

A
MESSAGE FROM GOD;

OR,

LIGHT FROM THE GLORY OF CHRIST.

A Monthly Gospel Magazine

EDITED BY

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THOUGHTS FOR THE TIMES.

I.

DARKNESS AND DEATH.



AT the commencement of a New Year, we may well halt a moment and look around us. What do we see? The night of sin shadowing a world, and death in the darkness reaping for eternity!

Eighteen hundred and eighty-six years since the birth of Christ. Is the world better, or worse? Does the heart of man love God better now than it did? Hopeful people note the aspect of the times, and argue this and the other good from the portents of humanity; but what good can the barren soil of the natural heart ever bring forth? What is man?

'Tis time for the sinner to think of God. THE LORD JESUS CHRIST IS COMING. The One Whom men have crucified is coming to take His people from this world. The light is all where Jesus is, and life is hid in Him. The world is shrouded by darkness and desolated by death. Let us look a moment at the darkness and the death around us, and think about it.

There is **POSITIVE** moral darkness, and there is **NEGATIVE** moral darkness.

The *positive* moral darkness is realized in the
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records of crime—theft—murder—adultery—drunkenness—blasphemy—and a thousand glaring sins. It is to be felt in the crowding of our prisons, work-houses, and lunatic asylums. It is to be known by the daily life of our streets. Take a walk any day, and you will see a drunkard; you will hear a blasphemer; you will be able to watch an harlot; and the infidel will be ready to try and argue away the certainties of revelation. The darkness is as dread as Egypt's was, and as the years roll on it seems to deepen.

The *negative* moral darkness is not so apparent to us; but in God's sight it is just as real. There is a deceptive respectability about it, that to a certain extent hides it from us—the respectability that pays its way; that heads subscription lists; that avoids drunkenness, and blasphemy, and immorality, and the breaking of social laws; but *is without Christ*.

It is a good thing to pay one's way; it is a good thing to dispense one's charity; it is a good thing to avoid those glaring sins that stamp their individuality upon a man's life; it is a good thing to be an honest and upright citizen; but it is a bad thing to live without Christ, and it is a fatal delusion to imagine that the darkness of the soul is any the less dense because not so apparent to human eyes. You, reader, in your sins, whether you are a great sinner or a little sinner; whether you have in your life dashed God's commandments into a thousand fragments, or simply broken them one by one, you are sitting in darkness and the shadow of death.

And now look for a moment at *religious darkness*. This darkness is, it seems to me, spreading like a deep eclipse over the souls of men and women. It is to be felt in the forms and ceremonies and idolatrous practices of Christendom—in the windy arguments about creeds, positions, vestments, incense, fast days, &c.

Where is Christ in all this? Why not speak of Him more, and of other things less? Heaven has nothing else to talk about but Jesus; and here upon the earth we find ten thousand things to engage us, and to shadow our souls, which ought to know nothing but the brightness of His presence. Would to God we all spoke more of Him—that He were so loved by us, as ever to be uppermost in our thoughts, and the theme most pleasant to our tongues. What is He to you, my friend?

And now a word as to the *death* in the world.

The shadow of death rests upon the world, that put to death the Son of God. All have sinned and do come short of the glory of God. "The soul that sinneth it shall surely die." *You have sinned, and you must die, unless you believe in Him who is the Life.* There is an empty chair in every home. You need not to be told that death is in the world, you know it from bitter experience. Your tears have fallen upon the cold faces of your dead; you have put the flowers upon the graves, in churchyards, or in cemeteries; and there are the withered buds of promise in your hearts.

-Yes, death is in the world, you know; but do you

feel the seeds of death in yourself? Do you know that *you* are "dead in trespasses and sins," and unless you get life from Christ, you will never live?

Oh! this world, this boasting world, this enlightened nineteenth-century world, with all its wisdom, and its riches, and its science and philosophy, and ambitions, is a scene of darkness and of death. It is, this first month of 1886, a scene made dark and dead by sin. It is a place where Satan reigns, and the rivers of evil flow. O reader, do you love the darkness? Are you enamoured of death? Listen to Him, and come to Him who says, "I AM THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD! HE THAT FOLLOWETH ME SHALL NOT WALK IN DARKNESS, BUT SHALL HAVE THE LIGHT OF LIFE."

"I'LL PLUMP FOR HIM."

WHEN these lines are in the hands of the printer, that which is so occupying men's minds at the present moment, the "General Election of 1885" may be a thing of the past. Would that with it all the jealousies and heart-burnings gendered by the strife of party had also sunk into oblivion—or rather would that they had never arisen! For sad it is to see and to hear the hard speeches and cold looks which party feeling calls up, even between those who are children of God; whose 'citizenship is in heaven' (Phil. iii. 20; iv. 5), and whose only business with

the politics of this world surely should be, to be subject to the powers that be, and to pray for all sorts and conditions of men (Rom. xiii. 1; 1 Tim. ii. 1, 2.

The remark or rather exclamation at the head of this paper was called forth from a dying man, in consequence of one's noticing on his table an envelope containing a circular from an election agent asking for this poor fellow's vote and interest in the coming election for the borough. Having had a similar application I recognised the same handwriting, and remarked,

"So they have been at you for your vote?" to which he nodded assent.

"But you will not be able to go to the poll, you'll never get off that bed. The only one who can do you any good is *the* Man whom the world rejected and cast out. The only One I could vote for, the One who died for such sinners as you and I are, and whose precious blood, God says, cleanseth from all sin—will you have Him?"

With a great effort (for heart-disease and consequent dropsy made every breath he drew, and every word he gasped out, a matter of intense pain) he exclaimed,

"I'LL PLUMP FOR HIM!"

Thank God! One had often visited the dying man and had stuck to that one truth, "the *blood* of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin," with various experiences of hope and sorrow. But this seemed to express a good deal in a few words.

"I'LL PLUMP FOR HIM!" He voted for Jesus, the sinner's Saviour, God's Lamb.

Ah! dear reader, let me ask you, After all the conflict and strife, after all the combat of opinions, what good to your precious soul has done or can do the man you fancy you have helped to send up to Parliament? Did he die for you? If he would, would this have met the claims of that Holy God you have sinned against? Not one claim. But that other Man! What of Him? He *has* died—is risen—and now from the right hand of the majesty on high speaks to your immortal soul this moment, and begs *you* to accept Him as *your* Substitute, Surety, Representative. Not at St. Stephen's, Westminster, but before the throne of God. Will you "plump for Him?" It is not too late. Absence from home, sickness, or a hundred other things may have, to your disappointment, hindered you from going to the "polling-booth" to record your vote just now; but it is not too late, if availed of "*now*," this instant, to accept Him, to vote for Him; for God says, as to this, "Now is the accepted time."

How often one sees placards, "POLL EARLY." Yes, indeed, "the children of this world are wiser in their generation," than the children of light; they believe in "*now*" in the matter of such puny moment compared to the eternal welfare of a never-dying soul. May you be as wise and "poll *now*" just as you are. Don't change your work-a-day clothes for your Sunday finery. "Just as you are," all begrimed with the soot and grease and sweat of sin, earning

the devil’s wages (“the wages of sin is DEATH),” Accept God’s Man, His Christ, His great salvation on the spot.

Why not?

From how many, almost a death-bed, were men dragged to vote! Your pet candidate didn’t care how sooty you made the ticket as long as the “x” was against his name. So, thank God, even at your last gasp, or steeped in sin, there is a Person and a work which have met the claims of God; so that *He* it is who offers you “*now*” pardon and peace, and is just in doing it, as His righteousness has been satisfied so that He can be “Just, and the Justifier of him which believeth in Jesus” (Rom. iii. 26).


What trouble you took to see that your name was correctly entered upon the voters’ list! Again and again have you pored over those sheets of printed matter affixed to church and chapel doors containing the corrected list of those entitled to the franchise. Have you taken one instant’s thought or made enquiry as to whether your name is in the “Lamb’s book of life,” or “enregistered in heaven?” *Now* have you? I often think (as I have seen dear souls running their fingers down the lists, turning over page after page to see if the registration office has put them down all right), of what the Lord Jesus said to the seventy, when they returned to report to Him the result of their mission and exclaimed, “Lord, even the devils are subject unto us through thy name” (Luke ix. 17). Ah! yes, man loves power. Fine thing to turn out demons. You would go a long way to do this, or

even to see it done, but what did that One who was "crucified through *weakness*" reply? "In this rejoice not that the spirits are subject unto you, but rather rejoice that your names are written in heaven" (Luke x. 20).

Dear friend, is YOUR name on *this* roll? Not the voters' list, or parish register I would beg of you to care about; but is it "written in heaven?" See to that and at once, for soon the day of grace will close, the door be shut, and the books be opened. But still the word is "NOW," "TO-DAY. Don't let Satan baffle you with his "*not now, to-morrow.*" Avail yourself of this moment, though it may be the last offer to you of mercy; and then, when He comes Whose right it is to reign and be manifested KING of KINGS and LORD of LORDS you will be "manifested with Him in glory" (Col. iii. 4) and be through the countless ages of eternity a shower forth of "the exceeding riches of His grace." God grant it, for His Son's sake.

S.V.H.

"I WOULDN'T MIND IF I WERE DISAPPOINTED."

NE damp winter's afternoon, I was walking up a hill some little distance from home, when a little girl crossed the road to meet me. She held on her arm a basket containing a few herbs, which she begged me to buy. I did not want any, but gave her a penny. Then she asked whether

I had any old boots at home, that I could spare her. Poor little maid ! she looked sadly in need of them ; while she was speaking, one half-frozen foot slipped out of the torn mud-covered piece of leather that did duty for a shoe, and she had to thrust it in again as best she might. I would gladly have given her a better pair, but was afraid the last had been given away, and so I told her. But she was not to be put off so. "Mightn't she come and see?" I told her the house was a good way off, and besides, I was not going home now. "Would I tell her when I should be at home? and she would come then; she wouldn't mind the distance." "But perhaps after taking the trouble to come, she would find that I had no boots for her."

Again my little friend had an answer ready, "*I wouldn't mind if I was disappointed,*" urged the eager pleading voice.

I could hold out no longer, but gave her the address ; and so we parted.

On reaching home, I found to my joy a pair of the coveted old boots, and when, at the appointed hour, my little herb girl arrived, she was *not* to be disappointed.

"I wouldn't mind if I was disappointed!" Has not the little herb-seller's perseverance a voice to many older and wiser people? Have *you* ever said, when urged to come to Christ for salvation: "Oh! but I don't know whether He would receive me; perhaps I am not one of the elect?" Stop and think for a moment, dear friend; if you were really and

thoroughly in earnest about your soul's salvation, would you say such a thing as that?

The object of the little herb-girl's eager longing was a poor paltry gift, which in a few weeks, or at the most months, would be useless.

The gift *you* need is a gift that will never perish and never change, eternal life. *She* only obtained her gift through her earnest entreaties; to *you* the priceless gift is offered without your asking at all. And yet you say, "I won't take it, because I don't know whether I am one of the elect!" How *can* you know if you will not come and see?

Even if Christ had never said, "Come unto Me, *all* ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I *will* give you rest,"—even if He had told you that it was possible He might cast you out, surely, even then, it would be worth your while to come and see whether He would receive you, whether God would give you the blessed gift of life or not.

The little herb-girl thought the merest chance was better than nothing, because she was *in earnest*. Thank God, it is not a chance in your case; it is a certainty; Election is a precious truth of God; but you and I can never fathom its depths: He alone can do that. What we have to do is to believe, and just to act upon those words of Christ, which are so simple that even a child can understand them.

When the blessed Saviour said, "Come," do you think He meant, "Do *not* come?" When He said, "all," do you think He meant "some?"

Ask the poor publicans and sinners who flocked

around Him on earth. What is their answer? Hark!
“ We heard Him say, ‘ He that hath ears to ear, let him hear,’ and we took Him at His word. We drew near; and did He send us away?”

Ask the man with the withered hand. What is his reply? “ He said to me, ‘ Stretch forth thine hand.’ Instantly, unquestioningly, I obeyed and found that to the *willing* heart the needed strength was given.”

Oh, listen to their testimony; follow their example, The Man of Sorrows said, “ Come;” The Lord of Life and Glory still says “ Come.” Does He mean what He says, or does He not?

Will you trust Him, will you come to Him, or will you stay away?—Away from joy, away from peace, away from glory. Oh, think of the tremendous alternatives hanging upon your decision! You have everything to gain by coming, everything to lose by staying away. How much longer are you going to wait? Before to-morrow’s sun rises, Jesus may have ceased to say “ Come,” and you may have entered upon an eternity of woe, *not* because He was unwilling to save you, but because you were unwilling to be saved.

“ None can come that shall not find
“ Mercy called whom grace inclined;
“ Nor shall any *willing* heart
“ Ever hear that word, ‘ Depart’.”

C.H.P.

THE WORD OF GOD.

<u>Man's Condition.</u>	<u>God's Provision.</u>	<u>Result of accepting God's Provision.</u>
Dead in trespasses & sins. (Eph. ii. 1.)	I am the Life. (John xiv. 6.)	Alive unto God through Jesus Christ our Lord (Rom vi. 2.)
All gone out of the way. (Rom. iii. 12)	I am the Way. (John xiv. 6.)	To guide our feet into the way of peace. (Luke i. 79)
Sitting in darkness and in the shadow of death. (Luke i. 79.)	I am the Light of the world. (John viii. 12.)	That whosoever believeth on Me should not abide in darkness. (John xii. 46.)
Far off. (Eph. ii. 13.)	One Mediator. (1 Tim. ii. 5.)	Made Nigh. (Eph. ii. 13.)
All have sinned. (Rom. iii. 23.)	Christ also hath once suffered for sins. (1 Peter iii. 18.)	Ye are washed. (1 Cor. vi. 2.)
There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked. (Isa. lvii. 21.)	Having made peace through the blood of His cross (Col. i. 20.)	We have peace with God. (Rom. v. 1.)
Come short of the glory of God. (Rom. iii. 43.)	The light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ. (2 Cor. iv. 6.)	Having the glory of God. (Rev. xxi. 2.)



THE BURNING OF THE "BOMBAY":

A WORD OF WARNING TO THE LIGHT AND
CARELESS.



ON December 14th, 1864, H.M.S. Bombay left her anchorage at Monte Video, to exercise her crew at great gun and small arm practice, before the year expired. The beautiful morning bid fair for a fine day. The hands were turned up early, the ship got under weigh speedily, the officers and men (675 in all) were in high spirits, and looking forward that this duty in view would soon be ended and the ship return for their usual enjoyment of the season. Little did they anticipate that those who gazed upon her as she moved away majestically, under her well-spread canvas, would never see her again, or that not a few of those bold and able seamen, would, ere the sun set, pass into the presence of Him before Whom every knee must bow, and Whom every tongue must confess. And, Oh! dear reader, if you have never owned Jesus as your personal Saviour, may you delay no more in this day of grace. The door is open; and you are invited to enter "whilst there is room."

The drum beat to quarters, the guns were speedily cleared for action; targets were thrown overboard; and the ship having been placed in position, so that the guns would bear, firing commenced, and the fore-

noon passed away. At noon the crew went to dinner. After this was over they commenced again at 1 p.m. for two hours more. Then the guns were secured, the watch on deck went to their duties, and others below to rest; save that the starboard guns of the foremost lower deck quarters being loaded, some of the crew kept to them till the target bore. At 3-30 p.m. the fire-bell rang. The crew though tired, went again to their stations; but, instead of exercise, as many thought, it was fire in earnest. For a dense smoke was seen issuing out of the afterhold. The pumps were rigged and manned at once, for the fire was found to be fast increasing. Indeed so alarming was the condition of the ship, that all but those at the pumps were sent on deck to get out the boats, which, with great effort, was accomplished, except one, which was lifted by the stay tackles, and was being hauled out by the yard purchases, when a burst of flame came up the after hatchway and companion, (caused by the spirit-room taking fire,) which compelled them to take a turn with the fall, and rush out of the flames forward. The last hope now of saving the ship was at an end, as the flames prevailed from poop to taffrail and quickly found their way up the mizzen, cutting off all probability of escape in that quarter. The commander ordered the men to look out for themselves, saying, "It was too-late now;" and so each did the best he could. Most took to the boats, which were quickly crowded and pushed off from the burning ship. Those who could not get into the boats, or swim, clung to the hammocks thrown

overboard, which only bore them up for a little while; for as they became soaked, they sank with their living freight. Dear reader, pause, ere you go further, and ask yourself this solemn question: "Where shall I spend my eternity?" Will it be with Him whose presence gladdens heaven? or, with Satan and the lost in hell? Blessed be God, the Saviour invites you to drink of the living stream, and declares that there is still room. May you hear the word of Jesus, believe Him who sent His Son, and possess "eternal life" in Him.

But to return: the fire had now the mastery. Many of those at the pumps perished at their duty; and the only way open for those left on board, seemed to be to move to the fore-castle of the ship. There a lamentable scene presented itself. Numbers were clinging to things which could never save them. Help, as far as man could see, was far, far away. Some got on the bow anchors, others clung to rope's ends thrown overboard; the shrieks were awful. One poor fellow was seen to stand in the fore-chains and hold up a sort of bag, offering money in it, if they would come to his assistance. But it was too late. Had he in going after his money, missed the boat? Certain it was, he perished in the flames. Another, a coloured man, stuck to the bows of the ship, drinking out of a pint bottle till he went to the bottom, as far as is known of him without hope and without God. Some clung to the flying boom and jibboom, in hopes that, should they fall into the water, they might escape by them. The heart sickens as it looks back on all, as fresh as

ever in the writer's mind, who is grieved that he did not bear a brighter testimony for the Lord Jesus Christ in the time of safety. By 4-30 p.m. this fine ship was in a mass of flames, fore and aft, the mizzen mast had fallen, and all hope of assistance gone. The ship was now only thirteen miles from her mooring station, and nine from land. The flames circling around the bows caught the stoppers which held the starboard anchor; and this weight of four tons, being released, fell with a heavy splash into the water, carrying with it all who clung to it for safety; and as the chain passed out of the hawse pipe, it was of a red heat, shewing the fierceness of the fire around the chain locker. The lead from the gammoning of the bowsprit, melting by the fire, ran down on those around the stern of the ship, whose cries were heartrending; and to add to the distress of those who were in the boats, the guns which were loaded became heated through the fierceness of the fire, and went off, the shot passing very close to them. Only one of the boats could return to the ship to pick up the few still living. Night soon set in; and at 8-30 p.m. all that remained of this fine ship blew up in the air (the fire having penetrated through to the magazine), the fragments being seen from the anchorage at Monte Video.

Through this calamity ninety-three souls were ushered into eternity; and these few lines are penned to warn others of the deep necessity of being ready. As far as is known, there were only six Christians on board, who the night before, were together in prayer

commending themselves, and those on board to God. How little did they think what was going to take place on the morrow! But, their heavenly Father took care of them, and brought them each one safely through this hour of trial and danger, so that they were enabled again to thank Him for what He had done for them:

Should this fall into the hands of any, whether going down to the sea in ships, or doing business on land, who have not fled to the only refuge, but are still cleaving to their own selves in the delusion that there is time enough yet, may you be led, through reading this short account, to Him, who is now a Saviour. You have not a moment to lose; you are a sinner, lost, guilty and condemned already, having sinned and coming short of God's glory. If you continue to trust in your hopes or doings, like the sailors who clung to the anchor or hammocks for safety, you will find they will only usher you into endless misery. But it is joy to tell you that God has provided a place of refuge for every lost sinner, who looks by faith to Him who was lifted up on the cross; the Son who was sent by God out of His own love to the world, that "*whosoever* believeth in Him should not perish, but *have* everlasting life." To the possessor of this precious gift, "all is, and will be, well." The peace is then yours which He made by the blood of His cross, who from the shores of resurrection, pronounces those precious words, "Peace unto you." Well may the heart be filled with joy through Him!

Dear reader, again the writer asks, are you "on

the Lord's side?" Is the question settled between you a guilty sinner and a holy God? If not, let us beseech you in Christ's stead, "be ye reconciled to God." He who knew no sin was made sin by God for you, that you might become God's righteousness in Him. And He is soon coming—coming for His own.

If then in your sins, you will be left for judgment; but if in Christ, you will be caught up to meet the Lord in the air, and thus for ever be with Him.

J.H.

THE LANDLORD'S CONVERSION.



few weeks since, the ostler at an Inn came running after me, saying, "If you please sir, Missus wants to see you." I went into the house, where I was met by the landlady, a remarkably clean and respectable woman, who having apologized for sending after me, said, "I want you to speak to my husband about his soul, for I don't think he's long for this world." I followed her into a room where sat her husband. He had been a strong man, steady and industrious, and had conducted the house in which he had been living about three years, in an orderly manner.

I found that he was suffering from dropsy, jaundice, and quite a complication of disorders.

I spoke to him about his need of a Saviour, and told him of God's love to the world in the gift of His Son. I visited him two or three times afterwards,

and he assented to all that I said, but as far as I could judge, he had not really known his need of a Saviour; he had not yet discovered that he was *guilty before God*.

I made his case a matter of earnest prayer to God, and the following Lord's day I was strongly impressed that God had given me a word for him.

I called to see him on the evening and found him worse, his legs had swollen to a frightful size. I asked him what the doctor had said, he replied, "He shook his head and said, 'Poor man!'" I said, "You know what that means?" He answered, "Yes, I shall never get better." I then asked him, "What about your soul?" He replied, "That's what I want to get settled." I turned to 1 Tim. i. 15. and read, "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." I said to him, "I am a sinner." He replied, "And you may put me down for another, for I have been a very wicked man." I asked him how he was to be saved. He looked with intense earnestness into my face and said, "That's what I want to know, what must I do?" I answered, "I will give you the same reply that the Apostle Paul gave to a man who asked him the same question." I then turned to Acts xvi. and read from the 27th to the 34th verse. When I had finished, the poor fellow looked at me with a look I shall not easily forget, and said, "*I believe.*" I asked, "What do you believe?" He replied, "I believe Jesus Christ died for me." I said, "Then you *are* saved, 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 iii. 16.)

I also said to him, “I have no doubt but that you would believe my word.” He replied, “That’s just what I had said to my mother.” I then turned to I John v. and read from the 9th to the 13th verse. The Spirit of God and the word of God had done the work, and another soul was born again. I said, “Let us thank God,” and heartfelt thanks went up to Him, whose love to this poor world was so great, that He actually sent His own, and His only begotten Son, to die for sinners—“The just One, for us the unjust, that He might bring us to God.”

I saw him again the following day, and found him peaceful and happy, resting in the word of God and the work of Christ.

Before the week had passed away I saw him for the last time; he was dying, his eyes were half closed and he was breathing heavily. I said to him, “You will soon be with the Lord?” He was unable to speak, but he opened his eyes, pointed his finger upwards and nodded a smiling assent. Before the day had closed he was “absent from the body and present with the Lord.”

His wife afterwards told me that during the week he had prayed that God would have mercy upon her, and entreated her to look to the Lord, for he said, “I know God has forgiven me all my sins.”

Yes, reader, “Christ Jesus came into the world to *save* sinners.” You cannot save yourself. “For

when we were yet *without strength*, in due time Christ died for the ungodly." Rom. v. "He that believeth on Him is *not condemned*; but he that believeth not is *condemned already*." As you read these words, you are either one or the other, which is it? Whatever your thoughts may be, the word of God is true. If you receive it in faith you are saved, if you reject it you are lost.

W.C.

PRAISE FROM BABES.

LITTLE MAGGIE; OR, "SHE DOES NOT MIND IT."



MAMMA, why did you all cry so at dear little cousin's grave? She was happy, I could not cry." "Oh well darling," said mamma, "Although we know she is happy, she has gone from amongst us; we feel her loss and shall miss her greatly, she was your playmate too, and her merry laugh and pattering feet will be heard no more in your nice games."

"Well, I could not cry," said this child again, "for Maggie is up there with Jesus, *she* was looking down and seeing her own little body put into the grave, *she* did not mind it a bit, and why should I."

Now I must tell the reader something about the little one we had buried the day before. She was only two years and ten months old, but she had won all our hearts. She used to sing, "Around the throne of

God in heaven. Thousands of children stand;" but as she could not say, "glory," like her older brother and sister, she joined most sweetly with "gory, gory, gory," for she had learnt what it means, and talked about it too; and now she is among that "holy, happy band."

Only a cold, and in a few days she was there. Her kind nurse had taken her one day to see an Aunt, and they had a nice chat together about Jesus, and, standing there in all her infant brightness, among the conservatory flowers, she was taught that lovely verse,

"Jesus loves me this I know,
For the Bible tells me so.
Little ones to Him belong,
They are weak, but He is strong,"

She lisped it out and helped to sing it. Very soon after, this Auntie was roused early one Sunday-morning by a tap at her door, and a voice saying, "Oh! Maggie is dying!" Only half awake, she asked, "What Maggie do you mean?" "Our own, *our* little Maggie; do come," was the answer, and soon she was with the sad group that were watching this beloved child, who, apparently unconscious, was just breathing her young spirit back to God who had given it. Her Mamma bent down and said, "Auntie A. has come to see you dear." She opened her eyes with a look of recognition. Then this Auntie said, "Maggie darling, Jesus loves you." Immediately she raised herself sufficiently to nod her head with great energy, saying, "'e—s—s," so distinctly that all could hear it. She closed her eyes, nestled among the pillows again, and

spoke *no more*. We knelt around that couch commending each weeping one to the support of the "everlasting arms," and asked for her to be taken *easily*. Our cry was heard and answered too (see 1 John v. 14-15.) Three hours more and she was "absent from the body and present with the Lord." When her little cousin heard of her departure, she cried bitterly, and was taken on her mother's lap to be comforted; then they had a chat about it together. Afterwards she was asked to look at the sweet pale face in the pretty white coffin, and begged for one golden curl (which is still kept among her chief treasures), but when they were alone again, she asked her Mamma, "How can little Maggie be up there with Jesus, when I have just seen her?" This was explained, and after some quiet thought she exclaimed, "Well then tell me, how much of her has gone to be with Jesus, and how much of her is left down here?" "Her spirit, her life, her soul, has gone up there," the mother answered, "and only the body left. It cannot run about, or play, or sing, it is useless now, and God tells us to put it quite out of sight, under the ground, until He wants it again." "Oh, then I don't mind, if *three* things of hers have gone to Jesus, and only *one* has to be put into the ground."

This happy conclusion, that the grave had not the victory, accounted for the seeming indifference exhibited by this child, during the service that was held in the cemetery chapel, while a brother in the Lord, spoke of our little Maggie and her last word, that strong emphatic "yes."

This story is written for the sake of older children, those who are well and strong; and who can read and sing, and I ask you dear children, just to think of these two little girls: one gone to be with that precious Saviour who loves all children, and delights to make them happy here, and happy for ever. Have you learnt that Jesus loves *you*, or do you sing the words without really meaning them? Can you truthfully say, "this I know." Does *your heart* believe that He shed His precious blood to cleanse *you* from sin, and if *you* should be taken so ill that no doctor's skill, or loving mother's watchfulness, or tender nurse's care, could restore you to health, are you *sure* that it would be "yes" with you? Only three letters in the word, but so full of comfort to all who heard it, and they can never forget that last little, "e—s—s." Then how blessed the settled confidence of the other child, that her little cousin was so happy, so *satisfied* up there, that "she did not mind" her lifeless frame being laid among the dust. If you are a real child of God, and perhaps have lost a dear tiny brother or sister, you are able to think of it in this same bright way, and can look forward with great joy to that glorious time when you will meet that little one again, and "meet to part no more."

N.





THREE DEATHS.



OW uncertain life is. There is danger and death on every hand. Some years ago, I was in the last carriage of a train on the Metropolitan railway, and as we swept around a curve, I saw a man come down from a bank and try and cross the line. He was not quick enough; the buffer of the engine struck him; and as the train swept by, I saw him extended on the opposite rails, on his face and hands.

Was he dead? I could not tell. Was he saved? I did not know.

In Paris, one day I walked into the Morgue; and there behind the glass partition, on the stone slab, I saw the dead body of a man.

He had been dragged out of the river Seine, and there he lay, with his working clothes on,—dead. I thought as I gazed upon him, what of his soul? He was in eternity, where was he gone?


I saw one of the finest men I ever looked upon in my life, die in a hospital ward. A man in the prime of life, with broad and muscular chest, and a massive frame. He had fallen from a tree and injured his spine. He was unconscious when I saw him, and breathing deeply. I stood and watched him till he

died. His weeping sister said to the nurse afterwards, "He was a good brother."

I longed to know if he was saved, but I could not tell.

Oh, my reader, what of you? Death may come to you at any moment; is your soul saved? I know One who is ready to save you this moment. It is Jesus. I know what would save you before you put this little book down. It is faith. . . "Without faith it is impossible to please God." Just now believe that Jesus died for you, take your place as a sinner, Jesus saves sinners. His blood was shed for sinners; He is filling heaven with saved sinners. He calls you to repentance now. He offers you eternal life. This moment come to Jesus

WON AT LAST.

E have something to tell you, come here as soon as you get this note," wrote an aunt to her niece, who rose from her work, and went at once to get permission to respond to this hasty call. On the way to prepare for the start she was greeted with, "Dress in your best, Toddie," (her pet name among the girls), "look as nice as you can! They are going to introduce you to someone, no secrets mind, tell us all about it when you return to-night." But Toddie had no sympathy with jests, for the Lord had been knocking, knocking

at that young heart's door since she was ten, and still He found it shut against Him at nineteen nearly.

There had been a storm two nights before; the rolling thunder, the pouring torrents of rain, the vivid flashes of lightning, kept her awake all night, and plainly said, "There is a judgment coming, and you are not prepared to meet the Judge." There was another voice calling, "Come unto Me, and I will give you rest," but she did not listen to that voice *then*. Her mother's Bible had been pushed quite down at the bottom of her box, in painful despair, after turning its leaves over and over, and reading a verse here and there, just to keep a promise drawn from her by the loving voice of that mother she had lost.

Arrived by omnibus in haste at 20, W. St., she did not notice the blinds all closely drawn, or perceive sadness in the faces of those within. Her aunt said quietly, "Harry is ill—very ill," she was adding, when grandpa, old and deaf, suddenly announced, "Harry is dead and you can't see him."

"My brother Harry?—ill,—dead? No! he was well last Sunday. I spent the day with him, walked in the park with him,—it cannot be," was all the poor girl could utter. Her head swam; she fainted. Then soon she had to hear the whole sad truth. He had gone to bathe on the evening of that storm, and was taken with cramp; he tightly clutched a young man whose acquaintances he had made on the banks of the Serpentine only a few minutes before, and who, at the inquest, said that the death grasp was so strong,

that he was compelled to shake the poor fellow off, or he too must have been drowned.

Well, you say, why write this? It is nothing new, there are many who have thus perished. Yes, oh yes! that is it, *perished*, Listen! read on! his sister loved him. He was worthy the love of all who knew him, generous, and affectionate; called at home, among the five, "Harry the peace-maker"; fine looking now at twenty-one. She had been a wee bit proud to take his arm, and through the park to chat cheerfully together. Now he had *perished*. Oh! the thrill of agony this brought; they had left God out of their talk, left Eternity out, left their souls too out of their thoughts on that last Sunday they had walked together; and the burning, crushing sorrow was, "Where shall they meet again?" She was not safe, he, she felt was lost, and night and day the cry broke forth, "HE IS IN HELL, I shall be there too, and in unutterable anguish spend a sad for ever." But God, who is rich in mercy, had another plan, He meant to save this precious soul, and this was the way He took. The shock and deep exercise that followed were too much; illness came, long and dangerous; and, in hours of weakness, not knowing His way of salvation, she lay asking that her life might be spared, solemnly promising to serve God if He raised her up. Oh! what a bargain, serve God when He has written that, "Without faith it is *impossible* to please Him." And yet, how many try, and work hard too, to get salvation, not knowing that God *gives* eternal life, *none* can earn it. He did spare her, He did restore her,

and allowed her to return to that work-room, and there for months she yearned, she sighed for One at whose feet she could sit and tell out all her need, still ignorant that it was *Christ* alone she wanted, and that she was as welcome as Mary to that spot of privilege,—His feet. Not as a talker though, not to tell *Him* her need Who knew it all, who Himself had created the want, for Mary sat and heard His word, she *listened* and was blest.

In God's own time a Christian came into that house, whose smile, whose very voice was influence for Him, and all could plainly see that she possessed a joy, a satisfying peace, that they knew nothing of. She soon found out the anxious one, and pointing to John iii. 36. "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life, he that believeth not the Son shall not see life, but the wrath of God *abideth* on him," earnestly asked, "Do you believe on the Son of God?" "Oh! yes," was the reply, "I do." "Then you have everlasting life." "Oh! no, I have not." "Then you do not believe; see God says it; will you make Him a liar?" Then she added, "How terrible to walk about all day, to lie down each night, with that big black cloud, the wrath of God, always above your head, ever there, hanging over you." This, continually repeated, with earnest affection, did its own work, and sent that troubled girl to the quiet of her own room, with a real cry from the very soul's depth, "Lord save me or I perish, I cannot let Thee go except Thou bless me." "Thy sins are forgiven, go in peace," came the answer then and there, clear, and plain, calming all

the soul, and removing every fear. Could she keep this to herself? *Impossible*. She had to tell it out to all. The two could now worship God together, and the cup of joy, filled to the very brim, flowed over in them both. Others believed and lived to the praise of His grace, who speaks to *you*, and waits for *you*, unsaved one, to take the water of life He offers freely, before the wrath cloud breaks. N.

A DAYSMAN NEEDED AND PROVIDED.

THERE are two things of which man is totally ignorant in his natural, unconverted state—he neither knows himself nor God. Man in innocence knew and enjoyed what he was as God's creature set in the garden of delight as head over the fair and perfect creation, and in that state he knew and delighted in God the Creator who came near and talked with him.

Blessed moment! when all was perfect as God would have it as to Himself, man, and creation; when sin with its consequences were unknown. This state, Satan who is a liar and a deceiver, soon sought to overthrow, and alas! he too well succeeded by making the innocent pair a prey to his devices. Yes, dear reader, his object in assailing man was to misrepresent God, and to make His creature independent of Him by setting up a will opposed to *God's* in

taking the fruit he was forbidden to touch; then, as a liar to declare in the face of what God had said, that man should not die for his disobedience. Satan's gaining the victory over man resulted at once in putting man in a state of sin, with a conscience knowing good and evil, but with a mind darkened as to himself and God, a fact true to this hour of all the fallen sons of Adam, the reader not excepted.

This was seen in the act of the guilty ones; for they foolishly thought that they could cover their nakedness by their own doings; moreover, that they could keep away from God, by hiding behind the trees.

God's claims and His majesty were thus set aside, and no less the solemn state of sin and its consequences. Ignorance sad and fatal if continued in, for such thoughts and acts only last as long as God is in the distance, and His voice not heard. When God awakens and deals with souls, as I pray He may with *you*, dear reader, He dispels the dream and delusion, as He did with this guilty pair, by giving them to feel what their sinfulness was in the presence of what He *is* in holiness and truth. They were made conscious of needing what neither their tempter, nor themselves (wilfully duped by him) could provide; hence outside *God* their case was hopeless. A fact in real experience which every soul God takes up is made in some degree to feel and confess. This was strikingly the case with Job who was brought to feel and own his need of a "DAYSMAN"—one who could put his hand upon both.

Think of this poor sinner; that you too are in a condition to need one who can meet the God you have sinned against, as well as take you out of the low estate in which your sins involve you. Be not deceived by Satan as to your actual position as a sinner before a holy and righteous God. Though you may be on good terms with yourself and measure your prospects by many outwardly worse in the ways of sin, yet *you* have sinned and to escape the eye and the unalterable judgment of God against sin (*your sin*) is impossible. Rather have it out with God as did Job, who, I judge was outwardly in character far better than you, or the writer, for God said of him in chap. i. "And that man was perfect and upright, and one that feared God and eschewed evil." Only think of God saying this of him, yet in chap. ix. Job is fearing and trembling with the sense of what he is before that same God. Unsaved and self-righteous one, if such you are, have you ever so felt? and thus realised the difference of what you may be in conduct before men, and what you are in reality, by nature and practice in the presence of God who is Light—light so pure that nothing remains undetected. If others could freely and vainly talk to Job *about* God, *he* solemnly felt what it was to have to do *with* God, and he was brought to see and confess himself guilty before Him. Alas! how many since his day have tried to reason with, and to quiet souls who are troubled in conscience about their sins, whilst they themselves are ignorant of their own sinful condition. Job owned three statements made *about* God

well enough, but his question was personal, and one that must be raised with every soul sooner or later, for he asks, "How shall man be just with God?" For a guilty condemned sinner to be just before a holy and righteous God is impossible. Yet how many thousands attempt to get right with God by their own ways and doings. The Devil who set Adam and Eve to work to meet what he had involved them in, is the same still, deceiving souls by telling them to work, pray, and do good deeds and all will be well. Job tried this, and speaks of it as, may be, you have done, but what does this troubled soul say after declaring the felt majesty and greatness of God? "He who removeth the mountains, shaketh the earth, and maketh it tremble, (think of that, unsaved sinner) who passeth by and man seeth Him not, yea, who shall say to Him what doest Thou?" *This is God*, the One holding every soul of Adam's guilty race responsible to Himself to whom Job says speaking of his own state "I know Thou wilt not hold me innocent" Chap. ix. 28. Moreover to wash himself with snow-water would only expose him to be plunged into the ditch; when his own clothes would abhor him.

To what a conclusion to be brought—guilty and condemned in himself, only to be thrown into a ditch if attempting to improve his condition.

O God make each reader to feel the truth of it; that as sinners we are all guilty and that there is no help in us. The world around, with all its present boast can never help to give rest and peace to a burdened

conscience. Satan may say, "Go into the world and drown conscience, or become religious and thus soothe it" but this is only to plunge the soul into a ditch, to give greater despair. God and the sinner *must* meet; but how, and where? Surely only by and through a Daysman as Job declares, but Job can do no more than own the need of him at that hour of his soul-trouble. Has the reader done this much? If so, thanks be to God there is One, and that of God's providing Who has met the sinner's deep need, and no less the claims of a sin hating God. This however must be reserved for our next paper (D.V).
G.G.

"TALKS WITH CHILDREN."
CLOSE TO GOD."

I



LITTLE girl was in her night gown, the evening prayer had gone up as usual, and the mother with lighted candle in her hand was just crossing the room to carry this little one to bed, when she was stopped by the child patting her on the face and eagerly asking, "Mamma! why do you always ask Gracious Father to let all of us, cousins, aunties, and all meet *around* the throne. Who is in the middle?" "Oh sweetie," said her mother, you know Who is *on* that throne; it is "the throne of *God* in heaven" we sing about, "Oh but *I* should like to be in the middle," the child replied. "You will

be next papa and mamma dear," "Yes—" but—and then she whispered right in her mother's ear, "I *do* want to be in the middle, *may I* mamma, *may I* go *close* to God?"

These words thrilled quite through the listener, and kept her standing still, lifting her heart up to Him for wisdom to reply. Before the answer came, the child broke out in breathless earnestness and almost jumping out of her arms, said "Oh I know mamma; when He has made me like Him then I may go close to Him." They had talked of the coming of the Lord in the way it is so plainly described in 1 Thess. iv. (*do read* for your own instruction 13-18 verses) and this child had asked "Shall we feel Him change us, will it hurt us?" She had been told that it was to be done so very quickly, that it would not take longer than the time it took for her to drop down the lid of her eye, and that God had not said one word about our feeling it, or being hurt by it. So she looked forward with joy to that wonderful moment, when she would be allowed to go "close to God" and to stop there.

Reader! may I ask, are *you* looking forward with pleasure to that bright time? It may be to-day that those who *are ready* will hear that "shout"; for "Surely I come quickly" is the promise of the Lord Jesus Christ, and "it is written" also that "every eye shall see Him" (*do look at the words*) Rev. i. 7. No unbeliever will be allowed to stay in His presence; He will say to them "depart from Me" and they *must* go away from Him *for ever*. Where, oh where,

will their home be through all the long eternity, and who will they be with for ever? You *know* where, and you know who will always live there, for God says they go into a place prepared for the devil and his angels. Yes, there they *must* go, although the place was not prepared for them; *they* are not fit for the other and blessed place, because while they were down here on earth they were not "saved from the wrath to come;" their sins have not been forgiven, therefore they could not sing that lovely song of praise with the happy ones who had believed in Him; that most wonderful song, that will never tire Him Who listens to it or those who sing it, "Unto Him that loveth *us* and hath washed *us* from our sins in His own blood and hath made us kings and priests unto God and His Father, to Him be glory and dominion for ever and ever." Can you say "He loved *me* and gave Himself for *me*?" Give the answer to Him out of your very heart, *yes* or *no*, surely you can say *yes*, and add to it too,—"*Thou* knowest that *I* love *Thee*." But if you still after this, utter that dreadful *no* let me persuade you to put your whole trust in Him this very hour, this very minute, for He may "come again" the next, and find *you* unprepared; but if you have seen by faith "The Lamb of God" bearing the punishment of your sins, you are ready to go "close to God" whenever He calls you and to stop there with Him for ever.

R.





**' I'D A GREAT DEAL RATHER HAVE
THE MONEY.'**



HIS afternoon I went into a little shop, in a wretched street in South London, the abode chiefly of beggars, hawkers, and organ-grinders.

I had to wait a minute or two before telling the woman what I wanted, for a man was standing at the counter making purchases. And what were his purchases? A halfpennyworth of tea, a halfpennyworth of sugar, a halfpenny herring, and the top part of a half-quartern loaf. Poor man! how far will that go towards satisfying the hunger of a family? thought I, as I stood and watched the shop-keeper putting the things together. I longed to do something for him, and perhaps I ought to have done, for surely such purchases were a sign of real poverty, but I had just seen some other poor creatures, for whom I could not help doing a little, and I *knew* them, while this man was an utter stranger.

So I thought I had better not give him anything except a gospel magazine, which I held out, saying, "Would you like a little book to read?" "Yes 'm;" he answered, as he took it, "*but I'd a great deal rather have the money to buy some food.* I've six, (I

think he said,) little children," he went on to say "and no mother to bring 'em up."

Poor man, he spoke honestly at any rate, and no doubt many of the people who pretend to accept gospel books with delight, are secretly wishing it was money instead, and hoping that their apparent appreciation of the books will bring them what they consider more substantial help. I could not help feeling that the poor man's thought was very natural, that perhaps it seemed like mockery, to offer him a book, when he and his children were almost starving. Yet, how different would have been his answer if he had realized that that little book contained food, which, by the grace of God, could save his soul from perishing, and news which could fill his heart with joy and peace.

Perhaps, some one reading this little paper, knows what poverty is; perhaps you have seen little children crying around you for bread, and you had none to give them—shivering with cold, and you had no fire to warm them, and scarcely any clothes to wrap them in.

Dear friend, there is One Who knows all about it.—One Who loves to meet human need, and comfort human woe. "Why doesn't He help me then?" you ask; "Why has He brought all these troubles upon me?" Dear friend, it is *sin* that has caused all these sorrows; there would be no sorrow in the world, if there were no sin. Human wretchedness is not God's work; it is the work of man and of Satan. "But," you say, "If God did not cause any troubles, at any rate

He is able to take them away: why doesn't He do so?" Perhaps one great reason is that He wants to make you happy, and He knows that taking away your troubles would not make you happy. "For He doth not afflict willingly, nor grieve the children of men." Lam. iii. 33.

He leaves you in your sorrow, that you may feel your need of a Friend; He leaves you in your perplexities, that you may feel your need of a Guide, and above all, He wants to make you see your sinfulness that you may feel your need of a Saviour. You and I have deserved our troubles, because we are sinners, and as long as you go on in sin, you cannot expect to be really happy, whether high or low, rich or poor. But, thank God, there *is* comfort, there *is* joy for you, poor and sorrowful though you are.

Jesus, the Son of God, became a man, and bore the punishment your sins had deserved; He tasted the sorrows of death that you might have eternal life, unending joy. For *you* He suffered, for *you* He died, for *you* He rose again. Oh! won't you take Him as *your* Saviour? Won't you own your sinfulness, and flee to Him for refuge, not only from your troubles and cares, but from your own guilty self too?

Then you will have a Father to Whom you can tell your every need, a Saviour to Whom you can bring every trouble; and if you are ever unhappy and care-worn *after* you are saved, it will only be if you forget for a time how near and how faithful He is, "Who careth for you."

Oh! if you only knew the joy of salvation, you

would'nt say, "I'd rather have the money;" you would gladly own that the Word of God is "more to be desired than gold, yea, than much fine gold." (Ps. xix. 10.)

C.H.P.

THE ONLY SOURCE OF PURE JOY.



WHAT is your source of joy, my dear reader?

That which comes from a pure source alone can be pure. If your joy comes from God it

is pure joy: if it comes from the impure

source of earth, it can never last. Do you know the

true fount of peace and joy, reader? Can you say,

"We have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ?"

Vanderbilt, the railway king, sought his joy in riches. His whole life was spent in trying to get the best outlet for his enormous wealth. And when death came, it came suddenly. He was cut off without a moment's warning. What an eclipse! You have seen the sun shining in splendour in the sky, when suddenly a cloud has passed before it, and the light has been shut out, and the earth has all been shadowed, and the birds have ceased to sing. So it was with Vanderbilt. His sun of posterity was shining brightly, when suddenly the cloud of death came, and all the birds of desire ceased to sing.

The man was dead. What does it matter how poor we are on earth, if we have an inheritance in heaven.

We may have no earthly riches, but if we have treasure in the skies, it will be well for us. Oh, that the joy unspeakable might be your joy, dear reader. "Set your affection on things above, not on things on the earth." Christ is ever with His people, He never forsakes the one who trusts in Him. The price of redemption has been paid, and the gift of God is eternal life. The price was the life-blood of the Son of God. God will give you His gift now, if you will have it. *Will you?*

STRANGLED BY A MUFF CORD !

WHAT! a dainty silken cord, with those pretty tassels which went round my neck, and by which my sealskin, or fancy velvet and lace muff was suspended, which kept my hands so warm during this cold weather we have had this past winter; do you mean to say there can be death in a muff cord?

I do, and you may well be surprised even as those young men, the sons of the prophets were, when they found there was "death in the pot" in that fourth chapter of second book of Kings. Have you ever noticed this, my reader, death where man would expect nourishment? Ah! yes, how disappointing often, if not fatal, are man's expectations. Notice, the pottage was all of THEIR providing, from EARTH'S growth. One went to the field, "the field is the

WORLD " Matt xiii. 38. He found a *wild* vine and gathered his lap *full*, and came and shred them into the pot of pottage "for they knew them not," 2 Kings iv. 38, and so it ever is. The world, after all man's best efforts can only produce "*death in the pot.*" What a good thing the discovery was made and that there was some one to cry to "the man of God." Very disappointing after *their* trouble and cookery to find it ended in death, if pursued in. Have you learned this? All *your* "righteousnesses are as filthy rags." That's the truth of it, not "all your sins," every one knows this, but *thy* "*righteousnesses—filthy rags.*" God's judgment—my friend—God's verdict—dear soul—not mine. And having owned God to be correct, have you turned to another not an Elisha, God's man in Israel for *that* day, but to JESUS God's man for to-day?

What did the prophet direct to be done? "Bring meal." What is meal? "Bread corn is bruised" Is. xxviii. 28, type of Him, "who was bruised for our iniquities." And when the meal *was* brought *he* cast it into the pot, and food and refreshment, instead of death is the result. Yes, bring in Christ whether for your sins or your circumstances and how great the change, as in Israel's case at the bitter waters of Marah in Ex. xv. When that bough of the tree was cast in, the waters became sweet. Oh! the cross of Christ! how it turns the bitter into sweet, how the person of Him, who was "bruised" brings life out of death!

Do you know Him?

Well, but what of that muff cord. I see a little about "death in the pot." But how is there death in that muff cord?

I will tell you; and now I never see one round a young person's neck, or hear of people going out for a jaunt on Good Friday without the circumstance I am about to relate coming before me.

Bank holiday will soon be here, plans for *how* and *where* to spend Easter are already laid out; joyful expectations of release from business and a happy holiday have arisen; will they be carried out? Will you live to see next bank holiday? If not, are you ready to be called into the presence of a holy God? Are YOU? For like the young person I have before me, you may only have *part* of "Good Friday," and so not have an Easter Monday, at least down here. Where she spent that and every one since, I must leave. It is of YOU I am thinking and I pray God it may be for YOUR blessing I am writing.

On a certain Good Friday three young people, a young man, the person he was engaged to be married to, and her sister, hired a conveyance and horse to take a drive. The horse was a quiet, steady beast, the trap was in good condition, but the chariotcer did not know how to handle the reins; and besides, it is feared, had taken more than was good for him. They set out to visit some friends, the young man on the driving side of the box, his intended next to him, and on the hind seat, her sister. How nicely packed in, and how comfortable all were; the hands of the girls thrust well into their muffs,

secured around their necks by the dainty cords and tassels which now accompany such articles of female attire. Off they started, and on they went, joking and laughing chatty and careless; so much so that the young man pulled the wrong rein, which drew the horse on one side and caused one wheel to run up the bank on that side. Over went the dog-cart, out went all three; on moved the horse not frightened to run away, but just jogging on quietly, so steady an animal was it. The young man was thrown clear of every thing, and so was the girl behind; but the other in falling out had this muff cord caught round the lamp iron, and ere the horse stopped, which it did of its own accord, before her friends could recover themselves, she was dragged along by the muff cord still encircling her neck and still round the lamp iron, the patent leather tips of her boots were rubbed out on the road, and the poor girl was *strangled*. Yes, when the others got up to the trap the horse was nibbling the grass, the one so full of health and spirits a little while ago, was a corpse. "Strangled by a muff cord" how sad! how unlikely! but so it was. Oh! the bitter regrets of those that were left! Of the one taken, one must be silent. But one can speak to *you*. Had it been you, dear reader would you have been "lost" or "saved?" Now in "heaven," or, waiting for judgment? WHICH? Had such a thing happened to you *last* Good Friday, what about your precious soul?

It may be so the next, oh! then face the question now. Turn to Him, look unto Him, the Antitype of the

“meal” of the “bruised corn,” to Jesus, the sinner’s Friend, the Christ of God! the One who died for such as you. The One “who suffered the Just for the unjust, to bring us to God,” whose precious blood, *God says*, “cleanseth from all sin.”

There was “death in the pot,” the “meal” met it and caused life to come out of death. There may be death even in your muff cord. But if Jesus is your Saviour, then death come when *it* may, it will be, but “absent from the body, present with the Lord.” It will be to “depart and be with Christ.” Do see to it. Have the question settled, and at once, and then you will be able to reverse the world’s saying “In the midst of life we are in death,” so that with the believer, you may say, “In the midst of death I am in life.” God grant it.

S.V.H.

AN UNFADING INHERITANCE.



MANY in this world are eagerly anticipating the moment when they shall reach the age of twenty-one. Some expect to succeed to a fine estate which they inherit from their parents; others are looking forward to the possession of a large fortune which they imagine will bring them untold happiness. The one of whom I am about to tell you, had no such expectations. But her hopes were fixed on high, and she had an “inheritance incorruptible,

and undefiled," "reserved in heaven" for her; and into these eternal and unfading joys she entered at the age of twenty-one. When I saw her first, looking so pale and fragile, I read to her of the heavenly land, where there is no pain or sorrow, or death, and where God shall wipe all tears from the eyes. I asked her if she was happy, and she told me she was. I said, "You are not afraid to die?" "No, no, I know my Jesus too well for that," was the ready reply. The next time I called to see her, she said, "Read to me about the tears being wiped away." I was glad to do it and to know as I read, how easy it is to face the future in the light of the truth of God. She was calm and peaceful, resting on the finished work of the Son of God. The next time I called I saw her in her coffin, but heard many things about her from her mother. She used to say, "I am so glad that Jesus loves me." The love of Jesus was so real to her. Often when her mother was downstairs she would hear her singing to herself as she lay alone upstairs. One day the mother went up and said, "You are very happy, my dear." "Yes, mother I am so happy, I cannot tell how to stop singing." This is what she was singing—

"O Paradise! O Paradise!
Who doth not crave for rest?
Who would not seek the happy land
Where they that loved are blest;
Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight.

O Paradise ! O Paradise !
 'Tis weary waiting here ;
 I long to be where Jesus is,
 To feel, to see Him near ;
 Where loyal hearts and true
 Stand ever in the light,
 All rapture through and through
 In God's most holy sight.

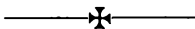
O Paradise ! O Paradise !
 I greatly long to see
 The special place my dearest Lord
 In love prepares for me ;
 Where loyal hearts and true
 Stand ever in the light,
 All rapture through and through
 In God's most holy sight."

This was doing "one thing." Thinking of Christ and heaven. This was forgetting what was behind, and reaching on. This was having a mark, and pressing on. Do you long for rest and home, my reader ? The rest of God in the home of heaven.

On one occasion she was gazing up and smiling sweetly, and her watching mother said, "My darling, do you see Jesus ?" "No, I do not see Jesus, but I shall," was the answer. She would often exclaim, "My blessed Jesus, what should I do without Him now ?" And yet you, reader, may have done without Him for years ; perhaps you are trying to do without Him now. She said with deep earnestness when near her end, "Oh ! mother, do pray from your heart that Jesus will come quickly for me ; and that He will give me patience. I did not think I could be so weak and live." A friend said to her "You will be in heaven first, to welcome mother


when she comes." "Yes," was the answer, "that will be best." Very shortly before she passed away she said to her mother, "Mother dear, don't you be frightened if you see I'm dying; say, mother, 'Thy will be done.' God knows what's best. It is better for me to be taken from you, than for you to be taken from me; what should I do without you? There's no one like a mother." Right up to the close she was happy. "I am sorry I have done so little for Jesus," she would say. She passed away very peacefully at last.

I have related to you this last chapter in an earthly life, to shew you how easy it is to face the future when you have Christ. This dear one could forget all on earth, and leave all for her love to her Saviour. This is pressing on, having Christ and His heaven in view. God is reaping for eternity. Calling His people one by one from this world of sin and sorrow. Let me say to you, my reader, if you are not as yet saved, you have not to work for salvation. The work was done for you by your Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ. He said to God, "I have glorified Thee on the earth; I have finished the work which Thou gavest Me to do." That work, finished by Christ, was the salvation of your soul. Are you saved? If not, it is because you have not trusted in this finished work. Will you do it now?





HOW I WAS LED TO THANK JESUS.

 WAS nineteen years of age; the son of Christian parents, and I was not saved. From an early age I had longed to be a Christian; I knew that Christians were safe for eternity, and that to be unsaved was to be lost for ever; but I had no idea what was needed in order that I might become a Christian, and I formed all sorts of strange resolutions as to how and when I would begin. I did as many others have done, I "turned over a new leaf" again and again, only to prove again and again, the impossibility of getting on in that way. One Sunday evening in 1868, I was at a service at the Lecture Hall, G., and after it was over one of the elders came up and spoke to me; he took me into a private room and prayed with me, and asked me to pray; and then he said they were going to partake of the Lord's Supper, and invited me to join them. I hadn't the moral courage to refuse, and so I went, but when I took the bread I thought it would choke me, for I knew I was not saved; and when the wine came round I passed it on.

A few months afterwards, in November of the same year, Mr. E. P. H. from A., was holding some children's meetings at the Metropolitan Tabernacle,

and I went to them; and on Thursday evening he told the following story:—

“A young lady was seated in a carriage in one of the streets of Detroit, and suddenly the horse bolted; her life was in imminent danger, for at any moment the carriage might have dashed into some obstacle, and she would probably have been killed. A gentleman saw her peril, and although he knew that he risked his own life in doing so, he boldly rushed forward and stopped the horse. The young lady was saved; but he was thrown down and kicked by the horse, and dangerously injured. He was carried home in a state of unconsciousness, and his first thoughts were for her whom he had risked so much. Yes, she was safe. “And has she been to see me, and to thank me for what I did for her,” he asked. No, she hadn’t been near at all; she had manifested no desire to thank him who at the risk of his own life had saved hers. And, “oh,” said Mr. B——n, years afterwards, “that was a keener blow than all that I had suffered,” and his heart went out after that ungrateful girl, and he loved her more than he could tell; but oh! *if she had only thanked him; if she had only thanked him!*”

And then dear Mr. H. applied that to what the Lord Jesus Christ had done for us, how he had laid aside His glory to become the “Man of sorrows,” and then how he had died upon the cross a cruel death, far more terrible than we can conceive; for He there died the Just One for the unjust, He, the Son of God, took the place of guilty sinners, and bore the judg-

ment of God against sin in their stead ; all the wrath due to sin was poured out upon Him ; God forsook Him, for He was made sin for us ; and by His precious blood He made *perfect atonement*. Yes, it was a finished work. Jesus has done all that God's righteousness demanded, all that the sinner needed ; and now it was not for us to be trying to do anything, but just to *believe* on Him who has done it all, and *to thank Him for it*. And yet, though He had done all this for us, laying down His precious life, and so opening a way of salvation to every sinner, yet *we had never thanked Him, we had never thanked Him.*" Then I saw it all, and from my heart I thanked the Lord for the first time. I was saved ; and thank God I knew it. A chord of praise was struck in my heart that night, which shall sound to the praise of the glory of His grace through God's eternal day.

Then we sang a hymn, the first hymn I had sung with all my heart in my life, and when the inquiry meeting began, a lady, who must have noticed how I sang it, came up to me and said, "Would you go and speak a word to my little girl ? You are in the way." Thank God I was, but she didn't know that those were my first few moments in that blessed way of peace. I spoke a few words to that dear child, and gave her my hymn book. And then started distributing bills announcing the meetings.

The following Sunday evening I needed no invitation, for I knew that God had put me in the children's place, and when the dear Christians were going to partake of the Lord's Supper, I went down into the

Lecture Hall with them, and remembered the Lord in the breaking of bread.

In December I was baptized. That is seventeen years ago, and though I have had much to own to Him that has been of myself, He abideth faithful; nothing can touch the efficacy or affect the glory of His finished work; and as His death brought us near to God, so His life maintains us there, for He "ever liveth to make intercession for us," and has said, "Because I live ye shall live also."

Oh 'twas love, 'twas wondrous love,
The love of God to me,
He sent my Saviour from above
To die on Calvary!

May *your* heart too, dear reader, be melted by such divine, such matchless, such perfect love, and may you now *thank Him for it*. Amen.

G.deM.

A DAYSMAN PROVIDED.

II



WHAT an unspeakable mercy it is that God has given and preserved to man the Holy Scriptures. They clearly make known what he is ignorant of, and alas! indifferent to as to himself and God. If man in a general way owns himself a sinner, yet he is blind as to what his sinful condition involves, as well as to the fact of who and what God is to whom all are responsible. It is

written in Rom. iii. 19, that all the world is become guilty before God, which definitely settles what man's condition is. Moreover in ch. vi. 23 it is stated, "The wages of sin is death." Man's guilt and sin necessarily expose him to the righteous judgment of God, with no means of escape save by what becomes the majesty and justice of God. Death and judgment being God's penalty for sin, man's case is hopeless as to any power or resource of his own to meet God's righteous claims, and to escape the solemn consequences of his condition. It is written, "Without shedding of blood is no remission Heb. ix. 22, which is like the flaming sword turning every way, preventing man having pardon and peace by any act of his own. The troubled soul may well ask, where then can be found that which can being a guilty sinner and a holy God together in righteousness and peace? Who can come between these extremes so that God's glory may be maintained on the one hand, and the poor guilty sinner never suffer in hell on the other? A greater or graver question cannot possibly be raised, and may well awaken every living person to an interest beyond everything in this passing world. Such it really is to all who like Job have been awakened to a sense and confession of their need of a Daysman, and also like him, they will never rest until the blessed answer is known. Thanks be to God, it will be seen from His own word, that the Man Christ Jesus has become the blessed meeting place between God and the sinner. Nothing less would do, and nothing more could be conceived, than

that Jesus, God's only and well beloved Son should come to meet God's necessity as to sin, as well as make good His Majesty, outraged by it. Weigh this dear reader, with the assured fact that if your sins are ever put away freeing you from the judgment of a sin-hating God, it can only be through the atoning work of the Lord Jesus Christ. He it was Who declared in the 3rd. chap. of John, that He as the Son of man must be lifted up on the cross, to suffer for sins the just One for the unjust. His precious blood must be shed to make atonement, so that God's holy claims might be met, and this He did when He became the victim for sin on Calvary.

Amazing truth! that God was there the righteous Judge and Jesus the holy sufferer.—Smitten of God, and forsaken by Him when exhausting the bitter judgment of sin. Solemn reality! yet most true, but blessed be His name *that* death is now over, never more to return, for peace is made and God has righteously and gloriously raised Him from the dead, and put Him at His own right hand. Thus God's holiness as to sin has been fully met by the judgment Jesus endured. His love too shines in that He gave that beloved Son Who died, and finally His righteousness is displayed and exists in the fact that Jesus is in the glory, as the proof of God's abiding satisfaction. It is therefore no longer a question, "How can man be just with God," but how can God shew His righteousness in saving and justifying all who believe in Jesus? *Christ has died* is the satisfying answer to a holy God for every believing sinner. . The word of

God also with holy certainty gives the answer to the question—Where is the Daysman to put His hand upon us both? for it is written, “There is one God and One Mediator between God and men the Man Christ Jesus.”—1 Tim. ii. 4. He at infinite cost, came between a holy God and a guilty world by giving Himself a ransom; and Christ as the ransom for sinners is made known by the Apostle Paul (once a persecutor and hater of the name of Jesus) who gloriously preached Him as the only Saviour. To the religious Jew, and the heathen nations alike He declared, “This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief.” (1 Tim. i. 15.)

Christ Jesus then is the Saviour of sinners, without any cost to the glory of God, seeing that He Who saves has answered to that glory at the cross; moreover is now in it Himself.

Do you, my reader, believe this, and have you accepted Him as your Saviour? He is worthy of all acceptation. God has declared His worthiness as to His work by putting Him on high, and will you not own Him all sufficient and worthy to be trusted to meet your need. To receive *Him* is to have Him between you and a holy God, which will remove all dread and give you perfect peace, as it is truly said,

“We meet our God in Jesus Christ,
And fear and terror cease.”

The blood shed on Calvary is now accepted on the

throne of God and it is set forth by God Himself to be owned by the guilty and needy. To believe in that blood is to have God as your Justifier. You will then no longer tremblingly say, "I know that Thou wilt not hold me innocent," for with God as your Justifier, and the blood of Jesus as the ground thereof, who or what can accuse you? If too the death of Christ satisfies a holy God for all believing it, who dare say otherwise? Yea, my fellow believer, if such you now are through reading and accepting this precious truth of God, you can in the triumph of faith add—"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. viii. 34.) There then is the provided Daysman Who came from the eternal glory, and became a man to go down to the depths of woe under judgment. He who thus descended is now gone from the grave to the glory, and light, life, righteousness, and peace, now shine in Him as the portion of every believer. Wondrous portion! and until the glory is reached (which, if He returned to-day would be in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye) He ever lives to intercede as to all the need by the way. May such a Daysman be your souls meeting-place with a holy God, and your only boast before a world that crucified Him. In the joy too of your abiding title to eternal glory may you live to the praise and glory of your Lord and Saviour.

G. G.

“I'M NOT READY TO DIE.”



ONE Lord's day evening last October I was asked to visit a man who was very ill. He had never been a strong man, and the marked change in his appearance told of his extreme weakness. He informed me that the doctor had said that he feared he would never get better. I proceeded to tell him of one who the Lord had recently dealt with in an affliction, and who, when dying, rejoiced in the knowledge that God had forgiven him all his sins. It was then that my friend exclaimed, "*I'm* not ready to die," and his earnest look told even more than his words that it was so.

What a thought! here was one who had been a regular attendant at church, who had frequently been seen going to the early morning celebration of the Lord's Supper, who had reached his sixtieth year, and now, when death was about to lay his cold icy hand upon him exclaimed, "*I'm* not ready to die."

Reader! be you "church goer" or "chapel goer," be you ever so religious, I solemnly ask you as in the presence of God, "Are *you* ready to die?" Young, middle aged or old "Are *you* ready to die?" For it may be *your* turn next.

As soon as I found that my sick friend was in earnest about his soul, I read a few verses to him from the word of God, and then told him that I believed his affliction would be for his eternal blessing, he replied, "I pray that it may be so."

I called upon him the next Lord's day evening, and found him weaker and suffering greatly. After some conversation I read to him John v. 24, and then said—"You have heard the word of the Lord Jesus Christ, do you believe it?" he answered "I do," "then," I replied, "you have eternal life, and shall not come into condemnation—or judgment, but have already passed from death unto life, these are not *my* words, but the words of the Lord Himself." He looked at me most earnestly and then asked, "Is that in *my* Bible?" His Bible was brought, the passage was found, he raised himself up in bed, put on his spectacles and with the deepest interest read those wonderful words of Him who spake as never man spoke,—words which have doubtless been blessed to millions of souls,—"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." When he had finished reading he threw his head back on his pillow and exclaimed, "Thank God for that." He believed the word of the Lord and was happy.

He lived about eleven weeks longer, during which time I saw him frequently and read portions of God's word to him. His physical sufferings were more than pen or words can describe. He often prayed that the Lord Jesus would release him from the groaning body; his prayer was answered. I last saw him as he was dying; his eyes were fixed, his breathing difficult, but he was conscious; his wife told him

I was present, and he nodded his head. I said to him, "You will soon be with the Lord Jesus," On hearing these words a most lovely smile passed over his face, a very unusual thing for him as his features always wore a solemn look. I said, "farewell, we shall meet again in heaven." With a great effort, he said, "yes," and shortly after passed away. He was *ready* to die there was no sham now, no mere profession, he had learned that he was lost and believed on Him who came into the world to *save sinners*.

W. C.

THE ANSWER TO HEAVEN.



GROUP around the bed. A dying Christian. What a picture! The light of heaven is falling softly on the upturned face, as the lips repeat,

"O Lord, my pilgrim spirit longs
 To sing the everlasting songs
 Of glory, honour, power ;
 'Till then when Thou all power shalt wield
 Blest Saviour Thou wilt be my shield,
 For Thou hast to my soul revealed
 Thyself my Strength and Tower."

The father, passing away, bids them all good-bye. He leaves a message for his absent son ; sends his love to him who lies dangerously ill 120 miles away. He tells those who watch him, not to bury him for two or three days, he knows God will raise William up to come to his funeral.

Then he waits for the messenger of the King. He waits beside the gate, his earthly journey done. His soul is in perfect peace, and Christ who has saved him, is everything to him at this solemn moment.

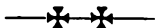
He lifts his eyes filling with eternity, "Hark!" he exclaims. All listen as they gaze upon the shining face. And now he cries loudly and clearly:—

"Yes, Lord Jesus, I'm coming! *I'm coming!* I'M COMING!"—and then he went. The soul passed away to be with Christ. He had heard the call, and gladly he obeyed it. Blessed be God another pilgrim enters into rest; another blood-bought one goes up to gaze upon the face of Christ; another soldier leaves the battle-field of earth for the courts of heaven.

Can you say, "I am coming! I am coming!" Where are you going? Christ wants you if unsaved, to come to Him and rest. Will you say, "I am coming, Lord?" Those who find rest in Christ, shall rest eternally with Christ. May that be your portion, my reader.



"God SO LOVED the world that He gave His only begotton SON, that WHOSOEVER believeth in HIM should NOT perish, but have everlasting life.
(John iii. 16.)





A NEW ZEALAND BUSH FIRE.



YEAR or two ago, the gospel of God's grace was preached in two villages, or "townships" as they are called, in New Zealand. They lie only about four miles apart, but though so closely connected, the message met with a very different reception in the two places. At N. many were brought to know the Lord Jesus as their Saviour, and are still bright in the sunshine of His love. At S. Satan seemed to have his own way; he had so blinded the eyes of its inhabitants with infidelity and spiritualism, that they did not want God's gospel. But about two months ago a different messenger arrived at the little town of S., and to that voice they *had* to listen. S. stands in the midst of a level clearing, strewn with logs and dead stumps of trees. This clearing is walled in by a forest which is no farther than half a mile on any side from the centre of the township. Two fires had for some days been burning in the bush several miles off, and when, one Wednesday afternoon, a strong wind sprang up, it carried the flames swiftly in the direction of S. Settlers at work in the bush rushed back in the hopes of saving their homes from destruction. One man found, on reaching his house,

that his wife had already dragged the furniture out of doors; he fetched buckets of water from a neighbouring stream, but it was of no avail: nearer and nearer came the fire, and they were compelled to flee for their lives—the wife bare-headed and bare-footed, the husband carrying one little one on his back, and one in each arm. On rushed the wild devouring flames, fiercely tearing their way through the dry trees and grass, and sending immense flakes of fire high into the air. Some of these flakes falling into the midst of the township, set fire to the dry wood which lay scattered among the houses, others, taking a yet longer flight, descended into the bush on the farther side, and set that on fire too. Fire in front of them, fire behind them, fires in their very streets, what were the wretched inhabitants to do? Their only safety lay in flight.

Ah! they had not heeded the warning cry, “Flee from the wrath to come!” but they were earnest enough *now*; there was no need for anyone to tell them to flee from the approaching flames. But *whither* should they flee? Some took refuge in the deep channel cut by a river not far off, and lay there with their faces to the ground, to keep out the suffocating smoke. Others wandered through the bush, almost stifled by the dense clouds of smoke, and the heat of the surrounding flames, and unable to find a way of escape. But a deliverer was at hand. Mr. S., a surveyor, who knew the country well, found them, and guided them to a place of safety. Did they refuse to take him for their guide,

as many of them had refused the Saviour, Who says, "I am the way"? Did they think they could find their way better than the man whose profession had made him acquainted with well-nigh every inch of the soil? Not they! Just as they were—helpless, bewildered, in peril of their lives—they threw themselves upon the compassion and the wisdom of the fellow-creature whom God had sent to their rescue. And yet, not long since they had preferred their own wisdom, their own way to the wisdom of the Omniscient God. From place to place the benevolent surveyor hastened—guiding, saving, comforting. He went to the river-side, and brought away the poor half-suffocated creatures who had taken refuge there, to the railway station, where by-and bye a train arrived to take them to the township of H., several miles off. One of these special trains, which reached S. at about half-past eleven at night, contained volunteers of the fire brigade.

They afterwards described the scene as appalling. Looming through the smoke they could just discern the buildings which were still entire, while flaming trees and logs lit up the darkness with their lurid glare, and the raging of the wind, the bellowing of the cattle, and the crash of falling trees, added to the bewilderment and terror of the homeless people. Strong men were lying with their mouths to the ground, exhausted and nearly suffocated, and in the waiting-room of the station were huddled together about twenty women and children, with scarcely a shred of clothing upon them.

Oh, how glad were the poor frightened creatures to step into the train and be borne away to a place of safety!

No hesitation *then*—No one saying, “What is the good of this train? I don’t see the use of going off to H.; our own town is much better!” No; they felt that they were in a “City of Destruction,” and the sooner they were out of it the better. I don’t think either, that anyone said, “I can’t go like this; I must go home and try to find my best dress; I shall look more fit for the journey then.”

No; the train might start without them if they waited for that, or, while they were trying to improve their appearance, the roof might fall in upon them, and would they be any better off *then* for having their best dresses on? Just as they were they availed themselves of the way of escape provided by their fellowmen. You would have done the same yourself, wouldn’t you? And yet you wouldn’t avail yourself of the way of escape *God* has provided! Away through the smoking country dashed the train with its precious freight;—away from the scene of ruin and desolation—away from the wild cruel flames, till the poor outcasts were landed amid scores of friendly sympathizers, eager to welcome and shelter them. Others were taken to the capital of the province and safely housed, while money flowed in on all sides, to supply them with food and clothing. Through *God’s* mercy, not a single life was lost: oh, may they see His hand in their preservation and come to Him for salvation

from a yet more terrible danger! And what of N., the little township where so many had believed the message of life? For a time it seemed to be in great peril, for the flames spread over an extent of country fifteen miles in length by ten in breadth, but God spared it. One family in S. was saved through the energy and courage of a little boy of ten. His father was away at work when the fire came, and the brave little fellow gathered all the family together, and hid them in a large potato-pit, where they would be less exposed to the smoke and flames, while he busied himself in trying to save the house from destruction. It was afterwards reported that he lost his sight in consequence of his self-devotion. Did the rest of the family say, "What can a child like that know about the way to save us?" If they had, perhaps they would have perished in the flames. And you, dear friend, wouldn't it be better, instead of criticising the follies and weaknesses of the messengers whom God sends to you, just to ascertain whether the message is not worth believing, whatever the bearer may be; whether it is not God who is using their poor stammering lips to sound forth the alarm, "Escape for thy life!" "Flee from the wrath to come!" Oh, think! will not the flames of hell be more terrible than that bush-fire? Do you ask, "Whither shall I flee for refuge?" Clearly, lovingly, entreatingly, comes the answer from heaven—the voice of the One who died to save you: "Come unto Me," "I am the Way," "I am the Life."

“The gospel bells give warning,
As they sound from day to day,
Of the fate which doth await thee,
Escape thou for thy life ;
Tarry not in all the plain,
Nor behind thee look, ah ! never,
Lest thou be consumed in pain.”

C.H.P.

MARTIN LUTHER'S LOGIC.



WE are told the devil once came to Martin Luther and said to him, “You are a great sinner, Martin Luther, and you will be damned.” “Stop, stop,” Luther replied, “one thing at a time : I am a great sinner I know ; and what next ?” “You will be damned.” “No, that is not good logic, for it is written, ‘Christ came to save poor sinners’ ; so I shall be saved, go your way,” and he went.

You are a sinner, dear unsaved reader, you know it and feel it. Are you willing to own it? Christ Jesus came to save sinners, and He is willing to save you. Oh ! fly to Him for salvation. Let not the end of your life be hell. Come back to the Saviour now. May your feet walk in the narrow way that leads to heaven, then every step you take will bring you nearer, not the pit of destruction, but the abode of light and love.

THE EVANGELIST'S BEST GIFT.



LOVE is the best gift of the evangelist—love to the Saviour—love to the sinner. But when that love rises into a passion, there must be true, burning eloquence. Never, never, O my soul, be content with less than this. Love to the Saviour—love for souls, is good, but the evangelist needs more. Seek that thy love may rise into a fervent flame. The work demands it. Art thou an evangelist? Let everything that would hinder thy work be consumed on the altar of entire consecration. Preaching is not teaching, remember, neither is teaching preaching. Appeal to souls, plead with them, lay hold on them, agonize for them. It is a matter of life and death—of ineffable, eternal blessedness; or unutterable, eternal woe. Realize the future in the present, and raise a cry to the God of all grace, that not one soul may go away unimpressed, unblessed, unsaved.

More temperate hearts, and wiser too, it may be, in many things, may say, "There is much of nature in such zeal, and not a little of unbelief; remember the work is the Lord's." Fully admit thine own failure and that the work is God's, from first to last; but let nothing slacken thy zeal or damp thy energy. May the flame of thy love be unquenchable. Oh! be in earnest; heaven is in earnest, hell is in earnest, and be thou in deep, deep earnest. The

Master wept over a city, thou hast a world to weep over. Love with *His* love, and let *His* tears flow through *thine* eyes.

Oh! speak of Jesus—of that love
 Passing all bounds of human thought,
 Which made Him quit His throne above,
 With God-like deep compassion fraught;
 To save from death our ruined race,
 Our guilt to purge, our path to trace.

Oh! speak of Jesus—of His death,
 For sinners such as me He died,
 " 'Tis finished," with His latest breath,
 The Lord, Jehovah, Jesus cried.
 That death of shame and agony
 Opened the way of life to me.

A.M.

THE BOYS AND THE PIGEONS.

IT was a cold morning, in the month of February. A searching N.E. wind was blowing, and passengers awaiting the different trains at one of the junctions of a London railway station, gladly sought the shelter of the waiting rooms. A Christian lady, having to wait some little time for the train, availed herself of the warmth which a cheerful fire burning in one of these rooms offered. Two little boys, but poorly clad, crouched round the fire; not passengers to all appearance, but little city Arabs, who had managed to pass unobserved down to the platform.

In her hand the lady carried a basket, from which

cooing sounds issued. The boys began to notice this and she kindly said to them, "Do you wonder what I have in my basket?" "I knows," said one; then added laconically, "Pigeons."

"Perhaps you are very fond of birds?" said the lady.

"Oh yes, that he is, said his companion. "Yesterday he caught a bird and kept it for three hours. till it died."

"But I did not do it to hurt it," said the first speaker. "It was lame, and so I thought I'd catch it and nurse it, and so I did, and it began to hop about and chirp, and I thought it was quite well, when all of a sudden it fell back dead.

"Well," said the lady, "would you like to see these pigeons," and as she spoke, she carefully lifted the lid of the basket and allowed them to peep inside. The boys gazed with fond admiration at the three pretty pigeons, one quite a young bird. "And now I will tell you about them," she continued. "I am going to take them to a new home to-day. They belonged to my dear little boy, and he loved them so much, but he died, and so I'm going to give them to his cousin. Don't you think he will like to have them?"

"Oh! yes, I should think so indeed," they replied.

"He was such a brave boy," the lady continued as the eager faces looked up wonderingly into hers, "he loved dumb animals and was so kind to them. He would never allow anyone to illtreat a dumb creature in his presence. Once a little chicken he had was

ill, and he brought it in to me, nestling in his jacket, and he looked so distressed at the thought that it was suffering and might die. We tried wrapping it in flannel and putting it near the fire, but it was no use, we could not save it."

By this time the interest of the little boys was intense in the one to whom the pretty pigeons had belonged, and so my friend gladly embraced the opportunity to tell them of his peaceful, triumphant end, and of the Saviour who had robbed death of its sting for all who trust in Him.

"My little boy was not ill a long time," she went on, "only one week, and he did not know he was going to die until a few hours before. All through his illness, he used to take such an interest in his dumb pets; he kept hens as well as pigeons, and eagerly used to ask about them all. He suffered very much and slept badly, so he was often awake in the early morning when the cock crew, and he liked to hear it.

The doctor thought he was going to recover and so did we all, but I think the Lord Jesus told him He was going to take him to be with Himself for he was so happy. He said he was going to the Lord Jesus, and that he should be much happier than any of us. And yet he had a very happy home and so many loving brothers and sisters.

Now, my boys what do you think it was made him so happy?"

As they did not answer, the lady continued. "It was not because he was good. He knew that he was

a sinner, but he knew that the precious blood of Christ had washed all his sins away, and so he wasn't a bit afraid to die.

Wouldn't you like to feel like that if you were going to die?" To this they both assented, and she went on. "And you know it might happen to you or to me, and nothing could make us feel sure about where we were going, except knowing Jesus as our own Saviour."

Tears filled the eyes of the poor boys as they heard how one as young as themselves, could willingly, and joyfully, leave a happy earthly home, and meet death without fear or dread.

"Do you know about the blood of Jesus?" she said, "That, and that alone, can wash our sins away. You know many people seem to be very good, and read the Bible, and go to church, and say their prayers, and yet, when they come to die, they are not sure where they are going. Because you see, my dear boys, there is nothing but the blood of Jesus that can put our sins away and take us into heaven."

By this time the train for which my friend was waiting came up to the platform, and so she had to bid her attentive little listeners good-bye, begging them not to forget the little boy, who loved his pigeons so much, but was so happy to leave everything here and go to be with Jesus.

Thus they parted, in all probability never to meet again in this world. But the good seed was sown in those young hearts, and it may be that another shall reap the golden sheaves, and in the crowning

day that's coming, the sower and the reaper shall rejoice together.

It was no chance that drove the warmly-clad lady and the little ragged boys at the same time to seek shelter from the biting wind on that cold morning. The Lord Himself had a message of love for them from her lips, and may He graciously deign to bless it to their salvation.

Dear fellow-believer, may we never lose an opportunity of telling the story of our Saviour's love.

And what of you, dear unsaved reader? If the messenger of death were to come for you to-night, where would your soul be?

You cannot meet God with all your sins upon you, But, blessed be God, "There is one Mediator between God and men, the Man Christ Jesus; Who gave Himself a ransom for all, to be testified in due time." (1 Tim. ii. 5, 6.) Come now to Him, owning at His blessed feet that you are a lost, guilty sinner, and you will hear from His lips those words of peace, "Thy sins be forgiven thee." L.

FRAGMENT.


Don't talk of turning over a new leaf, you must be born again; you want and must have a new nature before you can enter into heaven, and that can only be obtained by a complete surrender of yourself to Christ, by an acknowledgment on your part of your utter worthlessness, and a recognition of His divine perfectness. A perfect Saviour, having accomplished a perfect salvation.



THE YOUNG LAWYER ;

OR,

“GO HOME TO THY FRIENDS, AND TELL THEM HOW GREAT THINGS THE LORD HATH DONE FOR THEE.”

 WAS busy one morning with household affairs, when two gentlemen were announced, wishing to see my husband, who was out. Being invited in, the younger one said that he had called at the request of a mutual friend, Miss G., to bring a present for our little girl. Seeing the young man was ill, I begged them to take some refreshment, and wait to see my husband. But as he did not come, I could not forbear speaking to them of Christ, and of the importance of salvation, especially addressing the younger. He seemed annoyed, the elder one smiled sarcastically; and both rose to go. I asked the young man to call again, as we should like to hear more of our friend, and of his native town, as we knew it well, having once lived there. Weeks passed, and he did not come, when one day walking with my husband we met him, and again invited him to come and see us; which he evidently did not wish to do. Meanwhile a letter from our friend, Miss G., gave us a little account of him, and of her desire and prayers for his salvation.

Mr. B. was the son of parents who had been brought low by adverse circumstances; and being a bright intelligent youth, had been placed by them in

a lawyer's office, where he displayed so much ability and energy, that he won the admiration and esteem of his employer, and rose rapidly in his profession. Such was his success that his friends said, "Everything he touched turned to gold." He became the pride of his family; and his parents fondly hoped that in a few years he would retrieve their fallen fortunes, which he himself earnestly desired to do. But over-study and intense application to business, began to tell upon his health; and prostration of strength, a bad cough and flushed cheeks, awakened the fears of his friends, and a physician was consulted, who ordered immediate cessation from business and study, and a summer's residence in one of the Channel Islands. Seeing he was so ill, Miss G. ventured to speak to him about his soul, but he would not listen—he meant to get well, resume his profession, and make his way in the world.

As the Lord would have it, Jersey was the place chosen for his change, and his friend asked him to bring the little parcel to our house, praying that we might be led to speak to him of the Lord.

The reader has seen the result of that speaking—he was determined not to call again; and the gentleman with whom he boarded, being an infidel, encouraged his determination.

"But God, who is rich in mercy," over-ruled his purpose. Miss G's account led us to ask the Lord that we might meet him again, (he had not given his address) and induce him to repeat his visit; and He graciously answered our prayer. My husband again

met him, and pressed him to dine with us the following day.

He accepted the invitation, and came; and was soon at his ease in speaking of various things, interesting to us all. After dinner his state of health was mentioned, and he spoke freely of his illness, and of his hope of recovery. A sister of mine was dining with us that day, and together we told him of a dear brother of ours, who had, like him, bright hopes of happiness in this world, and like him was laid aside by consumption, from which he never recovered. We told him too, how he was led to see himself a sinner in God's sight—how *that* word of God had pierced his inmost soul, "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life: and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him" (John iii. 36). How it had shewn him his lost condition, and led him to cry for mercy.

Mr. B. listened with rivetted attention, and we went on to tell how God in richest grace revealed Himself to his soul, as He is ever ready to do when a man turns to Him with the confession, "I have sinned!" We related also, how our dear brother found "peace and joy in believing," and how he thought no more of his sufferings because he knew himself washed from his sins by "the blood of Jesus Christ, which cleanseth from all sin";—and how he died triumphantly some months after, over-joyed with the prospect of being for ever with the Lord, who loved him, and gave Himself for him.*

* See No. 24 of this little Serial, "What hath God wrought."

The young man was deeply affected; and my sister and I rose, and left him to my husband, who, as the Holy Ghost enabled him, pressed upon him the all-importance of bowing to God's word, and turning to that blessed One Who was ready to save him. He acknowledged that he saw things now, as he had never seen them before; and then God's way of justification, by faith in the person and work of Christ, was put before him.

Upon leaving, he thanked us all warmly, and promised soon to come again, which he did the next morning, with the glad news that he had found Christ, or rather, been found of Him, and that he knew himself pardoned, saved, justified, through the death and resurrection of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Mr. B. soon felt uncomfortable with his infidel friends, and talked of changing his lodgings. We invited him to stay a week or two with us, until he was suited, and he gladly accepted our proposal.

Great was our joy in watching over this new-born soul—there was no more talking of recovery, or of worldly prospects—the language of his heart seemed to be:—

“Perish every fond ambition,
“All I've sought, or hoped, or known;
“Yet how rich is my condition,
“Christ and heaven are now my own.”

The second morning he was with us, we had in the course of our family reading, the 5th chapter of Mark's gospel, and all enjoyed it exceedingly. A few hours after, our friend told my husband that he should go home, instead of seeking new quarters. He

begged him to stay longer with us, on account of his health, but he said, "No! I have parents and sisters at home, and I must go and tell them how great things the Lord hath done for me." And so we parted; and it was with great pleasure we heard from him occasionally, and found he was learning more and more of the preciousness of Christ his Saviour. But Winter drew on, and he was obliged to take to his bed, as his disease made rapid progress. Then our friend, Miss G., wrote that she found it a privilege to sit by his bedside, and hear him speak of the Lord Jesus, who filled his whole heart, so that he spoke of Him, and His great salvation to all who came to see him; and often said that the Lord was so near him that it seemed as though he could touch Him if he only put out his hand.

Soon afterwards he departed to be with Christ, Whom he had found while on earth to be such a rich, eternal treasure, that the world, with all its promises became as nothing.

"O earth! thy fairest beauty fades
"When heaven appears in sight;
"Thy brightest lustre dies in shades
"Before celestial light."

Have *you* found this treasure, dear reader? Or, are you seeking to satisfy yourself with earthly things—looking forward to ease and happiness by and bye, as the reward of your present study or toil?

Suppose you attain the desired position, or the coveted wealth, do you think you would be satisfied? Ah, no! you would be still craving, still restless.

Oh! think of that solemn, that momentous question, propounded by Him who knows divinely the vanity of the world's gains, and the unspeakable value of man's soul. "What shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" (Mark ix. 36.) P.

"THE DANGER OF DELAY."



FRIEND of mine told me this story:—

Some months ago I called on an acquaintance of mine for the purpose of speaking to him about the things of eternity. Both himself and his wife were deeply impressed by the truth of God, and wept when they thought of their sins and of their neglect of God's love and grace. I left them very late at night, hoping that I should soon see some practical evidence that they had really turned to God; but as I wished them good night I gave them a word of warning and of advice; remembering what the Master had taught long ago about the fowls of the air catching away the good seed sown on stony ground. I said, "Now as soon as I am gone Satan will come and seek to undo all that God has been doing by His word in your heart. He will tell you it is all wrong, and try and persuade you out of it; but don't listen to him, you just trust in Christ and don't trifle with the truth of God; *you may be dead in less than a month* and what will become of you if you reject Him now?"

I had scarcely left the house (so I afterwards learned) when an acquaintance of theirs called, and thinking from their manner, that something unusual had happened, he enquired as to their distress. They told him; and when he heard their story he laughed outright. At first they felt hurt, but with wiley persuasiveness he got them to listen, and at last succeeded in getting them to abandon the whole thing. And in *less than a fortnight* that man, with whom God's Spirit had striven, *died very suddenly*, without leaving a ray of hope that he had repented of rejecting God's truth.

Reader! surely this has a voice to you. God has spoken to *you* often and in many ways and still you give no heed, you put it from you, and you seek to drown the voices of warning that come up thick around you from every quarter. God warns you by the thunder cloud and the lightening flash. He warns you by the graves of those dear to you, whom you have laid there, may be to rest. He warns you by the beckoning finger of that darling child whom you saw fall asleep so sweetly upon the bosom of the Saviour; and who now stands at the pearly gates bidding you come. He warns you by the weeping and the wailing and the gnashing of the teeth of those who are eternally lost; and in His great love beseeches you to be reconciled to Him. Oh sinner! will you trifle with His grace? Will you disregard His truth? Will you put it from you and be indifferent when God's heart is yearning over you? When Christ died for you? When the judgment of God is hang-

ing over this world and will surely fall on all who are not in Christ? Do not delay we entreat you, but flee to mercy's open gate— come, bring thy sin-burdened soul to Jesus, Who will heal it, and cleanse it, and make it fit for His presence.


“If you trust the loving Saviour now
Who for sinner's once did die,
When He gathers His own to that bright home
Then you'll be there and I.”

H.C.C.

TALKS WITH CHILDREN.

II

HARRY'S GRACE.

HE birthday had again come; tea was ready, and the young folks round the table were waiting in silence for a moment, because two tiny hands were clasped together, a little head was bent, and with eyes closed, a baby voice was saying, “Thank you gracious Father for this nice tea. Amen.” This was her own “ma'tin up” as she called it, and we loved it greatly. One of the happy party a boy about eight, looked across very earnestly at her, then shut his eyes, and with folded hands, *hurriedly* repeated

“We thank Thee Lord for this our food,
But most of all for Jesus' blood,
Let manna to our souls be given,
The bread of life sent down from heaven.”

Now we know that children with nice things

spread out before them, will sometimes say what is called "their grace" rather fast to get it over soon, especially if they have had a long run, a good game, or a hard lesson that has tired them, and made them very hungry; but this little lad, had repeated these lovely words so *carelessly* as well as quickly, that when tea was over and the rest had gone to play, detaining him a moment I said, "Harry do you know Who you were speaking to just now?" "Oh yes, to God," he answered. "But you did not *mean* what you said." "Oh yes Auntie." "Think again, dear boy! did you really thank God for Jesus' blood more than for your food or anything else he gives you?" Tears gathered in his eyes, he held his head down, and did not say "yes Auntie" in answer to this last question. He is a young man now, and I fear even yet he has not learnt to give his *best*, his *warmest* thanks, for the precious blood of Christ which cleanseth us from all sin.

There is a verse beginning, "I often say my prayers but do I ever pray?" Dear child whoever and wherever you are, do remember when you speak to God that He is listening, and He loves to listen if the words come from your heart, and not from your lips only. A little boy sat looking at his food, his mother said, "Willie, why don't you give thanks and eat your supper?" He said, "Well such a supper as this is not worth thanks." Now this boy wished to be true and real, but then he was not grateful. His mother told him she had supplied him with the best food she had, and as he was not a sulky boy, and was very fond of

his mother, he gave thanks, and commenced his supper contentedly. Well dear boys and girls you will find in Mark viii. ch. 6 v., that the Lord Jesus Christ before He fed the hungry multitude around Him with the seven loaves and the few small fishes, He "gave thanks." Also on the very night in which He was betrayed, at the last supper before His death, He took the bread, and when He had "given thanks," He brake it, saying, "This is my body which is given for you." And in Mark xiv. before He took the cup He again "gave thanks." Surely then if He, the Lord of life and glory, did this, it becomes us, not to take His daily mercies large or small without thanking Him who sends them. And by reading four verses in Luke, xvii. ch. you will discover that the Lord values true gratitude, "Where are the nine"? He said, when only one out of the ten that He had cleansed, fell at His feet and thanked Him. Can you do this dear child? Have you let Him cleanse your soul from sin by His own most precious blood? If so, it is your *chief* pleasure here to praise and worship Him, and it will be your glad employment in eternity. Before I close this, I must ask you to look at St. Paul's first letter to Timothy iv. ch., and to fix your attention on three very small words which are *most important*, *of* in the 3rd v. *if* in the 4th. and *for* in the 5th., and when you can see something of the meaning and the value of what follows these three little words, you will not be counted among the number of those who fall into the habit of saying or singing a careless grace.

A RELIGION OF ONE WORD.



BELIEVE in a religion of one word—CHRIST.

I believe in good works, but it must be Christ's good works. I put my trust in the *good work*

He did on the cross for me, in His death and, resurrection, and ascension into heaven. In the face of such a text as this, "There is none that doeth good, no not one," how dare men and women talk of their good works. Prostrate yourself this moment as a guilty sinner before the pure shrine of a Saviour's love and mercy, and you shall know what it is to rise an accepted worshipper. Honour by your faith the good works of Christ, and God the Father shall bless you with the blessings of His love.

You believe in doing the best you can; and what is the best that you and I can do? We could never have put away our sins; we could never have reversed the sentence, "The soul that sinneth it shall die;" we could never have brought the angel of happiness back to a sin-darkened and desolated earth. No, the best thing that you and I can do, is to gaze upon the Son of God and see what He has done for us. Say, as you gaze, "He loved me and gave Himself for me." He has redeemed me with His precious blood, when He died for me upon the cross.



TOO-LATE ! TOO-LATE !

“ They that were ready went in with Him to the marriage ; and the door was shut.” (Matthew xxv. 10.)

How strange the world appears to-day, where are the
Christians gone ?

I cannot find them anywhere, I think the Lord has come,
And taken them to dwell with Him, again to leave Him never,
And I am left outside heaven's gate for ever and for ever.
I've often heard the Gospel preached, I've often heard them say,
That very soon the Lord would come and call his own away,
That those who were outside His fold would all be left behind,
And over their defenceless heads should fall judgment divine.
They told me of the love of Him who died on Calvary's cross,
Who to redeem men's precious souls, endured the shame and loss;
They bade me come to Him and rest, and ever happy be,
They told me of His precious blood which saves eternally.

knew then that it was all true, yet turned my head away,
And when they asked me to decide, I said “ some other day.”
I did not mean to go to hell, I meant to go to heaven, [given.
I meant to come to Christ “ some day,” and have my sins for-
And thus the wily tempter lured me on from day to day,
His honeyed words were only used to steal my soul away ;
He offered me sip after sip of pleasure's giddy cup,
Which I to drown these better thoughts did eagerly drink up.
Now I have had the last, last drop, my pleasure all is o'er,
I might have been at His right hand with pleasures evermore.
I see it it all too plainly now, oh, what a fool I've been, [clean.
I would not trust the Saviour's blood that would have made me
But now it is too-late too-late, the day of grace is past,
If I had only known that call was to have been my last !
I have a never dying soul, and I must live for aye,
In the dark caverns of the lost, mid darkness and dismay ;
To weep, and wail, and gnash my teeth in endless misery,
And never see one ray of light through all eternity.
The quenchless fire my portion now, the worm that never dies,
And all because I would not let Christ open my blind eyes,
No hope, no rest, no joy, no Christ, to cheer my bitter lot ;
And oh ! what anguish 'tis to know “ He would, but I would not,”
No more I'll hear the Gospel preached, the invitation given,
The only place for me is hell, the Christians are in heaven.



“I’LL SELL YOU MY SOUL FOR A PENNY.”

ILL sell you my soul for a penny!”

So said, in mocking tones a man to whom a Christian was speaking not long ago, about the things of God.

He meant it as a joke, but how many millions of men and women have sold their souls in deep sad earnest; sold them to Satan when they might have given them to the only One who has a right to them; sold them in time, and lost them for eternity! Satan has different prices for different souls: some he buys with money, some with this world’s honours, some with dress, some with learning, some with religious reputation. The price that would tempt one man would be nothing to another; Satan knows that, and varies his offers accordingly. Yes, friend, he studies your character and knows it more accurately than you know it yourself: you may scorn the bait he is holding out to your neighbour, but beware! for he has a suited one ready for *you*.

There was a man who sold his soul for money; he obtained the price he had bargained for: piles of gold surrounded him. *But*—he came to die; and then, as eternity unfolded its realities before him, he said, “I would gladly give £30,000, to have it proved to my satisfaction that there is no such place as hell.”

But money would not buy back that never-dying soul; he had sold it to Satan, and with Satan it must dwell for ever.

The famous cardinal Mazarin, sold his soul for power and wealth. He attained the object of his ambition; he became the virtual ruler of France, guided his sovereign at his will, and amassed stores of ill-gotten riches. *But*—he came to die, and gazing into the dark future, he cried despairingly, "O my poor soul! what will become of thee? Whither wilt thou go?"

A young girl listened to the glorious gospel of God's grace: her conscience was awakened, she became anxious to be saved. But her enemy was close at hand; he knew the price that would tempt her most, and he sent her mother to her with the message:—

"If you will give up going to the meetings, I will give you this pretty bonnet."

What a price for an immortal soul! But she thought it enough. After a little hesitation she promised to give up troubling about her salvation, and received the bonnet in exchange. Not long after, she lay on her death-bed.

"Mother!"

The mother was eager to fulfil the least wish of her dying child."

"Mother, bring me that bonnet."

She would not be refused, and it was brought to her bed-side.

"*Mother, that bonnet is the price of my soul!*"

Oh! what agony must have filled that mother's

heart at the thought that her child was Satan's prize, and that she herself had been his instrument in the fatal purchase !

And many another young woman has sold her soul for the sake of a bonnet or a dress.

You may not have deliberately given up listening to the gospel as she did ; perhaps you go regularly every Sunday to hear it preached, but even while you sit and listen, that poor heart of yours is so filled with the world's vanities, that there is no room in it for the thought of God and eternity. Oh, tell me ! how will you feel when you look back from an eternal hell upon your earthly life, and remember that a fashionable dress was more to you than the robe of God's righteousness,—that a pair of earrings shone more brightly in your eyes, than the priceless jewel of a Saviour's love ? And you who have chosen the world's honours rather than that "honour that cometh from God only," the world's gold rather than the true riches ; you who have preferred earth's pleasures to the pleasures which last for evermore, human science to the knowledge of God,—oh, how paltry will appear to you in that day the price which you thought sufficient for your never-dying soul !

Think, sinner ! that soul of yours was so precious in God's sight, that He gave His only Son to die for it ; Jesus, the Son of God, did not think His own life's blood too high a price to pay for it ; and *you*—what is your estimate of its value ? You think it so worthless that you are selling it to *your* enemy for a trifle—a mere straw when weighed in the balances

of eternity. It is not too-late *now* to draw back from that deadly bargain; it is not too-late *now* to look in faith to the One who loved you, and gave Himself for you, but a time is coming when it *will* be too-late, when Satan will claim as his for eternity that soul for which he is paying such a paltry price on earth.

Oh! wont you escape from his grasp to-day? Won't you come to the One Who has paid your ransom-price, Who loves you with a mighty yearning love, Who is stretching out His arms to you, and saying, "Turn ye, turn ye, for why will ye die?"

Only give your soul into His keeping, and it shall be safe for ever. C. H. P.

IN THE HOSPITAL WARD.



ON Thursday, the 1st. of April, at G., a railway guard was brought to the hospital ward with a badly crushed leg. It was thought that the surgeon would amputate the injured limb, but when he came he said that the man was in too feeble a state, and that he would do nothing until he rallied.

All that afternoon the lady superintendent, Miss R., watched by his bed. Unable to rest, he said,

"Wee Maggie, my wife, is ill. She can't come to me, and I should so like to tell her how good you are to me. I know your face, but can't tell where I have seen it. Oh dear! I am dying, and wee Maggie will be left with four children."

Miss R. saw that he was dying, and asked him if he could say he was trusting in Jesus.

"Yes," he said, "Jesus is precious. The blood of Jesus cleanses from all sin. I am trusting to Him alone. My only trouble is wee Maggie, and she can't come to me,"

The pain came on again and he stopped. Miss R. then went to have some tea, and when she returned he said,

"Oh! I want my Nursie near me. Please don't leave me. I like to look at your face. I have seen it before—where can it have been?" He looked at her for some time, and then said,

"I want to ask you something, but don't like."

"What is it?" asked Miss R.

"Are you trusting in Jesus?"

"Oh, yes," was the reply.

"I am so glad," said the dying man.

He continued perfectly conscious till about six o'clock in the evening, when he passed away to be "for ever with the Lord."

Shortly after, six of his railway companions, all fine, strong, young men, came in, and when told that he was gone, said they would like to see him.

Miss R. looked at them all, with tears streaming down their faces, and said,

"He is with Jesus. He told me to tell you he was trusting in Jesus."

If I followed my own choice, I would prefer to leave this simple touching narrative to speak for

itself to the heart of each reader. But this I cannot do, before I have addressed one word of solemn warning to each one whose eyes may light on these pages.

How shall it profit you, my reader, to know of the perfect peace in which this ransomed soul passed to the scene of endless joy, if this peace is not *your* portion; this joy not *your* inheritance?

Make sure that this peace is yours. Rest content with no vague feeling that it's all right. Above all, *save* yourself from the fatal delusion, that because your heart has been touched by my simple story, because your feelings have been stirred with sympathy and wonder, that therefore your heart must be right before God, and that you are entitled to His peace, and bound for His home.

A great preacher, who struggled hard to bring men face to face with God about the question of their sins, once called this fatal delusion, "*a delusion which I fear is carrying thousands, AND TENS OF THOUSANDS, to an undone eternity.*"

True, though terrible words. Had Balaam read the story which has just moved your heart, he would have exclaimed with apparent sincerity, "May I die the death of the righteous, and may my last end be like his!" and would still have moved quickly onwards to his eternal doom. Another great preacher tells how he would weep, while he was yet unsaved, over the sufferings of Christ,

"Like tears from the daughters of Zion that roll,
I wept when the waters went over His soul;
Yet thought not that my sins had nailed to the tree,
Jehovah's Tid Kenu—'twas nothing to me."

O my reader! if you have never been in God's presence as the very man, as the very woman, whose sins have nailed Jesus to the Cross, alas! alas! for the tears your Christless heart may have given to the touching tale of the dying guard!

“Could my zeal no respite know,
 Could my tears for ever flow,
 All for sin could not atone,
 Thou must save and Thou alone.”

A.N.

A BIRTHDAY LETTER.



ANY happy returns of the day to you!" How often this is said and written—lovingly and in earnest. But did you ever think what a solemn thing the anniversary of your entrance as a fallen being into this world is? and that each returning one carries you nearer and nearer to your exit out of it—and to WHERE?

YOUR last birthday, dear friend, when heaps of presents, with congratulatory letters and cards were brought to you, or your's, of which no notice was taken, how did it find *you*? A year nearer being with Jesus in glory, or—the judgment?

Do consider this. It must be one or the other. Be it your 18th or 80th—and better never to have been born once, than not to have been “born again.” As has been said, “If not born twice, better not to have been born once.”

Perhaps you may say, How *can* one be born *twice*? The word of God is plain as to this. Just read for yourself the 3rd chapter of St. John's gospel, and may you find the joy thousands have in so doing, specially that 16th verse, "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." The following letter written by a sister to her brother, is printed, as one hopes it may be used to help and comfort souls.

S.V.H.

MY DEAR BROTHER,

Just a few lines to wish you many happy returns of the day, and that it may be a very happy day, and that each succeeding day may find you walking nearer to, and more like Jesus our loving Saviour. I know, for my part, that it is much easier to write, and talk, than to practise, but "He giveth more grace." Perhaps before another birthday we shall be with Jesus Himself in the glory, for He says "Surely I come quickly." It may be to-day. Oh dear brother, what a meeting that will be when, according to 1 Thess. iv., "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."

May God by His Spirit so bring home the blessed truth of the Lord's near return to each of our hearts

that we may indeed be found waiting and watching for Him each moment. It is not an angel sent to fetch us home. Oh no! we are His bride and *He must fetch us Himself*. We are His blood-bought, and we are precious to His heart and to the Father's heart also, for He sees us in His own well beloved Son, loved even as He is loved.

Dear brother, is it not wonderful that God should so love us as to give up His own best beloved to redeem us and then to associate us with that Son in the glory—joint-heirs with Christ. Yes, one with Him?

“ Lord Jesus, we are one with Thee,
 Oh height, oh depth of love,
 And crucified and dead with Thee,
 Now one in heaven above.

And soon shall come that glorious day,
 When seated on Thy throne,
 Thou shalt to wondering worlds display,
 That Thou with us art One.

No doubting and fearing then. There *ought to be none now*, for it is dishonouring the Lord and grieving Him to doubt His accomplished work. Praise God that we can rest on a *finished* work,—an accomplished unalterable salvation, “for by one offering, He hath perfected for ever, them that are sanctified; and though we often fall yet we never can be lost, for Christ says, “They shall never perish.” And when we do sin, as alas we so often do, yet even then, the accents are kind and gentle, if we confess He forgives. Is'nt it sweet to know, *it is not if we are sorry enough, or ask for forgiveness earnestly enough, but if we CONFESS*, simply go and tell Him we know we are

wrong. *Confess it.* Have it out with Him, and then on His own authority we may KNOW the sin is forgiven and we can go on in sweet and happy fellowship with our Father and our Saviour. It is so sweet to me to know that it is not as Almighty God we have to do with Him, but as FATHER. Did you ever notice the difference? It is not as lost sinners that we are forgiven in that 1 John i. 9, but it is as children, "we have an advocate with THE FATHER" (1 John ii. 1). As Almighty God He must condemn us, but as Father He forgives. Yes, for He is satisfied in what He has in my Substitute, even in Jesus. He looks for nothing from or in us, but He finds full and complete satisfaction in that glorified Man at His own right hand; and seeing it is the same with ourselves we shall never find anything for God in, or of, ourselves, but looking away to Christ in the glory, we can rest where God rests, and knowing that God is fully and righteously satisfied, we can rest in Christ as *the full answer to all God's righteous claims that we shall have peace.*

" My love is oftimes low,
 My joy still ebbs and flows,
 But peace with Him remains the same,
 No change *Jehovah* knows."

Yes, my peace is fully and for ever settled, for it is a peace with which I had nothing to do—it is a peace made by One outside myself and which I can never touch. Oh! the joy of knowing that HE HAS MADE PEACE. Yes, more. He is our peace. Can I touch His finished work? NEVER! then I can never touch

the peace. He made it through His atoning work, and so I can say,

“I have a peace, it is calm as a river.”

Do I sin? Oh yes! and scores of times I grieve my blessed Saviour. Am I less a child for that? *Certainly not.* It mars my enjoyment of peace, and communion with Him, but *never NEVER* can affect my salvation, for that is all of Christ alone;—but I must draw this to a close or else I may tire you. But my dear brother, it is so sweet to be able to write of the goodness of our Redeemer.

“He’s altogether lovely,
None can with Him compare;
The chief among ten thousand,
The fairest of the fair.”

Now good-bye. May God’s richest blessings be thine. From yours,

* * * *

FRAGMENT.

If God calls the sinner to Himself, and the sinner refuses to come; the desire of the heart of God has been made manifest, and the hardness of the impenitent head.



GATHER THE HARVEST IN.

The fields.....are white already to harvest. (John iv. 35.)

The fields are white to harvest o'er the land.
Dying, yet deathless souls, on every hand,
In anguish sink beneath the load of sin,
Gather the harvest in !

Why stand ye idle in the market-place ?
Go spread abroad the Saviour's love and grace,
Off to the fields, and with your sickle keen,
Gather the harvest in !

From east to west, from sunny south to north,
Send the glad tidings of salvation forth ;
Who would not for the Master sinners win ?
Gather the harvest in !

How can'st thou fold thy hands and waste away
The precious moments of thy earthly day,
When all around lost souls are perishing ?
Gather the harvest in !

Thy Saviour left thee here for this alone,
That thou might'st lead poor sinners to His throne,
And He will bless thy feeble labouring,
Gather the harvest in !

The shadows deepen, night is drawing on,
Soon working hours will be for ever gone.
Soon time shall end, eternity begin,
Gather the harvest in !

Soon will the Master come and call thee home,
And shall He find thee idle when he come ?
Awake ! arise ! at once your work begin,
Gather the harvest in !

B.C.



GOD'S GLAD TIDINGS.

THE Gospel of God's grace is not an argument and should not be used as if it were. It is a message, without controversy. There are arguments connected with it, but itself is none. Look at it.—“God so loved the world that He gave His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life.” There is no argument about that: it is a single statement concerning the love of God, and the consequences of that love to the believer in Jesus. The Word of God cannot be reasoned away. It liveth and abideth for ever. Ah! but, you may say, that is not the whole of God's Word. Nor is it, but *it is* God's Word. It tells out the love of God to this world, and it gives assurance of everlasting life to every one that believeth in Jesus. Does not that satisfy you? Or, do you think that God will in some other portion of the Word, contradict what is written here? By such a thought you would bring God down to your own level. But blessed be His name, He is not a man that He should lie, nor the Son of man that He should repent. Hath He said, and shall He not do? or hath He spoken and shall He not make it good? Yea, every word of His shall be

established. "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my word shall never pass away."

And so you cannot reason it away, nor can you reason yourself out of its scope, because, if you will not have it in grace, you will most surely get it in judgment. "He that rejecteth me and receiveth not my words, hath one that judgeth him; the word that I have spoken, the same shall judge him in the last day."

But, NOW, is not the day of judgment. It is THE DAY OF SALVATION, and God does not in this day enter into judgment with the sinner. He does not tell him to plead guilty or not guilty, to stand up and defend himself, as it were, against charges which may be brought against him. The fact of the matter is the sinner's TRIAL is past. He has been weighed in the balances of the sanctuary, and been found wanting—but the sinner's DOOM is still future. And NOW, between the trial and the doom, the grace of God which bringeth salvation hath appeared to all men. How foolish then, is it for men to persist in entering into judgment with God. It is like the action of criminals who, having a free pardon brought to them, refuse it, and claim to be tried by a law, which they ought to know perfectly well can only condemn them. Nay, it is more foolish even than that, for as we have before noticed, "Condemned already" is the position of every sinner before God. "They who are under 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."

For this cause God gave His Son Jesus Christ, and "Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of the law, being made a curse for us. He who knew no sin was made sin for us that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him. He bore our sins in His own body on the tree. He died the Just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God. So that it is not now a question of our justifying ourselves before God. It is God Himself that justifieth. He is Just and the Justifier of him that believeth in Jesus. The righteous claims of God's holiness have been met and fully satisfied in the Person of God's own Son on Calvary. Sin was atoned for and for ever put away there. In His blessed Person mercy and truth met together. Righteousness and peace kissed each other, and now the Gospel is simply God's message to the world, proclaiming that, to the believer in Jesus there is no death, no judgment, no wrath, no hell, but on the contrary everlasting life, with all that is comprehended in it. Justification, sanctification, present peace and eternal glory in Him who was delivered for our offences, and raised for our justification.

Now I ask *you*, dear reader, what are *you* going to with God's message? or rather, what are *you* doing with it NOW? How does it affect *you*? It is a solemn question, and one that might be answered at once. Behold NOW is the accepted time, behold now is the day of salvation. Just think. On the one hand there is the love of God shown out in the gift of His Son, with eternal life and happiness to

every one that believeth in Him. On the other hand, there is the just doom of the unbelieving and therefore unredeemed sinner:—The eternal torments of hell. I tell you it is the very extreme of madness to hesitate for a single moment what to do. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." It is the word of the living God. He knows all about your sins, but He does not upbraid you with them. He offers you peace and pardon, and eternal life in Christ Jesus, all for nothing. Will you take it? Will you take it now? If you refuse it, nay, if you merely *neglect* it, there is no escape for you, from the wrath to come. "There is no other name given under heaven among men whereby we must be saved," but the name of Jesus. There is no redemption but in Him. No remission of sins but in virtue of His shed blood.

It is because God loves you, that He Himself has thus provided this great salvation for you, and now offers it to you, not because there is any merit in yourself. God tells you plainly that there is not. He looked down upon the children of men to see if there were any who understood or sought after Him. But He found none. He saw instead that they had altogether gone astray, had altogether become unprofitable. So that there is none righteous, no, not one, NOT EVEN YOU my friend. There is none that doeth good, no, not one, NOT EVEN YOU. In this matter every mouth is stopped, and all the world is guilty—equally guilty—before God, for there is no difference, and you, dear reader, if you be

without Christ, are a child of wrath even as others. Your morality cannot help you, your philanthropy cannot help you, your religiousness cannot help you. Nothing at all, either in the world or out of it, can help you if you won't have God's salvation.

D.Mc.G.

TALKS WITH CHILDREN.

III



YOU *must not* say that!" shouted a voice from the stair-case to the young servant-maid down stairs, "Mamma, do you hear what *that* Eliza says?"

The young girl below was singing, and continued as though she had not heard the child speak. In a bustling hurry the little girl trotted down the remaining steps and reached the breakfast room saying,

"I can—not—allow—you—to say that."

Still the voice went on repeating the same words, until the child stamped her feet and eagerly asked,

"Well then—will—you—be—there? Are—you—going—to—be—there—Eliza?—and I."

The singer suddenly stopped, and with sadness in her tone, replied,

"Oh I don't know, I can't tell you that, Baby."

Nothing more was said about it then, but the girl's conscience had been reached and although she remained in that household some time longer she was never heard to sing those words again. They form

the chorus of a well-known hymn she had heard at the Gospel preachings, commencing :—

“ We know there’s a bright and a glorious home
 Away in the heavens high.”
 Where all the redeemed shall with Jesus dwell,
 But will you be there, and I ?

She had listened to the solemn warnings and soul-stirring invitations as if they were not meant for *her*, as many more are still doing wherever gospel services are held. But this home question, from the little one she loved, found its place in her heart and remained there. She is now a bright consistent christian, valued by those with whom she has lived for more than twelve years and a half. She has often owned that she could not forget the simple question asked by this little child, and it was the means under God of arousing her from her state of indifference. What an immense mercy it was for her that while the Spirit of God was striving with her she did not close her heart against Him and say, “ I mean to believe some day ;” for there are those who have said this, and alas ! that day has never come, and they have died crying out in agony, “ It is too late now, I am lost—lost—lost.” Let me entreat you not to be like one of these ; there may be moments when you are drawn so close to this precious Saviour that you are “ almost persuaded to be a Christian.” But ah ! as one has said, “ to be *almost* persuaded is to be *altogether* lost.”

Does not your teacher in the Sunday school tenderly

plead with you to let Jesus come into your young heart, and perhaps you say to yourself, He shall come in some other day. Ah! you say it to *yourself* for you dare not tell Him or your teacher that sad tale; and often in the week the text you have learnt, or some truth in the picture tract, or the gospel magazine you take home each month makes you wish to be a child of God. Oh! do not let some foolish vanity, or a giddy companion drive these desires from you, for God has said, "My Spirit shall not always strive with man," and there may come a time when you will not have teachers or preachers to point you to the only One who can bless and save you.

"Save me," do you exclaim, "am I lost then?" Yes, dear child, indeed you are, you were born in sin, and unless you are saved through trusting in the precious blood of Christ which cleanses from all sin, you will be eternally lost; but,

"If you take the loving Saviour *now*,
 Who for sinners once did die,
 When He gathers His own in that bright home,
 Then you'll be there and I."

R.

THE SCEPTIC'S CONFESSION.



THE following solemn incident gives the account of a young man's conversion who was a sceptic for many years of his short life, but who found out the falseness of all human reason-

ing before he died. While he lived I saw but little of him, but when he was dying he sent for me to come and see him. I took the train to the town where he was staying, and drove to the house where he lay. I went into his bedroom with his father; and, as I gazed upon his face, I was startled for a moment to see the ravages of diseases. He was far gone in consumption; his eyes were bright, his cheeks flushed, and his voice was low. I took his hand and sat by his side. He held my hand for some time, and then said,

“It has been all dark with me, all dark; but it is brighter now. I think I see the light. I found out last night I was a vile sinner, a vile sinner.”

Then I saw the tears gather in his eyes, and roll down his poor thin cheeks. I took the handkerchief and wiped them away, and as I did so he said,

“These are not tears of grief—I am not weeping for sorrow, but because I have a Christian to talk to, I know you are a Christian.”

He was overcome with emotion, and said, “Let me rest a little.” He closed his eyes, and I, greatly moved, turned to gaze out of the window. There before me, I could see the Spring sun shining amid the trees, and as far as I could gaze, my eye rested on nothing but the glories of creation. The birds were singing sweet songs of praise. It was a fair scene. From where he lay in bed he could look upon the splendour of the landscape, as he said himself,

“I can gaze on God's creation and I shall die in it.”

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He spoke after a while, and said,

“Sit me up and let me talk to Mr. W. a little.”

And, looking at me, he added,

“I want to tell you about my life. I've been a sceptic.” He was only twenty-one!

His friends sat him up, and as his voice was very faint I bent close to him, and he began:—

“I had a good education, but I got to be sceptical. I began to pick the Bible to pieces; and when a young man begins to do that, you know that there are many things he cannot understand; and I was young. I could not see how Christ could be God. How His being taken by the Roman soldiers and nailed upon a cross was any good to me. I read about Him, and I thought He was a good man; and a crowd of cowards killed Him.” He paused a moment, then continued. “Now I want you to explain to me fully and clearly the birth of Christ.”

Lifting a silent prayer to God, I turned to the 1st of Luke, and read a few verses; then spoke to him of sin and the necessity of atonement. “Without shedding of blood is no remission.” I spoke of the spotless humanity of Christ, proving him to be God. I took him from scene to scene of the Saviour's life. We lingered by Gethsemane together, and went on to Calvary. I spoke of the darkness and the desertion; His being made sin for us who Himself knew no sin; and the Holy God who could not look upon sin, forsaking Christ, made sin for us, and bearing our sin. Then I spoke of the resurrection and ascension; and of Christ in heaven because sin had been judged and

put away; there—because God was satisfied with what He had done for the sinner. I told him to believe the Bible simply, and read these verses to him, as the words of God Himself, “As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up; that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have eternal life.” “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.” I said, “‘His only begotten Son—God’s Son,’ you believe that?”

“Yes,” he replied.

I said, “Do you believe on the Son of God?”

“Yes,” he whispered, “I see it, I believe it, thank God I have broken through the barriers of scepticism at last, I am saved.”

He had his feet upon the Rock. He had been to God about His sins before I saw him. I knelt and thanked God for His mercy to Him; and left him trusting in the Saviour. Oh! believe me, no one but Christ can comfort in the hour of death; and however you, my reader, may mock and sneer in health, there is no laughter in the tomb. He went from the night of scepticism to the morning of faith. And you who have been inclined to doubt, learn the lesson from his dying lips, and do as he did, break through the barriers of scepticism; put your whole trust in the Saviour. The night is the devil’s home; and the questions of night are the reasonings of hell.

"I INTEND TO PUT MY FAITH IN THIS CHAPEL."



INTEND to put my faith in this chapel," said a man to a friend of mine at the close of a gospel meeting.

His faith in the "chapel," as he called it, lasted for a few weeks, at the end of which time, finding that his attendance brought him no pecuniary help, he left off going, and probably transferred it to some other place.

Dear friend, are *you* putting your faith in any church, chapel or meeting-room?

It may not be with the object of getting money, as in this man's case; you might scorn such meanness as that; but as surely as you put your trust in anything short of Christ, so surely will you be grievously disappointed one day.

The preacher to whom you listen may be ever so devoted; his words may be ever so true, and you may be ever so regular in your attendance; but if it is in the preacher, the congregation, or your own regularity you are trusting, a day is coming when you will find out that you have been leaning on a broken reed. God grant that you may find it out before it is too late! Jesus Christ, the Son of God, is the only Object of faith. The preacher is but the instrument in his Master's hand it is *Himself*, the

Saviour of sinners you need ; faith in Him will never be disappointed.

“ Neither is there salvation in any other: for there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved.” (Acts iv. 13.)

C. H. P.

PRAYER.

NO work for God can go on without prayer. A steamship cannot go on without steam, nor a sailing ship without wind. Nor can a Christian go on without prayer. Prayer is an absolute necessity for the Christian life. The mightiest victories of faith are won alone with God. He equips us for the warfare, and encourages us in the strife. We can go through anything with God, but what can we do without Him? Do you want to be a working Christian? You must be prayerful. Do you want to be successful in winning souls for Christ? You must pray for them.

Prayer gives us strength to press on. Prayer gives us grace to forget what is behind. Prayer creates desire after what is before us. And prayer brings into full view the mark towards which we press, and the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus.



GOD SPEAKING TWICE ;

OR, THE CONVERTED RATIONALIST.



IN a village of the Rhine-Province in Prussia, a servant of Christ was, one Lord's day afternoon, about to preach the gospel at the house of a well-to-do Farmer, when before the meeting commenced, a young man from a neighbouring village entered with an open letter in his hand. It came from his brother in America, who had gone there two years ago with a letter of introduction from my kind host to his two sisters in America, both Christians, who had joined the Wesleyans in that country. The letter which the young man held in his hand, contained the account of the most interesting conversion of his brother, and the way he found peace without any human agency, of which I give the following short account for the benefit of your readers, praying God for His blessing upon it for His own glory.

The writer of that letter, when leaving for America, was a rationalist. He was a clever young man, and his studious mind had imbibed only too much of the rationalistic arguments and reasonings. One night, when approaching the American shores, he was sitting on deck. It was late, and the other passengers had retired to rest. The sea was calm, and its bosom gently heaving like that of a sleeping child. After

a glorious sunset, the moon had risen in the east, shedding her silvery light on the waters, without eclipsing the splendour of the heavenly jewellery of the firmament, which shone in all the magnificent brightness of the tropic regions. The young traveller, whose natural sense for creation's grandeur and beauty had not yet been withered up through the reasonings of infidelity, kept his eyes fixed on the moon and the stars, many of them more than a thousand times greater than this earth. The quiet majesty and order of these starry worlds over his head, made a deep impression on his soul. He felt himself so small, as if he were a drop in the ocean, or a grain of sand on the sea-shore, and began to realize something of what is written in the 8th Psalm: "When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained: what is man, that thou art mindful of him?" God spoke to him in the wonderful book of creation, of His own *Power*, His *Wisdom*, and His *Goodness*, as it is written: "O Lord, how manifold are thy works! In wisdom hast thou made them all: the earth is full of thy riches."

He had to say to himself: "What I have read in the books of rationalists, that "nature governs itself by eternal laws," cannot be true. There must be One Who has made these laws and the universe which is governed by them. One, who has suspended those radiant orbs yonder, worlds in themselves. One, who has set them going, and keeps them going, each in its appointed time and proper sphere, without any

clashing or confusion. What power, what wisdom and goodness must be His, Who has made them all !”

It was getting late, and the young man, deeply impressed with his meditations, retired to his cabin below. When preparing for his night's rest, he continued arguing: “Well, if there be a Creator, Who has made heaven and earth, perfect in power, wisdom and goodness, He must necessarily be *Holy*, else He could not be the perfect Being I have recognised Him to be when on deck.”

No sooner did the thought of a *holy* God occur to him, then the Spirit of that blessed God, Who had revealed Himself to the young rationalist in the wondrous book of creation, as the Almighty and All-wise God, “Who is *good*,” now spoke to his conscience and made him realize what it means to have to do with a God Who is “Holy, holy, holy,” and to Whose eyes all things are naked and open.”

Meanwhile a fresh breeze had sprung up, and he heard the waves dashing against the sides of the ship like so many warning messengers saying: “Between you and these waters of death, there are but a few planks. A storm might arise and the vessel be wrecked, and your body be buried in the watery grave, and your soul summoned to appear before that Holy God, before you reach your earthly home. What then? How can you, a sinner, stand before Him? The more he thought of God's holiness and majesty, the more the sins and offences of his past godless life arose before him, till they weighed like a great mountain upon his burdened conscience. His

misery increased almost to despair. He could have wished to be buried in the depths of the sea, if its waters could have "hidden him from the face of Him that sitteth upon the throne." For "who shall be able to stand?"

But the same merciful God, Who had revealed Himself to him in creation as the Almighty God, and to his conscience in His holiness through His Holy Spirit, having thus taken him entirely into His own hand, was about to finish the good work, which He had begun, by leading him to His own dear Son, Who is the only Mediator between God and man, and thus reveal Himself to him in His grace in Christ Jesus.

One night, after he had landed in America, he lay restless on his bed. He had many sleepless nights, for his sins weighed like a nightmare upon him. He could bear it no longer, but got up, and in utter despair threw himself upon his knees by his bed, and began to "call on the name of the Lord Jesus." And where is the distressed sinner to be found, who has called on that Name in vain?

In his boyhood he had been a regular attendant at the Sunday School, and as he possessed an excellent memory, many precious truths he had learnt from God's word had been stored up in his memory, to which his heart had remained a stranger. But now, whilst on his knees, the Spirit of God appeared to take one of those precious gospel truths, that had been lying bed-ridden, as it were, in some corner of his memory, and applied it in living, divine power to his heart. It was that word that has been blessed to

speak peace to many a troubled soul: "This is a faithful saying, and *worthy of all acceptance*, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief." These words came to him like a message from heaven. He thought them indeed "worthy of all acceptance," and at once availed himself of them, with the logic of faith, which is always true, because it is based on the word of God, which "*is truth*," whilst the reasonings of infidelity are nothing but soul destroying delusions, because they rest on the suggestions of the one, Who is a liar from the beginning. "Christ Jesus came into the world," the young man concluded, "to save sinners, even the worst. I am a sinner, and none worse than I, then Jesus came to save *me also*." "Thanks be to God through Jesus Christ our Lord." Henceforth he became a happy and decided servant of Christ.

His young brother, for whose benefit, as well as that of others, he had written this account, was as we found, under deep conviction, the Lord having blessed it to him. He also soon found peace, and some time after followed his brother to America. The former has since departed to be with Christ.

"How long, ye simple ones, will ye love simplicity? and the scorers delight in their scorning, and fools hate knowledge? Turn you at my reproof: behold, I will pour out my spirit unto you, I will make known my words unto you." (Pro. i. 22, 23.) Read the following verses to the end of the chapter.

T.A.E.W.

AN APPEAL,

BASED ON 1 JOHN v. 6, ON BOARD THE "UMBRIA,"
APRIL, 1886, IN THE MID-ATLANTIC.

"This is He that came by Water and Blood,
even Jesus Christ."



FELLOW-TRAVELLER, we are on the voyage of the life that now is. As you journey on, have you eternity distinctly before you? It were wise, if not insured already, to seek insurance without delay. The terms are as easy to you, whoever you may be, as the security is perfect; for God is concerned in all, and His character and resources are at stake—the God of all grace Who cannot lie. Let His interests be yours, as yours beyond doubt are His.

The terms were not so easy to Him, for they cost Him His Son, Only-begotten. They involved the Creator of heaven and earth and all things, in a life of humiliation, in a death of suffering and shame. Was this all, wonderful as it is for such a One? It was but the outside, the pathway in its course and end here below, but not that which made the Saviour sweat as it were great drops of blood; nor yet that which drew out the cry, "My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?" Very weak servants of His have triumphed over torture for His Name; the most vacillating of martyrs even fondled the consuming flame with his own unworthy but repentant right hand. He, the Lord of all, in tasting death for

every one, must drink the cup of divine judgment of sin, if any sinners were to be righteously saved. He must be abandoned at that supreme hour, if the believer, once consciously unclean and guilty, is not to be abandoned but blessed now and for ever. What was this to such a Father of such a Son? What was it to forsake the Anointed One Who had glorified the Father in obedience all through the days of His flesh? A deeper question was now raised. Would He, Who is the Eternal Life, glorify God *about our disobedience*, about our sins, that righteous judgment might take its course, no less than saving grace? Would He suffer for sins once for all, Just for unjust, that God should be vindicated beyond measure in His truth, love, and majesty, and man be delivered from all that was against him in a way worthy of God?

The cross of Christ is the answer. The atoning work *is done*, not doing, nor to be done, but even now accepted for, and applied to, every one that believes in the Lord Jesus Christ. "This is He that came by water and blood, even Jesus Christ: not by water only, but by water and blood. And it is the Spirit that beareth witness, because the Spirit is truth." Out of His pierced side, when already dead, flowed blood and water. John "that saw it bare record, and his record is true, and he knoweth that he saith true, that ye might believe" (John xix. 34, 35).

You, if you have not bowed to the truth of God and received the blessing in His grace,—you need cleansing as well as atonement. Here, not eternal life only, but remission of sins and purification are to

be found, only in and through the Lord Jesus. Believe on Him and be saved: so preached the great apostle; so taught the beloved disciple. The Spirit Who inspired both is truth. God calls you to believe the gospel. Come in, and be blessed of Him Who will have the Son honoured, even as the Father is. Oh! tarry not without, unblessed of God, indifferent or hostile to the Son, a slave of self, sin, and Satan, with death before you and after this the judgment. "He that believeth hath everlasting life." "He that believeth not the Son shall not see life."

W.K.

THREE QUESTIONS.



WILL you, as in the presence of God, read over these three questions from His Word, and answer them to Him?

"Whence art Thou?"

"To whom belongest thou?"

"What hast thou done?"

Answer them, remembering that He reads your heart through and through—that He knows whether you are speaking the truth. If you are still unsaved, the *real* answers will be these:—

"Whence art thou?"

"I am from beneath; I am of this world."

"To whom belongest thou?"

I am a child of Satan, a servant of sin."

"What hast thou done?"

"I have sinned and come short of the glory of God.

Do you own, dear reader, that these answers are true of you? Do you see that you are exposed to the righteous judgment of God?

If so, look up; lift your eyes to heaven and behold the Son of God, the Lord of glory, seated on His Father's throne. He has died to put an end to what you *are*—to atone for what you have *done*. God has accepted Him and raised Him from the dead, and one look of real faith away from self to that blessed Saviour will make you His for ever. God will accept you in Him, and then, if those three questions are asked you once more, you can answer, triumphing not in yourself, but in your Substitute:—

“Whence art thou?”

“I am a citizen of heaven.”

“To whom belongest thou?”

“I am a child of God, and a servant of Christ.”

“What hast thou done?”

“(Not I, but) Jesus my Substitute has finished the work God gave Him to do.”*

Dear friend, wouldn't it be far better to have the answers out *now* in the presence of God, than to wait till you stand before the “great white throne?”

It will be too late to change *then*.

Q. Whence art thou? *Ans.*.....

Q. To whom belongest thou? *Ans.*.....

Q. What hast thou done? *Ans.*.....

C.H.P.

* The following texts give the answers to these Three Questions. John viii. 23; 1 John iv. 5; Matt. xiii. 38; Rom. vi. 20; Rom. iii. 23; Phil. iii. 20; Gal. iii. 26; Col. iii. 21; John xvii.

TALKS WITH CHILDREN.

IV.



F you had seen a little child playing on the floor of the sitting room at home, surrounded with toys and dolls, and her mother near her at needle work, you would never have imagined that there was a big black enemy close to her; and although he could not be seen, he was found out, and driven away. This enemy was very busy trying hard to turn this little girl against her very *best* Friend, Whom she had learnt to call "Gracious Father." Soon a troubled look crept over her happy face, she dropped some playthings from her hands, and jumping on her Mamma's knee, hid her face away and began to cry. You may be sure she was held there firmly enough to make her feel quite safe, until she could speak, and you will be perfectly astonished when you know that through her tears she looked up and said:—

"I can't help it Mamma, such thoughts, such thoughts. I think, and I can't help it, that God is selfish and proud, and He must be very idle too."

"Tell me why you think all these bad things about God, darling?" her mother asked.

"Well, He sits up there all day long doing nothing, and He wants us to think so much of Him, to read His book, to sing to Him, to love Him, and to go to His meetings always."

Here was a list of lying accusations brought against the great and holy Lord God Almighty, which none

but His worst enemy and ours, could possibly have invented, and put into the mouth of a little child.

More sobs and tears, and a solemn silence followed this sad speech, while the mother held her closer, and asked God for an answer to it all. And He gave her one.

“Gracious Father supplies all our need, our home, our food, our clothes, it is He who has given us everything we have, and all we enjoy. He has given us His only Son whom He loves far more than I love you, and Who had to die on the cross that we might be saved from Satan, and go and live in heaven for ever. Can He be selfish dear?”

“Gracious Father made the world and all that is in it and around it, the splendid sun, the shining moon, the twinkling stars, the lovely trees and flowers, are all His work, He never goes to sleep and forgets all that He has made, but watches it, and takes care of it all day and all night too. Can He be idle darling?”

“And the reason why he wishes us to love Him, to read His word, and to praise and worship Him, is because He knows that nothing else in all the earth could ever make us safe and happy but this.”

The little one lifted up her face with a smile, and said, “Oh, thank you Mamma, I never thought of all that.” The tempter had fled, and her peace came back again.

What a cruel foe Satan is, he always contradicts God’s word, and is so mean and sly that he tries to blacken the character of God whenever he gets a chance. *Beware of him, dear children, and when he*

teazes you, and puts wrong thoughts into your mind or false words into your lips, which you know you ought not to utter, be ready for him, and use the sword God has provided against him. And if you are too young, as this child was, then you who have a Christian father or mother cannot do better than follow her example, and *never* keep it to yourself a single minute, but tell it *all* out at once, so that they may get wisdom from God to overcome the "wicked one," who would injure your soul and body for ever. But those of you who are old enough and have learnt the difference between the teachings of God's Holy Spirit, and the thoughts and desires that this enemy puts into your mind; for you there is "the whole armour of God provided;" and that is not like the armour that king Saul gave to David to go out to fight the giant in; for David said, "I cannot go with these, for I have not proved them." "The whole armour of God" has been proved over and over again to be the very best remedy against Satan's power and malice, especially the sword, which is "the word of God," and you will find he never can stand that, whether he comes to you "like a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour," or, as he sometimes comes, "as an angel of light." You will see all about this armour in the last chapter of Ephesians, and some one has noticed that there is none provided for the back, therefore those who are dressed in it are not expected to run away, but to "stand" and ward off the attack.

Don't forget this!

R.



THE ENGINE DRIVER'S CONVERSION.



HOW are you to-day, Mr. T.," said my companion to a man whom we met in the street.

Mr. T. was an engine-driver on the railway, a fine built man, but he looked ill: he was a regular attendant at the chapel at which my companion was a deacon.

"I'm no better," was the reply, "and I don't expect that I ever shall be."

Some further conversation followed, to which I was a silent listener. I had never spoken to our engine-driver, though I had frequently seen him on his engine, but just as I and my friend were about to pass on, I felt constrained to speak, so I said,

"Well, Mr. T. if God should call you away, are you ready to go?"

A faint sickly smile spread over his face, as he answered, "Oh yes, I should think so," and we parted.

A day or two afterwards I again saw him; he was crossing the road some few yards before me, and he could very well have passed on into the next street, in which he lived, before I could have got up to him, but, contrary to my expectation, he stopped. My first thought was only to enquire after his health as

he did not appear to like my question on our first meeting; doubtless this was suggested to me by Satan, who ever seeks to hinder and discourage the Lord's servants in doing their Master's work; I asked him how he was.

"No better," was his reply, "but I've been thinking of what you said to me the other day, you asked me if I was ready if God should call me away, *I'm not ready*. I want you to put me in the way, come in and see me."

My heart beat with delight on hearing these words, for I found that he was now in earnest about his soul; so, without waiting until I could call upon him at his home, I there and then told him of Him who is "The Way." Who had said, "I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life; no man cometh unto the Father but *by Me*." He listened with much attention and thanked me.

I visited him on several occasions and spake unto him the word of the Lord; for after all, its not so much what one says, it is the gospel of Christ which is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth, and dear T, received it in simple faith. He believed the word because the Lord had spoken it, and calmly and happily rested on it, quite ready now when it should please God to take him away, which was soon afterwards. He never forgot my question, and on one occasion said to me, "My Minister has often been to see me, and would talk to me about my flowers, my experience on the railway, and other matters, but has never said one word to me about

my soul. I had been a member of the chapel for years, and had attended the Lord's Supper, but all the time I was '*a sham*,' until you spoke to me."

Reader, this is a simple story, but it is a true one. I may never meet you in this world, but as one who for many years has known what it is to have peace with God through the Lord Jesus Christ, and who in some measure cares for the souls of his fellow-men, permit me to ask you, "Are you ready?"

You are a sinner, and as such can never enter heaven. You have sinned against a Holy and a Righteous God. Stop for five minutes and calmly think of what is to become of your precious soul. You would not like to spend one night in the company of the worst persons known to you, but except you repent you will have to spend an eternity with the "abominable, and murderers, and whoremongers, and sorcerers, and idolaters, and all liars, in the lake of fire, which is the second death" (Rev. xxi. 8), and from which there can be no escape. This is no mere theory, but will prove a terrible reality to all who die in their sins. But there is a way of escape now, "The Lord is not willing that *any* should perish, but that *all* should come to repentance" (1 Peter 3-9).

God's love is towards you now, "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 iii. 16). Believe God's word though you condemn yourself; take your place as a guilty sinner before God, and rest in the perfect work of Christ, for "Through *this* man is preached

unto you the forgiveness of sins ; and *by Him* all that believe are *justified from all things*" (Acts xiii. 38, 39). Then you will be able to say with the apostle Paul, "Therefore, being justified by faith, we have peace with God *through our Lord Jesus Christ*" (Rom. v. 1).

W. C.

REALITY.



It was a real thing to be a Christian, when to breathe the name of Christ meant imprisonment and death. Only communion with the Lord could keep the heart right then, and only communion with the Lord can keep us right now. The mighty work that has been achieved by the witnesses of the cross, has been done in the strength of Christ; and we are as dependent upon His strength as they were.

A Christian asked a fellow-Christian one day this question, "How is it M—— gives us something new every time he preaches? The answer was "You see, he lives so near the gates of heaven, that he hears things we don't get near enough to hear."

We want to live in heaven, to breathe its air. We must give up the world. There are numbers of lukewarm Christians, who hold Christ in one hand, and the world in the other. This will not do. It must be Christ, or the world. God grant it may be Christ only for us.

LOUISE.



THOSE who are engaged in gospel work, often have the joy of seeing souls brought from death unto life ; brought from the service of sin and Satan to serve the Lord from heaven. To the individual, whom the Lord graciously uses in this great work, there is none like it on earth, as many can testify. It is a joy so real, true and pure, that the worldling with all his pleasures can never realize it.

The new-born soul has three great enemies, with which to contend: the world, the flesh, and the devil ; not imaginery foes these, but very real ones. It is on the first of these I would like to write a few words, and relate an incident in real life, which occurred some years ago. But first let us read just three verses from God's word. " Know ye not, that the friendship of the world is enmity with God ? Whosoever, therefore, will be a friend of the world, is an enemy to God" (James iv. 4). " Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world. If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him. For all that is in the world, the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life, is not of the Father, but is of the world." (John ii. 15, 16).

Louise, a young girl about eighteen, was brightly and happily converted ; she was very lovely, but her young heart was so full of love to her Saviour, that

she thought little of herself or her looks. She entered a house of business, where many young people were engaged, but they cared for none of these precious things, that made life so beautiful to Louise, and tried to draw her to join them in their evening's amusements (theatres, concerts, &c., &c.); but she stedfastly refused. One of her acquaintances was especially bitter and persecuting in all her ways, but Louise remained true to her Lord, and kept separate. After a time, I grieve to say, she grew cold, and left her first love, and *then* she was easily drawn aside to join her companions in their amusements. Imagine what her feelings were, when one day, the young girl, who had mocked and persecuted her so cruelly, came to her and said, "Oh! Louise how you have changed, since first you came here, *then*, I would have given all I possessed to be like you." Poor Louise! I shall never forget how distressed she was, when relating the above circumstance to me, nor how deeply she felt the dishonour she had done the Lord.

Such is the world! Those around may laugh at you and make light of your words and ways, but be sure in many cases, they are often longing for the peace and joy they see you possess, and which they have not, nor can have, until they find rest in Christ. For the world's *pleasures* (and the Bible speaks of the *pleasures* of sin), can never satisfy the heart; they are like broken cisterns which can hold no water; while a Christian is "like a tree planted by the rivers of water." The men of this world are always

thirsting for fresh draughts, while the Lord Jesus said, "He that believeth on Me, shall never thirst."

Dear Louise S——, was fully restored in soul, ere her death, which took place some few years after.

She literally "fell asleep" as the Scriptures express it. As her mother left her for the night, after her father had read her a Psalm—so she was found a few hours after, with her hands crossed on her breast, a sweet smile on her face, but her spirit gone to be for ever with the Lord.

Dear young converts who may read this, keep true to Christ, this is your only happiness. You have a portion in your Saviour that will last for ever. Be true to the One Who died for you, and Who bids you live for Him. Care not for the worldling's sneer or laugh; let them see your happy face shining with the peace of heaven, and they will long for the joy you have, although they may hate you because you possess it.

F. G.


FOR WHOM WAS HELL PREPARED?



HELL was prepared for the devil and his angels; for those who fell without a tempter. And men and women, who listen to the tempter now, must be the companions of demons for all eternity. "The wicked shall be turned into hell and all the nations that forget God." Who are the wicked? Those who forget God, who con-

tinue in sin ; unbelievers, who will not accept Christ as their Saviour ; they shall be turned into hell. Are you one of them ? Have you forgotten God ? You know you have ; you have never offered the morning oblation, nor the evening sacrifice ; you have never taken God into your life ; you have never asked His guidance, or protection ; God has been unknown to you, He has been forgotten as Creator, and never been believed in as Redeemer, and you must go to hell because you have forgotten God. And the light of that hell seems to shine on earth ; and its lurid gleam attracts men and women. I see the reflection of its glare in the foot lights of the theatre ; in the flaming haunts of vice, in the smile on the harlot's face, in the flush on the drunkard's cheek, in the flashing eyes of the man of pleasure. This light of perdition fascinates and allures, just as when you put a lamp in your open window at night, the moths will fly around it. So in this night of sin, the devil trims his lamps of vice, and the poor deluded sinners are attracted to their death.


HOW TO GIVE AWAY TRACTS.

UR grand aim in the distribution of tracts should be the glory of God. Some years ago I was out with a dear Christian, who was giving away tracts, and I noticed as he gave the tract away, each was given with this prayer,

“God bless this tract to that soul.” I thought then that this was giving away tracts in earnest. This is how we ought to give them away. When you buy a packet of tracts for distribution, pray to God that every tract may be used to the salvation of some poor soul; and eternity alone will disclose what good has been done.

TALKS WITH CHILDREN.

V.

OTHER'S help!" Those children, who deserve such a *nice* name as this, are wise and happy too, they are a comfort to all who live in the house; and as they grow older and look back over the days and years that have passed away, they have less to regret than those children have, who make *self* the first consideration.

Emma lived in a comfortable home in Hampshire; she was nearly ten, and being the eldest of the girls, was the companion of her suffering mother. Often was she at the bed-side, reading sweet hymns or portions of God's word, the 14th and 17th chapters of John's gospel, and the 23rd and 91st Psalms being the dear invalid's special comforts.

The sister next in age ran into the room one day, and seeing a hole in the long window curtain, the two had a game of peep together and laughed merrily and loudly. A weary voice came from the bed, "Don't dears, I cannot bear a noise." But sad to

tell they kept on with their fun, heedless of their mother's words, amusing *themselves* and paining her. This sister never earned the title of "Mother's help," for she hindered and worried everybody with her many naughty and selfish ways, and disturbed the whole household to get her own will often.

I am grieved to tell this, and hope you are not at all like her, but "God who is rich in mercy" brought her to Himself afterwards, and has taken her to be with Himself, where no sin can come.

She was taken from home by a relative, and very soon after the other four children were called up by their father in the middle of the night, to see their mother die. Then the home was broken up, the brothers and sisters scattered; and how often Emma wished she had obeyed that one small request, as she seemed to hear those words again, "Don't dears, I cannot bear a noise." She could not forgive herself for that unkindness to the one she so *much missed*; the one who had tenderly cared for her through all the helplessness of infancy and early childhood. It was something like a shadow on her path for years after.

Don't you be like either of these two girls, dear young reader, for God says, "Children obey your parents," and in one of the gospels you will find a story of two boys who were sent by their father to do some work for him. One *said* he would do it, but he did not do it, and so committed two sins, for he told a lie, as well as disobeyed his father. The other son changed his mind you notice, and so was counted the obedient one.

“Minnie, come it is time you washed the breakfast things.”

“Mother, I am so tired of doing it every day, besides, it is no use, for they only get used again at tea-time. This answer was not made in a very pleasant tone, or with a pleasant look, and in it there was no thoughtfulness for the toil-worn parent, who had to endure, and do, the same thing day after day for Minnie and the others, who were all younger than her.

“We need not afflict each other,” said an aged Christian, who is now where troubles cannot be, and surely it is true, for there is enough that *must* come upon us, because of what we are, and where we are, without our adding to the weight of sorrow. “Bear ye one another’s burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ,” and we know He came to do the will of Him who had sent Him, and that weariness and untold woes were His, and *all* who desire to serve Him, and obey His word, and follow Him, can only do so by keeping the constant remembrance in their heart taught by the Holy Spirit, that “Even Christ pleased not Himself.”

R.

THE IRISH BOY'S DEATH.

I'll be afther lying down, mother,
Upon me little bed,
And darlint place yer hand awhile,
Beneath me achin head.

And if ye've done yer work, mother,
 I wish ye'ed sing to me
 About the counthry up above,
 Where Tim and Nellie be.

'Tis fairer than ould Ireland dear,
 And all a glorious day,
 I'm going to the dear Lord now,
 He'll never say me nay.

I've lov'd the fair airth, mother dear,
 And all the flowers that grow,
 But when I gaze upon His face,
 His deeper love I'll know.

Poor father shure he'll fret for me,
 But spake ye kindly thin,
 Maybe, when I am gone above
 Ye may poor father win.

Tell him to come to God, and me,
 And dhrink and curse no more;
 And then the throuble will not come,
 But peace for ivermore.

Don't fret ye much for me, mother,
 For shure 'tis betther there,
 And flowers that niver niver fade,
 The fields of glory bear.

And don't forget me when I die,
 And when yer work is done,
 And the dear Lord shall give the word,
 Then ye'll be coming home.

And I'll be there to welcome ye,
 And lead ye to the throne;
 And all the angels will be glad,
 When you and father come.

But hark!—I hear the blessed song,
 The dear Lord's there I see,
 And shure the room is wondrous bright!
 Hark!—Hark!—He's calling me.

And you are Tim and Nellie too,
 See! angels fill the room.
 I come,—I come,—kiss father dear,
 Good bye—aroon—aroon.



SAVED IN A COAL-HOUSE.

IT was a Sunday afternoon in the winter. It had been announced in the town of — that a soldier would preach the gospel, and many were preparing to go and hear him. Among those who intended going were two who had already tasted the joy which that blessed message gives. But Mr. and Mrs. — had one great sorrow in the midst of their joy. They had a dearly-loved son who was still far from God, and a scorner of His salvation. For years J—— had been the object of their earnest prayers, but not yet had the answer come. This Sunday afternoon they and other friends asked him to go and hear the soldier preach, but his answer was a decided “no.” J’s mind was made up; others might go if they liked, but *not he*. But gradually, he knew not how, his mind began to change; he though he would rather like to hear the soldier after all. His “chums” laughed at him.

“Don’t go, J——” they said; “If you do, you’ll get converted, as every one does who goes to his meetings.”

“Oh, no fear!” answered J——. “Everybody is going to hear the soldier, and I’ll hear too, but I won’t be so foolish as to get converted.”

So off he started for the meeting, but before going in, he drank a glass of grog to prime himself up for

what was before him, and ensure his not being converted. Then he entered the hall, and sat down to listen. Sergeant H—— read part of the twenty-fifth of Matthew, dwelling especially on the words: "*And the door was shut,*" and trying, by God's help, to impress upon his hearers the solemnity of appearing before the "Great white throne" (Rev. xx. 11-15). Without knowing anything about J——, he spoke of the awfulness of a son or daughter being shut out from God's presence for ever, while the father and mother are seated with Christ upon His throne. The bow was drawn at a venture, but an unseen hand guided the shaft right into J's heart. At once he felt himself a sinner in God's sight, and longed to be as his father and mother were,—saved, and ready to meet the Lord. When the preaching was ended, any who were anxious about their souls were asked to remain behind. J—— was one of those who did so. But no sooner had he made up his mind to stay, than Satan whispered into his ear what a foolish thing he was doing, and how his "chums" would laugh when they heard of it. Up he jumped from his seat, and made for the door, intending to get another glass of grog to drown these serious thoughts. But Sergeant H—— stopped him at the door, and asked him one short question:—

"Are you saved?"

J—— bowed his head so that his face was almost hidden, and at first the preacher thought he was laughing, but instead of that, he was weeping—weeping over his sins. Then Sergeant H—— took him to a

door which he saw at the end of the hall, and they entered together. It turned out to be the coal-house! But little difference did it make either to God's servant or to the convicted sinner, whether they were in a coal-house or a palace. Both felt that they were in the presence of the King of kings, and there in the pitch dark, and standing on a heap of coals, and beneath a roof hung with cobwebs, J—— listened for life—listened as the prisoner listens to the sentence which shall bring him death or freedom, as the entombed miner listens to the voice of the deliverer who may save him, or pass him by. Sergeant H—— repeated to him the twenty-fourth chapter of John: "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." He told him that God asked him two questions and answered a third Himself.

"Do you hear His word?"

"Yes."

"Do you believe in God who sent Jesus to seek and to save the *lost*?"

"Yes," J—— answered solemnly and emphatically,

"Then *God* says that as a poor sinner *believing* you have eternal life."

In the midst of the darkness of that coal-house light shone into poor J's heart, "the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ," and he went out into the hall weeping for joy, and crying aloud: "I'm saved! I'm saved!"

His father and mother ran to meet him, and, falling on his neck, mingled their tears of joy with his, for the lost one was found, the dead one was alive again.

Some little time afterwards, Sergeant H.'s regiment was ordered to Egypt, and every fortnight (or nearly every fortnight) of the two years he spent there, he received a letter from his child in the gospel, who still lives to praise the One who called him "out of darkness into His marvellous light." C.H.P.

A CHRISTIAN'S DEATH BED,

GAZE on this dying Christian. He has served his Master well, and now he is passing away. He says to his wife, "Mary, this room is filled with the heavenly host: had I strength how we would sing!" When night came, he cried "Light all the lights." And again, "Praise God as you carry me to the grave, and sing as you lay me down, "There is rest for the weary." An evangelist came to see him; the dying man's charge to him was, "Preach Christ." And towards the end of his life, with his longing eyes looking off into eternity, he said, "How is it the King tarries, when the chariot wheels are so near?" He saw those who surrounded him weeping, and he said, "Beyond the smiling and the weeping I shall be soon; I am waiting, and I am weary. "When death came, his last words were, "Lord Jesus, come quickly! come quickly." Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints.

"NOT A WORD OF GOOD-BYE."



READER, let me tell you a story that was told to me a short time ago by one who was an eye-witness. But first let me ask you if you have ever thought about death? Have you thought that you *must* see God, and that unless your sins are washed away in the precious blood of Christ, you will only see Him for a brief space of time, and then be banished from His presence for ever?

How people try to keep death far away from them, and how many miles they will travel if by so doing they may hope to add a few months to this mortal life. But the time comes when the king of terrors knocks at the unbeliever's door, and no bolts or bars can keep Him out.

One evening a gay company was assembled in the drawing-room of a house in one of the London suburbs, and as the guests sought entertainment in different ways, the angel of death entered unseen, and marked one of them for his prey. A lady, in perfect health, was, apparently, seized with faintness, which necessitated her withdrawing from the rest; and as consciousness did not return when the usual restoratives were administered, one of the guests, just as he was, in evening dress, ran for the nearest doctor, a Christian friend of mine, from whom I

heard this sad story. Another messenger was despatched for the lady's regular medical attendant, who came at once. What words can convey the scene which that house presented as they entered it! What a change had come over everything there in a brief space of time! As the painful intelligence spread from one to another, terror seized those who, but a few moments before, had been the gayest of the gay, and soon all was confusion as the guests hurried to and fro eager to get away from the presence of death. For the one who lay on that bed, so gaily dressed and adorned with jewels, was a lifeless corpse. How terrible the contrast! It seemed to mock the grief of her husband and daughters as they stood around the bed, weeping and wringing their hands in despair, entreating the doctors to try some means to restore animation, for they could not believe that life was extinct.

"Not a word of good-bye" said one of the daughters, "it cannot be;" "and not a word of good-bye," she repeated, in the bitterness of her grief; for the thought that her mother had left her without a word or even a look, added not a little to the anguish of that night.

But how unavailing their tears or their entreaties to recall the spirit which had passed into eternity. As a final test if the circulation was arrested, and to prove the melancholy fact to those who stood around the lifeless form of the one they love so dearly, the doctor opened a vein but no blood flowed and he could only say,

"It is no use, you cannot bring anyone back from the other world."

From this bed of death a mournful voice seemed to be sounding these words in the ears of all that had ears to hear, "The world passeth away," and, "Prepare to meet thy God."

Dear reader, such a sudden and un-looked-for summons might come to you or me. For no one knew that this lady was the subject of any disease which might in a moment snap the thread of life, and none was more surprised than her own doctor at her sudden death. How little did she think when she left her home that evening, that before the day was ended her soul would be in eternity. If *you* were thus suddenly cut off dear unsaved reader, where would your soul be? Be warned in time, for eternity is fast hastening on, and there will be no repentance there. A loving Saviour, whose voice has often spoken to you before, speaks to you again, through this solemn incident. Oh! do not turn a deaf ear to the message of pardon which God offers you to-day through His beloved Son. Christ is willing to receive you now, just as you are; come to Him and he will save you. How blessed to know that all your sins may be forgiven, because of the work which Christ finished on the cross. Then, with those who love Him, you will be waiting for His coming again. Or, if death should knock at your door, it will not be as the king of terrors, but as the glad summons to eternal rest and joy in the Father's house of many mansions.

TALKS WITH CHILDREN.

VI.



WISH I was in heaven, don't you?" said a weeping child, looking up into her mother's face. "Why do you wish that darling." "Oh, because then I should never be naughty any more," she replied; and then they had a little chat, a little prayer, and a good-night kiss. It was the mother's turn to cry now, for very deeply did this wish cut into her heart, and I will tell you why,—she had just been doing the very hardest thing she ever had to do; that was, to whip her dear little daughter, and there was no doubt that the mother was hurt more than the child. It was only when persuasion and kindness failed, that the rod was promised, and then had to be most reluctantly used; and, I am pleased to tell you, that was very seldom the case, for the child was always forgiven if she owned the naughtiness of her sin; but if bed time came and she still refused to make the acknowledgment, the mother would say, "Now, I must punish you because God tells me to do so, and I must obey Him." To the mother, the "don't you?" was the worst part of the wish, for an enemy (you know who I mean), just took this opportunity to tell her that she had better not punish her dear little girl any more, for perhaps she was going to lose her very soon. If the mother had taken such advice, it would not

have been *love*, for *love* cares enough to correct children wisely and well, so that they should not grow up in rebellion and wrong; so she did not listen to the enemy's suggestion, but told out her care to Him Who says, "Call upon Me in the day of trouble." And blessing came to both out of it; and although the Lord has not yet granted the child's wish, she has been able for a long time to say that He *will* take her there. Many older ones wish to be taken up there to get away from all they have to endure down here; in those it is not so excusable, for if their hearts are right with God, they may be sure that He has some more work for them to do for Him before their joyful resting place arrives, or they would not remain down here another *minute*. And to wish to be in Heaven because "then she should never again be naughty," was a sweet and holy motive for the wish, that must have come from God's own teaching, and not from the enemy.

But there was only one Child ever on this earth who was *never naughty*, who was *perfection* in all His ways, in all His words, and all His thoughts. And yet when he became a Man, although He was as perfect as when He was a child, even He was punished—"The Just for us the unjust, *to bring us to God*." Ah, do you know this lovely secret, which will shelter you from wrath for ever? Can you say, "He loved me and gave Himself for me?" Blessed, wonderful exchange! If not, believe it *now*, while you are reading this true little story, and then you will be safe, for until you do believe it, you are

in *dreadful danger* of being eternally punished for your sins if you will not take the blessings and the benefits that come through "the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ" in "bearing our sins in His own body on the tree."

The child I am writing about when she was just nine years old, came down one morning and told her mother something that I will tell you, as a happy little finish to my last talk with you (for the present), and if I have not said enough or said the very one thing that will *make* you trust Christ and be converted I pray that God may use some other means to save you at once. Now, for your whole attention to these closing words:—"Mamma, I could not go to sleep last night for a long while, so I made up a little verse," of course, her mother said, "Tell it me darling," and when she repeated it, said, "Now sit down and write it for me." And although it is not written at all like the same hand can write it *now*, and a word in it is wrongly spelt, that scrap of paper, date and all, is a choice treasure in that mother's desk, and looked at often. I wish you could see it; here are the words. Can you truthfully say them.

"There's nothing between the Great White Throne and me,
 Since Jesus did bear all my sins on the tree;
 My sins, all my sins are for ever forgiven,
 And Jesus *will* take me to live up in heaven."

G.



A LIFE HISTORY.

When young I strayed ;
Just like a silly sheep, I strayed from counsel good.
The far off distance seemed to dazzle,
With its blooming flowers.
For these I strayed ;
Instead of fearing God, I thus became
A slave to passion and desires.
Pressing along the downward road,
Unsatisfied, I wandered far,
Where none but God could save,
Near to a watery grave—near to
An open hell—but God was there.

Forgetting this, just like a slave,
I followed still my wicked course,
Still loving sin ; grasping and yet unsatisfied,
When lo ! a burning fever laid me low ;
My course was stopped.
The bloom of youth had gone ;
My hopes had fled ; and there I lay—
The things that I had done I plainly saw,
But what I was, ne'er crossed my mind.

For weeks upon that bed I lay,
A Christless soul.
As life seem'd ebbing out, the doctor said,
*" His days are o'er ; before the morning rise,
The man will be no more."*
Grim monster death !
Oh ! how I shrank with terror and affright !
And well I might,
As close to death I lay,
They heard me cry, "**THEY COME, THEY COME !**"
I felt that at my feet the demons lay,
Ready to bear my soul away.
Oh ! night of nights !

The morning dawned, the sun arose ;
And there for weeks I tossed,
Upon that lonely bed—
A Christless soul !
No love to God ; no heart for Christ—
'Tis true I was reformed,
Somewhat like Peter writes about the dog and sow.
I thought myself so good—
A lying demon filled my heart, for I

With Jesus had no part; I was not born again.

Down from that pinnacle I fell,
From bad to worse like thousands more have done,
A loveless wretch.

Time rolled along
I left my father's house, slighting his tears;
I grew so hard through sin,
That e'en his letters of advise I mocked.
While doing this I fell, deserving hell,
But God was there—
I fell; the frame that held a pile
Of burning coals, had pierced my rebel head.
Again the cry goes forth, "*no hope, no hope,*"
"*The man must die.*"

The doctors use their skill,
The wound was healed; and why?
My father's prayer had pierced yon brazen sky.
"*Oh! save my boy; for Jesus sake,*
"*Oh! save my boy.*" 'Twas thus he prayed.
That cry was heard, and health to me restored.
But sad to tell, I still went on,
More hardened still;
When lo! a voice, a touch, thrills through my soul.
The fear of God now filled my heart,
Condemned in thought and act I stood—
Before a holy God I stood,
A sinner lost.

For days and nights my awful sins,
In all their crushing power, lay on my heart,
No ray of light, no hope of heaven for me,
When soft the voice of Jesus seemed to say,
"*Sinner! thy sins are put away,*
"*My blood avails for thee.*"
O'erwhelmed with gratitude and love.
Through Christ the open Door I passed,
Into the sunshine of forgiving love.
Then as the tears of joy rolled down my face,
My praying father sobbing cried,
"*My boy, my boy, my soul is satisfied—*
To-day, thy soul is saved,
An answer to thy mother's prayers is given,
The Lord be praised!"

And now I rest, a sinner saved;
Yes, satisfied and blest.