his breath is in the hand of his Creator, the One who gave it, and may be withdrawn at any moment; then, if unsaved, he will be a *hopeless wreck for eternity*.

O the folly of sinners to postpone this most important of all matters! when, for aught they know, they may not have many more days, or even hours, to spend in this world. Many are known to all, who have appeared strong and well

one day, and the next their bodies have been cold and lifeless. Each moment we live, each breath we draw, each throb of our pulse, each beat of our hearts is one nearer our final destination. Let us, therefore, pause, and ask ourselves the important questions: "Where are we travelling to—endless bliss, or everlasting misery? Where shall we spend eternity—in heavenly glory, or amidst the horrors of hell?"

It behoves you, if you value your soul, to be quite clear as to God's statements respecting His grace, mercy, and love. You need grace; God manifests it towards you. You need love; God commends His love towards you, though it cost the priceless gift of His only begotten Son. You need



mercy; He delights in mercy. You need the forgiveness of your sins; He offers it to you freely, in virtue of the atoning death of Jesus Christ, for "through this Man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins." God has provided a great salvation, in which you may participate; and such is His love that He offers to you, as a free gift, eternal life, stating also the time when this *most enriching of all gifts* may be obtained. Listen! "Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation." Now, is God's time, but to-morrow is Satan's. The present time only is yours, a future day you may never live to see, for

" The road of bye-and-bye
Leads to the land of never."

Now, God's message to you is: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." To-morrow you may be irrecoverably lost. Now, the salvation of God is offered you freely. To-morrow you may be where no offer of mercy ever comes. Now, God would prepare to dwell in the unsullied light of His presence, both the reader of these lines, and every guilty sinner who approaches Him in the Name of Jesus. To-morrow you may be in torments, your sorrowful doom for ever fixed in the fire which burneth for ever and ever. Now, the Saviour calls to you in tones of tenderest love, "Come unto Me," but, in a day not far distant, you may hear from His lips the solemn words, "Depart, ye workers of iniquity, I never knew you." With these solemn facts before you, whilst God is beseeching you to be reconciled, and offering to you this full, free, and eternal salvation, *harden not your heart*, lest He take thee away with His stroke, then a great ransom cannot deliver thee.

"Procrastination," says the well-known proverb, "is the thief of time," and one has also described it as the "Recruiting sergeant of hell." Has procrastination become habitual with you, my reader? Do you continually defer the consideration of this subject of overwhelming importance? If so, think of the danger to which you are needlessly exposing yourself; for, if unsaved, you have no true hope for eternity; nothing before you but everlasting woe. Shortly you may be engulfed in those terrible depths from which none can extricate you, with Satan, demons, and lost sinners for your companions. What misery, despair, and darkness! What weeping! And will you foolishly cast in

your lot with those who trifle with and *neglect the great salvation* of God? Will your lips ever utter these solemn words, "I am tormented in this flame"?

Many who purposed to spend eternity in heaven will at



last find themselves shut out, because they sought to gain admittance when too late. Intending to be saved on some future occasion will neither save the soul nor secure a place amongst the redeemed of the Lord, neither will it be a plea in favour of those who stand before the bar of God at the Great Judgment.

Sinner, beware! Sin is no trifling matter in God's sight. Your condition is dangerous, and judgment is imminent. Therefore, do not make shipwreck of your soul's welfare, but, as you read of God's great love, as you *think of the compassion of Christ*, His humiliation, His shame, His sorrow, and His atoning death, treat it not lightly, neither despise the mercy of the loving and gracious Saviour. The door of salvation is now wide open, and whosoever will may enter in and be saved, whilst those who pass by, refusing to enter, will be lost for ever, after having treated with contempt the proffered mercy of God, and spurned both the calls of love and the warning notes of the One whose mission into this world was to "seek and save" the lost.

Defer not this important matter longer. "Boast not thyself of to-morrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth," is the precept of Scripture, which you do well to heed. God does not bind Himself to bless you to-morrow, neither does He promise to dispense His gifts or pardon the guilty on any future occasion.

Therefore as this love is made known to you, do not be guilty of *such base ingratitude* as to decide that on your death-bed you will turn to God and sue for mercy, for you may never have a death-bed, but may be among that number who die without a moment's warning. If so, it is, practically saying, by your actions that you will *enjoy the pleasures of sin*, have all you can get out of the world, spend your life in self-gratification, and when on the border of the tomb, and almost on the threshold of eternity, you will be saved by turning to God, thus making the best of both worlds.

If such is the thought of the reader of these lines, I would add, in conclusion—Beware! God is not mocked. "Seek ye the Lord while He may be found." Do not trifle any longer, lest the One who is now manifesting such grace towards you be tired beyond forbearance, and cut you down in your sins, a lost soul—lost, because you would not be saved in God's time—to experience, in the midnight gloom of the lost world, the bitterness of being "Almost saved, but lost." O my reader, will you ever have to lament, "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and I am not saved"?

"Flee, for wrath is surely coming,
Flee to Christ, the sinner's Friend,
Flee, His arms will now embrace you,
Flee, for Mercy's day will end."

HIS LAST CALL.

A GOSPEL service had been held some years ago at a hall in the Channel Islands, after which a number of Christian friends, desiring that others should know the gracious Saviour and hear

" The joyful news of sins forgiven,
Of hell subdued, of peace with heaven,"

wended their way to the sea-shore to hold an open-air service.

When near the spot selected, one of the number turned aside to ask a man who was lounging about to come and



AN OPEN-AIR SERVICE ON THE SHORE.

hear the oft-told story of God's boundless love. But, alas! he was a hardened sinner, and twice refused the loving, earnest invitation, supplementing his second refusal with the awful words, "I would rather go to hell than to hear the Gospel."

Did he forecast his own judgment? Did he unthinkingly make his lasting choice between heaven and hell? Be that as it may, the solemn fact remains that the same evening, at ten o'clock, the blasphemous trifler with the glad tidings of a gracious God was seized with illness, and before the

belfry clock chimed the midnight hour, death's icy hand was laid upon his heart, and life's brittle thread was snapped.

Has the Gospel story no charm to your ear? If so, it is evident that you are an unforgiven sinner. God delights in the Gospel. The saved sinner rejoices in the Gospel. Satan, man's arch-enemy, hates it, because it frees his servants from his tyranny. It is Satan who seeks to hide the blessedness of the Gospel, to charm so that its divine notes fall upon sin-deafened ears, to harden so that the heart is unmoved by God's unparalleled love, and to hinder so that man may not savingly hear His proclamations of peace.

God's boundless grace brings salvation. The Gospel is His power to that end. But mark! not to those who despise it, not to those who neglect it, not to those who merely hear it, but "to everyone that believeth." Are you among that number? If so, you will be with that countless multitude who will shine to the praise of His grace in the ages to come; if not, you may die in your sins and be eternally lost.

In the coming judgment day it will avail you nothing, but only add to your condemnation; that you heard the truths of the Gospel, that Christ came to seek the lost, that He died for the guilty, and that now He is a Prince and a Saviour at God's right hand, presented in the Gospel as the object of faith. Oh, as you value your soul:

"Heed the record God has given,
Heed His Word and be brought nigh,
Heed the glorious Gospel message,
Heed it now or you will die."

Hear it, believe it, and trust the Saviour of whom it so fully testifies. Then you will be "justified freely by His grace, knowing that He [Christ] was delivered for *your* offences, and raised again for your justification."

LEAVE IT NOT.

WHERE will you be in Eternity? Oh, prepare for it. Leave it not till the last hour. Leave it not until your death-bed: you may never have a death-bed. Leave it not until you get more time: you may never get more time. Leave it not until you get old: you may never get old. Leave it not until the Spirit strives more powerfully: He may never strive again. Leave it not until to-morrow: you may never see to-morrow. *This night* thy soul may be required of thee!

FROM SO GREAT A DEATH: A STORY OF THE "BIRKENHEAD."

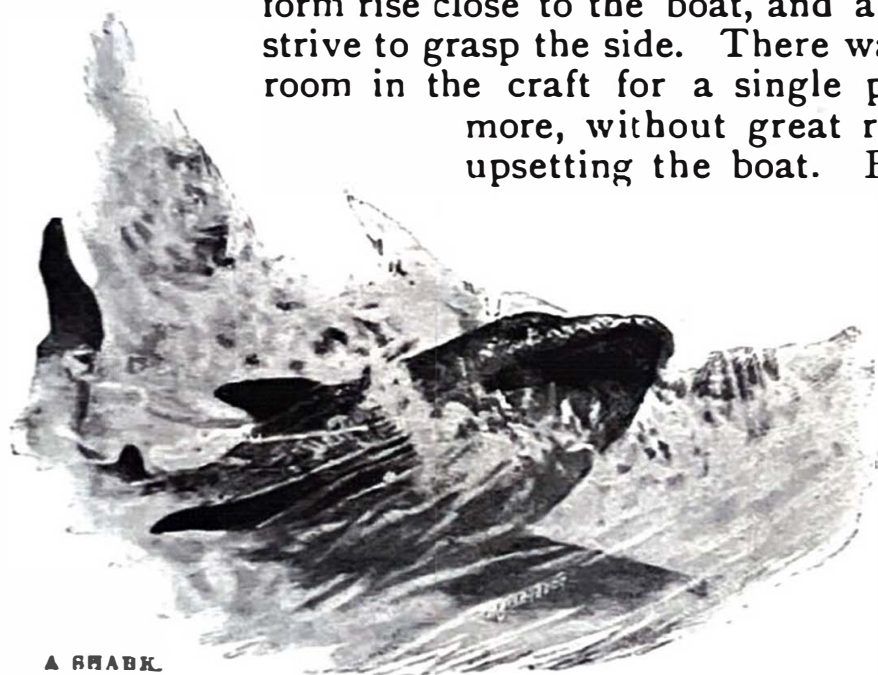
A TOUCHING story of youthful heroism has been recently recorded of a young officer of the Highland Light Infantry, Alexander Cumine Russell, who willingly



LOWERING THE LIFEBOATS.

gave his life when that noble vessel the *Birkenhead* struck the rocks. Russell, who was but seventeen, was ordered into one of the boats, for the purpose of commanding it, and he sat with dimmed eyes in the stern, some distance from the doomed ship, watching the forms of his beloved comrades, standing upright on the deck. He saw the ship go down, carrying with it hundreds of brave hearts. He saw those fearful creatures of the deep seizing their prey, and heard the screams of scores of human beings, as they were torn to pieces by sharks.

Then just when all for him was safe, he saw a sailor's form rise close to the boat, and a hand strive to grasp the side. There was not room in the craft for a single person more, without great risk of upsetting the boat. But as



A SHARK.

"HE SAW THOSE FEARFUL CREATURES OF THE DEEP SEIZING THEIR PREY."

the sailor's face rose close at the boat's side, a woman in the craft called out in agony, "Save him! save him! He is my husband!" Russell looked at the woman, then at her children, then at that sailor struggling in the waves, his eyes beseeching help, then at the sharks feasting on every hand.

He arose, and with a bold plunge jumped clear of the boat, and helped the drowning sailor into what had been his own place—a place of safety. Then amidst a chorus of "God bless you!" from those in the boat, the young officer turned round to meet his death. Many in the boat closed their eyes in prayer; when they opened them Alexander Cumine Russell was nowhere to be seen. Wonderful love! for one man to give his life for another. Pure human pity and grace, for

the rescued sailor had no claim whatever; but brave Alexander Cumine Russell voluntarily took the fatal leap, he rescued the dying man, and then fell a prey to the sharks; he dared to die for his fellow-man.

Does not this stirring story illustrate a deed still more pathetic? Ah, yes! It reminds those who are saved of the stupendous grace of the Captain of their salvation. He beheld them from His lofty throne, tossed to and fro on the angry billows of sin, and knowing that they were hopeless wrecks, unable to save themselves, and that soon they would sink beneath the angry waves and be eternally lost, He, the Lord of life and glory, left His throne above, and passed into the surging waters of death, exclaiming, "All Thy waves and Thy billows have gone over Me." He came just where they were, stretched out His hand to rescue, lifted them from the tempest, and put them in His own place of eternal safety. Not for the angels, not for His friends, but, O wondrous love, for His enemies! Well may they say, as they meditate upon such an exhibition of grace, as feelings of reverential awe fill their souls, and gratitude possesses their hearts, "We love Him, because He first loved, gave Himself, and died for us."

You, dear unsaved one, are perishing in the waters of sin. You may not realise it, but it is nevertheless true, that the waves of self-righteousness, ignorance, or gross outward sin are carrying you on their whited crests; their movements may be gentle at first, and the sensation somewhat pleasing; but, alas! you are drifting on, on, on to eternal death.

The time comes when you awake to your peril, and your heart fails as you see the waves of sin rising mountains high. There is a lingering hope in your breast. See, the unwreckable lifeboat of salvation draws near, a hand is stretched forth to rescue you. It is the almighty hand of the Saviour, for you can see the print of the nails thereon. Do you hesitate to take it? Does your confidence in His willingness to save you falter? Do you doubt His power? Whilst He is so nigh, stretch out the hand of faith to grasp the Saviour's once-wounded hand, and cry with all the earnestness of a drowning man, "Lord, save me, or I perish!" The moment you do so you are caught in that all-powerful grasp, the Infinite holds the finite, the Strong holds the weak, and you are saved with an everlasting salvation.

Beyond life's surging billows those thus rescued will ulti-

mately pass, to be for ever with their great Deliverer; and if the terrible past is remembered at all, it will be to cause unceasing praise to flow from the raptured heart to the One who gave His precious life to deliver from so great a death.

Millions have been rescued, who are now safely landed in the haven of rest, the harbour of unruffled calm. Thousands are living who can testify to the reality of their deliverance. Sinner, the Almighty Deliverer is nigh thee: note His pitying eye, see His outstretched arms, which manifest a fulness of love, beyond the fulness of the mighty ocean. O trust Him now, let the language of your heart be—

"I yield!
I can hold out no more,
I sink by dying love compelled,
And own Thee Conqueror."

Brave Alexander Cumine Russell died for one; Jesus Christ died for all. He was but a man; Jesus Christ was God manifest in the flesh. His was great human love; Jesus Christ's was almighty Divine love. This love He desires to confer upon you. Oh, avail yourself of it by believing on the Lord Jesus Christ—

"Who died on the tree,
And wrought a Salvation, O sinner, for thee."

ONE MEDIATOR; OR, MAKE MUCH OF CHRIST.

A CONVERTED miner was once travelling by rail between Blackburn and Manchester, when a gentleman who had the appearance of a Romish priest entered the compartment in which he was sitting. Now, this miner was one of those who had found salvation through Christ, and who knew experimentally what it meant to have his many sins forgiven; therefore wherever he went his desire was that others should know his Saviour and taste the joys of redeeming grace.

The train steamed out of the busy station, and as they were alone, and the miner desired to converse with his fellow-passenger about God's boundless love, he respectfully offered him a booklet, entitled, "The Leper Cleansed," which was graciously received. After a careful perusal of its contents, the gentleman looked up and said:

"A very good tract this."

"Yes, sir; it bears the Name of Christ, and testifies to the virtue of His precious blood."

"Perfectly true."

"Yes, it is very important to know that man is lost; and the only way to God is through the redemptive work of Christ Jesus, for His blood, which cleanseth from all sin, can and does fit the guilty sinner for God's presence; and apart from that, none can enter heaven."

"How many belong to your faith?"

"I don't know the number."

"Indeed!"

"You must know, friend, that God's Word states that



A MINER AT WORK AT THE FACE.

there is 'One Lord, one faith, one baptism,' and 'By grace are ye saved through faith'; and that the Lord Jesus once said, 'I am the Door,' and, again, 'Ye must be born again.' And mark, friend, these are the words of the Son of God, the Son of Man, the Alpha and Omega. Remember also that all other ways to God are spurious, even though they be religious and refined."

"And what do you think of the Pope of Rome?"

"The Pope of Rome is but a failing man as you and I. He was born into this world a sinner as were all Adam's posterity."

The Romanist appeared not to like this candid reply, and for some moments sat in silence, which was broken by the miner continuing :

"My friend, let us make much of Christ, for God has given Him a Name above every name, and crowned Him with glory and honour at His own right hand."

"That is quite true, but do you not think that Pope Leo XIII. is the head of the Church?"

"Oh, no, for we read in Colossians i. that Christ is the Head of the Church, and that being true, it is evident that the Pope of Rome is not. If Pope Leo has been born again, and cleansed from his sins by the all-availing blood of Christ, he, in common with every believer, is a member both of the Church and of the body of Christ; for in 1 Corinthians xii. 13 we read these words: 'For by one Spirit are we all baptised into one body, whether we be Jews or Gentiles.' Neither your finger nor your thumb is your head; they are but members of your body. Moreover, the Apostle Paul, to whom was revealed the mystery of the Church, was but a member of that body."

The train then slackened speed, and drew up to the platform, and the Romanist, bidding the miner "Good-day," alighted.

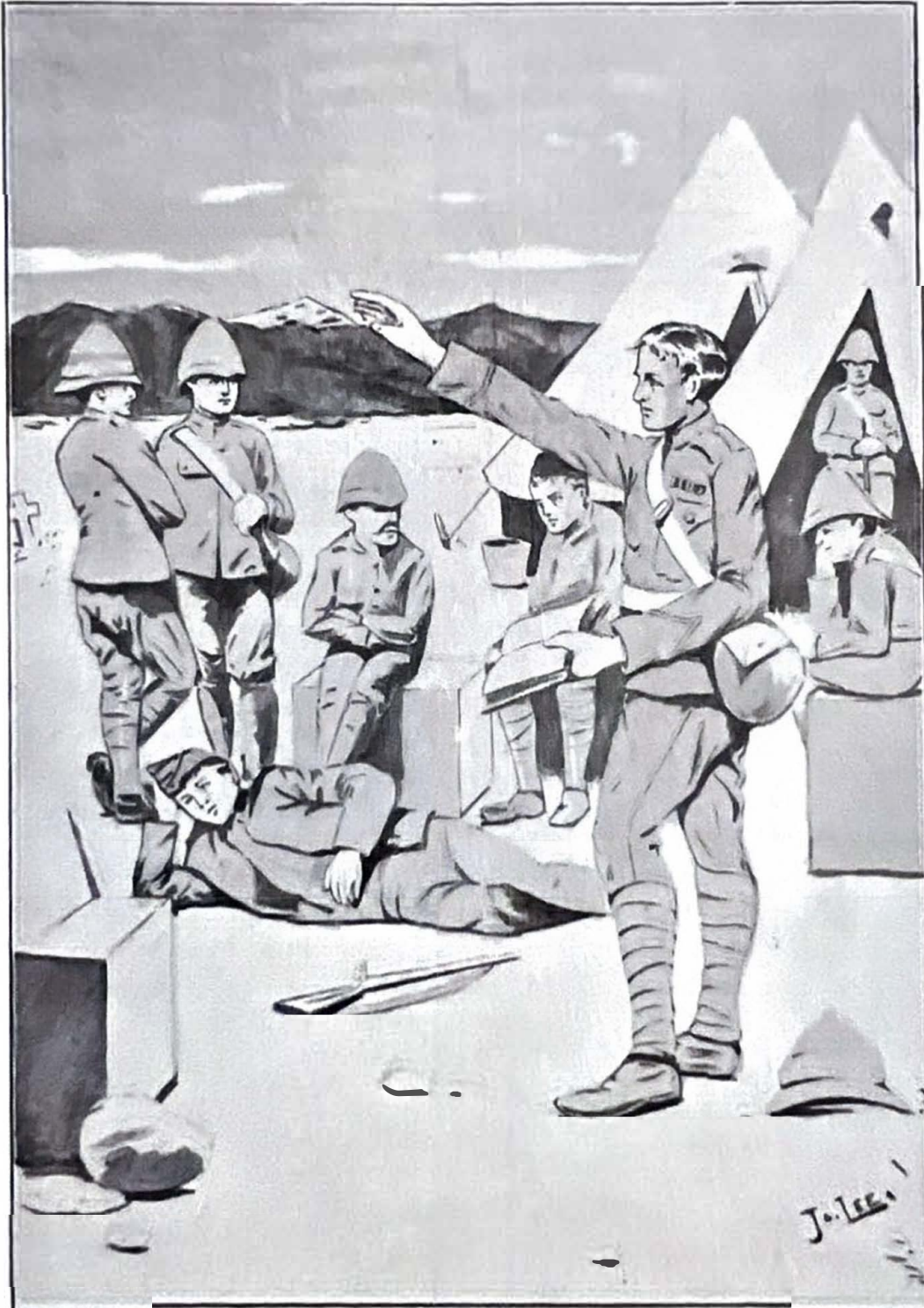
Oh, sinner, whatever man may presume to teach, the truth of God remains: "There is one God, and one Mediator, between God and man," not the Pope, not the priest, not the clergy, but "the Man Christ Jesus." There is a sure way to heaven, the new and living way, which is Christ, and Him crucified.

Therefore listen to the gracious words of the sinner's Saviour, "I am the Door: by Me if any man enter in he shall be saved" (John x. 9). "I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life: no man cometh unto the Father but by Me" (John xiv. 6). "Him that cometh to Me, I will in no wise cast out" (John vi. 37). Come to Him as you are, lost and guilty, and you will realise that—

"There is alone one way of peace,
One way alone to heaven,
Alone one way by which the vile,
Can be received, forgiven.
That way is Christ, the Christ of God,
Who died on Calvary's tree,
To save the guilty and undone,
And set the prisoner free."

EXCEEDINGLY PRECIOUS.

MANY good soldiers of Jesus Christ have been to the front during the late lamentable South African War, who, surrounded by shot, shell, and slaughter, and whilst sounded in their ears both the bugles' call and the cannons'



A PREACHER ON THE SOUTH AFRICAN BATTLEFIELD.

roar, have been kept perfectly calm, knowing the peace of God which passeth understanding.

Not only so, but when deadly conflict has been the one theme, many of them have been enabled to proclaim glorious peace—eternal peace—made by the Lord Jesus Christ. Theirs has been a grand message; for, surrounded by the dead and dying, they have proclaimed Christ the Life. Surrounded by moral and spiritual darkness, they have announced Christ the Light. Surrounded by insidious error, they have preached Christ the Truth.

Only in the coming day will the full results of their self-denying labours be seen, when they will know how many as a result of their testimony have surrendered to a Saviour-God, and proved that He grants mercy and pardon to all who approach Him through the crucified Saviour. Many are known whose lives testify to the reality of their conversion; but there have been also numbers who have passed from the gory veldt to the glorious presence of the great Captain of their salvation, whom they had so shortly before learned to love because He first loved them.

But not only can it be truly sung of our God that

“Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin,”

but the believer in Christ also knows that abounding grace which sustains in every time of need. This was experienced by a Christian soldier who was seriously wounded in one of the engagements, and to add to his discomfort became entangled with barbed wire. For twenty-eight hours he lay there suffering excruciating pain, helpless in the extreme, and too weak to extricate himself. When discovered he was in a state of utter exhaustion, but he was softly singing, with what he may have thought was his dying breath, the well-known words:

“I’ll say when the death dews lie close on my brow,
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, ’tis now.”

What a testimony to the Saviour’s nearness in his hour of physical extremity!

The above is another striking proof of the faithfulness of the Saviour who says: “Lo! I am with you always.” For in prosperity, or when bowed down with unspeakable sorrow: in health, or when overtaken with sickness: when

all is bright, or when dark clouds obscure life's horizon: in all the constantly varying circumstances of life, the saved prove Him to be "a Friend who sticketh closer than a brother," who is "the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever." And all can vouch for the truth of the statement: "Unto them that believe He is precious."

Reader do you love the Lord Jesus Christ? Your mother taught you to lisp His holy Name in infancy, your Sunday-school teacher besought you to give Him your heart in your youth, your father ere he breathed his last asked you to meet Him in heaven, and above all the gracious Saviour has many times called you to Himself. Can it be that you do not love Him whom angels ceaselessly adore, whom saints everlastingly bless, for whom the noble army of martyrs have laid down their lives, who is the centre of all God's delight. What consummate folly not to love Him! Read the account of His life. Ponder the records of His mighty acts. Meditate upon His atoning death. But here is glorious tidings for you, for in spite of the indifference of your heart, *He loves you*. In condescending grace He became obedient to death. He bore the death penalty. He died for your sins. But now crowned with glory, waving the palm of victory, holding the sceptre of universal supremacy, He is seated on high, from whence He calls to you to turn to Him for salvation, that you may share all His glories as the Son of Man.

In conclusion, we quote God's scathing sentence upon all who do not love Him: "If any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ, let him be Anathema Maranatha [accursed at His coming]" (1 Corinthians xvi. 22).



MAN, KNOW THYSELF.

MOST of our readers remember the wise words of the Grecian philosopher Solon; "Man, know thyself." Especially have they been brought to their notice when their district has been visited by phrenologists, for their placards and hand-bills are usually headed by the above striking words.

Many who desire to make the most of this life, visit the phrenologist, that they may know their capabilities, and learn what to restrain and what to cultivate in their nature. As phrenologists are but erring men, liable to be mistaken, and as there is but One who can give an infallible, unerring delineation of man's state by nature, and that One the Creator—God, of whom alone it can be truly said, "For Thou only knowest the hearts of the children of men," it is important, if we would know ourselves, that we heed His statements—statements which can make us wise unto salvation.

First, as to our hearts, God declares: "The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked." Of our thoughts He says: "They are evil continually." And thus He describes our walk: "They have all gone out of the way." And under the brief statement, "There is none righteous, no, not one," He sums up all the members of the human family. Well does it become us to remember that these are the declarations of the great God whose attributes are truth and righteousness, who is able as none other to correctly weigh, to evenly balance, and to justly pronounce a verdict. He describes us as "sinners," "enemies," "ungodly," "without hope," "without strength," "without excuse," "dead in trespasses and sins."

These are the solemn declarations of Almighty God. What an appalling description! Especially when He has also revealed that nothing that defileth can enter heaven. "These facts unnerve me," says one. "This knowledge strikes terror to my heart," adds another. "What must I do?" asks a third. We would add that "knowledge is power" only as it is rightly used. See that young man; he knows that an impure life ends in an early grave, but he continues his licentious career, and he dies. That poor drunkard you saw reeling home last night knows that drink is his ruin, but still he drinks, and passes into a drunkard's grave. Yonder miser knows that gold is his god, but he dies as he lived, eternally poor. So that knowing your condition is not everything;

there must be the turning from the evil and the application of the remedy.

You are seized with illness; you consult a physician, wishing to have your particular disease diagnosed. He tells you plainly your dangers, he prescribes a course of treatment; but you must obey his instructions, must appropriate the remedy, to stop the ravages of disease, or your dreams of future health are but castles built in the air.



1. MIND. "The carnal mind is enmity against God" (Rom. viii. 7).
2. EYE. "The eye is not satisfied with seeing" (Eccles. i. 8).
3. MOUTH. "Whose mouth is full of cursing and bitterness" (Rom. iii. 14).
4. EAR. "Like the deaf adder that stoppeth her ear" (Isa lxxxviii. 4).
5. NECK. "Hardeneth his neck" (Prov. xxix. 1).
6. HEART. "Deceitful above all things and desperately wicked" (Jer. xvii. 9).

But sometimes a physician orders things which are, as far as the patient is concerned, impossible. Not so with the great sympathising Physician. He has gone fully into your case, and although exposing its terribleness, He speaks so clearly and lovingly of a sure remedy, causing the day-star

of hope to arise in the heart of the forlorn sinner. This is His remedy. It has been called "an easy, artless, unencumbered plan." He commands you to repent, to confess and forsake your sins, to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, who, the Gospel declares, died for your sins, but is now raised from the dead, and seated in heavenly glory.

Thus God gives you light, that you may know yourself, but He also states the perfect remedy. Oh, accept it; obey His instructions, lest this knowledge be your greatest condemnation; for far better never to have known God's remedy than to know it and then treat it slightly. Remember the solemn words of the Saviour: "This is the condemnation, that light is come into the world, and men loved darkness rather than light; because their deeds were evil" (John iii. 19).

ANSWERED PRAYERS.

"All things whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive" (Matt. xxi. 22).

"**H**OW wondrous are God's dealings!" said an elderly man to me not long since, with tears in his eyes. He had lived a respectable life, been a fairly prosperous man, and an earnest worker in a thriving Sunday school, but he had never been to the Saviour about his sins; he had never received God's free gift, eternal life. He had never pondered over that text—"Ye must be born again."

His wife, whom he loved dearly, was a Christian, who tried her utmost, both by example, precept, and warning, to lead him to the Lord Jesus Christ; and, although, time after time, she pleaded with him to accompany her to hear the Gospel faithfully preached in all its soul-delivering power, he manifested the utmost indifference, for his heart was not right with God.

But his wife prayed on, and the Hearer of prayer answered in a way little expected. She was taken ill, and, after a very short illness God called her to rest, much to the sorrow of the bereaved husband. But that loss, severe as it was, the loss of his dearest earthly treasure, was God's way of dealing with him, and leading him to take the greatest treasure in the universe—eternal life. His proud, rebellious heart was softened: he saw that eternity with all its tremendous issues was before him; he thought of the rest he knew his wife had entered, and of the hell to which he would go if he died in the condition he was in, and, with these solemn realities

weighing on his conscience, he resolved that the next Sunday he would attend the service at which his wife had received so much blessing.

He went to the service; and, as he sat under the sound of the Gospel, feeling his dire need, God met him and revealed to him that no resolutions, merits, or works of his own could fit him for heaven, but that Christ had on



"AFTER A SHORT ILLNESS, GOD CALLED HER TO REST."

Calvary's Cross completed a work whereby He could righteously pardon him, and that the forgiveness of his sins and the salvation of his soul were offered freely on the principle of faith. On that memorable night he took God at His word, believed His Gospel, received the gift which enriches for ever, and from that day was a new creature in Christ, knowing that he was saved by the Lord, continually looking forward to the time when his body of

humiliation would be changed, and he be like, and for ever with the Lord.

Thus was his departure described by a Christian who was present: "Towards the last his intimate friends, knowing that the time of his departure was at hand, and that he would soon hear the home-call, gathered around his bed, for he had fallen into a state of unconsciousness. One leaned over and asked gently if he knew him, but there was no response; but, upon his further asking, if he knew the Lord Jesus, and realised His presence, his face immediately brightened, and, with uplifted hand, as though pointing to someone, he gently whispered, 'YES—HE IS—BLESS HIM—PEACE—PEACE.' A look of the sweetest peace settled upon his countenance, for he, doubtless, was enjoying some foretaste of the peace which was, through grace, his eternal portion, and immediately after he passed away to be in the presence of the One who was his Saviour, Redeemer, and Lord."

If you, reader, feel your need of peace, pardon, and salvation for your precious soul, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

Fellow-believer, pray on. The ear of God is open to your cries. He will answer the prayer of faith. It may not be in our time, or in our way, and we may never live to see it. But He remembers the times we have mingled together our tears and prayers for the erring ones. Pray on, they will yet be answered, for has He not said, "The eyes of the Lord are over the righteous, and His ears are open unto their prayers" (1 Peter iii. 12).

DO YOU KNOW

THAT "All have sinned and come short of the glory of God" (Rom. iii. 23), therefore you are a sinner? That "the soul that sinneth, it shall die" (Ezek. xviii. 4), therefore the second death awaits you as a sinner? That "while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us" (Rom. v. 8), therefore He must have died for you? That "this Man receiveth sinners, and eateth with them" (Luke xv. 1)? He has received millions! He will receive you! That "ye may know that ye have eternal life" (1 John v. 13)? Do you know it?

A BEACON OF WARNING.

"Boast not thyself of to-morrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth" (Prov. xxvii. 1).

WE are still in the land of the living, and are the possessors of that priceless treasure—life: of which one has said, "The wealth of mines cannot purchase it, the wisdom of the profoundest intellects cannot originate it, no power on earth can prolong it, and no language can define it." And yet how few remember that it is through the goodness of God, that we live and move and have our being.



"CHAMONIX, WITH MONT BLANC IN DISTANCE."

As I looked upon the exterior of a magnificent mansion, in the charming health resort of M——, I was very forcibly reminded, both of the brevity and uncertainty of life, in this world. I was informed that many years ago, that noble structure had been erected at an immense cost, and that although a considerable time had elapsed, it had not been inhabited. As I further noticed the neat ivy-covered lodge on which time and decay were doing their sure work; the moss-covered carriage drive; and what little I could see of the grounds, which at one time must have been splendidly laid out, I was curious to know the reason, and learned that a gentleman of considerable wealth had given orders for its erection, purposing to present it to his son on the occasion of his marriage, which it was arranged should take place when he attained his majority. He was nearly of age, but he never reached it, for death laid its unrelenting hand upon him.

He left home to take a short tour through Switzerland, and while he and his party were climbing the Alps, he took a false step, and stumbled, and, although he made a desperate effort to recover his balance, and attempted to clutch at something to which to hold, all was in vain; he fell, and went headlong down those rugged rocks, to the terrible depths below. Shortly afterwards his poor mangled body was found but the precious life was gone. Time's scenes with their pleasures and opportunities were past for ever in his experience. But a few brief moments before he was doubtless enjoying from those lofty heights, the invigorating breezes and the beauties of God's fair creation: a few moments after that fatal step his spirit had winged its flight to the great beyond, either to be absent from the body, present with the Lord, or, solemn fact! in torments. Whether prepared for eternity I was not able to ascertain.

May not this solemn incident stand before us as a beacon of warning? This life seems but a brief moment between the ages which have passed and the eternity which is to come. Alas! that we spend our time so triflingly, and our years as a tale that is told; regardless of the welfare of our immortal souls, forgetting that sooner or later we must enter eternity, to know either the joys of heaven, or the woes of hell.

The beacon lights of many unexpected calls to depart this life burn brightly before us, warning us not to give the things of time, which at their longest are but for a very

brief season, every consideration, to the neglect of the far more important matters, the affairs of eternity, which are of everlasting duration. Eternal they will remain when time's course has run out. Therefore, the weighty matter of the soul's destiny should be settled now, for soon the place which now knows us will know us no more for ever: we know not what a day may bring forth.

My friend, the messenger of death may be on your track. The arrow of death may shortly pierce your heart. You may be the next marked for the fall. The sands of time may soon be run out in your experience. The solemn words may soon be spoken to you, "This night thy soul shall be required of thee," then your heart would cease its beating, your pulse would cease throbbing, and the life-blood cease coursing through your veins, and, however unwilling you may be, eternity will be begun in your experience.

The pirate of such experience, the great arch-enemy of God and man, Satan, would allure you by his false lights, towards the quicksands of sin and unbelief. He plans your ruin. He desires that your prospects of eternal felicity may be blighted, that you may be stranded and wrecked upon the rocks of destruction.

Listen, as the sounds of a voice fall softly upon your ears. It can be heard above the turmoil and strife of earth. Its tones are of the most tender beseechings, fraught with love and heart-felt desire for your blessing; 'tis the voice of Jesus, speaking to those who know they are guilty sinners, unfit for heaven, "Come unto Me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest; him that cometh to Me, I will in no wise cast out." The question we would ask you, reader, is—Will you obey the gracious words of this glorious invitation? Or shall the solemn words be true of you: "Because I have called, and ye refused; I have stretched out My hand, and no man regarded; but ye have set at nought all My counsel, and would none of My reproof; I also will laugh at your calamity; I will mock when your fear cometh" (Prov. i. 24-26).

THE DAY OF RECKONING.—Over against all your carnal delights God has written these words: "*After this the judgment!*" Do not think that God hath forgotten. He will bring every work into judgment. The day of reckoning may seem to linger, but it will surely come.

EDGAR'S MESSAGE; OR, MEET ME IN HEAVEN.

MESSAGES from those who have passed into the great beyond, are usually pondered over and cherished : in many cases they have been the means of changing the whole current of the lives of those left behind, who weep, sorrow, and miss those, who though absent are :—

"Not lost to memory, not lost to love,
But gone to the Father's house above."

The subject of this brief article, was the son of parents, who had many times supplicated their God on his behalf; the burden of their heart's prayer being that Edgar should trust their Saviour, and receive the gracious pardon of God. But alas ! until nearly twenty-one, he lived without the love of God shed abroad in his heart, and like the multitude of boys and young men, was quite regardless of his lost estate ; he paid no attention to the words of those who sought his soul's salvation ; he was a stranger to the grace of God.

Not being constitutionally strong, disease soon laid him low, and as he slowly recovered from typhoid fever, the unmistakable signs of consumption manifested themselves ; which rapidly developed until his case was pronounced utterly hopeless.

Young man, you may be scheming for success in life, you may be thinking of a ceaseless round of pleasure, and you may be arranging how to spend a long life without God. But, what of eternity ? Disease, the customary forerunner of death may seize you, everything may be done to save, and prolong your life to no avail, and then death will claim you and usher you into eternity, what then ? would you live in heaven, or exist in hell ?

Edgar's parents anxiously watched for the manifestation of a spiritual change in their dying son, and ever and anon rose to the God of heaven their earnest cries on his behalf. A few weeks before his death the father entered his sick-chamber, and heard the following confession, which caused his heart to throb with joy : "I've found Him, I've found Him ; now will you ask the Lord to take me home ? I am so happy, and long to go to be with Jesus." And as his father noticed the peaceful calm which rested upon his pale face, he doubted not, but that his many prayers were answered, and that Edgar had passed from death to life.

May we ask you, dear reader, have you found Him ? Have

you trusted the Saviour, have you believed the Gospel of God? If not, seek now, for they who seek will surely find.

Some days later the doctor called to pay Edgar a professional visit, and his fond mother remarked: "Edgar is not so well to-day, sir." The dying young fellow heard her words, and looking with a bright smile, and pointing upwards, he said: "Doctor, I am going home." Tears glistened in the doctor's eyes, and clasping the sufferer's wasted hands,



"A FEW HOURS LATER HE PEACEFULLY PASSED AWAY."

he said: "It will not be long, my dear boy, then you will be better off."

A few days later, the father went in the small hours of the morning to sit with him, and as he entered the room, Edgar said, whilst a sweet heavenly smile illuminated his features: "This would be a glorious day for me to go home; I should so like to go to-day." "Yes," rejoined his father, "this is the Lord's day, His resurrection day." The day gradually wore away, until twelve at night, when he appeared rather disappointed that he had not been called home: "But maybe I shall go to-morrow," he cheerfully said

At four o'clock the following morning, doubtless feeling that his end was near, he requested his father to call his two brothers. It was a touching sight to see them both kneeling by the sufferer's bed, and to hear their brother, whose life was gradually flickering away, praying earnestly for their welfare. He ended his petition by asking the Lord Jesus to take him home quickly, that his kind parents might be relieved from further strain. After this he was completely exhausted, and became unconscious, and a few hours later he passed peacefully away, to enjoy the blessedness of the Saviour's presence, where there is no more weariness, sorrow, or pain, where they "hunger no more, neither thirst any more," where "God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

After his conversion and towards the close of his trying illness, he expressed a wish that his former companions should follow him to the grave. "Ask them," he said to his father, "to meet me in heaven. . Put the truth before them, and tell them not to let Satan delude them." When the body was interred, nine of them accompanied the sorrowing parents and friends, and after the body was laid in the cold earth to await the resurrection morning, his father solemnly conveyed Edgar's dying message, and as he did so, a deep solemnity rested upon the little company, who appeared deeply impressed.

This dear young fellow who was saved by sovereign grace on his death-bed, had not very many opportunities of serving his Saviour, his Christian life being so brief; but let us hope that his dying message may be heard and obeyed, not only by his former companions, but also by many more, even by the readers of these lines, who may have received a similar message from some dear one who has gone before. Oh, fulfil the desire of the departed by trusting the loving Saviour, who in condescending love died for you, who calls you to Him that He may save your precious soul, and prepare you, as he did Edgar, and millions besides, for the unsullied light of the glory-land. Then you will be able with all the redeemed hosts to say:

When earth's short voyage is past and at an end
We'll trust in Thee.

Through Jordan's flood, Thine own Thou wilt defend,
Who trust in Thee.

Or, when Thou com'st to call Thy blood-bought bride,
We shall be called and fully satisfied
Who trust in Thee.

SOWING TO REAP.

THE Word of God furnishes us with many illustrations of the unbending principle, that "whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." The Egyptians maliciously slew the babes of the Israelites; they reaped as they had



"THE DRUNKARD WILL HAVE THE SAME CRAVINGS."

sown, when in that midnight hour the destroying angel slew their firstborn.

Adoni-bezek acknowledged the truth of this, for after causing the thumbs and great toes to be cut off seventy kings, he was paid back in his own coin, and said : " As I have done, so hath God requited me."

Jacob deliberately deceived his father Isaac, and he in turn was deceived by his own sons.

Sisera sought to destroy Israel with his iron chariots, but was himself killed with an iron nail.

Abimelech slew seventy sons of Gideon upon one stone, and his own life was ended by being smitten on the head with a piece of millstone.

King David fell, grievously sinning against God and man. His son committed similar sins, to the sorrow and shame of his aged father.

Haman, the avowed enemy of God's people, prepared gallows for Mordecai, but was himself hanged thereon.

Israel filled up the measure of their iniquity by rejecting and murdering their Messiah. Twenty centuries ago they cried : " Away with Him, let His blood be upon us and our children." God saw their rejection and answered their cry, as their sorrowful history as a nation unmistakably proves.

Saul of Tarsus, who persecuted the Church, had inflicted upon him after his conversion, all the punishments where-with he had afflicted the Christians. He had beheld and consented to the stoning of Stephen, the first Christian Martyr, but the time came when he himself was stoned and left as dead. And as he nobly fought the fight, and kept the faith he had once sought to destroy, his testimony was :—
" Bonds and afflictions abide me."

" With what measure ye mete it shall be measured to you again." We give one more example of this from the many recorded by historians, which is said by some to be the only trial recorded in history where both the accuser and the accused suffered judicially.

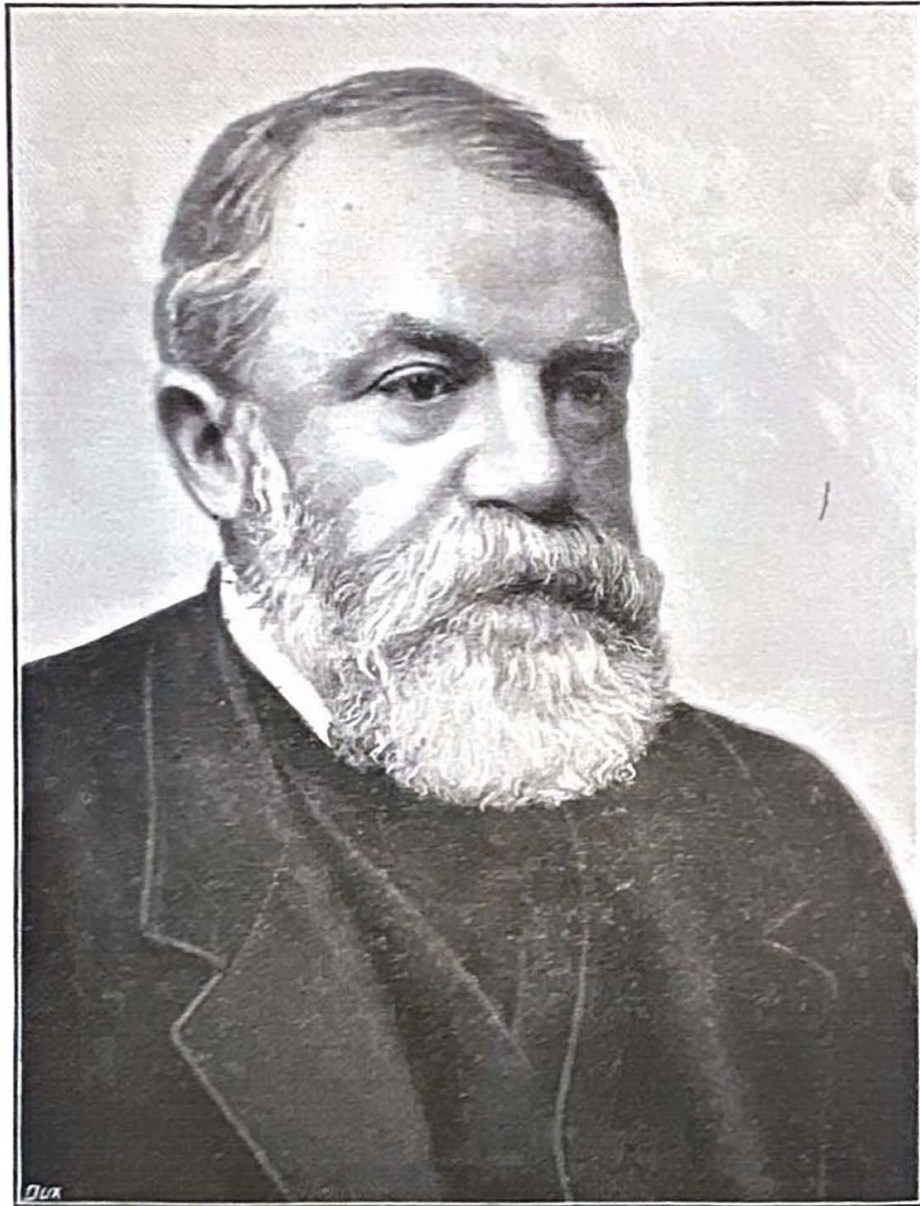
Apollonius, a Roman Senator, renowned for learning and philosophy, was a sincere Christian. Many of the nobility of Rome with their whole families, embraced Christianity about this time (A.D. 180). The dignity of the Roman Senate, felt itself lowered by such innovations. This led to the accusation of Apollonius before the magistrate. His accuser, under an old and unrepealed law of Antoninus Pius,

which enacted grievous punishments against the accusers of Christians, was sentenced to death and executed. The magistrate then asked the prisoner, Apollonius, to give an account of his faith before the Senate and the court. He complied, and boldly confessed his faith in Christ; in consequence of which, by a decree of the Senate, he was beheaded. This principle is true to-day. All are aware that some men are moral lepers; they are sold to a life of licentiousness; they revel in the impure. By their baneful sins, they sow in their bodies the seeds of death. Spite of loving remonstrance, they sink lower and deeper into sin, and after untold sufferings in body and mind they fill an early grave and enter a lost eternity. Young man, flee such a sinful sowing and such an awful reaping as you would the plague, for they that do these things cannot inherit the kingdom of God.

Observe that besotted man; drink has been his downfall. That which at last biteth like an adder has been his ruin. His appetite is his god. "Give me drink," he cries, and although God has declared: "Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging," yet all he possesses—health, morals, home, wife, children, and his immortal soul—he barter away to obtain it. "Am I my brother's keeper?" those ask who fill their coffers by interest in this awful traffic. Hear what God says: "Woe unto him that giveth his neighbour drink, that putteth thy bottle to him and maketh him drunken." At the great judgment God will in perfect righteousness judge every man according to his works. The deceiver and deceived, the distiller and the wine-bibber, the publican and the drunkard, yea, every iniquitous person who died as they lived, deceived either by the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, or the pride of life. In some measure they may have reaped in this life the results of their sowing, but there will be the eternal reaping. "Sure, yes sure will the harvest be." And in that abode of night, where all the impenitent will be consigned, no favours will be granted. The drunkard will have the same cravings; but not even a drop of water will be given to quench his awful self-acquired thirst. Poor drunkard, Jesus Christ loves you and is willing to snap asunder your chains of intemperance and save you from the woes of a drunkard's eternity.

"I am reaping what I have sown," said a godly teacher to his Bible class of young men some years ago. "In my unconverted days I was addicted to drink, I became a confirmed

drunkard, and sowed in my body the germs of disease by years of dissipation. And although God has graciously pardoned me, and saved my soul, and delivered me from the power of drink, yet I bear in my body the marks of the sad



D. L. MOODY, THE FAMED AMERICAN EVANGELIST.

past, and in this life I must bear the consequences, for God only gives us one body." Shortly afterwards he passed away in the prime of life, to reap abundantly for the few years he had so faithfully served his redeeming Saviour.

So you see, as you sow you reap, is God's order, and must be so in the very nature of events. You cannot sin with im-

punishment and expect to escape judgment, any more than you can reasonably expect to thrust your hand into the fire and not be burned, or to take poison and not die. God is no respecter of persons, therefore he that doeth wrong must



C. H. SPURGEON, THE FAMED BRITISH PREACHER.

receive for the wrong he hath done. Woe to the man or woman who treats sin lightly.

"Their works follow them," is not only true of the righteous, but also of the ungodly. Such illustrious men as the late C. H. Spurgeon, D. L. Moody, and George Müller, are a living power in the hearts of thousands to-day. For

as their wise words, burning zeal, and child-like faith are meditated upon, they inspire the heart with nobler desires to honour their God, and to follow them, even as they followed Christ. There is also the influence of the ungodly, whose works, sayings, and pernicious examples are recorded and passed on from generation to generation. Their influence also increases, and works in subtle form, on the reasoning heart of fallen man. For example, who shall know the bitter reaping of the notorious Tom Paine, or Voltaire, or in later years of Charles Bradlaugh, or later still, of Colonel Ingersoll—men who openly avowed infidelity. Their baneful works have gone forth, and their impious acts have been recorded. They lived as leaders, they died as leaders, but alas! leaders of the lost. As such they will be judged by Almighty God, and as they lick the dust, and bow the knee, they will be compelled to acknowledge as Lord Him whom they despised, defied, and hated, when too late to receive anything but stern justice.

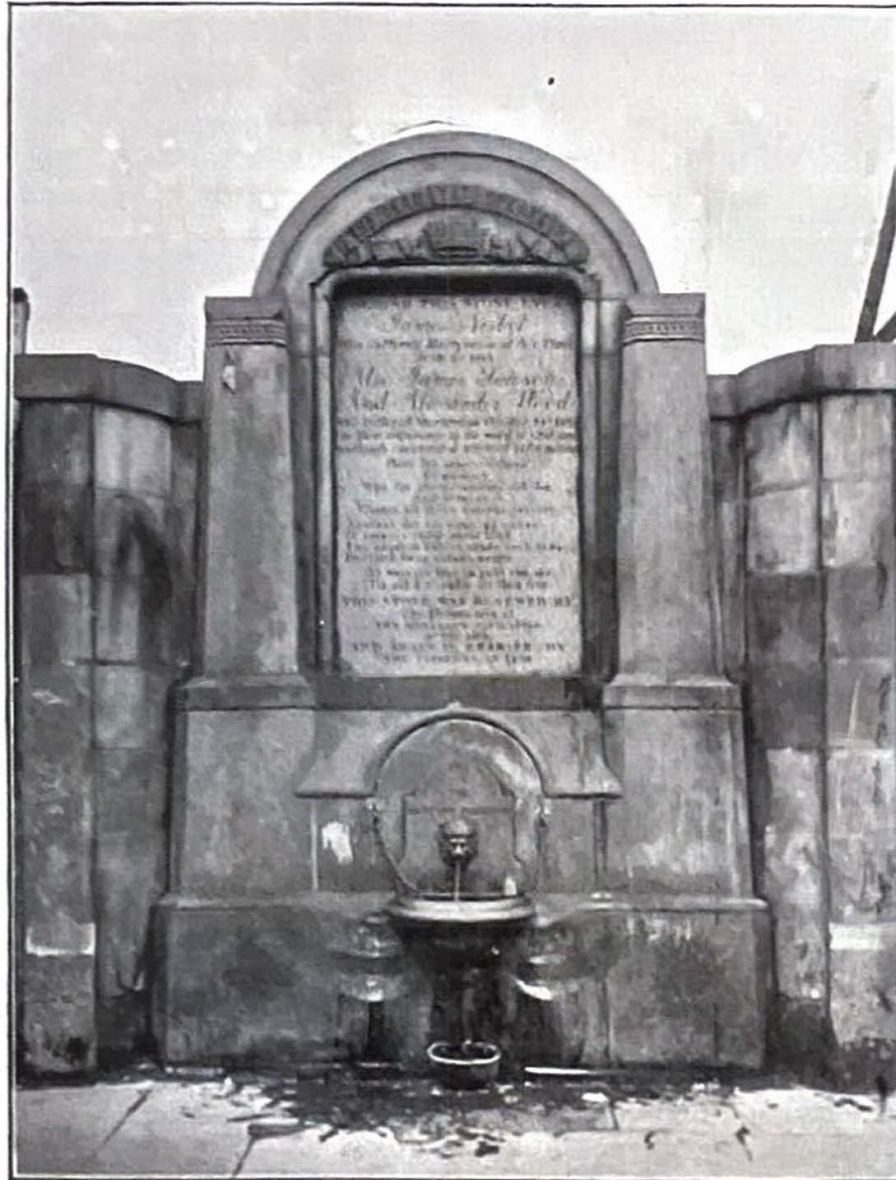
THE GOSPEL OF GOD.

"As cold water to a thirsty soul, so is good news from a far country "
(Prov. xxv. 25).

WHAT grace is revealed in the Gospel! What expressions of love from the heart of God! What good news from the glory falling upon the ears of guilty man! What an endless theme! for it declares the boundless, ocean fulness of God's great love to disobedient, fallen, guilty mankind. It testifies of delivering grace, salvation and peace, righteousness and glory, which can be obtained by rebel sinners. It declares that although God has, on account of their numerous transgressions, passed sentence of death upon all men, although He has found him verily guilty, yet such is His love that with the solemn announcement of his guiltiness He has revealed in the Gospel that a way of escape is provided, whereby the sinner may be saved from the awful consequences of his sins, that He may, in perfect righteousness, say: "Thy sins and iniquities will I remember no more." The love of God was fully declared in those glorious well-known words of Jesus Christ, who announced the stupendous fact that "God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." Such is His love,

that He now sends forth His Gospel messages, full both of love and solemn warnings, therein beseeching His enemies to be reconciled to Himself, and to know the power of His long-suffering love.

While the solemn fact remains that all around us are those



A FOUNTAIN WHICH FLOWS WHERE MARTYRS WERE SLAIN.

who reject this glorious Gospel, yet it is equally true that there are millions who have received it with believing hearts, have set to their seal that God is true to the promises contained therein, have experienced it to be His power unto salvation, have received His kiss of reconciliation, have been born into the family of God, and have passed from death into

life. Sinners of all grades have been blessed and pardoned—why not you, dear reader? This glorious Gospel, this soul-emancipating Gospel is still being proclaimed far and wide, speaking peace by the blood of Christ's Cross. Still, God in His love is lengthening out the day of His grace, prior to His judgment and wrath, which will be visited upon all those who neglect the weighty matter of their soul's salvation, and treat lightly the messages of love contained in the Gospel.

Moreover, not only is grace manifested by the glorious Gospel, but that which causes terror and alarm to arise in the heart, *i.e.*, Righteousness: "For therein is the righteousness of God revealed," reminding us that the attributes of God are both love and light, and that both grace and truth came by Jesus Christ; also, that we get both the constraining love of Christ, and the terror of the Lord mentioned in God's Word; as, also, the fact that the Spirit of God is in the world to convince of sin, righteousness and judgment.

Futhermore, the Gospel is not, 'This do and thou shalt live; neither is it instructions as to our working for salvation; but it is Divine testimony of a work which has been accomplished to the entire satisfaction of God, a work finished by the Son of God, who, on the Cross, bowed His holy head in death, after uttering the blessed words—"It is finished!" It testifies that it is in virtue of this work that God can be just and the Justifier of all who believe. Neither does it call upon man to seek to make himself in a fit condition to receive it, but comes to him just as he is, in all his dire need, telling of the efforts and work of Another on his behalf, and calling upon him not only to behold, but also to receive and appropriate to himself, that he may enjoy the blessing of a conscious salvation. Happy is the man who participates in the blessings of the Gospel! for the truth shall make him free.

My friend, hearken to some of God's messages brought to you by the Gospel; for, in spite of your rebellion and sin, God still speaks by His Word: "For the grace of God, that bringeth salvation hath appeared to all men" (Titus ii. 11.) "Ho! every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy, and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price" (Isaiah lv. 1.) "Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that He loved us, and sent His Son to be the propitiation for our sins" (1 John iv. 10.) "Christ also

hath once suffered for sins, the Just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God " (1 Peter iii. 18). "Through this Man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins" (Acts xiii. 38). God is "not willing that any should perish" (2 Peter iii. 9). Before you is the narrow pathway, and God by His Gospel calls you to walk therein. He sends to you these messages because He desires your eternal blessing. Why be eternally poor? and pass heedlessly along as though you heard them not?

As you peruse these lines, the all-seeing eye of God is upon you; His arms of love are outstretched to embrace and welcome you. He is willing by His omnipotent power to snap assunder the galling bands of sin, the fetters which Satan has so ruthlessly bound around you. He would save you now and bring you into the glorious liberty of the children of God, that you might be the Lord's free man.

What hinders you, my reader, from receiving and enjoying the glad tidings of the Gospel? Numbers, blinded by sin, trifle with its messages, others think themselves too good for God's terms, and so shut against themselves the only door of blessing. Is it your supposed goodness, which is keeping you out of the kingdom of God? Is it the inherent pride of the human heart, which prevents you taking the lowly place before God as a sinner? Are you so steeped in unbelief that you will not raise to heaven the penitent's petition:—"God be merciful to me a sinner"? Oh, the folly! God declares that you have sinned and come short of His glory, that your righteousness is as filthy rags, that salvation is not of works, lest any man should boast; but, that it is unto all, and upon all who believe, that it is to him that worketh not, but believeth in Him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness.

" Nothing, either great or small,
Nothing, sinner, no ;
Jesus did it, did it all,
Long, long ago."

Further; there is not only grace and righteousness proclaimed by the Gospel, but also glory. O, wondrous fact! that the glories of heaven are held out to all who obey its call, for the receivers of the Gospel will people the courts of light above; these alone will be with their Saviour and Lord, whom, having not seen, they loved, truly, because He first loved them. There the myriads of the redeemed,

trophies of His love, will prostrate themselves at His feet, and join in the eternal acclamations of praise, which will re-echo through the realms of light, as they ascribe to Him the glory, and sing from the depths of their ransomed souls the familiar spiritual song, which they sang upon earth:—"Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood . . . be glory and dominion for ever and ever." What bliss beyond compare! How full will be their cup of happiness! How fully they will enjoy the pleasures for evermore! Nevermore to feel the blight of sin. Their sadness for ever banished, their tears for ever wiped away, sorrow no more to mar their joy, pain a thing of the weary past, for the former things, the rough roads and the stormy skies, will never more have to be experienced by them, but they will be in the glory without spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing. What a glorious hope! What a blessed prospect! which may be yours, if you trust to the Christ of God, of whom the Gospel so fully testifies.

But now, through the goodness and mercy of God, the refulgent beams of eternal glory shine across your dark pathway. It is the light of the glorious Gospel of God shining in the face of Jesus Christ, who is the only Light of life, and the true Light of the world.

Have you received the true Gospel? Are you resting for eternity upon the only Foundation, which is Jesus Christ and Him crucified? "For this is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." Therefore, will you receive or reject the messages of the Gospel? for, upon your reception, or rejection, depend your eternal weal or woe. Remember the solemn words: "If our Gospel be hid, it is hid to them that are lost." For all who obey not the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ will be punished with everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord.

BUT IS HE YOURS?—"I find no fault in this Man"—the Man Christ Jesus (Luke xxiii. 4). These were the words of one who delivered that same Jesus up to be crucified. And these are the words of a great many who are unsaved, and yet have no fault to find with "this Man." You may find no fault with Christ—but, say, have you seen Him as the great Sin-bearer, as your Substitute? Have you taken Him to your heart as *your own Jesus*?

THE QUEEN'S MESSAGE.

THE Birmingham *Daily Post* announces as follows:—

"The Duchess of Roxburghe has received the following telegram from the Queen:—'Pray accept my best wishes for your dear son's majority, and his welfare in this world of trial and anxiety. V.R. I.'"



THE LATE QUEEN VICTORIA.

THE QUEEN'S MESSAGE.



QUEEN VICTORIA.

IT is both interesting and noteworthy how our late beloved Queen, who has won the esteem and honour of her subjects, and was continually the recipient of such expressions of loyalty and love from her subjects of all classes, expressed her opinion of the world in which we live. Note well the words, "this world of trial and anxiety," for they come from one who not only wore the crown, but who spent over eighty years in it.

Who has not found it so? for various trials surround both those who move in the highest circles in this life and those whose lot is cast among the poorer classes. The Queen has her trials, the man of business has his trials, the millionaire has his trials, and the poor have their bitter trials; in fact, so many trials are there in this life that the question was asked some time ago, "Is life worth living?" And one of old once remarked that—"Man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upward."

You, my reader, may have your trials, but has the fact that you are a sinner ever troubled you? If not, think now of your condition, "without hope, without Christ, without God, and without His gracious pardon." Think now, for it is better to be troubled on account of sins here than when in eternity a Christless soul.

At times in your life's history you may have had sorrow upon sorrow pressing heavily upon you; but you have never sorrowed for what your sins cost God's Son. His mighty stoop from heaven to earth, His betrayal into the hands of sinners, His agony of blood in Gethsemane, the hatred, the taunts and the spitting from the ungodly crowd, the malice and fury of demons, and as they, thirsting for His innocent blood, crucify Him, He endures the desertion of His God. Never was there sorrow like His. Never was there love like His.

Concern, trial, and anxious thoughts you may have had about various things which affect you in this life; but you have never been concerned about the destiny of your soul, about the long eternity you have to spend, either surrounded by the joys of heaven or amid the woes of the unsaved in hell, either with the Lord Jesus Christ or the one who has led you to ruin—the devil.

Trial and anxiety is the experience of most, but the truly wise are they who have been anxious about their soul's welfare, and, through mercy, can say, "It is all settled, my choice is made, my destiny is for ever fixed; Christ is my Saviour, God is my Father, and the Comforter is the One who leads me through this vale of sorrow, this world of 'trial and anxiety,' to the many mansions, which the One who has loved my soul, even to death, has gone to prepare."

As you peruse this I would ask you to pause and consider your condition as a sinner, with God's wrath abiding on you, and think, too, of the love of God towards you, whose eye beheld you with a look of pity, whose heart yearned after you to bless you, and who planned the way for you to escape from coming sorrow, even though it cost the death of His beloved Son.

Will you despise such love? Be not so unwise, but turn now to the One who is rich in mercy, receive now the salvation of God, and you shall, although still in this world of "trial and anxiety," rest from your burden of sin, knowing you have peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ.

SAVED!

"For by grace are ye saved through faith: and that not of yourselves; it is the gift of God" (Ephes. ii. 8).

GOD has many ways of leading souls to think of the solemn realities of eternity. He breaks down the hard hearts of some by the simple story of His unbounded love: while others He leads to Himself by laying the hand of affliction and trial heavily upon them.

C. A. — was the son of a praying mother, who passed away to be with the Lord when he was quite young, leaving upon his young mind deep impressions for good, and a deeper admiration of her piety. But alas! as years passed by these impressions wore off; he sought not the Saviour which she had found; he followed not in the footsteps of

the One whom she delighted to follow: he served not the God of her salvation.

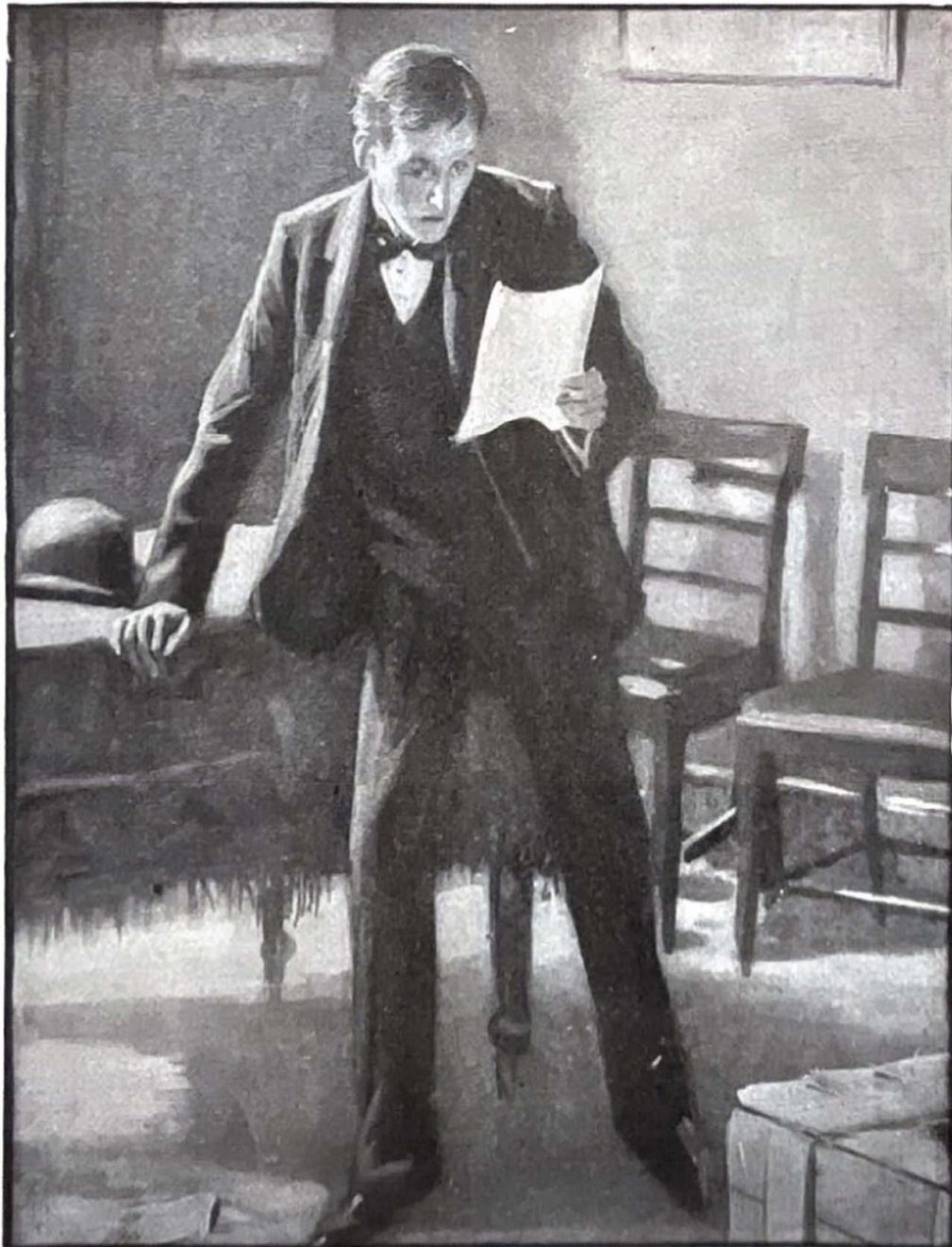
He was in this dangerous condition until he was over twenty years of age, not living in open sin, but all the same guilty of that awful, soul-destroying sin, UNBELIEF. But God stepped in; he had forgotten Him when in health and strength; he should remember Him in the fire of



"HE HAD A PRAYING MOTHER."

suffering. He had been heedless of the calls of Christ in health; he should heed them in sickness. He was seized with an illness, and sought the aid of a physician, only to learn that recovery was an impossibility, for an awful disease was upon him, which after a few years of intense pain would land its victim in eternity.

It was then that his thoughts troubled him. With what despondency did he think of his wasted life! that he had lived without God, that he was a sinner in His sight, that he had been heedless of his godly mother's advice, that he had not availed himself of salvation, and that very soon Time would be passed, and Eternity begun in his experience. Oh, my spiritual condition! was his constant thought. But "Man's extremity is God's remedy," and he was not too far



AT LENGTH THE REPLY CAME."

gone for God's mercy to reach him: God had not forgotten to be gracious. In his extremity he wrote to an uncle of his, whom he knew to be a Christian, stating to him the condition of his soul, and asking his advice. How eagerly he looked forward for an answer!

At length the reply came. "Read, prayerfully, the 3rd chapter of John, and ask God to open your blind eyes to understand and obey its teaching, that your soul may be saved."

He read the chapter through, but no rest came to his sin-burdened conscience. He read it again and again, but could not grasp the meaning of it, and was about to give up in despair, but thought he would read it through just once more, and it was while reading it that the fact that God loved him, that Christ died for him, and that the only thing he had to do was to believe the record God had given concerning His Son, and he would be saved from his sins and from the wrath to come, flashed into his soul with such power that he there and then trusted his soul to Christ.

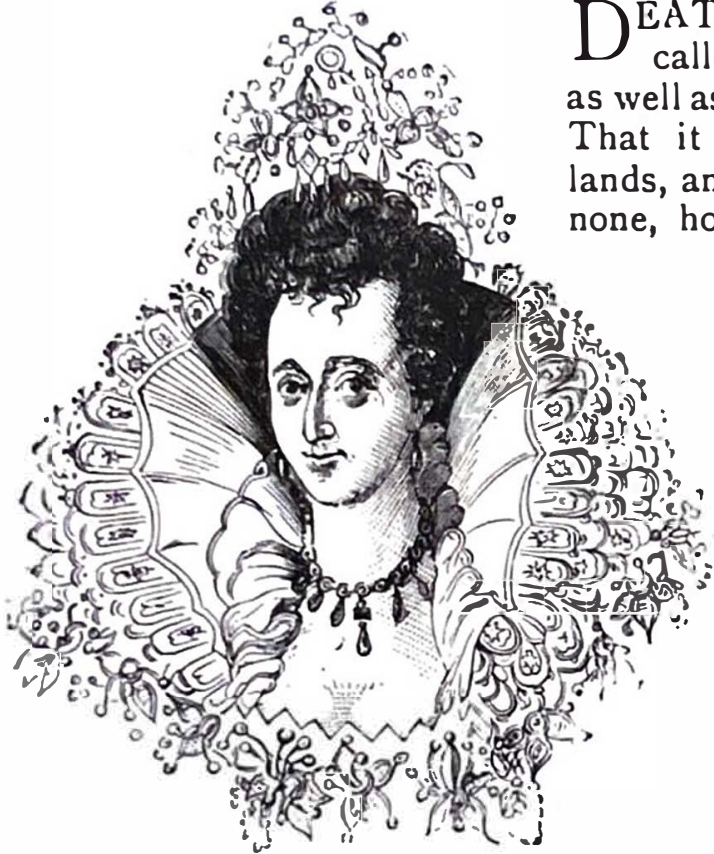
He lived a few years after this turning-point in his life's history, and, although at times suffering intense pain, yet he rejoiced to know that a bright future was awaiting him, when sorrow and pain would be a thing of the past, and when God would wipe all tears from his eyes, and he dwell forever in the unsullied light of God's own presence, where there are pleasures for evermore.

Reader, has God in mercy spoken to your heart? In the touching story of Christ's death? In that heavy loss? In that accident? In that bereavement? Or in that illness, when you were nigh unto death? If so, heed His call to *come*, reject not His love, despise not His warnings, spurn not His merciful entreaties and His messages of grace, lest He take thee away with His stroke, then a great ransom cannot deliver thee.

NOT CAST OUT.

I NEVER yet heard a single person say, "I came to Jesus, and He cast me out." There never was such a case. If *you* are not saved and happy in the love of Christ, it is because you have never come to Him. For more than eighteen hundred years His own words have been standing on record—"Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out" (John vi. 37). Are *you* among those who have come?

A RICH MAN'S OFFER.



QUEEN ELIZABETH.

DEATH has been quaintly called the terror of kings as well as the king of terrors. That it stalks through all lands, and is a power which none, however wealthy they may be, can withstand, is a fact which was demonstrated centuries ago when Queen Elizabeth died exclaiming, "All my possessions for a moment of time!"

Money, the god of millions, cannot stay the hand of death. This was recently illustrated in the case of a wealthy ironmonger, Mr. J.

Henry, who was knocked down by a train near Pittsburg Station, U.S.A. He was carried bleeding from the platform, and offered £20,000 to any one who could save his life. But, alas! a few minutes later he died.

No doubt many who witnessed the accident would have saved his life had they been able. Some may have desired to do so for the stupendous reward he offered, whilst others, impelled by motives of love, would, if possible, have prevented his death. But both were powerless in the presence of death. How true are the records: "For man dieth and giveth up the ghost, and where is he?" "For we must needs die, and are as water spilt on the ground which cannot be gathered up again," and "It is appointed unto men once to die," for sin and death are consequent upon the fall, they are the common heritage of mankind.

Both Queen Elizabeth's offer of all her possessions and the dying ironmonger's offer of £20,000 manifest a great unwillingness to die, and show that naturally man is in slavish fear of death. But if the first death is so to be dreaded, what of the "death which never dies"? From

the separation of the spirit from the body you may not be able to escape, but from the terrible second death there is a sure way of escape for those who wisely consider their latter end and who seriously face eternal problems.



"HE WAS CARRIED FROM THE PLATFORM."

Neither need you offer all your possessions, be they few or many, to escape that death. Our God is too rich to sell deliverance from sin's power, sin's penalty, and sin's doom; it is not sold like the blasphemous popish indulgences of bye-gone days, but it is offered by God, who has compassion on the sinner, who wills not the death of the erring. Yes,

" Salvation is free,
God offers it to thee.
Receive this wonderful love."

You may ask: "Why does God offer it freely?" Because One has been here and paid sin's penalty for the believing sinner; for Christ died for the ungodly. Sinner, the Lord of life and glory, the Son of God, knowing our sinful state by nature, that we not only had sinned, but were sinners, knowing that our great enemy death might carry us away in that awful condition, and that then we should be buried, raised, judged, and consigned into perdition, became Man, and in wondrous love submitted to death with all its bitterness. He was buried, He was raised from the dead the third day, not to be judged, but as a mighty Conqueror over sin, death, and the grave. Now He is a Prince and a Saviour at God's right hand.

Oh, appropriate by living faith the death of Jesus Christ to your own individual need. Then,

" When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream,
Shall o'er thee roll,"

you will be able to look calmly into Eternity, an eternity of unalloyed joy, where you will share the glory with the One who loved you and who gave Himself for you.

IN HELL FOR A WEEK.

AS a street-preacher was speaking of Hell, a man in the audience was heard to say, "Yes, it is quite true what the preacher is saying; for I have been *in Hell for a week!*" He had found in his sad experience that Hell was not very far away. He had a Hell *in his own bosom*. He had been sowing to the wind, and he was reaping the whirlwind. He had been finding that the way of transgressors is hard, and that there is such a thing as a foretaste of Hell, just as surely as there is a foretaste of Heaven, even here on earth.

PARDON, PEACE, AND POWER.

AN aged widow, who resided in the South, was frequently visited by a Christian who, in love to her soul, endeavoured to arouse her to a sense of her deep need as a sinner before a holy, sin-hating God. Their conversation on these occasions was always of a most serious nature, and frequently the tears coursed down the aged widow's cheeks as her visitor spoke of God's boundless love and of His unsparing judgment, which would sooner or later overtake the unbeliever. She would listen most attentively to the



"WITH QUIVING LIPS SHE ACKNOWLEDGED THAT SHE HAD BEEN
A SLAVE TO THE DANEFUL DRINK HABIT."

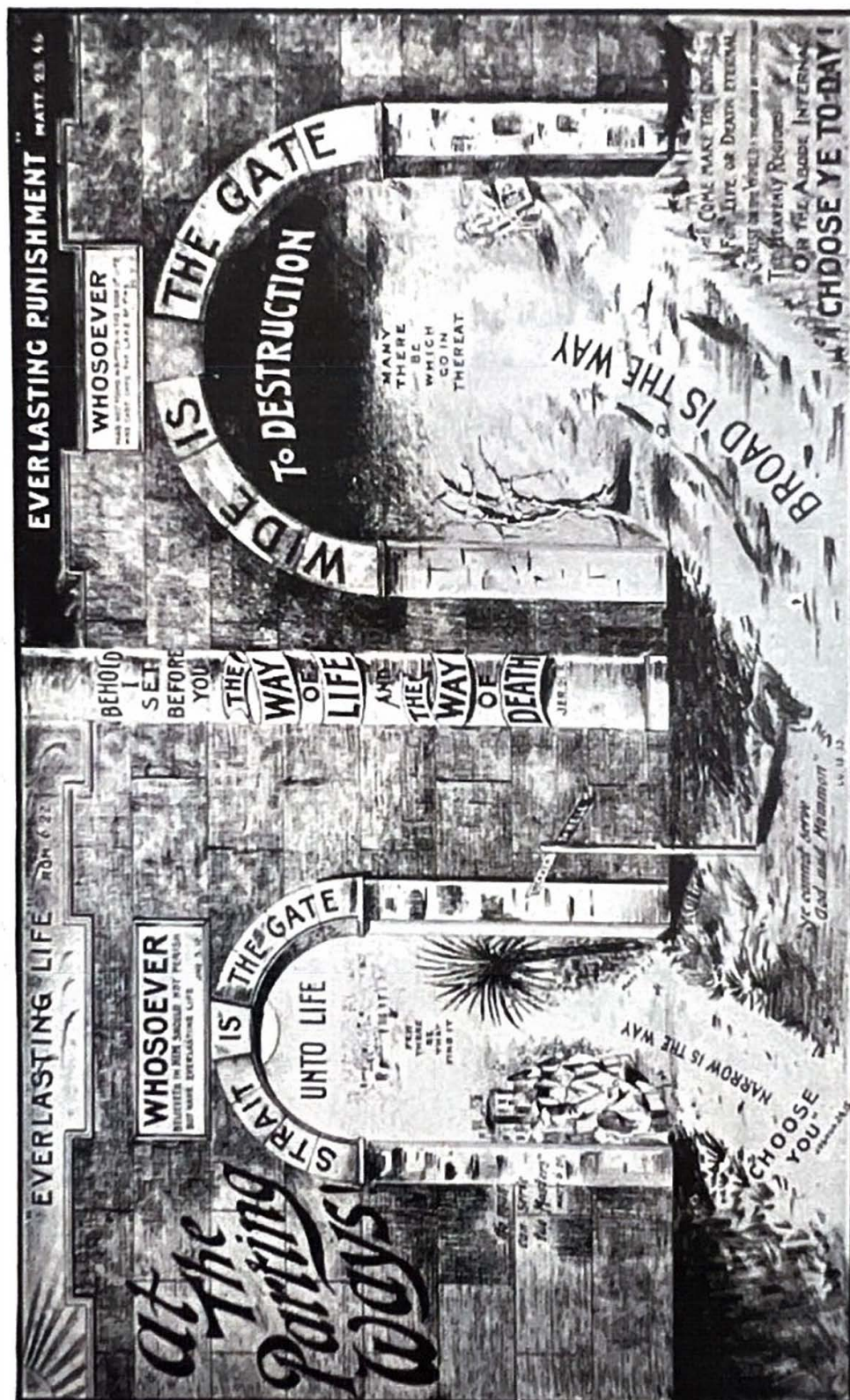
grand old truths of the Gospel, but appeared only impressed with her need to an extent that made her unhappy. She assented to the fact that she was a sinner, but did not apprehend the simplicity of the way of life; consequently she possessed neither the peace nor the joy which flows from a heart-belief of the great fact that "Christ died for our sins."

Calling one day, the visitor found to her joy that the careworn, despondent look had vanished from her face, and that she appeared exceedingly bright and happy, and much to her surprise she was informed that a secret sin had been keeping the poor widow outside the kingdom of God. She frankly, but with quivering lip, acknowledged that she had been a slave to the baneful drink habit, which had for so long been keeping her away from Christ. But she concluded her sorrowful confession by stating with much assurance that former things had, in her experience, passed away, for she was saved, and knew it on the authority of the unerring Word of God.

Our God delights in mercy. His wisdom is unsearchable. He often uses the simplest thing to serve His might. It was so in this poor widow's case; her husband had passed away some time previously. During his life he had been a furniture broker, and one day when in the lumber room this sin-bound sinner came across an old volume which she casually opened, and, noticing its large print, she carried it down into her little sitting-room. The title of the volume was "The Traveller's Guide," and as she opened its pages and read of ruin, redemption, regeneration, and responsibility, it was indeed a guide to her, for not only was her sin confessed, but she also saw that Christ had wrought a perfect redemption when He, on Calvary's Cross, died to put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself.

She saw, too, that Christ crucified was the ground of her pardon, and that a risen Christ at God's right hand was the source of her power to overcome her terrible besetment, and, believing this, she entered into the enjoyment of God's gracious pardon. His peace filled her heart, and she knew that she would be kept by the same power that had saved her.

Have you a secret sin keeping you from Christ? Is your conscience troubled as you think of it? Is your heart burdened by the weight of that which you would not tell your dearest earthly friend? We know it not, but God



Copyright Design. IT CANNOT BE BOTH! IT MUST BE THE ONE OR THE OTHER! CHOOSE YE TO-DAY!

knows. If such is your condition, in self-abandonment cast yourself into the arms of Omnipotent love. The One who died for such sinners as you is now speaking from heaven. He calls you to Himself. He alone

“Breaks the power of cancelled sin,
And sets the prisoner free.”

Though your sin hangs as a mill-stone around your neck, there is deliverance from its power. Millions have been saved, have been to the Saviour for cleansing, and have received God's gracious pardon, the Saviour's blessed peace, and the mighty Conqueror's all-sufficient power to overcome the particular sin by which they were bound. None need despair; God loves the poor sinner. This caused Him to give His only begotten Son, who came into the world to bear the penalty due to sin, and to seek and to save that which was lost. Strait is the gate, and narrow is the way that leadeth to everlasting life, yet it is open for “whosoever will.” Oh, enter now and be saved.

If you continue in your sin, despise the Saviour, and turn from the love of God, you will know to your eternal shame and loss that “the wages of sin is death.”

“But should you still cling to your sin,
And still God's love defy,
Upon your head must rest the blame;
You will most surely die.”

You may possibly die unsaved, but you will never die unloved, for God loves you. Turn to Him now, saying:

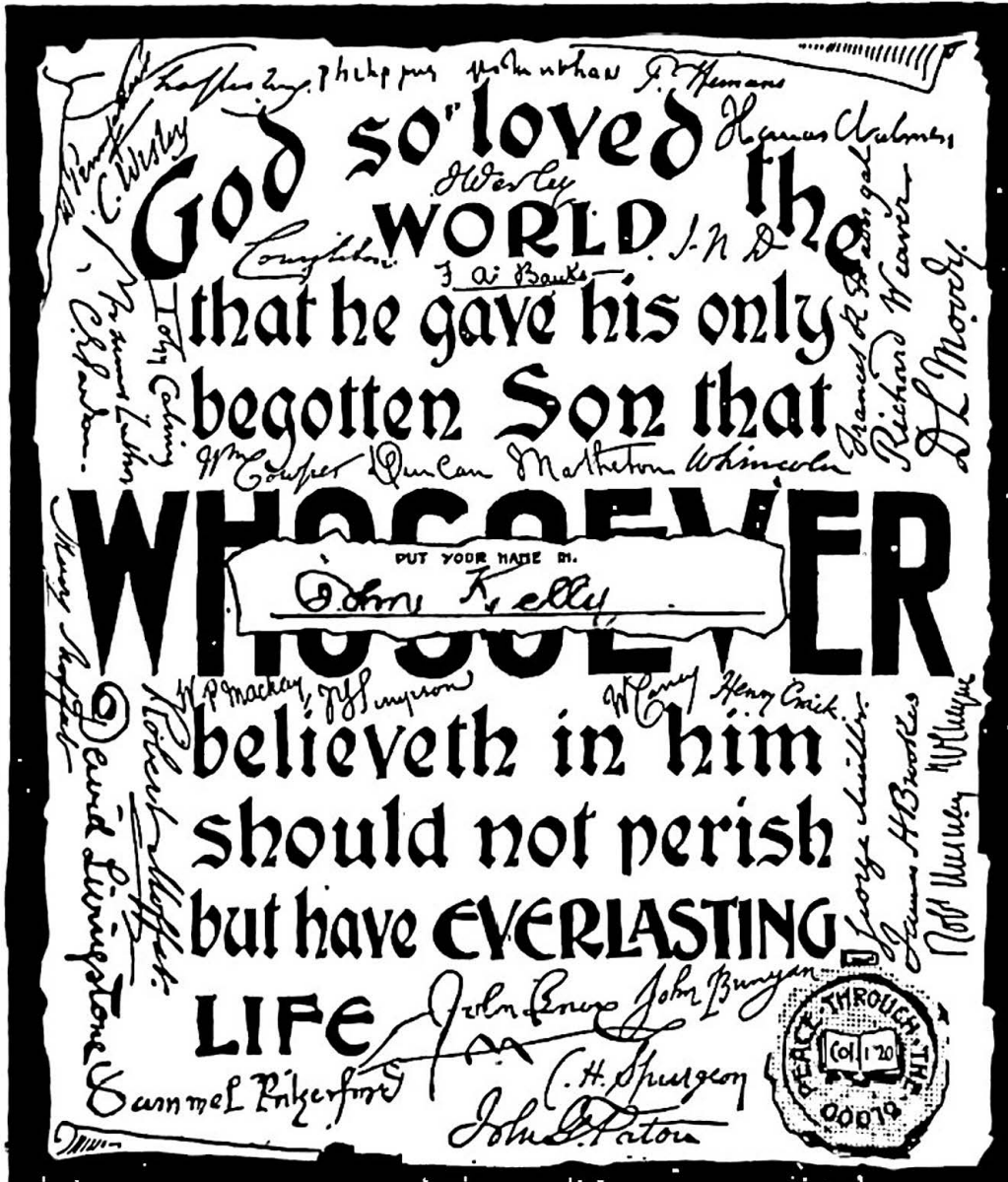
“O Lord, I trust Thy grace divine,
E'en now I come to Thee;
O cleanse me by Thy precious blood
Which flowed on Calvary.”

Which is it to be—the wide gate, the broad way, and “everlasting destruction”; or, the strait gate, the narrow way, and everlasting life? It cannot be *both*. It must be *one* or the *other*. Choose ye to-day. Decide now.

NONE BEYOND HOPE.—“I have heard men spoken of as so far gone that they could not be rescued. I denounce the horrible infidelity. The Lord's arm is omnipotent, and the worst wretch that ever crawled into the ditch would be no harder a case for God than that of the most polished sinner.”

GOD'S BEST GIFT.

ON the western side of the lovely Malvern hills someone has kindly erected a shelter, which affords both a welcome retreat from the broiling sun and shelter from the beating rain. As the weary pedestrians rest therein after the long and stiff climb, and gaze upon the wide expanse of



"OH, BELIEVE THIS JOY-LADEN MESSAGE."

proud hills so beautifully covered with ferns, wild gorse, and heather, and upon the fertile valleys mantled in all their midsummer beauty, and fringed in the hazy distance by the Welsh hills, which form a dark background to the lovely landscape, one is not very surprised to see inscribed on an

iron plate, affixed in a prominent place upon the shelter, the well-known words :

“Praise God, from whom all blessings flow.”

There, indeed, those who have eyes to see can with deep admiration behold God's handiwork in creation, and whilst entranced with the surrounding beauty the Christian cannot but think of the work which infinitely surpasses even His creatorial work. It is the work in which the whole Trinity are wondrously interested. It was planned by God the Father; accomplished by God the Son; and applied to conscience and heart by God the Holy Ghost—it is the glorious work of the soul's redemption.

Let us by all means thank God for the beautiful world in which we live; but let us first and foremost thank Him for the gift which excels every other—God's unspeakable gift, the gift of His only begotten Son, and duly remember His object in giving Him was “that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.” Oh, believe this joy-laden message, and then you will be able to sing with the redeemed :

“ But more than all, we praise Thy Name,
For proving Thy deep love,
By giving Jesus Christ our Lord,
To save us from above.”

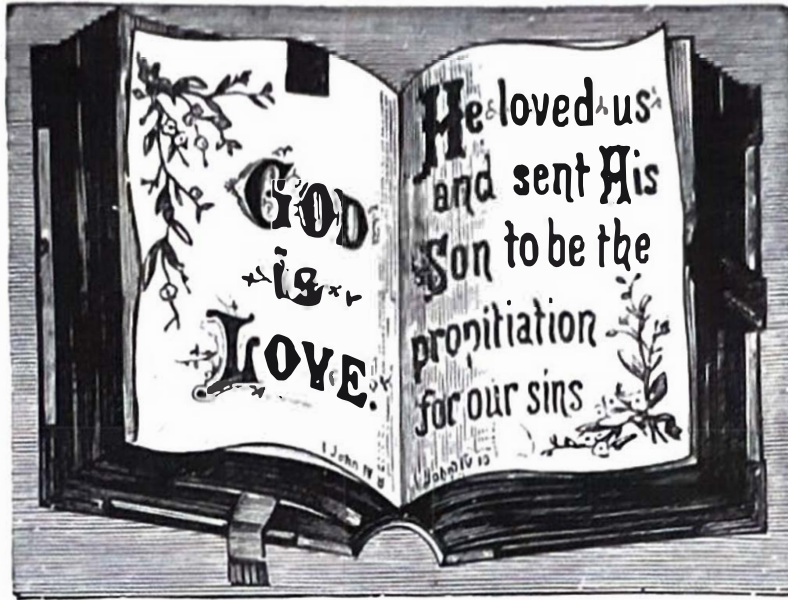
THE SCOFFER AT PRAYER.

A CELEBRATED infidel, on board a ship, caricatured the religion of Christ, and sneered at its professors. This did all very well while the wind was fair and the sun was shining. But the sea arose, and the waves dashed across the hurricane-deck; and the professed scoffer was heard to cry out, “O my God, what shall I do! What shall I do!”

That reminds us of one who returned from South Africa, after being in some of its thunderstorms. “You may go out there,” said he, “a sceptic; but if you have to pass through a South-African thunderstorm, you will be found crying out to God.”

Now all this goes to show that sceptic ideas may do to live by; but they are a poor thing to die by. Indeed, when the great eternity is at hand—when the wheels of judgment are heard drawing near—the infidel's “confession of faith” falls to pieces, and he cries out for help to that God whose very existence he professed to deny. There is nothing like the hour of calamity for shaking a man's infidelity.

BEHOLD THE LAMB OF GOD.



THE atoning work is done,
The sacrifice is made,
The sword has been unsheathed,
The ransom price is paid.
O sinner, see the dying Lamb,
God over all, the great I Am.

He came to die the death
Of cruel agony,
He stooped to sin's domain,
To set the captive free.
O sinner, see the dying Lamb,
God over all, the great I Am.

He broke the bands of death,
He's now ascended high;
"'Tis finished," were the words
Of His triumphant cry.
O sinner, see the risen Lamb,
God over all, the great I Am.

Ye ransomed, raise your voice,
To praise the Conqueror slain,
And spread from shore to shore,
The glory of His fame.
The glory of the risen Lamb,
God over all, the great I Am.

HOW GRACE TRIUMPHED; or, A PIT CAP CHANGED FOR A CROWN.

THE pathway of the Christian is not all sunshine: for trials come, afflictions overtake, and the waves of sorrow roll over many of God's children, who experience



that "tribulation worketh patience, and patience experience, and experience hope."

Trials seemed especially the lot of the Worehams. For many years the father had been a victim of a terrible malady, which resulted in his death; and at the time to which we now refer his lifeless body lay in the old homestead, awaiting burial, when the news was brought to the sorrowing widow that her son George had met with a serious accident in the pit.

George was a bright little fellow of fourteen, who worked down the mine as a pit-boy, driving a pony. Three months before the time to which we now refer God had spoken very loudly to him, and he thus described his soul exercise: "I felt so miserable that I was almost afraid to sleep, lest I should awake to find myself in hell."

It is very cheering to know that the glorious Saviour always observes the inmost desire of the soul that is troubled on account of sin, and that He is not only a *loving* Saviour and an *almighty* Saviour, but also a *seeking* Saviour. Therefore in His purposes of grace, He stirred the hearts of many whom He had saved to arrange some special services in the chapel, which was but a stone's throw from where poor sin-troubled George resided. George gladly attended these services, and God saved him, and he testified to the great transaction which had there taken place: "Before leaving I saw myself guilty before God, and that very night I accepted God's unspeakable gift, and was justified freely by His grace, through the redemption that is in Jesus Christ."

Three months quickly passed after that "happy day," bringing us to the events of the day of which we now write, when George was at his customary employment, at the Tankersley Colliery. He had almost finished his daily toil, and in another hour he would have been at home, when a serious accident occurred, and without a moment's warning, a fall of roof-stone took place, part of which fell upon poor George, hurling him violently to the ground, insensible. The *débris* was quickly removed, and George soon regained consciousness, and thinking he was dying, said in exulting tones: "Won't it be grand to change an old pit cap for a crown!" Willing hands tenderly carried him home; the doctor was hastily summoned, who, after careful examination, pronounced that his back was broken, and that his spine was severely injured. When they informed the dear lad he

said: "I am not afraid to die; I shall go to heaven; for I know that there is now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus." O glorious assurance!

But to the surprise of every one he lingered. He was a mystery to the doctors. The Great Physician who had healed his soul's malady had a testimony for him to bear, even on a sufferer's couch. He once remarked to a friend: "God has a work for me to perform for His honour and glory, and that is to lie here for a little while, and to show forth to



MINERS GOING TO AND COMING FROM WORK.

my companions and friends how He can keep me by His grace even on a bed of affliction. Some may wonder how I can bear such pain without murmuring, but, thank God, it is no secret, but simply, 'My grace is sufficient for thee!'

I only wish that I could tell you what comfort and consolation I have received from the above blessed promise, which is so well known by God's suffering children. Another dear promise, which gives me great comfort is, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee." Yes, praise His Name! His Word is like Himself—it is unchangeable, unalterable, immutable; it is divine, for "heaven and earth shall pass away, but My words shall not pass away."

He lay in that condition several years, bearing his sufferings with true Christian fortitude. For although at times his pain was intense, he was never once heard to murmur or complain, but frequently when in great suffering he would endeavour to sing his favourite hymns, sometimes one of his own composing, which is as follows:—

"Trust on, my brothers weary,
Who suffer here below,
For in His Word Christ promised
He'd always grace bestow.
Sometimes He comes and whispers,
'My child, I'll always be
Close to thy bedside watching,
And taking care of thee.'

"My cross is sometimes heavy,
I feel it hard to bear,
I pray to Christ to help me,
And He is always near;
He tells me He's preparing
A place up there of ease,
Where pain can never enter,
And where the weary cease.

Then all my brothers weary,
Who're trusting in His love,
Let's serve our Lord who reigneth
In that bright Home above;
For soon He'll come and call us
Up from this world of care,
To reign with Him in Heaven,
And have a crown to wear."

During his illness George was visited by many Christian friends, but they always left his presence comforted and refreshed, and when those who were unsaved came he was always ready to speak to them about their soul's welfare,

and of God's love to them. Thus passed the time in happy, devoted service for the Master, George feeling that his work for Christ was to bear pain patiently, to comfort believers, to warn the unsaved, and to circulate tracts, which ministry he fulfilled in a wonderful manner, although confined to his room.

Weeks, months, and years thus passed away, and George saw the sunrise on his twenty-first birthday. The morning he attained his majority his mother, who was a Christian, and who loved her suffering boy, as only a mother can, went to his room and said: "George, I cannot wish you many



"TO AWAIT THE RESURRECTION MORNING."

happy returns of the day, but I know that you are going to a place of rest, to enjoy a day without a night; then you will be happy for ever." "Yes, mother," was his cheerful reply.

During the day he had a relapse, and appeared to be rapidly sinking. Loving friends gathered around his couch, weeping tears of sorrow. One and another said, "Poor George!" He opened his bright eyes, and looking around upon his kind friends, said in a clear, subdued voice: "Don't call me poor; if there's any one poor, it will be those who are left behind, for I'm going to heaven, where nobody's poor." He closed his eyes, and his ransomed spirit winged its flight from the poor emaciated tenement for the Lord's presence. The very day when most young men joyfully celebrate their "coming of age" he was ushered into His presence who loved Him with an everlasting love, whom he had been privileged to so faithfully serve in such an obscure way.

A goodly number of sympathising and sorrowing friends gathered at his funeral, for he was "unknown, and yet well known"—unknown by the world, which measures its honours, and bestows its laurels, to the mighty and famous; but well known both by the Christians and villagers around as one of whom it could truly be said, "Whose faith follow"; and as his body was laid in the cold, silent grave to await the resurrection morn, many of the saved remembered his words of comfort, his patience, and his endurance, and it cannot be doubted that the unsaved, too, were reminded of his earnest words and loving appeals to their hearts.

Thus George Woreham had a glorious foretaste of God's grace; he lived by the same sustaining grace, and he now awaits the great day when this wondrous grace will be fully crowned with glory, when his spirit, soul, and body will be like his Lord's.

May each reader of this simple record know the same grace, believe in the same Saviour, be pardoned by the same reconciling God, and be sealed by the same Holy Spirit; then, should the call come for you to leave this earth you too will be taken to the Lord's own presence, and be "absent from the body, and present with the Lord."

WHAT have you got to do to perish eternally? Oh, nothing at all! Simply *neglect* God's great salvation—drift with the multitude—and you shall assuredly lose your soul.

WHAT THINK YE OF CHRIST?

NAPOLÉON'S ANSWER TO THIS IMPORTANT QUESTION.

THERE are multitudes living to-day who, if asked the important question, "What think ye of Christ?" would reply, were they to answer truthfully: "We see no beauty in Him that we should desire Him." But through



NAPOLÉON BONAPARTE. EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH

God's grace there are many who, replying to the same question, would say: "He is the chiefest among ten thousand," and again, "Yea, He is the altogether lovely." Those who thus express themselves are to be found not only amongst the poor and ignorant as regards earthly riches and wisdom, but also amongst those who are socially and intellectually much higher—philosophers, nobility, and royalty.

Most of our readers may remember that the Countess of Huntingdon praised God for the letter "M" in that passage: "Not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble are called." Otherwise it would read: "Not *any* mighty, not *any* noble are called."

The solemn words of the Right Hon. Earl Cairns, ere he breathed his last, manifested his deep appreciation of Christ. They were: "'Being justified by faith we have peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ.' Our one object should be to testify our love to Him. God help us all in this room, and everyone else, to live in this faith, and to die in this faith, for Jesus Christ's sake."

Many may remember also the striking words of our late Queen, Victoria the Good, who declared that she would go to Paradise through the all-atoning blood of Christ. It is also recorded that, after hearing a discourse by one of her chaplains on the second advent of Christ, she said to him: "Oh, how I wish the Lord might come during my lifetime! I should so love to lay my crown at His feet."

There have been, besides these, many other illustrious persons who have seen in Christ those beauties and glories which are alone revealed to the eye of faith. The following were the views of the famous Napoleon Bonaparte as to the Person and work of the Son of God. He was one day speaking of the divinity of Christ when General Bertrand said: "I cannot conceive, sire, how a great man like you can believe that the Supreme Being ever exhibited Himself to men under a human form, with a body, a face, and mouth and eyes."

Napoleon promptly replied: "I know men, and I tell you that Jesus Christ was more than a man. There is between Christianity and whatever other religion, the distance of infinity. Paganism is the work of man. I see in Lycurgus, Numa, and Mahomet, only legislators who performed a lofty part in their time as I have done; they had foibles and

errors which connect them with me and with humanity generally. It is not so with Jesus Christ; everything in Him astonishes me. His Spirit overcomes me, and His will confounds me. Between Him and whosoever else in the world there is no possible term of comparison. He is truly a Being by Himself.

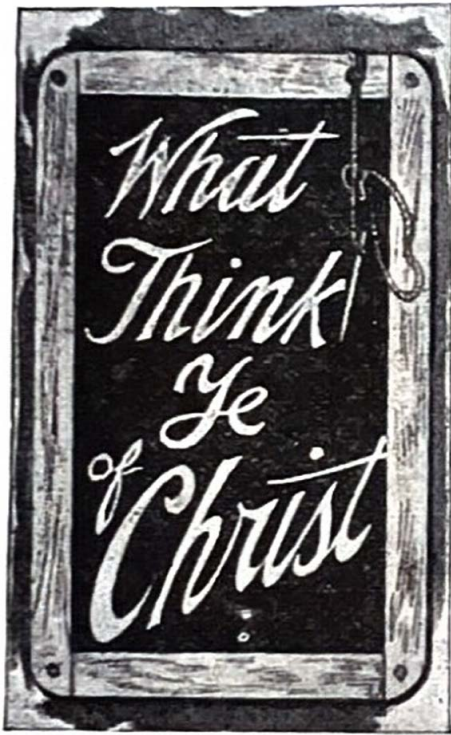
“His ideas and His sentiments, the truth which He announces; His manner of convincing are not explained



NAPOLÉON RIDING AT THE HEAD OF HIS TROOPS.

either by human organisation or by the nature of things. His birth and the history of His life, the profundity of His doctrine which grapples with the mightiest difficulties, and which is of these difficulties the most admirable solution; His Gospel, His appearing, His influence across the ages, everything is to me a prodigy—a mystery insolvable, which plunges me into a reverie from which I cannot escape—a mystery which I can neither deny or explain. Here I see nothing human.

“Christ having but a few weak disciples was condemned to death. He died the object of the wrath of the Jewish

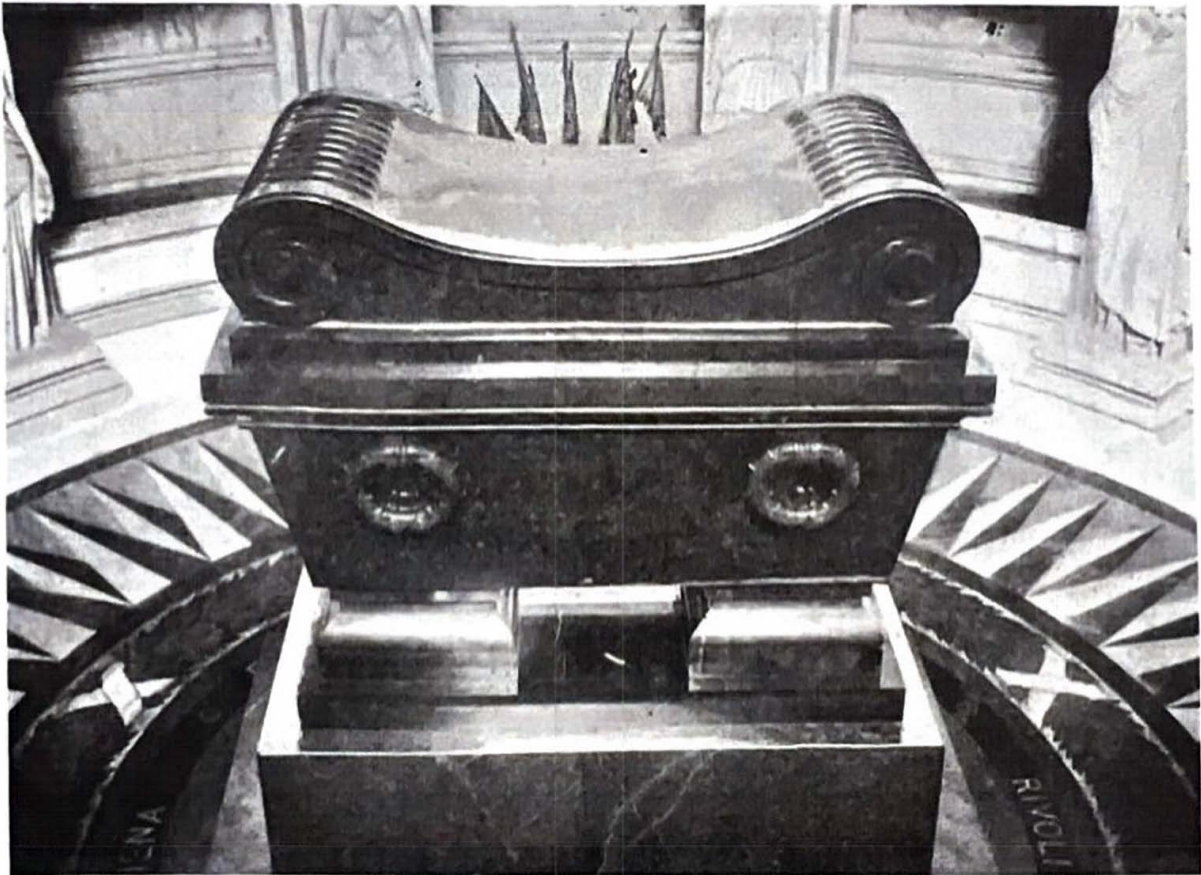


priests, and of the contempt of the nation. He was abandoned and deserted by His own disciples. ‘They are about to take Me and crucify Me,’ said He, ‘but divine justice being satisfied, sin being expiated by My sufferings, the bond of man to God will be renewed, and My death will be the life of My disciples. . . . I shall ascend to the skies, and I shall send to them from heaven a Spirit who will instruct them; the Spirit of the Cross will enable them to understand my Gospel; they will believe it; they will preach it.’

“This strange promise, so aptly called by Paul ‘the foolishness of the Cross’; this prediction of One miserably crucified was accomplished. For three hundred years the blood of Christians flowed in torrents; everywhere Christians fell and triumphed. You speak of Cæsar and of Alexander, of their conquests, and of the enthusiasm they enkindled in the hearts of their soldiers; but can you conceive of a dead man making conquests with an army faithful and entirely devoted to his memory? (My armies have forgotten me even while living, as the Carthaginian army forgot Hannibal. Such is our power, a single battle lost crushes us, and adversity scatters our friends.) The progress of the faith and the government of the Church are a

perpetual miracle. Nations pass away, thrones crumble, but the Church remains.

"Christ proved that He was the Son of the Eternal by His disregard of time, for all His doctrines signify one and the same thing—Eternity. The Gospel is not merely a book, it is a living Being, with an action and power which invades everything that opposes its extension. Behold upon the table the Book surpassing all others." He



NAPOLÉON'S TOMB IN PARIS.

solemnly placed his hand upon his Bible, and continued :
"I never omit to read it, and every day with the same pleasure. The soul can never go astray with this Book for its guide. When it is once master of our spirit, God is our Friend, our Father, and truly our God. Christ Himself speaks and lights the flame of love which consumes self-love.

"How true—I have inspired multitudes that they would die for me; but after all my presence was necessary; the lighting of my eye—my voice—a word from me, then the fire was kindled in their hearts. I possessed this power,

but I could never impart it to anyone; none of my generals ever learned it from me. Now that I am at St. Helena—now that I am alone, chained upon this rock—who fights and wins for me empires? Who makes efforts for me in Europe? Where are my friends? Yes, two or three, the fidelity of whom immortalises them and consoles my exile.” Here the voice of the Emperor trembled with emotion, and for a moment he was silent. He then continued: “Our life once shone with all the brilliance of the diadem and the throne, but now I die before my time, and my body must return to the earth. What an abyss between my deep misery and the eternal reign of Christ! which is proclaimed, loved, adored, and which is extending over all the earth.”

May it be yours, dear reader, to know this glorious Person as the One who died for your sins—as your Saviour, and as you prostrate yourself before His feet, may you say as one of old: “My Lord and my God.” Then you will not be amongst those who are so graphically described by the lines:

“Some style Him the pearl of great price,
And say He's the fountain of joys,
Yet feed upon folly and vice,
And cleave to the world and its toys:
Like Judas, the Saviour they kiss,
And while they salute Him betray;
Ah! what will profession like this
Avail in His terrible day?”

May you, by divine grace, be enabled to say: “I know whom I have believed; I have tasted and seen that He is gracious; I went to Him, He granted me peace, and I have abundantly proved that He satisfieth the longing soul.”

ONLY TWO WAYS.

THERE are only two ways of appearing before God. You must appear before Him either on the ground of your own merits, or by virtue of the merits of another. That other one is Jesus, “whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation through faith in His blood” (Rom. 3. 25). Are you going to the bar of God on the ground of anything *you* have done? If so, you will appear before God *in your sins*; for all our righteousnesses are as filthy rags in His sight. But if you are going into the presence of God on the merits of His blessed Son, and by virtue of His atoning blood, you are as safe from the coming judgment as God can make you.

KNOW THINE OPPORTUNITY.



WHEN we reflectingly look back upon our earthly pathway, our minds are often filled with vain regrets; especially when we think of the glorious opportunities we have allowed to pass unused, which in so many cases have never occurred again. These thoughts often fill our hearts with sorrow, reproach, and bitterness, and have a tendency to make us sad and morose, as we lament our folly and indiscretion.

It may be profitable for us to look calmly back and think of the spiritual opportunities we have missed, and as we do so to determine to make the most of our present privileges, or in the words of the philosopher, to "know our opportunity."

As we take the retrospective glance, we may be forcibly reminded of our saintly mother, now in heaven, telling us of Jesus' love; of our Sunday-school teacher's pleadings; and of the earnest messages of grace and truth which have fallen from the lips of the faithful gospel preacher. We may recollect when our bosom friend was converted and besought us to turn to God who was ready to pardon; and when our aged father passed away, how he pleaded with us to meet him in heaven.

O sinner, in numerous ways God has spoken to you, has

given you many golden opportunities to repent, and turn to Him. He has aroused you from your sleep of sin both by the constraining accents of unfathomable love, and by the thunderings of His great wrath. But although He has revealed that there is a heaven to be gained and a hell to be shunned, hitherto you have rejected His Christ, have despised His love, abandoned His fear, and thus missed many God-given opportunities.

Know thine opportunity; Judas Iscariot knew not his. A companion of the Light, he was darkness. For many years he was an associate of the Saviour; he heard His gracious words; he saw His mighty acts, and he beheld His glorious person. But although so highly privileged, yet he committed that dastardly act. He betrayed the Son of God with a "Hail, Master." He kissed Him an everlasting farewell. He filled a suicide's grave. He went to his own place. "Good were it for that man if he had never been born."

Know thine opportunity, as blind Bartimæus knew his. He was but a poor beggar, sitting by the wayside, who, hearing the footsteps of an approaching multitude, enquired what it meant; who, when informed that Jesus of Nazareth was passing that way, cried aloud to Him for mercy. In vain were efforts made to silence him, for he was terribly in earnest, and cried louder and louder, until the compassionate Saviour heard his cry and tenderly asked: "What wilt thou that I should do unto thee?" "Lord, that I may receive my sight," was his ready reply; and forthwith he received his sight and became a follower of his great Benefactor. Wise Bartimæus! he knew his opportunity and availed himself of it, for the Saviour never passed that way again.

Know thine opportunity. Two thieves were once being crucified for their misdeeds. Between them hung the innocent Son of God dying for the guilt of the world. Their malicious hearts cause them to revile the sinless Sufferer; when from His lips that memorable prayer ascended to God—that prayer of sublime eloquence, manifesting the springs of divine love which flowed from that reproach-broken heart—"Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do." That prayer melted the hard heart of one of the malefactors, he acknowledged his transgression, and after rebuking his fellow-sinner, unburdened his heart to the dying Saviour, crying, "Lord, remember me when Thou comest into Thy kingdom," which met with the gracious reply from the



Saviour, "To-day shalt thou be with Me in paradise." One of the thieves availed himself of his last opportunity, the other died an impenitent, unbelieving sinner.

Know thine opportunity. See that man in that lunatic asylum. Once he had charge of a draw-bridge. One day he received an official message that it was not to be opened. He had no thought other than to obey, until the captain of a small tug persuasively asked him to open. For some time he hesitated; then he yielded, and the draw-bridge swung on its hinges, and the tug was partly through when he heard a shrill whistle, which smote his heart with terror; it told of an approaching train. On, on, it came, and plunged with its living freight into the surging waters. Since that terrible day he has paced the cell of the asylum, a reason-dethroned man, wailing bitterly: "O, if I only had! O, if I only had!"

Know thine opportunity. Think of the many times the Saviour has spoken to you; when your conscience was reached, your heart wrought upon, and the tears of contrition glistened in your eyes, as the mysteries of the Saviour's love were unfolded to you. Think of the many times the Saviour



"IT TOLD OF AN APPROACHING TRAIN."

has knocked at your heart's door, and as you think of your wasted opportunities which are gone nevermore to return, act wisely by turning to a pardoning God, by coming to the sinner's Friend, by trusting the loving Saviour, just as you are, just where you are. Then you will never have to wail: "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and I am not saved."

NOT BAD ENOUGH FOR HELL.

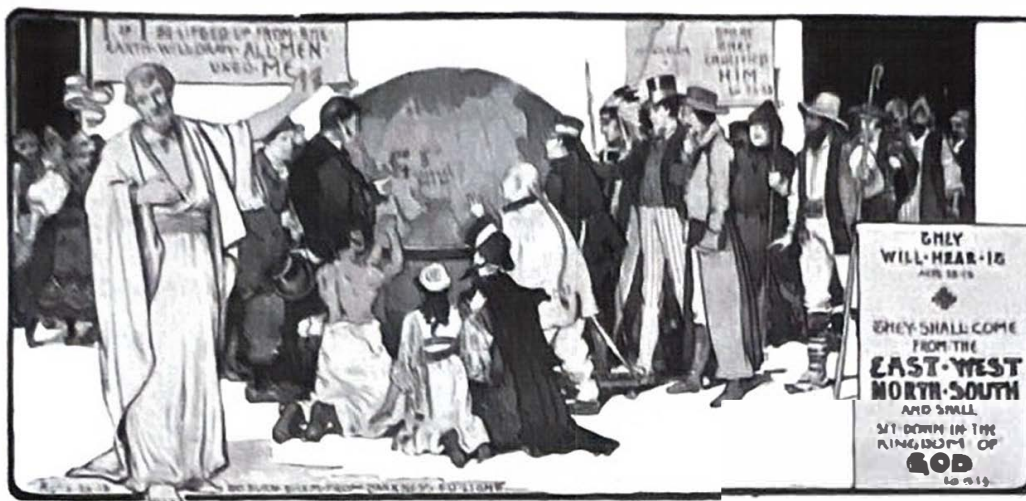
A SHORT time ago a letter was put into the hands of a Christian from two maiden sisters who had lived together from their youth. They are now between sixty and seventy years of age and suffering from a chronic disease in its last stages. It stated that, as they were very poor, they desired that a subscription should be raised on their behalf, so that someone could be provided to see their end.



"TWO SISTERS WHO HAD LIVED TOGETHER FROM THEIR YOUTH"

He went to the address given the same afternoon, and found both the writer and her sister in a most unclean and miserable condition. After spending some little time in conversation respecting their temporal needs, he said: "I should like to ask you a question of the utmost importance, that is—Where will you spend eternity? for you certainly must spend it in one of two places." For a moment they seemed quite staggered by such a pointed question, and then one of them ventured to reply, "I am not bad enough for hell, for I have not committed many sins." "Satan is telling you that," the Christian rejoined, "you are in his grasp, and if you continue to believe him you will soon be lost for ever; for he was a liar from the beginning, and the father of lies. God is holy, therefore had you committed one sin you could not gain admittance into heaven unless it were cancelled. Suppose," he continued, "you have committed one sin of thought, one of word, and one of deed, every day for the last fifty years, think of the thousands they would amount to; they would be more numerous than the hairs of your head. But listen," he continued, "I have a message from God for you, sinner though you be: 'God commendeth His love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us'; and 'Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.' And still further, 'God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.' Therefore," he continued, "the Scriptures declare that Jesus did not die for the righteous, but for sinners." And as he left he exhorted them to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and be saved, and then they would know where they would spend eternity.

Many are like those mentioned above; they are lulled into a state of apathy by the god of this world, who has hardened their hearts, lest the light of the glorious Gospel should shine in. He whispers, "Peace, peace," although God has declared "there is no peace to the wicked"; he endeavours to give a sense of security in spite of the decree of God: "The wicked shall be turned into hell"; and he seeks to buoy up the spirits by a false hope, which cannot be realised. So successful are his operations, and so filled with hatred towards God, is the human heart, that many are concerned, even as to their burial, but do not think of the final goal beyond the grave, the place either of untold



"SALVATION FREE IS OFFERED TO ALL."

joy or woeful remorse, described as *eternity*. God is holy; man in his natural condition is unholy. God is righteous, and has revealed His righteousness to man, only to manifest his rebellion, as he breaks His laws and rejects His grace; and in that pitiable condition, branded by God as a sinner, a rebel, and ungodly, he cannot be amongst that throng who will people the courts of endless glory and sing with joyous hearts the songs of the blessed.

My friend, I beseech you to think of your dire need, of your awful condition; and may the thought not only startle you but arouse you from your slumbers, which may end in death. Unless you repent you will perish. Unless you are born again you will be lost for ever. Unless you avail yourself of this great salvation you have heard and read so much about, you will be consigned, after judgment, to the lake of fire. Would you be saved from coming wrath? Then come to the sinners' Saviour, who died that sinners might live, for He will receive you, and then you shall be saved for ever; saved from your sins, saved from Satan's power, saved from condemnation, saved from the second death, saved from the burnings of the lake of fire, saved to shine to the praise of His grace through the eternal ages.

Salvation is of the Lord—therefore, accept it now, that it may be true of you: "By grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves: it is the gift of God" (Eph. ii. 8).

"God loved the world of sinners lost
And ruined by the fall;
Salvation full, at highest cost,
He offers free to all,"

SALVATION ALONE IN CHRIST.

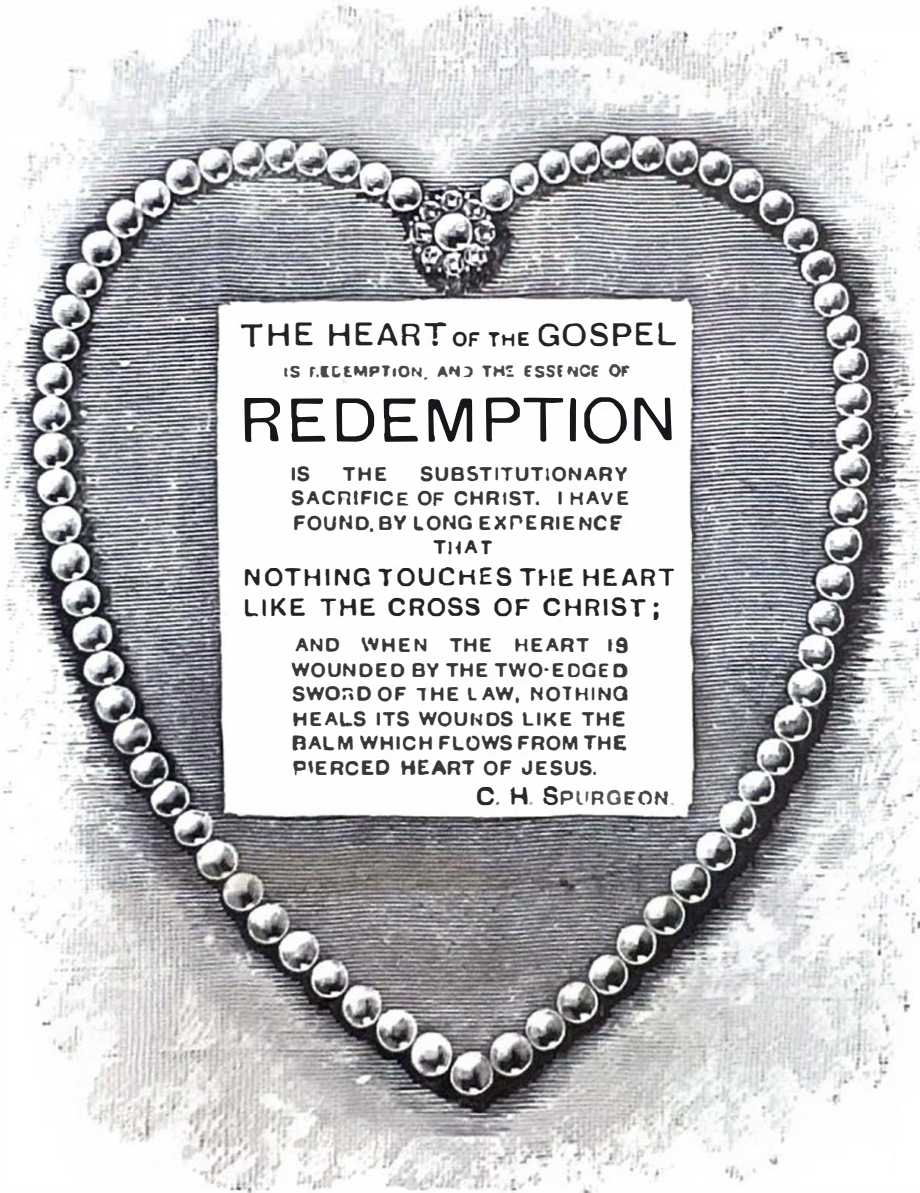
WHILE there are many, in our day, who utterly disregard God's Word, on the other hand, those abound who profess to esteem it as such, but walk in ignorance of many of the truths unmistakably set forth. As there are also numbers who have the form of godliness, but who by conversation and life deny the power thereof, it behoves all to ask themselves the question which so concerns their future welfare, *i.e.*, What is my hope for eternity based upon? It is the imperative duty of all to seriously consider the things which are beyond this life—eternal things. And as God states there are such places as heaven and hell, and such experiences as happiness and misery after death, it becomes us to face matters at once, painful though they may be, and be quite clear as to this all important matter.

Do not, as numbers are doing, trifle with the affairs of your soul, or play fast and loose with eternal realities, for they should be treated with the utmost solemnity, as their serious nature and tremendous issues demand. Neither banish the thoughts from your mind, for there are many all around us dying with unsaved souls because they will not think. One once remarked as he gazed upon a number of the aristocracy of earth: "It goes to my heart to consider there is not one in that brilliant circle who is not afraid to go home and think."

Man's authority is often faulty, but the Word of the living God speaks with no uncertainty, both of death and judgment, and of salvation and peace. There are many who professedly seek to be guided by its statements, who, owing to their neglect of it, do not clearly understand God's way of blessing, consequently they are building their hopes for eternity on a wrong and unsafe foundation.

Satan, the great arch-enemy of God and man, in his subtlety opposes God's truth in quite a variety of ways, and invents devices to deceive all classes, that they may remain at enmity with a loving God who desires their blessing. To the profligate he whispered: "You are too deeply dyed in sin," while to those who observe the outward forms of religion, who are morally upright, and, viewed from a human standpoint, are vastly superior, he suggests: "Anxiety about your soul's salvation is quite unnecessary; do the best you can, then Christ will make up the deficiency, for God is so merciful that you will ultimately reach heaven." Beware! this is an invention of Satan's to delude you. He plans

your eternal loss. His doom is fixed in the lake of fire, and he would deceive and allure you, that you may be his eternal associate. Far better never to have been born, than to die in the meshes of Satan, a Christless unregenerate soul.



Many fancy, that in virtue of their superiority over others they will be alright for eternity; all such are sadly mistaken, for the judgment of sinful man is not the criterion, but the holiness of God. It is now no longer a matter of God trying man to prove what he is; that He has already done in every conceivable way. Weighing him in the balance of divinerighteousness, He has found him sadly wanting Measuring him

by His accurate standard, He has found him to come short. Judging him by His perfect law, He has found him verily guilty: and when as a last test He sent His only begotten Son, man filled up the measure of his iniquity by rejecting and finally murdering Him; his time of probation thus ended, and God announced His verdict, which we do well to heed: "All have sinned and come short of the glory of God." This statement allows no exceptions, for all are branded by God as sinners, and described as His enemies. Quantity, or degree of sin, is not the question now at issue, for the committal of one sin brands man as a sinner. Neither is respectability, morality, or so-called good works, meritorious to bring the sinner back to God, for they are but as filthy rags in His sight. The words of the Lord Jesus—"They have their reward," truly apply to these things. For his sobriety a man will be esteemed, for his honesty will gain, and for his morality will be honoured: for these and other commendable things he is rewarded in this life, but they will neither give him favour in God's sight, nor wash his past sins away; and if his hopes for future glory depend upon them, he will find, when too late, that he has been deceived, and that he has been building upon a foundation of sand, which will sink beneath him, and great will be his fall.

There are many who have a name to live, but who are dead as regards vital Christianity. They are treading the way which seemeth right in their own eyes, but it is the broad way, and they are passing onward, quickly and with awful certainty to the dark and dreary goal—death; for their many sins are unforgiven. True, they are not drunken and debauched, as many are; granted, they would scorn to sink to the depth of depravity as many whom they observe all around. But what are they doing? They are, alas, for them! committing the soul-destroying sin of rejecting the Son of God. They are treading the same broad way which leadeth to destruction, although it may be on the cleanest side, on the respectable side; or, solemn fact! even on the religious side. Oh! you that apparently are self-satisfied and self-righteous, be not any longer deceived either by your own heart or the lies of Satan; do not continue to walk, with haughty look, proud step, and hardened heart, in the broad way, or when too late, you may know your poverty, regret your blindness, and feel your lost, ruined condition.

How solemn is your position! for you are by your assumed

superiority excluding yourself from God's mercy, and closing against yourself the only door of hope. For while there are none too bad to participate in God's great salvation, yet there are hundreds who are, in their own estimation, too good for Christ, and consequently will be lost for ever; "Ye must



be born again," was the solemn truth brought to the notice of Nicodemus, the Jewish ruler, by the great Teacher; and nothing short of this definite work of grace in the heart will do for God. Apart from the new birth the sinner cannot even see, much less enter the kingdom of God. God loves sinners. Christ Jesus came to seek and save the lost. The Spirit of

God strives with but one class, the ungodly; and only sinners born again, saved by divine grace, will people the courts of glory.

May the search-light of God's Holy Spirit illumine the reader's heart, disclosing to him his sinfulness! for apart from the guilty one knowing his need, he will not seek the gracious Saviour, and therefore, cannot be saved, for his only qualification for God's mercy is his deep need, and God delights to bestow His gracious pardon on those alone who know that they are guilty, needy, and lost. Note what the Scripture of truth state as to this momentous subject.

MAN'S STATE BY NATURE:

- "There is none righteous, no, not one" (Rom. iii. 10).
- "All have sinned and come short of the glory of God" (Rom. iii. 23).
- "He that believeth not is condemned already" (John iii. 18).
- "They that are in the flesh cannot please God" (Rom. viii. 8).
- "Ye must be born again" (John iii. 7).

GOD'S WAY OF SALVATION:

- "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved"
(Acts xvi. 31).
- "Whosoever believeth in Him, shall receive remission of sins"
(Acts x. 48).
- "The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin"
(1 John i. 7).
- "There is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved" (Acts iv. 12).
- "To him that worketh not, but believeth on Him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness" (Rom. iv. 5).
- "The gift of God is eternal life" (Rom. vi. 23).

THE CHRIST REJECTOR'S PORTION:

- "He that believeth not shall be damned" (Mark xvi. 16).
- "The wicked shall be turned into hell" (Psalm ix. 17).
- "Whosoever was not found written in the book of life was cast into the lake of fire" (Rev. xx. 15).

These statements stand before you as beacons of warning, that you may know yourself, and knowing your sinfulness, flee to Christ, who is God's remedy for sin-ruined mankind, for pardon, refuge, and peace. For how can you be uncon-

cerned with these solemn truths before you? Awake to your peril! Judgment is imminent. The floods of divine wrath will shortly overflow this guilty world; the blast of the tempest of His long-withheld fury will soon be manifest; He will make His righteous ire to be felt by those who obey not the truth.

As you value your precious soul, do not, any longer, rest your hopes for eternity on yourself—on your attainments—or even on your so-called good works, but upon the only sure foundation, the work of the Son of God; for on that ground alone does God prepare the guilty for heavenly glory.

Eternal life is a free gift, conferred by the One who not only loves, but is love. Although it is so freely given, the cost was immense, for all God's holy claims had to be met, His righteousness had to be vindicated, which could only be accomplished by One, and that One not a sinful man born at enmity with God, but One who was holy and spotless: the only-begotten Son of God, who came to die—who gave His life a Ransom for many, that God should be satisfied, the sinner's need met, and the immense distance between God and man bridged over. Never was there love like His, so fully proved on Calvary's hill, where the Saviour wrought a full salvation. He was brought into the dust of death, that sinners might not experience the untold horrors of the second death. Sorrow and reproach were His, that sinners might not sorrow through the eternal ages. He was enshrouded in darkness, that sinners might not know, to their shame, the outer darkness of the lost world. He suffered at the hands of man, from the malice of demons, but above all, from the hands of a righteous God, that poor sinners might not suffer the penalty of their sins. All the billows of God's wrath passed over His guiltless soul, that sinners saved by sovereign grace might never feel the righteous ire of Almighty God. The sword of divine justice awoke and smote the Man Christ Jesus, when He, the sinless One, was made sin, that sinners who believe might be made the righteousness of God in Him. And in that hour of deepest woe, when God laid upon Him the iniquity of us all, He was forsaken by His God, that sinners might not know eternal separation from God and heaven. He was once exceedingly sorrowful, but as a consequence of that awful sorrow, He will receive His own with exceeding joy. Oh! the love! He was rich

in glory, yet for our sakes became poor, that we, through His poverty, might be made rich. What infinite grace! that God, whom we had so sinned against, should not only devise salvation's plan, give His only-begotten Son, offer the greatest blessing conceivable, but such is the fulness of His heart of love, that He beseeches you to be reconciled to Himself; thus manifesting that He thinks more of your eternal welfare than you do yourself. Oh! the wondrous love of God! Oh! the depth of the love of Christ! And is it nothing to you? Has it no charm for you? Does it not move your inmost soul? Can you, in face of the fact of the death of Christ, say that you needed it not? If so, you have no part or lot in the matter. May the Spirit of the living God open your eyes to see your need, and shake the false foundation under you, causing you to own as one of old—"Behold, I am vile," and knowing your desperate condition, plead before God, not your own works, but the perfect finished work of Christ, bring to Him, not your own name, but the worthy Name of the Saviour, for only those who have been to God in His Name can say—"He bore my sins in His own body on the tree."

In conclusion, we would remind you that those whom you consider so very sinful are in the same condemnation as yourself. They are dead in trespasses and sins; so are you. They are the enemies of God; so are you. They have no hope beyond this life; you have a hope centred in yourself, therefore false. They are deceived by the pleasures of sin, you are deceived by supposing that your superiority over others will secure you an entrance into glory. They are without Christ; so are you. They disobey the Gospel of God; so do you. They spurn the work of Christ on their behalf; you reject it by thinking you need it not. Hitherto, both the most notorious sinner and yourself have treated the Son of God the same. Neither trust for eternity in Him, or care aught for His words of solemn warning. Neither know Him as their Saviour—whom to know is life eternal. Each is described by Christ Jesus, who said—"Ye will not come unto Me, that ye might have life." One sweeping statement of His is the condemnation of all, whether profligate or self-righteous. For the One who spake as never man spake uttered the remarkable words—"This is the condemnation, that light is come into the world, and men loved darkness rather than light, because their deeds

CAN YOU FILL YOUR NAME IN WHERE THE DOTTED LINES ARE?

*GOD so loved.
that He gave His only begotten Son,
that when..... believeth
in Him he should not perish,
but have everlasting life*

were evil." They prefer their natural darkness to the true light, and although Christ died to save them from the consequences of their sins, yet they esteem Him not. And, although God declares both the way of salvation and His willingness to save, yet they, with hard, rebellious hearts, heed not His gracious words of love. Oh, dear reader, we would beseech you to sue for mercy, disclaim all hope or merit in yourself, take your true place before God as a needy sinner, trust to the finished work of Christ, for it is life first, then service.

"Till to Jesus' work you cling,
By a simple faith,
Doing is a deadly thing,
Doing ends in death."

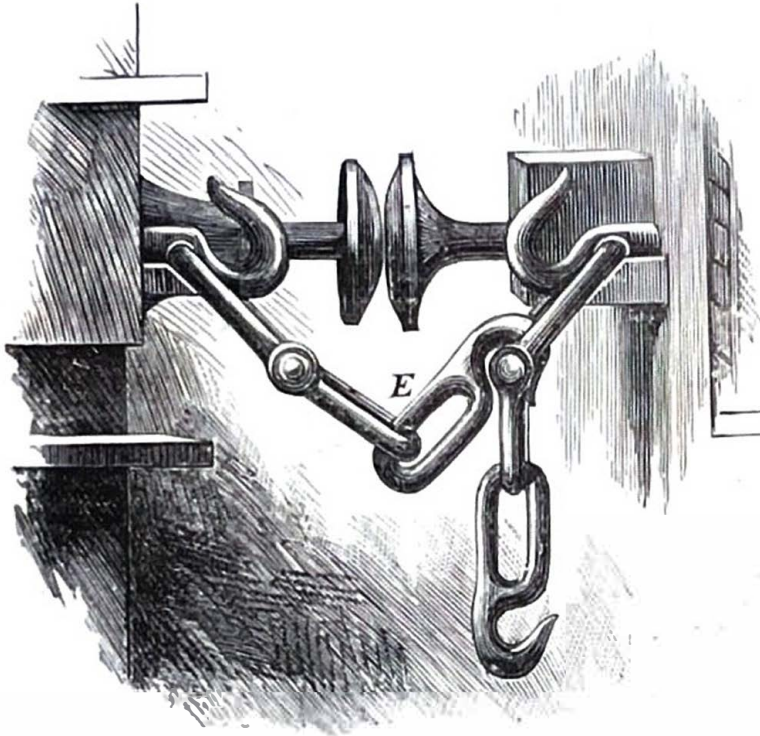
"Cast your deadly doing down,
Down at Jesus' feet,
Stand in Him, in Him alone,
Gloriously complete."

The salvation of God is not of works, lest any man should boast.

No earthly portion or title can compare with that of those who are redeemed by the blood of Christ. All earthly glory may flee away, crowns and dignities may pass to other hands, but the position of God's people remains the same through all the clanging scenes of time.

GOD'S GRACIOUS DEALINGS WITH A RAILWAY SHUNTER.

"I will glorify Thy Name for evermore. For great is Thy mercy toward me" (Ps. lxxxvi. 12, 13).



OF all positions occupied by railway servants the work of the shunter is the most dangerous, statistics proving that more shunters are killed at their posts of duty than any other railway employee. The one whose conversion is here recorded, though he has had many narrow escapes,

glories in the fact that his soul is saved, and realizes, through the grace of God, that, whether in life or death, all is well. He gives the following account:—

"My early days were spent in a midland village, and being of lowly parentage, and one of seven children, I did not have the advantage of a good education, being compelled to work hard from my earliest recollections. Boylike, I was often in mischief, in fact, if anything went wrong in the village I was usually blamed for it.

I shall ever remember with gratitude that I had a praying mother, who always sought to impress upon my young mind the truth that God beheld all my ways. But like hundreds more, I was very self-willed, and endeavoured to forget her loving counsel; although now I can add that her example, her prayers, and her influence have never left me.

I recall three very anxious times in my experience. When a boy of twelve I was spoken to by a young man about my sinful state, and I well remember my brokenness of heart as he told me of the Saviour's love, but, alas! the impression soon passed away.

A few years later I heard an impressive sermon at the

Parish Church, which again awakened me to a sense of my danger, and caused distress of soul; my anxiety being at times so great that I many times fell upon my knees behind a hedge, and tried to pray for mercy. But again the word did not profit me, for Satan suggested that I was too bad,



"AN IMPRESSIVE SERMON AT THE PARISH CHURCH."

and that I must mend my ways, and again attempt that which I had vainly endeavoured to do so many times. As I was ignorant of God's abounding love to guilty sinners, I became disheartened, and even more careless than before.

But God in grace bore with my stubbornness and rebellion, not leaving me alone, but about six years later bringing me under the sound of those impressive words: 'But man dieth and wasteth away: yea, man giveth up the ghost, and where is he?' But I again disobeyed the call of God, and sought pleasure in the world. And until I was thirty-two I continued my wild career, without God and without Christ.

Thus the years passed, until five little children were seated around my table, bringing with them their attendant responsibility and care, and all thoughts of eternity and eternal things were banished from my mind until death, that dread visitant, called at our home, taking from our midst my wife's mother. This sad event caused me to see the awfulness of a soul passing into eternity without a ray of hope. Six weeks later my eldest sister passed away, and as we laid her body in the cold grave I felt in utter despair. A fortnight later my youngest boy died; but instead of these sad occurrences softening my heart, I further rebelled against God, and complained of His hard and seemingly unrighteous dealings. It was whilst standing by the still form of my beloved child that God again caused me to hear His voice, as the thought vividly presented itself, 'What had it been you?' and I was compelled to acknowledge, 'O, God, I should have been in hell.' From that moment for nearly three months I was in great agony of soul, feeling as never before the great burden of sin, causing me to rise from my bed many times in the night to pray to God for light. Once when digging in the garden I was so deeply convicted of sin that I felt I dare not proceed lest I should open a hole by which I should sink into hell; I immediately went to my room and cried to God for deliverance. Thus God brought me to own as one before had owned, 'O, wretched man that I am.'

Some time after the above experiences I went to hear the Gospel preached, and although after the service Christian friends sought to point me to Christ, I was so very blind and unbelieving that the way of salvation seemed too simple. The following night, when on my way home, a great longing possessed me to be saved, and glancing upward the

heavens appeared to open, and what a sight met my enraptured gaze! for I saw the Lord Jesus dying on Calvary's Cross, and I heard a voice saying, 'You are refusing salvation through the work of Christ.' My sin-burdened heart was bowed both with sorrow and gratitude, and I exclaimed: 'O, Lord, I will refuse no longer,' and there, under the broad canopy of heaven, I trusted Christ as my Saviour, and joy and peace in believing flooded my heart. It was not long ere I was on my knees, thanking God for His abounding mercy to me, a poor, hell-deserving sinner.

Many times after this Satan suggested that I was deceived, and once when going to work, greatly troubled with doubts as to my acceptance with God, my attention was arrested by a small piece of paper which was almost covered by sand lying by the roadside. I picked it up, and found it to be a small leaflet, and in it I read how, in the person and



work of Christ, God had made a rich provision, both for the past, the present, and the future. It was just what I needed, and this led me to further praise my God, who had provided such a perfect salvation. My fears all vanished, and from that moment, if doubts arise, I have pointed my adversary to the written Word of God, and I can with thankfulness add that it has been peace and joy all along the way.

I record the above to magnify the grace of God in saving my soul and sparing my life, whilst numbers of my mates have been cut down both by disease and accident, many in the prime of life.

One to whom I had many times spoken about his soul's salvation had been run over by an engine. I went to where he lay, and when I saw his poor mangled body I knew that he could not last many minutes. Lifting to God a silent prayer, I knelt by his side and whispered: 'George, look to Jesus; His precious blood will cleanse from all sin.' I also repeated other Scriptures into his dying ear, but, alas! he was too far gone to make any reply.

Another case very different to the above was that of another comrade who was a fireman, to whom I had many times spoken about the realities of eternity. Once, when on night duty, I felt deeply impressed to speak to him about the welfare of his soul. I was unable to leave my post, so I hastily wrote a passage of Scripture upon a scrap of paper I had by me, and handed it to him as the engine passed. It was some time before I again saw him, when I asked him as to his soul's salvation. 'Thank God, all is right,' he replied. 'How did it come about,' I asked. To which he replied: 'You remember those words of Scripture you gave me; God used them to open my eyes.'

Now, dear reader, I would add a warning word to you. Do not trifle with the mercy of God, for He has said: 'My Spirit shall not always strive with man.'

O, unsaved comrade, flee to the outstretched arms of my precious Saviour, for He has suffered the Just for the unjust. Hark to His cry on Calvary's Cross: 'My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?' Why was He forsaken? It was because God could not pass over sin, and as Christ took the sinner's place, God poured out His indignation and wrath against sin upon Him. Believe this glorious message, and your soul shall live."

THE MOCKER'S DOOM.

"Be not deceived, God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap" (Gal. vi. 7).

IT was the Club day in a certain English village, on which occasion the villagers made a general holiday, and a time of friendly greetings and family meetings. A Christian lady, endeavouring to serve her Master, was busy scattering broadcast the good seed, in the form of gospel booklets and tracts, to those who on such occasions thronged the village for pleasure. Among many others to receive one of the "silent messages" was the Club doctor, who was a man



without the fear of God before his eyes ; who openly scoffed at God, the Creator of all. After receiving it, his first impulse was to tear it to atoms, and cast it to the wind, but on second thought he decided to take it to the Club that evening, thinking it might be a source of amusement to the profligate members.

Night came ; and the doctor was in his accustomed place at the Club, revelling as usual in sin, ridiculing with his ungodly associates the tract, the giver, and the contents : what did he care if the tract was entitled—"The value of the soul" ? The god of this world had blinded his eyes, so that this life and the pleasures of sin were all he cared for. Vain man ! how little he realized that his life had almost flickered away ; as he laughed, sneered, and jested at the contents of that tract, forgetting that the all-seeing eye of God was upon him, as he drank and revelled in his own folly, mocking at the statements of the One who gave him life and breath and being. We fain would draw the veil over such a scene of man's depravity in that midnight carousal : for their glory was in their shame.

When morning dawned, as the sun shed its glorious light and rays across the serene country, making the landscape appear even more beautiful than before, a labouring man was wending his way earlier than usual to his daily toil, and, turning a bend in the road, he noticed a pony and gig standing without a driver ; upon further examination he saw to his horror, that by the pony's side was the lifeless form of a man ; that man was none other than the mocker of the night before, the Club doctor.

Upon further inquiries, it transpired that he had left the Club at an early hour that morning in an intoxicated state, and it was supposed that on his way home he must have leaned forward, and fallen from the trap over the shafts, thus breaking his neck, and causing instant death. What a change for that mocker, from that drunken stupor to the miseries of the lost world. Never more would he mock at God ; for there is no infidelity in hell.

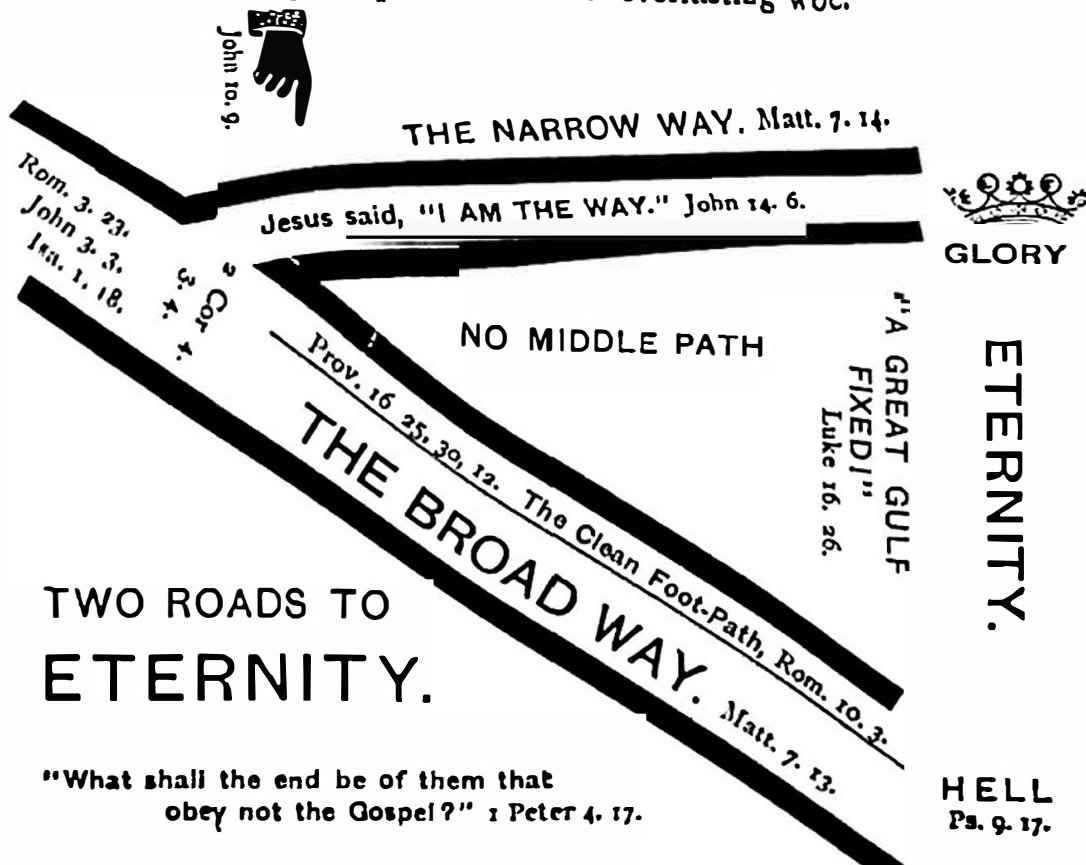
"A mere accident," our readers may say. Yes, doubtless it was an accident, but was it not something more ? Was it not the hand of God meting out judgment to a high-minded rebel ? For sin is a terrible thing in God's sight, and man cannot sin against God with impunity ; sooner or later his sin will be punished, and his rebellious career will

be ended. "Because there is wrath, beware lest He take thee away with His stroke, then a great ransom cannot deliver thee."

Oh, mocker, continue not your evil course, lest in the coming great day God mocks when your fear cometh; but, before the judgment of God overtakes you, throw down your arms of rebellion, and sue for the mercy of God. Remember that it is through the goodness of God that you have not been cut down in your wild career, as many have been.

In conclusion, we would remind you that sinners of the deepest dye have been pardoned by our God. Harken to His loving voice speaking to you, rebellious, and profligate though you may be. He not only warns you by saying, "Be sure your sin will find you out," but He also calls to you, saying, "Turn ye, turn ye, for why will ye die?" for He has no pleasure in the death of the wicked. Therefore, He gave His only begotten Son to die in your stead, that now, in perfect righteousness, He can offer His great salvation.

"Stay, poor sinner, stay and think before you further go,
Do not sport upon the brink of everlasting woe."



CHOOSING AND REFUSING.

OFTEN in our life's experience we turn aside from everything to consider matters of more or less importance, and after weighing over in our minds the advantages and the disadvantages, the probable gain and the risk of loss; after viewing the case from various standpoints, we arrive at a conclusion; we decide either for or against, and often have to abide by the consequences as we reap the result, whether for good or ill.

Only a short time ago a man was compelled by the urgency of his case, almost on the impulse of the moment to make his choice. He was in the employ of a railway company, and was walking along the lines near Birmingham, when he accidentally caught his foot in the points, which instantly closed upon it so tightly that he was unable to extricate it; while he saw to his horror an express train approaching at full speed. He felt that death was imminent, for he knew that should he remain in that position he had but a few seconds to live. What thoughts must have flashed through his mind in those terrible moments of suspense! He realised that he must either lose his life or his foot, and quick as thought his mind was made up, his decision was arrived at, his foot must go, if by any means there was the slightest chance of his life being saved. Acting upon this he hastily threw himself down between the lines, while nearer and nearer approached the ponderous engine. O, the agony of those moments! In vain did the driver endeavour to bring to a standstill the iron monster. On, on it came, and passed over the man's foot, crushing it so severely that it was necessary to amputate it. He acted wisely, and although he lost his foot his life was saved.

Many others, besides the one mentioned above, have made their choice; some for good, others for ill. Moses, when forty years of age, decided as to his future course. He refused rank and greatness; he esteemed not riches and honour; he despised luxury and ease, and counted as worthless the pleasures of sin; choosing affliction and suffering with a despised company of slaves. He had respect unto the recompense of the reward, and his reward was sure.

Years later the multitude at Jerusalem made their choice. The great crowd consisted of all classes and professions, from the governor and the elders down to the meanest dweller there. They had to choose between the Son of the Living God, whose mission was to save life, and the male-

factor, Barabbas, who was guilty among other things of taking life. Alas! for man's choice. With hearts full of prejudice and hatred, and eyes blinded by envy, they deliberately chose the guilty Barabbas, and refused the innocent Jesus, exclaiming, "We will not have this Man to reign



"THE POINTS WERE INSTANTLY CLOSED."

over us," and crying in the hearing of Almighty God, "Let His blood be upon us and our children." Shortly afterwards King Agrippa, after hearing from the lips of a servant of Christ who was his prisoner, words which awakened his heart and aroused his conscience, said, "Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian." Alas!

foolish king, indecision is your ruin, for unless you come to a more definite conclusion the salvation of God you will never have; the peace of God you will never know; the rest which remains for God's people you will never enter; but God's righteous ire will be felt, both by you and all your followers who are content to be "almost" saved, almost Christians, almost in heaven; but, alas! for ever outside.

Souls all around us are perishing because they will not come to a decision. They fain would forget the words of the Son of God, "Ye cannot serve God and mammon." They willingly are ignorant of the fact that they cannot enjoy the pleasures of sin and the things of God. They do not realise that they cannot be slaves of sin and the Lord's freemen at the same time; that they cannot make the best of both worlds; that they cannot both make an idol of sin and worship the Lord of glory; that they cannot tread at the same time the broad way to destruction and the narrow road to heaven. They appear not to have grasped the truth that they can never enter heaven unless their sins are cleansed away, unless they come to Jesus, who alone is the passport into eternal glory.

We would further remind you that there is no neutrality on this point. Refusing to be saved you choose to be lost; refusing endless joy you choose eternal woe; refusing the light you choose the outer darkness; refusing eternal life you choose the "death that never dies"; refusing God's great mercy you choose His righteous curse; refusing the peace He offers you choose endless remorse; refusing to enter the narrow way you choose to continue in the broad road which leadeth to destruction; refusing heaven you choose hell. O, the awfulness of your choice!

My friend, what is your choice? Is it Christ or the world? Choose not the fleeting pleasures of sin, or you will reap the wages—death. Come now to Jesus; trust your soul to His keeping; He will receive you, pardon you, and make you meet for eternal glory. And should you be called in faithfulness to your Saviour and Master, to part with the things which are displeasing to Him, hereafter you shall know the joy of reigning with Christ, to enjoy the pleasures for evermore.

Dear reader, our God in compassionate love is waiting for your choice. The Saviour bends to hear your cry of penitence. The Spirit of God works in your heart to bring

you to repentance. The recording angel waits to record in heaven the salvation of your soul. Therefore, make your choice; choose ye this day, that henceforth you may be enabled to say:—

"My eternal choice is made—
Christ for me."

Think of the manifold blessings, which are consequent upon such a choice; blessings as endless as eternity, blessings which the wealth of the universe could not purchase, but which may be received by simple faith without money or



JERUSALEM.

"THEY MADE THEIR CHOICE, SO MUST YOU."

price; blessings such as the forgiveness of sin, reconciliation, justification, peace with God, and joy in the Holy Ghost. These blessings, and many others flow from a personal reception of the Son of God, for it is still the day of grace, and the promise of God is sure that "as many as received Him, to them gave He power [or right or privilege] to become the sons of God, even to those who believe on His Name." (John i. 12).

WHO, THEN, CAN BE SAVED?

" Salvation is of the Lord " (Jonah ii. 9).

THE incident, mentioned in Luke xviii. 18-26, which called forth the above question, is worthy of our notice. A young ruler who was very rich had approached the Lord in great haste, and eagerly asked Him the question, " What shall I do to inherit eternal life?" In replying, the Lord met him on his own ground, *i.e.*, of doing; to get that for which he sought; and mentioned as a test, several of the commandments relative to his duty towards his fellow-men. To which he replied, " All these things have I kept from my youth up." Christ then said, " One thing thou lackest; sell all that thou hast, and distribute unto the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven, and come follow Me." These heart-searching words caused the ruler much sorrow, for he was very rich in this world's goods. Thus he was called upon to choose between retaining his wealth or following Christ, and he chose the former, causing sorrow to fill the tender heart of the Lord Jesus as He exclaimed, " How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of God." Whilst the disciples wonderingly asked, " Who, then, can be saved?" As if to ask, " If the rich cannot, who can?" The Lord Jesus then mentions the important fact that what is, and ever will remain, an utter impossibility with man is possible with God.

Oh, wondrous fact! that God has in His great love to sin-ruined mankind provided a great salvation which He now offers freely to all.

Who then can be saved? This important question may be again reiterated for our benefit, who live centuries after it was first asked, Christ Jesus, who spake as never man spake, who was God manifest in flesh, who came full of grace and truth, answered this all-important question, when He announced that His mission into the world was to seek and to save the lost. Full well He knew that man was lost, and was wandering farther and farther away from his Creator. Full well He knew that they had all disobeyed God, and all gone out of the way and become unprofitable, and yet, in the fulness of His love, He came just where we were, stooped down to rescue us, to bear the punishment due to sins that we guilty, ruined sinners, might be saved. Saved from the consequences of our numerous transgressions. Saved from the bondage of sin. Saved from the power of Satan. Saved from the coming wrath. Saved from hell. Yes, saved to



"A GREAT SALVATION WHICH IS FREELY OFFERED TO ALL."

shine to the praise of His grace, through the unending ages of eternal glory.

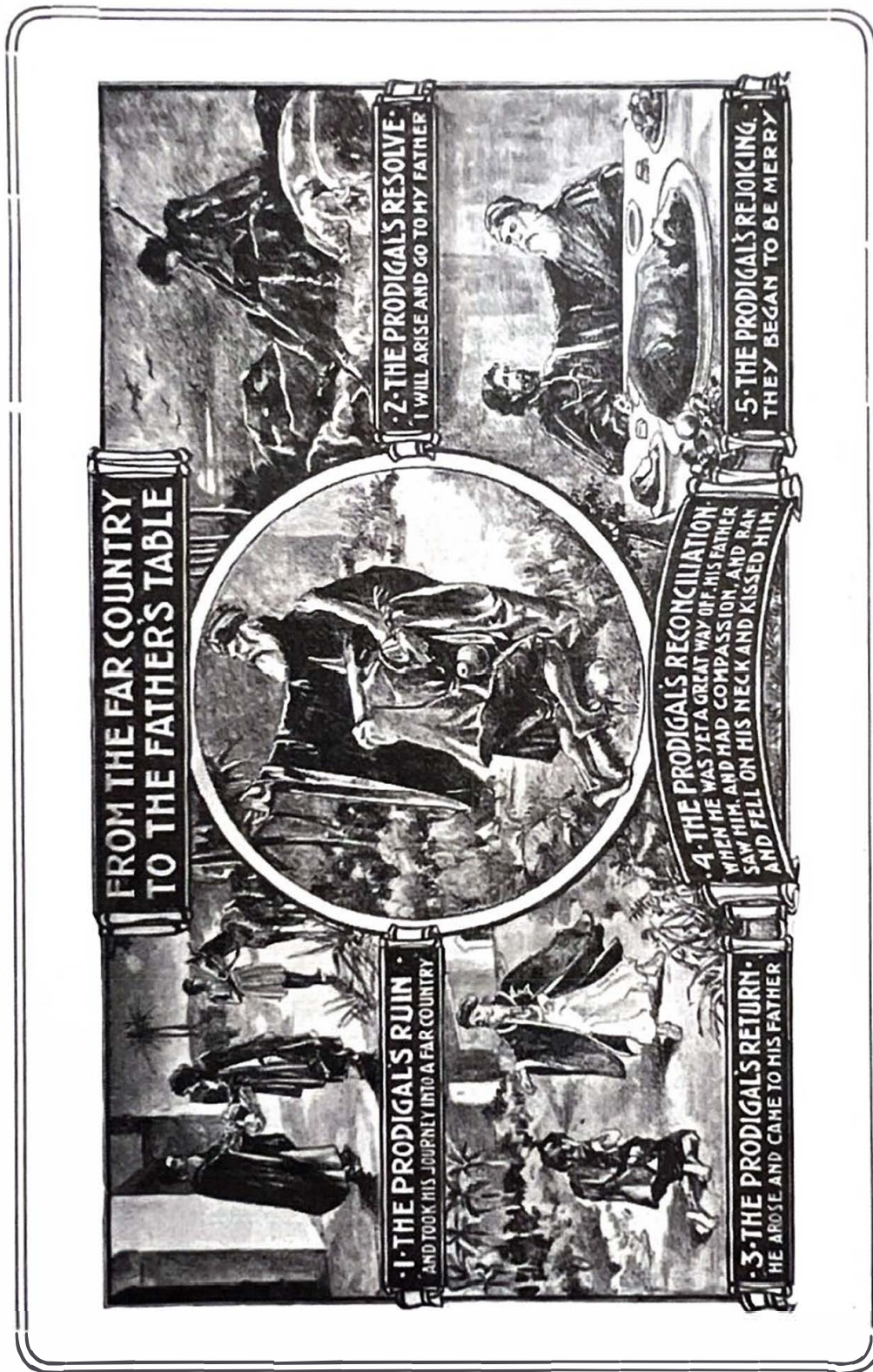
Have you realized the solemn fact that you are a sinner? God has declared that "all have sinned and come short of the glory of God." Let this truth weigh upon your conscience; let it enter your heart, for it is better by far to be troubled now on account of your condition, than when too late. Your deep need must be owned before you can be saved. It was when the Israelites of old knew their dying condition that God announced to them His remedy, and called upon them to look and live. The prodigal son knew he had wandered away from the home of his father, ere he came to himself and retraced his footsteps. The blind man, who hailed with delight the passing of Jesus, knew that he was blind. The woman with an issue of blood, realized that as twelve years passed, not only were her means becoming exhausted, but that she was getting worse. The publican expressed his heart-felt need, as he looked down, smote his breast, and, from a heart burdened on account of his sins sent a message, which winged its rapid flight into the ear of God, as he uttered the words, "God be merciful to me a sinner." These, and many besides, took their true place as needy ones, and received the blessing; for

"None but the needy have a claim
Upon a Saviour's love."

Do you feel concerned on account of your condition? If so it is the first step toward blessing; you are then just in the place in which God's mercy can reach you. The One who saved the chief of sinners can save you. When you know that you are lost, Jesus saves. When you know that you are a debtor with nothing to pay, He freely forgives. When you own that you are perishing, then it is that He in love rescues. Oh, that the readers of these lines realized their deep need!

"This man receiveth sinners." None are too bad for the Saviour's compassion; none are too deeply sunken in sin for Him to rescue; though their sins tower as high as mountains, He will forgive. Though they be the outcasts of society on account of their crimes, He will receive. Though they be wretched beyond description, He will cause them to rejoice in His love, for He came to call sinners to repentance.

Perchance this may meet the eye of many who have not fallen deeply into outward sin, as many of their fellow-men

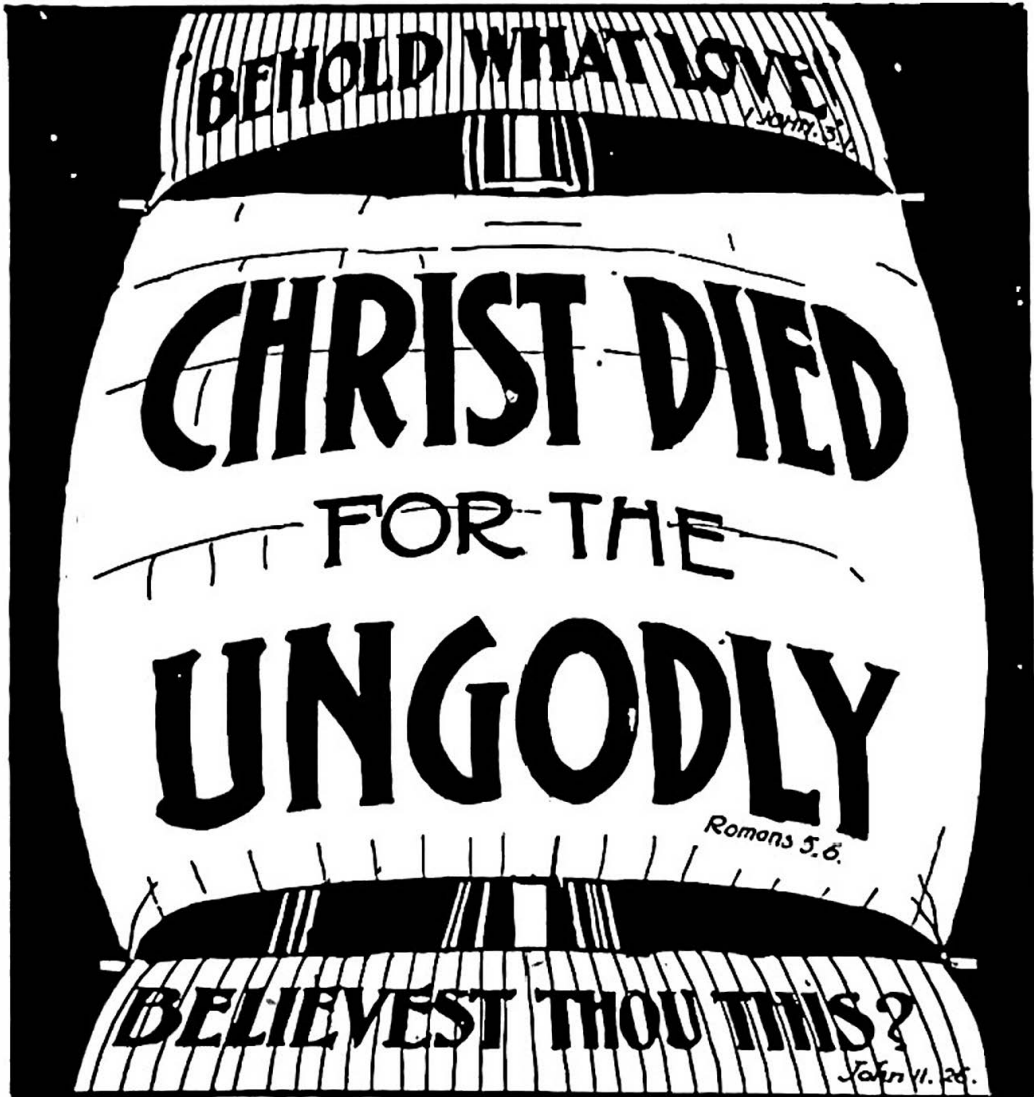


and women, who may think that their superiority is sufficient upon which to build their hopes of eternal felicity. Such is not the case. God says to you, "Ye must be born again"; you need salvation quite as much as the profligate. Alas! that while none are too bad for salvation, there are so many who consider themselves too good to accept it upon God's terms. Their righteousness is but as filthy rags in the sight of a holy God. Jesus came not to call the righteous, but sinners. Those who will people heaven will be sinners saved by divine grace. How is this brought about? Does God lavish His love at the expense of righteousness? We may ask,

Why sinners can be saved?—The answer is, because God has provided a Ransom, a Substitute for the sinner. He is holy: righteousness and truth are the pillars of His throne. He saw sin in all its blackness. He did not, as man is prone to do, treat it lightly. Previously He had announced, "the soul that sinneth it shall die," and "without shedding of blood is no remission"; hence, to meet His just claims, and to make heaven possible for the sinner; when the fulness of time was come, Christ Jesus, God's only begotten Son, took that mighty stoop from the highest throne of glory. He came to manifest the love of God His Father, to put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself, that a full, free, and perfect salvation might be preached, and that sinners might be pardoned, justified, and redeemed.

"Behold the Lamb of God" in His pathway from the manger, where He was cradled, to the cross upon which He died. He was ever the joy of the Father's heart; His whole life was ever ascending as a sweet smelling savour to Him. But in His death, when the sword of divine justice awoke against the Man who was God's Fellow—the Man Christ Jesus; when God forsook Him: when men and demons united to afflict Him; when that sorrowful cry was wrung from His holy lips, "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?" when from His pierced side the precious blood streamed forth—in that dark hour He made an atonement for sins; He suffered, the Just for the unjust; He met all the righteous claims of a sin-bating God. In the death of Christ we have the answer to the question, "Why sinners can be saved?" It is His perfect work, His great sacrifice, His suffering, His death, and the shedding of His life's blood, which enables God to speak to

the sinner in love, telling him to call upon the Name of the Lord and be saved. It is in virtue of this that the door of salvation is wide open; that all may enter in, and be shielded from coming wrath. In virtue of this, sinners can receive the kiss of pardon, and be brought nigh and know



that they are "redeemed by the precious blood of Christ," and reconciled to God by His death. Do you enquire,

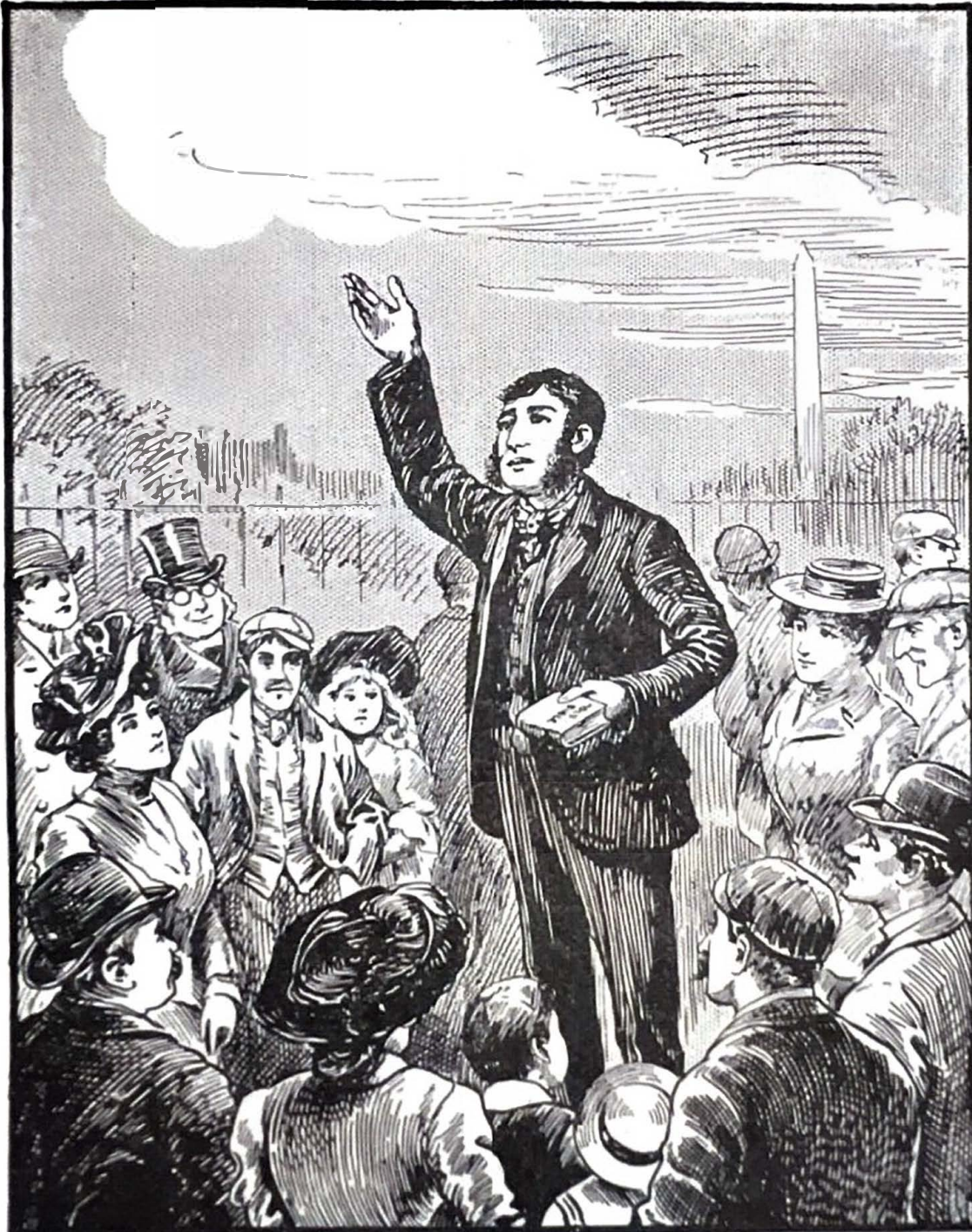
How sinners can be saved?—It is by appropriating to themselves this perfectly and wondrously finished work, which has been accomplished, and by pleading the merits of it before God. Hundreds make a great mistake in thinking that they can obtain salvation by endeavours of their own. Listen to the words of Jesus, words of victory from

the lips of the innocent Sufferer on Calvary, words of wondrous blessing, "It is finished!" Yes, redemption's toil was completed, the only work which could satisfy God and bring the rebel sinner nigh was accomplished, and that work alone is acceptable to God.

Salvation is not of works, but by the sovereign grace of God: for, by grace, sinners are saved through faith. Even were it possible for any sinner to commence to live a blameless and holy life, what about past offences? for God requireth that which is past. God gives salvation, but He bestows it in His own way, and He will have all the glory. Could this priceless boon be obtained by our efforts it would no longer remain a gift, but wages; it is to him that worketh not, but believeth. "Very easy," say some. Yes, easy for the recipients of such love, but not so for the One who accomplished the work; the sinless One, who was made sin that believing sinners might be made the righteousness of God in Him.

Do you ask, "What must I do to be saved?" Hear the answer re-echoed from the very throne of God: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." Believe on His person. Trust to His work. Rest your hopes for eternity upon His death and resurrection. Believe that He not only died for sinners, but that He died for you; for God has declared, "that if thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and believe in thine heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved." Blessed news for the lost sinner. Wondrous news for those who are perishing. But will God for ever wait for man to receive and obey the Gospel? Will He always offer this free and perfect pardon? Has He revealed anything as to when sinners can be saved?—Yes, the God who awakens to a sense of need, who provides the remedy, who declares as to the only way, also states the time that this great salvation may be obtained. Listen to His words, "Behold, now is the accepted time, behold, now is the day of salvation." Soon God's last invitation to the Gospel supper will have gone forth; the last earnest appeal of the evangelist will have been given; the last note of warning will have been raised; the last call of love; the last offer of mercy; and then Christ will come, and the door of salvation will be closed. And then, in spite of the loving counsel of godly friends, who many times have besought sinners to "seek

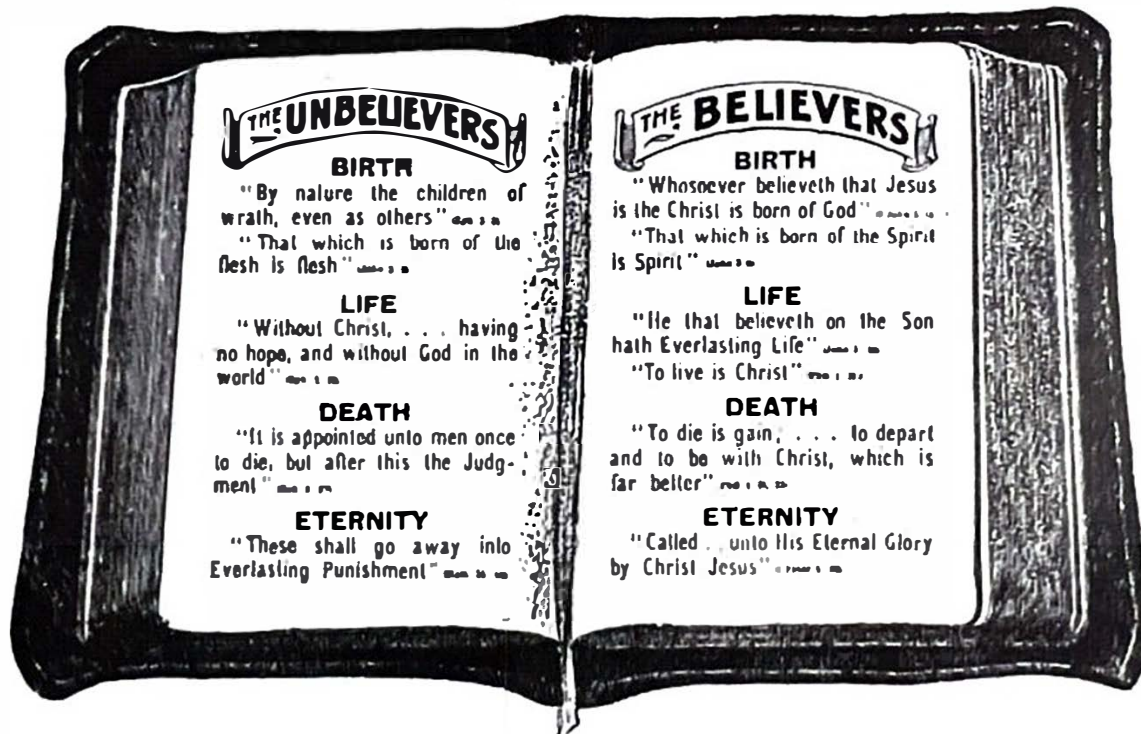
the Lord while He may be found," hundreds will be outside. Or perchance death, that dread visitant, may visit you; or disease lay its fell hand upon you; or you may be, as thousands have been, overtaken by an accident, and thus be suddenly called into eternity, dying as you have lived—



"THE LAST EARNEST APPEAL OF THE EVANGELIST WILL BE GIVEN."

unsaved, unprepared, your sins not washed away. Oh, beware! lest you miss the passing by of Jesus, lest you know not the day of your visitation, lest you trifle away your day of salvation. God will save you, *now*. Christ will receive you, *now*. To you is the message of this salvation sent, *now*. The Holy Ghost convicts you of sin, *now*. God's time to bestow this infinite gift is, *now*. God's message of love to you is, *now*; for, "*now* is the day of salvation."

Do not wait for a more convenient season, or you may be eternally lost, and through the eternal ages bewail the folly of delay. For the Scriptures warn us, "Boast not thyself of to-morrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth" (Proverbs xxvii. 1).



DO YOU NOT SEE?—(1) *That if it is true* (as it is) that "All have sinned and come short of the glory of God" (Rom. iii. 23), therefore you have sinned; (2) *That as nothing that defileth shall enter heaven* (Rev. xxi. 23), therefore, if still in your sins, you cannot enter there; (3) *That as "the blood of Jesus cleanseth from all sin"* (1 John i. 7), and has cleansed "the chief of sinners" (1 Tim. i. 15), therefore you can be cleansed; (4) *The wisdom of here and now* accepting the Lord Jesus Christ as your own Saviour (John i. 12), being cleansed from all sin, and made meet for heaven (Col. i. 12).

A ROYAL PARDON.

"Seek Him that . . . turneth the shadow of death into the morning
. . . The Lord is His Name." (Amos v. 8).

A few years ago the death call sounded in the ears of her gracious Majesty Queen Victoria, and she was removed



"CAN NOTHING BE DONE ON HIS BEHALF?"

from our midst, for even a Queen must obey this imperative summons, death being no respecter of persons: and soon, although her skilful physicians did all in their power to lengthen her life, the sorrowful news had to be conveyed to a loyal nation: "Queen Victoria is dead."

All will acknowledge that hers has been a remarkable reign, not only for duration, but also for the graciousness which she on so many occasions exhibited towards all classes of her subjects, which they have reciprocated by loyalty and love, to a degree perhaps unparalleled in the history of our nation. For whether we think of her as a God-fearing maiden, a devoted wife, a loving mother, a sorrowing widow, or as Queen of this vast Empire, we are moved with feelings of esteem and admiration, for we realize that a great and good woman has been taken from our midst, that a noble Monarch has been called upon to relinquish an earthly crown for a crown of glory which endures for ever, to leave an earthly kingdom to taste the joy of a heavenly one, the kingdom of our God and His Christ; she has left this scene of "trial and anxiety," as she once described it, to enjoy the rest that remains to the people of God.

The following brief extract shows the manner in which over sixty years ago the girl Queen exercised her Royal prerogative:— "A private who had thrice deserted the colours was condemned to death. The Duke of Wellington presented the warrant to the Queen for her signature. Tears rose to her eyes, and she asked 'Have you nothing to say on his behalf?' 'Your Majesty, he has deserted three times,' replied the astonished Duke. 'Think again your Grace.' 'Well, your Majesty, he certainly is a bad soldier, but there was somebody who spoke of his good character. He may be a good fellow in private life.' 'Oh, thank you!' The young Queen, with a bright smile, hastily wrote the word 'Pardoned' across the warrant, and added her Royal signature at its foot."

Such is the simple record of an act of mercy performed by an earthly Sovereign; but there is a greater mercy than the above, manifested by no less a Being than Queen Victoria's God, the heavenly Sovereign, who delights in mercy, who wills not the death of a sinner and who declares that judgment is His "strange work," as we may have often sung in respect to the sins of a lifetime, that to pardon,

"Is His great prerogative
And none can in that honour share,"

and may have lifted our voices heavenward in the language of the same hymn, asking,

“Who is a pardoning God like Thee?
Oh, who has grace so rich and free?”

Our readers may have many times read, or heard that God has, in righteousness, passed the sentence of death upon



THE LATE QUEEN VICTORIA.

all, on account of our numerous transgressions, but, oh, blessed news! prior to the execution of this sentence, He is offering to all a full, free, and eternal pardon. For as you peruse these lines the mercy of God is so great, that you may have written across the long dark list of your sins that blessed

word "pardoned," and have in your heart the joyous assurance that you are sanctified, redeemed, and justified by the precious blood of Christ, and know that when time is no more, and all tears, sorrows, losses, pains, and partings, which are common both to Queen and subject, are for ever past, you will enter into the joys of an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away.

The wifely devotion, as also the ground of our departed Queen's hope of a glorious resurrection, was beautifully expressed by the words of the following inscription, which she commanded to be placed upon the tomb of Prince Consort, "Farewell, well beloved! Here at last I shall repose with thee; in Christ shall rise again." For she had doubtless learned the lesson that whether Queen or subject, all the saved are received by the same grace, washed in the same precious blood, and made children of God and heirs of heaven in the same way—which is Christ Jesus and Him crucified.

It is reported that on one occasion an old lady, over a hundred years of age, whom her Majesty kindly visited, one day turned to the Queen and said, "May I ask a question?" "As many as you like," kindly replied the Queen. "Will you meet me up yonder in the paradise of God?" "Yes, by the grace of God and the all-availing blood of Christ," was the answer.

We would further remind our readers that God pardons in righteousness, not on the ground of our qualifications or attainments, but simply and solely upon the ground that His demands have been met, His anger appeased and sin's penalty has been paid by the one offering of Jesus Christ, who is the only Mediator between God and man, thus enabling God to be just and the Justifier of all who believe.

That our late Queen was a sincere believer in the Lord Jesus Christ is beautifully illustrated by the following: "A District Secretary of the London City Mission visited a small cottage at Windsor, with an old-world garden of sweet-smelling flowers in front, and upon taking a seat, which had been dusted for him, was told, 'That is the Queen's chair.' He was then informed that one of the Royal Princesses had stopped her carriage to look at the flowers, and, upon hearing from the daughter that her mother was ill, had gone in to see her. The next day another Royal carriage drove up, and the Queen herself stepped out. 'Of course,' the daughter told the Secretary, 'we were greatly flurried,' but the Queen



"MAY I ASK YOUR MAJESTY A QUESTION?"

said, 'Don't be put about. I have come not as a Queen, but as a Christian lady. Have you got a Bible?' She was given one, and sat down on that chair, and said, 'I heard from my daughter of your long and sad illness, and I have come to comfort you.' She took my mother's poor wasted hand in hers, and said, 'Put your trust in Jesus, and you will soon be in a land where there is no pain. You are a widow, so am I; we shall soon meet our beloved ones!' She then read the fourteenth chapter of the Gospel of John ('Let not your heart be troubled,' &c.), and knelt down on the floor, and prayed for my mother. That wasn't the only visit, for always since, the Queen, when she came to Windsor Castle, came to see my mother once or twice a week, and always read the Word of God and prayed."

Friend! We would ask your forbearance, as in love to your undying soul, we ask: Were you called upon to pass the gloomy portals of death, were the resistless summons to sound in your ear, were you called, as Queen Victoria has been, to meet God, would you meet Him as a pardoned sinner, or as one upon whose shoulders rest the burden of a lifetime's sin? Should you acknowledge, "My sins are unpardoned" we would point you to Jesus Christ, a loving, gracious, and willing Saviour, and ask you to turn to God, who will abundantly pardon.

THE STORY OF A MINER'S CONVERSION.

"Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the World" (John i. 29).

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

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

At the close of the service he stayed to speak to the preacher, and said: "There's one thing you said to-night that I cannot forget." "What is that?" queried the preacher. "You said," replied the young miner, "that if I accepted Jesus Christ as my Saviour, that this month would be the beginning of months. But, oh, sir, I am too bad, too vile to be saved." "Thank God for that," exclaimed the preacher; "for you are just the one whom Jesus came to save, for He



MINERS READY TO GO DOWN THE SHAFT.

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

Bill (for that was the name by which he was known), instead of going straight home that night, called to see his

parents, and stayed until after 11 p.m. As he left he said, "Mother, it's no use me a-going home, for I know that I shall not be able to sleep." His surmises were correct. His conscience troubled him; the many sins which he had committed passed before him like a panorama, for he knew that he was a lost sinner.

When morning dawned Bill felt that he dare not descend the pit. His work was called "strait" work, or "heading" work, which is fraught with great danger, and he felt, as never before, that should he be overtaken by accident, and thus meet with death, he would be lost for ever.

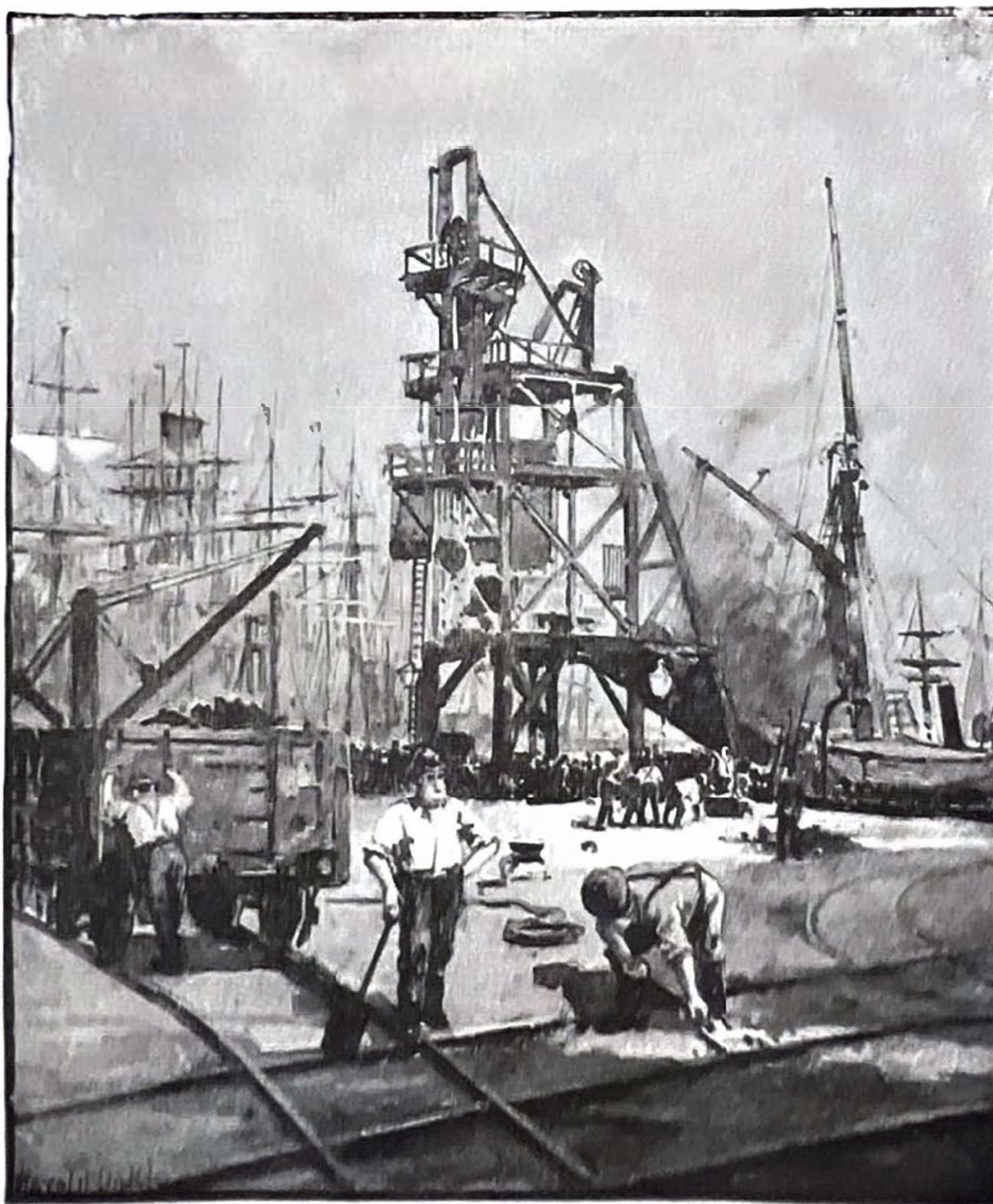
The next evening the preacher, accompanied by a converted miner, went to visit him, for they knew that he had been a valiant servant of the devil. He was very pleased to see them, and pressed them to take supper with him, after which the preacher, longing for his soul's salvation, brought to his notice from the Scriptures that belief in the Lord Jesus Christ was God's only way of salvation, and besought him to *believe and live*. But his only response was, "I cannot trust myself"; to which his friend replied, "I am glad you cannot trust yourself, Bill, for you are not fit to be trusted; but you can trust the Saviour." A battle was raging in Bill's sinful heart, between the powers of darkness—for Satan does not readily yield up his prey—and the Christ of God; but, praise God! the victory was to be for Christ. With true penitence he bowed his knee in the presence of God, and the "light of life" flooded his dark heart, dispelling the dense darkness. He was thus washed and made whiter than snow by the precious blood of Jesus Christ.

The following evening he again attended the gospel service, not as a miserable sinner, but as a happy Christian, and with a face beaming with heavenly joy triumphantly stated to those present, "All's right, and all's bright." And as the Christians present beheld his countenance, radiant with peace, they truly could rejoice and say—

"To God be the glory, great things He hath done."

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

hast thou got the winner?" "Oh, yes," replied Bill. "I haven't much money, and I want the sure winner," continued his friend. "Well, I have got the sure winner," said Bill. "I am delighted to meet thee, Bill, so do tell me which it is," his comrade continued. After keeping him in suspense for a few moments, which seemed a long time to the interested miner, Bill said, "Yes, I will tell thee, George, and right gladly. The winner is my Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ." George then turned away without saying another word.



MINERS' WORK—FRAUGHT WITH MUCH DANGER.

Bill had also been very fond of pigeon-flying and dog-running, he being the owner of a dog which had won many prizes, for which he had been offered twenty pounds after she had run in a fifty pounds sweepstake at Dudley Hill, near Bradford. But all these things were given up; he was a new creature in Christ Jesus, and the former things dropped off as autumn leaves, and passed away, as he manifested by his changed life that he was the Lord's free man. Through the grace of God he could say with one of old, "But what things were gain to me, those I counted loss for Christ. Yea, doubtless, and I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord."

Some time after, one of his old comrades, whom he had not seen since his conversion, overtook him as he was going to work, and asked: "Bill, did you touch the winner in the big race?" "Yes," he rejoined cheerfully. "Christ Jesus is my winner, and I touched Him about fifteen months ago." "Have you turned, then, Bill?" was the next question. "Yes," boldly replied Bill. "Well, if I didn't think so, although I have not seen thee for a long time."

Bill now publicly confesses Christ. Truly he is a brand plucked from the burning, and his prayers continually follow the preacher under whose ministry he was first led to consider the evil of his ways, and by whom he was pointed to the Lamb of God, who bore his sins in His own body on the tree. In a letter dated a few weeks ago he states that he is waiting for his winner, the One who has won his heart, to come for him from heaven.

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

"Are you coming to the Saviour?
He will give you rest;
Life and peace He freely offers,
Gifts the best."

Come now, then the solemn words once uttered by the Saviour of sinners will no longer be true of you: "Ye will not come to Me, that ye might have life" (John v. 40)

LIGHT AT EVENTIDE.

"With the Lord there is mercy, and with Him is plenteous redemption"
(Psalm cxxx. 7).

A CHRISTIAN who through a long and tedious day had been following his usual laborious calling, feeling very fatigued, was retiring to bed rather earlier than was his custom, when he heard a timid knock at the front door. "Who's there?" he asked. "If you please sir, I've come to ask you to come and see mother," were the words he heard uttered

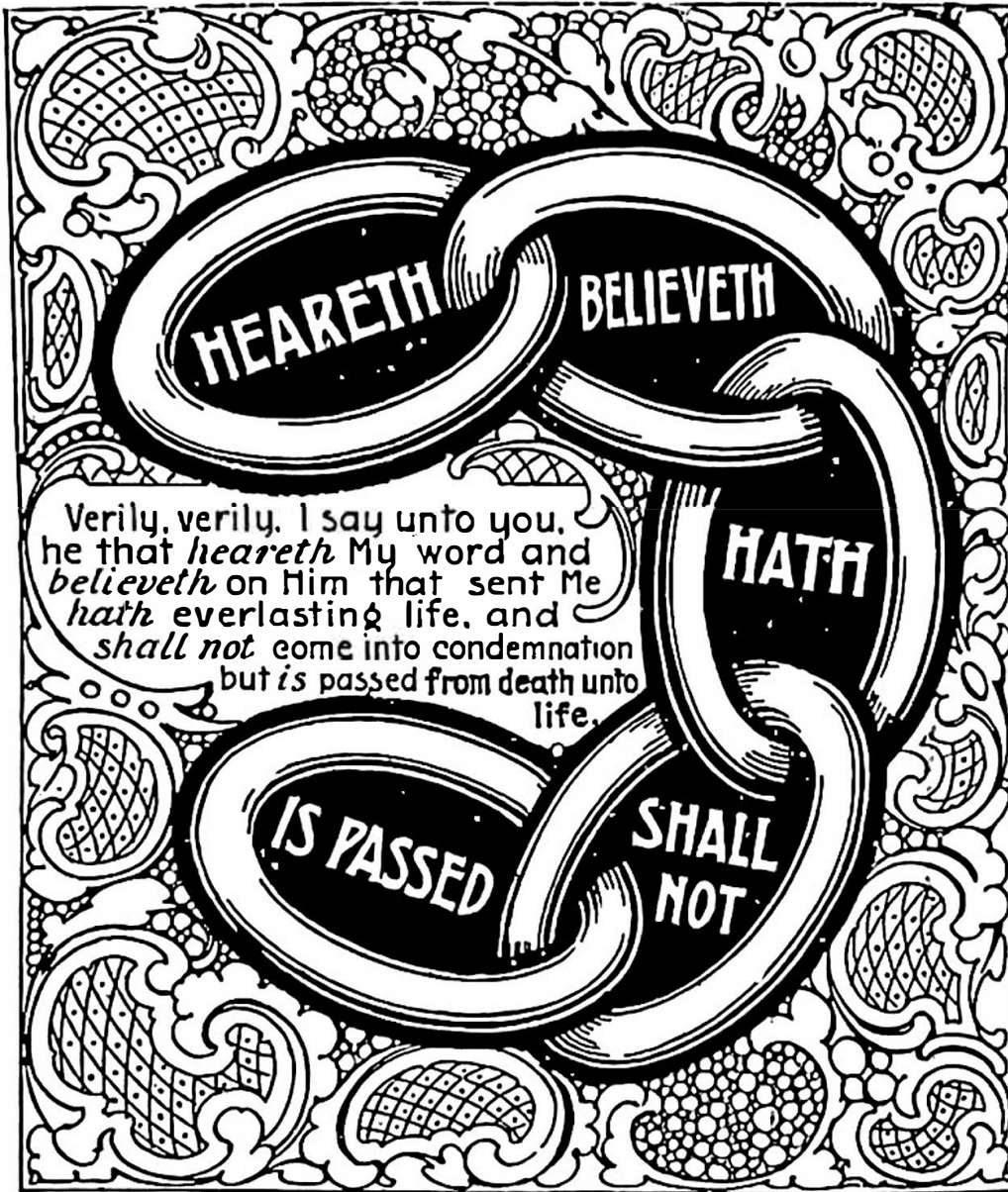


"I'VE GOT IT! I SEE IT!" SHE EXCLAIMED.

in girlish tones. "I cannot to-night," he replied, as he wondered however he could drag his aching limbs to the address given. "Oh, do come," pleaded the child. "I will call early in the morning," he rejoined. But as the child was turning away he felt suddenly constrained to go, so called out after the retreating child, "But tell mother that I will come along in a few minutes." And hastily putting on his shoes and lifting a silent prayer to God for His guidance and blessing, he set out to the address given, endeavouring to forget his bodily weariness.

When he arrived at the lowly cottage and was ushered into the bedroom, he saw lying upon a bed a woman whom he at once recognised as being a listener to the glad tidings of God's salvation, which he had proclaimed in an adjoining factory some time previously. Upon her face was a look of utter dejection, and she was uttering the solemn words, "I'm lost, I am going to hell. I'm lost, I am going to hell." "You know then that you are a poor, lost, helpless sinner," remarked the visitor, "but let me remind you that God has in His great love provided a way of escape for you. Do you believe the Scriptures?" "I believe the Bible" was her faint reply. So turning to that beautiful passage in Galatians ii. 20, "I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me and gave Himself for me," he asked, "Do you believe that Christ loved you?" There was a stillness in that chamber for a few minutes, for God the Holy Ghost was speaking to that woman's heart. She was halting between two opinions. Should Christ or Satan have the victory? Should there be rejoicing in heaven over another soul being brought from darkness to light?

"Do you believe that He loved you?" again asked the visitor. "Yes" was her hesitating reply. "Very well then," he continued, "not only does He love, but the verse says, 'He gave Himself for me,' *for me*; so you see it requires individual application." There was another momentary pause, when suddenly the sick woman exclaimed, her face aglow with newly found joy: "I've got it! I see it!" for she saw for the first time in her life, that although she was lost, sinful, and passing onward to endless ruin, yet the love of Jesus Christ was so great that He died for her sins, gave Himself for her. Thus was she born again and made through divine grace an heir of God, even at the eleventh hour. At midnight her ransomed spirit was set free.



The above is not recorded to encourage you, dear reader, to put off the weighty matter of your soul's salvation until upon your death-bed; but it is written to magnify the triumphant grace of God.

We would remind you that comparatively speaking the above is an exceptional case, and that sometimes in a soul's history after grace has been wilfully slighted, perhaps for a lifetime, God speaks, saying: "Let him alone." Then the Christ rejectors die as they have lived—unsaved! For, "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 iii. 36).

ARE YOU READY?

"Be ye also ready" (Matt. xxiv. 44).

IT was an exceedingly hot Mid-summer's day when the L— Express came steaming into the station of a certain Midland city; amongst many others to alight was a tall, erect, well built gentleman, apparently just past middle age. He cast a hasty glance along the platform, but his eye did not rest upon the one whom he expected to meet, his only daughter, whom he had not seen for many long years; he therefore stood waiting, wiping from his forehead the perspiration which stood in great beads.

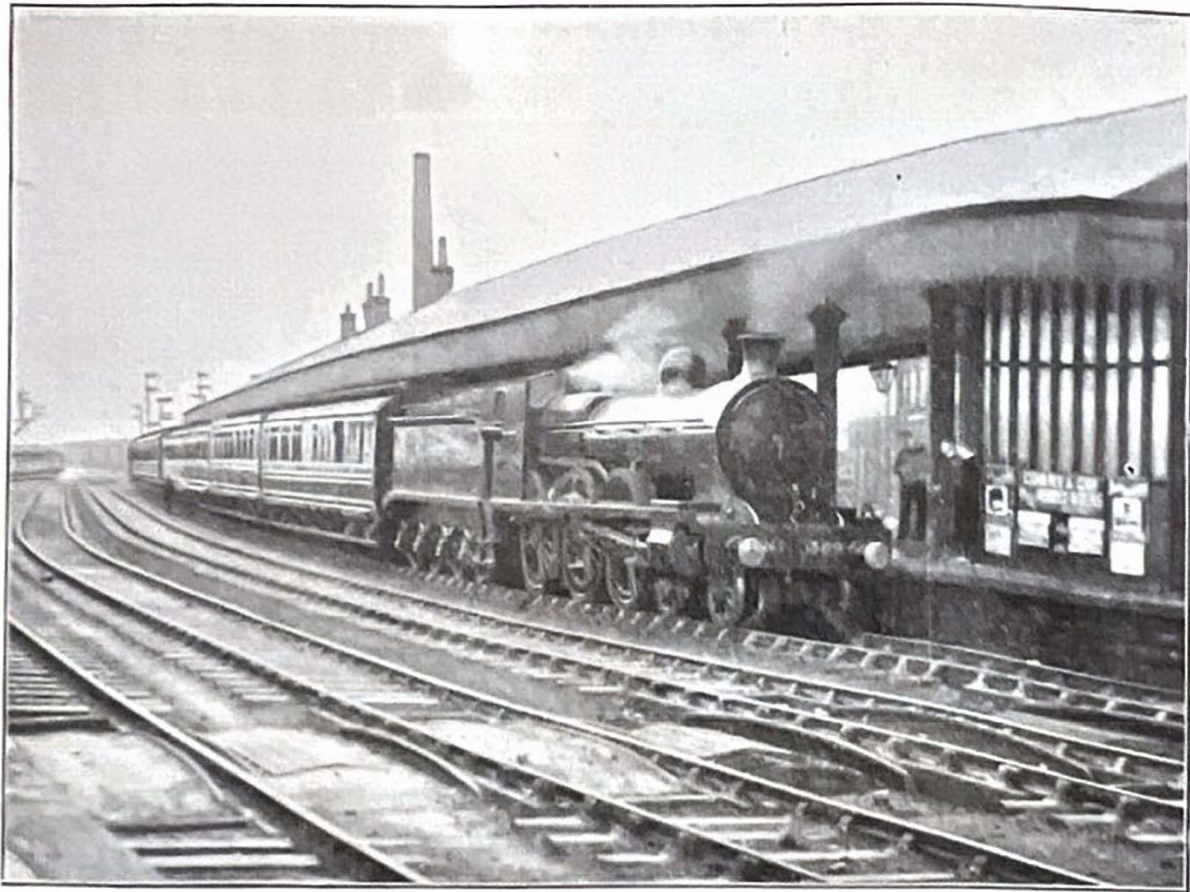
Scarcely two minutes elapsed before the expected one arrived, and once more father and daughter affectionately greeted each other, both overcome with emotion and joy at such a happy re-union. A few minutes' drive brought them to the daughter's residence; during which time they chatted cheerfully about past experiences. They entered the home; the father continued the conversation, when without a moment's warning his voice ceased, his head fell upon his breast, there was a peculiar rattle in his throat, and, *he was dead*, for his spirit had left his body. He had been called into the great eternity but a few minutes after entering that home. In vain did they call the doctor, for his heart had ceased beating, his pulse had ceased throbbing, and his life had been called away by the One who gave it.

How very sudden! how sad! how solemn! were the words of sympathizing friends; but it was but another instance of the uncertainty of life, which should speak loudly to the heart of the reader. As life is so short and death so busy, we would ask in all affection, as those who love your soul: Are you ready for death? for although now you may be enjoying the best of health, to-morrow your body may be cold and lifeless. Now you may be contemplating a long life, and planning great things for the future, this day week your body may be lying under the cold sods of yonder cemetery. Now you may be surrounded by loving friends; ere long, if you die impenitent, you will be surrounded by the demons of hell. Now God offers you a pardon for all your sins, which, although procured at the immense cost of the death of His only begotten Son, is offered you freely; soon you may be beyond the reach of His mercy, where no salvation or mercy will ever be offered.

"Eternity where? eternity where?
With Christ in the glory, or lost in despair?"

Still another question: Are you ready for Heaven?

It has often been remarked—"Heaven is a prepared place for a prepared people." It is a place where holiness is supreme, where nothing that defileth can possibly enter, and yet it is peopled by those of every kindred, tribe, and nation. Its occupants are those who have been sought and found by the Saviour, born again by the Spirit, and received by God—the God of all grace. No unsaved sinners will tread those streets of gold. No unredeemed child of Adam will pass



"THE EXPRESS CAME STEAMING INTO THE STATION."

through those gates of pearl. None who left untasted the Gospel Supper will taste of the eternal joys which abound in those realms of bliss. None who refused to "look and live" in this life, will behold Christ as the light and joy of that place which will never be dimmed by cloud, shadow, or darkness. None but those who built their hopes for eternity upon the perfect work of Christ will sing the songs of victory in that city which hath foundations, whose Builder and Maker is God.

Yet another important question: Are you ready for Christ's coming? for the moment of unequalled joy is fast approaching, when the Lord Himself will descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel and the trump of God, calling from their graves all those who died in the faith, with all living believers, to meet Him in the clouds. O, blessed moment! when all the ransomed hosts will be caught up in the twinkling of an eye, to be for ever with the Lord. Well may the Christian's heart respond: "Even so, come, Lord Jesus," for He will usher them into



AT THE FEAST.

the many mansions which His own love has prepared. What fulness of joy! when faith gives place to sight. What satisfaction! when they behold Him whom, having not seen, they loved. What holy pleasure! when for the first time they gaze upon the adorable Person of their Saviour, the Christ of God,—whose face was marred more than any man's,—who bore their sins in His own body on the tree. O, the

unceasing praise which will rise from the hearts of those ransomed hosts, as they ascribe to Him all the glory, as they render thanks to the One, to whom they owe their all!

But whilst this is unspeakably blessed to those who are ready, how very solemn will it be to those who are not! To awake when too late to the solemn fact that the Bridegroom has been, that the door is closed, and that they are left outside for ever. To awake from their sleep of indifference to reap the awful harvest of neglect. They refused to listen to the loving voice of the Saviour; they knew not the day of their visitation, consequently when He came they were left behind for judgment.

SEVEN GREAT REALITIES

"For we have not followed cunningly devised fables" (2 Pet. i. 16).

SIN is a *reality*, a fact attested by our police courts, our reformatories, our prisons, our asylums, our graveyards, and our own hearts. It abounds everywhere, it triumphs

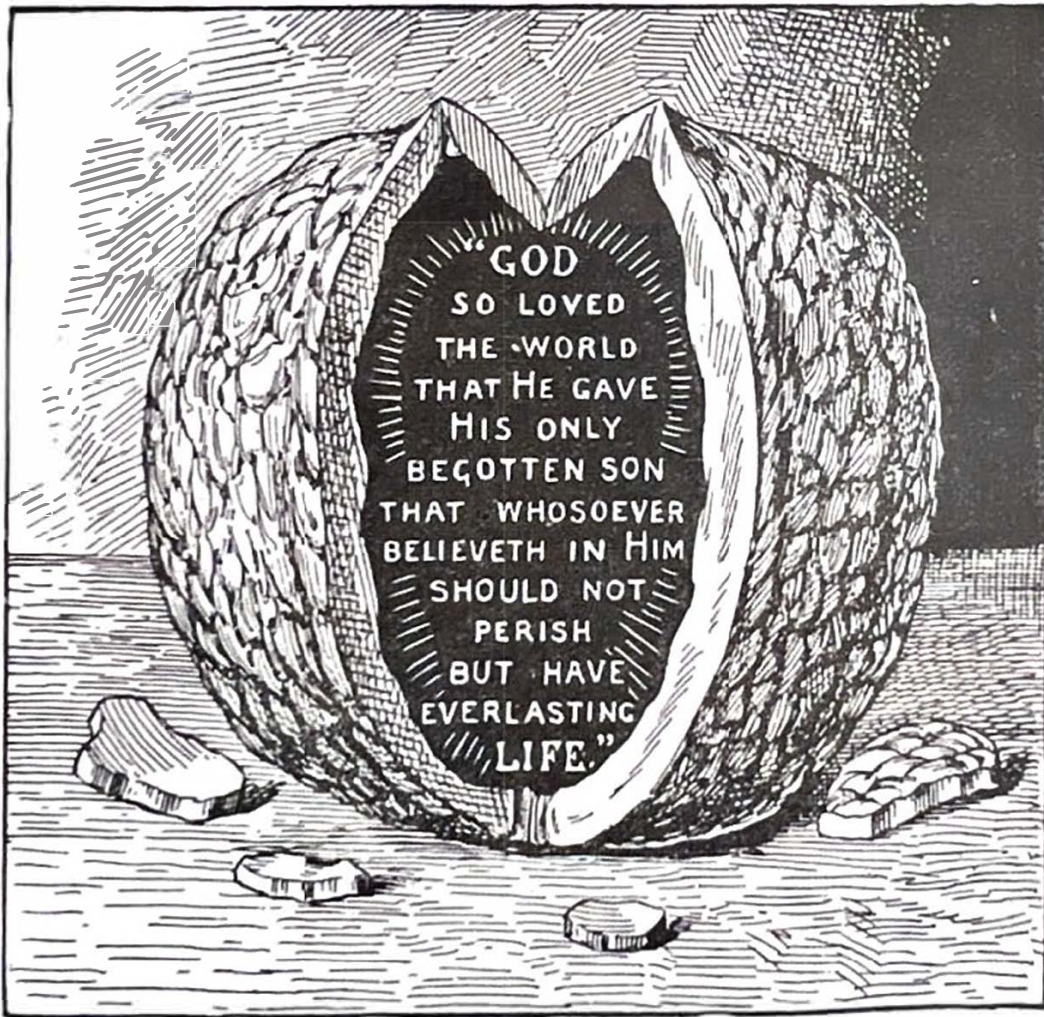


A SCENE IN A POLICE COURT.

and reigns from shore to shore, and from pole to pole, reminding those who have eyes to see, and ears to hear, of the well-known scripture:—"By one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin, and so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned." It is a sorrowful truth that all are more or less sunken in its miry clay. Sin has marred God's fair creation, but infinitely more has it marred man, who was made in the image of God, in whose nostrils God breathed the breath of life, and he became a living soul. Time was when God looked with delight upon His fair creation, and pronounced it "very good." But what a deplorable change sin has made! for, as He now looks from heaven, He beholds quite the reverse, all having lapsed into utter ruin, and His masterpiece, man, sinning against light and knowledge, a sinner by nature, desire, and practice. He sees the havoc sin has made, He observes its blighting effect, as with sadness He beholds the waywardness and unprofitableness of His creatures. How exceedingly dark is the picture! How awful the drama enacted before the great Spectator, who is holy and true; none seeking after Him, all careless even though they are sinners under condemnation; living for self, and not having the fear of God before their eyes. Such is poor, erring man. Sin has such dominion over him, that although God describes him as an enemy, a rebel, and ungodly, yet he seeks to continue in his sin, and to remain alienated from God, who is merciful and gracious, who has devised means that guilty man should not be forever banished from Him. Oh, the love! for apart from His intervention, man's condition would be forever hopeless, and he would remain the slave of sin in one or more of its subtle forms. But blessed be God—

Grace is a reality, for God is the God of grace, manifesting unmerited love towards undeserving sinners. Every sin we commit is against God, His throne and dignity, yet there is deliverance both from its terrible power and its awful consequences, for "where sin abounds grace does much more abound." O, wondrous grace! that God loved us and gave His Son to die for our sins. O, boundless love! that proclaims that transgressors can be redeemed and made to rejoice in a full, free, and eternal salvation. The grace of God brings salvation so near that the vilest may be saved, it flows from the heart of God, it reaches from heaven to you, for "whosoever will," may come. Will you share the

blessings provided by God's grace? Will you participate in this unasked-for love? For you must experience either His great grace or His great wrath. Why trifle? Why spurn such grace? Why neglect your only hope for eternity? when the glorious news is sounding far and wide that through God's grace you may know by experience that—



"GRACE IS A REALITY—O, BOUNDLESS LOVE."

Forgiveness is a reality and be amongst that highly-favoured multitude, whose iniquity is forgiven, whose sin is covered. God finds infinite delight in blotting out the sins of those who seek Him in His appointed way. The testimony of Scripture is that—"Through this man [Christ Jesus] is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins," This blessed message, laden with untold joys and blessings, is borne upon the wings of time, and lights upon the ear of the

sin-weary soul as the music of heaven. Sinner, it is a message from God to you. Moreover, God is righteous in sparing the repentant sinner, because Jesus Christ, as the sinner's Substitute, bore the just penalty due to sin, and as

" Payment God will not twice demand,
First at the dying Surety's hand,
And then again at thine,"

He can now, frankly and freely, forgive all who, with the burden of sin upon their conscience, approach Him, pleading the all-sufficient merit of Christ's person and work. Therefore, be wise, and seek now forgiveness. Time is flying apace. Shortly you will have ended life's voyage, for none will deny that—

Death is a reality, for its presence and power is evident everywhere. It is in many cases an unwelcome visitor, which claims as its victims those of all classes, and whose ages vary from the helpless infant to the aged man with bent frame and hoary locks. Many have described it as the "King of Terrors," and it is a potent fact that all the unsaved are, during their lifetime, subject to its bondage. What is our life? It is as a flower of the field, which is cut down and withers, as a vapour that vanishes, as a shadow that passes, as a leaf which falls and perishes, which we spend as a tale that is told. Whilst eternity is forever. Furthermore, the Scriptures state, "It is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment." Hence you see, whatever Satan may suggest, and man may foolishly proclaim—

Judgment is a reality, and in that great day all will be judged in righteousness according to their works by the Judge of all the earth. The following is a description of it:—"I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God: and the books were opened, and another book was opened, which is the book of life: and the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books according to their works." At that terrible Judgment there is no mercy, no way of escape, for sin must be dealt with, and punished. O, the solemnity of the thought that—

Hell is a reality, or the words of Jesus Christ, "Where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched," would be meaningless. With bated breath would we speak of that awful place prepared for the devil and his angels. O, the darkness of that long eternal night! O, the dense gloom of those caverns of despair! O, the remorse that will rend the

hearts of the Christless! with a memory forever reminding them of what might have been had they known the day of their visitation, and called upon the Lord while He was near. "The wicked shall be turned into hell," and "whosoever was not written in the Book of Life was cast into the lake of fire." If the first death is thought to be so awful, what a terrible thing will it be to experience the second, the death which never dies. Listen to the wail of a lost soul, "I am tormented in this flame." Gladly we turn from this indescribable misery to a scene of infinite delight, for—
Heaven is a reality. Endless felicity. Everlasting joy.



"DEATH IS A REALITY—YOUR LAST MOMENT WILL COME!"

l̄ternal day. Jesus Christ is soon coming, to usher the whole redeemed family into the Father's house of many mansions, taking them from this scene, where grief and joy are so mingled, where conflict and trial is daily experienced, to dwell for ever in their abiding home. Farewell, then, to this vain changing world. Welcome to the joys of heaven. Welcome the pleasures for evermore. Welcome the unruffled peace. Welcome the unsullied joy. Welcome the untarnished holiness of that place. But, more than all, welcome, a thousand welcomes, to the Lord Jesus Christ, their Saviour, their Lord, their Redeemer and their Light, the One by whose grace, blood, and death they were redeemed to God.

With these realities before you, realities founded upon God's unerring Word, be wise, heed not the popular cunningly devised fables of to-day, which emanate from your greatest enemy, who desires your eternal ruin. Escape for your life ; flee to the pierced side of Jesus ; you will then lose your burden of sin. Turn now to God, and prove the great blessings provided by His grace, then you will know that you have the forgiveness of all your sins, and Christ Jesus, the all-sufficient Saviour, will rob death of its sting. You shall not come into judgment, nor know the sorrows and remorse of hell, but enter, by Jesus Christ, the pearly gates, tread the streets of gold, sing the songs of victory in heaven. Once more, in view of these seven great realities, we would ask, "Where will you spend eternity?" and implore you to listen to the loving entreaties of a gracious God : to hearken to the gentle pleadings of Jesus Christ, the all-sufficient Saviour of the lost, "for this is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners " (1 Tim. i. 15).

HE'S PASSED ME BY.

"Seek ye the Lord while He may be found, call ye upon Him while He is near " (Isaiah lv. 6).

A CHRISTIAN once sat by the bedside of a dying man, whom he had been requested to visit, and spoke to him both faithfully and earnestly about the welfare of his precious soul. But alas ! he seemed hardened and unconcerned. He then read to him from God's Word the well known narrative of the blind man, who sat by the wayside begging, and laid great stress upon the fact, that he called upon the Lord while

He's Passed Me By.

He was near, and that, consequently, he received the blessing for which he so earnestly sought, and further mentioned that, had he not then seized the opportunity of calling upon Him, as Christ Jesus never passed that way again, he



"WITH THESE REALITIES BEFORE YOU, ESCAPE FOR YOUR LIFE.

doubtless, would never have had another ; that he called, not only to the right Person, but also at the right time. But the dying man seemed to have no ear for the truth, so his visitor left, praying that God would cause him to know his deep need.

A day or two later he again called upon him, only to find him as indifferent to eternal realities as before, and as he sought to arouse him to a sense of his lost condition, the dying man replied—" Don't speak to me any more about it, for it makes me troubled." To which the Christian responded—" My friend, it is far better to be troubled now than to be troubled throughout eternity "; but as he seemed opposed to further conversation, he again left. Shortly afterwards, he heard that he had departed this life, his words as he passed from time into eternity being—" He's passed me by, He's passed me by."

May the above serve as a warning to you, dear reader, not to trifle with eternal verities, which are more important than all the concerns of this life, for—

" To lose your wealth is much,
To lose your health is more,
To lose your soul is such a loss
That nothing can restore."

Jesus Christ said—" What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world, and lose his soul ? " God alone knows the inestimable value of your soul, and prizes its redemption so much, that He gave His only begotten Son, who stooped from the highest glory to taste the bitterness of death upon the cross, that sinners might not perish, but have everlasting life.

Hearken again to the cry of the dying man—" He's passed me by," and beware, lest you miss the passing by of Jesus Christ. He may have passed your way many times, so near, that even your boon companion may have called upon Him, and been delivered from the burden and guilt of his many sins. Many times you may have heard His tender, loving voice saying—" Come unto Me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest," and although your heart has been almost breaking, on account of the burden of your sins, yet you have never obeyed the call. Obey it now, for He has said—" Him that cometh to Me, I will in no wise cast out." He will not always call, He will not always be passing, for the day of His grace will not last for ever. Therefore avail yourself now of His mercy, for now may be your golden opportunity.



WHAT WILL THE HARVEST BE?

IT is unspeakably solemn to think of the present as well as the eternal reaping of the impure and the debauched ; but there is a class of whom He who spake as never man spake once said :—"They have their reward." They are moral, and may be religious, but they are the most difficult class to deal with in the light of eternity ; for they are sinful, but will not own it. They have the form of godliness, but deny the power thereof. They are lost, but do not realize it ; for self-righteousness is their ruin, for it causes them to reject the salvation of God, which is provided for sinners only. They trust to themselves, they live without Christ, die without Christ, will be raised and judged without Christ, and, O solemn truth ! will pass into a Christless eternity.

" What think ye of Christ ? is the test,
To try both your state and your scheme,
You cannot be right in the rest,
Unless you think rightly of Him ;
As Jesus appears to your view—
As He is beloved or not,
So God is disposed to you,
And mercy or wrath is your lot."

Both profligacy and self-righteousness are fearful sins, which will bear an awful harvest, but rejection of the Son of God was, and is still, man's crowning sin ; for it is a fact, deny it who can, that times without number the gracious Saviour has knocked at your heart's door. Can it be, O mortal, that the Prince of Life, the Lord of Glory, condescends to seek admittance into your crime-hardened heart ? Yes, hear His gracious words, " Behold, I stand at the door and knock." But there has been no response, and the heavenly Guest has been kept without, although He has so often made known to you His wondrous love. Notwithstanding the fact that His entrance would mean peace

and love, and that His presence would dispel all gloom, banish all the darkness of sin, and fill your unsatisfied heart with rest and peace, you deliberately say no to the Son of God. In this as in all matters, as you sow you will reap; as you treat the Christ of God now, so will He treat you in eternity. Look beyond this life. See that multitude, despair clearly written upon each face. They are earnestly knocking at the barred gate of the Celestial City. Hear their pitiful cry, "Lord, Lord, open unto us." But they are not admitted. Harken to the scathing words, which strike terror to their hearts, spoken from within those pearly gates, "Depart, I never knew you." They said in their lifetime, "Away with Him; we will not have Christ to reign in our hearts"; no admittance would they give the compassionate Saviour when in untold love to their souls He sought it on earth; and no admittance will He grant them into the glories of Heaven when time is no more. In their day of visitation, they refused to hear His calls of love. In eternity He will not heed their cry of despair. "Of sin because they believe not on Me," said the Saviour. In conclusion we repeat what we have already stated, that while profanity, impurity, and drunkenness, are sins for which the unsaved must suffer both here and hereafter, the climax of man's guilt is the wilful rejection of Christ. Jesus Christ, who loved sinners, who came to save sinners, who died for sinners, is even now calling sinners to Himself to receive that salvation which He on Calvary's Cross died to procure. Therefore, "believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." Send your petition to the throne of God in the Name of the sinner's Saviour:

"Thou whom avenging powers obey,
Cancel my debt (too great to pay),
Before the sad accounting day."

We have sought to prove, both from revelation and observation, that all reap as they sow, both in time and eternity, and as we close we would solemnly, earnestly, and lovingly ask each reader to review in the light of eternity their lives, and ask themselves in God's holy presence, "What will the harvest be?"

WHAT have you got to do to perish eternally? Oh, nothing at all! Simply *neglect* God's great salvation—swim with the multitude—and you will assuredly lose your soul.

SHADOW AND SUNSHINE.

"Acquaint now thyself with Him and be at peace" (Job xxii. 21).

SOME years ago a servant of the Lord was one night returning home somewhat late, after preaching the glorious Gospel of a full salvation through a crucified and risen Saviour, when his attention was arrested by the gentle tapping of a window. Upon looking around, he saw a gentleman beckoning to him from the front window of a residence on the other side of the road.



"FATHER, IT IS SO DARK! SO DARK!"

He at once crossed over, but before he could reach the door it was noiselessly opened, and he was ushered into a large well-furnished hall, and the gentleman, who was a complete stranger to him, without speaking motioned him to follow, and led the way up a thickly-carpeted staircase, which indicated, as did all the surroundings, that wealth and luxury abounded.

His guide led the way into a luxuriously-furnished bedroom, where upon a spotlessly-white bed lay the frail form of a young lady who had apparently seen the passing of two-

and-twenty summers; and the truth flashed through his mind that he had been called in to speak to this dying young lady of a Saviour's love, for he saw at once that she was very near the waters of death.

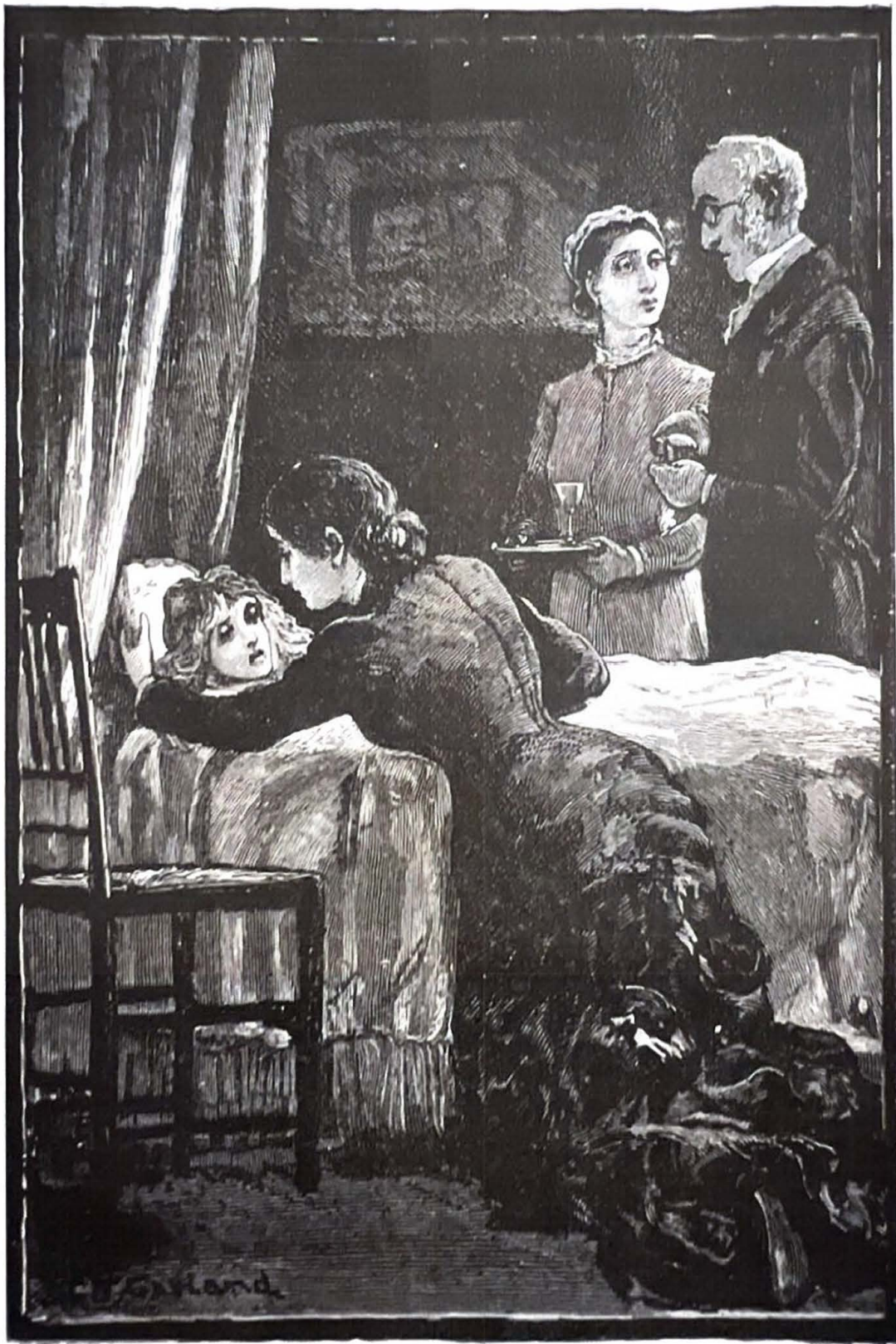
The gentleman who, it transpired, was her father, turning to her asked in tender tones, "Is there anything I can do for you, darling?" to which she replied in a sinking voice, "Father, it is dark, will you draw the blind?"

Feeling sure that she would soon be called to meet God, the preacher in a few earnest words prayed to God for her soul's salvation, and then tenderly spoke to her of the great compassion of the Saviour who came and died, the Just for the unjust, that the gates of heaven could be thrown wide open for sinners; and he lovingly urged her to turn believingly to the gracious Saviour, and to claim the great salvation which God so freely offered. She made no reply, and for a few minutes appeared to be quite overcome with weakness. Then turning her head, and fixing her large brown eyes intently upon her father, she pathetically said, "O, father, why did you not tell me this before?"

For a few moments she lay exhausted; the cold dews of death were gathering upon her fair forehead, when with a dying effort she raised herself and said, "Father, it is so dark! so dark! so ——," and her pale lips were motionless, she fell back upon her pillow, her spirit had left its earthly tabernacle and returned to the God who gave it.

A few weeks have passed since the above solemn passing away was witnessed, and again stand with me by the bedside of a dear Christian girl; she too is dying, a victim to that fell disease—consumption. Observe the fond mother, with tear-dimmed eyes, looking upon her child's wasted cheeks, as with loving hands she ministers to her child's dying needs. The pangs of bereavement rend her heart even before the separation comes. The child's lips move, and as the sorrowful mother leans forward to catch her dying words, she says, "Don't weep, mother dear, for I am going home," and the child fell asleep, and passed peacefully away, carried by the angel of death into the cloudless presence of her Saviour and Lord.

With subdued feelings we look upon her lifeless form—fair and beautiful in death, and our breaking hearts seek submissively to bow to our Father's unerring judgment with "Not my will but Thine be done," and as we meditate, our



"DON'T WEEP, MOTHER, DEAR; I AM GOING HOME."

thoughts frame themselves into the well-known words:—

"Sleep on, beloved, sleep, and take thy rest,
Lean now thy head upon thy Saviour's breast,
We loved Thee well, but Jesus loves thee best,
Good night ! good night ! good night !"

Thus passed away two souls, the one with dying regrets that she had not sooner heard of the Saviour's love; opprest with gloomy forebodings; the other with the glorious assurance of a joyful home-going.

O, dear reader, we would in all affection remind you that the time may be nearer than you suppose when the angel of death may summon you to cross the border line, to enter eternity. Therefore we would ask—What will you do in the swellings of Jordan? What, when the waters of death surge at your feet? What, when heart and flesh fail? Will you be able to triumphantly exclaim, "O, death, where is thy sting? O, grave, where is thy victory?" For even in the hour of death the sinner who is saved by God's grace can with thankfulness exclaim, "Thanks be unto God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

THE GREAT TRANSACTION, AND WHERE IT TOOK PLACE.

ONE of the Lord's servants once visited an old town in Cumberland, that lovely district of lakes and mountains; his object was to tell forth tidings of life and peace, through a crucified and ascended Saviour.

At his host's tea-table he met for the first time Miss S——, who appeared greatly interested in the general conversation about the Lord's work.

When tea was finished, his host invited him into an adjoining store-room to inspect some old books. God's ways are not our ways, and he little thought as he glanced through the time-worn pages of those musty volumes, surrounded by an almost endless variety of relics, oak carvings, antique furniture, and china of every description, that there a transaction was to take place which would be ratified in heaven, the results of which would be as lasting as eternity.

"You are looking through the old books then?" said a voice behind, and turning he saw Miss S——. "Yes," he answered, and acting on a sudden but heaven-directed impulse, he thrust his hand into his coat pocket; and taking

therefrom some gospel papers, he offered them to her with the words, "Are you saved?"

This simple question was an arrow shot at a venture, but it accomplished its purpose; for as she took the leaflets, the tears glistened in her eyes, and she huskily replied, "No."

The next question was, "But do you wish to be saved, to



"MAY I ASK WHEN?" WERE THE NEXT WORDS.

know that your sins are forgiven, and that you are a child of God?" A sigh escaped her lips as she replied, "I do."

"May I ask when?" were the next words he addressed to the anxious enquirer. "To-day," she said, quite heartily.

With a silent prayer to God for guidance, he opened his Bible and read to her the following soul-assuring verses:—

"He that heareth My word, and believeth on Him that sent Me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation, but is passed from death unto life" (John v. 24).

"Through this Man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins: and by Him all that believe are justified from all things, from which ye could not be justified by the law of Moses" (Acts xiii. 38, 39).

"I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of My hand" (John x. 28).

"And their sins and iniquities will I remember no more" (Heb. x. 17).

As he read aloud these and other scriptures, the Holy Spirit further wrought upon her heart and conscience, and as a thirsty traveller would take a deep draught of cool refreshing water, so she drank in the precious truth, the living water. There and then she believed God's statements; she appropriated the blessing to herself; she trusted the Saviour, and rested upon His great atoning work for her soul's salvation. Consequently her heart was filled with joy and peace, causing her forthwith to confess Christ, and to tell with much assurance what great things the Lord has done for her. Thus was fulfilled the scripture, "With the heart man believeth unto righteousness, and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation."

In a subsequent letter to the one who was used of God to point her to the Saviour, she made use of the lines:—

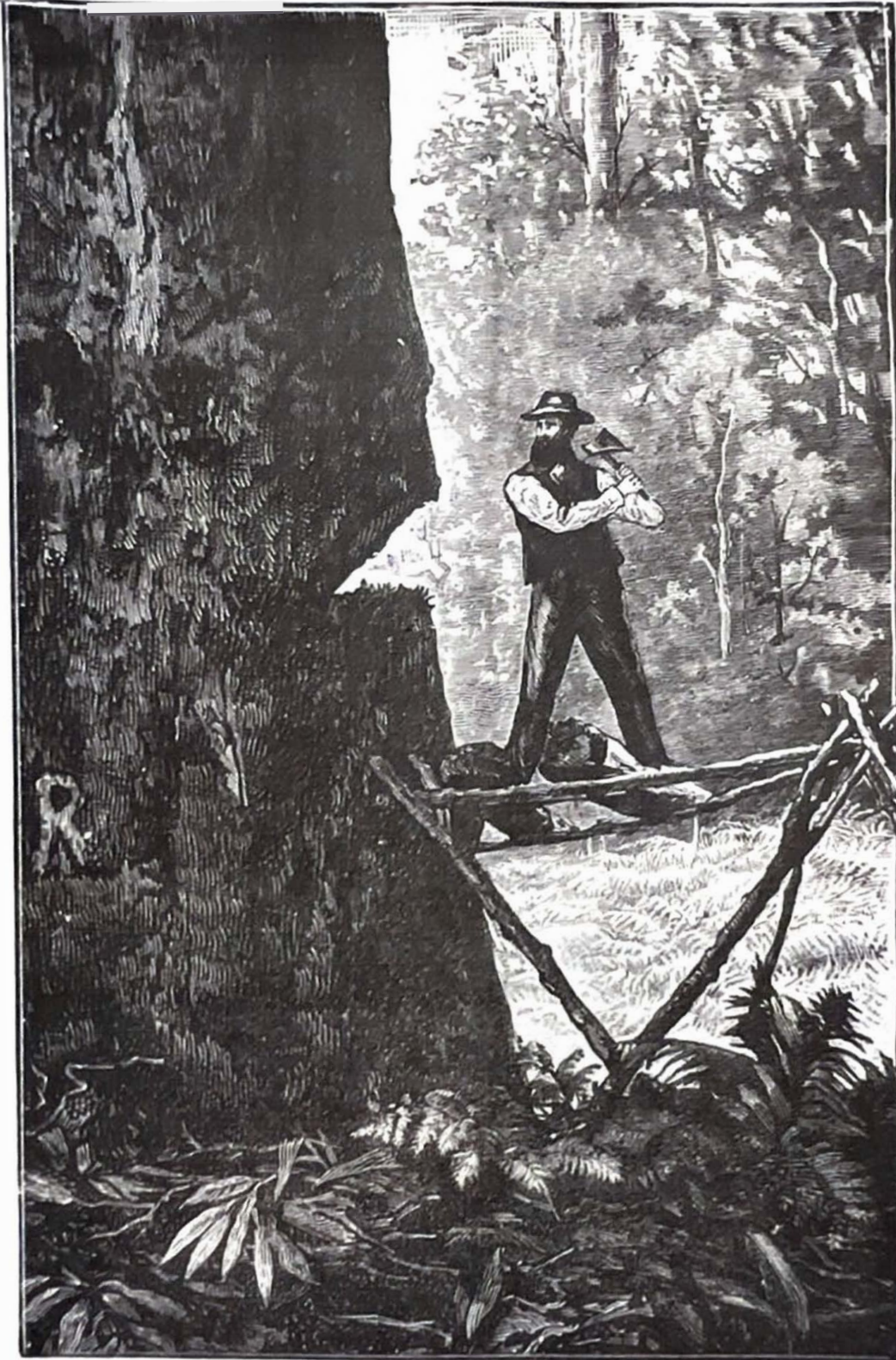
"But I am His, and He is mine,
For ever and for ever."

May we ask in conclusion, Have you had a personal dealing with God about your sins? This you must have sooner or later. Oh, think seriously of your need as a sinner, and turn now believingly to the sinner's Saviour. He saved the one mentioned above, and He is willing to save you. He came, He died, He arose, and from the glory above He now calls you to Himself. Trust Him now, then you too will be enabled by God's grace to say,

"'Tis done, the great transaction's done,
I am my Lord's and He is mine.
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine."

GOD'S VOICE; OR, THE CALL OBEYED.

THERE is always a striking contrast between the magnificent trees mantled with luxuriant foliage, or laden



"HE LEFT HOME FOR THE WOODS TO FELL TREES."

with choice fruit, and the dead, leafless, rotten tree one sometimes observes. The following narrative proves that God causes even these things to perform His purposes and to speak for Him.

One Lord's Day, a man who had a pious wife, but who himself was opposed to Christianity, left home for the woods to fell trees. As he glanced around before commencing, he noticed one tree, dead and dry, with its leafless branches extended into the air, and he said to himself, "That tree I will cut down, for it is dead and dry and fit only to be burned." The moment he arrived at that conclusion, the question flashed into his mind: "Am I not a dead tree, fit only to burn?" He tried his utmost to banish this unpleasant thought, but it was an arrow from the quiver of the Almighty.

He approached the tree and struck a few blows with the axe, but still the thought rankled in his heart, "Am I not a dead tree, fit only to burn?" And the burning question seemed to ring in his ears, "Will God ever say of me, Cut it down for he cumbereth the ground?" Again, and yet again, he endeavoured to banish these harrowing thoughts, but they were as barbed arrows piercing his heart, which he could not tear out. He plied his axe with increasing vigour, but every blow seemed to deepen the conviction of his own spiritual deadness and destiny.

Eventually these thoughts were so unbearable that he shouldered his axe, returned home, and went direct to his room. There he fell upon his knees before God, and with a penitent and broken heart implored forgiveness through the atoning death of Christ. There the Saviour met him, and granted that peace which the truly penitent never seeks in vain, and from that moment he was a new creature in Christ. Thus the man formerly dead in sin heard the life-giving voice of the Son of God, and lived.

How unspeakably solemn is the fact that whilst living in sin, in self-gratification, or even in self-righteousness, the unsaved are dead to God. This truth may have penetrated to many a conscience, possibly not in exactly the same way as the above, but nevertheless they have been arrested in their sin, and striven with by the Holy Spirit. But with what result? Alas! many stifle their convictions and die the death of the lost.

Are you, dear reader, amongst the multitude who turn

from this subject, and drift heedlessly, carelessly, and haughtily to a lost eternity? O, awake! think that even as your eye rests upon these lines, you are dead and only fit for the fire of judgment. O, beware! lest you die in that awful condition. Acknowledge the truth of the lines, as regards mortality:

"A bubble on the waters borne,
A vapour at the early dawn,
A grass, a flower, come forth to die,
Just so am I. Just so am I."

Hearken to the voice of God speaking to you from heaven and asking, "Why will you die?" You need not, for He gave His only Son, who so loved you that He

"Came to die the death,
Of cruel agony,
And stooped to sin's domain,
To set the captive free."

Redemption's work is now accomplished, and all that remains for you is to take your true place before God as a poor dead sinner, and to implore pardon for the sad past, grace for the present moment, and glory for the eternal future, through the one Mediator between God and man, the Man Christ Jesus.

HE WON'T DIE.

THE following from the pages of *The Christian* may serve as a warning to those who refuse the counsels and set at nought the love of God:

The Freethinker, of the 23rd ult., remarked: "The American clergy would dearly like to get rid of Colonel Ingersoll. He won't die, he won't get converted, and he won't stop lecturing."

The daily papers of the same date announced: "Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll, the celebrated...infidel, died at his country house...at half-past one this afternoon of heart disease...Lunch had just been announced,...and Colonel Ingersoll had risen from his chair...to go to the dining-room, when he suddenly fell back dead."

Remember, therefore, the declarations of Scripture: "He that being often reprov'd, hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy" (Prov. xxix. 1). "It is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment" (Heb. ix. 27). Therefore, "Prepare to meet thy God" (Amos iv. 12).

RESIST NOT!

"When He is come He will reprove the world of sin, and of righteousness, and of judgment" (John xvi. 8).

THE Spirit of God is now in the world, awakening sinners to a sense of their danger and need, causing them to realise both the sinfulness of their nature, and the evil of their ways, and testifying of the great atonement wrought by Jesus Christ as the only ground of the sinner's acceptance with God, as the only true foundation, of eternal safety and blessing, and as the only way of escape from coming wrath.

The Lord Jesus in His well-known interview with Nicodemus, the Jewish ruler, compares the operation of the Holy Spirit in regeneration to the wind, which is an invisible power. We feel its cold biting blast in winter; it fans our cheeks on a hot summer's day; it rustles the dry leaves in autumn; and we see indications of its resistless power in the hurricanes which pass over the land in spring, uprooting sturdy trees, and causing devastation on every hand, but we cannot tell whence it cometh, nor whither it goeth.

Likewise the Spirit of God cannot be discerned by the human eye, but His influence and power are unmistakably evident as He operates in the gentle breezes of the still small voice of love, and in the hurricanes of power, the thunderings of which make the stoutest quail, and awaken the most indifferent to their danger, softening and causing the most stubborn hearts to relent.

In Asiout, Egypt, some months ago, a notoriously wicked man attended a gospel service, and as the glorious gospel of a full, free, and perfect salvation was being proclaimed, he suddenly, in the hearing of all present, exclaimed—"I am a liar, a thief, a wicked man, and Thou, O God, hast brought me here, and hast saved my soul; I thank Thee for Thy grace."

The results of the operation of the Spirit of God are to be observed most strikingly in cases similar to the above, when sinners sue for mercy, and are led to trust to the merits of Christ's perfect work for salvation. When their once sin-hardened gloomy faces are changed and made radiant with newly-found joy, the look of unrest passes away, and a look of calm settled peace is depicted thereon, which but feebly represents the peace which fills their former unsatisfied hearts, resulting in a marked change in their lives. When the prodigal returns to the Father's house of love and plenty, his defilement is washed away, and he, by

the same love which has received him, is clothed befitting the position he is brought into; he is then abundantly satisfied, and well he may be.

Do we not further see the fruits of the Spirit in almost every grade of sinner? The one from whose mouth once proceeded blasphemy and curses, such is his consciousness of the blessings he has received, uses now his lips in uttering



"HAVE BID ADIEU TO THE RACECOURSE FOR EVER."

the blessed words — "Abba Father," and in singing the praises of his great Deliverer. Many a man has been literally transformed from a lion into a lamb. Hundreds of drunkards have been delivered from the galling bonds of intemperance. Those who have been fascinated by the racecourse and gambling bid adieu to them for ever. The Christless pleasure-seekers have turned from their idols—

their broken cisterns which hold no water—to find true and lasting pleasure in this life, and the promise of pleasures for evermore; in short, it is manifest to the most sceptical that a change has been wrought, which is nothing less than being brought by divine grace from darkness into light, from the power of Satan unto God, the Holy Spirit applying the Word to heart and conscience, making them new creatures in Christ.

Or, perchance, when hearing of the boundless love of God, the love which beheld and pitied fallen sinners, provided a way of escape from coming judgment, the love which led Him to freely give His only begotten Son to die, that salvation might be yours; you may have thought “O, that this salvation were mine! that I had the assurance that this loving God was my Father, that I was saved from sin and made an heir of glory.” These and similar desires have many times passed unbidden through the mind, instigated by the Holy Spirit. Do not quench them, lest He plead with you no more, and such desires for ever vanish; do not stifle them, or let Him plead with you in vain, lest God speak the Word of decisive judgment even before the great day, saying—“Let him alone!” Or, possibly you have heard sung with awe and reverence the well-known words:—

“ See from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down,
Did e’er such love and sorrow meet?
Or thorns compose so rich a crown ?”

And as you listened your feelings have been wrought upon, and your hard heart softened as you thought of the sufferings of the Lord of life and glory, who although so rich, yet became poor, that sinners might be enriched through all eternity; of the well-known fact that He became man and dwelt amongst sinners, and yet that He was despised and rejected by those whom He came to save and befriend; that He was the Man of sorrows and acquainted with grief, how He agonised in the Garden of Gethsemane, and after being scourged, mocked, and subjected to the combined hatred of men and demons, was unjustly condemned to death, and so died, the Innocent for the guilty, the Obedient for the rebel, the Holy for the unholy; and as He hung there upon that cross His holy brow wreathed with a crown of thorns, His life’s blood slowly ebbing away from His hands, feet, and side, you may have wondered at His love to His murderers

as He prayed:—"Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

You were solemnized as you thought of it; but remember that it was for sinners such as you that He suffered and died, and the Holy Spirit recalls it to your memory, that you may be saved.

Or perhaps you may have quailed as you have thought of the gloom of death—the terrors of judgment—the horrors of hell—and of the anguish of those who will be doomed to the outer darkness of an eternal night, to endure the abiding wrath of God. O, the remorse that will then rend their hearts! How tormenting the thought of what might have been! How awful the fire that will never be quenched! How sorrowful the weeping and wailing of those who die unsaved! How terrible when the fierceness of the wrath of Almighty God is poured out upon those who despised His warnings, rejected His love, and would have none of His reproof! If the thought of these realities is so appalling, what will it be to experience them?

Do not longer resist the love of God, the calls of Jesus, the convicting power of the Holy Spirit, or—

"Despised and rejected at length He may leave thee,
What anguish and horror thy bosom will rend!"

A RECORD OF GRACE.

AN esteemed friend records God's dealings in grace with him as follows: Time was, in my life's history when, like the multitudes all around, I followed the course of this world, not thinking of eternity, but seeking in the world to find heart satisfaction, not knowing then that "none but Christ can satisfy," for my whole time was taken up with two things, *i.e.* business and pleasure.

Whilst in this condition, I recall with gratitude the Lord's intervening grace, in bringing before me, both by the circumstances through which I then passed, and by the earnest words of Christian friends, the all-important matter of my soul's welfare.

I remember on one occasion, when spending the Lord's Day, as was then my custom, in pleasure-seeking, being invited by a neighbour to attend a place of worship. I accepted his invitation, and for a time attended every Sunday evening, more as a form than as an earnest seeker after

truth, thinking that to be a stepping-stone towards salvation, and although I continued attending for upwards of two years, I was not satisfied, for I was painfully aware that my heart was not right with God.

About the time to which I now refer, I recollect an anecdote given by the preacher, which, as far as I remember, was as follows:—

“One of the Lord's servants was travelling in Scotland, and when stopping at a friend's house, took the opportunity of speaking to the maid-servant about her soul, asking—‘Mary, are you saved?’ to which she replied ‘No, sir,’ After a few solemn words respecting the salvation of her soul, he left, she, promising to repeat as a prayer, every evening, the words—‘Lord show me myself.’ Some time after, being again in that neighbourhood, he again saw Mary, and after a little conversation he asked—‘Did you repeat that prayer?’ ‘Yes sir,’ she answered with a sigh, ‘and now I see that I am a lost guilty sinner.’ ‘Well, Mary,’ he said, ‘I will give you another short prayer, which is—Lord, show me Thyself.’ Calling again some months later, he had no need to question Mary as to her spiritual condition, for her face was aglow with heavenly joy; by faith she had seen not only *herself*, but *Himself*, as her Saviour, the One ‘who is the chiefest among ten thousand.’”

The above simple narrative deeply impressed itself upon my mind, and caused me to desire salvation more than ever. Then I was again deceived by Satan with the thought that a regular attendance at all the services would be the next step for me to take. I therefore commenced to attend every service, both week-day and Sunday, but alas! mine was but outward reformation, and I had the burden of sin still upon my conscience. I was making the common mistake of trying to work out a salvation of my own, instead of accepting the salvation of God.

At one of the week-night services the clergyman made the following announcement; “If any one present is anxious to partake of the Sacrament, they may do so next Sunday, for as the Lord's Supper is observed, the Saviour will be revealed to you.” As I was anxious to know the Saviour, I felt that that was an opportunity which I should not let pass unavailed; and would be, I imagined, another step toward peace. When Sunday came, in spite of many misgivings, I remained after the service with the communicants, and with

them I partook of the bread and wine; but my hopes were blighted, and I left with a keen sense of disappointment, for Christ had not been revealed to me. I was then ignorant of the fact that the Lord Jesus had instituted that simple



"I THEREFORE COMMENCED TO ATTEND EVERY SERVICE."

memorial feast, to be observed in remembrance of Himself; and on that account never once thought how absurd it was to seek to remember One I did not know. 'This I have since learned, as also that His presence is only assured to those who believe on Him, and not to the unsaved.

But to proceed, I was anxious to get to God, and I thought I had taken three steps towards Him; the first when I commenced to attend a place of worship; the second when I attended with the utmost regularity every service; the third when I partook of the Sacrament; and I felt the fourth step was to be engaged in Christian work. But when I had taken the fourth step, I was by no means satisfied, for in my inmost soul I knew I was but a reformed sinner.

Whilst in this pitiable condition, I was one morning engaged as usual at my business, when a policeman stopped by the door, and although I had never before spoken to him, we entered into a conversation, which resulted in his saying that he was saved, and with much assurance he testified of the peace and joy which filled his heart. He further stated that he was waiting for the Saviour from heaven, and that he, with all the children of God, would then be caught up to meet the Lord in the air, and to be for ever with the Lord; he concluded by reminding me of the awfulness of being left behind, and sought to point out to me as none other had, the Saviour of sinners. After this conversation I was continually troubled with the thought that the Lord might come, and I be left behind.

Not feeling I had obtained that for which my soul craved at the church where I attended, and after visiting several other places with the same result, I felt one night deeply impressed to attend a prayer meeting; I went, and while the Christians there were engaged in prayer, I was crying to God to reveal to me His salvation, when I heard, as though spoken by an audible voice, those precious words—"I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life." These words entered my heart, causing a thrill of unspeakable joy, the Saviour revealed Himself to me. O, the preciousness of His look of compassion! for by faith I beheld Him hanging upon the Cross, His holy hands, feet, and side pierced—"wounded for my transgressions." What joy filled my soul! What peace flooded my heart! as that wondrous sight met my enraptured gaze, begetting a deep sense of love to the Saviour who, I knew, died for me. I knew then that my sins were forgiven,

that my conscience was purged, and that joy and peace in believing were mine. I then heard a voice as audible as before, saying—"Whosoever therefore shall confess Me before men, him will I confess also before My Father which is in heaven. But whosoever will deny Me before men, him will I also deny before My Father which is in heaven." I was so overwhelmed by the sense of the Saviour's presence that my heart responded—"Lord, I am not ashamed to con-



"THE FIRST WORDS WHICH GREETED HER EARS."

less Thee," and thereupon my soul poured out in broken utterances, its thanks and praises, to the One of whom I could say—"My Lord and my God." Tears of joy also ran down the faces of the Christians present, as they too partook of that joy which is in heaven over a sinner repenting.

My heart was full of joy, and with light step I hastened home to bear the tidings to my dear wife, for she too was seeking deliverance from the burden of sin. When I reached home she was alone, and the first words which greeted her ears were—"E——, the Lord has saved my soul: to God be the glory!" Soon after I was enabled through grace to declare my faith by baptism, according to the words of the Lord Jesus—"He that believeth and is baptized, shall be saved" (Mark xvi. 16).

Shortly afterwards, my dear wife trusted for salvation in the same precious Saviour; and although fourteen summers came and went, ere she was called to the rest that remains to the people of God, yet just before she passed away, pointing to the text—"Hold Thou me up and I shall be safe," which was hanging by the bedside, she said: "A——, that is where I rest." Yes, she, through grace, could say: "Jesus, Thy blood and righteousness my beauty are, my spotless dress."

Dear reader, it may be that you, too, are anxious about the salvation of your soul. If so, let me beseech you to refuse to listen to the adversary of your soul, for no human reformation, no deeds of your own can bring you one step nearer God. Take your true place as a ruined, helpless sinner, saying in the language of the hymn—

"Just as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee,
O, Lamb of God, I come."

Take your place as the publican of old, and say: "God be merciful to me, the sinner": for it was not the righteous but sinners, whom Jesus came to call. Come thus to Christ Jesus "whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation [or mercy-seat] through faith in His blood, to declare His righteousness, for the remission of sins that are past, through faith in His blood" (Rom. iii. 25). Although over sixteen years have elapsed since that memorable night when my soul was saved, I can still, and shall throughout eternity, rejoice in the one perfect offering of Christ, which satisfied God, and made full atonement for my sins.

THE GREAT DIVIDE.



IT is said that during the year of the World's Fair a lady crossed the Atlantic, and, after seeing the sights of Chicago, was journeying out West to see her sons, who had settled in British Columbia. One day, as the train was travelling over the Rocky mountains, the conductor came to her and said, "Madam, I will show you something you won't see every day." She looked out of the window in a certain direction, and there in the region of a lofty peak she saw two large posts, upon which was fixed a large iron sign with three words upon it: "The Great Divide."

"What does it mean?" she enquired of the conductor. He answered: "This is the great water-shed of America,

and that lofty point is the dividing line between the rivers which flow eastward and westward. A drop of rain which falls from yonder cloud on this side of the divide will flow westward into the Pacific, another drop a few feet away from the same cloud may drop on the other side of the divide and flow eastward into the Mississippi, thence into the gulf of Mexico, and on into the Atlantic; a distance of but a few feet in falling from the cloud, yet resulting in the separation of these two drops of water by thousands and thousands of miles."

The above led me to think of another great divide—a division which is so far-reaching that, what is divided now, will remain so for all eternity, and my mind was carried back to the Crucifixion at Calvary.

Three crosses were upraised between earth and heaven, upon which were three men, in the centre the Man Christ Jesus, on either side a guilty thief. These both were dying the malefactor's death, both were reviling the Son of God, both were near the Saviour of sinners, and they doubtless both heard the prayer which ascended to heaven: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." But as the hours slowly pass, a remarkable change is wrought in the heart of one, so that at last from his lips proceeded the longing cry of penitence, "Lord, remember me when Thou comest into Thy kingdom."

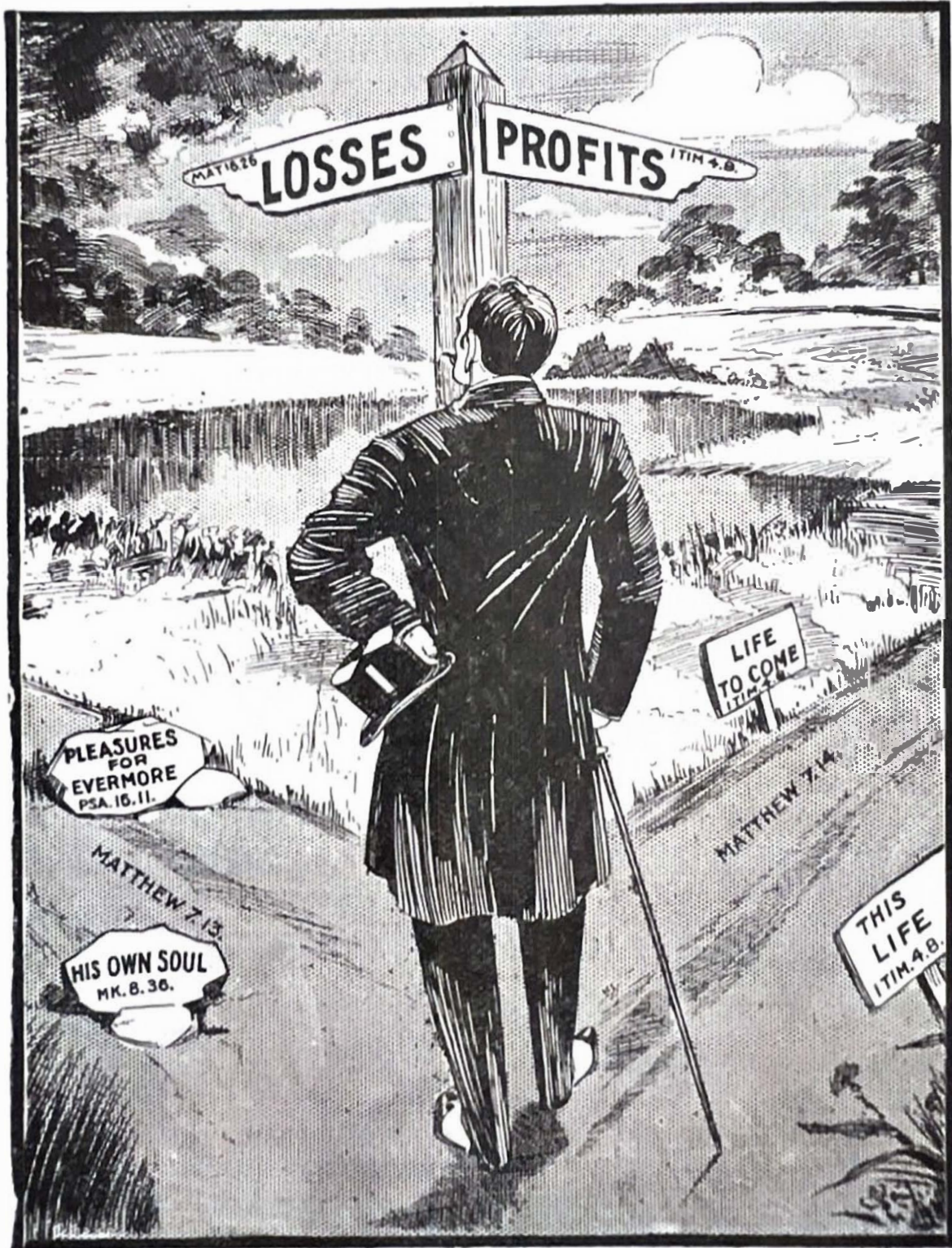
Unbelief may raise its hoary head, saying, "If Thou be the Son of God, come down from the Cross." Scepticism may assert itself, saying, "A fine kingdom it will be, with the professed King dying." Malice may cause to be uttered the words, "Away with Him"; but the dying thief was the possessor of that faith which looked forward and beheld Christ as reigning in His kingdom.

He receives the blessed assurance of an entrance into paradise, for the loving words of the sinner's Friend were, "To-day shalt thou be with Me in paradise." A trophy of redeeming love saved at the eleventh hour, and taken from the terrible suffering of the cross to the paradise of God.

Although they were both very near to the One who could forgive sins, yet while one died a repentant believer in Him, "whom to know is life eternal," the other died as he had lived—a sinner—a sinner against the Son of God, *and they will be separated throughout eternity by the great impassable gulf.*

"There was a division among the people because of

Him"; all along the ages which have passed there has been this division, and now, as we have just stepped over the



STANDING AT THE PARTING WATH.

threshold of another era of time, the same dividing line can be discerned, of which Christ Himself is the Author. He makes the unmistakable line of demarkation between the saved and unsaved, and the possessor and the professor.

There will also be a division in eternity. The saved will be separate from the unsaved. "As the tree falls so will it lie." Those who die Christless will remain Christless throughout eternity, and be consigned to the midnight gloom of a lost world for ever. On the other hand the saved, who have had their sins forgiven in this life, will soar far beyond the clouds to the celestial city, to participate in the glory of an eternity of happiness, to behold with adoration His face, which was marred more than any man's, and with adoring hearts to prostrate themselves at His feet, who gave Himself a ransom for them.

Dear friend, do not neglect the affairs of your soul. You may be "almost saved," and yet lost for ever. You may be almost upon the threshold of salvation, and yet never enter. You may even desire to spend eternity with Christ, and yet at last find yourself shut out for ever. Before you is endless glory or eternal woe. Which shall be your portion? You may even now be halting between two opinions; you may be standing at the parting of the ways. Soon you may be in eternity, but ask yourself the all-important question, "Where shall I spend it?" I would affectionately ask you, "Will you come now to Jesus who died for such sinners as you, or will you continue in sin, receive the wages of sin, death, be brought into judgment, and eternally condemned?"

"Behold His hands, once nailed upon the tree,
To heavenly mansions beckon even thee."

IF IT HAPPENS.

IF it happens (as God declared it will) 1. *That "The wicked shall not be unpunished"* (Prov. xi. 21), how will you fare? 2. *That "Them that sleep in the dust of the earth shall awake, some to everlasting life and some to shame and everlasting contempt"* (Daniel xii. 2), how will you fare? "Hath God spoken, and shall He not make it good?" (Num. xxiii. 19). *Be wise, then, and accept the Saviour's invitation:* "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest" (Matt. xi. 28), then, whatever happens, you will be ready.