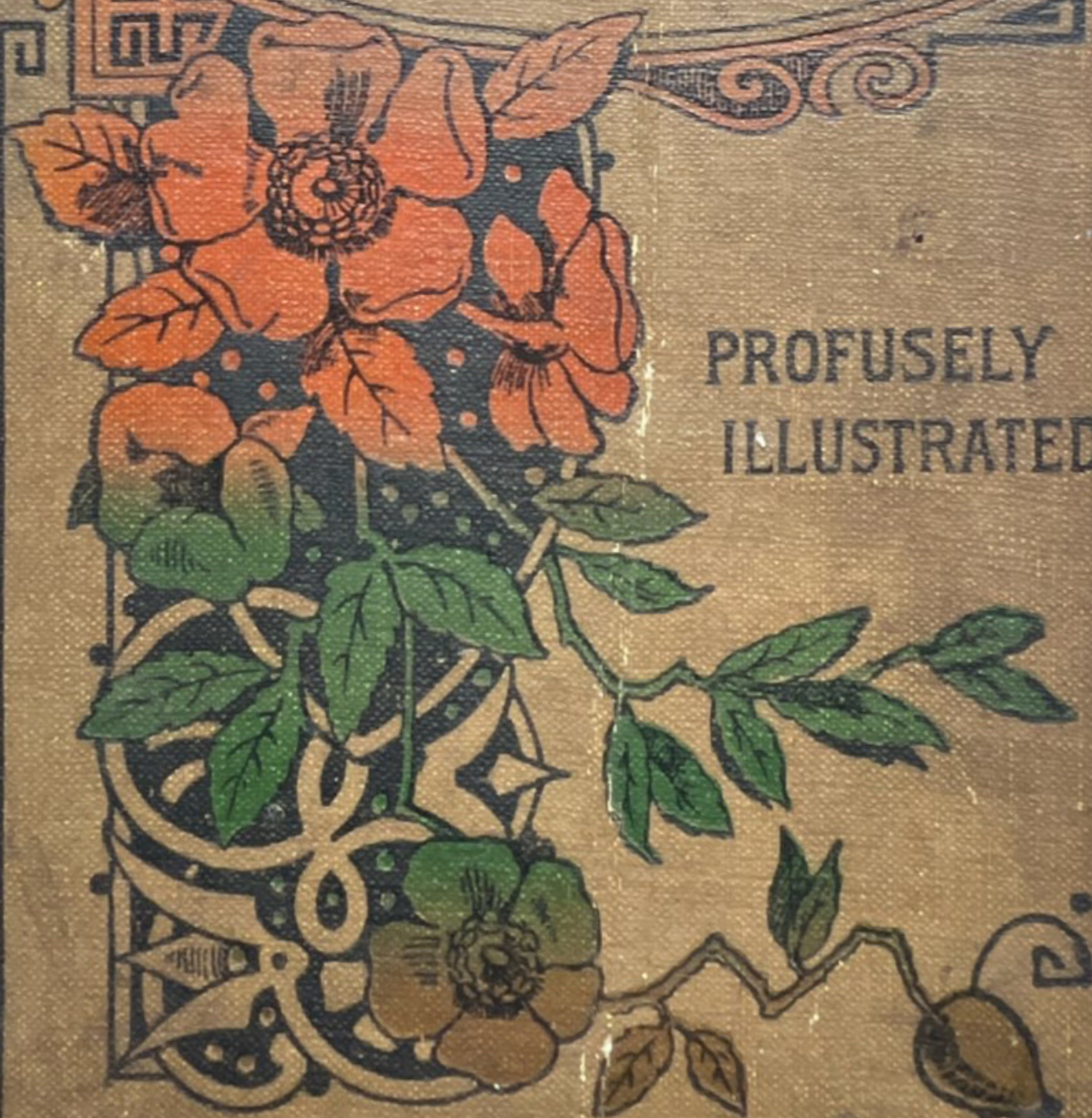


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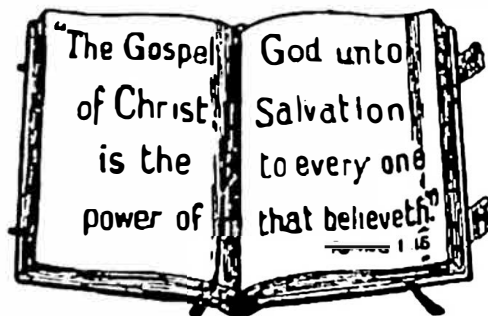
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SAVED IN A SNOWSTORM;

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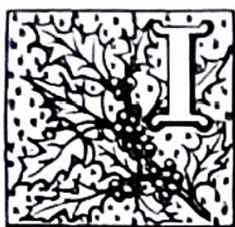
HOW A GREAT SINNER OBTAINED "GREAT PEACE" IN THE MIDST
OF A GREAT STORM.



I HAD BEEN STANDING WITH MY FOOT ON THE STEP OF HIS SLEIGH.

"I had had a sharp spin, and was nearing my place of abode in a
northern town, where I was holding some meetings,
not without manifest tokens of blessing."

SAVED IN A SNOWSTORM.



WAS taking my usual "constitutional" after breakfast. It was snowing heavily; but the walk through the "feathery fall" and the crisp air was delightful. I had had a sharp spin, and was nearing my place of abode in a northern town where I was holding some meetings, not without manifest tokens of blessing.

Absorbed with thought and partially blinded by the driving snow, I was very nearly run over by a sleigh. In a moment I heard my name called out—"Is that Dr. Pentecost?" "Yes, I am Dr. Pentecost. Did you wish to speak to me?" "I don't know that I ought to detain you, especially in such a storm; but if you could spare me a minute I would be very grateful to you." "Certainly," I replied, and extended my hand to the man.

After the common greeting I put my usual question to him: "Are you a Christian?" To which he replied: "No, sir; but I have been in to several of your meetings with my wife; and last night I wanted to 'confess Christ,' as you explained it; but something seemed to hold me back and I could not; and my wife is much distressed in her mind also, and I don't think she slept an hour last night."

This was most interesting, and I got a little nearer to the man by putting my foot on the step of his sleigh. "Well, friend," I continued, "I am very glad indeed to hear that you are interested about your soul; but why don't you accept Christ at once? Nothing in earth or hell can prevent you from accepting Christ, if you desire Him and are ready to take Him and yield yourself wholly up to Him. You may do it right here as you sit in your sleigh."

To this challenge he made answer: "I could not do that, you know; I have been a very hard case; but I do want to know how to be saved, and if you can tell me anything that will make it plain to me, so that I can get hold of it, I will thank you very much; and you will excuse me for stopping you in the snow, won't you, for I am really distressed in my mind?" "Certainly, friend; don't think about me or the snowstorm, for the next greatest joy, after being saved one's self, is to be the means of salvation to some one else. Will you answer me a few questions just as frankly as you can?" "Yes, I will answer any question." "Well, then, first: Are you a sinner?" "I be; and a great one. I tell you I have been a hard case."

Saved in a Snowstorm.

I did not know exactly what he meant by saying he was a hard case, but did not inquire into his meaning. I pushed on, and inquired: "Do you accept this testimony of God against yourself?" "Yes, sir; God is just saying to me all the time: 'You are a sinner, and unless you are saved you will lose your soul'." "But," I said, "God tells us something more than that we are sinners. The same Bible tells us 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 3. 16). Do you not believe that?" "Oh, yes, sir; but I am a hard case, and I am very ignorant."

"My friend, don't you see that your ignorance and your sinfulness are the very reasons why God sent His Son into the world to die for us? If you were wise and good you would not need a Saviour; but since you are ignorant and sinful you do need one. Now, for whom did Christ die?" "Why, for sinners." "Yes, you are quite right; 'for the Son of Man came not to call the righteous, but sinners, to repentance' (Matthew 9. 13). And 'this is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.' Now, this being true, do you believe that, great sinner as you believe yourself to be, Jesus Christ is able to save you?" "Yes, I believe He is." "Do you believe that He is willing to save you?" "Yes; He must be willing, or He would not have come, and that is what you keep saying to us every night, and you read it out of the Bible. Yes, I believe He is willing to save me." "When do you think He is able and willing to save you?" After a moment's hesitation, in which, with downcast eyes, he seemed to be pondering this question, he looked up and said: "Why, if He died for me, and 'put away my sin,' and is able to save me, He must be willing to do it right away—*now*—if I am willing to give up to Him." "Well, my friend, are you not willing? Could you have a more loving and gentle Master than One who has died for you? Ought you not to surrender to Him, and at once?"

His hand tightened over mine—for all this time I had been standing there by his side, with my foot on the step of his sleigh, and I thought the surrender was to be made there and then; but one difficulty, and an old and common one, suggested itself to him as a last refuge for his will to

Saved in a Snowstorm.

entrench itself behind. "But how shall I know that I am saved?" "My friend, had you done me an injury and I had forgiven you it, how would you know that I had so forgiven it?" "Why, I suppose if you should tell me so, or even send me word that you had forgiven me, I would know it." "Exactly. Then why should you accept my word for the forgiveness of an injury, and refuse to accept God's Word? Why not take God's word for forgiveness? 'Be it known unto you, men and brethren, that through this Man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins.' 'For He hath made Him (Jesus) to be sin for us, who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him' (2 Cor. 5. 19, 20)."

This seemed to clear up his difficulties, or, at least, it showed him that we must know God's mind towards us by *what He has done for us*, in Christ, and by what He says to us in His Word. In other words, he saw that he was *saved* by the work of Christ, and must be *assured* by the word of Christ.

He asked just one more question: "How am I to take Jesus Christ for my Saviour? If I will come to-night, will you tell me how?"

"Friend," I said, "you need not wait till the meeting to-night; *you may take Him here and now*, just where we are, in this snowstorm. 'Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow.' Listen to what God's Word says to you, in Rom. 10. 8-10: 'What saith it (the Gospel). The word is nigh thee, even in thy heart and in thy mouth: that is, the word of faith, which we preach; that if thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved.' It only remains for you to decide here and now. Will you have Him, and will you confess Him?"

Tears came into his eyes; his chin quivered, and then, looking me full in the face, and tightening his grip of my hand again, he said: "*I confess Him, Jesus Christ, as my Saviour, and I take Him with all my heart.*"

"Thank God," I replied, and then and there in the snow-storm we lifted our hearts up to God in thanksgiving as I prayed aloud for him that God would keep him steadfast. His distinct and firm response testified that "the great transaction" was completed.

THE DEFENCE OF RORKE'S DRIFT:

A PICTURE OF A MIGHTY DELIVERANCE OF CHRIST.



"ABOUT EIGHT O'CLOCK A BELIEVING COLUMN CAME IN SIGHT."

THE DEFENCE OF RORKE'S DRIFT.

DURING the sanguinary Zulu War in South Africa in the year 1879, a company of the 24th Regiment was stationed at Rorke's Drift. On a rocky terrace on the Natal side of the Buffalo, about a mile from the crossing-place, stood two stone buildings, with roofs of thatch, belonging to the Swedish Mission. One of these buildings, formerly a church, was now filled with stores, while the other, which had been the dwelling of the missionary in that savage solitude, had been formed into a little military hospital. Lieutenant Chard, who was in command of the drift, was watching the ponto on the river when two mounted men came galloping up from the direction of Isandhlwana with tidings of the disaster which had befallen the British camp at that spot. It was at once evident that the enemy would soon be on the scene in thousands. It was accordingly resolved to prepare for a defence, which, it was expected, would prove desperate in the extreme. Chard assisted by another young officer named Bromhead, proceeded to fortify the storehouse and hospital with bags of Indian corn and a number of biscuit-boxes. With these and a few waggons a laager was formed in hot haste. The pont-guard was called in, and all men fit for duty were told off to their posts. The total force numbered 139 men, of whom 35 were sick in the hospital. The parapet had scarcely been completed when some 600 of the savage warriors came in sight, and advanced at a swift run against the post. The main body of the Zulus, numbering fully 2000 men, made their attack from another direction, lining a ledge of rocks about a hundred yards distant, from which they kept up a continual fire. A desperate conflict then took place. A series of determined assaults were made by the enemy, each being repelled in its turn by the devoted little band who held the post. The defenders knew well that they need expect no mercy whatever if their adversaries gained the victory. They accordingly resolved to fight it out, if need be, to the last man, while they hoped and longed for some relieving force to come upon the scene and turn the tide of battle.

In the terrible straits of that beleaguered garrison, surrounded by a merciless enemy in overwhelming numbers, while there was no deliverer, we see a picture of those who are strangers to God's salvation, and who are therefore "oppressed by the devil." The enemy of their souls is around them, so to speak, in overwhelming strength. They have nothing to expect from *him*. He comes only to kill and to destroy. But in their case we cannot say, "There is no deliverer." A Deliverer has come.

The Defence of Rorke's Drift.

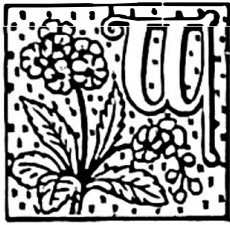
The Son of God has appeared, to destroy the works of the devil. He has made His soul an offering for sin; and He is strong to save. His blood can cleanse from the deepest defilement of sin, and His redeeming power can deliver from the wiles of Satan and the machinations of hell. You, unsaved one, need not long for deliverance, for the Deliverer has come; and "by Him all that believe are justified from all things."

The fierce struggle at the drift went on with undiminished ardour. After attempting to force the hospital, the enemy shortly afterwards set fire to its roof, the garrison meanwhile defending it room by room. The building was soon a sheet of fire. Darkness had fallen, and the little post was completely surrounded on every side. The defenders, after resisting many attempts to storm it, were forced to retire to the centre, and then to the inner wall of a rough stone kraal on the east. The besiegers were now 3000 strong. Six times they got inside the barricades, and six times they were hurled back at the point of the bayonet. Throughout the entire night the struggle went on, the defenders firing with the greatest deliberation, directing their aim by the light of the burning hospital. At four in the morning the enemy drew off, leaving three or four hundred of their number dead around the post, while the casualties in the defending force were surprisingly small. About eight o'clock a British relieving column came in sight, to the great joy of the garrison, who were thus saved from another attack, which, it is to be feared, would have resulted in their extermination.

Deliverance had come. And in a far deeper and truer sense deliverance has come to this world that lieth in the wicked one. A mighty Deliverer—the Deliverer—has come; but instead of being welcomed with open arms, He was rejected and nailed to the Tree of Calvary. Yet in His death He triumphed over the great enemy of souls by opening, with His own precious blood, a way into the presence of God for all who will believe on His Name. Dost thou believe on the Son of God?

The day is coming when your weal or woe for eternity shall hinge upon that one question. Is it not passing strange that a *Deliverer* should be rejected? If Christ had come to oppress men, or to enslave them, there would be reason why you should turn away from Him and say, "We will not have this Man to reign over us." But He comes to you as a Deliverer from the penalty and the dominion of sin. He comes to you with the ministry of love and the message of forgiveness—a salvation purchased by His blood. Dare you reject this Deliverer? w. s.

"GIVING UP" AND "GETTING."



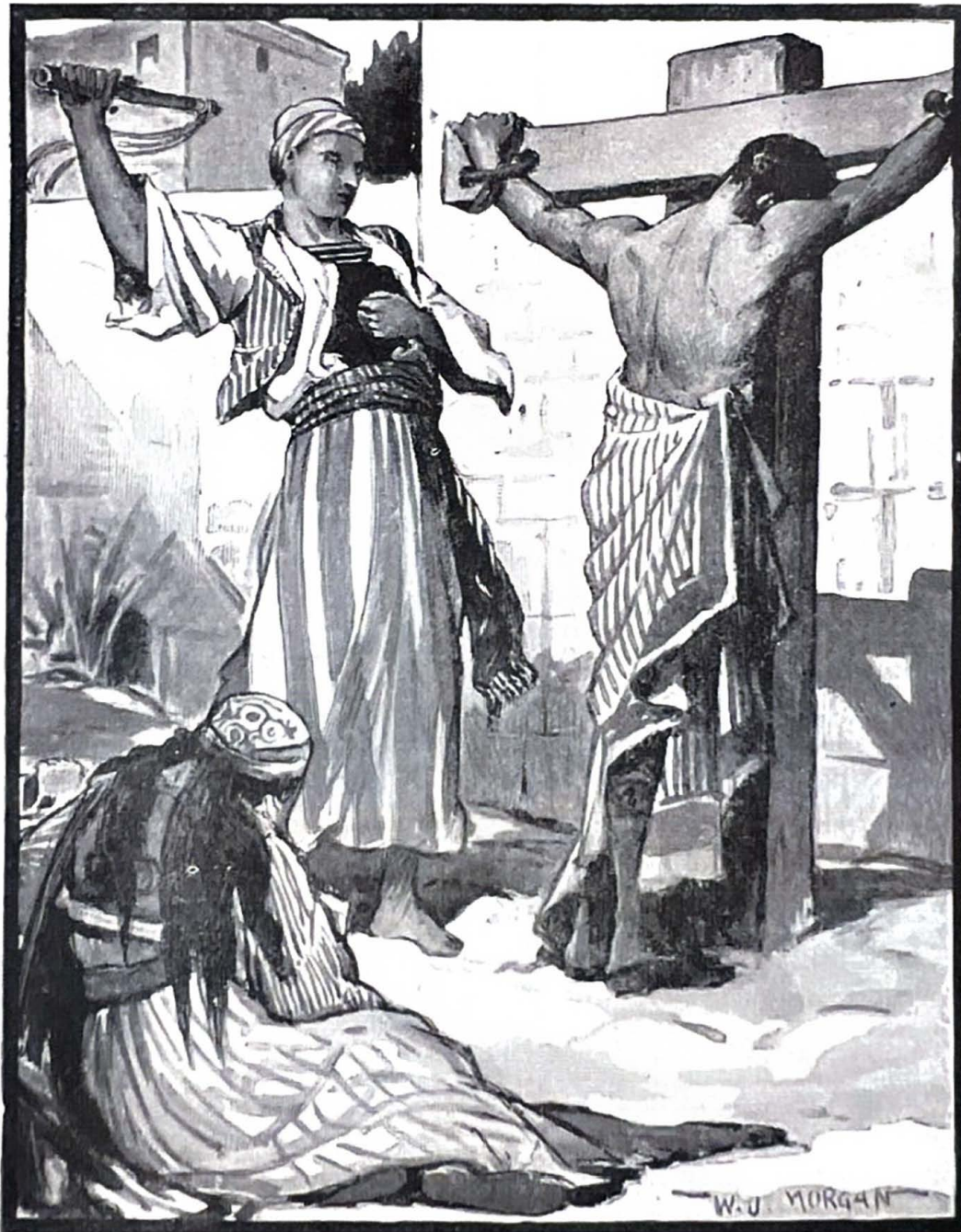
WHEN one is awakened to see his danger, Satan does his utmost to keep him from accepting of God's great salvation. "If you get converted," the tempter says, "you will have to give everything up—the concert, the dance and the jovial company, and what a loss that will be to you"! But Satan misses out the best of it. He "forgets" to tell you what you'll *get* if you receive Christ. Yonder is the returned and forgiven prodigal, for instance, in Luke 15. He has been in the far country, away from his father's house, and "would fain have filled his belly with the husks that the swine did eat" (verse 16); but now he is brought back; he is at his father's table, at the feast of the fatted calf, and he has the best robe on. What a picture of happiness he would be! But suppose some one says to him, "It is a pity for you to be tied up that way; come away down to the far country and let us have some husks," what would the younger son say to that? Would he go down, do you think? Never! "Why" he would say, "I am completely happy where I am; I have everything my soul can desire. This is a thousand times better than the far country. Down in it I had nothing but rags and husks; now I have the best robe, and sitting at my father's table. Do you think I would exchange it for the old things that have passed away?" The younger son had got something far better than ever he had before, and so has everyone who is converted to God. The devil knows that if you but obtain one draught of the water of life, you will think very little of his streams of false delight, and that is why he is anxious to keep you from getting saved. But, awakened one, make sure of Christ now, and with Him filling your soul, there will be no room left for the pleasures of sin. You will then be just as willing to give up the old things as the younger son was to give up the husks; and when you have got on the best robe—the righteousness of God, and the ring on your finger—symbol of the Father's never-ending love, and your feet shod with the preparation of the Gospel of peace, and when you are sitting at the continual feast, which is the portion of all who have believed on Christ, then you will exclaim, like the Queen of Sheba, "The half hath not been told"; and to old companions, and sins alike, you will say:

"Fare ye well,
I cannot go with you to hell;
I mean with Jesus Christ to dwell."

W. S.

SCHAMYL: HIS MOTHER'S SUBSTITUTE:

A TRUE AND STRIKING ILLUSTRATION OF
THE SUBSTITUTION OF THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.



THE REMAINING NINETY-FIVE LASHES ON HIMSELF."

"Baring his own back, he commanded the executioner to administer the remainder of the penalty—95 lashes—on himself, which was accordingly done."

SCHAMYL: HIS MOTHER'S SUBSTITUTE.



IN the middle of last century there was a renowned military and religious leader in the Caucasus named Schamyl who was fiercely opposed to Russian aggression. At one time bribery was so prevalent among his followers that he determined on taking drastic measures for its suppression. He enacted a law that in every case discovered a penalty of 100 lashes was to be imposed. His own mother was the first convicted offender. On being informed of it Schamyl was overwhelmed with grief. For several days he shut himself up in his tent, and gave himself to fasting and prayer. On emerging from his retirement he assembled his followers, and gave instructions to the executioner to inflict the penalty. The offender was bound, and the lash was applied to the quivering flesh. As the fifth stroke fell Schamyl ordered the executioner to stop, and his mother was released. Baring his own back, he commanded the executioner to administer the remainder of the penalty—95 lashes—on himself, which was accordingly done.

This is a striking, though of course an imperfect, illustration of the substitution of the Lord Jesus Christ. Schamyl's mother broke the law, the penalty for the offence being 100 lashes on the back. The Circassian leader sustained two relations to the offender—those of son and ruler. As a son he was doubtless anxious that his mother be spared the indignity and the suffering; as a law-giver and leader he was bound to see that the claims of justice were fully met. If Schamyl had allowed his mother to escape without any satisfaction being rendered to the broken law, his followers would have had good reason to complain. They would doubtless have said that though a loving son Schamyl was an unrighteous ruler, being partial in his dealings. Through the expedient introduced by Schamyl a fraction of the penalty of the broken law was endured by his mother—five lashes—and the remainder—95 lashes—by himself. One can easily understand how that Schamyl's followers would after this be slow to commit the offence.

In this incident we have a faint and feeble illustration of Christ's atonement for us. All of us had sinned. Times without number we had broken the holy law of God and trampled His commands under our feet. The law declares that death is sin's penalty (Ezekiel 18. 4). "Whosoever shall keep the whole law, and yet *offend in one point,*

Schamyl: His Mother's Substitute.

he is guilty of all" (James 2. 10). What, then, was to become of us? Was there no way of deliverance? Whilst hating sin with a perfect hatred, God loved, and loves with matchless love, the sinner. It was, and is, His desire that "all men should be saved" (1 Timothy 2. 4). How could He *righteously* pardon those who had broken His laws? "Had sin been pardoned without an atonement (to use the words of another), its exceeding evil would not have been displayed; the law which forbids it would not have been magnified; the holiness of God which abominates it would not have been cleared; the glory of God which has been insulted by it would not have been vindicated."

"We must needs die, and are as water spilt on the ground which cannot be gathered up again; neither doth God respect any person; yet doth He devise means that His banished be not expelled from Him" (2 Samuel 14. 14). What were the "means" devised by God for our restoration to His favour? Calvary's Cross answers the question. As we gaze on the form of that holy, spotless One we see the measure of God's righteous displeasure against sin, and the manifestation of His marvellous love to the sinner. Here we see mercy and truth met together, righteousness and peace kissing each other (Psalm 85. 10). Calvary is the solving of the problem as to how God can be a just God and a Saviour (Isaiah 45. 21). In the sacrificial work of Christ we understand how the "sin question" was eternally settled.

For years the Cross was to us a mystery. Thank God, to some extent we understand the meaning of the wondrous words: "But He was wounded for OUR transgressions, He was bruised for OUR iniquities: the chastisement of (with the view to) OUR peace was upon Him, and WITH HIS STRIPES we are healed" (Isaiah 53. 5). The substitution of Christ for sinners is the ground on which every blessing flows to us. Through that sacrificial death for us God's righteous claims have been met, the law has been magnified, His justice satisfied, and His glory vindicated. Salvation free, full, present, and eternal is proclaimed to all. It is now proclaimed to *you*. Christ's death was not a commercial transaction—so much blood for so many souls. This is an imperfect and unscriptural view of the atonement. "God sent not His Son into the world to condemn the world, but *that the world through Him might be saved.*" His death—apart from faith—secures the salvation of none.

Schamyl: His Mother's Substitute.

Everyone *may be* saved because of His atoning sacrifice, and saved through simply believing on Him. God is *waiting* to save you as you read these lines. He swears by His own existence that He has no pleasure in your death (Ezekiel 33. 11). It is His desire that all men should be saved (1 Tim. 2. 4-6). Harken to His marvellous message: "Come now and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool" (Isaiah 1. 18). Whatever you are, or have been, God is now willing to blot out the past and make you the happy possessor of eternal life (John 5. 24). He will not, however, *compel* you to accept of His pardoning mercy. He *knocks* at the door of your heart, but will *not* break open the door (Rev. 3. 20). Christ wept over Jerusalem sinners, and said: "How often would I have gathered thy children together, as a hen doth gather her brood under her wings, AND YE WOULD NOT!" (Luke 13. 34). Why not now draw back the bolt of unbelief and let the Saviour in? Delay not till you are more anxious or more sorry for your sins. Don't wait till you are different from what you are. "If you tarry till you're better you will never come at all." *Come as you are and where you are* to Christ. "All the fitness He requireth is to know your need of Him." You know you are a sinner, lost and guilty, helpless, and hell-deserving. Come, then, to Christ, and you will obtain all you need. Believe the glad tidings of His matchless grace: "The Gospel is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth" (Rom. 1. 16). Harken to the blessed message: "For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." Believe on Him who loved you and gave Himself for you, and you will be eternally saved. "Be it known unto you therefore, men and brethren, that through this Man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins: and by Him ALL THAT BELIEVE ARE JUSTIFIED from all things" (Acts 13. 38, 39).

Since God is satisfied with the death of Christ; since *He is waiting* to save you from going down to the pit, why not now believe on Him and obtain everlasting life? "He that believeth on Him is not condemned: but he that believeth not is CONDEMNED ALREADY, because he hath not believed in the Name of the only begotten Son of God" (John 3. 18). A.M.

THE BURNING OF THE "GENERAL SLOCUM."



"A CASCADE OF HUMAN BODIES POURING INTO THE RIVER."

THE BURNING of the "GENERAL SLOCUM."



ONE of those terrible disasters for which the United States has obtained pre-eminence occurred on 15th June, 1904, within sight of New York City. The steamer *General Slocum* was on its way with a party of over 1200 Sunday School excursionists, mostly women and children, to Locust Grove, a summer resort on Long Island Sound. As the steamer proceeded up East River, when near Hell Gate, with bands playing and flags flying, a cry of fire was raised. An immense sheet of flame, accompanied by smoke, leapt up and spread with fearful rapidity. The steamer being a large wooden one resembling a three-storey house, was soon ablaze. When the fire reached the upper decks the crowds rushed madly in every direction. As some tried to reach the stern to escape the flames a rail broke, hundreds falling overboard. One witness describes the falling persons as a "cascade of human bodies pouring in a solid stream into the river." Hundreds clung to the railings and stanchions as long as they could, and then dropped into the water. Many jumped from the steamer to escape being consumed. The scene was simply indescribable. "Frenzied mothers screamed and dragged their little ones. Others were shouting for their charges; men, maddened by fear for their loved ones, trampled down women and children whom ordinarily they would have risked their lives to save had not their own families been imperilled." The captain gave orders that full speed be put on, and the vessel was eventually beached on North Brother's Island. As far as is known 1000 perished in this dreadful catastrophe. It is said that the life-preservers brought up from the wreck sank when immersed in water. It is also stated that the life-belts on board were lashed to the ceilings and could only be reached by grown-up people. It is generally believed that too much effort was expended in fighting the fire and too little to save life.

The story is indeed a heartrending one, and surely has lessons for us. We see that life is short, fleeting, and uncertain. We know not what a day or an hour may bring forth. How important to be prepared for whatever may befall us! God has told us in His Word that "it is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment" (Heb. 9. 27). You may not die by drowning or by burning, but death is of Divine appointment. "We must needs die, for

The Burning of the "General Slocum."

we are as water spilt upon the ground, that cannot be gathered up again" (2 Sam. 14. 14). You may die of a lingering disease, or you may be suddenly ushered into God's holy presence. ARE YOU SURE YOU ARE READY? If unsaved you are in imminent peril. As you read these lines God's wrath rests upon you (John 3. 36). Even now you are *under condemnation* (John 3. 18). Little did the passengers on board the *General Slocum* imagine that they were so near eternity. With bands playing and flags flying, with light hearts and cheery spirits they merrily sailed for their destination, and within a few minutes of the outbreak of the flames hundreds of them had perished. "Boast not thyself of to-morrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth" (Prov. 27. 1). Even before to-night's sun sets you may be in eternity. When the excursionists saw their danger they tried to escape; but they were unable to *save themselves*. God *longs* to save *you* from a worse danger than that to which they were exposed, and remember you cannot save yourself. Perhaps, however, you don't believe God's Word about your guilt and peril. He says you are a sinner, lost, guilty, helpless, and hell-deserving (Romans 3. 10-24; 6. 23). Do you believe God? Or do you reply that you are better than this, that, or the other one? Do you say that you are "not very good" and "not very bad"—a "middling" sort of a person? There are no "middling" people in God's sight. There are only two classes—*saved* sinners and *lost* sinners. *Which class do you belong to?*

It is said that the lifeboat accommodation was insufficient for the passengers. Thank God, there is salvation vast, full, present, and free FOR ALL (John 3. 17). The Lord Jesus is ABLE and WILLING to save the vilest. He came from the glory to save *the lost*. Are *you* "lost" or "saved"? *Take your place*. If you know that you are "lost," you can be saved even now, for "now is the accepted time" (2 Cor. 6. 2). "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and *thou shalt be saved*" (Acts 16. 31). "Whosoever believeth in Him *shall not perish, but have eternal life*" (John 3. 15).

The papers say that the life-belts were lashed to the ceiling and could not be reached by the children. Of what use were life-belts if placed beyond the reach of drowning people? Thank God, the Lord Jesus, the Saviour of sinners, is within the reach of all. He is close to *you* at this moment. He is nearer to you than the lines which you are

The Burning of the "General Slocum."

now reading. In spite of your sins He loves you with a true and tender love. He came from the heights of yon bright glory to save you. ARE YOU WILLING TO BE SAVED IN THIS WAY? There is one, and only one, way of salvation. You may say that you will keep to your opinion, and I can keep to mine. Your "opinion" and my "opinion" are of little value in *this* matter. God's thoughts are not ours. "What saith the Scripture?" Neither prayers, good works, nor sacramental observances can save. *Christ alone can save.* "The Word is nigh thee, even in thy mouth and in thine heart: that is, the word of faith which we preach; 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" (Rom. 10. 8, 9). Why not, then, believe on Christ—that He bled, and suffered, and died for you—and obtain salvation on the spot? You don't need to *add* to the "finished" work of the Lord Jesus Christ. God is satisfied with the death of Christ. He desires that you should be satisfied with that which satisfies him.

It appears that the so-called "life-preservers" sank when immersed in the water. And they were meant to keep drowning persons *above* it! Imagine a poor drowning man seizing with eagerness one of these "life-preservers," and placing his weight on it thinking that he would be saved from a watery grave. Down goes the "life-preserver" with the man. How sad! Many to-day are resting for eternity on false grounds of salvation. Some say they "asked" God to forgive them, and expect to be saved "at last." This is indeed a soul-destroying delusion. Others declare that they have tried to do their "best," and "hope" to reach glory on the ground of their "doings."

On every hand we can see men and women trusting to false *soul-preservers*. "I am THE door," says Christ; "by Me if any man enter in he shall be saved" (John 10. 9). "Now the door is open, enter while you may." "Tarry no longer. Escape for thy life." Flee to Christ. "'Tis Christ alone can save." Having loved sinful men, died for them on the Cross of Calvary, and been raised from the dead to die no more, therefore "He is able to *save to the uttermost* all that come unto God by Him" (Heb. 7. 25). Come to Him now, and you will be able to say, with a Scotch girl: "I am only a poor sinner; Jesus died for me; I believe in Him; God says I am saved, and so I know I am."

"HOW ONE DIED TO SAVE SIX."

I HAVE before me a small piece of canvas, scorched and blackened, which preaches me a sermon, and reminds me of the text, "Christ died for us" (Rom. 5. 8). It was once part of a fire-escape, worked by a fireman named Joe Ford, of whom the papers said, "but for him, the lives of six persons would have been sacrificed." The six were in danger from fire; they were unable to help themselves, nor could any friends render assistance.

But a saviour came! Tidings of the outbreak reached



"HE REACHED HER. HE BORE HER DOWN THE LADDER TO THE OPENING."

"How One Died to Save Six."

the fireman, and buckling on his helmet, he ran swiftly to the spot. He came where they were—came with all that was needful for their salvation—came purposely to save them whoever they were, wherever they were, and just as they were; came to do all, and to do all freely; and this makes me think of the Lord, the Saviour of sinners, of whom it is said, "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners" (1 Timothy 1. 15).

As the fireman entered the street, clouds of dense black smoke were rolling up from the lower parts of the house that was burning; but with cool courage he fixed his machine, and threw up his ladders to where the poor, terrified people were whom he had come to save. Then up to them he went, and they waited his approach. Did they wish to argue with their saviour as to the origin of the fire, think you? Did they propose to decline his services? Did they hesitate when he bade them escape, and say, "Go thy way for this time"? Ah! no; they were wiser in respect of a danger to the body than many are in respect of a danger to the soul. One, two three, were brought in safety to the ground.

In the meantime the flames within the building were spreading rapidly; the smoke was becoming thicker and the fire hotter; and the saving arm—unlike His whose hand "is not shortened, that it cannot save" (Isa. 59. 1.)—was becoming weak and exhausted. Again the fireman mounted the ladder, and again he descended with another precious burden. He had saved four. Again he trod that narrow way of escape, and once more brought forth a rescued one. Five persons saved from the flames!

Now the crowd stood breathless; a woman appeared at the open window. There was one still left in peril. Had the fireman strength to reach her? Why should he, exhausted as he now was, risk his life for a stranger? He had undertaken the office, it is true, but had he reckoned upon such a sacrifice? Was such a deed expected? If Joe Ford would save yon shrieking woman, he must risk his own life.

Rallying his strength, the brave fireman mounted a sixth time, amidst ringing cheers from the crowd. He reached her. Steadily, step by step, he bore her down the ladder to the opening into the canvas shoot. He placed her into it, and slid her to the ground. She was saved!

“How One Died to Save Six.”

Now for the brave fireman, where was he? The flames burst through the first-floor window beneath him; they set the canvas of the escape on fire. At the same instant Joe's axe became entangled in the wire-netting, and he hung suspended in the very fire from which he had rescued the woman. While she stood in safety, beyond the reach of harm, he was consumed in the very flames from which he had saved her. With dying energy the poor fellow managed to break away from his terrible position, but only to fall with a heavy crash, some twenty-five feet, to the pavement, crushing his helmet almost into the brain. I shudder as I think of that awful moment!

Oh, if a London crowd could weep as a fellow-man suffered, what tears ought we to weep as we remember how the gracious Saviour expired for sinners on the Cross! He took the sinner's place in perfect love; He bore the wrath of God due to us; He was, as it were, consumed as a sacrifice in the very flames of Divine judgment on our account. Thus did Jesus endure for us who rejected Him. Have you ever wept tears of love for Him?

What should we have thought of those six persons whom the fireman saved if they had made no inquiry after their deliverer, if they had shed no tears when told of his death? I remember how even strangers honoured that hero, as his body, carried upon a draped engine, passed through the London streets. Bells were tolling from the churches, shop-keepers put up shutters along the route, and not a few rough men and women did I see drop a tear as the long procession passed. The battered helmet placed among the wreaths upon the Union Jack covering the coffin touched many a heart.

But, alas! how few hearts are truly melted and broken by the dying love of Christ!

One other fact about my friend Joe Ford. I think I was the last person who spoke to him that night before he went to his last fire. I left him a little book entitled, "What would make you happy?" and as I shook hands with him I repeated the title, emphasizing the personal pronoun, "What would make *you* happy?" We parted, never to speak again to each other on earth. My little book went with him to the fire, and was found afterwards in his burnt pocket. I little thought, and he little thought, it was the last time we should meet.

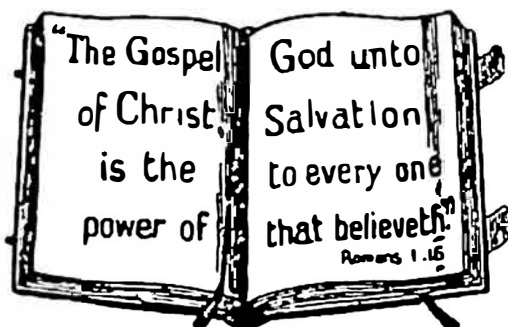
"How One Died to Save Six."

Like him, this may be the last warning you will ever have! We tell you of our Saviour who died that you might live—who gave Himself to save sinners. He who has come to save is nigh—and able to save. Do you want a way of escape? He is the Way. He is able to save to the uttermost. His promise is: "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest" (Matt. 11. 28).

Such is my story. Is it to be wondered at if I value the little piece of burnt canvas that can preach me such a sermon? So I will fold up my little relic—all that I have to remind me of my friend—and think once more of my Saviour who died for me, and who will bring me safe to glory.

W. L.

"MUST WE NOT WORK OUT OUR OWN SALVATION?"



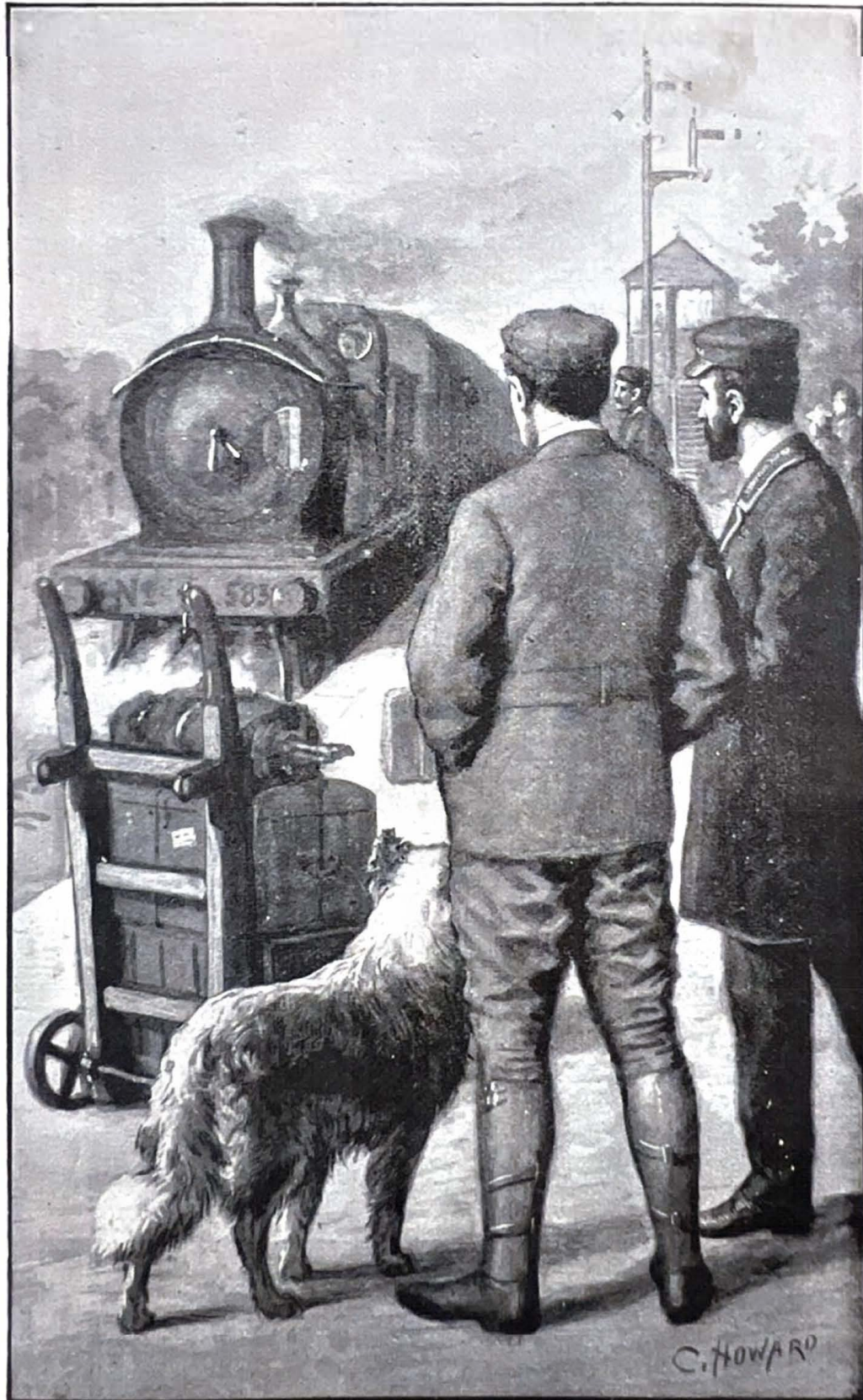
SUCH a question is often asked by anxious, as well as careless, sinners. Sometimes it is put in this form—"Does it not say in the Bible that we are to work out our own salvation? How then can you reconcile that with the statement that we

have only got to believe in order to be saved?"

Wait a moment. When you ask, "Does it not say we are to work out our own salvation?" whom do you mean? Do you mean every person—saved and unsaved? If so, you have only to look at the epistle and see to whom it is addressed. Phil. 1. 1—"TO ALL THE SAINTS in Christ Jesus at Philippi, with the bishops and deacons." They were ALREADY SAVED. They did not *hope to be*; they knew *they were saved*. "My beloved," says Paul, ". . . work out your own salvation" (Phil. 2. 12, 13). They were already in possession of it. "Your own" implies possession. They were to "work out" what God had *wrought in*. This scripture clearly has no reference to the *unsaved*. The unsaved are "dead in trespasses and sins," and therefore cannot work out their salvation. Besides, Scripture is very explicit. "By GRACE are ye saved, . . . NOT OF WORKS, lest any man should boast" (Eph. 2. 8, 9).

A. M.

THE ARTIZAN AND THE BIBLE.



"AS THE TRAIN SPED ON ITS ONWARD COURSE."

THE ARTIZAN AND THE BIBLE.

“LESMAHAGOW, return, to-day,” expressed my plan for the day as I made application to booking clerk at Eglinton Street Station, Glasgow, on January 3rd, 1904. *En route* to a Christian Conference, I wanted a quiet read of the Grand Old Book, so selected a poor-looking carriage, and a compartment as near the engine as possible, the portion least used as being most disastrous in case of collision. Nicely seated and Book just opened, the train was about to start when a respectable looking artizan hurried into the compartment. The severity of the frost, the danger from microbes in such old rolling-stock opened the conversation, then my fellow-traveller suddenly enquired, “What’s that book your reading?” “The Bible, sir.” “You don’t believe it!” “Yes, I do.” “No, you don’t.” “Yes, sir, I believe it all.” “Well, I don’t!” “Oh, I did not say *you* believed it; I said *I* believed it,” I replied, and after a little more “sparring” as the train sped on its onward course I said, “Man, I have long wanted to meet a man like you; a sensible working man who, while not believing the Bible, yet knows the Bible fairly well, for I have often wondered if it were possible *by reading the Bible only* to be unable to believe it on account of the difficulties, contradictions, and peculiarities which you mention. I have read it now for 30 years, and though there is very much in it that I can’t understand, there is nothing in it that I can’t believe. Tell me, did you get your doubts from the Bible or from other books?” “Oh, from the Bible,” replied my companion. “But have you not read other books?” “A few.” “Any one specially?” “Yes, Paine’s ‘Age of Reason’.”

This led me to know how we stood, and remembering the old adage, “The Christian is often argumentatively wrong, but spiritually right,” I decided to take my stand not on the ground of *reason*, but on the tried and proved ground of *experience*. Letting my friend have his innings, in which he used strong, free, yet not uncourteous language against the Bible, I plied him with thrust No. 1, “Man, tell me this, spite of the frost, the microbes, and the uncomfortable journey, are you really and truly a happy man?” “No, man, to tell you the real truth I am not.” “Well,” replied I, “don’t you see I have the better of you, for I believe this Book. I believed in the Christ of this Book in 1874, I was made happy that night, I have been kept happy ever since, and I can say this cold day of January, with frost,

The Artizan and the Bible.

microbes, and all, if this train goes smash I have a building of God, an house not made with hands eternal in the heavens."

"Oh, well! oh, well! don't let me upset your belief in that Book," replied my infidel friend, not being accustomed to or quite liking this turn of the argument. "Now, don't have any fear on that score, for surely as fellow-men we can speak freely and frankly to each other, and I admire your frankness and fairness," I replied, as I prepared thrust No. 2.

Listening to a few citations from the "Age of Reason," I weighed up my friend, middle aged, well fed, sensible looking, settled job, so broke in, "I should judge you are a married man?" "Yes," said he. "Family?" "Yes," again. "Man, how do you get on with the youngsters? I fancy I see you taking your wee lassie on your knee and looking into her blue eyes." He sat up and stared. I had hit it—one girl among boys, blue eyes. "Yes, man, I can see you sitting in the big arm-chair taking your own child on your knees, looking her straight in the face, and telling her whatever she does she is not to believe in the Bible or the God of the Bible! I suppose you do it with your children?" "Not a bit of it," said he with vehemence; "they go to the Sunday school like any other man's bairns." "Well, well," I retorted; "it's a mighty poor thing you've got. It doesn't make the father happy, and he dare not teach it to his offspring. Good neither for old or young." "Thank God," I continued, "the salvation I have through faith in the Lord Jesus made me happy, and I can tell my loved ones that God so loved them, that He gave His only begotten Son to die on Calvary's Cross on their account, and if we believe on Him, commit our souls to Him, we have everlasting life now, and will meet an unbroken family around the throne of God in heaven."

A few more words as to the solid satisfaction to be found in the Lord Jesus Christ eliciting from my fellow-traveller a voluntary admission that "he wished he were truly satisfied on one side or the other," the train slowed up into Hamilton West, and the conversation which had opened with a tinge of bitterness ended in a friendly handshake, both feeling that we were not only fellow-travellers in the same earthly train, but fellow-travellers to the great terminus—Eternity; a parting word to "rest not till satisfied with the knowledge of salvation through the Blood of the Lamb," and a peculiar longing that should we never meet on earth again we may

The Artizan and the Bible.

unite in that glory song, "Unto Him that loved us and washed us from our sins in His own Blood, to Him be glory and dominion for ever and ever" (Rev. 1. 5, 6).

Ah! deep down in every human being—deeper in some than others—is the settled conviction that—

(1) There is something in LIFE, some tie above the mere creature ties of earth, an inner consciousness that man is an ever-existent being having a relation to his fellows because of the creative link with God, for "in Him we live, and move, and have our being" (Acts 17. 28).

(2) There is something in DEATH. The still, small voice crying aloud that after all we do not die like the brute creation. The parting of that which "God breathed into man" from the body, making death a solemn moment to all. Death! the king of terrors, and the terror even of kings.

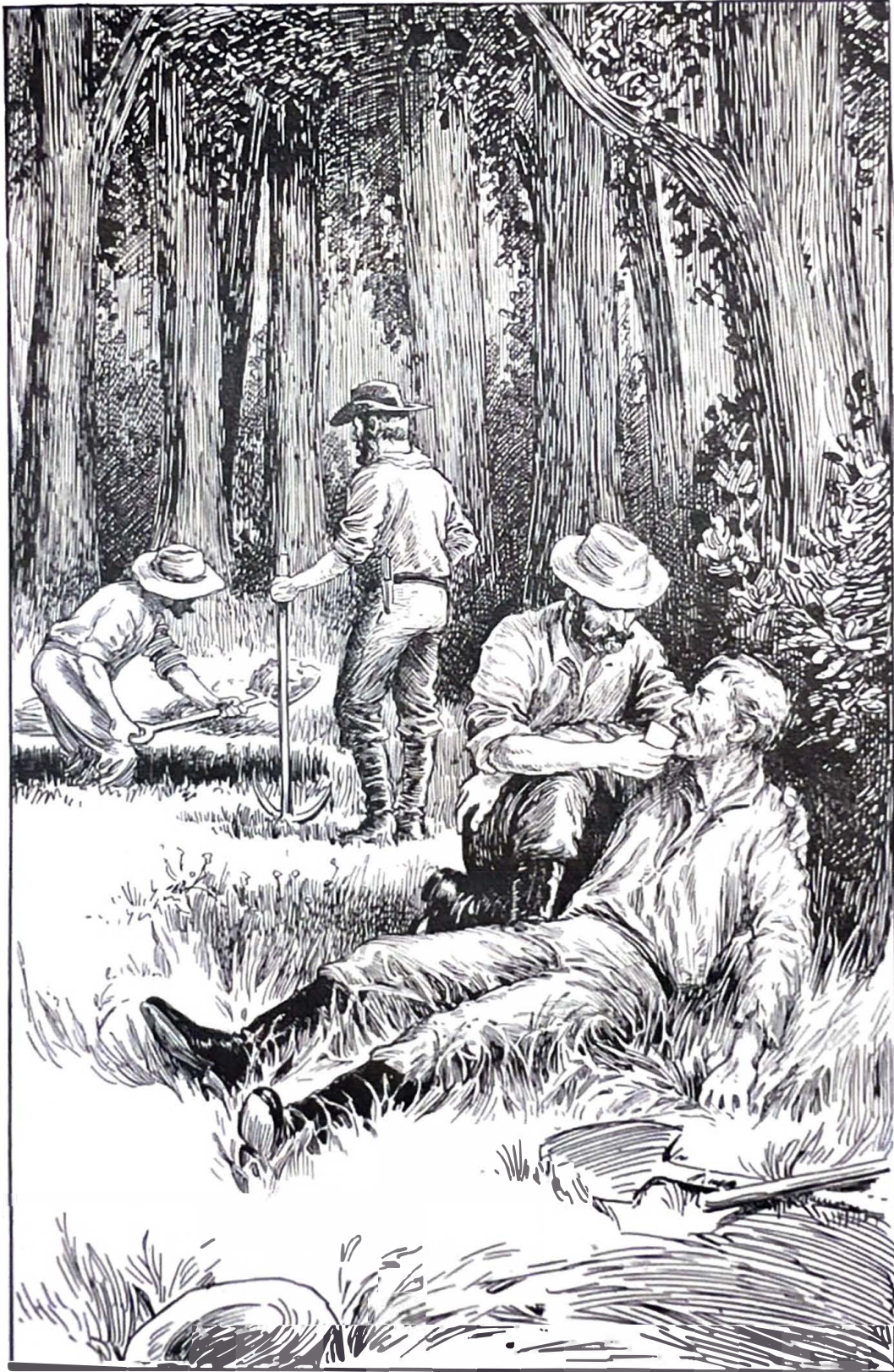
(3) There is something in JUDGMENT. "It is appointed unto men once to die, and after this the judgment" (Heb. 9. 27). In childhood, boyhood, manhood, even down to hoar hairs, that inward preacher Conscience cries, "Get ready for death! prepare for judgment!"

(4) There is an ETERNITY! "I wish I were satisfied on one side or the other," was the railway traveller's way of expressing his conviction that as a man he knew he was going to eternity—to be on one side or the other even there! You know it too. In a hundred years from now you will either be in heaven's glory or hell's gloom for eternity!

Beloved fellow-traveller, in the express of Time to the great terminus of Eternity, whether infidel or nominal Christian, old or young, if not absolutely certain at this moment that your sins are forgiven, your soul is saved, and your seat in heaven is secured, let me plead with you to haste to some quiet spot, and alone with God let your weary, aching heart flow out to Him in contrition. "Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world" (John 1. 29); test His unconditional promise, "Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out" (John 6. 37), and you will be "fully persuaded that what He has promised He is able to perform" (Rom. 4. 21). Millions have put the matter to the test, why should not you? "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and THOU shalt be saved" (Acts 16. 31); then should dangers affright, death ensue, worlds go smash, or eternity dawn, you will be able to say, "We have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

THE MAN WHO SAW HIS GRAVE DUG;

OR, HOW JOHN HAMBLEDON, THE ACTOR, WAS CONVERTED.



"THEY BEGAN TO PREPARE MY GRAVE NEAR BY."

THE MAN WHO SAW HIS GRAVE DUG.



JOHN HAMBLEDON, the actor, before his conversion had many narrow escapes from death. In speaking of his experiences on the Pacific Coast at the time of the discovery of gold in California he says: "Once I was delivered from drowning when the long reeds were entwined around my body in deep water and prevented me from swimming; another time I well-nigh perished in crossing a vast desert; another time pistols were loaded, and blood-thirsty men sought my life; another time Mexican bayonets were pointed at my breast; yet another time a terrible disease laid hold of me, and so hopeless did my case appear that my comrades put me down under the shelter of a tree, and felt so sure that my hours were numbered that they began to prepare my grave near by, into which it was their purpose to cast my poor emaciated body when the spark of life had fled. I shall never forget the horrors of that situation as I seemed to feel life ebbing away, and the dread *hereafter*, even *eternity*, looming upon my benighted soul. There I lay without one ray of Gospel hope to cheer my guilty soul, but only a certain looking for of judgment and fiery indignation. There I lay a wreck in the prime of life, and to all appearances drifting fast from the shores of Time toward the vast ocean known as *Eternity*, for whose dark expanse I had no chart or pilot to guide me."

Thank God, John Hambledon's life was saved; and better than that, he obtained the forgiveness of sins and became the happy possessor of eternal life as a free gift from God (Romans 6. 23). By faith he saw Christ dying in his room and stead, and found joy and peace in believing. He immediately commenced to preach Christ and Him crucified, and God greatly owned his ministry in the conversion of sinners. The same One who delivered John Hambledon from going down to the pit is willing to save *you*. Do you believe that *you* are a guilty sinner deserving of nothing but wrath and woe? If so, He who is "mighty to save" is willing to blot out the past and justify you from all things. Hearken to His royal proclamation: "Be it known unto you therefore, men and brethren, that through this Man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins, and by Him ALL THAT BELIEVE ARE JUSTIFIED FROM ALL THINGS" (Acts 13. 38, 39). "The Blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin." Believe on Him at this moment and be saved for eternity. A. M.

THE RUSSIAN REBELLION.

THE roaring mob surrounded the Winter Palace, threatening death to the Imperial pair, who were watching from within. Suddenly Nicholas took his six-months-old child in his arms and stepped out on the balcony, facing the crowds which surged like a sea in the vast Palace square. He was young and a splendid specimen of a man this Emperor Nicholas, in the heyday of his magnificent strength. He did not speak, but stood there—the baby in his arms. A silence fell on the mob, a silence more awful than its rage.



THE CELEBRATED WINTER PALACE OF ST. PETERSBURG.

Then came a tempest of cheers and sobs. The dynasty was saved. The people were ready to die for their Emperor and his heir. That must have been a thrilling spectacle, and great was the courage of Nicholas I. of Russia in thus facing his rebellious subjects.

I wish to show you a contrast to this scene. The world was in rebellion. Men turned their backs upon their God and rightful Monarch, and would not have His will. He sent His servants to them, but they would not hearken; they did not want their God. "I have one Son, I will send Him." This was God's resource. "I will show Myself to

The Russian Rebellion.

men. I will display My grace, My character before them, and I will do this in the Person of My Son. They will reverence Him." From heaven to earth came Jesus—the Son of God—and men beheld Him; with tender heart and gracious mien He walked before them, showing forth the heart of Him who sent Him. But when men saw Him they discerned no beauty in Him; they cried, "Let us kill Him," "Away with Him," "Crucify Him." The world's rebellion was not quelled by the sight of God's beloved Son; instead, it found its culmination in His murder. Oh, how exceeding sinful is the sinfulness of men; how black their base ingratitude!

But how stand you in this matter, so intensely grave? Are you still in the world, rebellious, or have you been reconciled to God, who sent His Son? The murder of the Son of God did not drive back the river of His grace; instead, the death He died at Calvary has opened wide the flood-gates of that river, and to-day there is pardon—full, free, and eternal—for all who, repenting, turn to God. Oh, behold the beauty of the Lord, so full of love and so exceeding fair with every heavenly grace, and know that every gracious word and act He spoke and did was but the setting forth of God. The death He died at Calvary is the proof of God's great love. In His face to-day from heaven's throne there shines the light of God's full grace, and all this is for you. Be no longer rebellious. "We pray you, in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God" (2 Cor. 5. 20).

"I know that whatsoever God doeth, it shall be for ever; nothing can be put to it, nor anything taken from it" (Eccles. 3. 14). How happy, then, is the lot of those who have been justified by God, for His verdict is final; there is no appeal from His decision; it is unchangeable for ever. It matters not what men may say of those whom God has justified. They can say "If God be for us, who can be against us? Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect? It is God that justifieth; who is he that condemneth? It is Christ that died, yea rather, that is risen again, who is even at the right hand of God, who also maketh intercession for us" (Rom. 8. 31-34). Soul-emancipating words are these. Can you say that they are true of you? If not, turn to that God who in this bright Gospel day has taken to Himself the wonderful title of "Him that justifieth the ungodly" (Romans 4. 5), and you will be justified and saved. J. T. M.

THE HIGHLAND MOTHER'S LOVE;

— OR, —

THE REFUGE IN THE CLEFT OF THE ROCK.



"THE NIGHT BEFORE THEY HAD SEARCHED IN VAIN.

The night before they had gone forth with lanterns and searched in vain. Daylight brought hope. They have reached the pass. A cry is uttered by one of the searchers, as he sees a bit of tartan cloak in the snow.

THE HIGHLAND MOTHER'S LOVE.



FROM the mountain-pass the widow's dwelling was ten miles off, and no human habitation was nearer than her own. She had undertaken a long journey, carrying with her her only child, a boy two years old. The morning when the widow left her home gave promise of a lovely day; but before noon a sudden change took place in the weather. Northward, the sky became black and lowering. Masses of clouds rested upon the hills. Sudden gusts of wind began to whistle among the rocks, and to ruffle, with black squalls, the surface of the lake. The wind was followed by rain, and the rain by sleet, and the sleet by a heavy fall of snow. Weary, and wet, and cold, the widow reached that pass with her child. She knew that a mile beyond it there was a mountain hut which could give shelter; but the moment she attempted to face the storm of snow which was rushing through the gorge all hope of proceeding in that direction failed. To turn home was equally impossible. She must find shelter.

After wandering for some time among the huge fragments of granite which skirted the base of the overhanging precipices, she at last found a sheltered nook. She crouched beneath a projecting rock, and pressed her child to her trembling bosom. The storm continued to rage. The snow was accumulating overhead. Hour after hour passed. It became bitterly cold. The evening approached. The widow's heart was sick with fear and anxiety. The child—her only child—was all she thought of. She wrapped him in her shawl; but the poor thing had been scantily clad, and the shawl was thin and worn. The widow was poor, and her clothing could hardly defend her from the piercing cold of such a night as that. But whatever might become of herself, her child must be preserved. The snow, in whirling eddies, entered the recess, which afforded them at best but miserable shelter. The night came on. The wretched mother then stripped off almost all her own clothing and wrapped it round her child, whom at last in despair she put into a deep crevice of the rock, among some heather and fern. And now she resolves at all hazards to brave the storm, and return home in order to get assistance for her babe, or perish in the attempt. Claspings her infant to her heart, and covering his face with tears and kisses, she laid him softly down in sleep, and rushed into the snowy drift.

The Highland Mother's Love.

That night of storm was succeeded by a peaceful morning. The sun shone from a clear blue sky, and wreaths of mist hung along the tops of the mountains, while a thousand waterfalls poured down their sides. Dark figures, made visible at a distance by the white ground, may now be seen with long poles examining every hollow near the mountain-pass. They are people from the village, who are searching for the widow and her son. The night before they had gone forth with lanterns and searched in vain. Daylight brought hope. They have reached the pass. A cry is uttered by one of the searchers, as he sees a bit of tartan cloak among the snow. They have found the widow—dead! her arms stretched forth as if imploring assistance! Before noon they discovered her child by his cries. He was safe in the crevice of the rock. The story of that woman's affection for her child was soon read in language which all understood.

Many a tear was shed, many a sigh of affection was uttered from sorrowing hearts, when on that evening the aged pastor gathered the villagers into the deserted house of mourning, and by prayer and fatherly exhortation sought to improve for their soul's good an event so sorrowful.

More than half a century passed. That aged and faithful man of God had long ago been gathered to his fathers. His son, whose locks were white with age, was preaching to a congregation of Highlanders in one of our great cities. The subject of his discourse was the love of Christ. In illustrating the self-sacrificing nature of that "love which seeketh not her own," he narrated this story of the Highland widow, whom he had himself known in his boyhood, and he asked, "If that child is now alive, what would you think of his heart if he did not cherish an affection for his mother's memory, and if the sight of her poor, tattered shawl, which she had wrapped around him in order to save his life at the cost of her own, did not fill him with gratitude and love too deep for words? Yet what hearts have you, my hearers, if, in memory of our Saviour's sacrifice of Himself, you do not feel them glow with deeper love and with adoring gratitude?"

A few days later a message was sent to this clergyman by a dying man who requested to see him. The request was speedily complied with. The sick man seized the minister by the hand, and, gazing intently in his face, said:

The Highland Mother's Love.

"You do not, you cannot recognise me. But I know you, and knew your father before you. I have been a wanderer in many lands. I have visited every quarter of the globe, and fought and bled for my king and country. I came to this town a few weeks ago in bad health. Last Lord's Day I entered your church, where I could once more hear, in the language of my youth and of my heart, the Gospel preached. I heard you tell the story of the widow and her son." Here the voice of the old soldier faltered—his emotion almost choked his utterance; but recovering himself for a moment, he cried, "*I am that son!*" and burst into a flood of tears. "Never, never did I forget my mother's love. Well might you ask what a heart should mine have been if she had been forgotten by me. But, sir, what breaks my heart and covers me with shame is this—until now I never truly saw the love of my Saviour in giving Himself for me; until now I never realised the meaning of the words, 'The Son of God who loved me and gave Himself for me' (Gal. 2. 20). I confess it! I confess it!" he cried, looking up to heaven, his eyes streaming with tears; and, pressing the pastor's hand close to his breast, he added, "Praise be to His holy Name that my dear mother did not die in vain; for the love of my mother has been blessed in making me see as I never saw before the love of my Saviour. I see it; I believe it. I have found deliverance in old age where I found it in my childhood—in *the cleft of the Rock*; but it is the **ROCK OF AGES!**"

And clasping his hands he repeated with intense fervour, "Can a woman forget her sucking child, that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb? Yea, they may forget, yet will I not forget thee!" (Isa. 49. 15). The Highland mother's love was for her darling boy indeed great, yet it fades into insignificance when compared to the love of God to sinful men. "For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life" (John 3. 16). Rest in that love! Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, who loved *you* and gave Himself for *you*, and you will be saved and commence to sing—

"Yea, fainter than the star's pale ray
Before the noontide blaze of day,
Is all of love than man can know,
All that in angel hearts can glow,
Compared, O Lord, with Thine!"

NORMAN M'LEOD.

"THAT'S ME;"

— OR, —

HOW A HIGHLAND SOLDIER WAS LED TO THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.



TYPICAL MEMBERS OF A SCOTTISH REGIMENT.

"Fast toll wing on the death of the men came the death of one of his brother officers, who was also attacked by fever. In five short days he was no more seen—was buried!"

"THAT'S ME."



YOUNG officer in the year 1844 was quartered with his regiment in one of the West India islands. Yellow fever had overtaken them, and several of the soldiers had died. Fast following on the death of the men came the death of one of his brother officers, who was also attacked by fever. In five short days he was no more seen—was buried!

The subject of this narrative was appointed to command the firing-party over the grave of his late comrade. A Presbyterian minister read the burial service, after which the regiment marched back to barracks. During the march the commanding officer fell to the rear and got into conversation with the minister, who after a little while suddenly turned towards him, saying, "Where do you think your soul would have been had you died instead of him?" The officer hesitated, and then answered, "I think I should have been in hell." "That is a very solemn answer, and God will remember it," replied the other, adding, "I trust you will remember it too."

Five years passed away, and this same officer found himself with his regiment in another quarter of the globe, having passed through many vicissitudes, many dangers, in seasons of small-pox, ship-fever, and cholera, which had sobered his mind and often recalled his own words, "I think I should have been in hell."

About this time he fell in with a brother officer of his father's, who, seeing him in mourning, received him into his quarters one evening and said to him, "In the next room there is going to be a Bible-reading for young officers; if you like to come in, you are welcome; if not, here are your candles and plenty of books, and you can amuse yourself here until we have finished." However, he preferred going in, and sat down amongst them. All this was very new to him, and he understood little of what passed, but had to own, "These men have something, a happiness I have not." This made a great impression on him.

One evening, as he sat thinking over his life, he asked himself, "What is my life? It is eat, drink, die, and be lost!" Why not ask the same question, What is your life? and what will your end be? It is worth reflecting upon, surely. So soon our journey here will be over. Whither bound? Well, thank God, this officer did think it worth

"That's Me."

pondering, and so asked himself, "What is my life?" The conclusion arrived at was, "It is eat, drink, die, and be lost!" Now, on that evening he was thoroughly in earnest. But he was without a guide; he was sailing on Life's sea without a chart. He did not possess a single copy of God's Book—God's Word—the only words that can give light.

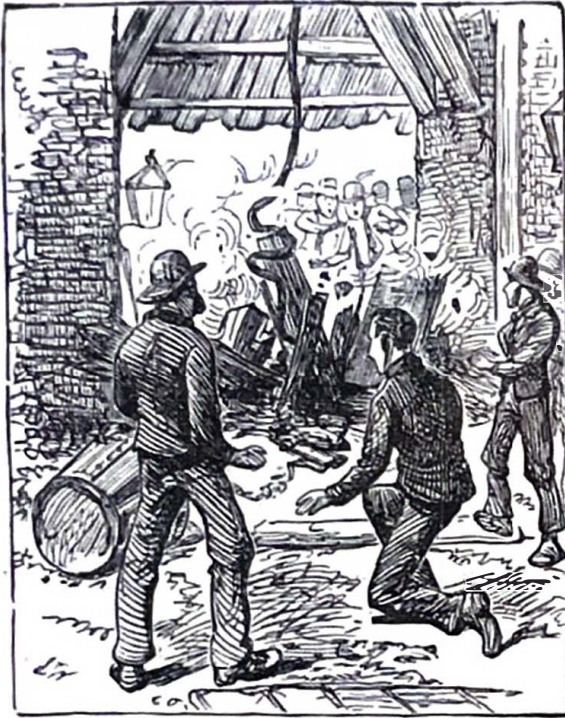
On the next morning following this memorable evening of downright earnest thought, he went and bought a Reference Bible and began to read the Gospel of Matthew, with the references, accompanied by prayer that God would open his eyes. He read with deep interest, being in real earnest about his soul, trying all the time to mend his ways so as to please God, and in this way to get to heaven. His soul was deeply exercised, at the same time discouraged about himself. His failures disheartened him—so soon the "new leaf" turned over was blotted by sin. He was about three weeks reading Matthew. When he had finished that gospel he turned to the Epistle to the Galatians. On coming to the third chapter he stopped at the tenth verse, "For as many as are of the works of the law are under the curse, for it is written, Cursed is every one that continueth not in all things which are written in the book of the law to do them." After reading the verse he exclaimed, "THAT'S ME! I am keeping myself under the curse by trusting to the works I am doing."

He then prayed, "Lord, what shall I do? I am trying to do my best." Thus he continued on his knees. On rising, he took his Bible and read on to the thirteenth verse, "Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of the law, being made a curse for us: for it is written, Cursed is every one that hangeth on a tree." Again he exclaimed, "That's me, too! I am redeemed from the curse of the law, Christ being made a curse—HE TOOK MY PLACE." The scales fell from his eyes. God had answered his prayer and opened his eyes. Opened his eyes on what? on whom? On Christ! on Christ on the Cross! His eyes were turned from himself to the Saviour, and joyfully he cried, "He took my place."

Can you say with him, "He took my place"? If not, why not? Your sins are your only title to the Saviour, for Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners; and the precious Blood is our only title to the presence of God.

May God bless this true story to your soul, so that you too may be able to say, "He took my place." L.

A LOVED ONE AT THE BOTTOM.



SOME time ago an explosion in a coal-mine in England hurried many souls into eternity without a moment's warning. Soon a great crowd gathered about the entrance, appalled by the terrible calamity, and in an agony of anxiety to know its full extent. Fathers and mothers, wives and sisters, stood speechless with horror, or filling the air with their cries of distress.

All felt that an attempt must be immediately made to bring up from the depths

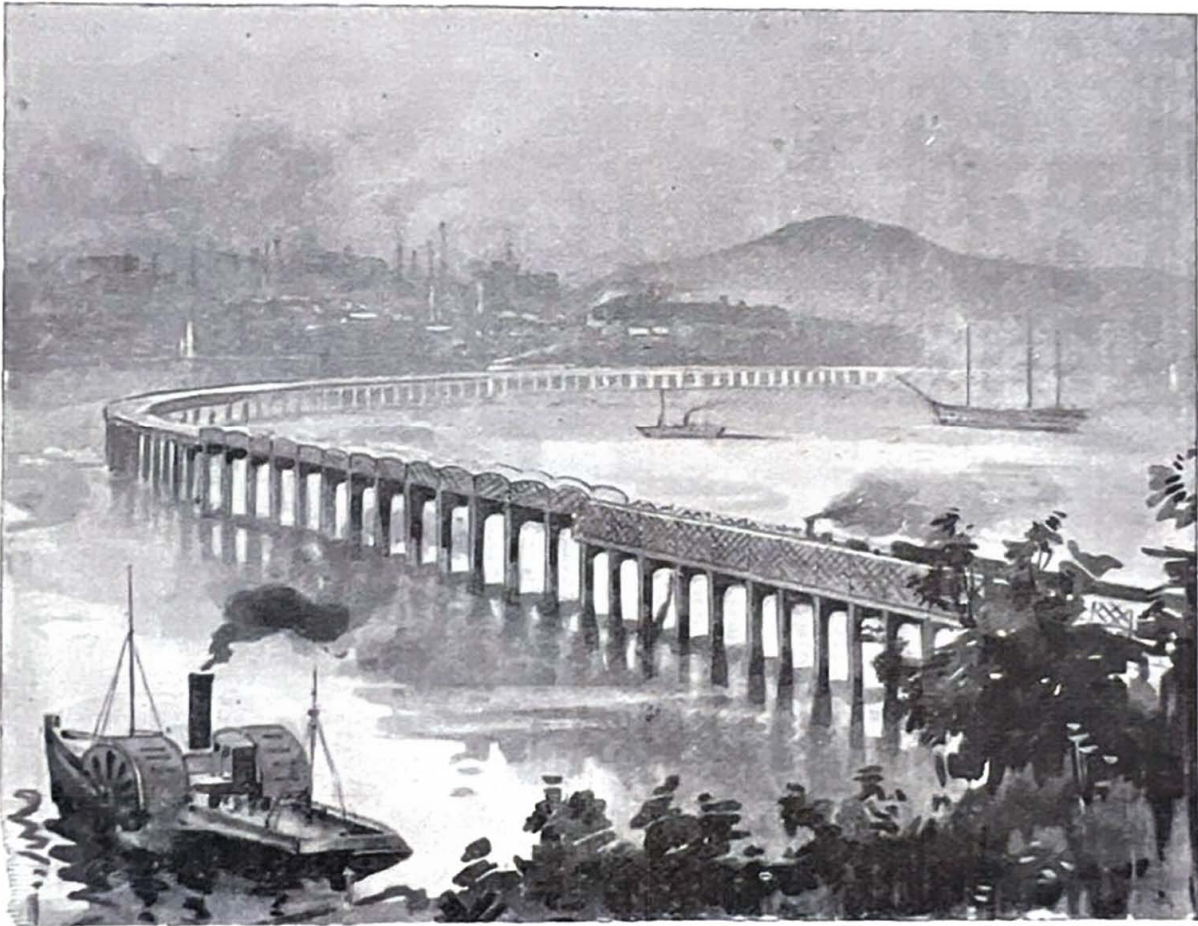
the bodies of the dead, and to rescue any who had escaped destruction. But where was the man willing to imperil his own life by descending into the pit? A person of commanding influence in the community succeeded in gaining the attention of the throng, and asked if any were ready to face death by entering the mine? Instantly a number stepped forward with uplifted hands, each firmly saying, "I will go"; and go they did without the least hesitation. "But," said a Christian who witnessed the thrilling scene, "I noticed that none volunteered except those who had a *loved one at the bottom.*"

Just so it was with Him who left the throne of glory and the courts of heaven to come to our relief. He had many loved ones at the bottom, although they loved Him not, and He refused to be detained where all was bright and beautiful. When He was the daily delight of His Father, "rejoicing always before Him," He was also, He tells us, "rejoicing in the habitable part of His earth; and My delights were with the sons of men" (Prov. 8. 31).

It is not a question, then, of weeping, and vowing, and praying, and turning over a new leaf, and trying; for all that, and a thousand other things we may undertake, will not get us out of the pit; but it is a question of trusting Jesus. "He that believeth on ME HATH everlasting life" (John vi. 47). "Whosoever believeth that Jesus is the Christ is born of God" (1 John 5. 1). H. MOORHOUSE.

NO MESSAGE FROM THE OTHER SHORE.

ON that night of storm and tempest when the Tay Bridge fell, a railway surfaceman who lived near to the spot had a strange fear of coming calamity. The Sunday evening train had yet to cross, and would soon be due to start on what proved to be its last run. Just to see how things would go, the surfaceman clambered up into the signal-box, where he could hear the clicking of the telegraph instruments, and keep the signalman company, for each moment



THE TAY BRIDGE ACROSS THE RIVER TAY AT DUNDEE.

the storm raged with increasing fury. The train came duly into the station, the passengers took their seats as they had often done before, the whistle sounded, and she was out of sight in the darkness—crossing the great Tay Bridge, while the greatest tempest of many days was at the height of its fury. The signalman touched the handle of his instrument and signalled “Train on line” to the cabin on the other side of the raging flood. Then both men waited for the telegraphic signal that the train had covered the intervening “block” and had crossed the river in safety. The silence

No Message from the Other Shore.

in that cabin was unbroken save for the howling of the storm without. The minutes dragged themselves slowly on. But the telegraph instrument uttered no sound. "Is the train not due yet on the other side?" said the surfaceman. "Yes," said his companion, "but we will give her a minute or two yet." There was silence again, until the stillness became oppressive. "Send a message," said the impatient watcher; "ask if she has reached the cabin at the other end of the bridge." The operator at once caught the handle of the telegraph instrument to send his message across; but the needle did not move. Under ordinary circumstances the needle would have clicked responsive to the touch, thus intimating that the current had flashed to the other shore and back again in the twinkling of an eye, but the needle was motionless. "Try another instrument," said his companion. He tried another, and another, but all were silent. There was NO MESSAGE FROM THE OTHER SIDE. The silent needle told to these two men in language more eloquent than words that an awful tragedy had taken place. They looked at each other in consternation, for in that awful moment they knew that the whole train with its living freight must be engulfed by the raging waters.

"No message from the other shore!" Often have these words reminded us that a Day is coming when those who have rejected the Christ of God shall want to send a message to "the other shore." Scripture tells us something about this. It tells us of those who shall "stand without," and knock, saying, "Lord, Lord, open unto us." But He from within shall answer saying, "I know you not whence ye are" (Luke 13. 25). Unsaved reader, whether you are concerned about your soul just now I know not; but of this I am certain—you will be concerned some day. You may not be in earnest now; but the day is coming when you shall be in earnest. But it will be too late then. You have had your chances. You have heard of Jesus, and His love untold, and His cleansing blood, and His power to save. Is it to be recorded of you that you rejected the entreaties of His love? You would not have Him as your almighty Saviour. Therefore the day draws on apace when you *must* meet God, and meet Him *in your sins!* Then shall come to pass what is written in the Scriptures, "Then shall they call upon Me, but I will not answer; they shall seek Me early, but they shall not find Me" (Prov. 1. 28). Then

No Message from the Other Shore.

shall you long for a message from the other shore—a message that shall never come, even unto the ages of Eternity!

The two men, feeling certain that the train had gone to its doom, descended from the signal station and crept on hands and knees along the bridge to see if haply they might discover some trace of the train. After proceeding some distance the metals seemed to have disappeared, and as they crept cautiously forward they saw nothing before them but yawning blackness. Far down beneath them poured the raging waters. They understood it all now. The centre part of the bridge had been blown over into the river, carrying the whole train into the waters. Not a single soul survived to tell the tale of that awful night. As the bridge went over, every telegraph wire was snapped. No current could travel over these broken wires, and this explained how no message came back from the other shore.

It may be that you have friends on "the other shore." How terrible, then, must be your condition if you shall yet cry out for mercy when mercy's day is for ever past, and find no answer but the eternal silence. Think upon it—to be separated for ever from the blood-washed throng that surround the throne, and to find your eternal portion "where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched."

Are you prepared for this? Have you counted the cost? Have you weighed what it means to be a lost soul for all eternity? Arouse thee, O unsaved one, and believe the proclamation of God's redeeming love in the gift of His Son. Take your place before Him as a lost and hell-deserving sinner and receive the gift of God, which is eternal life in Jesus Christ the Lord. And the moment you are *in Him* you shall be in direct communication with "the other shore." Christ is the great Telegraph Wire between heaven and earth—a wire that cannot be broken by any accident of time—an everlasting bond that winds above and waves below can never move.

Are you willing to be saved *now* on God's terms? Then delay not. Procrastinate no longer. This very hour believe, and receive, and confess Him, for it is written, "If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved. For with the heart man believeth unto righteousness, and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation" (Rom. 10. 9, 10).

W. S.

THE BIGGEST FOOL IN THE VILLAGE.



AT a certain village fair a prize was offered for the biggest fool in the place. Enquiry being made, a man was found who had refused to tell the doctor the truth as to the symptoms of his disease, and the judges were unanimous in awarding the prize to this man.

There are not many such fools in this world; as a rule people are ready enough to tell the whole truth to the doctor, if by so doing they can enable him to understand their

case and administer the proper remedy. YET THERE IS A FOLLY OF WHICH THOUSANDS ARE GUILTY, which is infinitely more disastrous in its results. The folly to which I refer is the refusal to confess the truth as to their condition before God.

God declares that men and women are guilty, and not only guilty, but helpless altogether in the matter of their soul's salvation. He says, "*There is none righteous . . . There is none that doeth good*" . . . "*All the world guilty before God*" (Rom. 3).

Many overlook these solemn statements, or perhaps they do not believe them, thinking, forsooth, that their own estimate of themselves is the true one, and that God has been mistaken. This is stupendous folly, and I trust that my reader is not guilty of it, but if you are I would bid you think of its fearful results. If you are not a guilty sinner, you cannot claim the Saviour, and if He is not your Saviour, *there will be no room in heaven for you*, and if you miss heaven you must have hell, and in hell you will learn how terribly you have been deceived.

But all that God says about you is true. His testimony is reliable, and before Him you are a poor, corrupt sinner. If you would acknowledge all this, you would find a perfect remedy in the Saviour whom God has provided. **JESUS CAN MEET YOUR CASE, HE KNOWS IT EXACTLY, AND HE IS THE ONLY ONE WHO CAN BRING YOU SALVATION.**

J. T. M.

TO-NIGHT OR NEVER!

A REMARKABLE STORY WITH A REMARKABLE SEQUEL.



"HE WENT TO HIS WORK IN THE COAL-PIT HAPPY AND REJOICING."

TO-NIGHT OR NEVER!



THE tract with above title was issued about the year 1872. It has had a large circulation, and has been blessed to numbers. In 1882 the publishers received a letter from a well-known Christian worker in London who afterwards became secretary to the Young Men's Christian Association, with headquarters at Exeter Hall, from which there has long been a sterling testimony to the saving truths of the Gospel:

High Beech, Essex, May 4th, 1882.

Gentlemen,—Can you kindly supply me with the name and address of the writer of a tract published by you entitled "TO-NIGHT OR NEVER"? I much wish to write and thank him personally for it. By God's blessing it was the means of my conversion eight years ago. I shall be extremely obliged to you if you can favour me.—I am, Gentlemen, yours truly, E. J. K.

The information having been supplied as desired, the following interesting letter was received by the author of the tract, ALEX. MARSHALL, editor of *The Herald of Salvation*:

High Beech, Essex, June 5th, 1882.

Dear Sir,—I beg to thank you for your letter and kind promise of works, which I shall greatly prize. I have long wished to make the acquaintance of the writer of "TO-NIGHT OR NEVER," as I owe so much to the message contained therein. It was given me by Mr. A—— (my brother-in-law) eight years ago on April 19th, and was blessed to me the same evening. Since then I have given away many thousands of them, and have learned of their being owned by God in many cases.

I have belonged to the Evangelisation Society for the last six years, and God has been pleased to use me to many. I write this that you may feel encouraged in thus learning even of *one* brand plucked from the burning. I earnestly pray that God may bless you more and more in the work. May I ask your prayers for myself that I may more thoroughly "know Him and the power of His resurrection."

Again thanking you for your valuable tract, I am, yours affectionately in Christ, E. J. K.

Since then Mr. K—— has taken up more distinctive preaching work, and with a number of helpers has been greatly owned in leading "many from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God."

AT the close of a meeting held some time ago in a mining district in England, a stalwart miner, in deep anxiety of soul, walked up to the preacher, to enquire what he had to do to be saved. God's Word, through the power of the Holy Spirit, had touched his heart, and he had made the awful discovery that he was a lost sinner on the way to eternal perdition.

The servant of Christ unfolded to him the way of

To-night or Never!

salvation. He told Him how God, in infinite love and pity, had given His Son to be the sinner's Substitute, and bear the judgment of sin in the sinner's stead. He showed him, from Scripture, that the Lord Jesus, the ever blessed Son of God, came into the world "to seek and to save that which was lost": how He of His own free will gave His life a ransom for us, so that God's righteous sentence of *death* as the wages of sin having been borne by our Divine Substitute, all who simply believe in Him—all who rest on His finished work—are saved. All seemed dark to the miner. The burden of unforgiven sin pressed heavily upon him. As the hours passed, the preacher urged him to turn from self and sin, and look to "*the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world.*" No impression appeared to be made, and as it was now eleven o'clock the preacher told the miner it was time to go home, suggesting that he should return to the chapel on the following evening.

With an agonizing look the poor fellow replied, "No, I won't leave; *it must be settled to-night or never!*"

They remained together. Hours passed and he did not lay hold of the soul-saving truth; but as the clock struck three the light of the glorious gospel suddenly burst upon him. He saw and believed the glorious fact *that the work of Christ on the cross had satisfied the justice of God on account of his sins*, and joy and peace filled his heart. Rising from his seat, and clasping his hands together, he exclaimed,

"IT'S SETTLED NOW, CHRIST IS MINE!"

He thanked the servant of God who had been the instrument of leading him to the Saviour, and soon afterwards went to his work in the coal-pit, a happy and rejoicing, because a *saved*, man.

In the course of the day a sudden crash was heard by those in the neighbourhood of the pit, and it was rumoured that part of the roofing of the mine had fallen in, burying a number of miners beneath it.

As quickly as possible men were set to work to excavate the earth, in order to rescue those who were known to be underneath. After working for some time they heard a sound, and digging with renewed energy in the direction whence it proceeded, they reached the converted miner. Life was not quite gone, for he was speaking. Eagerly they listened, and the words they caught were these: "*Thank*

To-night or Never!

God, it was settled last night." They were the last words he uttered. When taken out life was extinct. The happy, redeemed spirit had "departed to be with Christ, which is far better." Little did the miner think how solemnly true the memorable words which he had uttered the preceding night were to prove in his own case—" *It must be settled*

TO-NIGHT OR NEVER."

Unsaved reader, let this incident speak to your inmost soul. You intend, no doubt, to come to Christ "*some time,*" but why not *now*? Why put off, for a more "convenient season," the most momentous question of your existence? If he whose conversion we have just related had delayed the matter of his soul's salvation *even for a day*, what would have become of him? Crushed almost in a moment out of Time into Eternity, with all his sins upon his head, what would have been his awful doom? And are *you* sure of a time of repentance? Are you sure that you will ever see to-morrow's sun? You *know* you are not. Oh, then, flee to Christ *now*; rest on His finished work *to-day*, so that, even if called away in an instant, as the poor collier was, you will be able to say with him, "*Thank God, it was settled last night!*" He waits to bless and save you as you read these lines. Think of His sufferings and death on Calvary's Cross. Harken to that echoless cry: "My God, My God, *why hast Thou forsaken Me?*" The answer to that question is contained in John's Gospel, chapter 3, verse 16: "For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." Think of God's amazing love to you! He so LOVED you as to give the Delight of His heart to bleed and suffer and die that you might not perish, but have everlasting life.

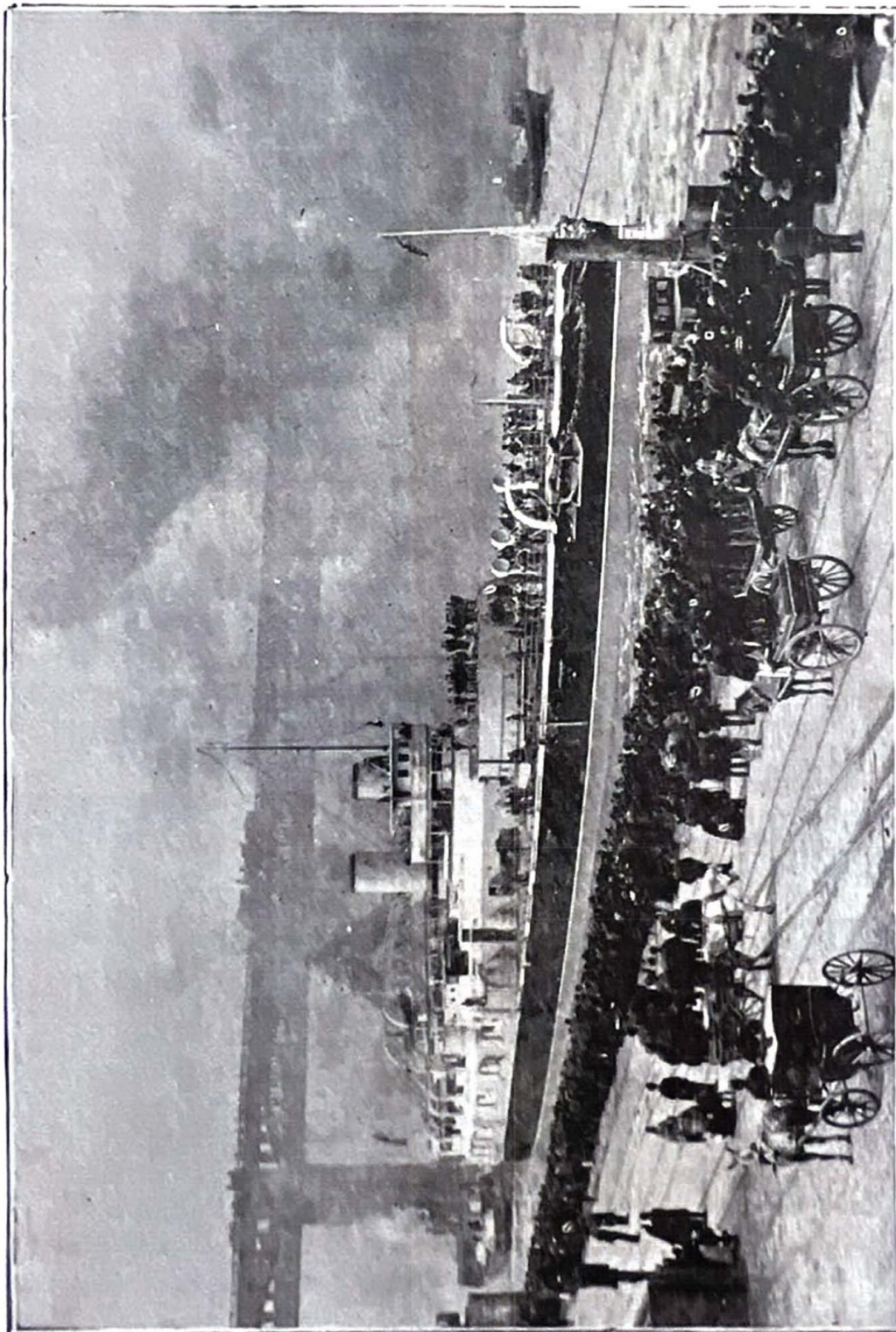
How simple! How grand! How glorious! "Whosoever believeth in Him," who did all the difficult work and paid the ransom price with His precious blood, "shall not perish." Believe, then, on Him, and be saved in a moment, and saved for Eternity (John 5. 24; Rom. 10. 9; Acts 13. 38, 39). Delay not! for "Behold, *now* is the accepted time; behold, *now* is the day of Salvation!" (2 Cor. 6. 2, 3).

"To-night may be thy latest breath,
Thy little moment here be done;
Eternal woe—the second death—
Awaits the Christ-rejecting one.
Thine awful destiny foresee!

TIME ENDS, AND THEN——ETERNITY!" A.M.

THE RAMMING OF THE "VICTORIA;"

OR, SIX MINUTES TO GET READY FOR ETERNITY.



THE "VICTORIA" LEAVING NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.

THE RAMMING OF THE "VICTORIA."



AS the morning of 23rd June, 1887, dawned, close on 500 brave man-o'-war's men rose to their posts of duty on board the *Victoria*, little dreaming that ere night fell nearly four hundred of them would be seventy fathoms deep in the waters of Tripoli Bay. Yet so it was! The Mediterranean Squadron of thirteen battleships, after sailing in parallel lines for some time received orders to change into single file, when by some mistake the first-class warship *Camperdown* ran into the flagship *Victoria*, cutting a tremendous hole with her "ram" or knifelike stem into the side of the admiral's ship, with the awful result that in six minutes from the time of impact the monster vessel, ten thousand tons in weight, turned over and went down head-foremost, carrying with her to a watery grave 359 officers and men.

Six minutes to get ready for Eternity, and that on a sinking vessel amid the excitement and noise of a dreadful catastrophe. Alas! that was not much! and yet who dare say that many of those brave sailors were not trusting to their dying day to get ready to meet God. How foolish! How much more foolish of *any of us* doing the same after such a warning!

Then, death came, as it often does, when it was least expected. They were on board a mighty vessel, 120 yards long, elaborately provided with water-tight compartments, on the calm and peaceful Mediterranean in broad daylight, and in view of the whole fleet with dozens of lifeboats, thousands of cork life-belts, and numerous steam launches all round them. Why, the last thought would be about bidding farewell to the scenes of Time and entering upon the scenes of Eternity. Yet the unexpected became the unwelcomed reality.

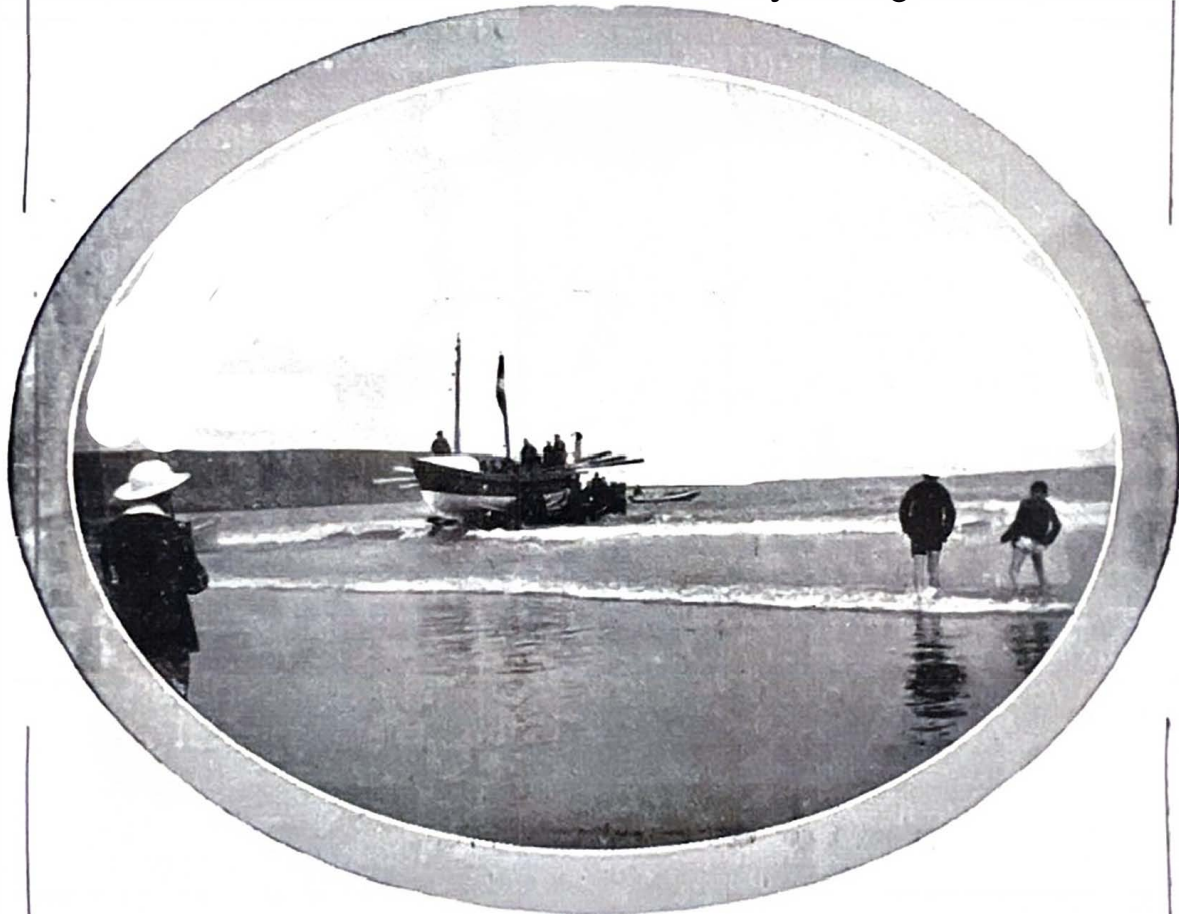
Surely if we learn any lesson from this dire calamity it will be this one: "On sea or land prepare to meet thy God at any moment," for truly "we know not what a day may bring forth" (Prov. 27. 1). Any moment we may be launched from the shores of Time into the ocean of Eternity!

"But how am I to 'prepare'?" you say. Jesus gave instructions Himself when He said: "He that heareth My WORD and believeth on Him that sent Me hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation" (John 5. 24). Some of the sailors of the *Victoria* "believed on the Lord Jesus Christ," and were blessedly ready. Why should not you? "Believe and be saved."

HYP.

The RUSSIAN SAILORS and the LIFEBOAT.

WE have stood on the shore of the rocky coast of Northumberland where, years ago, a Russian ship was wrecked. Sailing from a Baltic port, she was caught in a terrific gale, stuck hard and fast on the dangerous submerged rocks about a mile from land, and was fast becoming a total wreck when the coastguardsman sighted her, and signalled to the nearest lifeboat station for immediate assistance. Soon the lifeboat, drawn by strong horses, was



LAUNCHING THE LIFEBOAT - A TRIAL TRIP.

hauled through the surf and sped on her way to the wrecked Russians. Nearing the doomed vessel the lifeboat crew were amazed to hear in Russian and broken English the cry, "KEEP AWAY! KEEP AWAY!!" Whatever could it mean. At that time the Crimean war had just closed, and the Russians, not knowing that peace had been declared, thought this strongly-built, well-manned boat was coming to take them prisoners and convey them to a British dungeon. Instead of that, and as it would have been with war or no war, the noble sailors were risking their lives to rescue their comrades in distress.

The Russian Sailors and the Lifeboat.

In vain the captain of the lifeboat shouted that they had come to save. The only response was, "Keep away! Keep away!!" At last the captain, seeing that no time was to be lost, sprang on board the wreck, followed by half his crew, and seizing the Russian captain, dragged him into the boat, then one by one the shipwrecked sailors followed. Then a strong pull for the shore, which was scarcely reached when the ship went to pieces. The poor sailors instead of being imprisoned were laden with love, provided with suitable clothing, and in due time sent home free of all expense. If they had only known that peace had been proclaimed, how different their feelings. If sinners only knew that the Lord Jesus Christ has "made peace through the Blood of His Cross" (Coloss. 1. 20), how many would change their mind concerning God's salvation. Have *you* repented? If not, change your mind now, for spite of your sins, God loves you; spite of your unworthiness, Christ died for you; spite of your indifference, the Holy Spirit is still striving with you.

If the Russians had only understood the aim of the British tars they would have welcomed them with joy instead of crying, "Keep away!" If sinners only knew that "God is not willing that *any* should perish, but that *all* should come to repentance" (2 Peter 3. 9), instead of crying, "We will not have this Man to reign over us," they would cheerfully exclaim, "Come into my heart, Lord Jesus; there is room in my heart for Thee." Do *you* understand that God will save you?

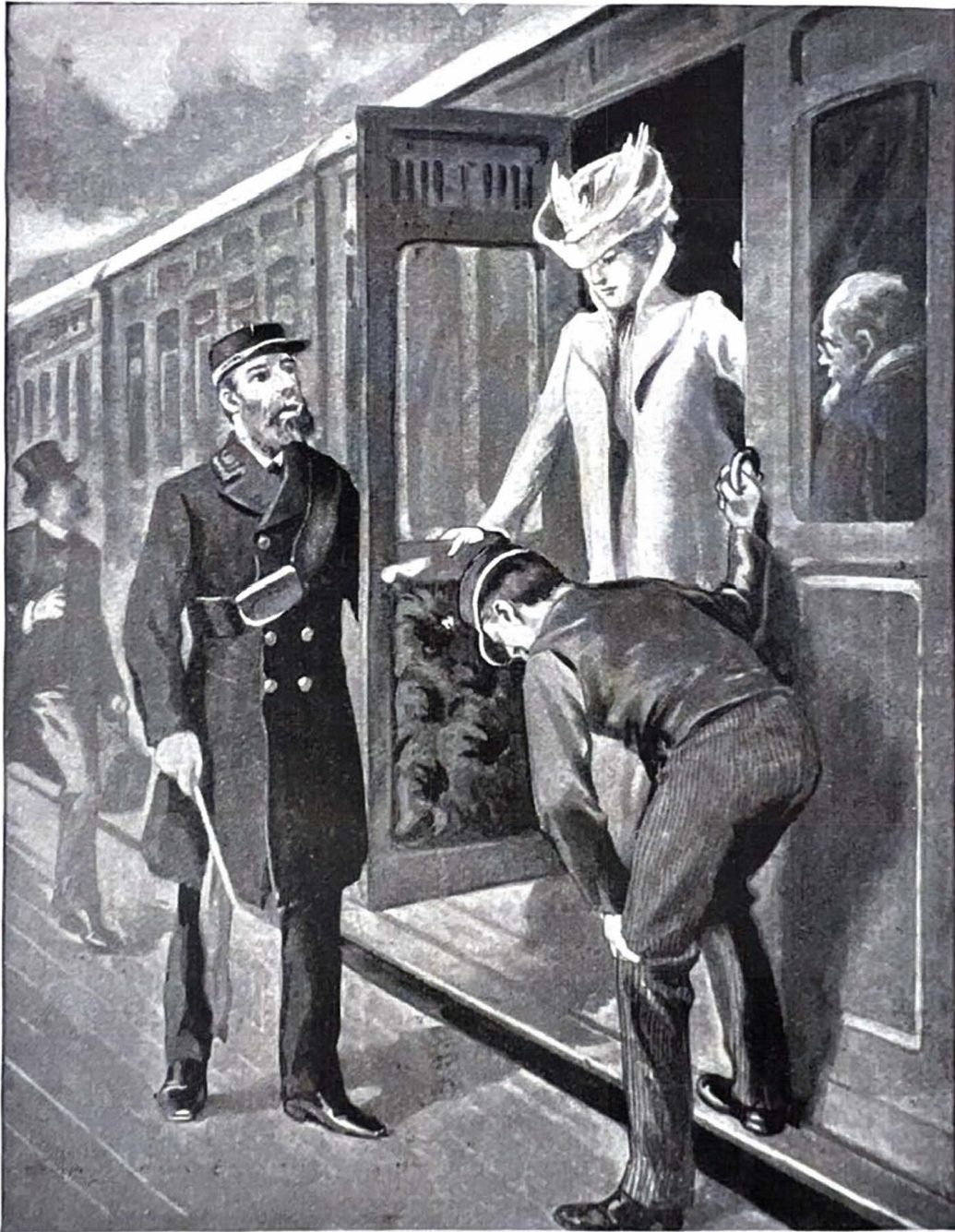
If the Russians had only had right information, right minds, and right actions, they would have been only too ready to jump into the lifeboat at once. So when a sinner rightly understands God's way of salvation, is in his right mind concerning eternal verities, and in a right condition to act wisely concerning his precious soul, he promptly and joyfully accepts the Lord Jesus Christ as his own and only Saviour for time and for eternity. Have *you* acted thus?

No sinner ever "committed unto Him" the keeping of his soul but had a safe landing, a free passage, a welcome home far exceeding all he could ask or think. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ," and this will be your happy experience. "If thou be wise, thou shalt be wise for thyself" (Prov. 9. 12). Be wise, then, and accept the Saviour for "thyself" to-day.

THE LOST TICKET;

— OR, —

THE ALL-SUFFICIENT PASSPORT TO THE HAVEN
OF ETERNAL REST.



"GUARDS AND PASSENGERS SEARCHED RIGHT AND LEFT."

"Will you have the kindness to tell me how a person is to have eternal life *insured*, and how he is to know it with certainty; in other words, what is his ticket for Heaven, and how is he to know when he has got it?"

THE LOST TICKET.



THE London train was just about to leave the Exeter platform when a lady exclaimed: "I have lost my ticket!" Her concern became so great that guards and passengers searched right and left, but the ticket could not be found. After the confusion had subsided, I said to my fellow-passengers: "Is it not very strange that there should be such anxiety about this ticket, which is but the passport of a day, and may soon be forgotten, while so many have no concern whatever about the journey of life, or whether they have a ticket that will pass them into Heaven at last? You may see a man get his insurance ticket, post it to his friends, and look as if he had done a very prudent act." "Is it not," I said again, "strange that man should be so prudent and thoughtful for present things, and yet not care to have eternal life insured? Oh, that there were the same desire to have the passport of salvation, and to know it." A gentleman in the compartment stood up and said: "Will you have the kindness to tell me how a person is to have eternal life *insured*, and how he is to know it with certainty; in other words, what is his ticket for Heaven, and how is he to know when he has got it?"

It was evident from the man's manner that he felt the question to be of the utmost importance. I said: "We will take the case of a life insurance for illustration: A man insures his life in a certain office; he believes the large figures stating the amount of capital paid up to be real; the policy is deposited in the safe keeping of his banker, lest he should lose it himself. Now, I ask, how does he know for certain that his life is, as it is called, 'insured'?"

"Oh," said the man, "he cannot doubt it if he has confidence in the company and in his bankers."

"Very well, to carry out the figure—when I look to God for salvation, I am assured that the capital has all been paid up. Neither gold nor silver, words nor figures, can express the priceless value of the precious Blood of Christ; and, remember, the Cross was no instalment, leaving future calls to be met by sinful man. Oh, no! all was paid. The price of redemption was paid to the full, and paid for ever."

"But what is the life policy, and how am I to know that I have it?"

"Christ risen from the dead is the life policy. God has

The Lost Ticket ; or, Is Your Life Insured ?

shown His full and eternal satisfaction and joy by raising that Blessed One from the dead, and exalting Him to the highest glory. Now, as Christ thus died for our iniquities, His being raised again declared that His death had put away our sins. Yes, His resurrection was as really for our justification as His death was for our sins. Unless the question of sin is seen to be for ever settled *by Christ for us*, we never can have full assurance of faith as to final salvation. Christ having finished the great work of atonement, and having ascended up on high, the Holy Ghost came down from Heaven with the glad tidings of salvation through the Blood of Christ, and of eternal life in Him who is alive from the dead. All who have, through grace, believed this testimony have been saved. The illustration, then, holds good; just as when the capital of an insurance company is real, and a life policy deposited in safe keeping, where it can neither be lost nor stolen, even so the believer knows by faith in God's word that the atonement for sin has been made, and that Christ is his life policy, for 'He is our life;' 'he that hath the Son hath life.' He is at God's right hand for us, where we can neither lose Him nor can aught possibly take Him away. Faith says: 'Because He lives, we shall live also.' Christ alive from the dead—raised to glory—is the believer's life policy, his passport to Heaven. If my salvation were in my own keeping I should be sure to lose it. 'Therefore, being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ.' The love of God is shed abroad in the heart, and the Spirit bears witness that I am a child of God."

"This seems very clear," said the man; "but will you allow me to state a difficulty I have had for many years?"

"Oh, certainly."

"Well, sir, it is this: I read in the Epistle to the Romans that 'justification is entirely through Christ, by faith, without the works of the law,' and this has given me comfort; but then I read in James: 'Ye see then how that by works a man is justified, and not by faith only.' Now, sir, this has perplexed me for many years."

"At first sight," said I, "there seems a contradiction, but it is only in appearance. In Romans the great question of *justification before God* is discussed, and before Him nothing short of absolute perfection can stand, and hence Christ alone being perfect, we can only be justified by and in Him.

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But in James it is *justification before men* : ‘ Ye see, brethren,’ and men can only judge by works. Abraham was justified before God by faith at the birth of Isaac ; but he was justified by works, before men, *thirty years after* when he offered him up. True faith is sure to work by love, and is sure to produce fruits. If you believe the kindness of a person to you in your need, you are sure to be affected by it. We love God because *He first loved us*. But where so many make a fatal mistake is, in the vain attempt to produce works before justification. When you see your neighbour’s chimney smoke in the morning, what do you think ? Why, that the fire *has been kindled*. There is sure to be smoke if the fire is supplied ; but you don’t make smoke first. One person might speak of the kindling of the fire within ; another might speak of the smoke seen without. There would be a great difference, but no contradiction. The Spirit, by Paul, speaks of the kindling of eternal life within ; by James, He speaks of its manifestation without ; surely both are true.”

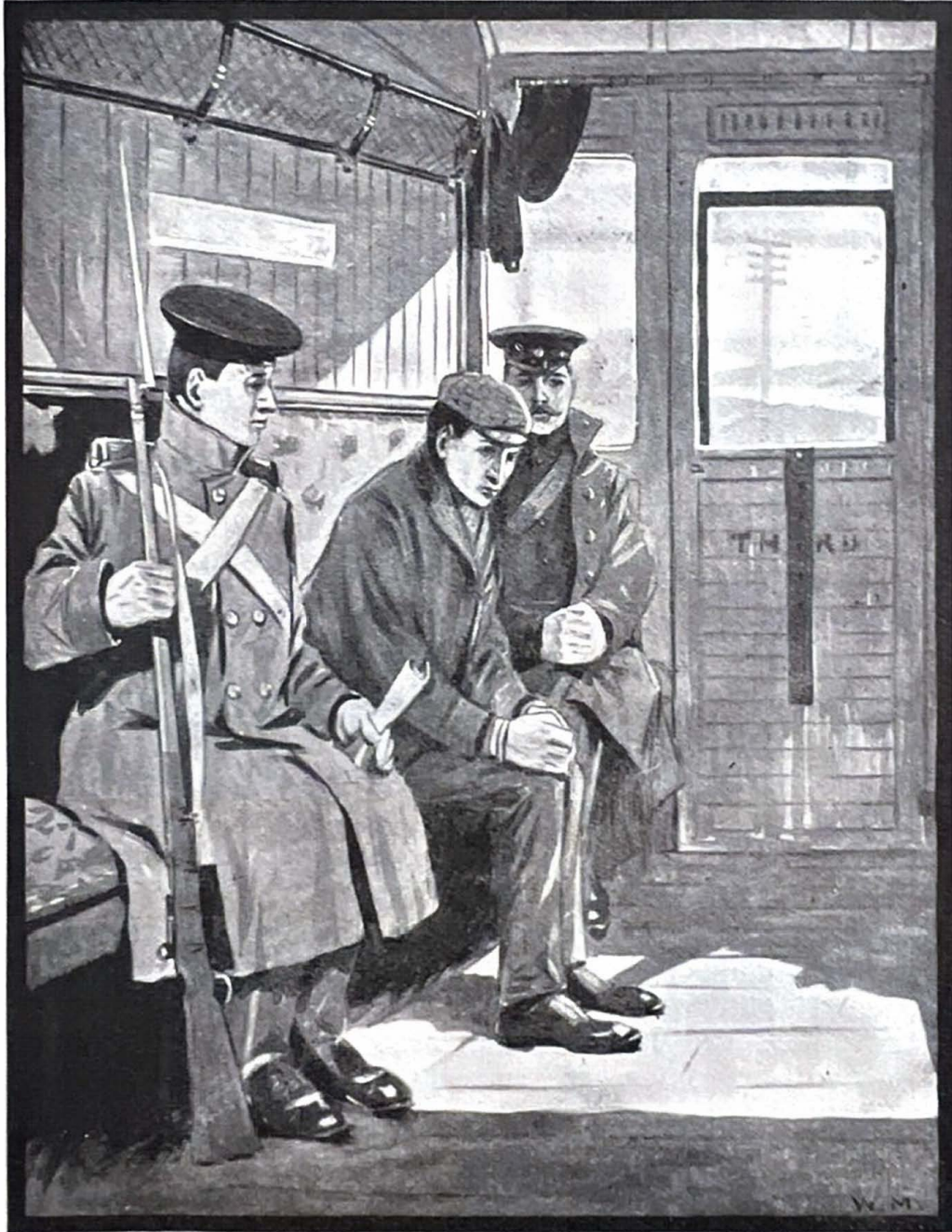
The man left the train with an expression of real thankfulness ; his last words were : “ I hope to tell to others the Gospel I have heard this day—SALVATION FIRST, AND WORKS AFTER.”

Is your life insured in Heaven ? Can you look by faith at Christ Jesus, in the presence of God, and say, He is my righteousness, my passport ; He has taken possession of Heaven for me ? Does Christ dwell in your heart the hope of glory ? Or, are you gliding along the rails of life without a ticket ? You may be a professor ; you may be trying by self-righteousness to buy a ticket, and hope some day to get one—that is, to be saved. It won’t do. If God deals with you on that ground you are lost. However you may deny the death of Christ, God never can. No, no, He will not *sell* you the ticket. It must be a free gift. The gift of God is eternal life, even Christ—God’s greatest gift of love.

It is no use saying you are doing the best you can. What ! do you mean you are doing the best you can whilst seeking to be saved in some other way than by God’s free gift to lost sinners ?—eternal salvation, in, through, and by Christ ? “ Oh, but,” you say, “ my frames and feelings.” Ah, you will never be saved by looking at frames and feelings. Look away from your feelings—simply to Christ. Never rest till you have found the Lord Jesus Christ to be the all-sufficient passport to the haven of eternal rest. c. s.

THE HANDCUFFS, OR THE DESERTER:

A PICTURE OF THE DELIVERANCE FROM SERGEANT SATAN AND THE
HANDCUFFS OF SIN.



"HANDCUFFED, SEATED BETWEEN A PRIVATE AND A SERGEANT."

"The poor deserter appeared to be about forty years of age. He had been a deserter many years, but had become so exceedingly miserable that he had given himself up to the authorities."

THE HANDCUFFS; OR, THE DESERTER.



I WAS walking along the Birmingham platform for a few minutes before the train started for Bristol, when my attention was drawn to a deserter, handcuffed, and seated between a private and a sergeant. His features betrayed distress of mind. The thought suddenly occurred to me, if my Master were here, He would take His seat by the side of this man. Yes, Lord Jesus, Thy heart was too full of compassion ever to pass by a distressed sufferer. These thoughts led me to take my seat opposite the poor man. I sat some time in silence, thinking of the mercy of God in delivering me from Sergeant Satan and the handcuffs of sin.

The poor deserter appeared to be about forty years of age. He had been a deserter many years, but had become so exceedingly miserable that he had given himself up to the authorities. Having been thus severed from those most dear to him on earth, I found his heart was too full of sorrow to bear much conversation; but the following, as nearly as I can remember, took place with the sergeant. "You seem to have brought your captive some distance?" "Oh, yes, sir, from beyond Glasgow!" "Indeed! It must be very painful to have had the hands in that bound position so far." "Oh, yes, sir!" The man's heart seemed nearly as hard as the bayonet by his side.

"Well, sergeant," said I, "have you got *your* handcuffs off yet? or are you still led captive by the devil? He knows that sin will *handcuff* a man, and drag him along to judgment and endless woe. It's sore work, sergeant, to be dragged like that?" "Well, sir, I'll tell you, I think a soldier will have less to answer for than anybody. He is not tempted to rob and cheat like the commercial man, and indeed he's a good-hearted fellow, only he gets a little too much grog sometimes."

"Ah! there you may be mistaken. I think I can show you a greater sin than taking the drink. I will suppose this prisoner, first to have been led to enlist through the influence of drink. Granted, then, that drink has made him what he is. He may cast a look far behind him and

The Handcuffs; or, the Deserter.

say, My sin in drinking has broken the heart of my poor wife; has dragged me from my crying children"—(here the tears began to run down the face of the poor deserter)—“Well now, sergeant, if an officer from the Horse Guards were to meet you on your way, say at Cheltenham, with the good news for our friend here, that a great ransom *had been paid*—that the government had sent down his discharge—now, sergeant, which would be the greater sin—the drunkenness that has brought all this misery on himself and his poor family, or the hard-hearted cruel sin of refusing to trust to the ransom purchased at so great a price? Oh! let me tell you, sin has brought us into bondage, misery, and death. Satan has thus handcuffed man to himself. This man might sleep and dream there was no sergeant here, and no handcuffs; but when he wakes up he finds it is only a dream. You are still there. And men may dream there is no devil to whom they are bound by sin and dragged by lust; but, when they truly awake, they find this bondage a terrible reality. But, ah! if you knew the love of God to us poor, handcuffed sinners! Even while we were yet sinners, God gave a price for our ransom. Yes, ‘while we were yet sinners Christ died for us’ (Rom. 5. 8). The ransom price *is paid*—God *has* accepted it, even the precious blood of Christ, for God hath raised Him from the dead, and sends a *free discharge* to every sinner that believeth. (John 3. 16).

“Now, sergeant, how long would it take you to unfasten the handcuffs of this poor man?”—(here the sergeant took out a little key and showed me how soon it could be done)—“That little key is like faith. Yes, even so soon the soul that believes God’s testimony, that on the Cross the *ransom has been paid* (1 Tim. 2. 6)—that through Jesus is preached the forgiveness of sins—that *by Him* all that believe *are justified*—yes, even so soon that soul is free. The chains of sin and condemnation are broken for ever. Now, sergeant, which is the worst sin—that which brought the guilt and condemnation, and which is hurrying man to judgment and to everlasting destruction, or that cruel sin of rejecting and despising the wondrous love of God in giving His only begotten Son? Yes, rejecting *the only ransom*, even the blood of the Son of God.”

The sergeant seemed never before to have heard these “words of life.” And, oh! how comforting it was to my

The Handcuffs ; or, the Deserter.

heart to see the face of that poor deserter brighten up with joy! The Lord opened his ear at least to hear the Gospel of the grace of God.

Are you still a bond-slave of Satan, hurrying on to eternity? Let me ask you, Who can deliver you but Christ? The handcuffed prisoner could not deliver himself. I asked him what he could do. Ah! he could scarcely get his hand to his eyes to wipe off the tears. I asked the sergeant what he would think of a would-be officer who should deny the sufficiency of that ransom which had been sanctioned by the sovereign, and should begin to speak thus—"Ah! true, it was a great price: but do not believe the government will discharge you without you *do something* to increase the value of that ransom, and when you have done all that you can you may merely hope for liberty. Do not be so presumptuous as to *believe* that message of pardon." The sergeant could not endure even the thought of such cruel lies.

And is not this the great lie of the day? You are virtually told not to believe the all-sufficiency of the finished work of Christ, *though God Himself has accepted the ransom*, and proved this by raising Him who offered it from the dead. You are told that God will not pardon your sins *for Christ's sake only*, that He will not give you a free discharge from the power of sin and Satan, *through the death and resurrection of Jesus Christ alone* (Rom. 4. 25). You are exhorted to "do the best you can"—*best*, eh!—when *there is no best* in a handcuffed sinner. "Keep the law!"—when God Himself says, If that were possible, Christ has died in vain. Away with such lies! Turn to the Word of God. Read Romans 3; 1 John 4; Hebrews 10. Believe the testimony of God to the value of the blood of Christ (1 John 1. 7). He is sincere. It is true that he that believeth on the Lord Jesus Christ shall be saved (Acts 16. 31).

But you ask, Are there to be no good works? Oh, yes! But are *the handcuffs on or off?*—that is the question. The soul that has really been delivered from the power of Satan will never forget its liberation. "We love Him, because He first loved us" (1 John 4. 19). "God is love, and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him" (1 John 4. 16). Believe, then, on the Lord Jesus Christ, and the handcuffs will drop off, and you will be a free man in Christ Jesus. "Behold, *now* is the accepted time." Delay not. c. s.

"I HAVE MY TICKET";

OR, "I MUST FIRST RECEIVE SALVATION, AND THEN I SHALL FEEL
SURE THAT I HAVE IT."



"I HAVE IT—THAT IS A CERTAINTY."

**"Just so, also, I have salvation. I do not hope I may be saved.
I have not to ask now to be saved—I have salvation.
Through God's unspeakable mercy I am saved."**

"I HAVE MY TICKET."



WAS passing Worcester Station the other day, when a young man entered my carriage. As he sat down I took out my ticket and showed it to him, saying, "Young man, I have my ticket." "Yes, sir," he replied, "I see you have it." I said further, "I do not hope to have it sometime. I have not now to ask for one, or wish I had a ticket; I have it—that is a certainty. Just so, also, I have salvation. I do not hope I may be saved; I have not to ask now to be saved—I have salvation. Through God's unspeakable mercy I am saved."

The young man looked with astonishment, and said, "Well, this is very strange; I could have got to Birmingham for about half the fare by the other line, but somehow I could not book that way. Something said I must come by this train, and I felt I must get into this carriage. Now I'll tell you: there is a man works in the same shop with me, and he says the same thing as you say. He says he has eternal life; and mind you, he not only says so, but everything he does shows he has. Bless you! he has no fear of death at all; and when he has any trouble, this having eternal life makes him so quiet and happy that I cannot help feeling that he has got something that I have not, do you see? And no matter how we chaff him at the shop, we cannot touch him, for he has *eternal life*. He tells us he has found eternal life by reading and believing the Bible. For myself, I must tell you, I used to read Tom Paine and Voltaire; but somehow, when I got reading at night, I said, 'Tom Paine, thou canst not give me eternal life;' and I felt so miserable I banged the book on the floor." As he said these words he suited the words by action, with great earnestness, and then, putting his hand in his side pocket, he brought out a beautiful edition of a pocket Bible, and said, "I have now got the Book that makes known eternal life, but I cannot say that I have eternal life. I want to *FEEL* that I have it!" I said to him, "When the clerk laid your ticket on the window-board this morning, did you say I must first *FEEL* that I have it before I take it: or did you first take it, and then feel that you had it?" "Oh," he said, "I see now how simple it is. I must first receive salvation, and then I shall feel that I have it."

Many have the very same difficulty that this person had. Instead of believing the Word of God, in His glad tidings

"I Have My Ticket."

of pardon and life through Jesus Christ, you look, and look within, wishful to find some unknown amount of feelings in which you may rest, or at least on which you may base a hope of being saved. Thus you stand at the window, waiting for feeling, and all the while refusing the grace of God. Now, what do you want to feel? "Why," perhaps you say, "I must feel very sorry for my sins, and I must feel that I have forsaken them, and I must feel that now I love God. I have often tried to feel all this, but I have always failed. And yet I must feel all this before I can be saved—must I not?" No, my friend, if these feelings were God's conditions of salvation, not one soul would be saved. Now, let us look in the New Testament and see. I cannot find one place where it says if you feel sorry for your sins you shall be saved. The answer to the jailer's question, "What must I do to be saved?" was not "Be or feel sorry for thy sins, and thou shalt be saved." Nothing of the kind. They pointed him to a very different object than himself or his feelings—even to Jesus. They said, "*Believe* on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." And that same hour "He rejoiced, *believing* in God with all his house." On another occasion (Acts 8), as Philip preached Jesus to the eunuch, and set forth the great sacrifice for sin, the eunuch said, "See, here is water, what doth hinder me to be baptised?" Did he reply, If thou feelest sufficiently sorry for thy sins? Was this the condition? Were his feelings needed to add to the atoning value of the blood of Jesus? Oh, no. Nothing but faith was needed to connect him with Jesus, or to warrant his showing forth that union in death and resurrection, by baptism. "If thou believest with all thy heart, thou mayest; and he answered and said, I believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God." He was at once baptised, "and he went on his way REJOICING." The Apostle Paul does not say, "The Gospel which I preached unto you, by which also ye are saved," was that you should *feel* this or that. No; he says, "How that Christ died for our sins, according to the Scriptures; and that He was buried, and that He rose again the third day, according to the Scriptures." Now, if there were no barriers then to exclude the sinner from Christ, why should you put your feelings now as a perpetual hindrance to your receiving Christ as your complete Saviour? Then Jesus and the resurrection was preached—never human feeling—never amend-

"I Have My Ticket."

ment, resolutions, or sorrow for sin, as conditions of God's free GIFT—ETERNAL LIFE.

The Gospel finds man blind as to God's character of love, and morally dead in sin. It reveals God in the blessed Jesus. God is love. The cross—ah! there the sinner sees the goodness of God. The infinite love of God—what a sight! This, and this alone, leads to repentance, or, as the word in the Greek always means, a change of mind. When Jesus, saving from the curse of sin by the death of the cross, is revealed to the soul, there is then that change of mind toward God—that knowing God which is eternal life. This is faith in the Lord Jesus Christ—this is repentance toward God. It is only as I gaze on the cross of Jesus that I can ever learn to feel what sin is. Blessed Jesus! Thy precious blood cleanseth me from the guilt, and delivers me from the power, of sin! If I look back at my feelings or my doings, all is failure and sin; and hence, if these have aught to do with my salvation, all is darkness and uncertainty. But looking at the cross of Jesus my Lord, I find no failure. "It is finished." With all my coldness, and unworthiness, and sin, I do believe; and hence I can say I am saved. "The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin" (1 John 1. 7).

If you have been brought to give up all dependence on self, your feelings, your sorrows, or your tears, then hear the words of Jesus. He says, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that heareth My Word, and believeth on Him that sent Me, HATH everlasting life, and SHALL NOT come into condemnation, but is passed from death unto life." Again, He says, "MY SHEEP HEAR My voice, and I know them, and they follow Me; and I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of My hand" (John 10..27, 28). Think of those words—"eternal life," "hath everlasting life," "shall never perish," "neither shall any man pluck them out of My hand."

Is this your present and eternal portion? Then, can you say, "Worthy is the Lamb"? and "I have eternal life"? Do not rest satisfied with a mere hope of being saved. It will not do to tell the collector you hope you have a ticket. You had better secure one at once "through faith in our Lord Jesus Christ" (Rom. 5. 1), then you will rejoice in the knowledge of sins forgiven, and as you journey through life you will be able to say, "I have my ticket." CHAS. STANLEY.

"JUST IN TIME";

— OR, —

A WORD FITLY SPOKEN, WHICH BECAME A BLESSING FOR ETERNITY.



"IT WAS A STRUGGLE TO REACH THE TRAIN."

"He took his seat by my side; bang went the door. I said, '*And the door shall be shut.*' I do not remember that another word passed between us."

"JUST IN TIME."



HE porters at Sheffield station had cried, "Take your seats for Derby and the South," when I observed a man making the utmost exertion to reach the train before it started. It was a struggle. "All right!" shouted the guard. The driver answered with a whistle. The train moved. The man was just in time. He took his seat by my side; bang went the door. I said, "AND THE DOOR SHALL BE SHUT." I do not remember that another word passed between us.

Two years afterwards, when I had quite forgotten the circumstance, a friend of mine met with the same man, who told him that those words, "And the door shall be shut," produced such a solemn impression on his mind that he could not by any means forget them. When he awoke in the morning, and all day long, they sounded in his ears. The madness and danger of delaying his salvation to the last moment became so evident that he believed that circumstance had been used of God in bringing him to Christ.

Those are, indeed, solemn words in that prophetic parable of the ten virgins, "And the door was shut" (Matt. 25. 10). The Gospel train is fast filling; the last person will soon be in it; and then can you tell what you would feel, not to be just in time, but just too late? Would you like to be one who shall cry, "Lord, Lord, open unto us?" when the only answer will be, "I never knew you: depart from Me, ye that work iniquity" (Matt. 7. 23).

Hark you! the Gospel porters cry, "Take your seats." But you will say, "I have not paid my fare; and, worse still, I cannot pay it." Do you really own this to be true? Have you tried to pay your fare to heaven by good works, and do you own that you are still a vile and worthless sinner? Whether you say so or not, God says so: "The Scripture hath concluded all under sin." Yes, you stand at the station, and though the price required is immense to pass you from the kingdom and power of Satan to God, yet, strange as it may seem, those only can take their seats who have nothing of their own to pay. The full price has been paid, even the precious blood of Christ. That which many a poor soul wants to be done has been done. "IT IS FINISHED" (John 19. 30). Ask God Himself if the death of Christ for your sins is not enough to justify you in taking your seat, and enough to justify Him in receiving you to

"Just in Time."

glory? The resurrection of Christ is God's answer to both these questions. If God gave Jesus to die for our sins, and thus to pay the fare in the giving up of His own life, God also raised Him from the dead for our very justification. Take your seat, then, and who shall condemn you? "It is Christ that died, yea, rather, that is risen again, who is even at the right hand of God; who also maketh intercession for us." Take YOUR SEAT, rest in the finished work of Christ. Who dare, or can, take us out of God's train of grace? "Who shall separate us from the love of Christ?" (Rom. 8. 35).

But you say, "This is very strange; a porter told me that I had to do much by prayer and amendment of life, and by deep repentance, before ever I could take my seat in God's train. I have been trying for years, but I do not know how much would satisfy God for my fare. I never before heard that it was all done, and that my ticket must be a free gift, because my fare has been paid, even the blood of God's Son." The porter that told you this story of works for salvation belongs to another company, and you will not find a passenger in his train who knows his fare is paid for heaven. I was once on that line myself, but I never was happy. I found it all tunnel, and we had no light in our carriage, and then it was down-hill, and so fast, and all uncertainty as to where we were going, that I do thank God for stopping the train and making known to me His free grace.

But you say, "There must be repentance." Yes, and repentance is that change of mind when a person believes the testimony of God concerning the death and resurrection of Christ—that is, that all who believe ARE justified from all things. And you say, "There must be a forsaking of sin and the world." True, but I never saw a person get faster away from the place than by taking his seat in a train. Do you desire to give up sin and the world? Then "believe on the Lord Jesus Christ," and, "without money and without price," take your seat in a finished salvation. Do you want to be fifty miles from a given place in one hour? The power of steam can take you; you quietly trust this power; the train takes you. It is not you who takes the train. Then take your seat, realising that the death of Christ has paid your fare, and the mighty power of God shall bear you onward far away (John 1. 12), and land you in Glory.

The devil has many lines, all of which lead to hell. There is only one to heaven. Jesus alone is the Way, the Truth,

"Just in Time."

and the Life. You may say, "Do not bother me; I will not travel on any line." In that you are greatly mistaken. Travel you must. Every day is a day nearer heaven or hell. Look at the crowd about you; and let me ask, where is the crowd that thronged this world a hundred years ago?

But hark again! there is One speaks from heaven: "Behold I come quickly!" His words are fast fulfilling. The professing Church is as He said it would be: "While the bridegroom tarried, they all slumbered and slept." Some are saying, "We will not believe He is coming." Others, "We will not have Him to reign over us." Few, very few, are waiting for the Son of God from heaven. But the Word of God assures us He will suddenly come, and take the world with as great a surprise as the flood in the days of Noah, or the destroying fire of God that fell when the sun had arisen on Sodom (Matt. 24. 37-39).

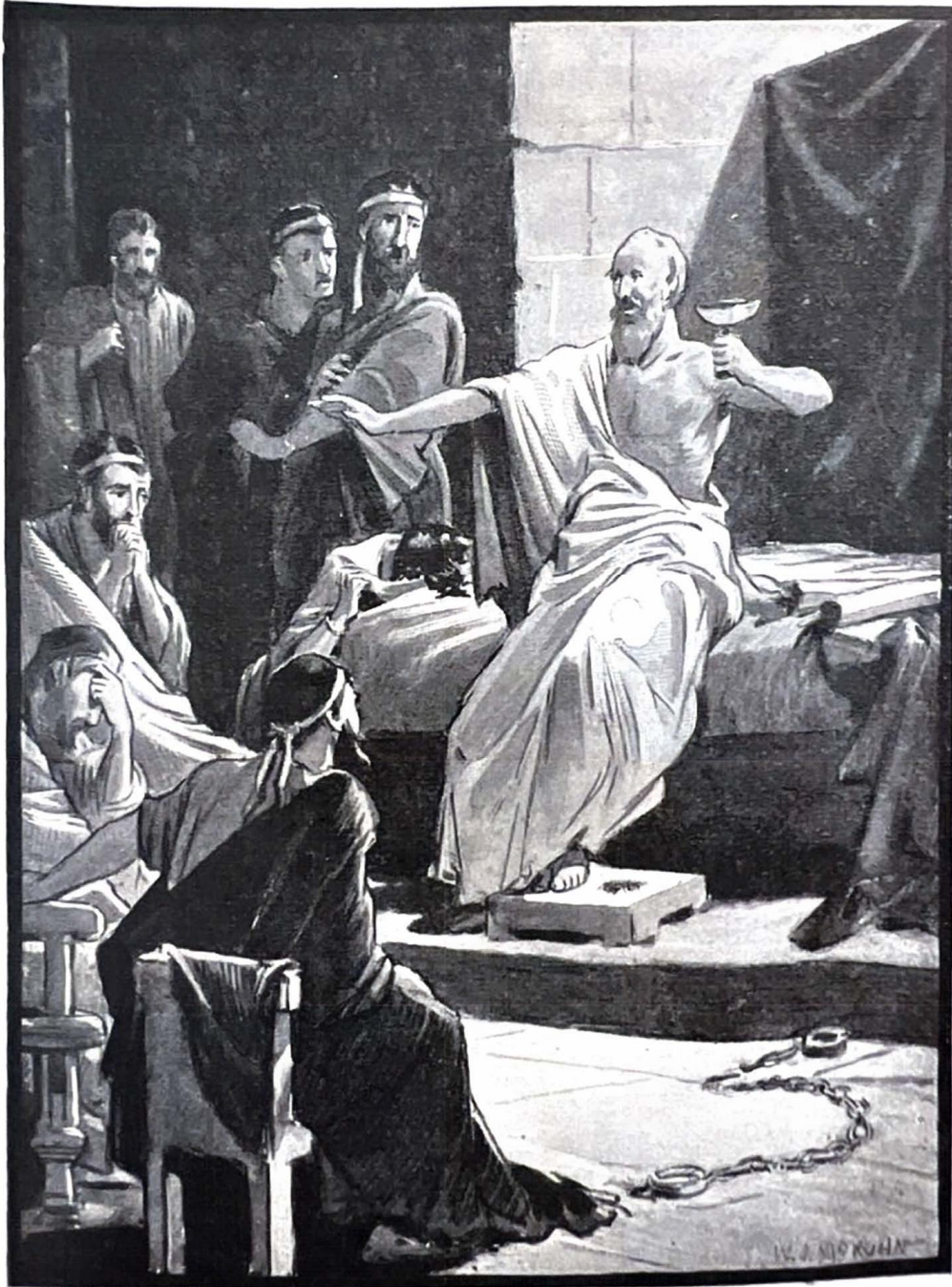
Men may laugh now, as men laughed then; and scorners may say, "Where is the promise of His coming?" But, after years of prayerful searching of the Scriptures, I take God at His word, and tell you plainly that "they that are ready shall go in, and the door shall be shut." And how soon no one knows. "For the Lord Himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God; and the dead in Christ shall rise first. Then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air: and so shall we ever be with the Lord!" (1 Thess. 4. 16, 17). What an event! It may happen to-night!

Are you ready? Can you say, "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly"? You tremble at the thought. Your sins! Ah! you could not bear to meet the Lord with them unpardoned. Oh! come, then, at once to the Cross. None ever sought forgiveness and were denied. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved" (Acts 16. 31). There are thousands of professors whose lamps are gone out, or going out, and who have no oil in their vessels. Think of the midnight cry! awake from that fatal slumber! Flee to the Lord Jesus Christ for salvation, then you can trim your lamp; gird up your loins; be like one that waits for *your* Lord. "For yet a little while, and He that shall come will come, and will not tarry." And then, farewell, poor world of sorrow, sin, and death: welcome, bright eternal joy! and unspeakable bliss! for ever with the Lord! CHARLES STANLEY.

SOCRATES AND THE HEMLOCK CUP;

— OR, —

THE DOCTRINE OF SUBSTITUTION AND ITS MEANING
TO THE SINNER.



"A NUMBER OF FRIENDS ASSEMBLED IN HIS PRISON CELL."

"On the day of his execution, when a number of his friends and relations were assembled in his prison cell, he discoursed to them on the immortality of the soul."

SOCRATES AND THE HEMLOCK CUP.



OVER 2000 years ago, Socrates, the renowned Grecian philosopher, on a charge preferred against him by his enemies, was condemned to death. During the thirty days that intervened between the passing of the sentence and its execution, his courage never failed. An opportunity of effecting his escape was offered, but he declined availing himself of it. On the day of his execution, when a number of his friends and relations were assembled in his prison cell, he discoursed to them on the immortality of the soul. As he embraced his grief-stricken wife for the last time, she expressed herself strongly as to the injustice of an innocent man perishing. To this he replied, "Would you rather see me die guilty?" On the arrival of the fatal moment, he took the cup of hemlock in his hand, and raising it to his lips quaffed the poisonous draught. On hearing his dear ones sobbing, he exhorted them to be calm, and when the poison laid hold of his vitals, he quietly lay on his back, and without a groan or murmur breathed his last. Thus perished one of the greatest of ancient philosophers. After his decease his innocence was established, and the Athenians punished his accusers with death or exile, and raised a temple to his memory.

Let us suppose the principle of substitution had been permissible in the laws of Greece. Supposing also that one of the prisoner's friends had voluntarily offered to become his substitute, and was accepted as such by the authorities. Suppose then, that he took the cup from the hand of Socrates, and, swallowing its contents, died before his eyes, would the philosopher be afraid that he should have to drink the poison? "Assuredly not," you reply. Why not? "Because another died in his room and stead." Allow me to apply the illustration. I am a sinner, and deserve "the wages of sin" (Roman 6. 23), which is eternal death. I cannot save myself, and "vain is the help of man." Prayers, good works, tears, or penitence cannot remove my sin, for "God requireth that which is past." Unless a Saviour is found, I must be for ever lost. It is utterly and absolutely useless to look *within* or *around*. My help must come from *above*.

In spirit I go back eighteen centuries, and enter Gethsemane's garden. As I stand in that hallowed spot, I see the Lord of life and glory, and hear Him pray—"My Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from Me: never-

Socrates and the Hemlock Cup.

theless not as I will, but as Thou wilt" (Matt. 26. 39). What "cup" does the Lord Jesus refer to? "The cup which My Father hath given Me, shall I not drink it?" (John 18. 11). By faith I stand at the Cross of Calvary, and as I gaze upon that suffering One I hear the mournful cry escape His lips, "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?" (Matt. 27. 46). I enquire the meaning of that cry. This was the first time that God had forsaken any of His faithful servants. Why then was Christ forsaken? As I ponder the words and seek to understand their meaning, the stillness is broken by the triumphant exclamation, "It is finished" (John 19. 30). I ask myself, "What is it that is finished?" As I meditate on the words, the glorious truth bursts into my soul, that Christ took the cup of wrath instead of me. He bore my sins in His own body on the tree (1 Peter 2. 24), and He who is of purer eyes than to behold evil, hid His face from His only begotten and well-beloved Son.

I am not now afraid to meet a holy and sin-hating God. Though deserving of eternal punishment on account of my sins, I believe that the Lord Jesus was wounded for my transgressions, and bruised for my iniquities (Isaiah 53. 5). God is fully and perfectly satisfied with the finished work of Christ, and I am satisfied with that which satisfies Him. If I were called into His holy presence, at this moment, and were asked the ground of my confidence, I could plead nothing excepting the precious blood of Christ. He who knew no sin, was made sin for me, that I might be made the righteousness of God in Him (2 Cor. 5. 21); and in the language of Martin Luther, I can say—"As Christ is before God, so am I in Christ."

Through believing the glorious Gospel of God's matchless grace, through resting his soul on what the Lord Jesus did and suffered for him, the vilest and guiltiest sinner on earth is cleansed from every stain. The very moment he believes on Christ he obtains forgiveness, eternal life, and becomes a son of God, an heir of God, and a joint-heir with Christ Jesus.

The Lord Jesus Christ drank the cup of God's wrath on your behalf, and now you may sing with your heart as well as with your lip:

" Death and the curse were in my cup;
Oh, Christ! 'twas full for Thee,

Socrates and the Hemlock Cup.

But Thou hast drained the last dark drop,
'Tis empty now for me.
That bitter cup love drank it up,
Now blessings draught for me."

Thank God, "That bitter cup love drank it up." On the ground of that "finished" work would you be afraid of meeting God? If you would it proves that you have not yet learned what His death has accomplished. If you understood what His death has effected for you, you would be able to give the answer of the negress who, on being asked the ground of her confidence, replied: "ME DIE, OR HE DIE; HE DIE, SO ME NO DIE." Would the reader be afraid of meeting God? "Yes," you reply, "I have great reason to be afraid of meeting Him on account of my sins." Suppose that for some crime you were condemned to drink a cup of poison. Suppose, however, that the principle of substitution were permissible, and that I offered myself and was accepted as your substitute. Suppose that I took the poison from your hand, and draining the cup to its dregs, died before your eyes, would you then be afraid that you would have to drink it? "No," you reply. Why would you not be afraid? "Because you drank it instead of me." Exactly so. A substitute took your place, and dying in your stead you have no cause for fear.

You who are working, striving, and struggling to obtain salvation, cease all such efforts. "To him that WORKETH NOT, BUT BELIEVETH ON HIM THAT JUSTIFIETH THE UNGODLY, HIS FAITH IS COUNTED FOR RIGHTEOUSNESS" (Rom. 4. 5). Your works are valueless in God's sight, for "They that are in the flesh cannot please God" (Rom. 8. 8). Why try to *merit* forgiveness, when God's Word declares that it is a gift? At an infinite cost, a free, full, and present salvation has been provided for you, and God beseeches you to accept of it as you read these lines—

"The work is done, it needs no more ;
Christ's death has opened heaven's door,
'Only believe,' the Saviour cried,
Believe, and thou art justified."

Ponder the precious, glorious, life-giving words, "It is finished." Christ has "finished" the mighty work of atonement. He has borne sin's penalty, and satisfied all God's righteous claims. Believe in Him who did it all, and paid it all, and you will be justified from all things (Acts 13. 38, 39). Rest not till you are saved for Eternity. A. M.

THE SECRET OF PEACE;

— OR, —

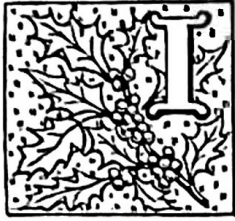
"I CANNOT SAVE YOU UNLESS YOU LET GO THE TWIG."



"LET GO THE TWIG! LET GO THE TWIG!"

"At last, the One below, whose voice she heard, but whom she did not see, said, in the most tender, solemn tones
'I cannot save you unless you let go the twig!'"

THE SECRET OF PEACE.



It was Friday evening, and we stood in Stafford Rooms, Titchborne Street, Edgeware Road. The usual weekly meeting for United Prayer was being held. For two hours a stream of supplication and praise had ascended to God, intermingled with two short addresses. One of the speakers recounted the following interesting story: On a certain occasion, in the city of York, I was called to visit a dying man. Having several copies of "Peace in Believing" before me, I placed one in my pocket and went to the house of my sick friend. I found he had been lying three months in bed, the whole of which time was spent in the utmost misery on account of his soul's condition. He had sought rest but found none. Christian visitors had pointed him in vain to the cross for comfort and peace. "I have prayed," said he, "till my knees were sore, and now I am ready to give up in despair." I bade him be calm, and seating myself on the bed, read to him several passages from the Word of God, marking some for his future perusal. I then took one of the little books from my pocket, and read such portions of it as were calculated to meet his condition. It was not lost; light burst in upon his soul, and ere we parted, he could see, as it were, "men as trees walking." After a week had passed away, I called again and rejoiced to see the heaven-lit smile that played upon his features as he greeted my approach—an evidence of the precious change God had wrought in his soul during those few days. "Is all peace?" I asked. "*Yes, peace in believing,*" was the happy reply; "Not in praying, as I vainly thought, but IN BELIEVING. Oh! had I but known this three months ago, what agony it would have saved me."

I was anxious to know what part of the booklet was particularly helpful to that man's soul in his search for eternal life, and found it was the story, entitled, "Let go the Twig," being an account of a lady in Scotland, and of the way in which her doubts and anguish were removed. It was during a revival, in which several known to this lady had been brought to Christ. Among the rest, a particular friend of hers had been converted. Feeling some measure of concern herself, she went to a servant of Christ who was labouring in the place, and told him she was unhappy. He replied that he was glad to hear it. Astonished at this, and somewhat offended also, she told another servant of Christ

The Secret of Peace.

what efforts she had made to obtain salvation ; how she had read and prayed, but still seemed as far from peace as ever. He told her, that it was not by anything she could do, but by what Christ had long since done and finished on the cross, that she was to be saved. All seemed dark and mysterious to her, and she left, resolving, however, to call on her friend who had been recently converted. She did so, and asked her what she had done to obtain the peace of which she spoke. "Done! I have done nothing! *It is by what CHRIST HAS DONE, that I have found peace with God.*" The lady replied that this was what the servant of Christ had just been telling her, but that she could not understand it. She went home with her distress greatly increased; and, shutting herself in her room, she fell on her knees, resolving that she would never rise till her soul found rest and peace. How long her agony continued I cannot say, but nature became quite exhausted and she sank to slumber.

While thus asleep, she dreamed that she was falling over a frightful precipice, but caught hold of a single twig which overhung the abyss beneath. By this she hung, crying aloud for help, when a voice from below, which she knew to be the voice of Jesus, bade her "LET GO THE TWIG," and He would receive and save her. "Lord, save me!" she cried; but the voice again answered, "LET GO THE TWIG." She felt as though she dare not leave hold, but continued crying, "Lord, save me!" At last, the One below, whose voice she heard, but whom she did not see, said, in the most tender, solemn tones, "*I cannot save you, unless you let go the twig!*" Self-desperate, she let it go, fell into the arms of Jesus, and the joy of finding herself there, awoke her.

The lesson taught by her dream was not lost upon her. She perceived that Jesus was worthy of all her trust, and that not only did she need no twig of self-dependence, but that it was holding to the twig that kept her from Christ. She let all go, and found the Lord Jesus all-sufficient.

This was to the point; my sick friend had long been clinging to a twig of his own making, and Satan loved to have it so; but now it was to be left—his soul's earnest cry was, "What must I do to be saved?" and the answer came:—

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

He realised that Jesus had done it all on Calvary's Cross. He "believed on the Lord Jesus Christ, and was saved."

The Secret of Peace.

Now, had this man, continued the speaker, waited to FEEL at peace, before he was in a position to enjoy it, he might have died in his sins; but, by God's rich mercy, he was enabled to see that he need wait for nothing, but cast himself *at once* by faith into the arms of Jesus; that is, upon the atoning sacrifice of the Son of God, and rejoice in the assurance that "the blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth us from *all* sin" (1 John 1. 7). Hence his immediate *realization* of "peace in believing."

And thus it may be with some of you enquirers this evening. You are waiting to *produce a feeling of peace* before you can believe that you are saved. You say, if I could only *feel* that I believe, I should be happy; and thus it is evident that if you had that for which you so long, it would prove to be *peace in feeling*, not *in believing*; and this would, I need scarcely say, be *false* peace. The only true ground of our peace with God is found in JESUS, who "*hath made peace through the blood of His cross*" (Col. 1. 20); and the soul that *trusts in that blood* is as safe as God can make him: "When I see THE BLOOD I will pass over you," saith the Lord; and again, "THE BLOOD shall be to you for a token"—a token of what?—of SALVATION and PEACE. It was not the Israelites' *feelings*, but the *blood of the Lamb* on the lintel and door-post, that satisfied God, and spake peace to the people.

Just so now. The wrath of God has been poured upon the head of Jesus, which led Him to cry, "All Thy waves and Thy billows have gone over me." And why was this? Simply because He then "bare *our* sins in His own body on the tree" (1 Peter 2. 24), for "the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all" (Isaiah 53. 6). TO BELIEVE THIS IS TO BE ETERNALLY SAVED (John 3. 16; 5. 24; Acts 16. 31).

Awake! then, and let go the twig. Cast yourself, with all your sins, doubts, and fears, upon the atoning Sacrifice. Let your decision be made *at once*; yea, before this paper passes out of your hand. You may never have another invitation. Mere anxiety will not secure your salvation. Many who have been anxious about their souls have perished, because they "received not the testimony which God hath given of His Son." Then with all earnestness, "in Christ's stead," I solemnly beseech you, rest your soul at once upon the ATONING BLOOD OF JESUS, trusting what God declares concerning *it* (1 John 1. 7; Eph. 3. 12-17), and you will soon have JOY AND PEACE IN BELIEVING. C. R. H.

FIRST THINGS FIRST;

— OR, —

"SEEK YE FIRST THE KINGDOM OF GOD."



"I MUST GET RICH FIRST BEFORE I BECOME RELIGIOUS."

"When urged by one of the partners of the firm to 'seek the Lord while He may be found,' the one thought that pressed upon his mind was 'I must get rich first before I become religious.'"

FIRST THINGS FIRST.



WHILST young and still sowing my wild oats, I formed a strong friendship for a young man who was engaged in the same business as myself. We had many things in common, but he seemed to have one overruling passion, which he often expressed in the words, "I must get rich first."

When urged by one of the partners of the firm (who took an active part in Christian work in the district) to "seek the Lord while He may be found," the one thought that pressed upon his mind was "I must get rich first before I become religious," for, as he said, he had a vague idea that if he did not get rich before becoming religious he had little hopes afterwards.

When pressed by some of the "goody-goody chaps" (as we called them) in the warehouse that "it is time to seek the Lord" (Hosea 10. 12), he invariably cut them short with his uppermost thought, "I *must* get rich first." He had one overruling desire—to become rich. For this he toiled, and to this end he devoted all his time and thoughts.

One Sunday he was passing a church and went in. The preacher's text was, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." These words went home like an arrow to his heart, and he resolved within himself that he would turn to the Lord and seek the salvation of his soul. But immediately afterwards he said to himself, "I must get rich *first*. It will be time enough then." Oh, that fatal "*time enough!*" How many dupes has it led to find their portion in outer darkness, where, alas! they have "time enough" to lament their mad rejection of offered pardon.

In the unsearchable ways of God he was led the following Sunday to go into another church. The minister gave out his text, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God," &c. Struck with this remarkable coincidence, he once more began to think of God's claims upon him, and of his soul's deep need. These feelings were again awakened on a third occasion, when on another Sunday he was in another town, and from the lips of a third preacher God sent him the same message. But instead of recognising the love of God in thus inviting him to possess himself of "the true riches," he became troubled, and even annoyed at being thus harassed. He could not but feel that God was speak-

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ing to him, but he would not be importuned. He wanted to "*get rich first.*" He was young, and there was time enough. He would think of God, but not just yet. So, to avoid the liability of being again warned to flee from "the wrath to come," he resolved not to go to church any more. He saw God was inviting him to be saved, but he was not willing to allow eternal claims to come in between him and his cherished desire.

My friend's one great object was to become *rich*, and rich he became; but, as he said to me, his heart was as hard as a stone. He had rejected God's offered mercy, and now God had left him alone to eat the fruit of his own ways.

I left the neighbourhood, and after some time I was led, by God's grace, to see my ruined condition, and to trust in Him whose precious blood had been shed on Calvary to make atonement for sin. The result was that unspeakable peace which the belief of the Gospel alone can impart. In my new-found joy I remembered my old friend, and thought I would go and speak to him about his soul.

Arriving at home and inquiring for him, my mother said, "Did I not tell you that — had gone out of his mind, and was in the asylum? The only thing he says when he sees people is, 'Seek ye first the kingdom of God'."

The next time I visited my native town I found that my old friend had gone back to his own house, but he was the wreck of his former self. I called to see him, but the only thing he said to me, in an idiotic way, was, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God," and these were his last words when dying. They show how, to the very end, the grace which he had rejected was the one sad, hopeless thought which ever dwelt in his mind.

Friend, this is no fiction, and were the secrets of each heart known, the experience it reveals would perhaps be found no very unusual occurrence. It may be that you yourself have often listened to the thrilling and earnest entreaties of some faithful servant of Christ, as he told you of God's love to a guilty world, as made known to us in the Gospel. God is holy, and cannot admit sin into His presence. His righteousness demands that sin shall be judged, and therefore, in His love to us, He has given His Son to stand in the sinner's place, and bear the punishment due to sin. So that now He is sending a loving message of free pardon and eternal salvation to all who will believe in Christ and

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receive Him as their only and all-sufficient Saviour. But how have you treated His message? Have you resolved to spend a little more time in the indulgence of those sins which caused His heart's blood to flow? Such a thought shocks you, and yet are you not, in act, saying this, when, after a solemn appeal to seek the Lord while He may be found, you reject His Word and say, "Time enough yet"?

Let this story be a warning to you, ere it is too late, and you find to your horror that you have rejected the last message you are ever to receive. If you will not listen to the voice of love and of pardon, as God speaks to you even now, through this appeal, the next words you hear from Him may be, "Depart from Me!"

Oh! we beseech you, as you value your soul, let God's invitations be no longer neglected. "Now is the day of salvation." "Him that cometh to Me," saith the Lord, "I will in no wise cast out." You cannot save yourself. Accept, then, God's message of pardon, which is still freely offered. Believe in Jesus, and then, God's happy forgiven child, your bright prospect will be to dwell for ever in that blessed abode which He has prepared for all who love and serve Him. D.L.M.

IS GOD ABLE?

"IS God able to save me?" was the question of one who was manifestly in the power of the great enemy. "Yes," I answered, "God is able to save you. That is a settled matter. But the question is, *Are you willing to be saved?*" This set things in a new light, and my enquirer had to look into himself for an answer to the question, Why was he not saved? Now, unsaved reader, God is willing you should be saved, so willing that He has given His Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life (John 3. 16). He is so willing that you should be saved, that He has imposed no hard conditions; He has fixed no price to be paid; He has appointed no time during which you must wait. You are invited to make the gift of eternal life yours, and the only condition is that you receive it. You are not asked to come *although* you are a sinner, but *because* you are a sinner, for it was to save the "lost" that Jesus came. You ask *when* may this gift be yours. God answers, *Now*. "Come *now*," He says (Isaiah 1. 18). "Acquaint *now* thyself with Him, and be at peace" (Job 22. 21). "Behold, *now* is the accepted time." w. s.

SHOOT, IF YOU DARE;

OR, WRAPPED IN THE STARS AND STRIPES AND THE UNION JACK.



"STANDING A FEW PACE BACK HE FACED THE OFFICERS, AND SOLDIERS, AND SHOUTED DEFIANTLY, 'NOW, SHOOT, IF YOU DARE.'"

"SHOOT, IF YOU DARE."



R. HODGKINS, in the *Anglo-American Magazine*, tells the following story to illustrate the saying that "Blood is thicker than water." Haskins, an American sailor, when ashore in a Chilian port, drank too much and became hilarious. A police officer, instead of warning him not to make a noise in the street, drew his sword and knocked him down. The American got up and, as might have been expected, knocked the policeman down. In return he was quickly tried, and condemned to be shot the following day.

Mr. Loring, the American Consul, expostulated with the authorities, but they paid no attention, so he made a formal protest in the name of the United States Government against the barbarous act. Haskins was in the morning brought out pinioned to be shot. . . . As the British Consul was preparing to hoist the Union Jack, he saw the crowd in the field opposite where the execution of the American sailor, of which he had heard, was to take place. Rushing over to the American Consul, he said: "Loring, you are not going to let them shoot that man?" "What can I do?" he replied. "I have protested against it. I can do no more." The British Consul shouted, "Give me your flag!" and in a trice the Stars and Stripes were handed to him. Taking his own Union Jack in his hand, he hastened across the field, elbowed his way through the crowd and soldiery, and running up to the doomed man, folded the American flag around him and laid the Union Jack over it. Standing a few paces back, he faced the officers and soldiers, and shouted defiantly, "Now, SHOOT, IF YOU DARE!" The man was at once released.

The incident serves to illustrate the condition of the unsaved under the condemnation of God, and shows forth His pardoning mercy. Haskins, the American sailor, broke the laws of Chili, and was condemned to death. The Word of God shows us that all who are not "born again," all who have not accepted Christ as their Saviour, are under condemnation. The common belief is that no one is "condemned" until the "last day." The Lord Jesus said to Nicodemus, the Jewish Rabbi, "He that believeth on Him [Christ] is not condemned: but he that BELIEVETH NOT IS CONDEMNED ALREADY, because he hath not believed in the Name of the only begotten Son of God" (John 3. 18). When a sinner is awakened from his spiritual slumber by the Holy Spirit the first thing he does is to try and reform or amend his ways. If in the past he has

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been irreligious, he begins to turn over new leaves on the pages of his life's history. If he has been indifferent and unconcerned about spiritual matters, he prays, reads his Bible, and observes ordinances. In such efforts he fails to perceive that sentence is already passed and he is already under condemnation—not waiting for trial, but “condemned already.”

Haskins, when pinioned and brought from prison, was awaiting the execution of the sentence. So are the unconverted. “He that believeth not *is condemned already*,” says the Saviour of sinners, and it must therefore be true. If you tell God you purpose becoming a Christian in the future, you forget you are now under condemnation, and there is *no use in asking for a new trial*. “Because sentence against an evil work is not executed speedily, therefore the heart of the sons of men is fully set in them to do evil” (Eccles. 8. 11). Because God lengthens out the day of grace and does not execute the sentence by cutting sinners down in their sins, they presume on His compassion and neglect, reject, or despise His pardoning mercy.

There is a very important distinction between the American as condemned by the laws of Chili and God's condemnation of the sinner. Haskins was condemned because he broke the law of the land. Unbelievers are condemned not because they are more flagrant offenders than others; they are condemned because, though God at an infinite cost has provided deliverance for them, **THEY WON'T BELIEVE ON HIM** who paid the penalty with His precious Blood and died to save them from unending woe. “He that believeth not is condemned already, *because he hath not believed* in the Name of the only begotten Son of God.” Unbelief is the crowning sin of the sinner. It is, in fact, the parent of all sins, though in the eye of man it is treated as a trivial offence. In God's reckoning it is the worst of all sins. “He that believeth not the Son shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him” (John 3. 36). God's wrath eternally abides on all those who don't believe on Christ.

The reader may say that he *wishes* he could believe, or he may affirm that he has “tried” to, but “cannot” believe, “What saith the Scripture?” “If we receive the witness [testimony] of men, the witness [testimony] of God is greater” (1 John 5. 9). If that means anything, it means that it is easier to believe the testimony of God than the testimony of any human being. Man may be mistaken or deceived, but it is

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impossible for God to be mistaken, and it is certain He cannot lie. "He that believeth not God *hath made Him a liar*" (1 John 5. 10). Surely you are not compelled to call God a liar! Get on your knees and tell God you "cannot believe" Him! "Oh, no," you say, "I won't do that." Never again say that you "cannot" believe. God's only way of escape for the sinner is through faith in the precious Blood of Christ. Jesus said, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that heareth My Word, and believeth on Him that sent Me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation; but is passed from death unto life" (John 5. 24). Why not believe on Him who loves you and gave Himself for you, and have everlasting life? (see John 3. 14-16; Acts 13. 38, 39).

One cannot but admire the courage and pluck of the British Consul in making his way through the Chilian crowd and soldiers, wrapping the Stars and Stripes and Union Jack around the condemned sailor and challenging them to shoot if they dared. The reader who longs for deliverance from the penalty, pollution, and power of sin can obtain it as he reads these lines. The Lord Jesus by His atoning death has made it possible for God to be just and pardon the sinner who believes the Gospel (Rom. 3. 25, 26). His death has met all God's righteous claims, and now He presses on your acceptance salvation as a free gift.

" He makes no hard conditions—
'Tis but believe and live."

"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved" (Acts 16. 31). "He that *believeth* on the Son hath everlasting life: and he that *believeth not* the Son shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth on him" (John 3. 36).

There was no danger of the sailor being shot when wrapped in the flags of the American and British nations. The Chilians knew better than fire. When the sinner believes on Christ he is "accepted in the Beloved" (Eph. 1. 6). He is pardoned, justified, saved, and will never perish (Acts 13. 38, 39; John 6. 47; 10. 28).

Will the reader accept of God's "great salvation"? Believe in Him who "loved you and gave Himself for you." "Now the door is open, enter while you may." A pardon full, present, and free may be yours through believing on Christ, the sinner's Friend.

" To you be it known that Jesus alone
Can save a poor sinner from hell;
His life-blood was spilt to save you from guilt—
The vilest He will not repel."

A. N.

THEN AND NOW:

THE MATURE REFLECTIONS OF A WELL-KNOWN PROFESSOR
OF JOHN HOPKINS UNIVERSITY, BALTIMORE, U.S.A.

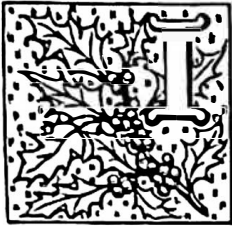


" TRYING TO FIND OUT WHAT AILED THE WORLD."

"I would that young men everywhere could only see that there is just one thing in the world that is worth making the object of our ambition, and that is to know, to love, and to serve God, and to know Him in the only way we can know anything about Him, through His Son, Jesus."

THEN AND NOW.

By HOWARD M. KELLY, M.D., Professor, John Hopkins University, Baltimore, U.S.A.



It is now twenty-seven years since I began my college life, a life which stretched out through eight years of good, hard work, four at the classics and four at medicine. During the college period and after it, and again, especially in these latter years as a teacher, I have always been most profoundly interested, as a student of human nature and of medicine, in trying to find out what ailed the world about me. Why is it, as I have grown older, that I have come to find out that there is so much misery and unhappiness in the world? Why is it that each successive generation of young men begin to run the life-race that is set before them, full of vigour, of fine enthusiasm, and with a determination to accomplish great things, and then one by one, drop back into the same indifference, and the same routine as was done by those who preceded them, the fire and all the enthusiasm gone, content in the end to make a good living and to take good care of themselves?

I well recall my own class, as fine a lot of fellows as you could wish to see, shouting, "'77 forever" daily in the assembly room until we were hoarse, and each one certain beyond peradventure that with our advent into the affairs of the world, the golden era was about to dawn. We each knew individually that we ourselves were destined to do some great deed, and we each looked, too, with secret admiration upon his fellows, picturing in our minds the great future which lay before each one.

A quarter of a century has elapsed and what is the outcome? Untimely death has claimed not a few of the dear boys (boys ever in spite of the added years), and those of us who survive have entered upon life's duties, just as our fathers did before us; good, faithful work has been done, but we have failed to bring about those startling changes which we had fondly hoped would make "'77" renowned forever, and a sad little stone in the old college wall, commemorative of ivy day, and a blighted ivy plant below it seem emblematic of our shattered hopes.

What is the reason of the failure? Or was it a failure after all? Was it, then, impossible to realize those great aspirations which thrilled us as we entered life's arena? These are the questions to which I will now briefly address myself.

I would say of my own life that I have both lost something and I have found something. I have lost that which

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I at first esteemed great, for I discovered, as I went on, that it was, after all, but a bubble, a glittering semblance of a jewel, evanescent and temporal (2 Cor. 4. 18). But wondrous to relate, I have found in its place something infinitely more precious, eternal, a possession which increases in value day by day, lending a reality and a value to life in all its relations far beyond all possible anticipation of all my early years.

Let me look at my life a little more closely ; what have I actually lost ? I think the loss can be pretty well covered by one word which used to figure largely in our college debates and chapel speeches, a word which covered the one great qualification in a man, which marked him out for success, and that word is "ambition." I remember well setting success in life before me as the one great desideratum, and anxiously analyzing its essential elements, which seemed to resolve themselves into ability, ambition, opportunity, health, and adding various adjuvant qualities, such as judgment, memory, tact, etc. I found by God's grace, as I went on, that this, after all, was but a selfish scheme of living, which even if I might attain my end, was possible only for a fortunate few ; I saw, too, some who were just about to take their fill of the cup of ambition suddenly snatched away by an untimely death, while others with all the other qualifications, were restrained from grasping the prize by the hand of disease ; others again (worst mockery of all), who gained all the world could offer in the way of fame or of wealth, remained, after all, most miserable and dissatisfied with life.

My first aim was, therefore, manifestly a false one. What was I then to do ? Conclude that life was naught but a mockery ? I thank God that when I found the emptiness of the aims of the world, I also found that He was not so sparing of His best gifts as I had begun to imagine. When I discovered that life and self were failures, I then found in Him more than heart could desire. Having no longer any good thing of my own, and now content to be as one of the servants in His house, I found instead that He had a glorious robe of righteousness of His own providing, and He was willing to set the very beggars who trusted Him among the princes at the gate (1 Sam. 2. 8). The glorious grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, which God in His great mercy has offered, not to a forward intellectual few, but to all men everywhere, came as a blessed solace to one who found on all sides the vanity of setting the affections on the things of this world.

Then and Now.

I would like to dwell on this noble theme, for I would that young men everywhere could only see that there is just one thing in the world that is worth making the object of our ambition, and that is to know, to love, and to serve God, and to know Him in the only way we can know anything about Him, through His Son, Jesus Christ. Christ's service is not a theory of life, or a philosophy, but a life, a new birth (John 3. 3), a new creation. Behold, old things are passed away, and all things are made new (2 Cor. 5. 17). And this knowledge, which brings the peace the world knows nothing of, is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Spirit, who calls out and leads God's people in their earthly pilgrimage. The great effective instrument of the Holy Spirit by which these truths are authoritatively taught, is the inspired Word of God. Satan is gaining great victories in these days by holding men back from a loving, searching study of the Bible.

My own daily life is as full as that of any man I know, but I found long since that as I allowed the pressure of professional and other engagements to fill in every moment between rising and going to bed, the spirit would surely starve, so I made a rule which I have since stuck to in spite of many temptations, not to read or study anything but my Bible after the evening meal, and never to read any other book but the Bible on Sunday. I have found that faith in Jesus Christ is a wonderful foundation rock upon which stands a marvellous superstructure. I have found that the Holy Ghost is not an influence, but a real, living, active Person. I see wonderful truths relating to Christ in types and prophecies which I never dreamed of before, and "the blessed hope" has a new meaning. The message of the Epistles I once thought full of hyperbole, now glow with meaning. And so I might go on, and so doubtless God, in His great grace and goodness, will lead us all on through ages of eternity, beholding new glories and new graces in His Son. What more can I say to arrest the attention of young men? Once my interest was in things which will pass away, now I am an actual "partaker of the divine nature" of Him who made all these things. What are they compared to Him? He is "the Way, the Truth, and the Life."

"He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life; and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him" (John 3. 36). Have you believed on the Lord Jesus Christ? Are you saved?

"A NEW YEAR AND A NEW LIFE";

— OR, —

THE ANSWER TO THIRTEEN YEARS' UNWAVERING FAITH.



"HE LEFT THE FAMILY BOARD . . . AT MEETING TIME."

"He left the family board, and when the time came for his wife to go to the meeting, she waited for him. The children said:

'Do you think father will go with us?''

"A NEW YEAR AND A NEW LIFE."



YOUNG English-woman married a man in the Government service. She loved her Church (the Church of England), and was regular in attendance; otherwise she was of the world, and did as the world did. Her husband was a light-hearted young man, who smoked, drank, and gambled, like other young men of his set. As the years went on, he was promoted in service, had large responsibilities, but he became a hardened gambler and swearer—the leader of a circle who boasted that they could individually drink two bottles of whisky and be nothing the worse of it.

As the husband went deeper into sin, his wife, through anxiety on his account, became deeply anxious about her soul, and as a lost, guilty sinner (Rom. 3. 9-19) cast herself and all her burdens on the Saviour, and became a patient, tender wife, with one purpose—to bring her husband to Christ. For thirteen years she prayed with never-failing faith that the Lord would convert her husband. Every Sunday she would ask him to accompany her to church, and he as often refused. He would sometimes say: "If you will go with me once to the theatre, the circus, the ball, or some other worldly place, I will go forty times to church with you." Her invariable reply was: "As much as I long to have you with me, I could not bring reproach on my Saviour by going once with you where He could not be."

A few years ago, on the last Sunday of the year, she repeated her invitation, when he laughingly said: "You have not converted me yet, old woman." She immediately threw her arms around his neck, and said: "No, and I never can; but the Lord Jesus Christ can convert you, George," whilst she felt more and more cast upon the Lord risen from the dead and "able to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by Him" (Heb. 7. 25). From that time he became very uneasy, but more determined to resist his wife's entreaties.

On New Year's Eve he went with some of his companions to dinner. After the dinner, he went home to take his usual New Year's presents to his wife and children. When he was distributing the gifts he found that for the first time since he was married he had forgotten a present for his wife. He was utterly at a loss to account for this, and said to her: "I never forgot you before; now you may

"A New Year and a New Life."

ask what you like, and I will give it to you." She quietly and earnestly said: "Come with me to the watch-meeting to-night—that will be my present." "Oh, no," he said, "I cannot do that; ask for some present." But she was firm, and reminded him of his promise.

He left the family board, and when the time came for his wife to go to the meeting, she waited for him. The children said: "Do you think father will go with us?" "Yes," she said; "your father never broke a promise to me." He had returned, and overhearing this remark, it made him feel very uneasy. When they started he went with them, to the great joy of his wife. At the church door he turned and left them, intending to go back to his companions and cards, but something impelled him to return to his home.

There were pictures hanging on his walls, pictures he had often reversed; but now, before he could do so, his eye fell on a representation of Christ on the Cross. It attracted him, it smote him to the heart. The words which his devoted wife had so often read in his hearing came fresh to his memory: "He is despised and rejected of men; a Man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief; and we hid as it were our faces from Him. . . . But He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon Him; and *with His stripes we are healed*" (Isa. 53. 3-5). The past, with a wasted life; the future, with an awful eternity, rolled in like billows on his soul. Here in this One who was despised, rejected, wounded, bruised, appeared the only hope of true peace now and true joy hereafter.

He looked and looked until it seemed to him as if it were Christ Himself hanging on the cross, and He said, to him "I DIE FOR THEE." "For me, Lord?" the wondering man replied, and then and there, in soul agony, he called on the Saviour to save him, to put away from him forever the taste for liquor and the desire for all sin. Like "the chief of sinners" he "fell to the earth" (Acts 9. 4), and upon his knees in his own house, with no one near but God, he acknowledged his "manifold transgressions and mighty sins" (Amos 5. 12), accepted the Lord Jesus Christ as His own and only Saviour. He believed on Him "who was delivered for our offences, and was raised again for our justification" (Rom. 4. 25), and rose from his knees a free

"A New Year and a New Life."

man, with Christ as his Saviour and his almighty Deliverer. He went directly to the meeting, and startled the midnight service by crying out, "Praise God, I am saved!"

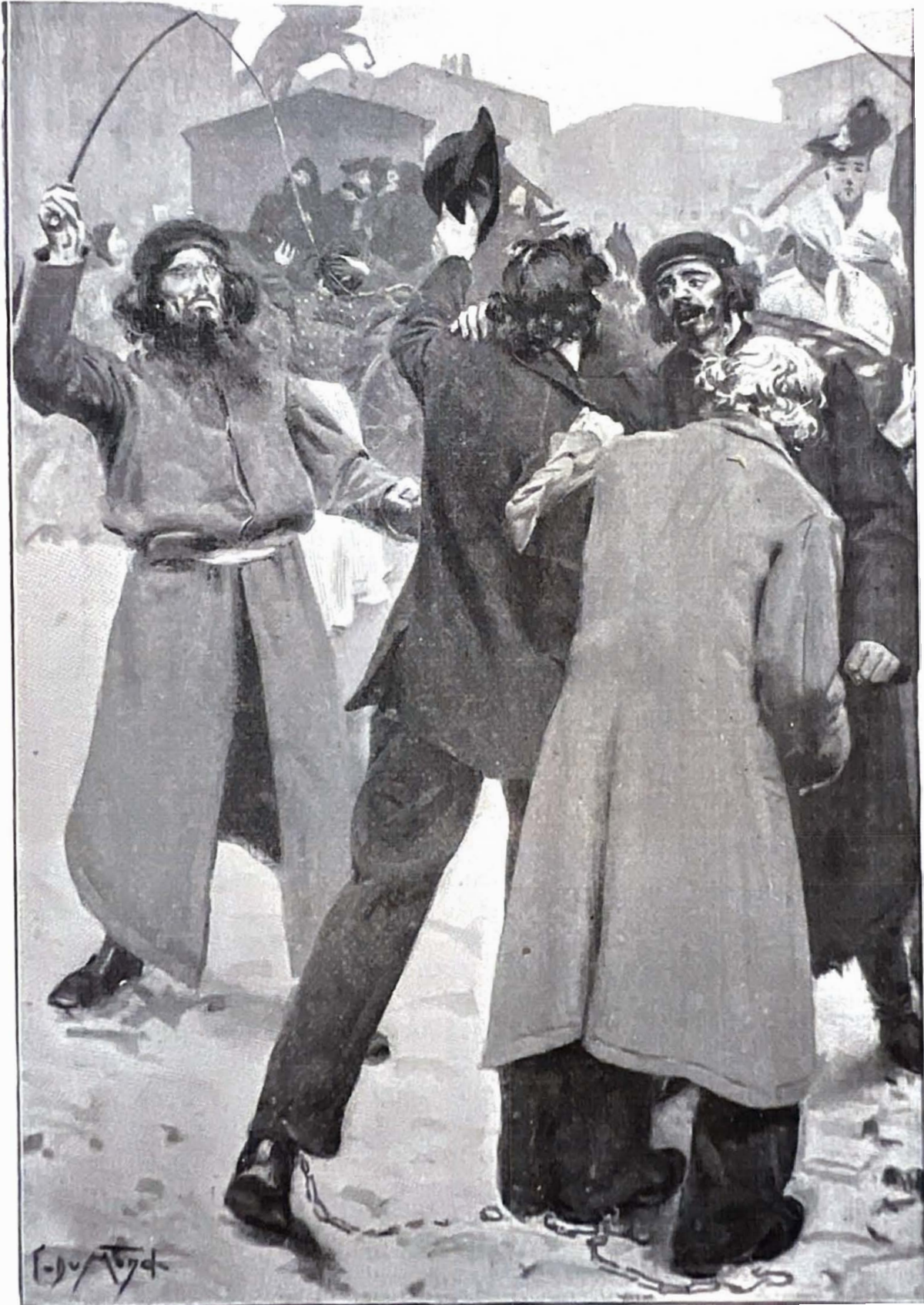
That very night he wrote cheques paying off all his gambling debts, and ceased playing cards. He never tasted liquor again, and he who had smoked twenty cigars a day never smoked another. His deliverance was complete. The Gospel demonstrated itself in his case, as in the case of myriads more, to be "*the power of God unto salvation*" (Rom. i. 16), from sin, lusts, passions, and Satan.

On that memorable New-Year's Eve, the occasion of his new birth, he went to his old companions and told them what the Lord Jesus had done for him. They thought he was joking, and laughed at him. They tempted him to their utmost to drink with them, and when he was firm they emptied their glasses over him, and he walked out wet with the liquor, and they followed him home with ribald songs and jeers. And now he who had been a slave of Satan, and a leader in sin, has a new Master that has rescued him, and his whole soul is filled with love and devotion to Him. From day to day he preaches in halls, on the street, everywhere, telling of the love and power of Jesus to save. Eight out of twenty boon companions have been saved.

We wish we could tell all that this intensely earnest man is doing for the Lord Jesus Christ, but suffice it to say that hardened men, as well as little children, are being brought in numbers to the Saviour. Surely if God can save a drinking, swearing, smoking, gambling sinner of the deepest dye, and make him a "new creature" in Christ, he can save any one! Burdened, weary, sin-sick soul, "Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world" (John i. 29). Gaze on the Man of Sorrows dying, crushed beneath the load of the wrath and curse of God. Believe on Him as your own personal Saviour, and say, "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" (Isaiah 53. 5). Then as another trophy of grace go forth and tell what great things the Lord has done for your soul.

Don't delay the settling of the great question—Where shall I spend eternity? Time is flying. The day of reckoning is nearing. Why not *now* believe on Christ and obtain eternal life?

A RUSSIAN EXILE'S STORY.



USING THE KNOT—A STREET SCENE IN RUMANIA.

A RUSSIAN EXILE'S STORY.



DURING a visit to Switzerland in the summer of 1904 I met an earnest evangelist, a Russian exile, of the name of SEMBAT BAGDASARJANZ, or, as he is familiarly called, "Sembat."

M. Sembat was born in Tiflis, and was brought up in the Armenian Church. It is somewhat akin to the Greek Church, which is the Russian State Church. Up to his twenty-first year M. Sembat was in total darkness of soul. He had not the slightest idea of the way of salvation. He knew he had to meet a holy God, and was well aware of the fact that he was utterly unprepared for such a meeting.

The Armenian priests spoke a great deal about the horrors of hell and the certainty of punishment. Sembat became completely terrorised. To drown his convictions, he took to drink and became a slave to the intoxicating cup. Conscientious that he was bound hand and foot by the arch-enemy of souls, he struggled to obtain his freedom. Again and again he tried to abstain from drink, but was utterly unsuccessful. As he thought of death, judgment, and eternity, he trembled. Again and again he vowed to God that he would give up sinning. He performed penance by scourging his naked body. He fasted and prayed to the Virgin Mary and to saints, but his efforts to save himself were fruitless. Oftentimes he obtained absolution from the priests, but his conscience was never satisfied, and he was overwhelmed with horror at the prospect of being consigned to "everlasting burnings." At last he became so tortured with agonising fears that he resolved on committing suicide, but God prevented him committing the terrible deed.

Has the reader ever seen himself to be a guilty sinner? If not, you are even now exposed to condemnation and death (John 3. 18). "It is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment" (Heb. 9. 27). A holy and just God will, if you refuse to accept of His pardoning mercy, deal with you in strict justice. Well might the Psalmist exclaim: "If Thou, Lord, shouldest mark iniquities, O Lord, who shall stand?" (Psa. 130. 3). Every sin you have committed in thought, word, and deed is written down in God's "Book of Remembrance." If not blotted out, through faith in the finished work of Christ, they will be brought up against you at the great day of reckoning. "God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing,

A Russian Exile's Story.

whether it be good or whether it be evil (Eccles 12. 14).

One day Sembat received a Gospel tract, being part of a parcel sent by the late Colonel Pashkoff (a Russian exile) to a Stundist neighbour. The tract proved a messenger of God to Sembat. He read the Gospel message with intense



A Russian Exile

SEMBAT DAODABADJANZ.

interest and delight. It was a revelation to him of the love of God. For the first time in his life he discovered that IN SPITE OF HIS COUNTLESS SINS GOD LOVED HIM. This was indeed wonderful news. Did God really love *him*? There was nothing lovely in his character or ways; yet the Almighty God, the God of holiness and justice, actually loved him!

A Russian Exile's Story.

As Sembat continued reading the tract the scales by which Satan had blinded his eyes were removed, and he saw 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 3. 16). God actually loved *him*. He *so* loved him—being one of the "world"—that He gave His only begotten Son to die on Calvary's cross as a sacrifice for sin, and by believing on Christ, God's holy Word declared that he would not perish, but have everlasting life. Speaking to the writer in a Swiss ch alet overlooking the Alps, he said: "I KNEW THAT CHRIST DIED FOR ALL, BUT I THEN DISCOVERED THAT HE DIED FOR ME."

Many, like Sembat, are in the same position. Though conscious of being guilty and wretched, they try by their own fancied "good works" to secure the pardoning mercy of God. They know that Christ died for "sinners," and that salvation is obtained through faith in His precious Blood. But they don't understand what His death has accomplished. They believe that it was *necessary* for Christ to die for sin, but they have not yet learned that His death is *sufficient*. They say they believe that Christ died for "sinners," for the "world," but they do not believe that Christ died *for them*. Believing that Christ died for others won't save me. Until I knew that *Christ died for me* I was afraid of meeting God. When, by faith, I saw Him suffering in my room and stead, I obtained peace with God.

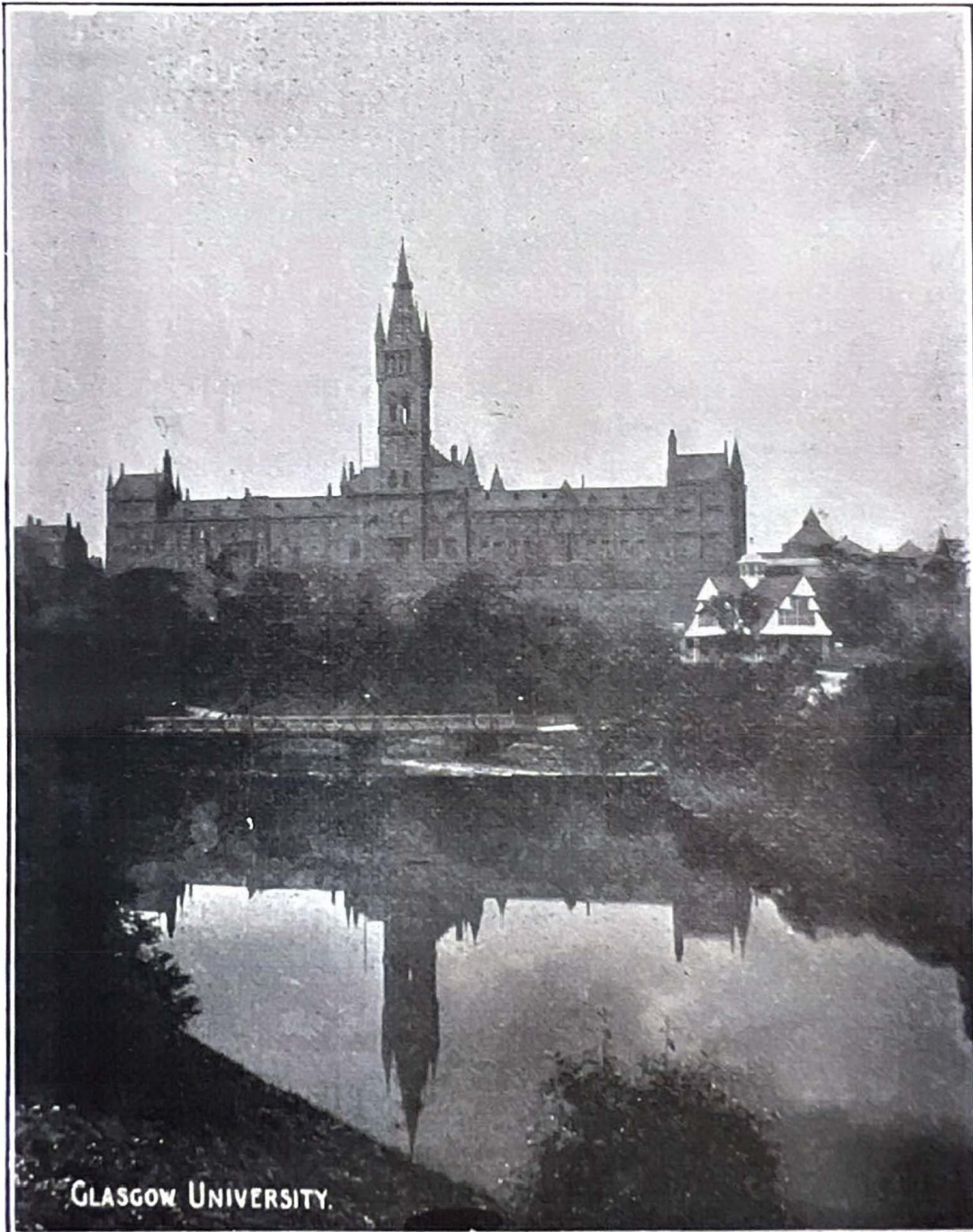
When Sembat came to a knowledge of the truth, out of a full heart the young convert spoke to his friends and neighbours of the soul-saving truth of the Gospel. The priest tried to stop him, but failed. Some Christians who took an interest in him sent him to a missionary institution in Germany. After his return he removed to the Crimea and laboured among the Stundists. Subsequently he evangelised in Finland, Armenia, and Bessarabia. Eventually the Russian Government sentenced him to five years' transportation in the Caucasus for preaching the Gospel of the grace God. His wife and two children died there. On the expiry of his term of transportation the Greek Church authorities, fearing that if he were set free he would preach as formerly, without formal trial sentenced him to other five years' exile. Ultimately he escaped to Roumania, and since then he has laboured in many parts. Rest not till, like Sembat, you can say, "HE DIED FOR ME."

A. M.

THE UNIVERSITY STUDENT'S DISCOVERY;

OR, "IF GOD LAID ON CHRIST THE INIQUITY OF 'US ALL,'

MY SINS MUST HAVE BEEN ON HIM."



The students remained behind. One of them being asked if he was saved, "Oh, yes," he replied; "oh, yes, we are all saved here." "No," said the evangelist, "all are not saved; only those who have accepted Christ as their Saviour are saved."

THE UNIVERSITY STUDENT'S DISCOVERY.



AT a time of deep and wide-spread religious awakening in the West of Scotland a student of Glasgow University paid a visit to home of a fellow-student who resided in a town a short distance from Glasgow. Hearing that special services were being held by two evangelists in a church in the neighbourhood, the young men agreed to attend one of the meetings. On reaching the place they found it filled with an eager and attentive audience. Though the preachers were plain, simple men, they told out the gospel with freshness and power. At the close of the preaching an "after-meeting" was announced, and opportunity was given for personal conversation. The students remained behind. One of them being asked if he was saved, "Oh, yes," he replied; "oh, yes, we are all saved here." "No," said the evangelist, "all are not saved; only those who have accepted Christ as their Saviour are saved." After further conversation the student was asked why he attended the meeting, to which he replied that he was there to have some fun.

"The Word of God is quick (living), and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword" (Heb. 4. 12), and it proved so in this case. When alone in his room he thought on his conduct. He knew that he had told a lie to the gospel preacher. He was not "saved," and called as he was into God's presence, he would be lost eternally. As he contemplated the past and the future, his sin and folly, his guilt and obstinacy, became more dreadful in his eyes, and he longed for deliverance. "What must I do to be saved?" was the cry of his soul. Though knowing something of classics and other subjects, he was very ignorant of the Gospel. Though a "Protestant," professing to accept the doctrine of justification by faith *alone*, he had not the remotest idea that forgiveness could be obtained by simply believing on Christ. Yet God declares that "To him that worketh not, but believeth on Him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness" (Rom. 4. 5).

Next night he was back at the meeting without any thought of "fun." One of the evangelists took for his text the well-known scripture: "All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all" (Isa. 53. 6). On reading the verse he repented slowly the first clause,

The University Student's Discovery.

"ALL WE LIKE SHEEP HAVE GONE ASTRAY," and then asked, "Is this true?" The "anxious inquirer" inwardly responded, "It is *too* true." The second part was then repeated: "WE HAVE TURNED EVERY ONE TO HIS OWN WAY," and the preacher inquired if that portion was true. "Yes, it is," mentally ejaculated the student. As the gospeller approached the last clause of the verse he paused for a moment, and then, slowly reading the precious sentence, "AND THE LORD HATH LAID ON HIM THE INIQUITY OF US ALL,"



A QUIET NOOK IN KELVINGROVE PARK, ADJOINING GLASGOW UNIVERSITY.

asked, "Is that true?" Quicker than the twinkling of an eye the light of the Gospel shone into the student's soul, and he said to himself: "If God laid on Christ the iniquity of 'us all,' *my sin* must have been on Him." There and then he rested on Christ and His finished work. He no longer thought of *laying his sins on Jesus*, seeing that God, who knew them, laid them on Him, and, believing, he was free. Passages of scripture which had formerly appeared dark and difficult were now clear and simple. "Heaven's

The University Student's Discovery.

easy, artless, unencumbered plan" of salvation was laid hold of. He saw that Christ by His death had made full atonement for sin, and on the ground of His sacrificial work God could be a just God and the Justifier of all who believe on Jesus (Rom. 3. 26).

Joy and peace filled the young convert's heart, and before the conclusion of the service he asked liberty to give his testimony. Permission being granted, he told the people that he desired to speak for two reasons: (1) Because God had saved him as he sat in the church that night, and told how it took place; and (2) he purposed leaving for Glasgow next morning, and might not have another opportunity of witnessing for the Lord Jesus, and closed with an appeal to the unsaved to accept of Christ as their Saviour. His brief, pointed words produced a deep impression on the audience.

If you are unsaved, and desire to obtain peace with God, the same truth that was blessed to the young Scotsman is fitted to do the same for you. Go in at the first part of Isaiah 53. 6, and go out at the other end of it, and you will cease *trying* to be saved through your efforts. The "sin question" was eternally settled at Calvary by the Lord Jesus. Believe, then, on Him who did it all and paid it all, and eternal life is yours (John 5. 24).

A. M.

A "CHANCE" MEETING.

THE Saturday-night Gospel meeting was going on in the open-air in the town. Two men with their wives were passing on their way to do the evening's shopping. They had no intention of going to a Gospel meeting, but by one of those strange "chances," as they are called, from which often hang the issues of eternity, they found a Gospel meeting right in their way. They resolved to stand still and hear what the preacher was saying. The Word was with power. Both the men and their wives were arrested on the spot. They came to the inside meeting to hear more about Jesus; and all four were converted to God. That's many years ago now. Yet the whole of that little company are still alive, and rejoicing in the saving power of Christ. My unsaved friend, be thankful if you stumble upon a Gospel meeting. The preacher may have a message from heaven to thee. The day is coming when there shall be no Gospel meetings. The record shall be closed. The door shall be shut. Then what of thy soul for Eternity? w. s.

