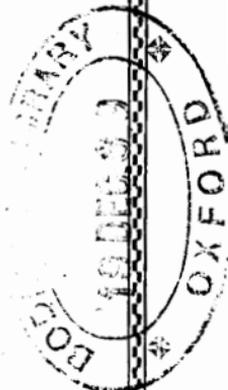




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NEARLY HOME
AND OTHER STORIES





NEARLY HOME.

A STRONG westerly wind had favoured the *Cambria* with a fair passage across the Atlantic. The monotonous voyage was nearly over, and the vessel, at full speed, was

making for home. The passengers had turned into their berths, and the curtains of their state-rooms were drawn; happy dreams of home gladdened many hearts, whilst bright thoughts of the loved ones, who would so shortly be locked in their embrace, brought tears of joy to many eyes.

Three thousand miles of sea were behind them. Now but a few hours lay between them and home. They slept calmly and peacefully, the last sound on their ears being the long-drawn cry of the solitary watchman—"All's well."

The *Cambria* was still making rapid headway, running before the wind under sail and steam. The captain was steering for Inistrabull, a lighthouse on a small rock off the iron-bound coast of Donegal; but unhappily he never sighted it. The first he knew of Inistrabull was when his ship gave her last leap, and came crashing down, bow foremost upon the rock. Then the whole fury of the Atlantic was tearing the ribs of his ship into splinters. Then there was the terror and confusion of a great shipwreck; passengers and crew rushed on deck; the boats were launched in the dark, filled,

capsized, and swamped, only one living through the night to carry a drowned lady and a terrified landsman to tell the sad, sad tale. Then, it would seem, the lighthouse man opened his door and heard all the horrors which were going on at his feet, screams and cries mingling wildly with the roar of the angry tempest.

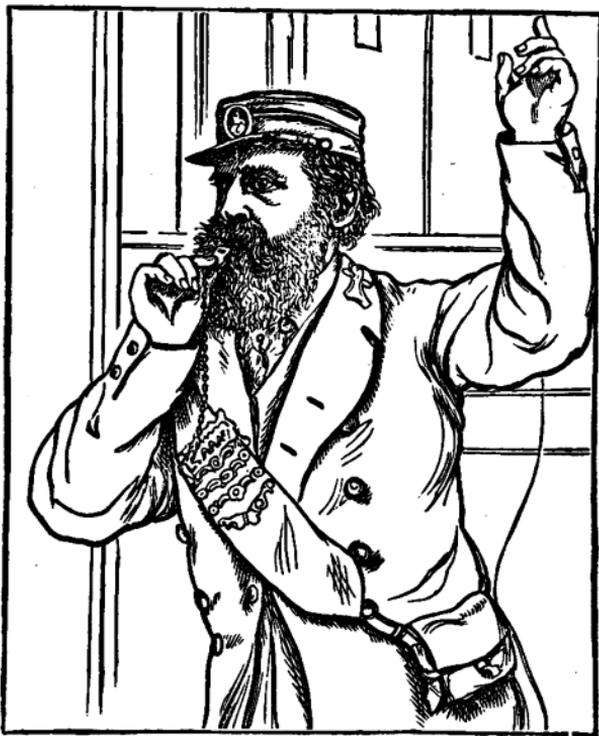
But the *Cambria* went down, for so she dashed herself in full speed against the very object which was designed to save her.

With a fair wind and cheery hopes, passengers sail across the ocean of life. Little do they think that, instead of a happy landing, the breaking up and the destruction are ahead. They blindly press on, and fail to see the beacon set by God to warn poor sinners of their danger. They are blinded by Satan; onward, onward he hurries his poor infatuated slaves. Pleasure, amusements, and sin, fashion, riches, or religion—by any means and through any device he drives on his deluded captives, he cares not how, if only he can keep them calm and quiet as to their eternal future.

Is it thus he has you, young man, spell-bound

with the gratification of sin, hurrying on to ruin? "For the end of these things is death." You grasp the fancied enjoyment, and revel in the momentary pleasure; but just when you are thinking it yours, it is gone—it has evaporated before your eyes. And, more than this, as one who drank deeply of this world's cup says, "Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth, and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thine heart, and in the sight of thine eyes; *but know thou that for all these things, God will bring thee into judgment.*" Heedless and careless, thoughtless and prayerless one, there are breakers ahead! Steer on in your present course, and the crash must come—that awful and sudden destruction from the presence of the Lord. Ah! what a wreck! blasted and damned for ever! "He that believeth and is baptised shall be saved, *but he that believeth not shall be damned.*" (Mark xvi. 16.)

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THE RAILWAY POINTS.

“**A**LL right; right away, Harry; make haste home,” said the guard of the last train reaching Barnet, Monday night, August 16th, 1869, addressing the engine-driver. This

train had brought passengers from London, and was now to return empty to the next station up the line. For this the engine had been uncoupled from the foremost carriage, and attached to the guard's van. All was supposed to be right. The signalman signalled up the line to a goods train that the line was "clear, come on."

The guard of the passenger train jumped into his brake-van, calling out, "All right; right away, Harry; make haste home."

But the "*points*" had not been attended to, and the train was travelling on the wrong line. The faster it went, the more in earnest the guard and driver were to reach home, the nearer it travelled to destruction. For the goods-train was also moving on upon the same line—the down line—so that before the two trains had gone half a mile their engines met, and a frightful collision took place. Miraculously the engine-drivers and stokers escaped with their lives, though much injured. It is supposed that the guard was killed instantaneously. The gas-holder in his carriage having burst, set fire to the other carriages;

and the burnt, calcined bones of the poor man were all that remained, and these were lifted up bit by bit—each limb, each joint, each bone, each piece of bone separately, and placed in a sack, to await an inquest. All this had happened because the points were not attended to!

If you were thus to be suddenly called away from this world, are you ready to meet God? The question must be one between your soul and Him. The great question of eternal importance is, what does God think of you, and what has God done for you? If this "*point*" is not settled, you are surely travelling on the wrong line—the *down line*. Your refusing to believe that destruction is before you makes no difference. You may flatter yourself that all is right, that heaven is your home, and you expect to reach it. You are in earnest about it—you travel fast; but "There is a way that seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death." (Prov. xvi. 25.)

Stop, fellow-sinner—stop, and think! Are you born again?—changed from being a child of the

devil to a child of God? Have you passed from death to life?

Before another hour flies away, see to it on which line you are journeying. Consider not, I beseech you, *these points* as insignificant and unimportant. Your salvation, your eternal happiness, depends on these points now. It will be too late by-and-by. If you want to have Christ in heaven, you must have Christ on earth. If you would have Him for the end of your course for glory, you must surely have Him for the beginning. He is the strait and narrow gate, and the way is the way of life.

“Enter ye in at the strait gate: for wide is the gate, and broad is the way that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat: because strait is the gate and narrow is the way which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it.” And Jesus said, “I am the way, the truth, and the Life.” (John xiv. 6.)

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THE CABMAN'S HORSE.

WHILST driving one day from King's Cross to Waterloo Station, I engaged in conversation with the cabman, who told me that once he used to think about religious things when he

was a boy, in the days he attended Sunday-school, when his mother would have him on her knee and talk to him about Jesus. "Sometimes still the old hymns do come back to my mind," said the man, "and as I wait on the 'stand' a text turns up now and then."

"Well," I said, "what sort of a prospect is there before you in the great eternal future that awaits us? You know you won't be driving a London cab for ever! It may be before very long another man will sit on that box, and perhaps drive this same horse, as you are doing now, and you'll be gone. Where will you be for eternity—in heaven or hell?"

"As to that, I don't think much about it; for it seems to me that it's not likely there is anything after this world is done with. What I say is, let a man live as well as he can in this world; we can't tell anything about the future, and nobody knows what's beyond."

"Oh!" I said, "you are like that horse of yours; when you are dead there is an end of you. Without any soul to live for ever, but merely a superior order of beast; is that it?"

"Well, yes; that's pretty much what I holds to, and it's the most comfortable doctrine too."

"Why, that horse of yours is better than you, for I am sure he knows well enough when he gets near his stable; and when you are kind to him he knows it—doesn't he?"

"Ah! that he does; a right good horse he is too," answered the man.

"Is it not strange," said I, "that that horse should know the street that leads to his own stable, aye, and his own stall too, and yet, though God has been telling you from earliest childhood until now, that Jesus is the way to heaven—the home He wants you to have—still you refuse to go there? How true it is 'that the ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib, but Israel doth not know, my people doth not consider.'" (Isa. i. 3.)

"Well, my friend," said I, at parting with the cabman, "I would ask you to learn a good lesson from that horse you are driving hour after hour through the crowded streets of London."

In the present day, according as things are going in the world, people try to bring themselves to

believe whatever suits and pleases them. Many do not like that there should be an eternal future, so they try to persuade themselves that there is none.

But God has not left these things to man's ordering, but Himself holds the reins of government in His own hands. And though the devil may blind men's minds with amusements and the passing enjoyments of sin, so that they may not see the yawning gulf before them; yet, *it is there*, in spite of their blindness. And though the clashing noise of the world, as it hurries on to ruin, drowns the ascending cry of the damned, and deafens the ear to God's warning and entreating voice, *yet* these are downright eternal realities, in spite of what Satan may whisper or man may think.

"There is a way that seemeth right to a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death."



TWO DYING MEN'S CRIES ;

OR,

WHAT A CONTRAST !

THE shocking tidings of a dreadful disaster called for a day of humiliation and prayer throughout the State of Virginia.

On a Wednesday, in May 1870, the court-room

in the second story of the Richmond Capitol was densely crowded. The audience was eager to hear an important decision in the Court of Appeals. The bells had just struck the hour of eleven. The clerk of the court had entered, and placed his books on the table. One judge was in his seat, but his associates had not yet left the conference-room.

The counsel and the reporters were in their places, and the spectators were engaged warmly in conversation, when, all at once, without a moment's warning, the large girder snapped in twain, causing the crowded gallery to be wrenched away from the wall and precipitated into the centre of the courtroom, the floor of which could not bear such a sudden extra weight, and was crushed through. And this, with its mass of human beings, fell into the Hall of Delegates below.

The scene was terrible. Those who survived in the ruin saw, through the confusion of plaster and timbers, the mangled bodies of fifty or sixty dead, and above a hundred wounded.

A member of the Legislature thus describes his fearful situation:—"An unearthly yell of agony;

then came a crash, and I sank into darkness. I found myself under a mass of rubbish, with a dead body over me, a wounded man under me, and another at my side. The poor fellow under me said, 'Oh my! if I could only fear God always as I do now! How wicked I have been all my days! O God, forgive me, spare me, and I will be a true follower of Jesus.' The man at my side exclaimed, 'O death! where is thy sting? O grave! where is thy victory?'

What a contrast in the dying cries of these two men! That morning they had entered the Capitol in perfect ignorance of what that day might bring forth; but the one was ready to answer his call, the other a neglecter of the great salvation.

Now the procrastinator longed for five minutes, though a lifetime had been given him; but he whose trust was in the Lord Jesus could triumphantly cry out, "O death! where is thy sting? O grave! where is thy victory?" If the Christian might summon the rider upon the pale horse, and demand, "O death! where is thy sting?" he should answer, "I left my sting buried long ago in the heart of

the Son of God, when He delivered the prey from the hand of the mighty, and set free the lawful captive."

As death passes on, thus preaching good tidings to the trembling sinner, let the grave follow in his wake—O grave! where is thy victory? "I am overcome, I am robbed of my victory. One has been and passed through: He has broken the bars of the tomb, and gone up on high leading captivity captive: for it was not possible that the glorious Son of the living God should be holden by me."

Glorious news, indeed, is this, told forth by vanquished death and the emptied grave. This is a gospel to die by, and if to die by, to live by. "For to me to live is Christ, and to die is gain."

Oh! put not off the day of your salvation till the day of your death, for, "Behold, *now* is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation."
(2 Cor. vi. 2.)

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THE RAILWAY DRAWBRIDGE;
OR,

“OH! IF ONLY I HAD—.”

IN a State lunatic asylum in America, for years a wretched man has walked the same passage; and continually the same words come from his lips.

If you address him, his eyes glare upon you as though they would start from their very sockets, and he shrieks in your ears, "Oh! if only I had—if only I had—Oh! if only I had—."

Formerly he was a railroad watchman in charge of a drawbridge. He had been telegraphed to, one day by the superintendent of the line to keep the bridge closed, as a special train might be expected between certain hours, the exact time not known.

The watchman fully intended to obey orders, and rigidly refused many temptations offered by captains of vessels to allow them to pass.

At length, however, a friend of his, the captain of a small craft, entreated him to open the bridge. His case was urgent, he would not be delayed, time was everything to him.

With considerable reluctance the watchman was prevailed upon to consent. He opened the bridge, and the vessel made ready to pass up the river, when a shrill whistle smote upon his ears, and thrilled him with horror. The train swung round the curve, and was then making straight for the river. Oh! what would the watchman have given

if he had only heeded the orders received from head quarters. But it was *now too late*.

The poor man threw up his hands and stood petrified to the spot, and in the anguish of his soul cried, “ Oh ! if only I had—if only I had—.” Reason tottered from her throne, and he was from that hour a raving maniac ; whilst the whole train, with its precious freight of passengers was precipitated down to its awful destruction, and hundreds of persons perished. One warning, but that warning unheeded ! One order, but that order disobeyed ! There was no lack of *good intentions* and *good resolutions*. But he thought there was *time enough*, and he risked it, and *lost all !*

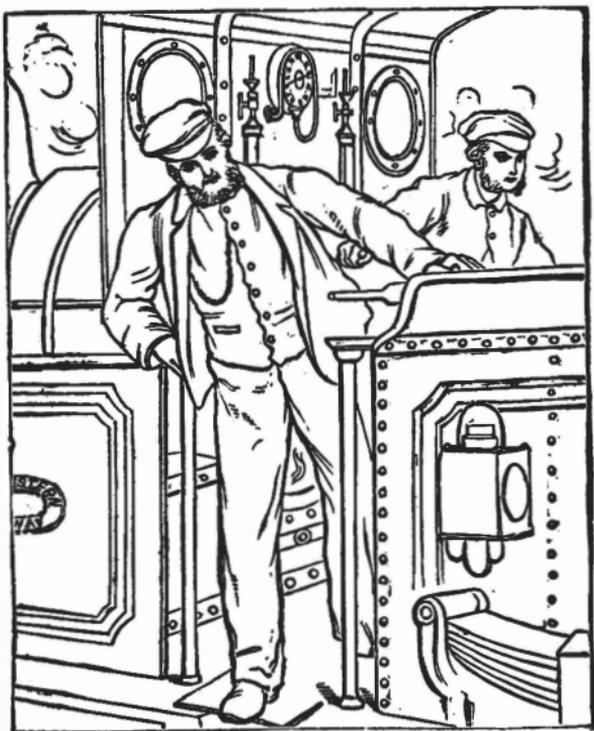
How many men, mad as regards their eternal interests, have in like manner risked salvation. They intended to be Christians some day, but that day never came, and death overtook them. And now they lift up their eyes being in torment, reserved in that awful asylum unto the blackness of darkness for ever. It is all too late now ; they are where hope is never known. But we still hear their deep and earnest wail, which ascends from the

caverns of the damned :—" Oh ! if only I had—if only I had accepted pardon and trusted Christ as my Saviour, at that time when I listened to His gospel, and when the Spirit was striving within me—oh ! if only I had—if only I had."

A message comes to you, young man, from the very throne of God : "To-day, if ye will hear his voice, harden not your heart." It will be too late by-and-by.

" For if you still this call refuse,
And dare such wondrous love abuse,
Soon will He sadly from you turn,
Your bitter prayer in justice spurn ;
'Too late ! too late !' will be the cry,
'Jesus of Nazareth has passed by.'"

The Lord Jesus says, in Matthew xxiv., " Watch therefore. Be ye also *ready* : for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of man cometh."



DUTY OR LOVE.

ONE Friday afternoon in September, 1869, Albert Drecker went to close the drawbridge over the Passaic River, for a train of the New York and Newark Railroad to cross. His little boy

of ten years old came running at his side, and playing on the bridge. While the watchman was engaged closing the bridge, he heard a scream, and saw his child fall into the deep water beneath. At this moment the train was not in sight, owing to a curve in the line, but he heard it already near at hand, and knew that no time was to be lost. To save the boy's life would have been an easy matter; but the whistle of the train made it evident that the rescue of his child would involve the loss of many lives that were in his hands. What was he to do?

We may well suppose it was a moment of supreme agony! His child was drowning before his eyes, but Drecker stood to his post; he did his duty, and the train passed safely over. But what was left for him? His darling child was drowned.

With an overwhelmed heart, the father stole down to the brink of the river, and drew to him the lifeless body of his child. And then, what a sight to meet a loving mother's eyes, as he bore in his arms the precious burden! But the train passed on; the passengers were safe.

Our hearts are thrilled as we picture *this* scene. But what is *it* to that all-surpassing scene which happened at Calvary rather more than eighteen hundred years ago! The actors in *that* scene were God and Christ *for the world*. And by it, "God commendeth his love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us." (Rom. v. 8.)

This was the great question—Shall the people who have brought just wrath upon them on account of their sins—shall they be damned in hell fire, or shall God's own Son bear the judgment due to them?

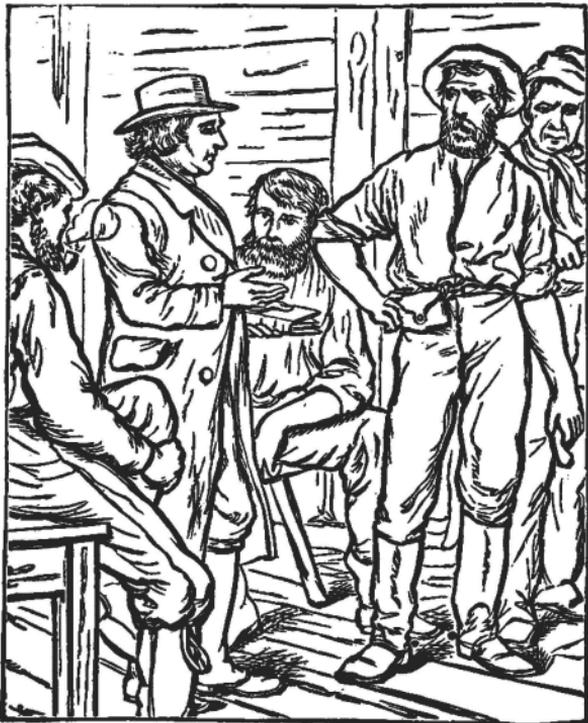
Indeed, faint is the story of Drecker when you think what it cost God the Father to give His Son. With the one it was a point of *duty*; but with God it was unsought grace. Oh! what a sacrifice was the Lamb, of God's providing, when "God spared not his own Son." Hear that cry in Gethsemane—"O my Father! if it be possible, let this cup pass from me: nevertheless, not as I will, but as thou wilt." That cry was heard in heaven; that cry was heard by the Father who delighted in His Son, and angels came and ministered unto Him. But if

you were to be saved, if you were to go to heaven, there was no other way than that Christ should drink that bitter cup—that was the cup of wrath, full for you, the just reward of *your* deeds; but Jesus took it, Jesus drank it, to the very dregs, when the billows of divine wrath against our sin swept over His soul, and He cried, “My God, My God, why hast thou forsaken me?” Thus He suffered and *died*, that all who believe on Him might be saved.

“ Yes ! He came from heaven, suffer'd in our stead !
Praise to Him be given, our exalted Head.
Jesus, meek and lowly, came the lost to save,
He the Victim holy, triumph'd o'er the grave.”



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THE CALIFORNIAN MINER.

AT the close of a meeting in San Francisco, I entered into conversation with a man who had been a gold-miner. He told me that when he came to the Pacific coast, sixteen years

before, visions of gold gleamed in his mind ; as life was before him he pursued the glittering phantom, thinking happiness and satisfaction were bound up in it.

“ Well,” I said, “ did it give you any lasting satisfaction ?”—“ No.”

“ Well,” I continued, “ did you ever know any man who was satisfied with what he had got, and to whom it gave rest of soul ?”

“ No, I never saw one ; and though I have found plenty of gold, I never found true happiness, nor have I found peace. But whilst I say that of the gold that perishes, I thank God I have found all satisfaction and joy for eternity, as well as for time, in Christ.”

“ How would it be if you got all the gold the richest mines of California contain, and had not Christ as your Saviour ?”

“ Why, sir, I’d say I was poor, most wretchedly poor. It is only since I came to Him that I have possessed true riches, as He says Himself in Revelation iii., ‘ I counsel thee to buy of me gold tried in the fire, that thou mayest be rich.’ ”

"I suppose you have seen your fellow-miners die."

"Yes; some of my friends could not stand the excitement and labour, and when they've been sick I've nursed them. But it did not matter what they had made; it did not give them happiness."

Here was the testimony of a man as a successful gold-hunter in former years, and now in later days as a Christian. Will you balance the joy of the one with that of the other? "Though a man should gain the whole world and lose his own soul," what shall he be profited? What did the great conquests of Napoleon, or in earlier times those of Alexander or Cæsar, give these men on their death-beds? All could not purchase one extra hour to live, for which, perhaps, they would have given all they possessed if it could.

"Your riches are corrupted, and your garments are moth-eaten; your gold and silver is cankered; and the rust of them shall be a witness against you, and shall eat your flesh as it were fire. Ye have heaped treasure together for the day." How true it is that the god of this world hath blinded the minds

of them which believe not! They are so attracted by the tinsel glory of this passing scene, in which moth and rust corrupt, and thieves break through and steal, that in grasping their fancied gain they perceive not that which God is offering. Oh! think how that gracious God has been holding out to you His great gift. This oft-rejected *gift* of God cannot be valued with the "gold of Ophir, with the precious onyx, or the sapphire. The gold and the crystal cannot equal it, and the exchange of it shall not be for jewels of fine gold." Words utterly fail to describe the priceless gift of God purchased for us with the precious blood of Christ—that which shall shed its bright rays of divine glory upon you when the gold of this world shall have become dim, and for ever passed away.

I now ask myself, as I ask you, Are we thus rich through the poverty of Christ: rich through the abiding Spirit; rich as regards God, and rich in prospect of the eternal future?



THE SHEPHERD OF BORROWDALE.

AMONGST the beautiful mountains of Cumberland, I met a shepherd much distressed, for a sheep and a lamb had strayed far away, and at last he discovered them on a rock in a most dangerous place.

“They have wandered away,” said he, “jumping from rock to rock, led on by tempting tufts of grass. It was easy for them to get down, but they cannot jump up again. If they are left, they’ll starve, or they’ll be dashed to pieces down the precipice.”

How like the truth, thought I, of Isaiah liii.—
“All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way.”

“How can you rescue those poor sheep, shepherd?”

“Well, sir, there’s only one way; we must go to the top of yonder rock, and I’ll tie a rope round my body, and twist the other end round a tree, then two men will lower me down to where the sheep are.”

“But,” said a friend of mine, “is it not very dangerous work?”

“Ay, it is dangerous—it’s at the risk of my life. There’s no one else in the valley that dares try it.”

As the shepherd of Borrowdale went forth on his hazardous enterprise, we thought of Him who speaks of Himself, in John x., as the Good Shepherd. Surrounded by the glory of heaven, the Lord left it all. We had gone astray like the lost sheep; but He

was moved with compassion as He beheld us lost, on the brink of that awful eternal precipice, the bottomless pit.

The Lord Jesus Christ knew it was far more truly impossible for us to get back to God than even for those poor sheep to return to their shepherd; and so the blessed Lord, seeing our utter helplessness to do anything but perish, came to seek and to save us. When there was no eye to pity, the Shepherd's eye pitied; and when there was no arm to save, the Shepherd's arm brought deliverance. It was no hireling or stranger, but the Shepherd Himself.

But it was not that He risked His life, like the Borrowdale shepherd, suspended by the rope over the precipice. No; He gave up His life and died in our stead.

The sheep on the hill had nothing to do to save themselves; they could do nothing; their salvation was all by the shepherd from first to last. Deliverance came from above; and they were carried up to the top, safe in the shepherd's arms. Everything depended on him. Just as in the gospel, all depends on Christ. Has He done the work, and has He

done it for *me*? Just as the shepherd brought his sheep home rejoicing, so the Lord watches over His own, caring for them to the end. The one who saves is the one who keeps.

“ He took me on His shoulder,
And tenderly He kissed me ;
He bade my love grow bolder,
And said how He had missed me.”

If you are not saved by God's salvation, it is not because Christ is unwilling to save you ; oh, no—for He waits at this moment to be gracious. Turn not away from Him, for if you refuse Him, the only Saviour, you must perish eternally. Be not like a foolish sheep that, turning from the shepherd, and falling over the rocks, was dashed to pieces. Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.



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THE KING IN THE BALANCE.

THE king's great feast was spread, and his thousand guests were arriving, taking their places in the long banqueting hall; but, just when the heart of each is lifted up within him as

the wine flows freely, suddenly the flushed cheek of the king is seen to pale; his thoughts trouble him, and the joints of his knees are loosed, and smite one against another.

What means this strange demeanour? Has grim death, with his icy grip, laid his hand upon him! Is he seized by some malady or fit?

Every eye is turned towards him for a solution of the problem. Hark! he cries aloud; his countenance is changed; his gaze is fixed. There over against the king's candlestick, in the blaze of the light, appears a man's hand in all its mystery yet clearness. It writes upon the plaster of the wall certain wondrous words. This could be no work of the astrologers or soothsayers of Babylon—no magician's cunning or magic craft. It was plain, above-board, and distinct.

One of those five words that that hand wrote upon the palace wall was "Tekel," which Daniel interprets to mean, "Thou art weighed in the balances, and art found wanting." Who had dared to put Belshazzar in the scales? What lord had fixed the weights? or whose fingers had carefully adjusted, and whose hand had held, those balances!

His nobles declared him monarch of the world. All envied this great man of the earth, and princes fell before him. *Who, then, judged Belshazzar?*

The One whom he least regarded, in forgetfulness of whom he had lived, even the King of kings.

He had placed the king of Babylon in the scales, and the Lord of lords had fixed the weights. The judgment was given, "Thou art found wanting—thou art not up to weight—thou hast come short."

How different are the thoughts of God from the thoughts of man! The wisdom of the wise men would have sentenced very differently from the wisdom of God. But a higher court than that of Babylon, and a Supreme Judge had passed His verdict: "*Thou art found wanting.*"

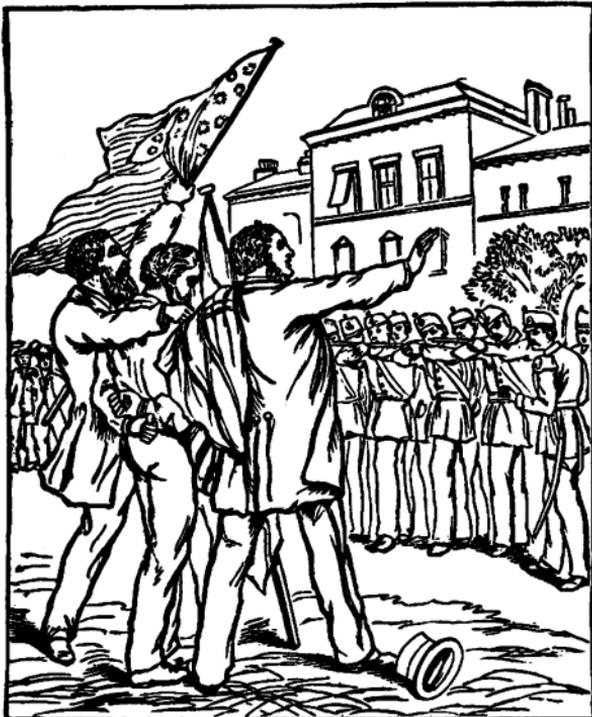
What the Lord God did with the great Belshazzar two or three thousand years ago, that He has done with you. He has weighed you. He has poised you in His hand, and found that you do not come up to weight. With you in one side of the balance, and His first commandment in the other scale, up you go as a light weight, for He has not seen your whole love and your whole soul set upon Himself alone. Weight after weight is thrown in, till all

the ten have only proved more surely the same solemn truth, that *you* are only fit to be cast out as wholly unprofitable. If you had stood at the bar of your fellows, their judgment of you would have been widely at variance.

It may be that in the congregation where you attend you pass well enough for a Christian, and you are respected and beloved, both in the family and the social circle; but an unseen Eye has scrutinised you through and through. You have utterly and continually come short; so that with absolutely nothing to bring to God, you are cast, as a helpless lost one, upon the mercy of that Christ who died for sinners.

But God declares that all who believe *are complete in Him*, and even accepted in that perfect, risen Christ.





THE PLACE OF SAFETY;
OR,
UNDER THE FLAGS.



STORY of thrilling interest was lately recorded in an American weekly illustrated paper.

The Spanish authorities in Cuba had arrested a man who, though born in England, was a naturalised United States citizen. He was charged with conspiracy against the Government, and ordered to be shot. But the consuls of both England and America believed the man to be innocent, and used all the persuasion and entreaty in their power for his release. But the Spaniards haughtily disregarded their petition.

The hour of execution had now arrived, and a company of soldiers were drawn up in line. The condemned English-American marched out before them, calmly awaiting his fate. He stood at the foot of the grave, already dug, his coat off, and his hands pinioned behind him. The officer ordered his men to load, and at the word "present," they brought their rifles to their shoulders, awaiting the word of command to fire.

In the awful suspense, suddenly there sprang forward from the bystanders the two consuls ; the one drawing from his breast the Stars and Stripes, wrapped it round the prisoner, whilst the other threw over him the Union Jack. The consuls now

stood on either side, defying the Spaniards, who dare not fire on the flags of two of the mightiest nations under heaven, and the man was released, and proved his innocence to the satisfaction of the authorities.

Well may the Christian exclaim, "Oh! the security and the blessedness of being enveloped in the blood-stained banner of the cross!" or, in the triumphant words of Paul in Romans viii., "Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect?"

Let every enemy and every accuser be summoned—one and all are silenced in view of the blood of Christ, shed for sinners, whereby God can be just, and the justifier of him that believeth in Jesus, even of the ungodly. For

"Who aught to my charge shall lay,
Since Jesus died for me?"

"Who, then," says the apostle, "is he that condemneth?" Let him speak, let him judge Where is he to be found? since Christ has died, yea, rather is risen again, who is even at the right hand of God, who also maketh intercession for us.

4 *The Place of Safety ; or, Under the Flags.*

The answer comes back, "Christ has Himself borne the condemnation in our stead." So, now, there is therefore no condemnation for those who are in Him.

And if no charge can be brought against those for whom Christ has answered, of course no condemnation; and if no condemnation, there will be no separation from His love. Oh! may you know the glorious shelter of that flag that never, never shall be struck; for "if God be for us, who can be against us?"

"Blessed be God, our God!
Who gave for us His well-belovèd Son,
The gift of gifts, all other gifts in one,
Blessed be God, our God!

"Who shall condemn us now?
Since Christ has died, and risen, and gone above,
For us to plead at the right hand of love,
Who shall condemn us now?"

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OH! WHAT SHALL I DO?

IT was a clear, bright, frosty morning in the middle of winter. The frost made the sparkling snow crisp under the feet of many who were wending their way to the chapels and churches, for it was Sunday morning.

For some weeks past, I had been in the habit of visiting a little girl about thirteen years old, whose name was Kate. Kate was very sick, and the doctor told her she would surely die. For this reason her friends were the more anxious she should come to Jesus, and love Him as her Saviour. But, alas! when they spoke to her of the blessed Son of God coming down from heaven to this world because He loved little children, she would only turn away her head, and look out of the window; and though she was always ready and willing to talk about her play-books, or the weather, or about the horses and dogs that passed along the street, yet the moment the loving Saviour's name was mentioned, and she was told of His kindness to her in allowing Himself to be scourged, and spit upon, and crowned with thorns for her sake, she did not then care to attend any longer. No; she seemed quite indifferent to the story of Christ being nailed to the cruel cross, and suffering there for her sins. No; not one single tear did she shed, and not a single "thanks" escaped Kate's lips to Jesus, the Friend, and

Shepherd, and Saviour of all those who trust in Him.

At last came the frosty Sunday morning of which I spoke, and I went as usual to ask how little Kate was that cold day. I pushed open the garden gate, which the snow had almost blocked up, and then I knocked at the door; the kind old nurse who was taking care of her came down herself to open the door for me. I asked her, "How is——?" She knew before I finished my sentence or spoke her name, who it was I was inquiring for; and shaking her head as the tears ran down her cheeks, she said, "Oh, sir, she's gone." "What!" I said, "do you mean Kate is dead?" "Yes, sir; she died this morning between two and three hours ago." "Well," I inquired, "what did she say at the last? Was her heart melted by the Saviour's love?" "No, no, indeed; there was nothing happy in her death; it was an awful scene; her last words were, as she started in bed, and threw up her thin, wasted hands, 'Oh, what shall I do? what shall I do?'" Such were the dying words of little Kate, and yet how often had she been told—

“ Nothing either great or small,
Nothing, sinner—no ;
Jesus did it, did it all,
Long, long ago !”

O reader! delay not to be saved; sport not thyself like the silly moth around the candle, who sports till he is burnt; for if the flame of hell-fire should kindle about thee, vain would be all thy doings to extricate thyself.

“ There is a time, we know not when,
A point, we know not where,
That marks the destiny of man
To glory or despair.

There is a line, by us unseen,
That crosses every path ;
The hidden boundary between
God's patience and His wrath.”



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THE TWO "WHOSOEVERS."

A YOUNG man was greatly troubled about his soul. He knew that he was a sinner in God's sight; and so deeply did he feel this that he was often ready to lie down in despair, saying, "Is

it possible that God can save such a miserable sinner?" In the day-time he thought of hell as his justly deserved punishment, and at night he would sometimes imagine himself shut up in the pit of outer darkness. He tried to reform, and live proudly on his good works; but alas! he got nothing better, but rather grew worse. One evening however he was passing a large building, where a servant of the Lord was preaching. He went in. Soon after he entered, he heard the preacher call attention to the words of our blessed Lord, "*Whosoever* believeth in him shall not perish, but have everlasting life." (John iii. 16.) Mark, said he, the word "WHOSOEVER!" For the first time this troubled hearer began to perceive the freeness of God's grace in the gospel, and to think that there was some hope after all, even for such a sinner as he was; because "*whosoever*" included him, and every one else who accepted Christ for his Saviour. I need not say that, by the power of the Spirit of God, his heart was thus led to look

wholly to Jesus for salvation, and thus found joy and peace in believing, and has delighted in the service of the gospel for many years.

Dear reader, have you thus simply accepted Christ? Are you trusting in Him who died on the cross to save sinners? Is the precious blood of Christ the sole ground of your peace with God? With many others this saved young man can say:—

Until I saw the blood 'twas hell my soul was fearing ;
And dark and dreary in my eyes the future was appearing ;
 While conscience told its tale of sin,
 And caused a weight of woe within.

But when I saw the blood, and look'd at Him who shed it,
My right to peace was seen at once, and I with transport
 read it ;

 I found myself to God brought nigh,
 And "Victory!" became my cry.

But there is another "WHOSOEVER," equally general in its scope, and free in its application. Yet, oh, how wide the contrast! "*Whosoever* was

not found written in the book of life was cast into the lake of fire." (Rev. xx. 15.) Mark, it is "whosoever;" no matter who it is, or what plea is raised, it is "whosoever;" for God is no respecter of persons. How solemn! If a man has not Christ Jesus, the Son of God, the giver of everlasting life, for his Saviour, how can his name be written in the book of life?



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