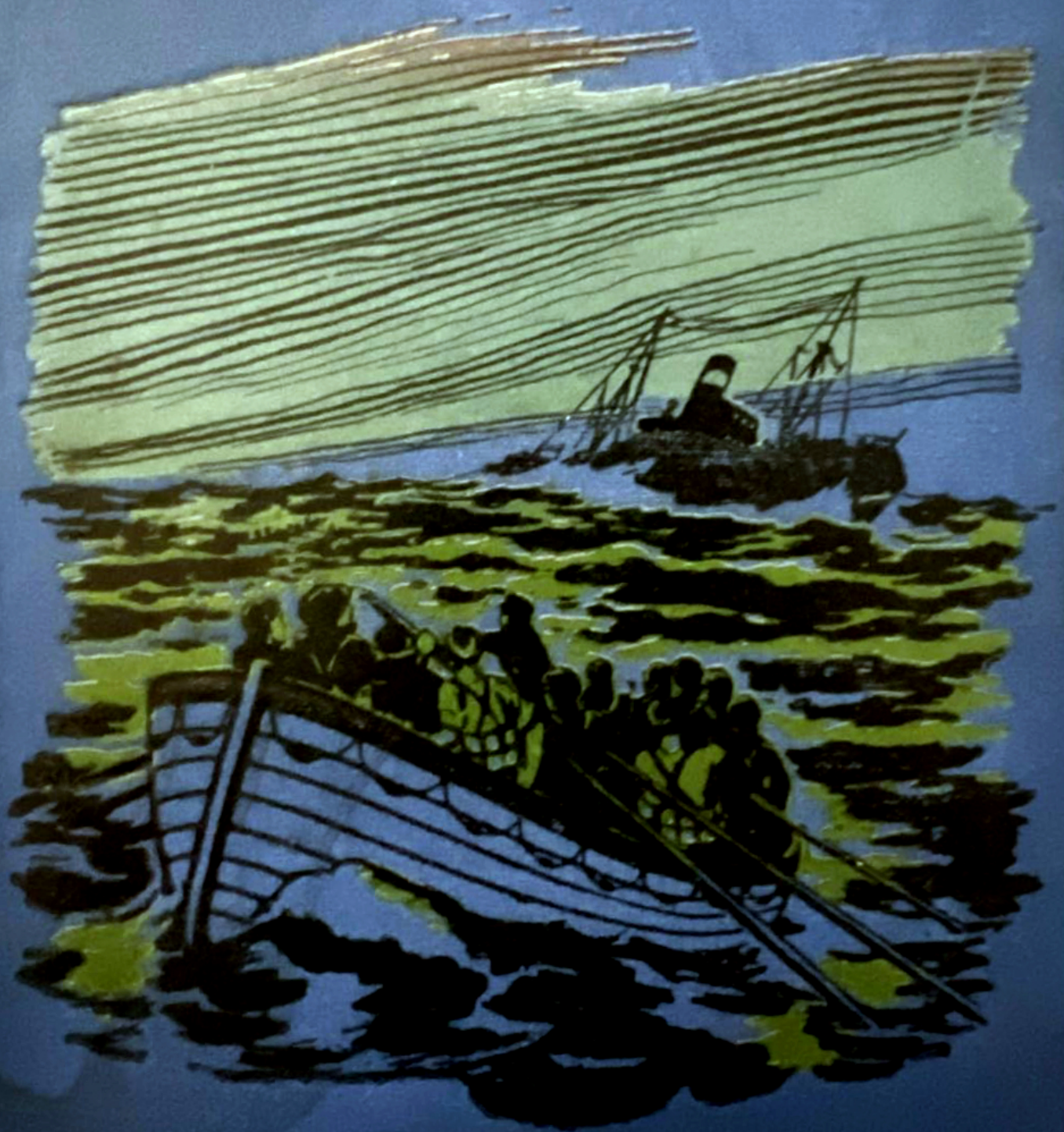


SAVE SOME

THRILLING
STORIES

OF FREE
GRACE



"If by any means . . . I might save some" (Rom. 11. 14)

SAVE SOME

OR, SO GREAT SALVATION
FROM SO GREAT A DEATH

COMPILED BY

JOHN GRAY

Editor, "The Believer's Pathway," etc.



PICKERING & INGLIS

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GRACE DARLING AND HER FATHER NEARING THE WRECKED
"FORFARSHIRE" ON THEIR MEMORABLE DEED OF MERCY

UNSELFISH LOVE

Few there are who have not heard of Grace Darling and of the deed which has made her name so famous. She had lived for years with her parents in the Longstone Lighthouse, and had doubtless become used to the fierce storms which raged about her sea-girt home; but rarely had she seen one so terrible as that which she braved on that memorable morning in September, 1838. The inhabitants of the lighthouse had seen an ill-fated vessel battling with the gale, and they thought they heard above the noise of the sea a signal of distress. They were not mistaken, for at daybreak the lighthouse keeper descried the wreck, and could also see that the crew were still clinging to the mast, and in constant danger of being overwhelmed by the great waves that were beating about them.

So madly ran the sea, as William Darling watched the struggles of those sailors, that he judged it impossible to save them; but Grace Darling had taken the glasses, and she watched with pitying eyes the perishing sailors. Her pity nerved her to urge her father to attempt a rescue, and to her joy he yielded to her entreaties. The father, mother, and daughter launched the boat, and father and daughter, each taking an oar, began to row that tempest-tossed mile. At every instant during that fearful journey they were in danger of being swamped by the sea, and yet they kept on until at length they reached the perishing sailors on the wrecked "Forfarshire."

There were only nine survivors, and they were so numbed by the cold, weak and exhausted, that it was with difficulty they were got into the boat; but God's mercy was over them, and at length they were all safely housed in the lighthouse. Grace Darling had accomplished her desire, proving that she was not only *willing* but *able* to save them. On a tablet to Grace Darling's memory in the village of Bamborough is inscribed:

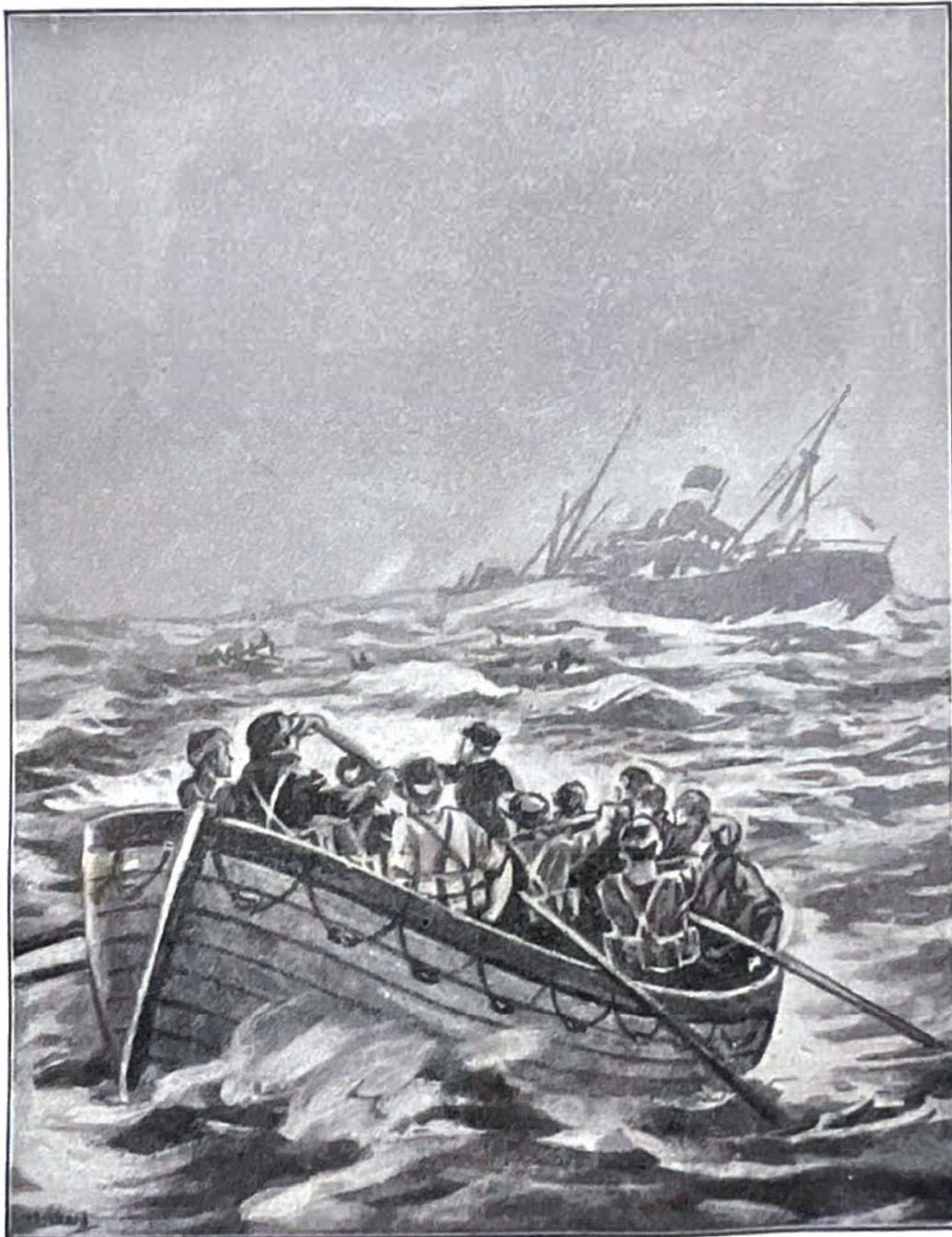
"Out of her silent grave
She bids us this lesson prove:
The greatest power for good below
Is the might of unselfish love."

God's love excels all human love. "God commendeth His love towards us, in that while we were yet sinners Christ died for us" (Rom. 5. 8). How have you treated such incomparable love?

THE FIRST LESSON FROM THE SINKING OF THE "VESTRIS"

— OR, —

THE CATASTROPHE, WHICH WAS DUE, NOT TO THE LACK OF PROPER EQUIPMENT, BUT TO THE ABSENCE OF A STRONG DIRECTING HAND, AND THE MISTAKE OF STRESSING "THINGS" MORE THAN MEN.



The "Vestris" going down.

"Upon what are you depending for Salvation? Is it on 'things'? They can never give security. But He, whose 'strong directing hand' has ushered millions of those who trusted Him into eternal rest, can do so."

THE FIRST LESSON.

"THE Vestris" had gone down with considerable loss of life. Strange stories were brought back by survivors. Public feeling ran high, for it appeared that the catastrophe might readily have been avoided. Where did the fault lie? Eventually the report of the Inspection Service was issued. It said, among other things, that "there was evidence...of the absence of a strong directing hand...and the first lesson to be learned is that we must hereafter stress men more than things." There had been no lack of proper equipment. "Things" had been liberally provided. But the direction was lacking, and so the things failed entirely of their purpose. Confidence was disappointed, lives were lost and a valuable cargo destroyed.

The incident brought to mind a conversation some time previous. A man, whom we will call Mr. Jones, was introduced to us as being anxious about his soul's salvation. Eternity was before him, to be spent in ineffable bliss or conscious torment—and he knew it. His failing health increased his anxiety. But he was not prepared to admit the full extent of his danger. He knew the creeds by heart, repeated them without difficulty, and professed to believe them unreservedly. He was a regular attender at "the means of grace" and tried to live uprightly. What more, he argued, could be expected of him? But a passage of Scripture which had been read to him presented a difficulty. The passage was verse 12 of the 5th chapter of the First Epistle of John: "He that hath the Son hath life; and he that hath not the Son of God hath not life." "Mr. Jones," we said to him, "you will notice that there is a dividing line in this verse. A person must be on one side or the other of that line. Are you able to say on which side of it you yourself stand?" He thought long and carefully, and at last replied, "No, I'm afraid not. Frankly, I cannot say that I have eternal life, nor do I wish to believe that I have not." "Then," we replied, "your religion, careful as you seem to have been in the observance of it, has not done a thing for you yet. Forgiveness of sins, though mentioned in your creed, you have not experienced; and salvation, which stands at the very threshold of Christianity, you have no assurance of."

Now, what was this man's mistake? It was that he

The First Lesson.

put great emphasis on "things," while he knew nothing of a personal relationship with the Lord Jesus Christ, God's Son. It is upon Him that salvation depends, and in Him alone that it can be known. "He that hath the Son, hath life." "Through this Man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins; and by Him all that believe are justified from all things" (Acts 13. 38, 39). But Mr. Jones, although observing with care all that he knew of "religion," had never received Him. "Things," however commendable in themselves, could never take the place of the Lord Jesus Christ, and consequently could give him no peace. The lesson which is the first to be learned he had not learned, namely, that "As many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on His Name" (John 1. 12).

You also are travelling to Eternity. Upon what are you depending for salvation? Is it on "things?" They can never give security. But He, whose "strong directing hand" has ushered millions of those who trusted Him into eternal rest, can do so. Hear His invitation to you: "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden and I will give you rest" (Matt. 11. 28). Will you come? Will you receive Him? He came from the impenetrable glory to the Cross of shame for you, that you might be saved. "He that hath the Son hath life, He that hath not the Son of God hath not life." F.W.S.

THE TELEGRAPH MESSAGE.

A STORY is told of a telegraph clerk who was anxious about salvation. Burdened with a sense of sin, he was sitting at his instrument one day, when click, click went the needle, bearing a message which he commenced to take down. One can understand how great was his wonder at the contents of the message, which read like this: "Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world," and, singularly enough, the words that were flashed along the wires as a message from a gentleman to a friend who was in trouble about his soul proved the means of salvation to the telegraph clerk. The words which were meant for another fitted into his need, and furnished him with the deliverance which his soul was longing for.

THE "HORRID SERMON.

SOME years ago a foreign missionary occupied a Church of England pulpit in a town in the Isle of Man. The text selected for that evening was the third verse of the third chapter of John's Gospel, "Verily, verily, I say unto thee, except a man be born again he cannot see the Kingdom of God." The preacher gave a searching, Scriptural discourse on the nature, necessity, and means of the new birth. Some were thankful for the sermon, whilst others felt annoyed.

My informant overheard a lady asking a friend how she liked it. "I did not like it at all," was the emphatic reply; "it was horrid; never before was I called wicked." It was evident that the word had gripped her conscience, and, like Naaman the Syrian, she "went away in a rage." If she had known God's thoughts of sin and sinners, she would not have been filled with indignation at the preaching of the truth. God's thoughts are not our thoughts (Isa. 55. 9). "That which is highly esteemed among men is abomination in the sight of God" (Luke 16. 15). We must not accept man's opinions regarding the guilt and penalty of sin. Man looks at the outward appearance, while God looks at the heart. In Psalm 14, verses 2 and 3, we read, "The Lord looketh down from Heaven upon the children of men to see if there were any that did understand and seek God." What was the Divine verdict? "They are all gone aside, they are all together become filthy; there is none that doeth good, no, not one." This is not a flattering picture of man in his natural state, though it is a perfect one. None of us have loved God with all our heart, soul, strength, and mind. None of us have loved our neighbours as ourselves. All of us, like silly sheep, have "gone astray;" every one of us has turned to his own way (Isa. 53. 6). The prophet Jeremiah tells us that "it is of the Lord's mercies that we are not consumed, because His compassions fail not" (Lam. 2. 22). Let us praise God we are not all cut down as "cumberers of the ground." "Righteousness and judgment are the habitation of His throne" (Psa. 97. 2), and "there is no man that sinneth not" (1 Kings 8. 46). Could anything be plainer?

The lady would doubtless admit that she was a "sinner" in a general sense, else she would not join in the prayer, "God be merciful to us, miserable sinners." Perhaps her

The Horrid Sermon.

idea of "sinners" was that of an American who said to a friend of mine when asked if he was a sinner, "Well, I suppose I am; but I am not what you would call a bad sinner; I am, I think, rather a good one. I always try to do the best I know." There are no "good sinners" or "honest liars" in God's sight; nor are there any "middling people." There are but the two classes—saved and un-



DOUGLAS, ISLE OF MAN.

saved; regenerate and unregenerate; children of wrath and children of God.

Which class does the reader belong to? If you have never accepted of Christ as your Saviour, and become a "new creature," you are an unsaved sinner, under wrath and condemnation. Why not now be reconciled to God through faith in the precious Blood of Christ? Why not now take your place as "lost" and undone, and believe on Him who died to ransom you from sin, and death, and Hell?

A.M.

SAVED ON A MAIN-TOPSAIL ROPE.

SOME years since special Gospel meetings were being held in a small seaport town on the Cumberland coast, when considerable interest was awakened, and a number of people professed faith in Christ.

One evening a young man came into the hall who had the appearance of a sailor, and was evidently a stranger to the town. He seemed very interested as the meeting proceeded, and at the close I spoke to him, and found that he was a bright Christian. After a brief conversation, I asked him how long he had been saved. He said, "Two years." "Where did it take place?" Without hesitation answered, "On the foot-rope of the main-topsail yard, hanging by my ankles." He had been sent aloft to attend to something, and as he was doing it he lost his balance and fell. But in falling he caught his heels round the rope on which he was standing, and after hanging head downwards for a few moments, he succeeded in laying hold of another rope, by which in a short time he reached the deck in safety.

This strange and startling experience proved to be the turning point in his life. For he said, "As I was hanging there all my past life came up before me, and I thought of my mother, who had gone to Heaven, and her many prayers for me. I knew I was not ready to meet God, and to die as I was would mean eternal doom. Many a time I had heard God's good news in the Gospel, telling how He so loved the world that He gave His only Son that whosoever believed in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life (John 3. 16). I there and then came to Him and trusted Him to save me, and He did." God wants the sinner not only to be saved, but to know that he is saved, and consequently He has put on record those assuring words: "These things have I written unto you that believe on the Name of the Son of God; that ye may know that ye have eternal life" (1 John 5. 13).

The reality of this great transaction that had taken place in mid-air between the Lord and this young man, was thus proved by the fact that two years after it was not only fresh in his memory, but the joy of his heart; and he was able to testify definitely and brightly of the grace of God, that had rescued him. How wonderful are God's ways, and how great is His grace, and how faithful to His promise! Mothers, pray on, God in Heaven is listen-

Saved on a Main-topsail Rope.

ing. "Ask and ye shall receive" (John 16. 24). "Is anything too hard for the Lord?" (Gen. 18. 14). T.C.



ON THE MAIN-TOPBAIL YARD.

THE VITAL LINK.

SOMEONE once said to George Muller, the founder of the Ashley Down Orphan Homes, Bristol: "Are you the man with the great faith?" He promptly replied "No, I am the man with little faith in the great God." Although great faith is not an essential, faith itself is an essential to salvation, for "without faith it is impossible to please Him; for he that cometh to God must believe that He is, and that He is a rewarder of them that diligently seek Him" (Heb. 11. 6).

How important then to ask the question: Have I faith in the living God? Do I believe in Him as my Maker, my Redeemer, and my Judge? If not, remember that "faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the Word of God" (Rom. 10. 17). Get the Bible and learn therein about your lost condition by nature in Romans 3, then of God's love in John 3, and of how you obtain salvation in Ephesians 2: "For by grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves it is the gift of God; not of works, lest any man should boast" (v. v. 8, 9). Thus it is made plain that sinners are saved by faith alone, apart from works.

Hear proof: "By the deeds of the law there shall no flesh be justified in His sight." "Therefore we conclude that a man is justified by faith without the deeds of the law" (Rom. 3. 20-28). Notice, it is not faith in a theory, creed, and such like. To the anxious jailer at Philippi, Paul did not say: Believe in me, in my religion, my views, or such like, though he emphatically said: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." Apart from personal faith in the Saviour you will never be saved. Hence the vital question, "Dost thou believe on the Son of God?" (John 9. 35). All else will be of no avail in the hour of death, and in the solemn day of judgment (John 5. 27-28).

Gaze on Him bleeding and dying for thee on the Cross of Calvary; hear His triumphant cry, "It is finished" (John 19. 30). See Him raised from the dead by God, as an evidence that every claim of His holy law has been satisfied. Commit yourself to Him for time and for eternity, and you will rejoice and say: "God loved me, Christ died for me, I believe in Him, and I am saved with an everlasting salvation." "Being justified by faith, we have peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ" (Rom. 5. 1).

ONE OF SANDY ROW'S TOUGHEST.

A DRUNKEN, fighting, fearful specimen of humanity—the words are strong, but aptly describe the subject of this little pamphlet, a native of Sandy Row, Belfast. The testimony of a barman who served Jack Ashwood in his ungodly days, was that “of all his cus-



JACK ASHWOOD.

tomers, Jack was the only one that he feared amongst the many who frequented the bar.”

Sixty-eight times in the hands of the law, mostly for drunkenness, Jack's career is a pathetic example of one enslaved and held fast by the hardest of task-masters—the Devil.

One of Sandy Row's Toughest.

Jack's last spell of time was done in Maryborough Jail—six months' hard labour for being found on the scene when trouble was abroad. While lying in jail his thoughts began to centre on the real cause of all his misfortunes, and his conclusion was one word—drink; so in earnestness and real desire for deliverance, he fell on his knees in the centre of the cell, and prayed to God to take away all desire for strong drink. God heard that prayer, and its power was broken.

Deliverance from drink, however, is not deliverance from sin's guilt nor its penalty. Some time later Jack learned the great lesson that God requireth that which is past, and Christ has power on earth to forgive sins.

One day he stood at his own door, in his shirt sleeves, listening to an open-air testimony meeting in his street. Among the testimonies given were those of four men with pasts similar to his own, former dupes of Satan, who told of having received pardon for past sins, peace of conscience within, and power to overcome through Christ. At the finish Jack turned out the light in his kitchen, and his prayer alone with God was, "Lord, if You can save men like these, You can save me!"

But Jack was not yet saved. His anxiety for forgiveness increased until one day, in the meal-hour he found, in a dust heap, an old discarded portion of a "Travellers' Guide" without a back, but containing portions of God's Word.

Eagerly Jack read until he came to a page which contained the following:

DECIDE NOW
WHILE YOU
READ THIS.

I take Thee, Lord Jesus, to be my Saviour. Thou didst take my place at Calvary, didst die in my stead as my substitute; and now, realising that I have been bought with such a price, I want to live for Thee.

The moment for decision had arrived, that exercise of will which is of such great importance, insomuch as our choice affects our destiny for eternity. Jack's answer to the promptings of the Holy Spirit was, "I take Thee, Lord Jesus, to be my Saviour," and Jack was saved with an eternal salvation.

One of Sandy Row's Toughest.

The scene is in the little hall close by. The watch-night service and testimony meeting is drawing to a close, Jack has just been telling those with whom he once fought and drank how he has been saved, and pleading for acceptance of his Saviour, and that voice which once made the taproom resound, now sings the praises of Him who died on Calvary, in the words of the hymn committed to memory and sung by Jack at that never-to-be-forgotten meeting.

"On Calvary's brow my Saviour died,
'Twas there my Lord was crucified,
'Twas on the Cross He bled for me,
And purchased there my pardon free.

"O Calvary, dark Calvary,
Where Jesus shed His blood for me,
O Calvary, blest Calvary,
'Twas there my Saviour died for me.

"Mid rending rocks and darkening skies,
My Saviour bows His head and dies;
The opening veil reveals the way
To Heaven's joy and endless day.

"O Jesus Lord, how can it be
That Thou should'st give Thy life for me?
To bear the Cross and agony,
In that dread hour on Calvary!"

Little did Jack know that in less than two months he would be in the presence of his Lord, but he expressed his confidence in those words used by the apostle: "I know whom I have believed" (2 Tim. 1. 12).

A few friends visited him one Wednesday afternoon, and while one was repeating the verse of a hymn, Jack, although suffering much pain, sang the chorus: "When the roll is called up yonder I'll be there." Next day he passed to be with Christ.

Was not this a brand plucked from the burning? The grace that saved Jack Ashwood can save and keep you. Put it to the test. "The wages of sin is death, but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord" (Rom. 6. 23). Don't wait till pay day—take God's gift just now! You pay nothing for a gift; all that is required from the receiver is acceptance; just to receive the gift and thank the donor. God's great gift of eternal life is offered freely and fully to all. Will you, by faith in Jesus Christ, become the recipient of eternal life?

THE DEBTOR CLEARED.

A NUMBER of years since, two brothers left England to better their circumstances in the colonies. One went to Canada and the other to Australia. The one who crossed the Atlantic purchased a farm and entered upon agricultural pursuits, whilst the other sought his fortune at the gold diggings.

By and by the farmer got into pecuniary difficulties, compelling him to mortgage his farm. Times grew worse, and, becoming sick, he got deeper and deeper into debt, and finally he gave a chattel mortgage—a mortgage on his stock, furniture, etc.—to a moneylender.

The mortgages became due, and, being unable to discharge them, he was notified that unless the amount were forthcoming by a certain date, his farm and effects would be sold. The time having expired, the sale was duly advertised.

The Australian brother, having been successful at the diggings, resolved to visit Canada. On reaching the district where his brother resided, he was informed by others of the condition of his affairs.

He immediately went to the money-lender and informed him that he had come to discharge the mortgage. The chattel mortgage was first paid, and a discharge was given on its receipt. He dispatched a special messenger with it to his brother, who was amazed and delighted at possessing such a welcome document.

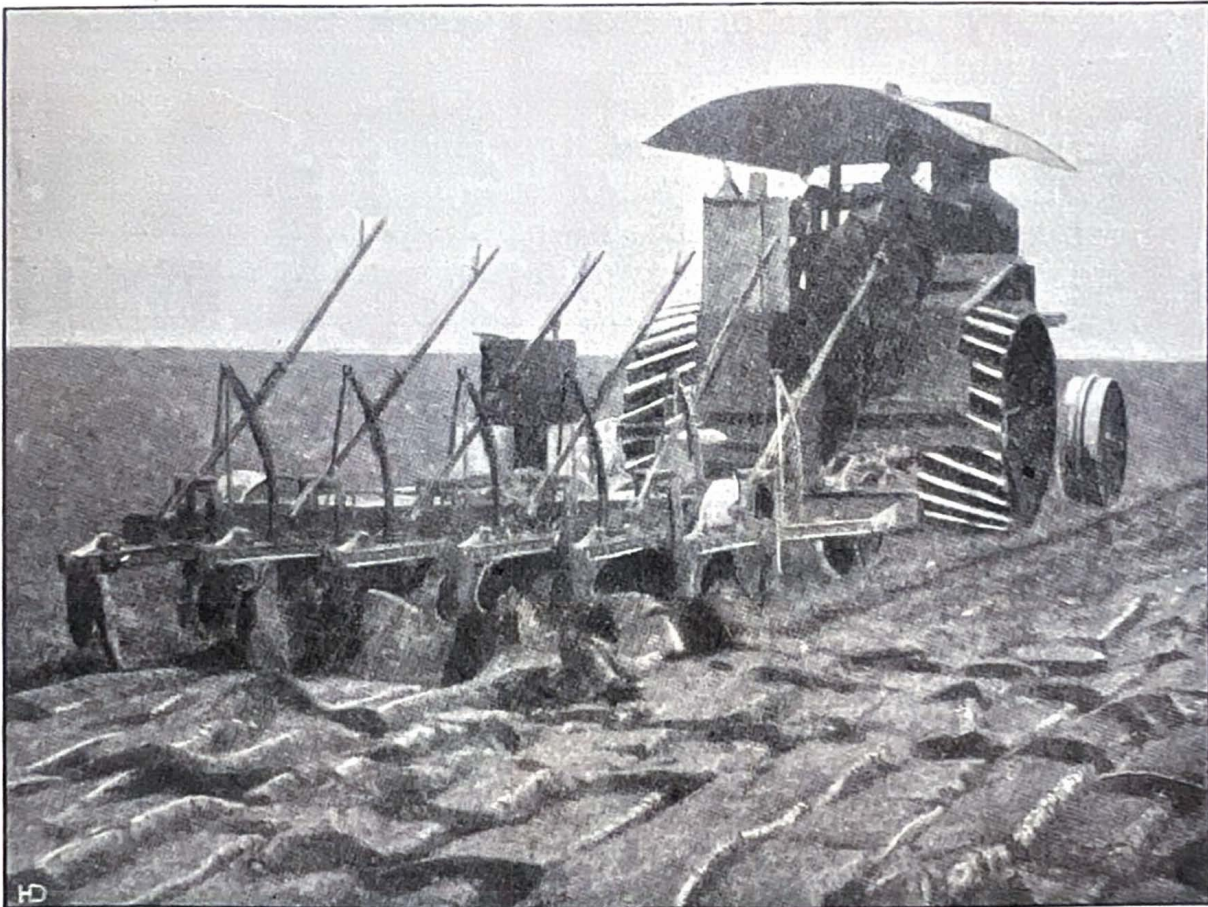
He was perplexed and puzzled to know what friend of his could have been so generous. The discharge was again and again carefully examined and found to be correct. The messenger was cross-questioned, but no information could be elicited from him. Meantime, the second mortgage was paid, clearing the farm, and the necessary papers handed to the gentleman, who immediately sent a messenger with them to his brother, who was more and more pleased and surprised. He determined at all costs to find out the person who had so befriended him, and express to him his heartfelt thanks.

On the road the brothers met. At first they did not recognise each other, but both of them turned to speak, and then the farmer discovered who it was who had been so very kind to him. This simple incident illustrates greater things.

The Debtor Cleared.

Unsaved reader, you are a debtor and God is the great creditor. All your lifetime you have been contracting debt upon debt, and when you allow yourself time to think on your enormous liabilities the language of your heart in reference to your great creditor has been, "Have patience, and I will pay what I owe thee."

This is absolutely impossible. You cannot, by paying cash for new purchases, remove the "old score" that is



BREAKING UP NEW GROUND IN CANADA.

against you in the shopkeeper's books. Future good conduct can never blot out past disobedience. The fact of the matter is, you are a helpless, hopeless bankrupt, and the sooner you own that you have "nothing to pay" the better it will be for you. If you are prepared to admit your liability, and confess that, so far as your own efforts are concerned, you are hopelessly behind, I am the bearer of good news to you.

Your best and dearest friend, at the cost of His own life's Blood, has once and for all settled sin's tremendous claim.

How God Divides Europe.

The Lord Jesus, by dying in the room and stead of the sinner, has met God's holy claims. "Jesus gave Himself a ransom for all" (1 Tim. 2. 6). "When they had nothing to pay he frankly forgave them both." Divine justice is perfectly satisfied with what Christ has done.

Why was the farmer not afraid that his property and effects would be sold?

Because of his promises to pay the amount in the future? Because of his repentance, faith, or feelings? Assuredly not. His only reason would be that the debt was paid, and he had the receipt. So with the ransomed soul. He has the receipt that sin's claims have been met, and he is no longer afraid of meeting Jehovah.

With God's receipt in your hand—the death and resurrection of Christ—with Divine justice perfectly satisfied with what Christ has done, would you, at this moment, be afraid of meeting your best Friend? Oh, believe Him—believe in His love and death for you, and you will be happy now and happy in eternity (Acts 13. 38, 39).

HOW GOD DIVIDES EUROPE.

THERE are many nations in Europe. Each differs from the rest. Each has its own language, its own laws, its own peculiar customs. There are many classes in England. There are peers and commoners, farmers and shopkeepers, masters and servants, rich and poor. But God's eye only takes account of two things—the wheat and the chaff.

The world tries hard to fancy there are three sorts of people, and not two. "Thank God," they will say, "we are not as bad as that." There is a third class, a safe middle class, the world fancies, and in this middle class the majority of men persuade themselves they will be found. I denounce this notion of a middle class as an immense and soul-ruining delusion.

There were two classes in the day of Noah's flood, those who were inside the ark and those who were without; two in the parable of the Gospel net, those who were called the good fish and those who were called the bad; two in the parable of the ten virgins, those who are described as wise and those who are described as foolish; two in the account of the judgment day, the sheep and the goats; two sides

How God Divides Europe.

of the throne, the right hand and the left ; two abodes when the last sentence has been passed, Heaven and Hell.

And just so there are only two classes on earth—those who are in the state of nature, and those who are in the state of grace ; those who are in the narrow way, and those



DR. JOHN CHARLES RYLE BISHOP OF LIVERPOOL.

who are in the broad ; those who have faith and those who have not faith ; those who have been converted and those who have not been converted ; those who are for Christ and those who are against Him ; those who gather with Him, and those who scatter abroad. In which of these two classes are you ?

BISHOP RYLE.

SAVED ON THE SPOT.

CLOSE on forty years ago Alexander was a young man residing in the town of Greenock. Like most young men, he had tried to find satisfaction in the things of Time, and like all who have tried, he found they were utterly helpless in meeting the longings of the human heart or satisfying the cravings of the soul.

His hopes were raised by the coming of Brownlow North, the profligate whom God saved and used to the conversion of many sinners in Scotland. At one of the services the Holy Spirit used the message to the conviction of Alexander. Mr. North intimated that anyone desiring a personal interview concerning the way of salvation could call upon him at the house in which he stayed. Alexander gladly accepted the invitation. Mr. North opened up to the young man the Scriptures concerning the utter ruin of man, the glorious remedy provided through the atoning work of the Lord Jesus Christ, the responsibility of the sinner to personally and promptly accept the Lord Jesus Christ as his own Saviour, concluding by quietly quoting the Master's own words to Jairus, "Be not afraid, only believe" (Mark 5.36).

The interview closed, the anxious soul left the room undecided, the way of salvation seemed more difficult than ever. Passing along Union Street, he kept repeating to himself the words, "Be not afraid, only believe;" "Be not afraid, only believe." Suddenly, while standing in the street, the light burst in upon his darkened soul, the way of salvation was revealed in the power of the Holy Spirit. He was a sinner utterly unable to do anything to save himself; God had loved him and given His Son to die for the ungodly, the Sacrifice had been accepted, the victim of Calvary had become the Victor of Glory, the Scriptures emphatically stated that, "If thou shalt confess with thy mouth Jesus as Lord, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved."

Alexander believed and was saved on the spot in the Greenock street. As a "new creature in Christ Jesus," such a stream of joy flooded his soul that he could say with the Songster of old, "Lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come" (Song of Sol. 2. 11, 12).

On whatever spot you may be, "Be not afraid, only believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved. nyp.

THE WEST END BARRISTER'S CONVERSION

— OR, —

THE LONDON LAWYER, WHOSE SINGING ABILITY WAS USED, UNDER GOD'S GUIDANCE, TO BRING HIM TO THE GOSPEL SERVICE, AND EVENTUALLY TO THE SAVIOUR.



"Well, come along. Where is it?"

"Up got Kilner, the first of any one, and walked across the room to the evangelist. He held out his hand, and said, 'I'll take Him, Mr. Moody.'"

THE WEST END BARRISTER.

IT is now many years since my friend Kilner was one of the shining lights of London, as he had just been the leading counsel in a well-known society law case concerning a certain celebrated pearl necklace.

I remember it was about this time that his mother came to me in great distress. She and her only daughter were devoted and prayerful Christians, and had succeeded in persuading my brilliant friend, who was far from the fold, to go one night to the Metropolitan Tabernacle to hear Mr. Moody, who was then holding services in it. He had gone, and thence he went on to his club, and at midnight he returned home and knocked at his mother's bedroom door and told her with great emphasis and in strong language that it was the last religious service he would attend. "Mother," he said, "I love you and Dora, and never hope to do anything else; but I beg of you never again to ask me to go to a service. I can't stand the stuff; the world is good enough for me."

So the next day, stunned with her disastrous failure, she hurried off to me and implored me to help. "But what can I do?" I urged. "I feel quiet powerless." So we knelt down and prayed for wisdom, and I said I would see if I could help in any way. "Dora and I," said the poor woman, "are always praying for George; but so far he seems to turn his back on everything."

After thinking over the matter, it suddenly struck me he had a lovely tenor voice. Though afflicted myself with what my friends call a "collier's bass," I am devoted to part singing, and have trained more than one choir. I was not therefore altogether out of my place when I nightly took my seat high up in the gallery behind Mr. Moody, and did my best to avoid singing flat.

At that time the great choir sang some very well-arranged pieces, and as usual our weakest part was the tenor. It was thus I got a ray of light. Again I prayed that the slender cord might draw my friend.

Next day near the Abbey I met Kilner. I put up a silent prayer. "Hullo," I said, "where are you off to, old man?" "I'm off to meet a client," he said; "anything I can do for you?" "Well, it just happens there is," I replied; "for I'm in a bit of a fix. There is a nasty tenor part coming on in my choir, and for the life of me I can't

sing it." "I didn't know you sang tenor!" he remarked, looking me over from head to foot. "Well, no more I do," I said, "but we're so desperately short of voices. I was wondering if you'd come round and give us a help" (I knew he was rightly rather proud of his voice). "Certainly, certainly," he said; "I'll come with pleasure if I can be of any help; and if it's not too difficult."

"Oh, you'll rattle it off easily enough," I answered. "Well, when is it?" "Tuesday night at eight," I said. "Bit early," he replied, as he got out his notebook. "And the address?" But that was exactly what I could not give him. "It's not so far," I said, lamely; "best place is to meet me at this end of the bridge at a quarter to eight, and we'll go together." "All right. I am with you; and you must come round to the club after for a bit of supper." "Don't be late," I shouted, as he turned away.

So there it was. I had given the first tap to the nail, but it remained to be seen if it were fastened "in a sure place." I waited in some anxiety for Tuesday night, wondering whether my friend would turn up, and if he did, whatsoever on earth was I to do with him. However, prayer was my one resource, and off I went on the appointed evening, and there, sure enough, on Westminster Bridge, my friend was waiting for me. "Hallo," he said, "bit late, aren't you?" "I don't think so," I answered; "it's only just struck the quarter to." "Well, come along. Where is it?" "Just a short way over the bridge," I replied; so off we went. When we had gone some distance, and were drawing near to the Elephant and Castle, he began to get curious. "Where is this choir?" he said. "What choir is it?" "Oh, it's a special choir," I said. "There are I daresay a couple of hundred voices in it." "But where is it?" he urged. "Is it much farther?" "Oh, no," I said. "It's just across the way." "Well, I don't know much about these parts," he said, suspiciously, "but it seems to me I've been this way before."

At last we got to the Tabernacle. "We turn in here," I said, in fear and trembling, and praying all the time. "Why, that is that — place I was in to hear that American —," he said. "I'm not going in there again; not if I know it." "Certainly not," and I led him away from the entrance, where the crowds were pouring in, round to

the back of the building. "This is our door," I said. "But that leads into the place," he said, angrily. "What's the matter?" I cried. "Don't show the white feather! You're surely not afraid of the preacher! Besides, you don't need to listen to him. All you've to do is to help me, and sing like a bird." "All right, old man. Now I'm here, I'll come. But I wish I had known where it was; for I told my mother I'd never come again."

But I had told his mother that please God, I'd bring him there that night. And here he was, and in he went, and away we climbed, stair after stair, to the top of the gallery, and took our seats. The great building was crammed to the roof, and I knew well that somewhere two women were sitting crying to God in their agony for their only son and brother; and here he was sitting by my side. So once more I looked to God. Kilner sang magnificently. Nothing is more easy to divorce, alas, than the heart and the voice. To hear that lovely tenor uttering those sacred words was a proof to me of such divorce, and a great grief. Moreover, it was contrary to rule, for this was a Christian choir; and technically I had no right whatever to introduce Kilner. But it was with an agony of prayer for his soul that I did so; and, like Nelson at Copenhagen, there are moments when one has to turn a blind eye to orders.

When the singing was over Kilner naturally wanted to go. He was glad to have helped me, but he had an appointment, etc., etc. "Look here, Kilner," I said, "I know all about that appointment. What you are really afraid of is the sermon. Well, you needn't be. Don't listen to it. Go to sleep if you like. The fact is, we've another piece coming on at the end, and I'd dearly like you to stay for that." "All right, old man," he said, with a wry face; "you've got me here and intend to keep me. Anyhow, I'll see you through." And so he stayed, and Moody began.

No words can ever describe my despair. No length of time can ever make me forget my agony when Moody began his one impossible and hopeless sermon, which I always disliked intensely. It hardly contained a word of Scripture, and consisted of a purely imaginary conversation (with a strong American twang), between John the Baptist and Herod the Great on the topics of the day.

The West End Barrister.

Of course, the plan of salvation and the work of Christ were all introduced, but, oh! for the direct Gospel message which none could deliver like D. L. Moody! I cried once more to God. I had done all I could. Now it must all be left to Him. I retired from the fray, and resigned all into His hands. It seemed dreadful to have got Kilner there with such a result!

At last the sermon came to an end. (I don't think my friend listened to a word), and then his glorious voice was heard once more, and the service was over. "Come along



METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE, LONDON.

now," he said; "we'll have supper at my club. I wonder if we could get a hansom here?" "All right," I said, putting on my coat, and not knowing what to do next.

"Hallo," he whispered, looking down on the crowd; "where are all those people going to?" pointing to hundreds streaming out by a side door. "Oh," I said, in a careless voice, being now depressed and hopeless; "they're going to the after-meeting, I suppose." "What's that?" he said. "Oh, it's just a short wind-up," I said. "Are you going?" he asked. "Well, I was," I said. "At any rate, if you don't mind; you go on, and I'll follow you in half an hour." "Not you," he said to my intense surprise. "I'll see it through now I am here And what's

more, I won't lose sight of you." In perfect amazement I walked with him into the crowded hall, and he took a front seat opposite to Mr. Moody, by whose side I got another. Away in a corner I caught sight of the pale faces of the mother and sister.

And now at last, thank God, the real Moody shone forth. "Well," said he, leaning his arms on the desk, "you've heard all about it. Won't you come? Won't you come? We're here for business, and want to know which of you will close with the offer of salvation, and take Jesus Christ for his Saviour. Don't be afraid; He is waiting for you. Now, what man has courage to rise and take the Lord Jesus as his Saviour?"

This, and much more, in the most earnest and winning way, the great evangelist said, while every Christian in the hall was in earnest, silent prayer.

Up got Kilner, the first of any one, and walked across the room to the evangelist. He held out his hand, and said, "I'll take Him, Mr. Moody!" I was incapable of thought, speech, or feeling at that supreme moment. All my faculties were in my eyes, gazing at the wondrous sight of the sudden surrender of a determined enemy of the Gospel to His crucified Redeemer. In vain do we speak of any earthly or natural agencies (hypnosis, telepathy, etc.), in such a scene, for its depth, and reality, and Divine power were afterwards demonstrated for many years by the Christian life of the Society Clubman, George Kilner. His rejoicing mother and sister soon joined us, and I was awestruck to see the transfiguration of the man before my eyes. The revolution of thought and feeling which had taken place was complete. Not that he could speak, but his grasp and his eyes were enough.

It was one of the most remarkable cases of conversion I ever met with. It fills the soul with praise; but to this day I have no idea as to what actually caused the miracle, nor could Kilner ever really tell me, for I don't think he knew. "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth; so is every one that is born of the Spirit" (John 3. 8).

Have you experienced the new birth? If not, trust the Saviour now (John 3. 16).

DR. A. T. SCHOFIELD.

“THAT’S ME.”

A WONDERFUL work of grace was going on in the North of Ireland in the year 1859. Many persons had professed to accept of Christ as their Saviour and Lord, and were rejoicing in His love. William Thomson, a young man who lived in the neighbourhood of Ballymena, was deeply concerned about his spiritual condition, and longed to obtain forgiveness. He prayed, wept,



SACKVILLE STREET, DUBLIN, IN 1859.

and strove to merit God’s pardoning mercy. But the more he struggled and resolved, the worse he became.

As he thought of his past life, his sins crowded in upon him; and as he contemplated the great day of reckoning, when “God shall bring every work into judgment with every secret thing, whether it be good or whether it be evil” (Eccles. 12. 14), he became terribly alarmed.

His distress of soul so preyed upon his mind that he was unable for a time to attend to his business. “What must I do to be saved?” was the question that occupied his heart and absorbed his attention.

"That's Me."

One day, whilst under deep conviction of sin, Bible in hand, he took a stroll into the country, hoping to obtain peace with God. In a quiet spot in a field he opened the sacred volume. The Psalmist has truly said, "The entrance of Thy words giveth light" (Psa. 119. 130).

As he looked over the fifth chapter of the Epistle to the Romans, his eye caught the familiar words at the close of the fifth verse, "When we were yet without strength, in due time Christ died for the ungodly."

He was amazed at what he saw. Was it not "good people" that God saved? Was it not necessary that he should become "better" ere he could hope to be forgiven? Yet Scripture declared that "Christ died for the ungodly." He ceased thinking of his feelings towards God, and became occupied with God's feelings toward him.

"Christ died for the ungodly." He was "ungodly," therefore Christ died for him. He took his place amongst "ungodly" (or ungodlike) ones, and leaping into the air, he clapped his hands for joy, and shouted, "Christ died for the ungodly! Christ died for the ungodly!" and added: "That's me! do you hear that, Devil?"

The love of God was shed abroad in his heart by the Holy Ghost, and he could say:

"Behold the Lamb of God who bore
My burden on the tree,
And paid in blood the dreadful score,
The ransom due for me."

The writer met Thomson later, a happy, rejoicing Christian, and from his own lips he heard him speak of God's mercy to him.

If the reader has accepted the divine testimony regarding his state, and is desirous of being delivered from "wrath to come," he must cease trying to purchase salvation by prayers, sacraments, or good works. It has been provided at an infinite cost, and can now be had as a free gift.

Not for good people, but for "ungodly" persons, the Lord Jesus bled, and suffered, and died.

Are you prepared to acknowledge yourself as one of them? If so, you can confidently conclude "He died for me."

"To him that worketh not, but believeth on Him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness" (Rom. 4. 5).

A.M.

FROM THE POWER OF DARKNESS.

MY first four-and-a-half years were spent in sail, then I joined my present employ, the largest coasting company in the world, whose ships are mostly employed in Indian waters. Entering as 4th officer, I gradually



CAPTAIN CARRE, COMMODORE OF B.I.S.N. CO.

worked my way up through the various grades, living the usual seafarer's life, yet ever vainly looking for something which we call happiness. But I found that no worldly pleasures or pursuits could give it, save for a fleeting moment. And so I reached the position of Chief Officer,

ever unsuccessful in my quest, and still blinded I said to myself, "When I get command, and have more freedom and leisure, then surely I shall be happy!" And when after another eight years or so, this position was given me, I had attained to the top of my tree, and could take a fair survey around! What did I find as I viewed the past and future contained in my horizon?

From my tree-top the position was at first, to some extent, a satisfactory one, as are most tree-tops after a hard climb, but are they ever really quite comfortable? For one thing, there is always the possibility of a fall, should one's strength of body or mind fail; and I found that the inevitable cares, worries, and responsibilities from which I had hoped to be freed were still with me.

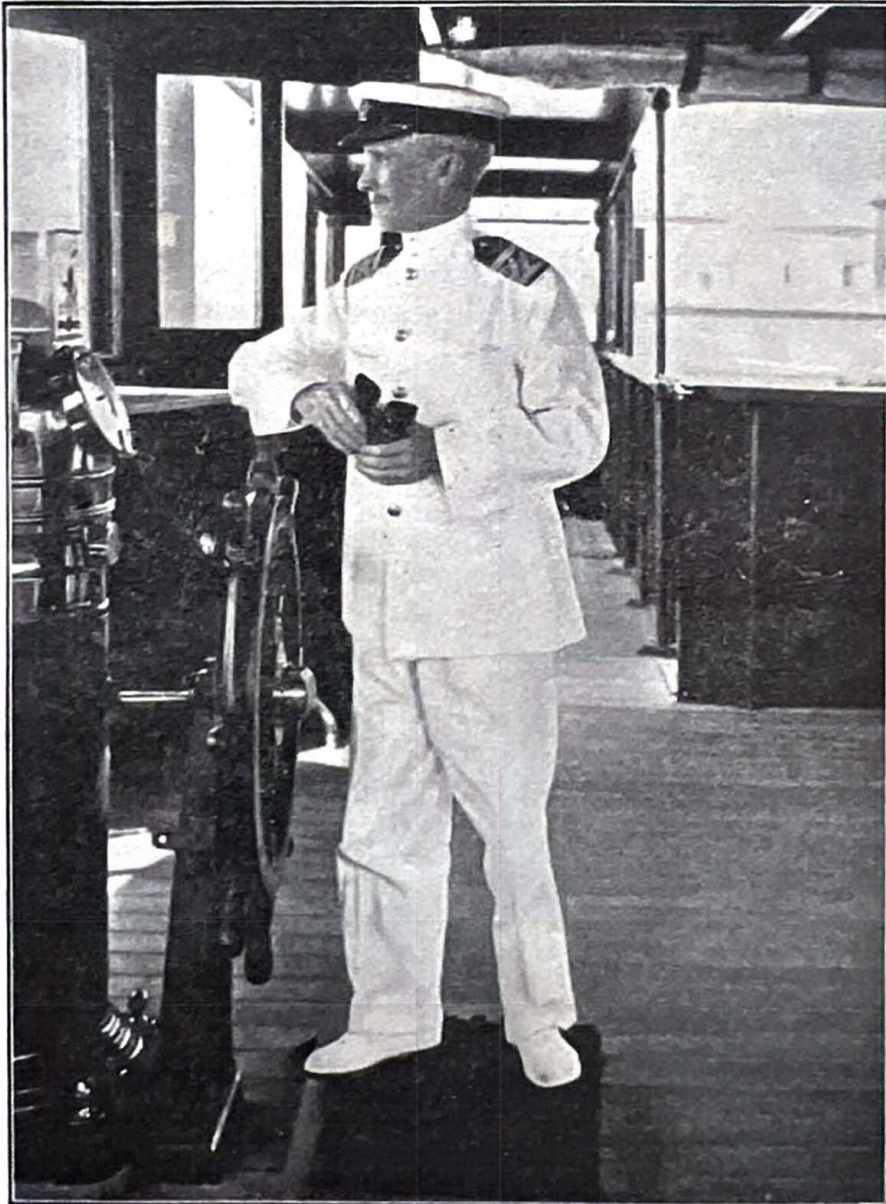
Like the prodigal son, I, too, was beginning to come to myself, and to find that the world's good things are but husks, with no satisfying qualities in them. So I looked backward toward that part of the horizon whence the recent years had brought me, and considered of what they had consisted; and this was their sum total: I saw myself living the early days of my sea-life out in these Eastern waters, longing for the time of my home-leave to arrive, and yet able to realise that there was nothing permanent or lasting in it—"no bottom to it!"

Thus had the years gone by alternating between these periods of work and leisure, and I had to acknowledge that they contained nothing concrete, nothing to satisfy. Then came the thought of God, that there was a Someone, a Creator, a Supreme Being, who was ordering the mighty powers of nature amid which I lived I could not doubt. Was it possible that I could get into touch with this unseen yet Almighty Personality? The thought seemed too great a one to be possible of realisation; little did I comprehend that He "in whom we live and move and have our being" was drawing me faster than He had hitherto done—as He most assuredly draws us each one all our life through—to that place where we may make our definite choice of Life or Death, for Time and for Eternity!

It was at about this time that my ship was chartered to run round the Island of Ceylon, we being usually a week on the voyage and a week in Colombo; this allowed of my paying an occasional visit to an old relative, a

From the Power of Darkness.

retired planter, who lived near Kandy, and also to friends of his farther up in the tea country. He and they lived what people would call very religious lives; they seemed to find an enjoyment in reading the Bible, which appeared strange to me, who for a long term of years a little previous



CAPTAIN CARRE WHEN SAILING EASTERN WATERS.

to this period had seldom opened mine. But I was gradually forced to see that, far from there being any pretence on their part in this unusual attitude, as I had tried to believe, they found a comfort in its pages of which I had no understanding, and finally it dawned upon me that this was the

very something of which I was in search, and that this Book did actually bring them into touch with God. It then began to dawn on me that I also might have what my friends possessed, this power of intercourse with the Maker of the Universe; if it was a possibility to them, why then surely it was to me also, and to all men! And now this one burning desire filled my horizon, my mind, and my heart: "How could I get into touch with God?"

How like that of the prodigal was my own case? "I will arise and go to my Father," were the words of my heart. Was the result to be different, or was there a welcome for me as well, in the Father's home?

Just at this time I was led to read a book called "The Silence of God," in which the author, Sir. Robt. Anderson, asks the question: "Why is it that God does not manifest Himself in Person to the human race to-day, as He has done in times past? Surely we have as great a need of Him now as ever before?" In answer to which this truth was made clear, that in the Cross of Christ God has so shown His love to us men that He could not do more; and that in the face of such love we were shut up to one of two things, "to Grace or to Judgment," but that God was beseeching us by that Cross to be reconciled to Himself (2 Cor. 5. 20).

Ah, how it came home to me then, such love, such condescension! That He, the Almighty God, should stoop to beseech me a guilty sinner with a thirty-five years old burden of sin upon me—to be reconciled to Him! It overwhelmed me, broke my heart, call the feeling what you will; the words, "We love Him because He first loved us," express it, and kneeling down I prayed more earnestly than I had ever done before, for forgiveness and peace:

And then the change came, for "a broken and a contrite heart, O God, Thou wilt not despise," is one of those promises made by Him who is the Truth, and therefore never has it been nor will be broken.

It was but a night or two after this that, to use a term of words: "I went to bed a sinner and awoke a saint." Before lying down I had prayed a prayer something like this: "God, if there be a God, I do believe on Thy Son, as much as I believe that Julius Cæsar crossed the Alps; help Thou mine unbelief!" Perhaps you smile at such a prayer;

but how is it that we can regard as true any fact in history or any duly authenticated event of the day, and yet be unable to believe in the Divinity of the Son of God as such? And I knew intuitively that if I could believe in our Saviour as being Divine that I should overcome all my difficulties, that therein lay the obstacle that kept me from God's Presence—unbelief in His Son, beyond that lay safety and salvation, for "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life" (John 3. 36).

And so on this night—the 15th December, 1907, I believe to be the date—I fell asleep, much troubled and burdened with this sense of sin upon me.

I awoke in the early hours with a definite, assured knowledge, just as real as though I had had an aching tooth pulled out, that this burden was gone, that it was lifted and removed clean away, moreover that there was no need to ask forgiveness again, my sins were pardoned, my prayers had been heard and answered, I was saved! The God, who is Love, had found me, and I Him!

No words can ever express the joy of that moment, the sense of freedom, of new life and happiness, cannot be worded, it was a change from death to life, actually being "born again" or "converted." Once more I kneeled in prayer, as so often I had done previously, half in superstition, half in the hope that God did hear; but now as my thoughts went out to Him, I found myself to be in the actual, though unseen, Presence of my Maker. Can pen portray what that meant? From that hour my whole life and outlook have been changed. "Old things are passed away: behold, all things are become new!" The experience here narrated instead of wearing off, has remained, and, thank God, becomes deeper and more real each day.

May this little tale fulfil its purpose, in enabling you to realise your desperate condition, "without God and without hope in the world," then you, too, will turn as I did to Him who awaits your call, and in Him find all your needs supplied and so be at peace; for has He not said, "Behold I stand at the door and knock: if any man hear My voice, and open the door (of his heart), I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and He with me!" "For whosoever shall call upon the Name of the Lord shall be saved" (Rom. 10. 13).

CAPTAIN CARRE.

WONDROUS GRACE.

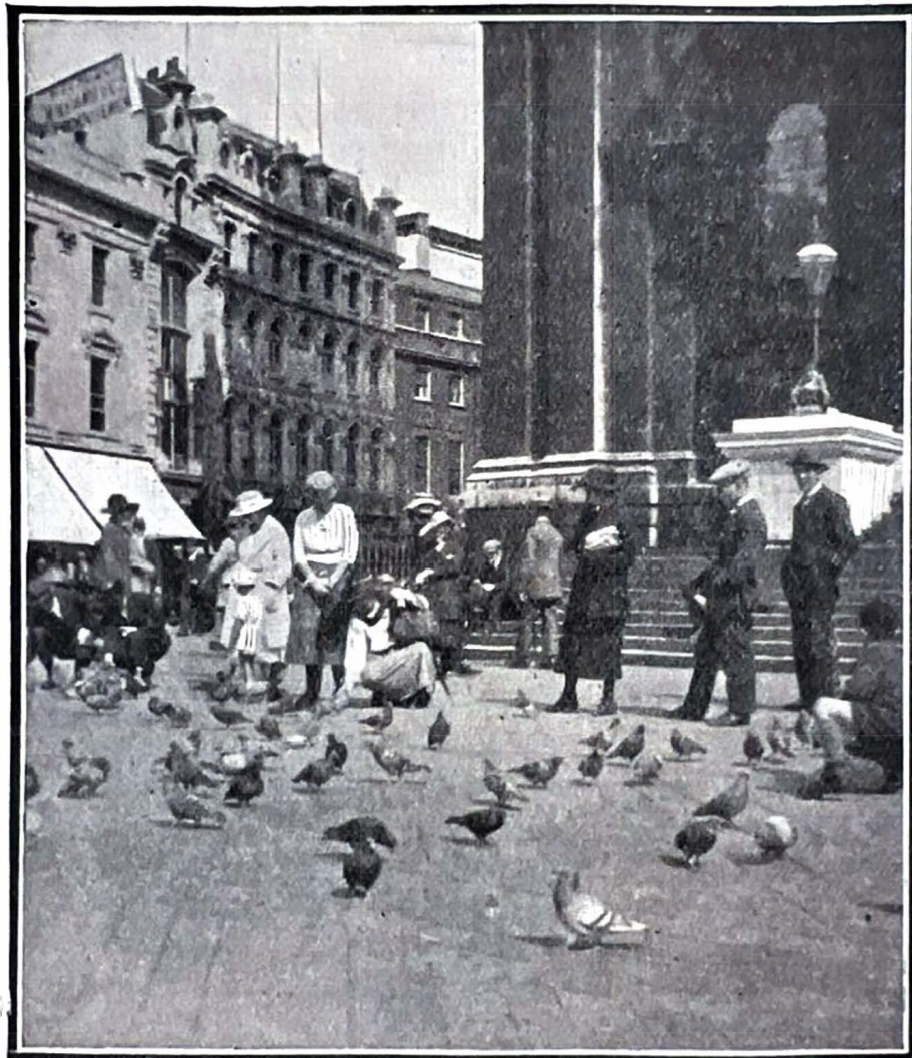
A GENTLEMAN and his wife residing in London are well known and highly esteemed for their good works. Their benevolence, their hospitality, the brightness of their Christian example, and the earnestness of their efforts to reclaim the fallen, have won for them hosts of friends; and probably there is not a happier home in that great city. Alas! it was not always so, for a few years ago he was squandering £10,000 a year which his father had left him, in the vilest profligacy, and was hurrying straight onward to Hell. One day his "mistress" was to meet him in his rooms, and for this purpose she went to a railway station to take the train. She arrived too early, and strolling listlessly about the station, her eye fell upon the following words posted on the wall by some thoughtful disciple of the Lord Jesus: "For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life" (John 3. 16). It was a flash of eternity upon her guilty soul, but it was a flash that revealed the infinite pity and compassion of God for the lost. Turning to a policeman who stood near, she eagerly asked: "Where are those words found?" He smilingly replied that he believed they were in the Bible. "Have you a Bible?" she anxiously inquired. "No," was the reply. "Is there one in the station?" "No." Hastening to a book shop, and making known her wish, she was asked what kind of Bible she wanted. "Any kind," she replied, "that has in it John 3. 16." Purchasing the precious Book, she entered her carriage, read the chapter over and over, believed on the Lord Jesus Christ, and was saved. Tears of mingled sorrow and gladness ran down her cheeks, and she repeated the wonderful words of life to her astonished fellow passengers. When she reached the house of her companion in sin she rushed into his room, crying, "Oh, Charlie, I'm saved!" Startled by the unexpected announcement, he told her she was insane. "No," she responded, "I have been insane all my life, but, thank God, I am so no longer." She read to him her text, and informed him that their shameful relation to each other must cease.

At first he treated her strange state of mind as a passing excitement, an unaccountable frenzy, but he at length passionately exclaimed that he loved her, that he could

Wondrous Grace.

not and would not give her up, and that he would immediately marry her. "No," she answered, "I cannot marry you until you become a Christian."

She took her paramour to hear C. H. Spurgeon, that faithful servant of God, and then they went together to listen to the Word of Life from the lips of J. Denham



THE PIGEONS IN FRONT OF ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL, LONDON.

Smith. It pleased the Lord to bless the Gospel clearly, simply, and fully presented by His honoured witnesses, for the conversion of the dissolute young man; and from that time to this he and his wife have lived to "adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour in all things" (Titus 2. 10).

May many a great sinner who reads this story be led to confidently say: "God loved—God gave—I believe—I have everlasting life."

N. B.

PAYING DEAR FOR THEM.

IT was in the days of the Iron Duke. The British Army was engaged in critical work. It was a sultry day under the blue sky of Spain. Strict orders were issued that no soldier must leave the ranks under pain of death. The men were marching between richly laden vines on either side. One poor fellow, quite overcome with fatigue and thirst, stepped out of the ranks, cut down a bunch of grapes, and returned to his place. His disobedience was observed and reported to the commanding officer. Alas! the poor fellow was court-martialled and condemned to die.

A party of soldiers was told off to execute the sentence. As he was led forth to the place of execution he had still the bunch of grapes in his hand, and kept picking from it grape after grape, in an easy, careless manner. Those who were leading him out wondered at his indifference. One of them remonstrating with him, he replied, "I'm sure I'm paying dear for them; I'm paying for them with my life."

Yes, indeed, he was paying dear for them. But terrible as the price was he was paying, it was nothing compared to the price sinners all around us are paying for "the pleasures of sin for a season." Men live as if there were no Heaven above them, no yawning Hell beneath them, no God to whom they are responsible, and to whom they must give account.

Are you one such? Have you thought of the vast eternity to which you are travelling? Has not God told us plainly in His Holy Word that "the soul that sinneth it shall die?" (Ezek. 18. 4). That "it is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment?" (Heb. 9. 27). Who will be to blame if you die in your sins? Does not the great sacrifice of Christ on the cross speak loudly to you? Remember it was for you.

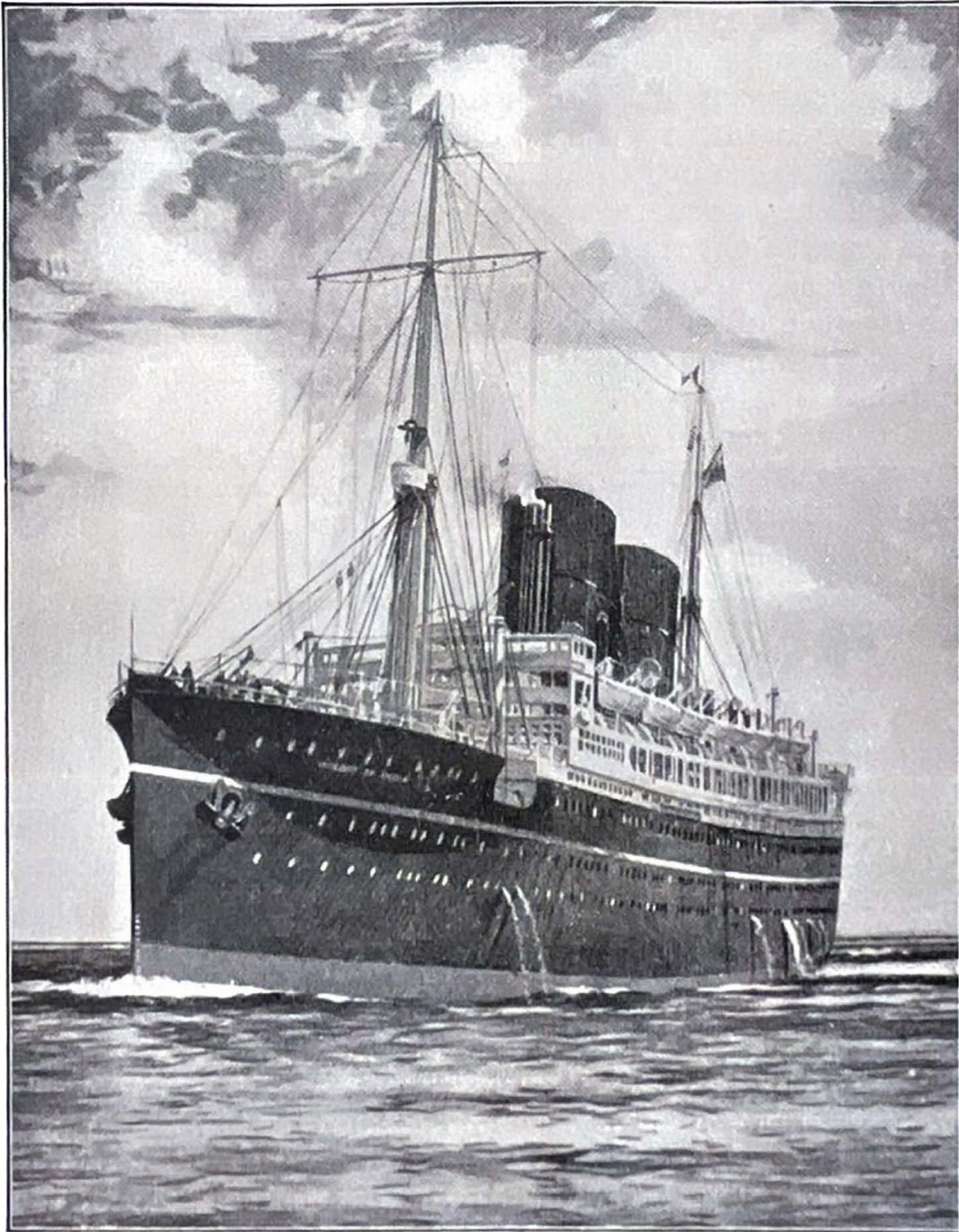
Look at "the pleasures of sin." Think of what you will pay for them. Dear indeed will be the price if it means the Lake of Fire for all eternity, which, indeed, will be the portion of all who reject our Lord Jesus Christ. Are they worth paying dear for? Do they give more than passing gratification? Do they not leave an empty void? What comfort will they give on a death-bed? And, above all, what of eternity? What of ETERNITY? Accept the Lord Jesus Christ now as your Saviour. Believe and be saved (John 5. 24).

A. J. P.

WHAT HAPPENED IN THE CROW'S NEST

— OR, —

THE SAILOR WHOM GOD MET ON A BIG OCEAN LINER, SAVED HIM
BY HIS GRACE, AND BLESSED HIM WITH EVERLASTING LIFE.



S.S. "Viceroy of India," 19,700 tons.

"I couldn't find a single man on that liner who was interested in the soul's eternal need. But God can find a sinner on sea as well as on land."

WHAT HAPPENED IN THE CROW'S NEST.

IN olden days the man on the "look out" on ships at sea was stationed on the forecastle head. In stormy weather, when "head-reaching" or "close-hauled," he was always in danger of being washed overboard by the seas coming over the bow. As speed increased, and steam replaced sail, this place of "look out" was abandoned, and a structure almost like a barrel was built halfway up the foremast, and called the "crow's nest." At night, in heavy weather, it is not a place for people of weak nerves. Constantly it makes great plunges fore and aft, and oftener great sweeps through the gale from port to starboard. On the great liner on which I sailed, it was the practice to put two men in the crow's nest on dark or foggy nights, in order to make for the greater safety of the hundreds of passengers sleeping snugly in their cabins aft.

On one particular night, not very long ago, I became very troubled about my soul's eternal welfare, and, of course, there seemed very little on that ship to meet such a need. The forecastle was certainly not a school of morality. Cursing and swearing was heard everywhere. The passengers were taken up with sports, games, and concerts. I couldn't find a single man on that liner who was interested in the soul's eternal need. But God can find a sinner on sea as well as on land. So this need grew upon me, and, thank God, I felt I didn't want to stifle it. In those dark nights in the crow's nest God used to deal with me. Strange place, perhaps, but so it was. My mate was a gay and lively young fellow, and used to try to while the tedium away by singing all the comic (and worse) songs that he could think of, and his repertoire was almost endless. As I've just said, God was talking a good deal to me there, and I didn't like these songs of ribaldry, for they hindered the things that were coming into my mind so mysteriously. What could I do? The singing had to be in a subdued sort of way, lest the bridge officers should hear it, but the elements made that almost impossible. I knew the airs of a lot of Sankey's hymns, and finding a dog-eared copy in my chest, I at once committed a number of them to heart. When that was fairly in hand, and my mate and I were up in the perch again, he at once began his old "free-and-

What Happened in the Crow's Nest.

easy" ditties, much to my disgust. But I had as good a voice as he, and in the middle of his "selections," I started, "We are out on the ocean sailing," and when I'd got through that, I followed with, "Hold the fort" and "Safe in the arms of Jesus." Thus the discordant concert went on, subject to such interruptions by one of us hailing the bridge, "Light on the port bow, sir!" "Light on the starboard beam, sir!" or, if foggy, "Horn right ahead, sir!" Nevertheless, and in spite of these things, God was constantly saying, "What about your soul? Where will you spend eternity?" I didn't know how to answer these queries, but I longed to be able, oh, how I longed! Yes, I had a Bible, not a well-used one, though. The thought came to me, "Read that, it is the Word of God." So in my "watch below" I got out that blessed Book, and read here and there, for I knew little or nothing about it. But the Gospel of John fascinated me, and I read and re-read it. Two passages therein, namely John 3. 16: "For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life;" also John 5. 24: "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." These two passages of Scripture gave a clear and definite answer to all my soul difficulties. And it was all so simple: just believe, believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, His incarnation, His mission, His Crucifixion and resurrection—and I did, and was saved. It was for me He died. I obtained forgiveness of all my sins through the Blood. Yes, on that big ocean liner God met me, saved me by His grace, and blessed me with everlasting life. Praise His Name! The grace that met and saved a sinner like me is able to do the same for you. Vile as you are, God loves you; Christ has died for you on the Cross of Calvary, and He promises to give you eternal life if you will by faith accept Jesus Christ as your Saviour (Acts 16. 31). Remember, God cannot save you against your will. In this day of grace His desire is that all men should be saved, and that fact has been abundantly proved by the gift of His Son. Trust the Saviour NOW.

E.C.Q.

CONVICTED, BUT NOT CONVERTED.

OR, THE PROCRASTINATOR'S END.

IN the winter of 18——, whilst a series of special meetings were being held in a hall erected in one of the country districts of Canada, God began to work in the consciences of some who had been hitherto utterly careless about the salvation of their souls. And here let me ask you, my friend, have YOU ever been troubled about your soul? If so, how has it ended?

Herbert Hudson was young, tall, and robust, one who never in all probability thought it needful to ask himself the question, "How long have I to live?" His life had been a wild and reckless one. He was an adept in profanity, and one of those who pride themselves that they never "made a profession," and are "just as good as many who do." He came, however to the meetings in the hall, and surprised all who knew him by attending regularly for some time. Conversation at the close of one of the meetings revealed the fact that God was dealing with him, and he was in trouble of soul.

As it was in the case of Joshua, of whom we read in Zechariah 3, when brought into the presence of the Lord, Satan was seen at his right hand to resist him, so it was with this poor fellow. Comrades were standing around, ready to laugh at him; at least, so he thought, and for this he decided to put the matter off till another time, the "convenient time" of which the Devil whispers. He would like to be saved, but——. Ah, yes, as in the spiritual history of many more besides Herbert Hudson, there was a "but," a fancied obstacle in the way of his conversion, so he said to the Spirit of God, "Go Thy way for this time; when I have a convenient season I will call for Thee" (Acts 24. 25). Oh, foolish men! Friend, are you trifling thus with your convictions?

The last meeting of the series came. It was a very solemn one. The preacher evidently felt that it was likely to be a deciding time with more than one precious soul, and remarked it was possible that was the last opportunity some of them might have of hearing the Gospel. Little did he think how true his words were to be in the case of Herbert Hudson. The strong was soon to be laid low, as you, too, my friend, must die, and pass into the presence of a holy God! What then? Shortly

Convicted, but not Converted.

after the meetings ended, Herbert was stricken down with a malignant fever, and it was evident to those who waited on him that he would not recover.

During his illness a Christian neighbour called to see him, and asked if he might talk to him of Jesus, God's only Saviour. The request seemed to agitate him.

"Oh, no," cried the poor, dying man; "tell me about



IN THE BACK WOODS OF CANADA.

the neighbours, or the crops—anything—but don't speak of Him!"

In vain did the Christian try to impress upon him the importance of immediately attending to the interests of his soul, but all was in vain. He was "JOINED TO HIS IDOLS," and desired to be let alone. A few days later he passed into eternity, as he had lived, swearing to the last.

This is an oft-repeated story, sadly repeated in the history of many a precious soul now in a lost eternity; it is the procrastinator's end! While God graciously

Convicted, but not Converted.

and lovingly tells the sinner that "NOW is the accepted time, NOW is the day of salvation," Satan temptingly whispers about "to-morrow" as being "time enough," and supplies various more or less plausible excuses for delay. But God says: "Boast not thyself of to-morrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth" (Prov. 27. 1).

The Gospel of God's grace is proclaimed to you, it is meant for you, it is calculated to meet your need where and as you are. You are guilty, lost, and helpless; yet the Gospel is Heaven's best news to a guilty, lost, and helpless (though a rebel) world—to you, in fact; and all that God wants you to do in order to be saved is to take the lost sinner's place, and receive or believe on the Lord Jesus Christ as your Saviour.

Christ has died, the Blood has been shed, Justice has been satisfied, eternally satisfied, with His finished work, and God is now "just, and the Justifier of Him that believeth in Jesus." And now, friend, to you is the word of this salvation sent, why not make it your own? Remember, "there's danger and death in delay."

T.D.W.M.

LOST IN THE SNOW.

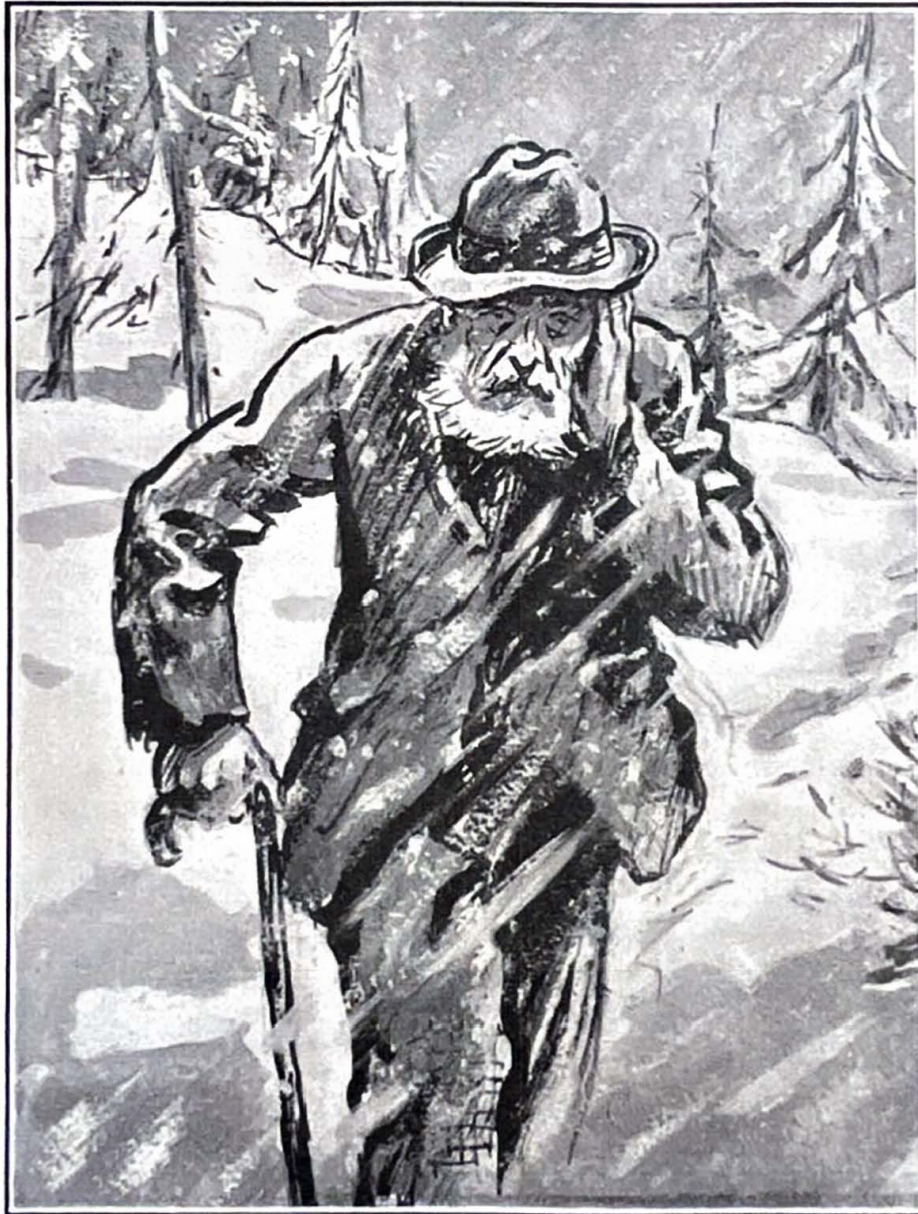
AN old man was seen tramping along the roads of Aberdeenshire, stick in hand, wending his solitary way. He obtained help from passers-by, as his appearance, coupled with his age, made an irresistible appeal to many hearts. He was making for the hills, and his plan was to cross the border into Perthshire.

Snow had fallen on the Cairngorms, and more was expected, as it was the last week of the year. However, this deterred him not, for he did not stop to take cognizance of any possibility of danger; he was inured to such modes of travel. After a long climb he reached the top of the Cairnwell pass. Snow fell to considerable depth all around, and it became evident that his course was to be fraught with hazard. Yet on he went, battling bravely against the blast and fury of the oppressive elements.

Another difficulty had to be encountered—the common foe of all hill-climbers, mist. This made visibility

Lost in the Snow.

impossible, so that very soon he wandered off the path and was hopelessly lost. His strength exhausted, he lay down at the foot of a bank, not knowing what awaited him on the morrow. There he lay all that night. By



"SNOW HAD FALLEN ON THE CAIRNGORMS."

morning he was benumbed and paralysed by exposure and shortage of food. Movement of any sort was impossible. If help was to come, it had to come from without. His condition was desperate in the extreme, with no seeming light of hope on the horizon. At the blackest hour, and after having remained in that awful

Lost in the Snow.

plight into the third day, just then salvation reached him in the person of a lady belonging to the Cairngorm Club. She had set out to climb the Cairnwell, and, having discovered footprints in the snow, immediately began to investigate. One by one they were traced and followed, until she, with bated breath, beheld the exhausted man, huddled up, as if in a death sleep.

Quickly she rendered assistance; stimulants worked wonders, and soon she began to think out her next step. Four miles were traversed with all speed to the nearest gamekeeper's, to tell the news and send on word to Braemar for a rescue party. This was done, and the old man was given all needed assistance by a doctor and others. A sleigh brought him safely to hospital, and the last news of him was that he was doing splendidly.

Yes, he was LOST, but he was FOUND. How this touching incident reminds us of another incident recorded by the Lord Jesus in Luké 15, concerning the lost sheep. It, too, thought there was no danger, and therefore took no precautionary measures. It simply took its OWN way, that was all; but that was sufficient to lead it to the place of exposure and peril. Every step that sheep took had to be taken by the Good Shepherd in His search for the lost one. Salvation had to come to the sheep or it would have perished. God uses one word to sum up our condition before Him—LOST (Isa. 53. 6). Psalms 14. 3, Luke 19. 10, Romans 3. 12, and other Scriptures prove it, as does the testimony of your own conscience and experience. You know you are not right with God, you know you have a record far from perfection, a catalogue of sins which must come up at the judgment throne. Happy is the man who gets thus far, owns that he is lost, and cries for mercy.

To such a one salvation is not long delayed, for at your side is God's perfect provision. As regards the past, God says, "The Blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin" (1 John 1. 7). "Their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more" (Heb. 10. 17).

All the work of your salvation is done, once and for ever done (John 19. 30). Embrace the SON as your Saviour. Rest not on feelings, not even on faith, but ON CHRIST, and you, too, will be saved, G. A. N.

HOW GOD SAVED A RAILWAY CLERK.

THE story of my conversion is a very simple one, with nothing startling or sensational about it, save the startling fact that God should stoop to save a sinner like me. This will ever be the marvel and the mystery of it.



DAVID WARD.

I was born at Springside, in Ayrshire, a small mining village about 5 miles from Kilmarnock. My father and mother loved the Lord, but this of itself did not constitute me a child of God. God's Word is clear and explicit that all are the children of wrath by nature (Eph. 2 and 3), the children of disobedience by practice

How God Saved a Railway Clerk.

(Eph. 2. 2), children of the Devil by manifestation (1 John 3. 8, 10), and children of God by receiving Christ (John 1. 12). I attended school at Crosshouse, where Mr. James Wilson was headmaster, a man much respected for his kindly character, piety, and integrity. Shortly after leaving school I obtained a situation in the cashier's office in the Locomotive Dept. of the (at that time) G. & S. W. Railway. One morning (it happened to be my 17th birthday) a message came to the office saying my father was dying. That day he passed into the presence of the Lord. This sad event made a deep impression upon me. A voice seemed to whisper in my ear, "If it had been you, what then?" As yet I was unsaved, in my sins, on the broad road, and to have died in that condition would have meant to be lost, eternally lost. How often God uses such visitations—bereavement, accident, suffering, loss, to awaken us out of the slumber of indifference, the torpor of carelessness, to "consider our latter end" (Deut. 32. 29). For about a month I was under conviction of sin, anxious about my soul, seeking relief from the burden and bondage of sin. About that time special services were being held in the Henderson U.F. Church, and on Sunday, May 28th, 1905, a companion and myself found ourselves in the gallery of the church, and with others obliged to stand during the service. There I stood, a consciously guilty, needy sinner, awakened, anxious, convicted, longing for something, I knew not what. Nothing the preacher said impressed me or suited me, not even the text. But the Good Shepherd who for years had been patiently, persistently following the wandering sheep, had His eye upon me that night. An after-meeting was announced, and whilst formerly I detested and feared after-meetings, unwilling that any one should question me as to my spiritual state, that night I voluntarily and gladly remained. The greater part of the congregation left before the after-meeting, and vacant seats were plentiful. Sitting down beside a young man, he turned to me and inquired, "Are you saved?" "No, I am not," was the reply. "Would you like to be saved?" was the next question. "Yes, I should," was the response of my heart and lips. Quietly he quoted two or three verses from

How God Saved a Railway Clerk.

God's Word, concluding with John 3. 16: "For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." It was enough. Putting my hand in his, I said, "I'll take Jesus," and blessed be His Name, He took me, and we were one for ever. That night I could sing:

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

Reaching home, I broke the good news to my mother. We both wept, but they were tears of inexpressible joy, and there was joy in the presence of the angels of God over another sinner repenting, returning, and receiving the Saviour (Luke 15. 10). Next morning the Lord gave me grace to confess Him to my fellow-clerks in the office. And for well-nigh twenty years now it has been my privilege and joy in many parts of the British Isles to

"Tell the glad story of Jesus who came,
Full of compassion, the lost to reclaim;
Tell of salvation through faith in His Name,
Tell it again and again."

And now, dear reader, will you make my Saviour your Saviour? When He was on the earth His enemies taunted Him, and no doubt with contempt and sarcasm they said, "This man receiveth sinners" (Luke 15. 2). It was the truth they told for once. If you are a sinner, and God says you are (Rom. 3. 23), our blessed Lord receives, welcomes, saves sinners. For such He came from the Eternal Glory; for such He suffered, and bled, and died on dark Calvary; and now, risen from the dead, seated upon Heaven's Throne, invested with all power in Heaven and in earth, He is able and willing to save, keep, and satisfy all who trust Him as their own personal Saviour.

"Just now your doubtings give o'er,
Just now reject Him no more,
Just now throw open the door,
Let Jesus come into your heart."

Come to Christ (Matt. 11. 28). Come as you are (Luke 15. 20). Come now (Isa. 1. 18). He is able to save to the uttermost all who come to God by Him, and He is waiting for you to come.

D.W.

"GOD SAYS SO, AND IT MUST BE TRUE."

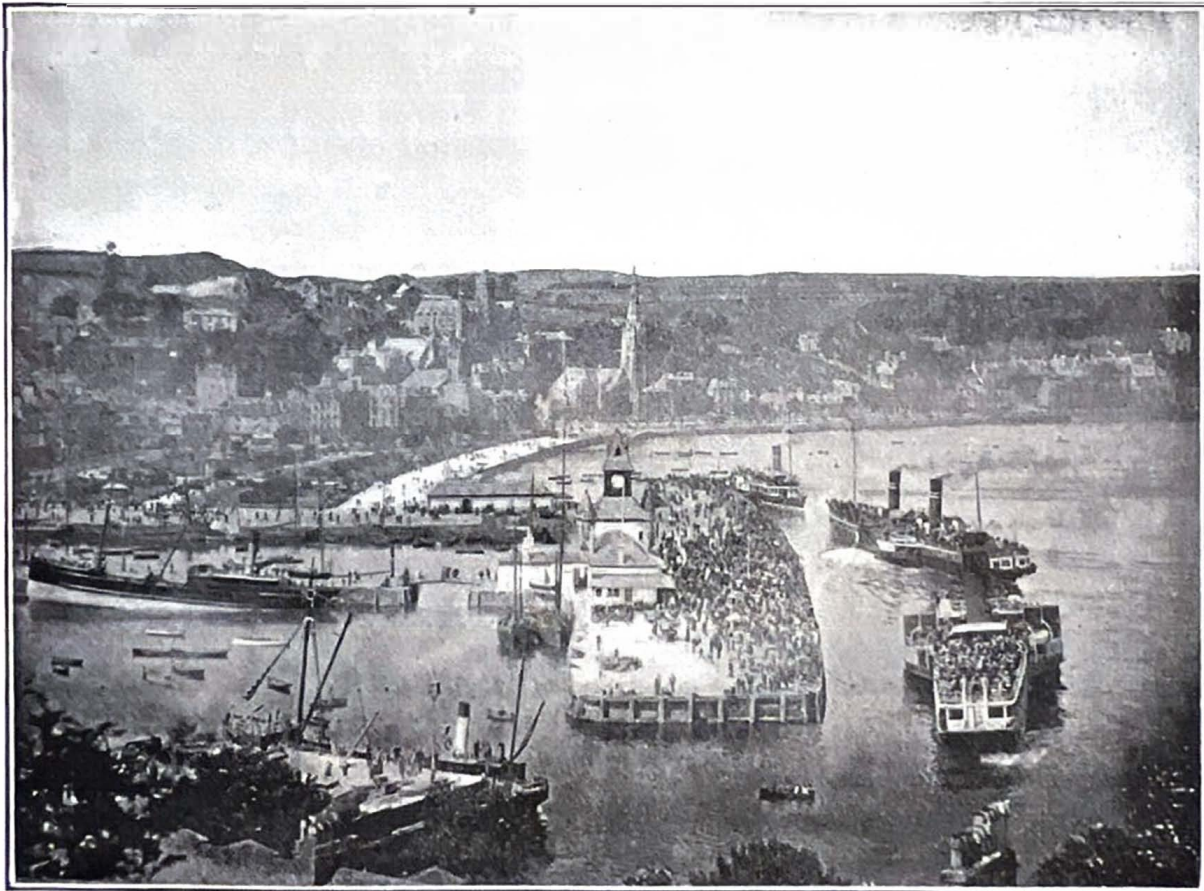
MANY years ago I was preaching the Gospel in the Music Hall in Rothesay, a watering place on the Clyde. The Lord gave blessing with the Word, and some professed to accept of Christ as their Saviour. Amongst this number was Alexander Cairns. His religious experience had been much like that of many other young men. Brought up respectably, he went regularly to Church, read his Bible, and "said" his prayers. He knew, however, that he was not prepared to meet God, and had been frequently concerned about his soul's salvation. The Lord Jesus knocked loudly at the door of his heart through the death of his brother. A still small voice seemed to whisper in his ear: "If you had died instead of him, where would you be in eternity?" His conscience replied, "In Hell! in Hell" He came to the meetings and was asked: "Would you not like to be saved?" "I would," was the reply. "Then there is no reason why you should not be saved now."

He was shown a number of Scriptures, and, among others, the following: "All we, like sheep, have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all" (Isa. 53. 6); "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world!" (John 1. 29); "Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that heareth My Word, and believeth on Him that sent Me, hath everlasting life" (John 5. 24). From these and other passages, he saw that Christ had borne the penalty of sin on Calvary—that He had removed every hindrance that stood in the sinner's path; and that by simply believing on Him who bore the wrath and curse, he was saved and had everlasting life. At first he thought it "too good news to be true." But he was soon assured from the Scriptures, that, though it was "good news," it was not too good news, seeing it was news from Heaven, from One who was his best and dearest Friend.

"What!" he said to himself, "is that all?" Have I nothing else to do but believe on Jesus?" The Scripture came before him, "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life" (John 3. 16-36). Satan sought to get him to look within to his wicked heart. On looking there he became miserable. He said to himself: "Surely I cannot be saved, else I should be far happier. When I

God says so, and it must be true.

feel love and joy filling my heart, I shall know I am saved." He was again pointed to the Scriptures, and shown that it was through believing on Him who had finished the work that sinners were saved, and not through feelings; that if he really believed on Jesus, the feelings would follow. He was urged to rest on the bare Word of God and never mind his feelings. There and then he "took God at His Word," and left the Music Hall a sinner saved



STEAMERS ARRIVING AT ROTHESAY PIER.

by grace. On reaching home he was dreadfully troubled by Satan. In answer to all his charges, Alexander simply replied: "I am a great sinner, but I am saved; God says so, and it must be true." A few months ago on the platform of the City Hall, Glasgow, Alexander shook the hand of the writer and said, "Twenty-eight years ago to-night my soul was saved." From God's Word he knows that all his sins are blotted out, never to be remembered again. Have you this blessed knowledge? You may have it now by believing God's Word concerning His Son. A.M.

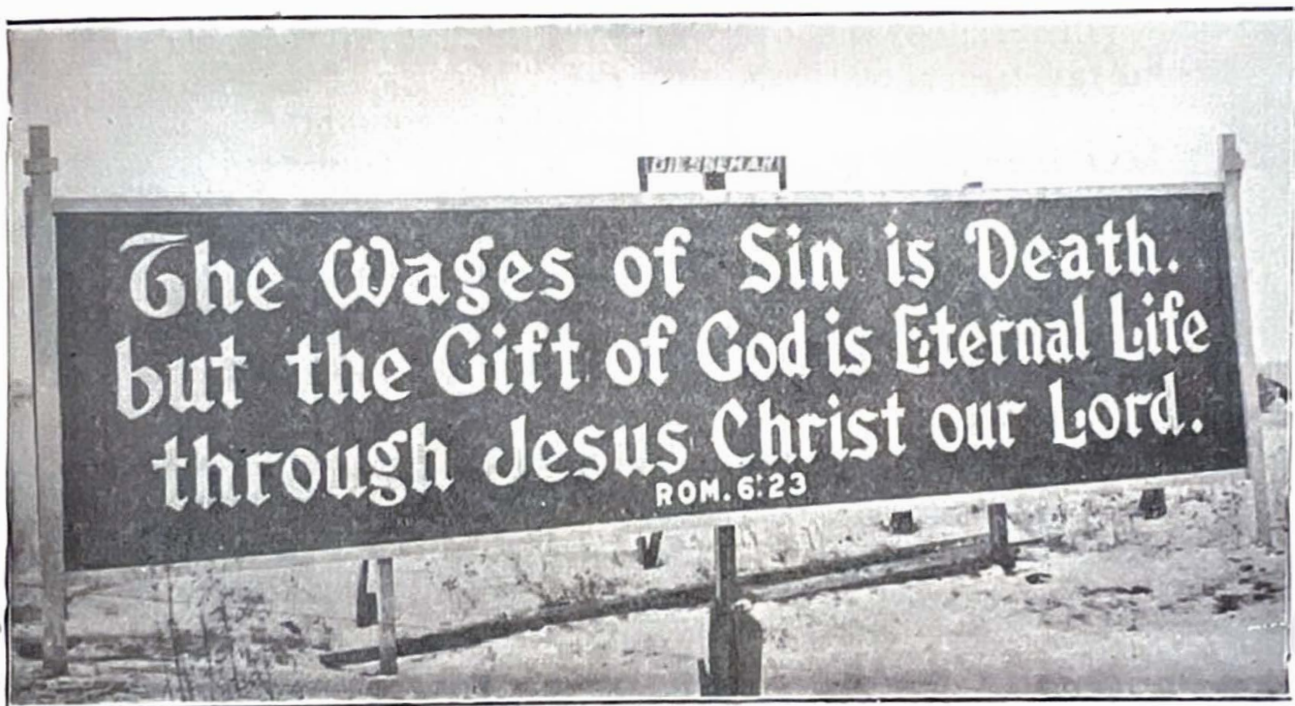
NO LONGER A GIFT.

AT a beautiful spot on one of the highways of Western Georgia there stands, quite by itself, a large sign bearing the unusual legend, "The Gift of God." It marks the site of a mineral spring, the waters of which are said to contain a large number of ingredients, possessing wonderful curative value. The spring, however, at one time open to all, has been enclosed in a concrete structure and, like most things of value in this world, commercialised. No water might be taken away unless paid for—at prices which, we thought, were quite high for water. It was no longer a gift, although the name was doubtless given in all sincerity.

This spring, with its sign, reminded us how the Lord Jesus Christ on one occasion spoke of the true gift of God to a woman He met at a wayside well. He had asked her for a drink of water, which she seemed to hesitate to give Him, wondering that He, a Jew, should ask a drink of her, a Samaritan, "for," said she, "the Jews have no dealings with the Samaritans." This drew forth from him the significant statement: "If thou knewest the gift of God, and who it is that saith to thee, Give me to drink; thou wouldest have asked of Him, and He would have given thee living water" (John 4. 10). What He meant by the gift of God we have not far to seek, for the Apostle Paul tells us (Romans 6. 23), that "the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord." Now, with this in mind, look again at the words of the Lord to the woman: "If thou knewest the gift . . . thou wouldest have asked . . . and He would have given . . ." Notice that there is no mention of any such thing as a price. Indeed, we would be surprised to find any such mention, for it is a gift that he offers her. The two things—a price and a gift—simply do not "go together." If a price were attached to a thing, it would no longer be a gift. On the other hand, if it is a gift, there can be no price asked for it. This is very simple and clear, but in the matter of the soul's salvation it is just here that multitudes make a fatal mistake. They would buy a gift! They think that "the gift of God may be purchased," the price they bring being their own fancied merits or works, in some form or another. They bring tears, penances, contributions, and prayers, thinking that in

No Longer a Gift.

in exchange for these eternal life may be theirs. But the Word of God plainly states that salvation is "by grace . . . through faith . . . and that not of yourselves: it is the gift of God, not of works, lest any man should boast" (Eph. 2. 8). Grace is something entirely unmerited, unearned, and unbought. It is on the principle of grace alone that God saves sinners, and the idea of salvation by one's works is entirely opposed to that principle. "For," says the apostle, "if by grace, then it is no more of works, otherwise grace is no more grace.



A GOSPEL SIGNBOARD.

But if it be of works, then it is no more grace: otherwise work is no more work" (Rom. 11. 6).

Thus there are but two things between which you must choose: the GIFT OF GOD and the WAGES OF SIN. You have richly deserved the latter: your sins cry out for just retribution. "Because there is wrath, beware, lest He take thee away with His stroke; then a great ransom cannot deliver thee." But life, eternal life, may be yours now if you will but receive it on God's terms—that is, as a gift. He paid the price demanded by infinite justice, and salvation, by grace through faith, may be yours if you will but receive Him. "He that hath the Son hath life" (1 John 5. 12).

F.W.S.

WILLIE'S THREE QUESTIONS.

WILLIE had taken his place in the Sunday school, when the teacher thus addressed him: "Willie, I have three questions to put to you, and I expect you to answer them." "Well, sir, I will, if I can." "The first question is this, 'Do you believe God is able to save you?'" "Yes, sir, I do." "The next question is, 'Do you believe God is willing to save you?'" "I am sure He is, sir." "Now, Willie, the third question is, 'Do you believe God is able and willing to save you, for Jesus Christ's sake, now?'" Willie was silent, but he pondered the matter, and it bore fruit in due time.

When school was over, and Willie had returned home, he ran to his mother, and said, "Mother, dear, I have three questions to ask you." "Well, my boy, let me hear them." "Mother, do you believe God is able to save you?" "Certainly, Willie." "Do you believe God is willing to save you?" "To be sure I do." "Mother, do you believe God is able and willing to save you, for Jesus' sake, now?"

The mother was silent at the third question, but it was an arrow from the bow of truth. She could not disabuse her mind of the three questions. Ere long she yielded herself to the Saviour, and found Him both able and willing to save her, and soon she had the joy of pointing her little son to Jesus also (Heb. 7. 25; John 6. 37).

God in His Word says to you, "Dost thou believe on the Son of God?" (John 9. 35). Perhaps you say, "I believe that Thou art the Christ, the Son of God" (John 11. 27). The devils also believe and tremble, but they don't believe on Christ. Do you believe to the saving of your soul? Jesus said, "He that believeth on Me, though he were dead (in trespasses and sins), yet shall he live" (John 11. 25). "Verily, verily, I say unto you, The hour cometh, and now is, when the dead shall hear the voice of the Son of God: and they that hear shall live" (John 5. 25). The thief on the cross had personal faith in the Lord; he confessed having sinned, and prayed to be remembered in His Kingdom. He took God at His word, as applied to himself. This is belief. The thief accepted Christ's salvation, and so may you.

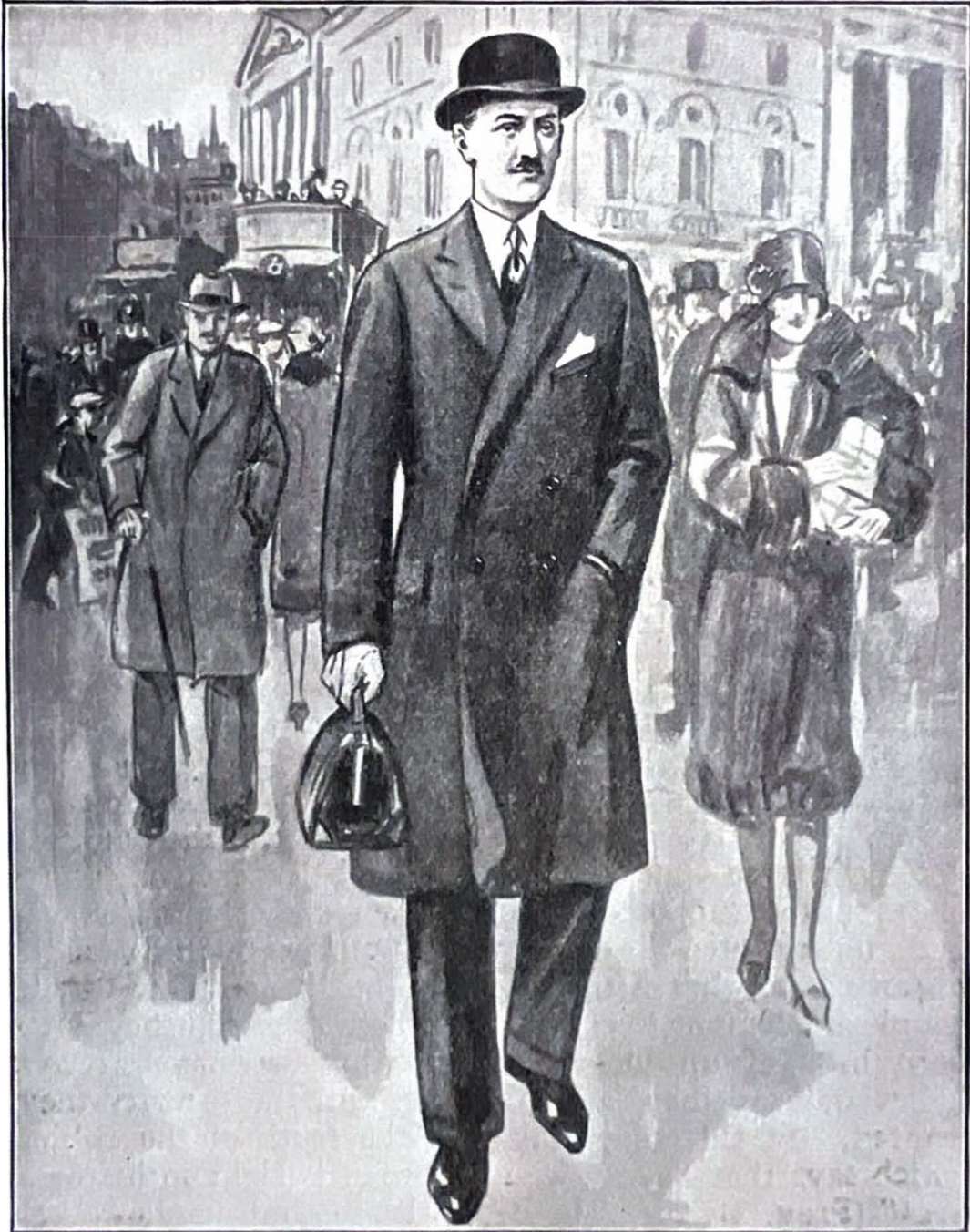
"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved" (Acts 16. 31).

CHEYNE BRADY.

THE MYSTERIOUS MAN WITH THE BAG

— OR, —

AN ILLUSTRATION OF HOW SOME PRACTICES BECOME INSTITUTIONS,
AND ARE SIMPLY TAKEN FOR GRANTED.



The Mysterious Man.

"As to some such practices this attitude is not serious, for nothing important is involved. But it is often seen where a great deal is at stake."

THE MYSTERIOUS MAN WITH THE BAG.

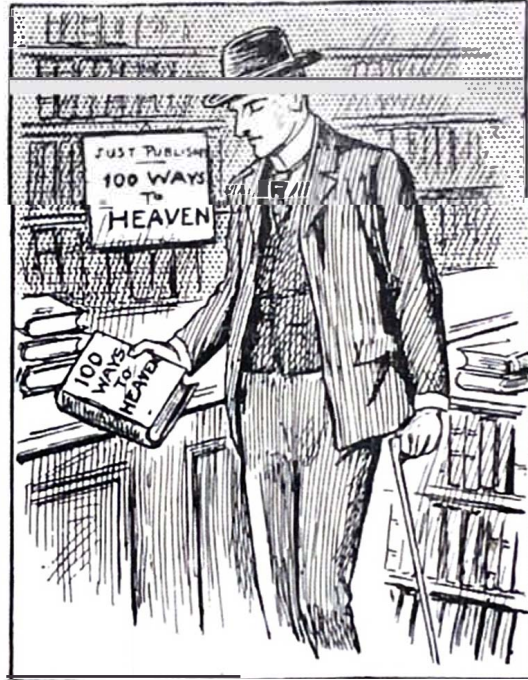
WHEN Lord Northcliffe bought the *London Times* he discovered a small room which a man carrying a leather bag entered every Saturday, emerging with the bag on Monday morning. He asked various persons who the man was and what was his errand. None could answer. But at last Northcliffe learned the truth. Fifty years before, the editor of the *Times* desired to send a correspondent to Egypt on a hurried errand. But it was Sunday, there was not sufficient cash on hand, and the banks were closed. The result of this embarrassment was an arrangement by which a bank sent a messenger with two thousand pounds to the *Times* office every Saturday, and he remained "on tap" in the little room until Monday. His services were never needed, but in time he and his bag became an institution.

This illustrates the fact that many things are done in this world for which a reason is seldom, if ever, asked. Many practices have been inherited from past generations. Like the man with the bag, they have become institutions, and are simply taken for granted. As to some such practices this attitude is not serious, for nothing important is involved. But it is often seen where a great deal is at stake. In fact, we have seen its disastrous consequences in connection with the greatest of all issues, namely, the eternal destiny of the soul. There are many theories abroad as to how sinful men and women may be saved. "One Hundred Ways to Heaven" was the title of a book published some time ago, and doubtless each one of the one hundred supposed ways, because cleverly presented, had its devotees. Their very number should excite inquiry as to what is the true way, but it does not. Most people are content to continue in the way which they have been brought up in. "That is what we have always believed," say they, as if that were all the security they wanted. In this they illustrate the truth of the Bible, which says that "every way of a man is right in his own eyes" (Prov. 21. 2). The Bible also reminds us, however, that "there is a way which seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death" (Prov. 14. 12; 16. 25). What a calamity it would be, reader, to discover when it is too late that the way you had accepted as the right one, and as leading to Heaven, was but one

The Mysterious Man.

of these "ways of death!" This is the discovery that many are sure to make, for their ways have no sanction whatever from the Word of God. Most of them falsely assume that there is something commendable in men and women, while God says, "There is none righteous, no, not one . . . all have sinned and come short of the glory of God" (Rom. 3. 10-23). They falsely promise men Heaven as the result of their works or the keeping of the law, while God plainly states that salvation is "not by works of righteousness which we have done" (Titus 3. 5), and that "by the deeds of the law there shall no flesh be justified in His sight" (Rom. 3. 20).

But if the popular ideas are not to be trusted, what is the right way? This God has clearly revealed. Pointing to His beloved Son, the Lord Jesus Christ, who on Calvary "suffered for sins, the Just for the unjust," He says that "through this Man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins: and by Him, all that believe are justified from all things, from which ye could not be justified by the law of Moses" (Acts 13. 38, 39). Said the Lord Jesus Christ, "I am the Way, and the Truth, and the Life: no man cometh unto the Father but by Me" (John 14. 6). Reader, is your trust in Him alone? If not, be warned. Your seemingly right ways are "ways of death." They lead to eternal darkness and despair. F.W.S.



DELIVERING FAITH.

You feel the bondage of sin; and you would fain be delivered from its terrible domain. But mark this, if you fail to have that dominion broken by a living faith in the Son of God, the time may come when you will be so joined to your idols that you shall not have even the desire to be delivered. Therefore beware and repent.

THREE DISCOVERIES IN THREE DAYS.

AT the close of an evangelistic service in Birmingham the preacher asked a happy looking young woman if she was "born again."

"I have got eternal life," was the prompt reply.

"How do you know that you have eternal life?" inquired the evangelist.

"On Monday night," she said, "I saw from the third chapter of the Epistle to the Romans that I was guilty and helpless before God; last night, from the fifth chapter of Romans, verse six, I learned that Christ died for me—a helpless, ungodly sinner; and to-night I have seen from the Gospel of John, chapter five and verse twenty-four, that I have everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation, but have passed from death unto life."

As the young convert spoke, tears of joy coursed down her cheeks, and from a heart filled with gratitude and love to Him who did so much for her, she added, "And I do thank God with all my heart!"

It has taken multitudes of persons twenty, thirty, forty, and even fifty years, to know what this English-woman learned in three days. How true it is that the entrance of God's Word giveth light. Through accepting the Divine testimony regarding herself, as contained in the third chapter of Romans, she learned first that she was guilty and undone. God speaks to us all in that solemn and searching passage, and shows us man in his natural state. "There is none righteous, no, not one...there is none that doeth good, no, not one...there is no difference, for all have sinned and come short of the glory of God" (Romans 3. 10-23). The third chapter of Romans gives us a perfect photograph of the unregenerate, and it is far from being a flattering one. Does the reader accept God's testimony against himself? Guilty or not guilty? that is the question.

There is "no difference" as to the fact of guilt, though there are great differences as to its degrees. Some have come further "short" of the Divine standard than others, but all have "come short." "All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way." Some have gone further astray than others,

Three Discoveries in Three Days

yet "all" of us have gone astray from the path of obedience. Does the reader doubt this?

The woman's second discovery was a very blessed one, viz., that Christ had died for her. "When we



"I HAVE GOT ETERNAL LIFE."

were yet without strength, in due time Christ died for the ungodly." She was one of the "ungodly" (or unlike God), therefore Christ died for her. This was the truth needed to give her peace with God. She deserved to die eternally on account of her sins, but the Lord Jesus died for her.

Three Discoveries in Three Days.

The reader may believe that Christ died for "sinners," for the "ungodly," for "all" (2 Cor. 5. 15), for the "world" (1 John 2. 1, 2), without obtaining any benefit. BELIEVING THAT CHRIST DIED FOR OTHER PEOPLE WON'T DO YOU ANY GOOD. A general Saviour can never meet the wants of an individual soul. Has the reader seen his need of a Saviour? Or is he still unawakened and unconcerned? Saved already, or condemned already? To which class do you belong? If conscious that you are still unsaved, unconverted, unforgiven, gaze by faith on Christ, the bleeding, suffering Lamb of God. "Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world" (John 1. 29).

The third truth laid hold of by the Englishwoman was indeed a wondrous one, viz., that by believing on Him who loved her and gave Himself for her, God's holy Word declared that she had "everlasting life," and would not come into condemnation on account of her sins. "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 (judgment), but is passed from death unto life" (John 5. 24).

There are three links in this golden chain of grace: (1) HEARING, (2) BELIEVING, (3) HAVING. Has the reader obtained everlasting life? Would you be afraid to meet God? If called into His presence, would you not tremble? Are you sure your sins are pardoned? Are you certain that your soul is safe for eternity? If still halting between two opinions, still looking within or around, we urge and entreat you to delay no longer, but hear, believe, and be saved!

"All my iniquities on him were laid,
All my indebtedness by Him was paid;
All who believe on Him, the Lord hath said,
Have everlasting life!"

A.M

A GREAT SAVIOUR.

WHATEVER be the form of evil habit, Christ is able fully and finally to deliver. Though every mental and moral force be crippled, Christ can make a new man, and lift to the paths of holiness.

THE PARDONED CRIMINAL.



ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

I WAS preaching in the Southern States of America a few years ago, and the minister called my attention to one of the elders in his church. He said: "When the Civil War broke out that man was in one of the far Southern States, and he enlisted into the Southern Army. He was selected by the General and sent to spy the Northern Army. As you know, armies have no mercy on spies if they are caught. This man was caught. He was tried by court-

martial, and ordered to be shot. While he was in the guard-room, awaiting the day of execution, the soldiers used to bring him his rations. Every time they came to his cell he would call Abraham Lincoln by every vile name that he could think of. It seemed as though he used to lie awake at night to study to make names. At last the soldiers got so angry that they said they would be glad when the bullet went through his heart.

One day, while he was in prison, a Northern officer came into his cell. The prisoner, full of rage, thought his time was come to be shot. The officer, when he opened the door, handed him a free pardon signed by Abraham Lincoln. He told him he was at liberty: he could go to his wife and children. The man who had before been so full of bitterness and malice and rage suddenly quieted down and said: "What! has Abraham Lincoln pardoned me? I have never said a good word about him." The officer replied, "If you got what you deserved, you would be shot. But some one interceded for you at Washington, and obtained your pardon. You are now at liberty."

The minister, as he told me, said that this act of undeserved kindness quite broke the man's heart and led

to his conversion; and now, he said, let any man speak one word in the hearing of this man against Abraham Lincoln, and you will see what will happen. There is not a man in all the Republic of America, I believe, who has a kindlier feeling towards our late President than he. That is grace. The man did not deserve a pardon. But this is exactly what grace is—undeserved mercy. You may have been a rebel against God up to this very hour, but if you acknowledge your rebellion, and are willing to take the mercy that God offers, you can have it freely. If souls are lost it will not be because God has not provided a Saviour, but because men spurn the gift of God, and dash the cup of salvation from them.

D. L. MOODY.

CORNELIUS'S CONVERSION.

(Acts 10).

SINNERS of ev'ry nation,
May know God's full salvation—
The love of God to man no difference knows;
For all who truly fear Him,
And contritely draw near Him,
To Jew and Greek alike He mercy shows.
Cornelius long had fasted,
Long time his prayers had lasted,
Much alms he to the poor had given away;
And yet no rest this gave him—
His good works could not save him—
"The one thing needful" still he lacked that day.
The day that Peter sought him,
And joyful tidings brought him
Of peace by Jesus Christ, the Lord of all;
Whose death and resurrection
Procured the full perfection
Of all who on His Name for pardon call.
Yes, souls in ev'ry nation,
Believing, have salvation;
Cornelius heard, and, hearing, he believed:
The Holy Ghost was given—
The earnest sent from Heaven—
Proof of the gift of life that he received.

M.M.D.

A BROKEN VOW.

"OH, if God will only spare me, I'll live a different life!" It was a never-to-be-forgotten scene. Before me, stretched upon a sick-bed, his eyes wildly staring in a agony of soul, lay Will, my fellow-lodger. The hectic blush was on his cheek, and already great beads of perspiration stood upon his brow, while his



WILL, MY FELLOW LODGER.

thin, worn fingers involuntarily clutched the bed-clothes as he painfully gasped for breath.

The time was midnight. A few minutes before, the doctor had left the room, having made known to the patient that he had but a short time to live. It was then that a friend and I were hastily summoned to his bedside to pray for him, and as we entered the room there again.

A Broken Vow.

rang in our ears that agonising cry: "Oh, if God will only spare me, I'll live a different life!" Many a time he had heard the old, old story of Jesus and His love told forth in all its sweetness and simplicity in that Christian home; many a time had he turned a deaf ear to our warnings and entreaties. He was in the prime of life, and in the bloom of health, then. Now, at that midnight hour, he saw through a fevered brain the grim portals of death, and felt his life's blood slowly ebbing away.

Ah, yes, Will was in earnest about his soul's salvation now, but though we faithfully strove to lay before him God's way of salvation, his clouded mind and enfeebled faculties refused to respond. And there, on our knees, by the bedside of the sufferer, we cried to God to spare that life; that life which trembled on the very brink of a lost eternity.

Our prayer was answered, and contrary to all hopes of his recovery, a change in the condition of the dying man took place that same night.

In less than a month Will had left his sick chamber; two weeks more and he was back amongst his fellows. "Did he keep his vow?" you ask. Alas, no. It is the same old story. The dark night of sickness having passed, and life's vigour once more revived, Will, instead of turning to Him who had in such a miraculous way restored him to health, forgot God and plunged deeper and deeper into sin.

Eighteen months had passed away, and my occupation having taken me to another town many miles distant, I heard no more of my fellow-lodger, till one day my attention was drawn to a bold headline in a local newspaper, and as I read on, there was unfolded to me a sad story.

In one of the lowest parts of the city, whilst a policeman was going his rounds, the flash of his bull's-eye lantern in a doorway which led to a haunt of ill-fame, revealed the dead body of a man. Need I tell you his name? It was but an everyday newspaper report, which told in its own way of a life suddenly cut off in its prime, but as I read on there came back to me again that midnight scene in the sick chamber. I saw once more that look of frantic despair; I heard again that agonising cry. . . .

But the scene had changed. The eyes were now closed in death, and the voice for ever silenced. Yes, but what of the soul, which dieth not? "A sad story!" you say. Indeed it is. But let me ask, ere you read another line, "Are you ready if death should overtake you to-night?"

You may not have fallen so deeply into sin as this wayward young man; you may not have passed through the dreadful experience of being brought back from the brink of the grave with a vow to God on your lips, to be broken so soon. But, no matter who you may be, whether a respectable church-goer or an avowed lawbreaker, unless you are resting on the finished work of Calvary for your soul's salvation, you are in imminent danger of being eternally lost.

Remember that God's Word declares: "It is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment" (Heb. 9. 27). Beware lest you trifle with God too long. But stay! Ere we part, hear the glad invitation: "Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord. Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool" (Isa. 1. 18). Wonderful words of life—and for you! Oh, then, while you scan these lines, we entreat of you to accept this God-sent invitation, and "come now."

"Turn and believe this very hour,
Trust in the Saviour's grace and power,
Then will your joyous answer be,
Saved through a long eternity!"

D. J. B.

A FREE GIFT.

SALVATION is a free gift, and is not obtained through our merits or efforts. It has been procured at an infinite cost; it has been purchased by Christ, and at the cost of His precious Blood. Everything that was necessary was accomplished by Him at Calvary. "He was wounded for our transgressions; He was bruised for our iniquities" (Isa. 53. 5).

God is satisfied; God is glorified with Christ's sacrificial death on our behalf, and you are invited and commanded to believe the "good news" of the "glad and glorious Gospel," and obtain eternal life. "The gift of God is eternal life, through Jesus Christ our Lord" (Rom. 6. 23).

A. M.

A WONDERFUL REVELATION.

“OH, sir, I shall never forget this night as long as I live!” So said a respectably dressed woman at the close of a Gospel meeting in a tent. The tears were coursing down her cheeks, but they were tears of joy and not of sorrow; and as she shook the hand of the evangelist at the door of the tent she proceeded: “I’ve been troubled about my soul for a long time. Thoughts of God, death, judgment, and eternity would continually bother me, and I could not rest day or night. I could safely say, sir, it’s eight or nine months since I had a good night’s sleep, for I was afraid I might die and go to Hell. I would rise to pray, but could not. I would try to read my Bible, but could not. I was in a wretched state, but it’s all settled to-night, and I am so happy.”

“Well,” replied the preacher, “we are glad to hear this, but would like to hear how you lost your trouble and became happy.”

“I think one great trouble in the past, sir, was that while thus concerned I always tried to comfort myself with the thought that I was not so great a sinner, and that many others were worse than I was; but that talk we had to-night about the leper showed me where I was, and instead of being, as I thought, with only a little of the leprosy of sin on me, I found I was covered from head to foot with it. I’ve read in Leviticus (chapters 13 and 14) about the lepers in Israel, but I never could understand how the priest could pronounce him clean when they were covered all over with it. But it’s all clear now. God’s way is not man’s way, for while man justifies those who are not very bad, God justifies the ungodly.”

“And were you ungodly?” queried the preacher.

“Well,” was the reply, “had you asked me that a short time ago, I would have said, No. But it’s as I said, sir; I thought because of a moral and respectable life I was better than my neighbours, and not a great sinner in God’s sight any more than I was in my own. Yet it is plain to-night; I was unclean in God’s sight, and going to Hell with the worst of them, and would have been there but for the grace of God. Oh, it’s wonderful! It was as the preaching was going on that I saw that, with all my fancied goodness, I was just as a leper in God’s sight,

A Wonderful Revelation.

and the more I thought of it the worse I seemed to be, until in my wretchedness my cry was: 'WHAT MUST I DO TO BE SAVED?' And the answer was so plain: 'Believe



GOSPEL TENT SERVICES.

on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved' (Acts 16. 31). I do believe on Him, and I am saved."

Perhaps you are a person on whose life not a stain of reproach can rest. With this it may be you are satisfied.

But are you saved? Are you a child of God through faith in Christ Jesus? If not, you are just a poor leprous sinner—a child of wrath, even as others.

Now, Christ is not helping sinners to save themselves. He did not come to help, but to save sinners. God speaks of the condition of the sinner as lost (Luke 9. 10), dead (Eph. 2. 1), “without strength” and ungodly (Rom. 5. 6). Therefore man is altogether a sinner in God’s sight.

This being true, what man needs is not a help, as a lame man needs a crutch, but a Saviour who will save him as he is, in all his wretchedness, and sin, and helplessness. This Saviour is found alone in the Lord Jesus Christ, God’s Son. In Him is salvation, cleansing, rest, peace, joy, and life eternal. When by faith you receive Him, you receive it all. “He of God is made unto us wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption.”

The leper in Israel was counted unclean if he had one spot on him, and as such was “put outside the camp.” But when covered from head to foot with it, he was again brought to the priest, who examined him, and finding the leprosy all to the surface, pronounced him clean. So with the sinner when, as he supposes, there is much that is clean about him, though in some things he may acknowledge he is unclean, he is allowed to go on too often, alas, to his own destruction. But when, before God, he learns that he is altogether a sinner, “and all his righteousness as filthy rags” (Isa. 64. 6), then he is brought to the Lord Jesus—the Priest who alone can pronounce a guilty sinner clean—and, as of old, He says in response to the needy leper’s cry: “I will, be thou clean.” “The Blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin” (1 John 1. 7); and so the sinner is made “clean, every whit.” As a guilty, Hell-deserving sinner, look to Jesus and be made whole, saved, and satisfied. T.D.W.M.

PAINTING FOR ETERNITY.

A CELEBRATED artist was once asked why he took so much pains with a picture he had in hand. “I am painting for eternity,” he answered. And you and I, reader, are painting for eternity. This is also our seed-time. Reaping time is at hand. What will the harvest be?

WHAT EVERY MAN MUST DO.

THERE are many things which the Bible says you may do; there are other things the Bible says you must do. Here is one: "Every knee shall bow and every tongue shall confess that Jesus is the Christ."

One thing the Bible does not say, and that is when you will do it. That is left to you, and must be settled by you. You may either bow the knee in time and acknowledge Him as your Saviour, or bow the knee before Him in eternity and acknowledge Him as your Judge. To do the former will mean salvation, to do the latter will mean eternal judgment.

It is quite clear from the Scriptures that God willeth not the death of the sinner, otherwise He would not have provided a Saviour, and if God had willed your death and mine He would have accomplished it long ago. But God has been very patient with you because it is His will that you should be saved. If men are eternally lost it will not be God's fault.

God is not mocked; God is not trifled with; the whole of the Scriptures prove this. The Flood proved it, the fires of Sodom proved it, the judgment of Israel proved it.

We do not wish to frighten you, but we tell you most sincerely that you will gaze upon the face of Christ one day.

I am sure that we are not in danger of preaching too much about Heaven, and am equally sure we may say far too little about Hell. Satan is delighted when he finds Christians saying nothing about Hell.

There is no escape for you, and we beg you to come to Christ while it is called to-day—while the door of mercy is open and the door of judgment still remains closed.

Accept Christ as your Saviour. He loves you. He died for you. He wants to save you, but He will not force you to come.

Think what a load it would be off your mind to know that your future was clear, that you were saved by Christ. Think how awful it is to go on day by day in your sins simply waiting for judgment. Think of these things and come to Christ. He loves you, and His desire is that you should be saved. Accept Him now as your Saviour, and enter into the possession of eternal life, and for you there will be peace here and perfection hereafter. J.S.C.

WHAT ARE YOU LOOKING FORWARD TO?

AFTER the Indian Mutiny a ship left Calcutta bound for England, having on board a number of time-expired soldiers. A passenger relates that some time after leaving port some strange faces were seen on deck. Those, he learned, were convicts condemned to imprisonment for insubordination. The tedium of the voyage was relieved by singing, dancing, and general amusement, and all seemed to enjoy themselves, including the convicts, some of whom took a leading part in the amusements. As the ship was nearing the shores of England, however, it was painfully evident that the true nature of their position was being forced upon the poor convicts. While the other passengers were joyful in the happy prospect of shortly reaching home and meeting friends and loved ones it was otherwise with the convicts, who became more melancholy the nearer they approached their destination, for with some of them there was no hope of their ever seeing loved ones again.

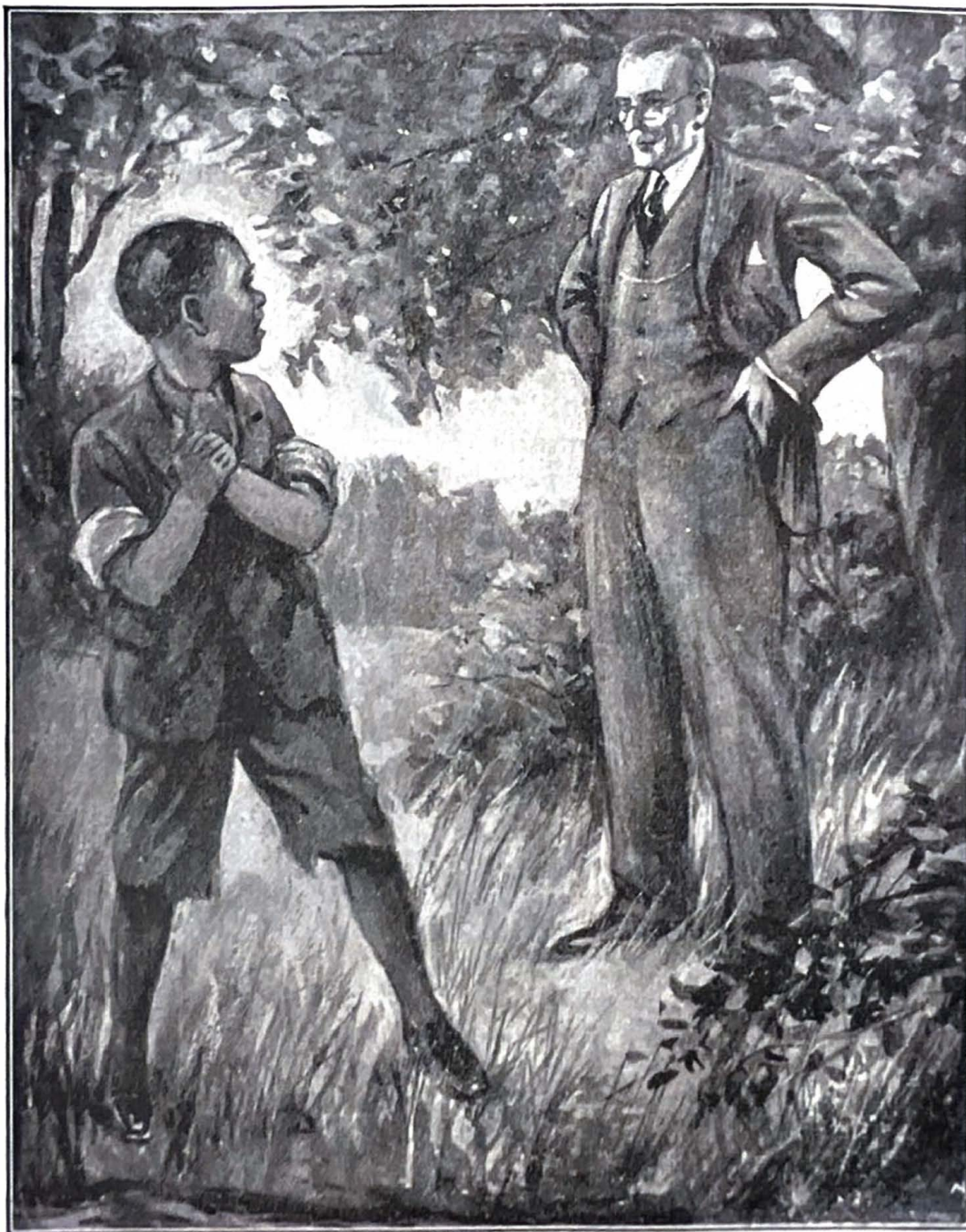
Like the time-expired soldiers who were happy in the prospect of the early realisation of their hopes, the Christian's outlook is also bright. His guilty past having been put away by the Blood of Christ, he rejoices "in hope of the glory of God" (Rom. 5. 2). It is quite true he has his troubles down here, but these will end one day, and he will enter into the presence of his Lord, where there is "neither sorrow, nor crying, nor any more pain" (Rev. 21. 4).

With the unconverted it is otherwise. He is "condemned already" (John 3. 18), and every tick of the clock is bringing him nearer the time when the sentence of Eternal Death will be executed (Rom. 6. 23). He has nothing beyond time to look forward to but "judgment and fiery indignation" (Heb. 10. 7). The present is the only opportunity he will ever have of enjoying himself; and Satan knowing this is supplying him with all kinds of amusements to get him to forget eternity and meeting God. Alas! he may waken up when it is too late. Thank God, the judgment due to sin having been made to meet on Jesus on the Cross of Calvary (Isa. 53. 6), mercy's door, which leads from the captivity of sin to the glorious liberty of the Gospel, is open wide, and across its portals are the words, "Whosoever will may come." Enter by faith now and be saved eternally. J.G.

"IT WON'T RUB OFF, SIR!"

— OR, —

THE NEGRO BOY WHO VAINLY ENDEAVOURED TO CHANGE
THE COLOUR OF HIS SKIN.



"It won't rub off, sir!"

"We laugh at the simplicity of the little boy, but in another way
are not some wiser folk trying to do the same thing?"

“IT WON’T RUB OFF!”

THE story is told of a coloured family—the only one in a certain district—who had one boy, a little chap of nine years of age. The lad was sent to school, and being the only negro child there, he met with great persecution from the other boys on account of his colour. They were continually taunting him about his black skin, and it nearly broke the little fellow’s heart. After a while he got wondering if the cause of his trouble could be removed in some way. One method seemed to him possible, and he resolved to try it.

One day he was missed from school, and the teacher asked the children if they knew where he was. One lad said he had seen him go behind the school into the brush, through which there ran a small stream of water. On going in search of the little fellow, the teacher found him close by the stream, rubbing away with a handful of wet sand at his little black hands and arms. Now and then he would wash the sand off, and look wistfully at the skin, which was as black as ever. After watching him a few minutes, the teacher cried out: “Well! what are you doing here, sir?” The little boy was startled. After a while he owned up that he was “trying to rub the black off, and make himself white!” “But,” added the little truant, “it won’t rub off, sir.” We laugh at the simplicity of the little boy, but in another way are not some wiser folk trying to do the same thing?

Jeremiah asks the question: “Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots? Then may ye also do good, that are accustomed to do evil” (chapter 13. 23).

The Ethiopian is black because he is born so, and no change of circumstances will change his natural condition. He cannot wash off his dark colour, or get rid of it in any way. Now, God’s Word speaks of man as being “shapen in iniquity” (Psa. 51. 5); “An unclean thing” (Isa. 64. 6); “Undone” (Isa. 6. 5); “Unrighteous” (1 Cor. 6. 9); and his righteousness, *i.e.*, good works, “filthy rags” (Isa. 64. 6); “Lost” (Luke 19. 10); and with a heart “deceitful above all things, and desperately (or incurably) wicked” (Jer. 17. 9). Concerning such, the question is asked, “Who can bring a clean thing out of an unclean?” and the emphatic answer is given, “Not one!” (Job 14. 4).

"It won't rub off!"

Of course, there is such a thing as a man being "clean in his own eyes," for "there is a generation that are pure in their own eyes, and yet is not washed from its filthiness" (Prov. 30. 12). But the question is not so much, how do you see yourself, but how does God see you? "How can a man be justified with God?" (Job 25. 4). Or, in other words, how can you stand before Him, without blame? Did you but see yourself in the light of His truth, you would see you were a black, undone sinner—black by birth, and black by practice. Get rid of it yourself you cannot; like the little boy's colour, "it won't rub off." To whitewash the boy would not have mended matters; he would have been black underneath. So to cover up your sinful condition by "good works," so-called, will not make you anything else than a sinner still. "Ye must be born again" (John 3. 7).

But what you cannot do for yourself, or your friends do for you, God can and will do. Listen to Him: "Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool" (Isa. 1. 18). How blessed! The Cross divides the world.

On the one hand are the cleansed, on the other the unclean! On the one hand are the justified, on the other the condemned! On the one hand the saved, on the other the lost! Those who have by grace believed on Christ can say, "I am justified freely by God's grace," and am now "made meet to be partaker of the inheritance of the saints of light" (Col. 1. 12). They have come to an end of themselves, and now find all their fitness in Christ alone.

"Made meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light." What a thought! The inheritance of the saints is in the unsullied light of God. There they shall stand. How perfect must His work be, to stand the full blaze of that eternal light! But they shall be seen without spot or blemish, for they shall be "like Him" that redeemeth them.

But there is a contrast. The portion of the lost is the "blackness of darkness for ever" (Jude 13). For the saved, not light only, but "marvellous light." For the lost, not darkness only, but the "blackness of darkness for ever." Unsaved one, haste thee to Christ! T.D.W.M.

"WHAT IS BELIEVING?"

THIS seems a strange inquiry, yet scarcely less strange than necessary, at least in its application to matters of religion. In its bearing upon things of the world and every-day life, a man would be thought wanting in understanding who raised such a question. Imagine, for instance, any one seriously inquiring of a friend, "What is believing what I am told?" He would doubtless look with some astonishment at his questioner, and wonder if he were beginning to lose his reason. Yet, while people fully understand what believing is in regard to matters told them respecting business or friendship, they are in doubt and mystery immediately they seek to apply the same thing to their soul's salvation. Why is this? Chiefly, I think, because they do not accept what Scripture declares as being alone necessary unto salvation, as well as from mistaking a mere intellectual assent for true faith. They know what trust means in business affairs, viz., reposing confidence in a man. But to trust their souls to the keeping of Christ as their Saviour, as they trust their money for security at their bankers, they fail to see as the condition of salvation and the way to Heaven, and shape a course for themselves in outward reformation, good works, and prayers. They believe in Christ, they say, though I fear it is much as we read the devils do (James 2. 19), which is nothing more than a conviction of mind; accepting certain Bible statements or facts as a revelation from God. This is altogether a passive or negative form of belief, but Scripture demands an active or positive one. Your faith in Christ, my reader, possibly altogether lacks this latter feature. Hitherto it has been a belief about Christ rather than in Him. You, I doubt not, believe in Him, as the phrase goes, much in the same manner as you believe in Julius Caesar, William the Conqueror, or Napoleon, but this is only believing about him as a historical personage after all. You are assenting to his history in all this and accepting its records as facts, but in nowise trusting in Him thereby, as reflection will convince you. There lies the great quicksand of deception. You merely assent to the historical truths of Christ's life and mission, and call such assent faith in Him, whereas it is only believing about Him, not in Him. What the Scriptures mean by believing in Christ is not

"What is Believing?"

merely assenting to what you have heard and read about Him, but a depending upon, a relying on, or a trusting in Him for something—that something being the security or salvation of your soul for eternity.



THE COLPORTEUR SHOWING HIS BOOKS.

You believe about the mariner's compass, no doubt, or, in other words, you believe what is said about it. Well, what better are you for that? None. It is simply

"What is Believing?"

giving your mental assent to certain acknowledged truths in regard to it, and is, therefore, what we may term passive belief, because it produces no confidence or trust. You, however, want to go to America, and prepare to do so. You sail from Liverpool, perhaps, and intrust yourself to be steered thence to your desired destination on the other side, and expect to reach it without fail, notwithstanding you have to traverse a wide and stormy ocean and see nothing but its rolling billows for many a day. How is it you sail so fearlessly and confidently over this pathless main? Simply because you believe in the mariner's compass. This believing in it, however, is very different from your belief about it, just before mentioned. There you merely gave an intellectual assent to what you had heard and learned concerning it. Here you have trusted in its unswerving faithfulness to what you believed it was capable of doing for you. In other words, you have relied on it for something, viz., your guidance across the Atlantic. Good reader, rely on Christ in the same way—that is believing in Him, that is salvation.

One more illustration. A colporteur, in one of the benighted villages of England, called one day at the door of a cottage to sell his books, and took the opportunity thus afforded of talking to the woman of the house about spiritual things. He soon found she had no Scriptural view of faith in Christ, nor of its relation to her personal salvation. He tried, therefore, to teach her thus: "You believe, perhaps, I am a Christian man," he said. "Yes," was the reply, "I do." "Supposing then, you had £500 would you trust me with it?" "No; I should be afraid to do that," was the answer. "Well, that shows you believe something about me," said the colporteur, "but you do not believe in me. That is just your attitude towards the Lord Jesus Christ. You believe He is a Saviour; you believe what the Gospel says about Him; but you do not believe in Him." Perplexed though she had been, she perceived the point and force of the illustration, and said, "Then I will now believe in Him."

May these simple illustrations through the Holy Spirit be used to the enlightenment of your understanding, since "without faith it is impossible to please Him" (Heb. 11. 6).

E. S. M.

SAVED ON THE SEAT.

A NUMBER of years ago I was holding a "cottage meeting" in a town in the South of Scotland. At the close of the address I asked an unconverted young man if he would like to be saved. He replied in the affirmative, but said that he was waiting God's time. "Don't you believe that God is willing to save you on the seat where you are now sitting?" "No, I don't."



A SOUTH OF SCOTLAND VILLAGE.

"Why do you think that?" "Because I must be prepared before He will save me."

This is, alas, too common an idea amongst the unconverted. When urged and entreated to accept of God's pardoning mercy, they affirm that they are not "ready." When asked what sort of preparation is necessary on their part, they reply that they must be more sorry on account of their sins, more anxious about their souls, and more willing to give up the world. Few will boldly say that

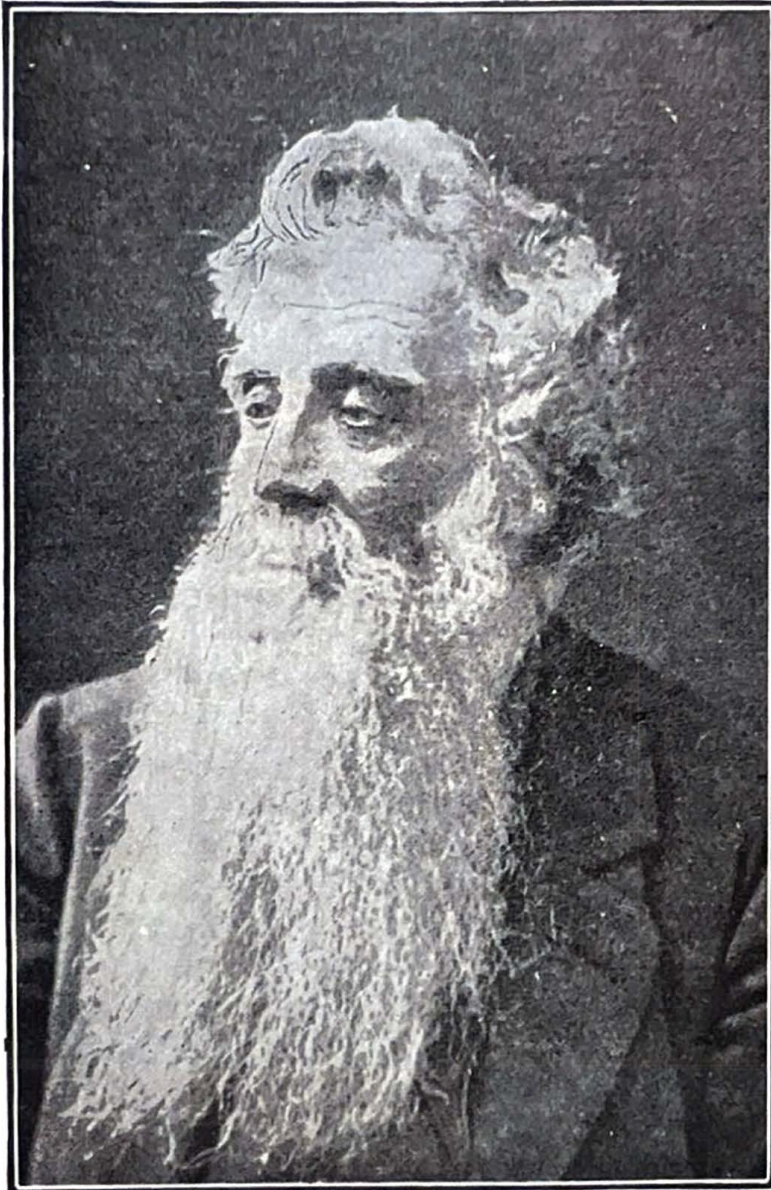
Saved on the Seat.

they are "waiting God's time," although many imagine that something must "happen" ere they are in a fit condition to receive salvation. Such appear to be ignorant of the fact that God is now beseeching them to be reconciled to Him as they are and where they are (2 Cor. 5. 18).

"Unto you, O men, I call; and My voice is unto the sons of man," are the words of the Almighty and Eternal One. At this very moment God longs to pardon your sins and save your soul, oh, fellow-traveller to eternity. If you doubt it, hearken to His own glorious invitation: "Come now and let us reason together, saith the Lord; though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool" (Isa. 1. 18). Think of God condescending to "reason" with His enemies! You are exhorted and invited to come, without any qualification whatever, as you are, and have your sins cast into the depths of the sea of God's forgetfulness. If He is willing to pardon you freely and fully, and make you His child, surely you ought to close at once with His proffered mercy. Though your heart may be cold and hard, and your desires after salvation faint and feeble, His intense longings for your deliverance will compensate for your lack of anxiety. However small your desire for forgiveness may be, God says: "Hearken unto Me, ye stout-hearted, that are far from righteousness: I bring near My righteousness" (Isa. 46. 12). God "brings near" His righteousness to "stouthearted" sinners, and you are now besought to accept of it as a free gift. "The righteousness of God which is by faith of (or in) Jesus Christ unto all and upon all them that believe" (Rom. 3. 22). "The gift of God is eternal life."

"Christ is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth" (Rom. 10. 4). For He hath made Him to be sin for us, who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him" (2 Cor. 5. 21). On account of Christ's death on Calvary for you, God can be just, and the Justifier of all who believe on His beloved Son (Rom. 3. 26). Believe, then, on Him who died for you, and you will have God's word for it that you are safe for eternity. "Being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ" (Rom. 5. 1). A.M.

A JUST GOD AND A SAVIOUR.



JOHN WARDROP, WISHAW, SCOTLAND.

Lord of glory; it is populating Hell, and is the cause of every heartache and tear drop in the land. Not only do we think of sin in the general, but when we consider the effects of sin in the individual they are equally sad. The hymn puts it truthfully: "Oh, the years of sinning wasted." Every minute spent in the service of sin is completely wasted. Some of us, prior to conversion, spent a lot of our time serving sin and Satan. We sinned against God in thought, word, and deed. We were guilty of evil deeds, of which we are to-day justly ashamed and heartily wish we could undo them, but we cannot. We also sinned in

SOLOMON has told us in his Book of Proverbs that it is the glory of God to conceal a thing (or to cover sin) (Prov. 25. 2). Men think and speak lightly of sin, but God's view of it is serious because sin is a direct challenge to the throne and Kingdom of God. When we consider sin's ravages we recognise its seriousness. Sin expelled our first parents from Eden's beautiful garden; it crucified the

A Just God and a Saviour.

word. Our unruly member, the tongue, which the Apostle James informs us is set on fire of Hell, has caused us throughout life a lot of trouble. We have said many a wrong thing, which has been grieving to God, has wounded our fellows, and caused us in the end profound sorrow. We have sinned perhaps worst of all in thought. We must not forget that our thoughts are as open and bare to Him with whom we have to do as our words and deeds. Some of these thoughts we would doubtless have translated into words and deeds if we had had a favourable opportunity. As we think of the great mountain of sin each of us has been, and is, guilty of, we thank God for the glorious truth that it is the glory of God to cover or forgive sin.

There is one kind of sin, however, that God cannot forgive, namely, unconfessed sin. The Scriptures tell us that "he that covereth his sins shall not prosper: but whoso confesseth and forsaketh them shall have mercy" (Prov. 28. 13). David the Psalmist tells us that when he acknowledged his sin, the Lord forgave the iniquity of his sin (Psa. 32. 5). Again, when the publican, convicted of his sin, cried, "God be merciful to me a sinner," immediately the Lord replied: "This man went down to his house justified" (Luke 18. 14). If we confess our sin He is faithful and just to forgive us our sin and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness (1 John 1. 9).

Not only does God cover sin, but we are told that He has glory in doing so. His holy law is vindicated in all that He does. God cannot do anything that would violate His righteous character, and consequently the difficult question for God to answer was, "How could He remain just, or righteous, and yet clear the guilty sinner?" The answer to that question is found in the substitutionary work of the Lord Jesus Christ. The God of holiness leaves His eternal throne and, coming down to this earth, pays Himself the penalty of man's sin righteously demanded by His holy law. There is a story told of a Christian gentleman, named John Wardrop, of Wishaw, Scotland, who occasionally sat on the bench as a Magistrate. One day a rather peculiar but important case was tried before him. It was the case of a man who had committed a grave offence against the law. This man, when a boy, had been at school with John Wardrop, and on that account every-

A Just God and a Saviour.

body believed that Mr. Wardrop, out of the kindness of his heart, would show leniency to his old friend. The man was tried and found guilty; but to the surprise of all in court, and contrary to expectations, Mr. Wardrop, as Magistrate, pronounced upon the guilty man the utmost rigour of the law. He was to pay a heavy fine or go to prison for a long period. Be it said to the credit of Mr. Wardrop, immediately he had pronounced judgment, he stepped from the bench, paid the fine, and the guilty man was set at liberty. Thus was justice honoured on the one hand, while, on the other, mercy was shown to the prisoner.

This is an imperfect picture of what God has done. The Son of God came down from glory, took upon Himself the body prepared by God for Him, in order that in that body He might pay redemption's price. As an evidence that He fully and completely met the sinner's debt, God raised Him from the dead and seated Him at His own right hand. The completeness and far reaching effect of that glorious work is seen in the following Scriptures: "As far as the east is from the west, so far hath He removed our transgressions from us" (Psa. 103. 12). "The iniquity of Israel shall be sought for, and there shall be none" (Jer. 50. 20). The Messiah has finished the transgression, made an end of sins, made reconciliation for iniquity and brought in everlasting righteousness (Dan. 9. 24). When the Saviour on the Cross uttered those triumphant words, "It is finished," the work of salvation was completed once for all. All that is now left for the sinner to do is by faith in the Saviour to enter into the blessings of salvation and give God all the glory. God will never allow the flesh to glory in His sight, and that is one reason why salvation is not of good works, lest any man should boast. If we reached Heaven by our own works we would sing our own praises throughout eternity. The only song in glory, however, is, "Unto Him who loved us and washed us in His own Blood...to Him be all the glory" (Rev. 15. 6).

Thus it is that salvation is of faith that it might be of grace. We are saved by simple faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. That being so, God rightly gets all the glory and we receive the blessing. Have you been saved? If not, "Believe now on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved" (Acts 16. 31).

J.G.

A SERVANT MAID'S TESTIMONY.

"IT was a godly man's prayer for me that first touched my heart, and made me think," was the answer she made; and then went on to say: "I was living as servant in a clergyman's house, and though I went in to prayers morning and evening, and thought it quite right and proper, I never thought about my soul or its eternal welfare—never prayed for myself. After a time another clergyman came to stay with my master and mistress, and the first morning he was there, and each morning while he stayed, he took morning prayers, and before closing, he prayed for my master and my mistress, and then for me. Many clergymen had stayed there before, and I was used to hearing my master and mistress prayed for, but to my knowledge I had never been prayed for in my life before, and he prayed for me as though he really wanted me to be blessed and saved.

"I went about my work as usual, but I could not forget it. It seemed so strange that any one should do for me what I have never done for myself—ask for my salvation. Next morning it was the same; again that man of God prayed for me. How I listened to every word! He seemed to think the Lord was interested even in me, and I wondered if he could be right. It evidently struck my master, for at evening prayers he, too, prayed for me; he had never done so before, nor did he after that visit of the clergyman's. Three days passed so, and now I was terribly anxious to know how I could be saved. Now I was crying to God to let me see how I might be saved. I did not like to speak to my master or mistress, still less to their stranger-guest, and I longed for Sunday and church-time.

"The strange clergyman occupied my master's pulpit. I listened eagerly for every word of the sermon. The text was, 'God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.' He showed our lost condition by nature, God's great love, the work of Christ by which we can be saved, and the simplicity of what our part is—we have nothing to do but to believe it all, and trust the Blood of Jesus. He spoke of salvation as God's gift, which we must have as a gift, or not at all. I saw then how I might be saved, but I was not sure if

A Servant Maid's Testimony.

I trusted enough in Jesus, if I believed aright, and I came home still miserable.

"I was putting the tea on the table when the clergyman who had preached came into the dining-room. Perhaps he noticed that I had been crying; I do not know, but he



"THE STRANGE CLEROYMAN PREACHED."

A Servant Maid's Testimony.

asked me very kindly, if I had understood the sermon. I said, 'Yes.' Then he asked me, 'Have you this gift of everlasting life?' and I said, 'I am afraid I have not.' 'Do you want to have it?' he asked; and now I could not keep back the tears any more. 'I want it more than anything!' I said. 'I would give everything to know I had it.' 'Come into the study with me,' he said. I said something about my work, but he said, 'I will speak to your mistress;' and I followed him into the study. He prayed first very earnestly, asking the Lord to open my eyes, to show me how simple a thing it is to trust Jesus. And then he read me two or three Scriptures, such as, 'Him that cometh unto Me, I will in no wise cast out,' and showed me it is the One we come to who saves, the One we believe in who gives everlasting life, and not the greatness of our faith that gains it for us, that God delights to give it to every soul who wants it.

"I left the study, knowing that God had given it to me, and ever since then I have never had a doubt."

Have you taken Jesus Christ as your Saviour? If not, do it now.

"AS FREE AS THE BLOOD CAN MAKE ME."

I WAS having a few Gospel meetings in County Antrim; and, for want of a better place, I was preaching in a barn. God was evidently working in our midst, and souls were being saved. A young woman came to the meeting one night. She was convinced of sin. On the Monday night she was found eagerly hearkening to the words of life again, the subject being Acts 26. 18, showing that we are either in the darkness under the power of Satan, or in the light under the power of God. At the close of the meeting we entered into conversation with her. She said, "My difficulty is that I want to do something." We showed her from God's Word that Christ had finished the work His Father had given Him to do, and that all things were now ready. The entrance of God's Word gave light. "I see it now," she exclaimed; "I am as free as the Blood of Christ can make me—I am a brand plucked from the burning!" And had you seen her face lit up by the heavenly joy that filled her soul, you could not have doubted her words. Reader, are you free? w.s.

"ONE HUNDRED WAYS TO HEAVEN."

SUCH was the title—as near as I can remember—of a book which I had picked up in a bookseller's "store" in Chicago a quarter of a century ago. I looked over it, and saw that an enterprising American had interviewed leaders of the principal sects, denominations, societies, missions, and associations in that great and important commercial centre, as to their beliefs about the way of salvation. It was wonderful the different opinions that were expressed by the representatives of the various divisions of Christendom. As I was personally acquainted with the publisher of the book, I said to him that I should be pleased to see every copy of it destroyed.

There is one and ONLY ONE way to Heaven. The Lord Jesus declares, "I am the Way, and the Truth, and the Life: no man cometh unto the Father but by Me" (John 14. 6). On another occasion He said, "I am the door; by Me if any man enter in he shall be saved" (John 10. 9). Christ is the Way, the Truth, and the Life. He is the only way of access by which a sinner can enter into the presence of a holy God. Before Christ's death thousands of lambs and bullocks were slain; rivers of sacrificial blood flowed, but not till He exclaimed, "It is finished," and gave up His Spirit was the veil of the temple rent from the top to the bottom. That veil kept Jewish worshippers at a distance from God; now the veil is removed, and we may enter into "the holiest" through the precious Blood of Christ. The Lord Jesus by the propitiation He offered to God at the Cross can save the guiltiest sinner out of Hell. Of what use are the opinions of men as to the way of salvation when God has told it to us so clearly in His own blessed Word? Has He not said that "God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life?" Believe on His beloved Son the Lord Jesus, who settled once for all the sin question when he gave Himself a ransom for us.

We are saved not by working or praying, but simply by *believing* God's record concerning His Son Jesus Christ.

"These things have I written unto you that believe on the Name of the Son of God, that ye might know that ye have eternal life" (1 John 5. 13). A.M.

THE PARDONING OF THE "BLACK WATCH."

ON the 29th May, 1779, a remarkable scene was witnessed on Castle Hill, in the city of Edinburgh. The famous Forty-second, or "Black Watch," Regiment of Scottish Highlanders marched with muffled drums and slow military tread. As they moved along, three empty coffins were visible, behind which walked three soldiers. The three men referred to had been convicted of mutiny, and were marching to the place of execution. Whilst the death sentence was being read, a breathless silence prevailed. The prisoners' eyes were bandaged, and they knelt beside their coffins. The firing party raised their rifles and awaited the command to fire.

Sir Adolphus Oughton, instead of pronouncing the fatal word which would immediately usher the poor fellows into Eternity stepped forward and, raising his hand, spoke as follows: "In consequence of the gallantry displayed by the Forty-second Regiment, His Majesty has graciously pardoned the three prisoners. Resume your arms and join your companions." The effect produced by these few words was indescribable. The pardoned Highlanders felt that they had been given a new lease of their lives, and were deeply grateful for their deliverance.

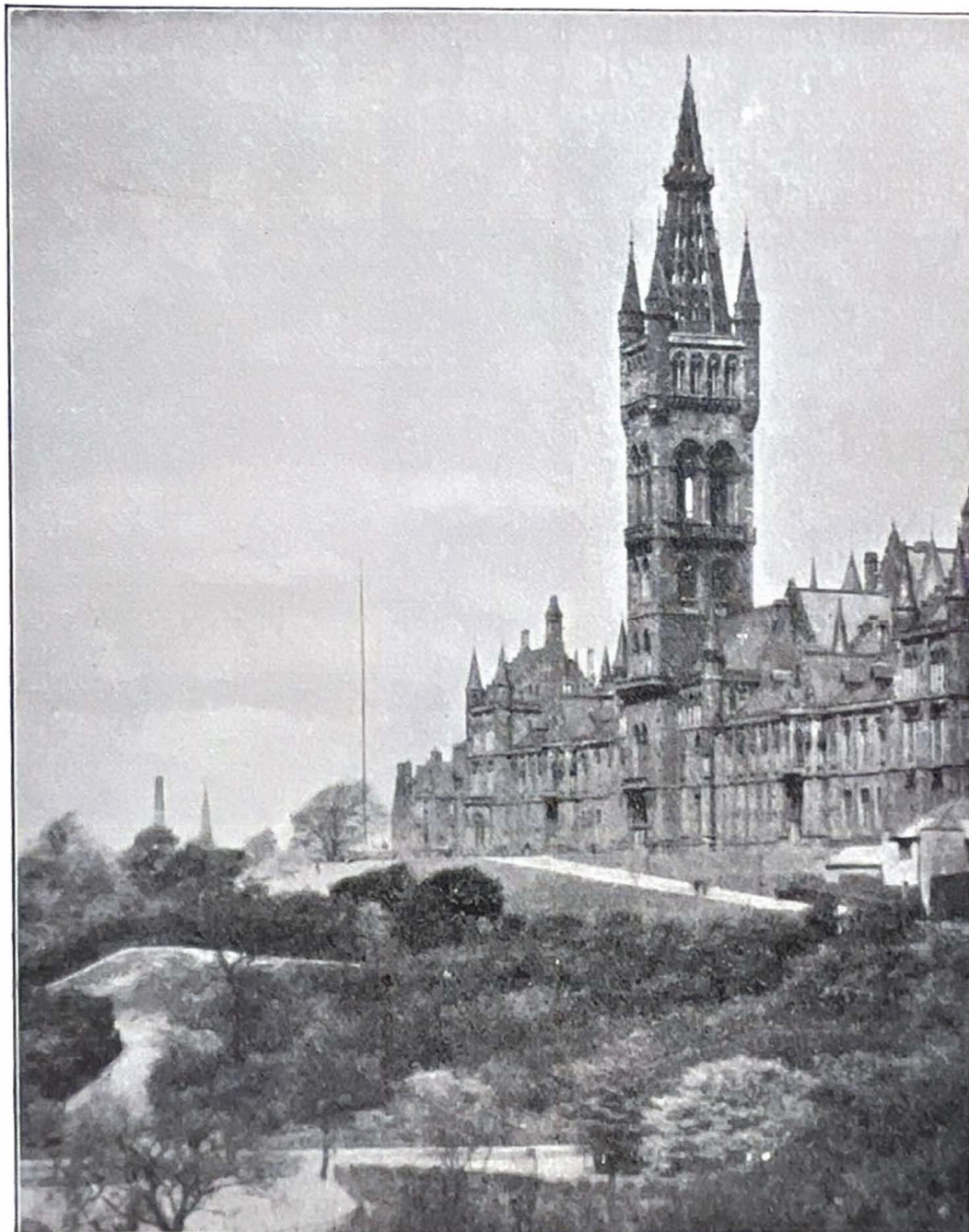
The soldiers awaiting their execution on Castle Hill, Edinburgh, illustrates the condition of the unsaved. The Word of God declares that "all have sinned" (Rom. 3. 23), that "all have gone astray" (Isa. 53. 6), that "all have gone out of the way" (Rom. 3. 12), that "the wages of sin is death" (Rom. 6. 23). What, then, is to become of us? The whole world has been brought in guilty (Rom. 3. 19). Must all be cast into the abyss of woe? On what righteous ground can a holy God forgive an ungodly sinner? Is there no way of escape? Thank God, a full, free, and present forgiveness is proclaimed to all on the ground of Christ's finished work. The Highlanders were pardoned on account of DEEDS OF BRAVERY DONE BY THE "BLACK WATCH" REGIMENT. "Through this Man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins, and by Him all that believe are justified from all things" (Acts 13. 38, 39). Will you accept His pardoning mercy as a free gift? All who believe on Christ, Who paid the ransom price with His precious Blood, and satisfied the claims of law and justice, "are justified from all things."

A.M.

IS THE GOSPEL OUT OF DATE?

— OR, —

THE GLASGOW PREACHER WHO HAD NOTHING TO OFFER
TROUBLED SOULS.



Glasgow University

“Paul’s Gospel brings to us a word to believe about
a work done.”

IS THE GOSPEL OUT OF DATE?

A YOUNG man burdened with a load of sin entered a church in the West End of Glasgow, hoping to hear something which would afford him help and comfort. The preacher, alas, was one of the "modern school" of theology, and had nothing to give to the troubled soul. Instead of proclaiming the Gospel of the grace of God he declared that the "old Gospel of our grandparents is out of date, and that we must have the message of the twentieth century." Depressed and disheartened, the anxious inquirer left the church, convinced that the preacher had given him a "stone" for bread. On his way home he passed an open-air Gospel service, and heard this sung:

"Dear, dying Lamb, Thy precious Blood,
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Be saved to sin no more."

"That will do; that's not out of date," the young man said to himself; and believing that Christ died for him he was saved, and went home to tell what great things God had done for him. The "old Gospel" of Christ as held by our grandfathers is good enough for me. I may, of course, be a "back number" and not "up-to-date," but I believe in the proverb that "what's new is not true, and what's true is not new." The "old Gospel," the "Gospel of the grace of God," can never be out of date. We agree with the line of the familiar hymn which declares that "'Tis old, yet ever new."

Paul's inspired definition of the Gospel is found in 1 Corinthians 15. 1-4: "I declare unto you the Gospel which I preached unto you, which ye believed, and by which ye are saved. . . How that CHRIST DIED FOR OUR SINS, AND WAS BURIED, AND ROSE AGAIN." Paul's Gospel brings to us a word to believe about a work done. It is not an offer, nor an invitation, it is the positive statement of accomplished facts.

"The Gospel" does not tell sinners what they have to do. It proclaims "good news" about a work accomplished by Christ on Calvary's Cross, and when accepted transforms the lives of those who believe it. "The message of the twentieth century" is contained in the "old, old story of Jesus and His love." The Apostle Paul so felt the importance of its being told out in all its simplicity and purity that he wrote thus to the Christians in Galatia:

Is the Gospel out of Date?

“But though we, or an angel from Heaven, preach any other Gospel than that which we have preached, let him be accursed” (Gal. 1. 9). There is a false “liberalism” which condones and excuses those who preach other “gospels” than the Gospel of the grace of God. Paul did not do so.

We don't understand what the Glasgow minister meant by “the message of the twentieth century.” There is but one message for sinners of the first and the twentieth



AN OPEN-AIR MEETING IN GLASGOW.

century, and that is the “glad and glorious Gospel.” It is a message of goodwill to men, and is a revelation of God's unmeasured wealth of love.

May the reader believe it as he reads these lines, and sing heartily:

“I do believe it! I do believe it!
I am saved by the Blood of the Lamb;
My happy soul is free,
For the Lord has pardoned me,
Hallelujah to Jesus' Name.”

A. M.

THE OLD LADY'S PROBLEM.

I WAS asked to call upon a lady who for years had been in a poor state of health, and very unhappy besides.

The old lady commenced the conversation by eagerly and anxiously inquiring: "Do you think, Mr. Scott, that I may trust Him? I am afraid I am deceiving myself. Sometimes I think it's all right; then again I question if I have believed aright, and if I have the right kind of faith. Do you think I am a Christian?"

I slowly read to her that magnificent declaration of God's love written down in John 3. 16: "God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

"But I don't feel I love Him; that's what I want to know. Do I really love Him or not?" said she.

"Ah!" I answered, "surely you have not heard me reading John 3. 16, for neither in that passage nor in the New Testament is the sinner called upon to love God. No, God 'loved' and God 'gave'—what a gift!—His only begotten Son. I am not turned *in* upon myself to see if I love God, but I am turned *out* from myself to behold God loving me. Do you rest on Him?"

"I do believe in the Lord Jesus," was the ready and earnest reply.

"Well, then, turn with me to verse 36, 'He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life.' Now," I said, "that's God's warrant entitling me to read my title clear to the present possession of everlasting life. 'Hath' is God's word of Divine assurance. Oh, madam, if you truly believe on the Son, you have everlasting life, for 'the loving God' has declared it. Let your wretched feelings go. Are God's blessed statements or your miserable feelings to be believed? That is a simple question."

"Oh, Mr. Scott, I must, of course, believe God's Word; but are those blessed truths you have been reading all for me?" "Yes," I answered, "all for you, if that word 'whosoever' designates you. And does it not?" I reiterated much of what I had already said, but all to no purpose.

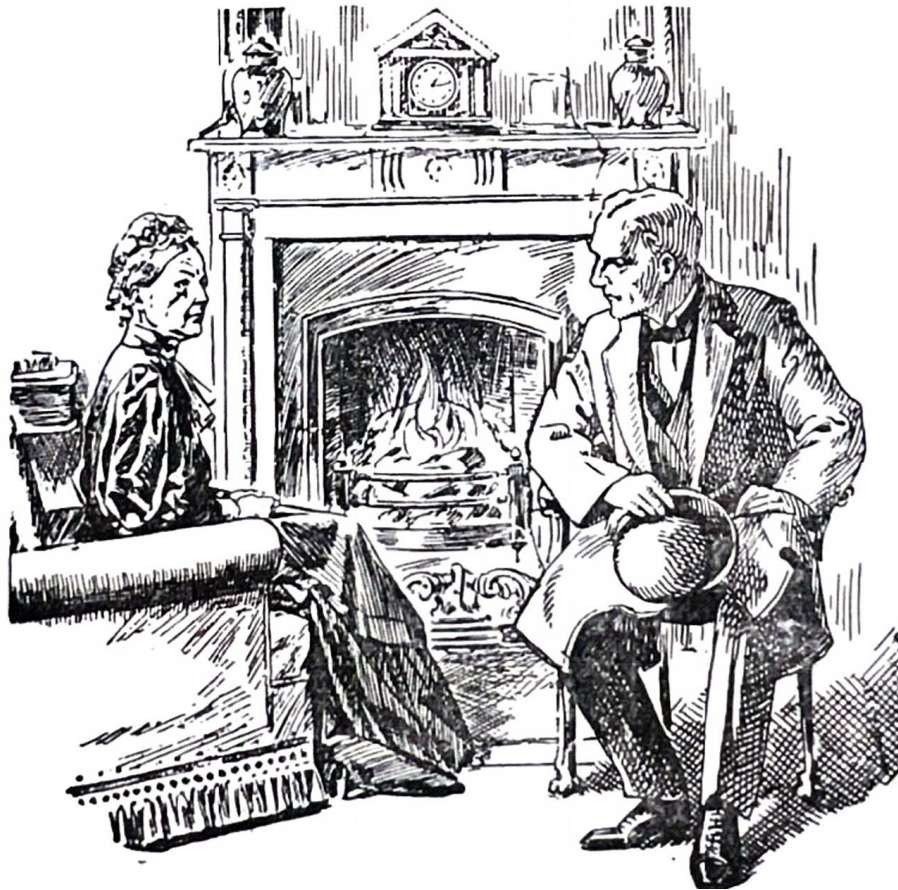
I saw she was very miserable owing to her incessant occupation with herself, so I thought I would test the true state of her heart to Christ. Taking up my hat, I said,

The Old Lady's Problem.

"Do not keep yourself any longer in this miserable state; you are damaging your health. Now, my advice to you is simply this: 'Give up Christ altogether, and get out of this unhappy condition at once.'"

"What do you say?" she exclaimed. "Give Him up! No; I would not give Him up for a thousand worlds."

"Oh! is that how the matter stands? Then you just say, 'My Beloved is mine,' and, what is better still, 'I am His.'"



"DO YOU THINK I AM A CHRISTIAN?"

Alas, thousands like this lady practically refuse to rest on Christ and His finished work simply and only. Occupation with self is to be dreaded as you would the plague. Is not the Holy Writ ample authority for the soul's confidence? Can you add one feather's weight by doings, feelings, tears, or prayers to the finished work of Christ? Rest simply on the Person and work of the Lord Jesus; then receive, in all their wondrous simplicity, the precious words of God, "He that hath the Son hath life."

W.S.

AN AMERICAN'S SAD CONFESSION.

WHILE preaching the Gospel in an American city a Christian asked me to visit a relative of hers who was in deep distress about his soul. On arriving at the house, I was shown into a room, where I found an elderly gentleman resting on his bed. I seated myself beside him, and spoke to him of God's love in the gift of His Son, who laid down His life on Calvary's Cross that sinners might be saved through faith in His Blood.

At this point the gentleman interrupted me by interjecting, "What about a man who has no faith, and who cannot believe?" I replied, "It is not the quality nor quantity of faith which saves. It is the Person that faith rests upon, and that Person is Christ. Some are making a saviour of faith, some of feelings, and others of their works. The Devil does not mind which, so long as he is successful in keeping them from Christ."

He listened to me, then raising himself, he asked his wife to bring him a book which he pointed out in a book-case. Upon receiving it he opened it, and placing it in my hand, asked me to read the inscription on the fly-leaf. I found the following, written under a date 25 years ago: "I, ——, do now and here give myself, spirit, soul, and body to the Lord to be His, and to serve Him for ever. Signed, ——." I replied that was right enough in its place, but that was not the Gospel. God expects the sinner to take the place of a needy one, and receive from God, quoting John 1. 12: "As many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on His Name." To this the gentleman replied: "Five years after I signed that I discovered I had nothing to rest my weary soul upon. One day while in my room alone I told the Devil if he would give me 20 years of good health I would give up the Blood of Christ and cast it from me. I got the 20 years of good health. The time is up last Friday, and there is no salvation for me now." He fairly broke down, and wailed, "OH, I AM DOOMED FOR DESTRUCTION!"

I tried to soothe him with kindness, and went on to speak of God's willingness to save, notwithstanding all he had done. Again he stopped me, saying, "I have taught a large class in a Sunday school, but I taught them the path to Hell. They are either there or going there.

An American's Sad Confession.

I composed hymns and wrote the music for them; I played them on the organ and sang them, but I am going to Hell, and never can be saved." I prayed for him, begged him to accept of Christ as his Saviour, but all I



"I AM DOOMED FOR DESTRUCTION."

could get from him was the same sad, suggestive cry, "I can never be saved, and am going to Hell." I called again and again, but still the same sad, sad wail.

Unsaved reader, are you trifling with God? Beware of what you are doing, lest you lose your soul. "Now is the accepted time; now is the day of salvation." It is not signing papers or making vows which saves. It is Christ, and Christ alone, that saves. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved" (Acts 16. 31). R.M.

WHAT IS YOUR HOPE?

READER, what is your hope about your soul? Have you any, or have you none? Can you tell me in what way you expect to be accounted righteous before God?

Depend upon it, these are very serious questions. You and I are dying men. After death comes the judgment. What is our hope of acquittal in that awful day? What are we going to plead on our behalf before God?

Shall we say that we have done our duty to God? Shall we say that we have done our duty to our neighbour? Shall we bring forward our prayers, our regularity, our morality, our amendments, our church-going? Shall we ask to be accepted by God because of these things?

Which of these things will stand God's eye? Which of them will actually justify you and me? Which of them will carry us clear through judgment, and land us safe in glory?

None, none, none. Take any commandment of the ten, and let us examine ourselves by it. We have broken it repeatedly. We cannot answer God one of a thousand. Take any of us, and look narrowly into our ways, and we are nothing but sinners. There is but one verdict. We are all guilty, all deserve Hell, ought to die. Wherewith can we come before God?

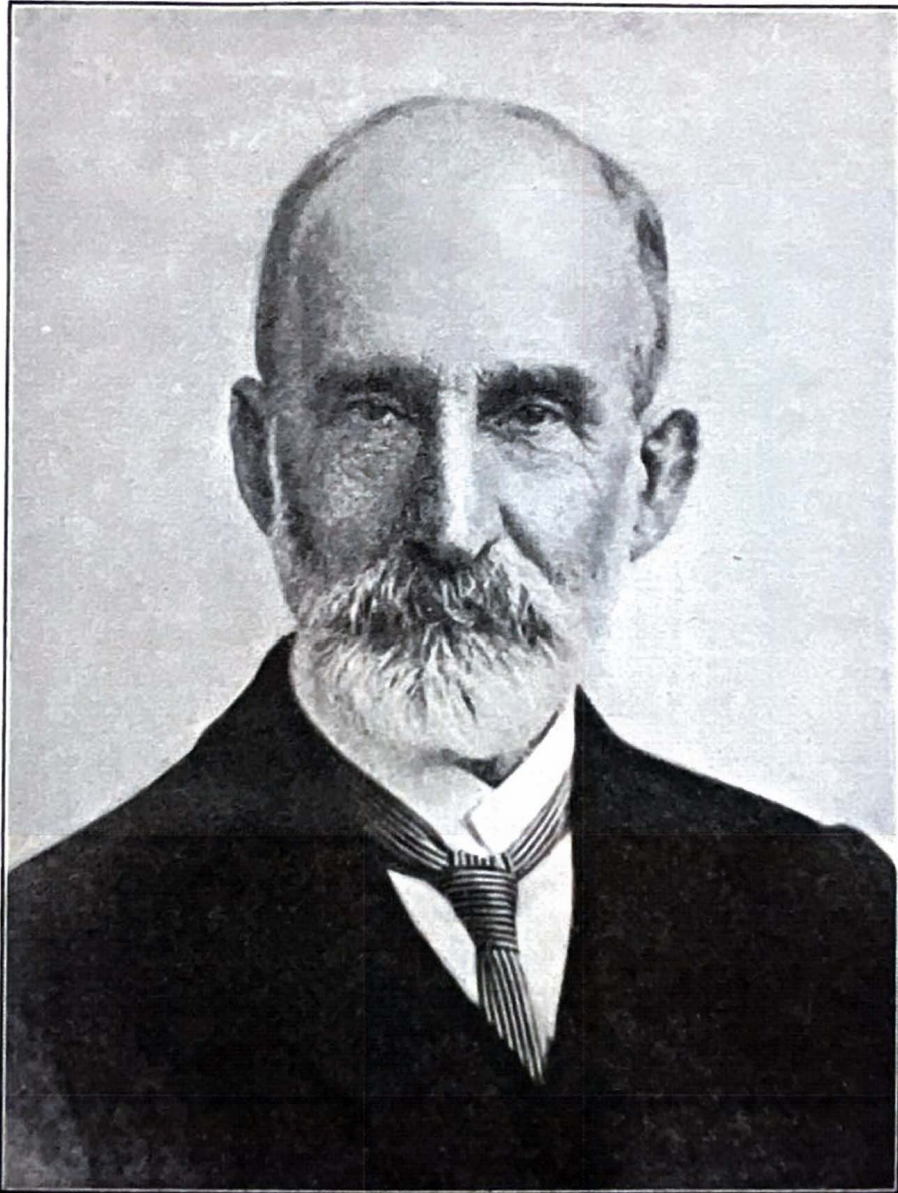
We must come in the Name of Jesus, standing on no other ground, pleading no other plea than this, "Christ died on the Cross for the ungodly, and I trust in Him."

Oh, believe me, Christ must be all the hope of every one who would be justified and saved. You must be content to go to Heaven as a beggar—saved by free grace, simply as a believer in Jesus—or you will never be saved at all.

BISHOP J. C. RYLE.

CONVERSION OF A CORNWALL MAN.

I WAS born and brought up in a Christian home in a village on the coast of Cornwall. My father was an earnest Christian, and in every way set his large family a godly example. In our home the Bible was often read and family prayer engaged in. On Sundays we were



THOS. CAUKER, CARLISLE.

expected to attend the services in the chapel, which we all did regularly. Thus in my earliest days I was taught not only to reverence God, but made to know that I was a guilty sinner in His sight. I also knew that the Lord Jesus Christ was the Son of God, and the Saviour of sinners. Revival meetings were often held in our dis-

Conversion of a Cornwall Man.

strict in those days, and many professed to be converted. When about twelve or fourteen years of age I became concerned about my soul, and had a great desire to know my sins were forgiven, but was perplexed to know how I could be sure of it, and continue in the right way. I noticed that a number of the professed converts after a short time gave up their profession and went back to the old life. For a while they seemed changed, but they did not continue so, and were spoken of as backsliders. This to me was very unsatisfactory, and I did not want to be like that, and therefore made no profession. But the desire to be right with God never left me, as I was sure that His salvation was something better than what I had seen in these "backsliders," and I sincerely hoped that some day I would be a true Christian. Although the years of my youth were attended with many mercies, and I was the subject of such gracious influences, I grew up to manhood without Christ.

When I was about twenty-two years old I left my native county and went to London, and for three years I was employed in the Royal Botanical Gardens, Kew. Here I was surrounded by many temptations and allurements. But by this time I had become strictly religious, at least, outwardly, and attended the chapel services when my duties permitted, and avoided all such places as music halls, theatres, etc., and most earnestly endeavoured to do all that I thought was necessary in order that my soul might be saved. This was my one desire, and I thirsted for God and for reality. I did my utmost to make myself fit for God to take notice of me. But all my efforts were in vain; every attempt was a failure.

I had no peace, was truly miserable, and greatly troubled, and did not know what more I could do. This condition continued for at least three months, and while in this restless and unhappy state I heard that the late Lord Radstock was advertised to preach in the village of Kew. I went to hear him, and the opening hymn was: "I heard the voice of Jesus say, Come unto Me and rest." The preacher paused, and said, "If there is an anxious soul present, here is an invitation for you: 'Come unto Me and rest, rest, not work, or struggle; or try to

Conversion of a Cornwall Man.

save yourself.' The work that saves is done, 'it is finished.' Jesus did it, did it all, long, long ago."

After prayer, Lord Radstock gave an address, but to this day I do not know what was said. I had got my message, and nothing else mattered. I saw the great mistake I had been making in trying to save myself, when the Lord Jesus had already died to save me, and that salvation was provided for my present acceptance,



NEWQUAY HARBOUR, CORNWALL.

and that believing God's Word it was mine, and there was nothing for me to do but to be satisfied with what was done. My eyes were opened, I was humbled before God, and confessed my sin and folly. From that day I began to "rest," but my spirit was still somewhat hampered. What I had heard was new to me, and I was unable to take in the great fact of the finished work. It seemed too good to be true that after all the months of struggle and effort and anxiety, I could be saved in this

Conversion of a Cornwall Man.

simple fashion by "resting" in the finished work of Christ. But it was not long before I knew more about it, and saw the ground on which a holy God could treat with and save a lost, guilty sinner. The atoning death of His beloved Son was the righteous reason why He could act thus.

I was reading 2 Corinthians 5, and when I came to the 19th verse, the words, "God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto Himself," were so flashed in upon my soul, that in a moment I saw how wonderfully everything had been arranged between God and His Son for the salvation of man. I had often been told during my days of anxiety to believe, but I did not know why I should believe, and what I should believe, and could not understand the place the Lord Jesus occupied in connection with salvation. But now all was made plain by this precious verse, and my heart opened to the Son of God, and I knew Him as my Saviour. I became His and He became mine as never before. My whole being went out to Him, and the reality of that moment I shall never forget. Every fibre of my being was thrilled, and my soul was filled with joy, and for an hour I could do nothing but praise God. I was won, and consciously saved from all my guilty past, and in possession of eternal life.

This took place more than fifty years since, and the joy of "God's salvation" is with me still. Bless His Name!

Reader, how is it with you? Are you saved and ready for Heaven? If not, you may be. But do not try to save yourself as I did. Remember, we cannot be saved by anything we have done or can do; we are saved by what Another did for us long ago on the Cross of Calvary. He uttered triumphantly those glorious words: "It is finished;" and now He offers to all mankind a full and free salvation to those who trust Him. Come to the Saviour who shed His Blood on Calvary's Cross to save you, and "The Blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth from all sin." "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved" (Acts 16. 31). This is God's day of grace and your time of opportunity; do not miss it, or you will regret your mistake throughout eternity. "Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation" (2 Cor. 6. 2).

T.C.

"I HAVE SOLD MY SOUL FOR MONEY."

AN American millionaire was nearing the end of life's journey in his palatial residence in New York City. As he contemplated the future he was very much troubled and concerned. He was no infidel or agnostic, and knew that Heaven was a "prepared place for a prepared people," and he was conscious of the fact that he was unprepared. As he reviewed the past, and thought of his indifference and unconcern regarding his soul's salvation, of his absorption with the things of sense and time, he became greatly alarmed. Where was he going to spend eternity? In Heaven or Hell? He intended to consider spiritual matters, but, like many others, he



"WEALTH DOES NOT SATISFY."

had put it off to a more "convenient season," and that season had never arrived. And now his eyes were opened to see what a terrible mistake he had made. His friends tried to comfort him by speaking of his wealth, his pictures, and social position. For a time he seemed to take no notice of what they said, but suddenly arousing himself, he exclaimed, "My curse on the money! I have sold my soul for it. My curse on my social position. It never did me any good, and it cannot now. I am passing away, but where am I going? Oh, what use are these for which I gave up my salvation?" And the poor man passed away. The millionaire confessed that he had sold his soul for money. Many do so. To "get on" in

"I Have Sold my Soul for Money."

this world seems to be the supreme ambition of many. Some succeed in making their "pile," and die rich; but many fail. Wealth, however, does not satisfy the longings of the human heart. A number of business men in New York were waiting the arrival of others when one of their number remarked that Mr. So-and-So had died. "Died!" exclaimed one. "How long was he ill?" questioned another. "Only a short time." "And how much did he leave?" "He left it all," was the somewhat sarcastic reply. The words of Holy Writ are true. "We brought nothing into this world, and it is certain that we can carry nothing out" (1 Tim. 6. 7). The Scriptures tell us that "The love of money is a root of all kinds of evil" (1 Tim. 6. 10, R.V.), and that "they that desire to be rich, that is, they that determine to be rich at all costs—fall into a temptation and a snare, and many foolish and hurtful lusts, such as drown men in destruction and perdition" (1 Tim. 6. 9, R.V.).

How true are the words of the poet:

"Gold! Gold! Gold! Gold!
Bright and yellow, hard and cold,
Molten, graven, hammered, and rolled,
Hoarded, bartered, bought and sold,
Stolen, borrowed, squandered, and doled,
Spurned by the young, loved by the old,
To the very edge of the churchyard mold,
Price of many a crime untold,
Gold! Gold! Gold! Gold!
Good or bad a thousandfold."

The question: "What is a man profited if he shall gain the whole world and lose his soul?" was asked by the Lord Jesus (Matt. 16. 26). What answer does the reader give? Suppose you possessed the combined wealth of all the multiple-millionaires of Europe and America, and lost your soul, what would it profit you? Absolutely none! It would, in fact, be a "dead loss." Has the reader considered this problem of profit and loss? In God's sight there are but two classes of persons: the saved and the unsaved. All of us are journeying to Heaven or Hell. To which class do you belong? To which destiny are you hurrying? Eternity must be spent in everlasting bliss or in unending misery. Heaven and Scripture declare that "all have sinned and come short

"I Have Sold my Soul for Money."

of the glory of God" (Rom. 3. 23). Some are greater sinners than others; some have come further short of the Divine standard than others, but all have "come short." There are differences in degrees of guilt, but there is none as to the fact. God's Word declares that "whosoever shall keep the whole law, and yet offend in one point, he is guilty of all" (James 2. 10). What, then, is to become of us? Future obedience cannot atone for past transgressions. "God requireth that which is past" (Eccles. 3. 15). How are we to escape the judgment due to sin? A voice from on high answers the question. "Deliver him from going down to the pit: I have found a ransom" (Job 33. 24). What was the "ransom" of God's provision? "There is one God and one Mediator between God and man, the Man Christ Jesus, who gave Himself a ransom for all" (1 Tim. 2. 6). The ransom price for our deliverance is the precious Blood of Christ. God has accepted Christ's sacrificial death as an atonement for our sins. He is satisfied with what Christ did for us, and He desires that we should be satisfied with that which satisfies Him. The Gospel of God's matchless grace is His power unto salvation to every one that believeth. That Gospel is unfolded in 1 Cor. 15. 1-4: "Christ died for our sins, according to the Scriptures; He was buried, and rose again." If I were called into God's Holy presence at this moment, the only reason I could give why I should not be punished eternally is this: CHRIST DIED FOR ME! What Christ did is enough. Why not then cease all efforts of your own to merit God's pardoning mercy and believe on Him who died that you might not perish but have eternal life (John 3. 14, 15)? "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved" (Acts 16. 31).

"Then cease from all your fruitless toil,
You need not work nor give.
God tells you Christ has done it all,
Believe on Him and live."

God's way of salvation is made clear and plain in Ephesians 2. 8, 9, which reads: "By grace are ye saved, through faith; and that not of yourselves: it is the gift of God: not of works, lest any man should boast." Accept God's gift now by trusting the Saviour (Rom. 6. 23). A.M.

"I'VE FORGOTTEN, I'VE FORGOTTEN."

A GENTLEMAN was calling on a merchant in Glasgow, and during the conversation he suddenly dropped down into a chair that was near. The merchant saw from his face that something serious had happened, so he told the office boy to run for the doctor. When the doctor arrived he recovered a little, and was heard to say over and over again, "I've forgotten, I've forgotten!" They asked him what he had forgotten: Was it some matter of business, or did he want to see his lawyer? but all he could utter was, "I've forgotten!" The lawyer was sent for, and he entreated the poor man to tell him what it was, and at last he whispered the words, "I'VE FORGOTTEN ABOUT MY SOUL." How terrible! on the very brink of death to remember everything but the needs of the soul. Hence we beseech you:

Do not forget that you will exist for ever. You will live as long as God lives. Your body may die, but your soul will go on for ever, though your body lies under the turf. Man would fain hope that when an unsaved man dies he goes out of existence; but there is no word of Scripture for this, for "The wrath of God abideth on him" (John 3. 36).

Do not forget that you are a sinner. You may try to overlook and minimise your sins, and not to think of them, but God knows them all, they are marked in his book, and will be registered against you at that Great White Throne. Oh, sinner, get into the presence of God, and make a clean breast of it!

Do not forget that you are in danger. Your life hangs by a thread. If that thread snaps you are lost for ever. How many we know who have been well to-day and gone to-morrow. All outside of Noah's ark were lost (1 Peter 3. 18-20). There was death in every house in Egypt unsheltered by the blood. Man needs a shelter. Do not say, "Peace, peace," when there is no peace, for "There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked" (Isa. 48. 22).

Do not forget that you may be saved. There is a Saviour, there is salvation, there is a door open for sinners. The Blood has been shed, the Lord is risen. "Come, for all things are ready!" (Matt. 22. 4). Why linger?

Take the place of a sinner, claim the sinner's Saviour, and God has pledged His Word to save you! R.T.

THE TOURIST'S FATAL LOSS

— OR, —

THE YOUNG MAN WHO FOR A FEW FLOWERS LOST HIS LIFE.



A Swiss Guide.

“The tourist was exposed to physical or temporal death, which is the separation of the body from the soul. All unsaved men and women are in danger of the second death.”

THE TOURIST'S FATAL LOSS.

A STORY is told of a young man who, while climbing a mountain in Switzerland, observed some beautiful flowers growing on the edge of a gorge. He was seized with a strong desire to have some of them as a memento of his visit to Switzerland. As he pressed onwards and upwards to the spot where they grew, a Swiss guide, observing his peril, cried, "Stop, young man, you are going into danger!" The tourist lightly replied, "I want to have these flowers." As he neared the place where they were growing, the guide exclaimed, "Stop, for the love of your life; there is a precipice, and you will fall!" But the young man had made up his mind to obtain the flowers. As he stooped to grasp the prize the guide heard him say, "I have got them!" As he uttered these words he overbalanced himself and fell down a sheer 1000 feet on to the rocks beneath. He had secured the flowers at the cost of his life! The unsaved reader is exposed to a far more terrible danger than the tourist. The tourist was exposed to physical or temporal death, which is the separation of the body from the soul. All unsaved men and women are in danger of the second death, which is separation of soul and body from God in conscious punishment throughout eternity.

"To lose one's wealth is much,
To lose one's health is more;
To lose the soul is such a loss
That nothing can restore."

Scripture says that "The wages of sin is death" (Rom. 6. 23), which is not the cessation of being, but the cessation of well-being. All of us have earned sin's wages. God's Word tells us that "all have sinned" (Rom. 3. 23); "all have gone astray" (Isa. 53. 6), from the path of obedience; "there is not a just man upon the earth that doeth good, and sinneth not" (Eccles. 7. 20).

What, then, is to become of us? "I'll turn over a new leaf," says one. Turning over new leaves on the pages of life's history won't blot out the old ones. "God requireth that which is past" (Eccles. 3. 15). If, from this day until the end of your life you did not commit a single sin in thought, word, or deed, Heaven could not thus be gained. God, however, has provided a way of escape. At an infinite cost He has provided a free and

The Tourist's Fatal Loss.

full salvation. Whilst hating sin with relentless hatred, God loves the sinner with a marvellous intensity of affection. "For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life" (John 3. 16). What amazing love! God so loved you, unsaved fellow-traveller to eternity, with such matchless love that He gave His only begotten Son, the Lord Jesus Christ, to bleed, and die, and suffer on Calvary's Cross, that you might be saved from sin's penalty and power, and be with him in the glory throughout eternity! When I was saved I read that astounding Gospel statement thus: "God so loved me that He gave His only begotten Son to die in my room and stead, and by believing on Him He says I shall not perish, but have everlasting life." And I added this: "I'll stick to it that I am saved because God says so, and never mind my feelings." And I was as safe then as I am now.

The very moment you believe that the Lord Jesus died for all your crimson sins on Calvary's Cross you will be entitled to say:

"I do believe it! I do believe it!
I am saved through the Blood of the Lamb.
My happy soul is free, for the Lord has pardoned me,
Hallelujah to Jesus' Name!"

A warning word. The tourist was in danger of losing his life, but he was warned by the Swiss guide. Every one who has not experienced the great change of conversion to God is even now under divine condemnation. The Lord Jesus says: "He that believeth on Him is not condemned, but he that believeth not is condemned already, because he hath not believed in the Name of the only begotten Son of God" (John 3. 18).

If you are a believer on the Lord Jesus the judgment due to your sin was borne by Him on the Cross of Calvary.

All who have not taken the lost sinner's place, and believed on Him who loved them, and gave Himself for them, have the wrath of God abiding upon them. "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life, and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth on him" (John 3. 36). A.M.

BURNING FORTY-FOUR YEARS.

THE biggest fire on earth has burned for forty-four years in Perry County, Ohio. Belching holes pit the countryside mile after mile. Now and again a pillar of flame leaps up in silent explosion. The hills are barren, desolate. Fifty thousand acres of fair hill and valleys are doomed. Since 1884, when the fire began, more than 700,000,000 tons of coal have been destroyed. The State Department of Mines, by shutting off the air, by damming streams, by digging deep ditches across the veins of coal, has tried to stop it, but all to no avail. Two generations have watched the fire approach their homesteads, fleeing at the last moment—and at the time of writing it still continues.

But a fire of forty-four years' duration is as nothing compared with "the fire that NEVER shall be quenched," spoken of by the Lord Jesus Christ (Mark 9. 43). And the destruction of mere material wealth cannot be compared with the loss of the SOUL. Permit me, reader, to speak to you lovingly, but plainly, about these things.

YOU HAVE A SOUL. "What shall it profit a man," says Christ, "if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" (Mark 8. 36). Riches, comforts, pleasures, friends, prestige—though you had them all in abundance—could never make up for such a loss as this.

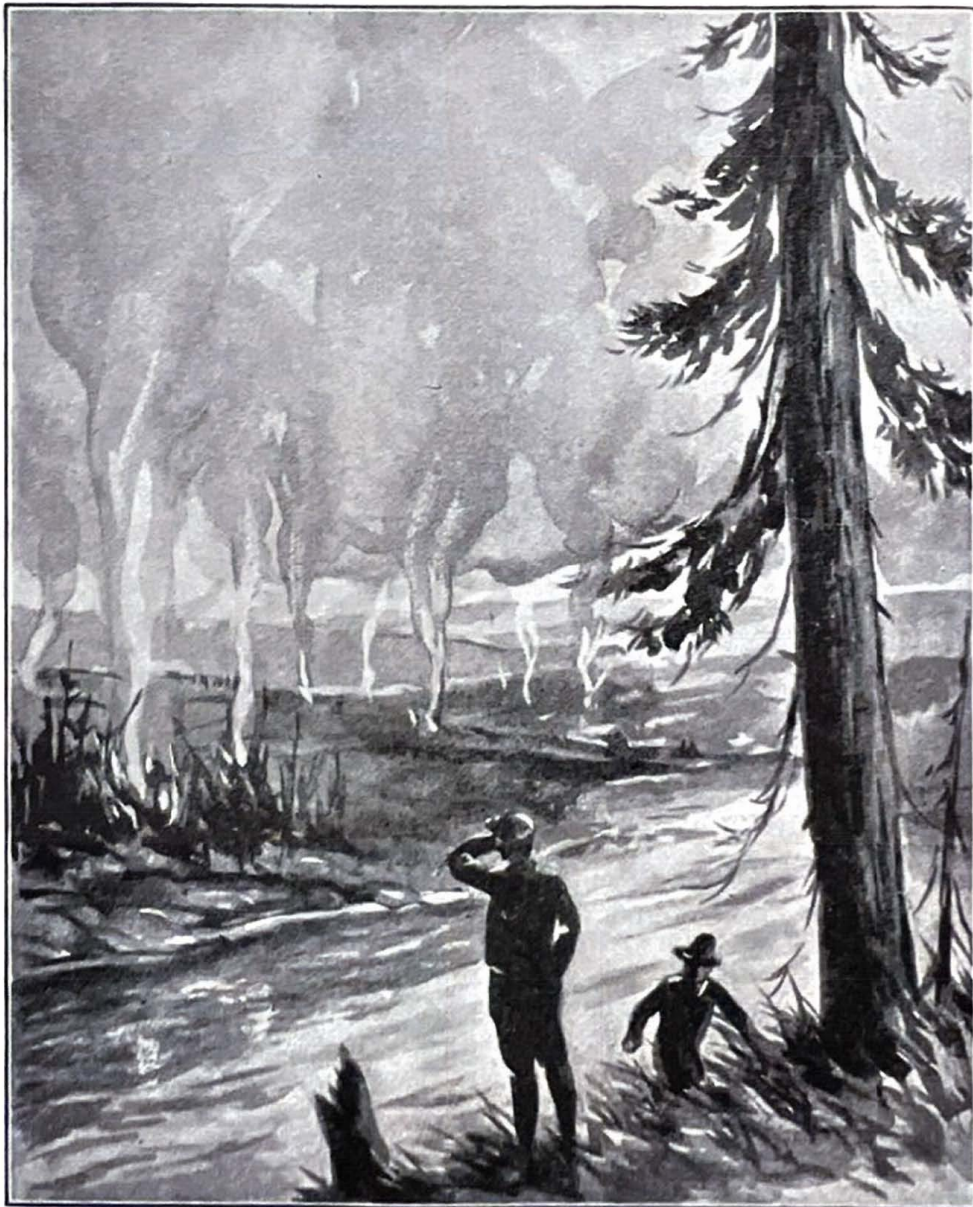
YOU ARE GUILTY. You have transgressed God's laws, and have long rebelled against His claims. How, then, can you escape the judgment of God? For, remember, He is infinitely holy. The very angels veil their faces before Him. To meet Him in your sins, as you are, can only mean your eternal undoing.

YOU ARE JOURNEYING TO—ETERNITY. One of two destinies awaits you—either Heaven, with all the redeemed; or Hell, with those who are for ever beyond hope—shut up in eternal despair.

Let no one deceive you; Heaven is no chimera, and Hell is not an idle dream. Many, of course, would like to believe that the latter, at least, has no real existence. Cults have arisen which flatly deny it. But no amount of denial can alter a FACT. The cleverest arguments cannot change God's verities—and Hell is one of them. No one who reads his Bible with any degree of honesty and care can fail to see it there. It is there in the Hebrew

Burning Forty-Four Years.

and Greek originals as well as in the English—and any scholar who has not an “axe to grind” will admit it. It is there in over 160 texts in the New Testament alone, which tell of certain doom for the impenitent—and some seventy of these texts are the utterances of the Lord



THE BIGGEST FIRE ON EARTH.

Jesus Christ Himself. It is there in spite of all the efforts of infidels and Modernists to expunge it, and will still be there when they have exhausted their very last device in the effort to get rid of it. And it will receive your lost soul, reader, if you arrive at the end of your journey here unsaved.

Burning Forty-Four Years.

BUT CHRIST DIED FOR YOU! The fire in the coal regions will likely not cease burning until there is no coal left for it to consume. Likewise it was necessary that the wrath of God, which was our due, should be exhausted. That wrath must consume us, but for the fact that at Calvary God found a Substitute for us, and upon that substitute, the Lord Jesus Christ, "laid the iniquity of us all." He endured there, to the full, the punishment which was our due. The claims of God have thus been satisfied.

YOU MAY BE FORGIVEN, and your soul saved! On the ground of the work of Christ, but on no other, God is ready at this moment to cleanse you of all guilt. To receive His forgiveness, and with it eternal life, it is necessary only that you "believe on the Lord Jesus Christ" (John 5. 24). Will you, by a simple faith, make Him yours to-day? Now is the time at your disposal. To-morrow it may be too late.

F. W. S.

ALL SIN.

WE read that Luther once had a remarkable dream. He dreamt that Satan approached him with a scroll both broad and long, which he proceeded to unroll before the Reformer's eyes, and bade him read therein; and Luther did so, and perceived that it contained the record of his sins. In vain he sought to find one sin recorded there of which he had not been guilty: so far from doing so, it rather brought back the recollection of many a long-forgotten sin. When he had thoroughly scanned the scroll, he asked of Satan, "Is that all my sins?" "Nay," replied Satan. "Then let me," said Luther, "see them all." And Satan departed, and shortly returned with another scroll equally broad and long; and again Luther scanned the damning evidence of his guilt. Satisfied at length with the correctness of the record, he again asked of Satan, "And is that all?" "Yea," replied Satan, "it is all." "Then take thy pen," said Luther, "and write across the scrolls, 'The Blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth me from all sin.'" My reader, if unsaved, I pray you rest not till you as an individual sinner have found in Christ a personal Saviour.

J. F.

"BECAUSE HE CHOSE IT."

AFTER the conclusion of one of Brownlow North's addresses in Edinburgh, a young man came into the room where he was receiving persons anxious for private conversation, and said to him, "I have heard you preach three times, sir, and I neither care for you nor your preaching, unless you can tell me, why did God permit sin?" "I will do that with pleasure," was the immediate reply. "BECAUSE HE CHOSE IT."

The young man, apparently taken by surprise, stood



THE MOUND, EDINBURGH.

speechless, and Mr. North again replied, "BECAUSE HE CHOSE IT, and," added he, "if you continue to question and cavil at God's dealings, and, vainly puffed up by your carnal mind, strive to be wise above what is written, I will tell you something more that God will do. He will some day cast you into Hell. It is vain for you to strive with your Maker—you cannot resist Him, and neither your opinion of His dealings, nor your blasphemous expressions of them, will in the least lessen the pain of

“Because he Chose It.”

your ‘everlasting punishment,’ which I again tell you will most certainly be your portion if you go on in your present spirit. There were such questioners in St. Paul’s time, and how did he answer? ‘Nay, but O man, who art thou that repliest against God?’”

The young man here interrupted Mr. North, and said, “Is there such a text as that in the Bible?” “Yes, there is,” was the reply; “in the ninth chapter of Romans and the twentieth verse, and I recommend you to go home and read that chapter carefully right through, and you will then realise that God claims for Himself that right to do whatever He chooses, without permitting the thing formed to say to Him that formed it, ‘Why hast Thou made me thus?’ Remember, that besides permitting sin, there is another thing God has chosen to do—**GOD CHOSE TO SEND JESUS**. Of His own free and sovereign grace God gave His only begotten Son to die for sinners in their stead, in their place, so that, though they are sinners, and have done things worthy of death, not one of them shall ever be cast into Hell for his sins who will accept Jesus as His only Saviour, and believe in Him, and rest in His Word. I have no time to say more.”

This conversation took place on Sunday evening. On the following Friday Mr. North was sitting in Moody Stuart’s drawing-room, when the servant announced that a young man wanted to speak to him. On being shown upstairs, he said, “Do you remember the young man who on Sunday night asked you to tell him ‘Why did God permit sin?’” “Yes, perfectly.” “Well, sir, I am that young man; and you said that God permitted sin **BECAUSE HE CHOSE IT**, and you told me to go home and read the ninth chapter of Romans, and also that God chose to send Jesus to die for such a sinner as I. I did, sir, what you told me, and under the guidance of the Spirit of God, through the Word of God, I took the guilty sinner’s place and accepted Him whom God chose to send as my Saviour, and now I am happy—oh! so happy, sir; and though the Devil still tempts me by asking what reason I have to think God has forgiven me, I reply that I do not judge things by my own reason, but by God’s Word, and the only reason why I know I am forgiven is that for Christ’s sake God chooses to pardon me.”

A STARTLING QUESTION.

AND ITS HAPPY RESULTS.

I WAS what the world calls a "moral young man"—by which they mean that I was not addicted to drinking, swearing, gambling, and many other such things that oft entrap and ruin young men. But on the



T. D. W. MUIR, DETROIT, U.S.A.

contrary I was an adherent of one of the great churches of the city of Hamilton, Ontario. I was strong in favour of temperance and other social reforms. I read my Bible and said my prayers. In fact, as people say, I was "trying to do the best I could," and hoping, since God was merciful, that He would look as favourably upon

A Startling Question.

me as I looked upon myself, overlooking such faults and failures as He might see, and so take me into Heaven at last. Thus was I to all intents and purposes a Pharisee, priding myself that I was "not as other men," whom I reckoned as ungodly sinners. I had heard of some people who said they were "saved by grace," and "not by works," and who claimed to have the assurance from Scripture that they were "sure of Heaven" now, but that, in my estimation, was sheer presumption. My idea was that it was more humble to "hope in the mercy of God," and wait for full assurance at "the judgment day."

GOD'S MESSAGE TO ME. One evening I was induced by a friend, who accompanied me, to attend what he called a "Gospel meeting." Just what that was, I was not sure; but I went, not knowing the gracious purpose of God in bringing me to that place. On entering the "Gospel Hall," as the room was named, we were courteously shown to a good seat near the platform. Looking about me I was struck with the absence of architectural style such as I was accustomed to in the place to which I usually went. But while everything was severely plain, it was scrupulously neat and clean. A few large-type Scripture texts, with Gospel messages, adorned the walls; while immediately behind the platform hung a large printed bill, which read:

FRIEND,
THOU ART TRAVELLING TO
ETERNITY:
TO AN
EVERLASTING HEAVEN;
OR, TO AN
ENDLESS HELL!
WHICH?

I tried to keep my eyes from the solemn and startling question, but it was all to no purpose. And I am sure that you, my friend, if you read and ponder it carefully, will agree with me it is a question of vital importance

A Startling Question.

to us all, inasmuch as all are travelling as fast as time can carry us, onward to the end of life, and toward that Eternity which must be spent—SOMEWHERE! As for me, I read and re-read that Question that evening, so that, while I forgot all that was preached from the platform, I could not forget the message that hung behind the platform on the wall.

“On my peace came great bitterness” (Isa. 38. 17,



A RIVER SCENE IN ONTARIO.

margin). These words of King Hezekiah of Judah became mine from that night, but as I look back upon it, I cannot but praise God for His grace. My self-satisfaction was at an end. No longer could I find merit in what I had fondly hoped were “good works.” Treading the clean side of the broad road—yet still I was as truly in the broad road as those whom I pitied, because they walked through the mire and mud of the middle of the way—and that road led to destruction—to Hell!

For two days I was in deep soul trouble, for I did not

A Startling Question.

know God's way of peace. The end of the second day found me again facing the question that had so affected me. This night I bowed to the judgment of God against me, and pleaded "guilty" (Rom. 3. 19). I was lost, and I owned it before God. If God sent me to Hell, I deserved it. Deliverance came while John 3. 36 was being read and expounded. Light dawned on my soul. I was lost, but Christ came to save such. I was dead in sins, but Christ was the giver of life, for "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life." It was at this point I believed on the Lord Jesus Christ as my Saviour. His death availed for me. For me He had died, thus satisfying the claims of a holy God against me. The proof of this was that God had raised Him from the dead, so that He was now a living Saviour for dead sinners.

My heart was full of joy and gratitude. I had the authority of God's Word for saying that now, having believed in God's Son, I had everlasting life. It was to me a present and personal possession. He who cannot lie had said concerning those who believed on Him, "I give unto them eternal life, and they shall never perish, neither shall any pluck them out of My hand" (John 10. 28). My assurance of this came, however, not because I was happy, but I was happy because I had an assurance, the foundation of which was the sure Word of God. How safe and sure a resting-place. Eternity cannot alter it.

Such is briefly my story, save that I may add that over a half-century has passed since I had this memorable experience, and was made to rejoice in God's great salvation. As you read my testimony, however, do you realise that here is something that lasts, something worth having? Or, as related here, do you feel like sneering at the prudities of a "moral young man," and still think it manly to scoff at all religious things? Do you smile at the thought of "judgment to come?" Do you ridicule the idea of a Hell to which sinners out of Christ must go when they die? Our answer to this would be, that you will soon have the opportunity of proving it, for it is written: "It is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment" (Heb. 9. 27). Five minutes in Eternity will change all such opinions—and all the Word of God

One Sin.

will be found true. "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God" (John 3. 3).

It is a solemn fact that, be a man or woman ever so good in their own or their neighbours' eyes, yet if they have not been born from above, they are lost. Do not say you do not believe it. That does not alter the fact, although it may hinder you from realising your need, and taking advantage of the salvation God has freely provided.

A hundred years from to-day it will matter little to you what your position was in the world, what your wealth or poverty, what your honours or titles; but it WILL matter greatly whether your soul was saved or not—whether you lived and died in Christ or in your sins. You are now also "travelling to Eternity" as I was. But whither bound? It must be Heaven or Hell. Be wise, then, and do not evade the force of this startling question. "To-day, if ye will hear His voice, harden not your heart." "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved" (Acts 16. 31). T.D.W.M.

ONE SIN.

"HAVE you been to hear the gentleman who is preaching at the Shaftesbury Hall?" asked the shopkeeper. "No," answered the customer, "I haven't even heard about it." "He preaches after church hours, at eight o'clock on Sunday," said the shopkeeper, "and if I were you, I would go." "Well, I think I'll go next Sunday on my way home from church," replied the other, and left the shop. Accordingly, next Sunday found her in the hall, indifferent, perhaps, at first, curious later on, and, ere the speaker closed his address, listening as if her life depended on his words. The subject was the inevitable effect of one sin: one sin shut Adam out of Paradise, one sin shut Moses out of Canaan, and one sin must shut the sinner out for ever from the Paradise of God and the heavenly Jerusalem; for "there shall in no wise enter into it anything that defileth" (Rev. 21. 27). Thus, one sin of necessity involved eternal separation from that holy, sin-hating God.

One sin. And she had committed thousands! One sin. And she was conscious that that very day, nay, that very hour, she had sinned! One sin. Then the

One Sin.

gates of Heaven were shut upon her—and an agony of dread shook her frame. And now the preacher was about to close. He had told the consequences of one sin; he had told, too, of a Saviour's love—a love which led Him to seek and save those who were lost; a love which led Him right on to Calvary to take the sinner's place and to suffer in his stead. And now as he closed he called the very walls to witness that he was guiltless of his hearers' blood, that he had set before them the way of death and the way of life, had told them of their lost condition as sinners, and had warned them to flee from the wrath to come, and pointed them to the Saviour.

And our friend, what of her? She sat as one transfixed, as indeed she was; for is not the Word of God "living and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit?"

But what shall she do? How her heart throbbèd! Surely, she thought, the people on the next chairs must hear it beat! She felt as if she must choke. But listen, the preacher is giving out a hymn; but what use could that be to her? Sing? Yes, those who were shut in by that "wall great and high" might sing; but she was shut out—there could be no mercy for a sinner like her! But listen, the first verse of the hymn is being read—

"Come, thou weary, Jesus calls thee
To His wounded side;
Come to Me, saith He, and ever
Safe abide.

Yes, she was weary and heavy laden—and hopeless, too. But why hopeless? Was this not an invitation to every one? Was it, could it be, to her? And now they have reached the concluding verse—

"Dost thou feel thy life is weary?
Is thy soul distressed?
Take His offer; wait no longer,
Be at rest."

She feels that the crisis in her life has come; she feels that it must be now, or it may be never; and how pleadingly the lines of the hymn break on her ear—

"Take His offer; wait no longer,
Be at rest."

Yes, she will take it, and take it now; she will come to

One Sin.

Jesus with all her load of guilt. Did He not bid her come? Does He not receive sinners? And in an instant, as she came, the load dropped off, the weariness was gone, and joy unutterable and full of glory took its place.

The preacher had left the town, and was carrying the Gospel message elsewhere, when one day, just before preaching, he received a letter from our friend. "I have heard you were preaching at B——," she wrote, "and I want to ask you a favour, and it is this: Tell the



SHOPKEEPER AND CUSTOMER.

people of my conversion, and tell them that one sin will for ever shut them out from God; and then give out my hymn—I always call it my hymn now—

"Dost thou feel thy life is weary?
Is thy soul distrest?
Take His offer; wait no longer,
Be at rest."

So the preacher took it as a message from God, and told the story as it has been told to you to-day. May you, if unsaved, find in it His message, that one sin unatoned for must for ever close the gates of Heaven to you!

J. F.

THE DIVERGING PATHS.

A NUMBER of years ago two young Poles, weary of the empty formalism and scarcely veiled idolatry of their corrupt religion, abandoned it. One of the young men met with a Christian, who put into his hand some helpful Gospel papers, which became the means of great blessing to his soul. Desiring further light, he bought a Bible. In studying it he found the knowledge of Christ, and was led to trust Him as his Saviour. Peace and joy filled his heart, and at once his desires went out to his dark and ignorant fellow-countrymen, and how he could help them. Soon that young man, Moses Treckojenski, became an active worker for Christ amongst the Poles in America.

And what of the other young man? He also met with an individual, who handed him some literature which became a curse to him. From it he imbibed the poison of anarchism, and became filled with a deadly hatred to everything that bore God's Name. That young man was Leon Czolgosz, the murderer of President M'Kinley.

What was it that made the paths of the two young men diverge so widely? It was the blessed Gospel of God that made the difference. Both started as seekers for light. The bright beams of grace fell upon the pathway of the one. He heard of the Saviour of sinners. He trusted in Him for salvation. He found cleansing in His precious Blood. Across the pathway of the other the clouds of sin and atheism gathered. The glad tidings of grace had no charm for his ears. There was no room for the Saviour in his heart. Loathing others, he had not learned to confess himself a sinner, needing pardon at the feet of Christ.

With regard to this same Gospel, how do you stand? Acceptance of the Gospel transforms the life, saves the soul, unburdens the conscience, satisfies the heart, illumines the future. Disregard of the Gospel embitters the life, imperils the soul, hardens the heart, warps the conscience, and throws a thick pall of darkness over the horizon of the future. Is not this question, then, an important one?

Remember the vast, eternal issues that depend upon the way you treat it. Examine it, and see if it does not exactly suit you, and then thank God for the simplicity of it. "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" (John 3. 36).

H.P.B.

OLD PETER, THE BARBADOS BLACKSMITH

— OR, —

THE SCOFFER OF WHOM THE NEIGHBOURS SAID, "IF THE LORD
COULD SAVE OLD PETER SIMMONS, HE COULD SAVE ANYBODY."



An Old Blacksmith at Work.

"The aged sinner laid down his arms of rebellion and accepted
the Lord Jesus Christ as his own personal Saviour."

OLD PETER, THE BARBADOS BLACKSMITH.

EVERYBODY in the district knew old Peter the blacksmith. He had the unenviable reputation of being a terrible drinker and a foul swearer; and he certainly was a bitter opponent of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. He also hated God's people, because their consistent Christian lives continually rebuked and condemned his own ungodly conduct. His enmity against the things of God was such that on one occasion he completely broke up a Gospel meeting by entering the room while the service was in progress, carrying a cup of rum and crying out, "I also am offering the cup of salvation." Peter so ably did the Devil's work on that occasion in playing the fool that the people, catching the spirit of his ungodly humour, ran out of the cottage full of laughter, and the service was thus abruptly brought to an end. God in boundless mercy, however, spared the life of this godless old mocker, and eventually made him a trophy of His saving grace.

We often spoke to him about his soul and his need of salvation, but he would turn a deaf ear to all our entreaties. When invited to the Gospel services he would invariably reply: "One of these days I will come." Peter was blessed with three Christian daughters, who not only prayed constantly for their father's salvation, but lived the Christian life before him. As he was then considerably over the allotted span, they were naturally anxious that their old father should be reached and saved before it was for ever too late. God answered their prayers in His own effective way. We must ever remember that God is sovereign, and if men refuse to listen to the pleadings of Divine love and the warnings of coming judgment, He will take His own way of causing them to hear. One day the news reached me that old Peter had been laid low with a paralytic stroke. I received the information with sadness, but not with surprise, because I firmly believed that it was the hand of the Lord on our old friend. Taking advantage of the first opportunity, I paid the old man a visit. Reading to him from the twenty-third chapter of Job, I explained to him that God has a purpose in all these happenings in life, and that doubtless His chastening hand was upon him in his sickness. I also remarked that God was

Old Peter, the Blacksmith.

waiting and longing to hear the cry of verse 7, "I have sinned." I explained to him God's way of salvation as we find it in verse 24 in these words: "Deliver him from going down to the pit: I have found a ransom," telling him that the Lord Jesus had paid the ransom price, with His own precious Blood, in agony and shame at the Cross of Calvary. That just as the slaves of the West Indies rejoiced when the British Government paid the ransom price of twenty million pounds to set them free, so all he had to do was as a poor guilty sinner to come to the Lord Jesus Christ, and resting his soul on



A WEST INDIAN SCENE.

His finished work, enter into the liberty wherewith Christ makes His people free. Much more was said on this and other occasions, about God's boundless love to sinful men and women in sending His only begotten Son to the Cross of Calvary to suffer, bleed, and die in their room and stead. We also assured him that God was so completely satisfied with the work of His Son that on the third day He had raised Him from the dead and seated Him at His own right hand. At long last the stubborn will was broken down, the hard heart was softened, and the aged sinner laid down his arms of rebellion and accepted the Lord Jesus Christ as his own personal Saviour.

Old Peter, the Blacksmith.

The conversion of godless old Peter the blacksmith proved the truth of the Saviour's words: "Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out" (John 6. 37).

In the mercy of God and to the joy of all he did not pass away as was expected, but was graciously granted a measure of restoration of health which afforded him an opportunity of proving by lip and life that he was a new creature in Christ Jesus. Thus did God in grace turn the lion into a lamb, and even the desire for strong drink was so taken away that he used to say that he hated the smell of it.

The happy morning arrived when old Peter publicly confessed his Lord in baptism, and many hearts were touched as he sat down for the first time at the Lord's Table, to remember the Saviour who had so loved him as to die for him on the Cross of Calvary. The news of old Peter's conversion soon spread abroad, and the unconverted were astounded at the change which the grace of God had effected in his sinful life. One unsaved neighbour remarked: "If the Lord could save old Peter Simonds, He could save anybody," and very shortly thereafter she herself accepted the Lord as her Saviour.

He lived for some years to God's glory, and through mercy never turned aside from the Heavenly pathway. On his dying bed he gave a bright testimony to the saving and keeping power of God's Gospel, and specially warned any unconverted young men who visited him not to put off their soul's salvation, as he had done, "for," he said, "I was saved just in time."

Reader, you will be wise if you also take old Peter's dying advice and accept the Saviour now. The grace that saved him can save you. There are three great reasons why you should not delay your decision. First, because death may visit you at any moment; next, because the Bridegroom may come at any time and find you unprepared; and lastly, because God's Spirit may cease to strive at any time. To go out into the darkness of a lost eternity, where no salvation can ever come, would be an appalling disaster. "To-day if ye will hear His voice, harden not your heart" (Heb. 3. 15). Accept the Saviour now. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved" (Acts 16. 31). G. H. N.

ONLY ONE BEAT.

MOST loyally that remarkable little organ, your heart, weighing only about ten ounces, and but the size of your closed fist, serves at its daily task. It is a wonderful mechanism, and so seldom fails that one takes it entirely for granted, and seldom gives it a thought. But at



ONE BEAT BETWEEN LIFE AND DEATH.

this moment, reader, there is **BUT ONE BEAT** of that heart between you and "the great beyond."

Like multitudes, you perhaps fail to realise how very little it would take to close your history here and usher you into Eternity. An unexpected accident, a very simple infection, a sudden and quite unlooked-for disease

Only One Beat.

—and you are gone! A disturbance of one of the many processes upon which life depends—and at once death ensues. And how very readily some of these processes are disturbed! How sudden, frequently, is the transition from radiant life to the gloom of death. And are you one of those who foolishly trifle with these stern realities? Have you forgotten that, when your heart has beat its last, eternal bliss or eternal woe must be your portion? Listen, for Eternity is at stake.

Which of these two destinies, should the present beat of your heart be its last, would be yours? If you have not given this question the thought that it deserves, can there be any better time than now to face the issue? If but a short journey lay before you, how carefully you would prepare for it! Yet where Eternity is at stake, you refuse, as you say, to be “troubled” about it. What can such folly lead to?

YOU HAVE SINNED. Not once, but times innumerable, you have offended a holy God. And His righteousness demands satisfaction: “the soul that sinneth, it shall die.” The second death, the Lake of Fire, awaits the impenitent. And these are facts, witnessed to by the Word of the Living God, who cannot lie. “It is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment” (Heb. 9. 27).

BUT YOU MAY BE SAVED. Not by your own efforts, however sincere, for salvation is “not of works, lest any man should boast” (Eph. 2. 9), and “by the works of the law shall no flesh be justified” (Rom. 3. 20). But, at great cost, a loving God has provided salvation for you. His beloved Son came from Heaven to procure it. To do so He willingly went to the Cross. There the terrible wrath of God due to your sin was poured out upon Him. There “He suffered for sins, the Just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God” (1 Peter 3. 18). He “died for our sins, according to the Scriptures” (1 Cor. 15. 3), and in doing so he completely exhausted every claim of God against the sinner. “It is finished,” was His triumphant cry just before He expired. And in proof of His satisfaction with the accomplished work of His Son, God has raised Him from the dead and seated Him at His own right hand—“a Prince and a Saviour.”

Only One Beat.

YOU MAY BE SAVED FREELY. God is not selling His salvation. Were He doing so, no sufficient price could be put upon it. "Freely by His grace," are the simple terms upon which He offers it (Rom. 3. 24). If you will but take the place of a lost sinner, and receive Christ, salvation will be yours, for "as many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on His Name" (John 1. 12).

YOU MAY BE SAVED NOW. For NOW is God's accepted time. But there is no time for trifling. To-morrow may be too late. Soon YOUR heart may "lie cold and silent, and your Saviour's pleadings cease." Therefore trifle no longer. Come as you are, in response to His own loving invitation, to Christ, and you shall be saved. Let this be your heart's language:

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

Have you come? If not, will you come? And will you come NOW? F.W.S.

THE LAWYER'S WISE ADVICE.

YOU have heard the oft-told tale of the farmer who waited upon a celebrated lawyer for advice that would benefit him throughout his life, and who, in return for the payment of a fee, received a slip of paper, upon which was written, "Never put off until to-morrow what can be done to-day." On arriving home he found his hay ready for leading, but as it was late in the day his wife and workmen advised putting off the work until "the morrow." The lawyer's advice, however, settled the matter, and the last load of hay was safely housed before nightfall that day. When the sun had set a furious storm broke over the country, the river overflowed, and his neighbour's hay, which had been left in the fields for carrying on the morrow, was swept away by the flood. The lawyer's advice was well worth the fee that he demanded, and the farmer proved this throughout his life, for by constantly acting upon it he became a rich man.

I am not a lawyer, so can give the same advice to you

The Lawyer's Wise Advice.

for nothing. "Never put off until to-morrow what can be done to-day." It will not always be the bright day of salvation, nor will the beams of God's grace always shine about us.

If you would prosper in this life, you must keep your eyes open and beware of that thief, "Procrastination." If you would be happy in the next world, you must be doubly on the alert. It is the sleeping fowl that is caught by the fox, and if you are indifferent and unconcerned as to your soul and its eternal welfare, the Devil is sure to get the better of you and to rob you for ever of all that is worth having, for man's security is the Devil's opportunity. He is a wily foe, and will suggest that you think of your soul's need and of God's claims "presently," for there is time enough; but do not be deceived by the seductive word "presently." The road to the place that bears that name is strewn with pitiful wrecks, and thousands who have put their hopes for Heaven in it have been destroyed on the way to it.

"It is farther at noon than it was at dawn,
And farther at night than noon.
Oh! let us beware of that land down there,
The land of 'Pretty Soon.'"

"Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness" is the Divine command to every one. Ah! that is urgent and peremptory; put first things first, seek the things which are lasting, and greatest, and best. Do not aim at anything less than the choicest things, and these are found in the Kingdom of God. It was Jesus, the Son of God, who made this statement, "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God" (Matt. 6. 33), and He died upon the Cross that the doors of that kingdom might be opened to you, and that you might be brought within them. Why not obey His command, and rest not till you have found Him who also said, "I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life" (John 14. 6). Love, joy, and peace are amongst the fruits that grow within the Kingdom of God, and these will be sweet indeed to your taste after feeding upon the sour grapes which grow within the Devil's domains.

You mean some day to attend to your soul's salvation, and to have Jesus for your Saviour. Do it now, for now is God's accepted time.

J.T.M.

A POLICE SERGEANT'S CONVERSION.

JOHN DOBSON WHEELER was born at Lamington-on-Tyne in the year 1857, and grew up to be a man of heavy build and strong physique. In youthful days he was careless and godless, and delighted to fight with men bigger than himself. After he was converted he



SERGEANT WHEELER.

would often say, "I used to knock men down, but now by the grace of God I seek to lift them up."

For twenty years he never entered a place of worship, and if he avoided strong drink it was only because he saw that indulgence therein was dangerous to his worldly advancement.

A Police Sergeant's Conversion.

About the year 1900 the Holy Spirit took a dealing with our friend, and he commenced to see that there was only one end to his spiritually careless life. About this time the Lord removed a little one from his family circle by death, and this loss softened his hard heart and broke his stubborn will. He knew his little child had gone to the Friend of little children, and he was also convinced that unless there was a radical change in him, he would never meet his little one again.

A worker in the Oldham brotherhood induced the sergeant to attend their services. He went three times, and got a back seat, endeavouring to get in and out without being seen. His creed that if a man did the best he could it would be all right, was badly shaken by what he heard there, and after one or two visits he said: "I'm going back no more to these meetings."

Just at this time a special mission was being held in connection with the brotherhood, and Mr. Wheeler was made the subject of special prayer. "While visiting the constables at four one afternoon," he says, "I was conscious of seeing a man who bent over me and said, 'There's a lot of prayer going up for you, my brother.' There was no one near me, and though I had faced a hostile crowd more than once and never knew fear, I stood still and shook from head to foot. I was convinced I was a sinner, and my own goodness would never fit me for Heaven.

"The evening found me at the service, and when the address, of which I remember nothing was over, and the appeal was being made, I stood up and cried, 'God be merciful to me a sinner,' then collapsed in the seat. Strange to relate, the man whom in my fancy I had seen came over to me and used the very words I had heard in the afternoon. With open Bible he pointed me to the 'Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world' (John 1. 29), and there, believing that Christ died for MY sins, and was raised again for MY justification, I rested on the Word of God, and I trusted my all to Him. My chains were snapt, the fetters were broken, I went out of the place saved and happy.

"In my home that night I gathered my family of nine, and for the first time in their lives my children heard

A Police Sergeant's Conversion.

their father pray. I said to my wife, 'I am going to live for Jesus, and we will start here at home.'"

Thus the member of the brotherhood who was trying to work his passage to Heaven, a poor, lost sinner who was whitewashed, but had never been washed white, lost his profession and entered into the possession of "eternal life" through believing in Christ (John 5. 24).

His was a thorough conversion. It soon became widely known that Police Sergeant Wheeler, of Oldham,



THE SERGEANT PREACHING IN GLASGOW.

had changed masters, and had become a revivalist. He commenced right away

"To tell all around
What a dear Saviour he had found."

Such was his Gospel zeal that "on and off duty," "in season and out of season," he would take advantage of every opportunity of commending the Saviour to all with whom he came in contact. Becoming widely known as a Gospel preacher, his services were much in demand, not only in and around Oldham, but much farther afield.

Few could equal him in the open air. His powerful voice, his strong arguments and stirring appeal, coupled with a little kindly humour, assured for him at all times an attentive and a respectful hearing. He had no difficulty whatever in gathering and holding large audiences.

On his retiral from the police force the Open-Air Mission

A Police Sergeant's Conversion.

approached him to take charge of one of their Gospel waggons, an offer which he willingly accepted. During the War he had charge of one of the Open-Air Mission huts at Bolton Park Camp, where, as a result of his faithful presentation of the Gospel, many a soldier lad was won for the Saviour.

The sergeant's last service for his loved Master was in September last at Doncaster Races, accompanied by his son-in-law, Wm. L. Goodwin. A vile, mocking crowd threatened him with violence, and one of the tipsters raised his hand, yet the sergeant's voice continued to ring out with no uncertain sound man's ruin and God's remedy in the Gospel. At times during his Doncaster visit he was seen to be in pain, yet he never complained, and he was able to drive the heavy waggon home to his own door. He immediately took to his bed, from which he never rose. He had a beautiful Home-going, surrounded by members of his family. Before the end several of his family sang his favourite hymn, in a part of which, with his remaining strength, he tried to join:

"I'll repeat it in glory,
That wonderful story,
When I shall His beauty behold."

On October 8th, 1929, he entered in to see the King in His beauty.

The salvation which reached the sergeant is available for you. The power of God which was manifested in his life may be also made known to you. By faith accept the Saviour now and enter into peace (Rom. 5. 1).

TWO THINGS.

THERE are two things in God's salvation which distinguish it from all the reformation schemes of earth. There is, first, the forgiveness of sins that are past. The moment you believe the record which God hath given of His Son, that moment you receive the forgiveness of all your sins, by virtue of the cleansing power of the blood of Christ. Then, in the second place, you receive power to live a new life; for you are *created anew* in Christ Jesus. There is thus provision made for the future as well as atonement for the past. Are you willing now to receive this almighty Saviour? Or do you deliberately prefer to remain in your sins?

THE REASON OF OUR HOPE.

“**B**E ye ready always to give an answer to every man that asketh you a reason of the hope that is in you with meekness and fear” (1 Peter 3. 15), is an in-



A BLIND MAN AT WORK.

junction of the Lord that is binding on all professing Christians.

“Are you a Christian?” was the question I put to a blind man that I met some years ago in a country district in the north of England. “Yes,” was his quick reply.

The Reason of Our Hope.

Wishing to know the "reason" of his "hope" I inquired how he knew. "Am I bound to answer that question?" he asked. "Yes," said I, "if you believe the Bible."

Many persons, when asked in a courteous, kindly way if they are "Christians," "saved," or "converted," declare that that is a matter between them and God, and should not be spoken about to others. If, however, they accept the authority of Scripture, they ought always to be ready to give an answer to every man that asks them "a reason" of their hope.

With the reader's permission I would venture to ask if he is a Christian. "I hope so," you reply. Is your "hope" grounded on a right foundation? In such an all-important matter "hoping" is not sufficient; we ought to be certain; a mistake on this point may prove fatal.

Why do you "hope" that you are a Christian? "I attend church, read the Bible, pray, do as much good as I can, and as little harm as possible." That is not how I became a Christian. You think you are a Christian because of what you have done or are doing. God's Word emphatically declares that sinners are not saved on account of their doings. "By grace are ye saved, through faith . . . not of works, lest any man should boast" (Eph. 2. 8, 9). Salvation is all of grace, and grace is unmerited favour. If sacraments, church attendance, prayers, almsgiving, and good deeds of any kind could procure the pardoning mercy of God, salvation would not be all of grace. Yet it is by grace we are saved. "And if by grace, then it is no more of works; otherwise grace is no more grace. But if it be of works, then it is no more grace; otherwise work is no more work" (Rom. 11. 6). Grace and works are contrasted, but if salvation were obtained by our works, then it would not be of grace.

The Apostle Paul in the Epistle to the Romans (chap. 4. 4-5), brings this out most distinctly: "To him that worketh not, but believeth on Him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness." It is not through doing our best that we obtain God's forgiveness, but by believing on Him who bore our sins in His own body on the tree (1 Peter 2. 24). God justifies ungodly sinners who believe on Christ. It would be

The Reason of Our Hope.

immoral for an earthly judge to justify a prisoner found guilty by the jury. Yet, wonder of wonders! on account of the perfect sacrifice of Christ, God can righteously justify hell-deserving sinners who believe on His Son. "Being justified by faith we have peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ" (Rom. 5. 1).

A negress, on being asked the ground of her confidence, replied: "Me die or He die; He die, and me no die."

How delightfully simple and Scriptural was her answer. A theological professor would have a difficulty in giving a better answer. The great and good John Wesley, ere he passed into the presence of Him whom he had served so long, and so faithfully, gave a similar doctrinal declaration: "I the chief of sinners am, but Jesus died for me." The ground of our salvation is not what we do for Christ, but what He did for us.

"How, then, can I obtain salvation?" says one. Hearken to the words spoken by the Lord Jesus Christ to Nicodemus, the learned Jewish rabbi: "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 (John 3. 14-15). The bitten Israelite was cured—not by prayer, working, giving, or renouncing. There was one, and only one, way of being healed, and that was by looking at the uplifted serpent. There is only one way of being healed of the poison of the "old serpent"—by looking to Christ dying on Calvary for you. "Look unto Me, and be ye saved." Don't look within or around. Look up. Christ was on the Cross, but He is now on the throne, proving that the work He came to accomplish is completed and accepted.

God is satisfied with what Christ did for you. Don't try to earn forgiveness. Cease praying for it. Stretch out the empty hand of faith and accept of it. He is now beseeching you to receive it (2 Cor. 5. 20; Rev. 22. 17).

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

"I would not work my soul to save,
For this my Lord has done,
But I would work like any slave
For love to God's dear Son."

A. M.

THE FISHERMAN'S CHANGE.

“WHEN you came here—I thought I was the best man in the village, and now I think I am the worst.” Such were the words spoken to a friend of mine a few years ago as he was leaving a Scotch fishing village. No one who knew William Thomson, the hearty young fisherman, would have called him a “bad” man. On the contrary, he was upright, sincere, and conscientious. The change in his views regarding himself was effected through hearing a Gospel address which was given by an earnest evangelist from the familiar words of Romans 10. 3: “For they being ignorant of God’s righteousness, and going about to establish their own righteousness, have not submitted themselves unto the righteousness of God.” The preacher showed that one might, like the Jews referred to, say prayers, do “good” works, observe ordinances, and all the while be on the highway to ruin. William and his wife discovered that they had been trying to work out a righteousness of their own in which to appear before God. Next day the evangelist had a conversation with him, and found him completely broken down. “I am all wrong,” said he; “it has been all works with me, and no faith.”

What a mercy he made the discovery! He learned that all his “righteousnesses” were as “filthy rags” (Isa. 64. 6), and longed to obtain forgiveness from God. Soon after this he saw that “Christ is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth” (Rom. 10. 4), and that by believing on Him who bore sin’s penalty, loved him, and gave Himself for him, he had eternal life. By faith he gazed on that Blessed One who was wounded for his transgressions and bruised for his iniquities, and passed from death unto life—from darkness into light. No longer did he attempt to obtain a righteousness of his own in which to stand before God. He was now clothed in Divine righteousness—“the righteousness of God which is unto all and upon all them that believe” (Rom. 3. 22), and began to work—not for salvation, but from salvation—not to the Cross, but from the Cross. When he said that he was the worst sinner in the village he justified God and condemned himself. It made him rejoice all the more that he was accepted in Christ.

Are you working for salvation, or from salvation? Are you working to be saved, or because you are saved? A.M.

THE ARRESTED SCEPTIC.

—OR,—

THE EDUCATED YOUNG MAN WHO WAS PROSTITUTING ALL HIS POWERS IN THE SERVICE OF SATAN BUT WHO WAS ARRESTED AND SAVED BY THE GRACE OF GOD.



Kingstown Harbour, Dublin.

"His eye caught sight of a placard announcing addresses by certain well-known evangelists. He quickly decided what to do—he would go and hear what might furnish fresh material for ridicule."

THE ARRESTED SCEPTIC.

AMONGST the passengers who left Dublin one autumn day a number of years ago, *en route* for Easky, a small town in the west of Ireland, was a collegian, a young man possessing rare mental powers, but a sceptic, whose delight was to ridicule every sacred subject. Seldom would you meet with a stranger contradiction. At one time he would be found advocating the cause of total abstinence to an attentive and delighted audience, having, according to his own confession, drunk freely of whisky before going to the meeting, to prepare himself for the occasion. At another, he would be the confidential friend and adviser of Fenian conspirators. In his rooms secret meetings were held, and treasonable schemes concocted and debated. At the same time, he held a responsible post as schoolmaster and church organist. His chief pleasure was to surround himself with his college friends and fellow-students, and to mimic and ridicule well-known evangelical preachers. His powers of mimicry were considerable, and he became the admiration of a set of godless young men, who, like himself, were on the broad road to destruction.

The train from Dublin arrived in Sligo two hours late. The coach carrying the mails from thence to Ballina, and calling at Easky, had left before the train reached its destination. It was the last conveyance to Easky that evening; there was, therefore, no alternative for the traveller but to remain in Sligo until the next morning. P.M.'s active mind sought for some congenial way in which to pass the evening. His eye caught sight of a placard announcing addresses by certain well-known evangelists. He quickly decided what to do—he would go and hear what might furnish fresh material for ridicule, or at least help to while away the time. He went, he listened, and upon leaving was addressed by one of the preachers. His clever reasoning powers were brought to bear upon the preacher, and apparently P.M. gained an easy victory; but the preacher's earnest manner and plain, pointed words pierced beneath the garb of seeming indifference, and rankled uneasily in the conscience. Vainly he tried to stifle his convictions and free himself from the impressions they had produced.

The vacation over, P.M. returned to Kingstown, but

The Arrested Sceptic.

not to peace or rest. The remembrance of that evening at the Gospel Hall in Sligo haunted him, and caused him many uneasy and sleepless nights. In vain reason, scepticism, and infidelity were brought to bear upon his restless conscience.

Infidelity gives its votary no solid resting-place, nothing sure and certain to hope in; no balm for a troubled heart, no comfort to soothe an uneasy conscience. As day after day rolled away, his trouble and anguish increased. "There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked;" the truth of this he was now learning.

At length Satan whispered: "End it all; death is the sure way to rest and peace." The poor unhappy sceptic



A TYPICAL IRISH VILLAGE,

gladly caught at the suggestion. He would end all his troubles by ending his existence.

After due consideration he deliberately made up his mind to drown himself. He selected a spot off Kingstown at a place where the tide runs out very rapidly, from which to throw himself.

Upon consulting a tide table, he found that two hours would elapse before the turn of the tide. Stoical and determined, he went to his rooms in Kingstown, ordered some coffee, then sat down and wrote a paragraph headed: "Mysterious Disappearance," the substance of which he intended should appear in the Dublin and Kingstown papers. This done, he took down a book, and spent the remainder of the two hours in solving mathematical problems. When the time was up, he put on his hat,

The Arrested Sceptic.

and walked out to the spot which he had selected for the act. As he went along, he said to himself, "Ah, M., you will soon know all that is to be known of the hidden world. The great secret will soon be out, the great mystery solved!"

Having reached the place, he slid down several feet to a projection immediately over the dark waves. He paused for a few moments gazing on the restless waters ere he took the plunge—a plunge through the portals of death right into the endless horrors of a sinner's Eternity! The night air was calm and still. As he lingered a moment softly, solemnly, distinctly, he heard a voice a short distance off, singing; and these words fell upon his ears:

"Guide me, oh! Thou Great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land."

A strange awe and solemnity fell over him at hearing these unexpected words. "Others, then, as well as myself, have found this a weary land, and yet they have not left it," he thought; "ought not I to try it a little longer?"

At once a revulsion of feeling set in, and he shrank with horror from the act he had been so eager to commit.

To retrace his steps, however, was not so easy, for an almost perpendicular wall was above him. The love for life returned with tenfold ardour, and each nerve and muscle was strained to climb the wall. How he did reach the top he knew not. Lacerated and bleeding, he dragged himself to his rooms, and such was the effect of the reaction that he was confined to his bed for many days.

As he lay alone in his room, his guilt and sin passed in dread array before him. The Spirit of God had truly convicted him of sin. He dreaded to go to sleep, lest he should awake in Hell. His conscience was thoroughly ploughed up; he was indeed a miserable sinner. He had now reached the point where God could come in as Jehovah that forgiveth all iniquities and healeth all diseases—a point where the labouring and heavy laden can hear of rest—rest for time and Eternity—rest on the bosom of Jesus, the Saviour and Friend of sinners—the poor sceptic, once on the point of suicide, is now a suppliant at the throne of grace.

The Arrested Sceptic.

The postman's knock is heard, and a package addressed to P.M. is taken to his room. He looks at the handwriting; it is strange to him. He opens the cover, but there is no clue in it as to who is the sender. He proceeds to investigate the contents. It proves to be a little book entitled "The Blood of Jesus." The Blood of Jesus! surely that was what he needed. The Blood that made an atonement, the Blood that made peace, the Blood that purges the conscience from dead works. He read the book over and over again, and God blessed its contents to his soul. He cast himself by simple faith upon Jesus, and found that blessed word true, "Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out."

Having believed with his heart unto righteousness, he soon made confession with his mouth unto salvation. He forthwith purchased several copies of the little book which God had used to his blessing, and posted them to various friends and fellow-students.

The last tidings we received of P.M. were from the far West of America, where in spite of much physical weakness he was labouring successfully for the salvation of precious souls.

Reader, are you sceptic or infidel? Naught but the precious Blood of Christ will cleanse your sins away. None but Christ can give you rest.

Are you vainly seeking in the chaos of human philosophy to solve what is to such seekers the dark problem of the unknown world, the mysteries of Eternity?

Would you know them? The Word of God lifts the curtain and tells us that "tribulation and anguish" is the portion "of every soul of man that doeth evil." That to the "fearful and unbelieving" there will be weeping, wailing, and gnashing of teeth, where the worm dieth not and the fire is not quenched.

But to him who trusts in Christ there will be the joys of the Father's house; the song of the ransomed, who celebrate the grace of that blessed One who loved them and gave Himself for them.

Patrick M—— will be among that throng! The Blood of Jesus his only but all-sufficient title. Will you be there? If you accept Christ as your Saviour you also on that day will be one of the redeemed throng in glory. H.N.

THE PERFECT WORK.

FOR years he had served as parish clerk in a church in Devonshire; a church which had its sisterhood, the most ornate of rituals, but the frequent services, the gorgeous vestments, the splendid music, had, even in health, alike failed to satisfy him; and, at length, he was laid upon what was destined to become his death-bed, and had time to think upon things which concerned his soul.

Now it had happened that as he had passed along the road one day, he had heard a labouring man from the same town preaching, and standing to listen to what the preacher had to say, he was so much impressed by what he heard, that he determined that, if ever he found himself on his death-bed, he would send for him. And now the hour had arrived, for the presentiment of his fast-approaching end pressed heavily upon him, and accordingly he sent a message to the man whom he had heard preach, asking him to come and see him, as he was very ill; and it was not long before the preacher, much wondering at what the summons might mean, was standing at the bed-side of the sick man.

"Sit down," said the clerk, "I am glad you have come, for I feel that I am dying, and I want to speak to you about my soul." "About your soul?" said the preacher in much surprise; "but haven't you sent to your clergyman to speak to you about that?" "No," said the clerk, "I haven't; and now I'll tell you why I sent for you. I once heard you preach, and I said to myself, 'That's the man I should like to speak to me if I were on my dying-bed.' And now, here I am, not long, I fear, for this world, and I have sent to ask you what I must do to be saved."

"Well, I am afraid I can't tell you what to do," replied the preacher. "Not tell me what to do to be saved?" replied the clerk; "why, I thought you were a preacher?"

"And so I am," replied the latter, "but for all that I can't tell you what to do to be saved;" and the poor clerk sank back disappointed on his pillow, and there was silence in the room. But the silence was at length broken, for the preacher, who had been gazing about, suddenly remarked—

"That's a nice cabinet that you've got over yonder."

"Well," said the clerk, "it's a pretty good one, I believe, though I shouldn't be the one to say so, for none ever put a touch to it but myself."

The Perfect Work.

“And good work, too,” said the preacher, “but I’ll tell you what I’ll do. I’ll just bring my tools round one of these nights and put a few ‘finishing touches to it.’”



A VILLAGE IN BEAUTIFUL DEVONSHIRE.

“It’s kind enough of you to say so, but, indeed, you mustn’t,” said the clerk; “and I’ll tell you why. You see, when I’m gone, I want my family to have something to remember me by. Now, I’ve done every stroke to the cabinet myself, and that’ll just be its value in their eyes.”

The Perfect Work.

With them it will be the workman that gave value to the work, and it wouldn't be the same thing to them at all if a stranger put a finger on it."

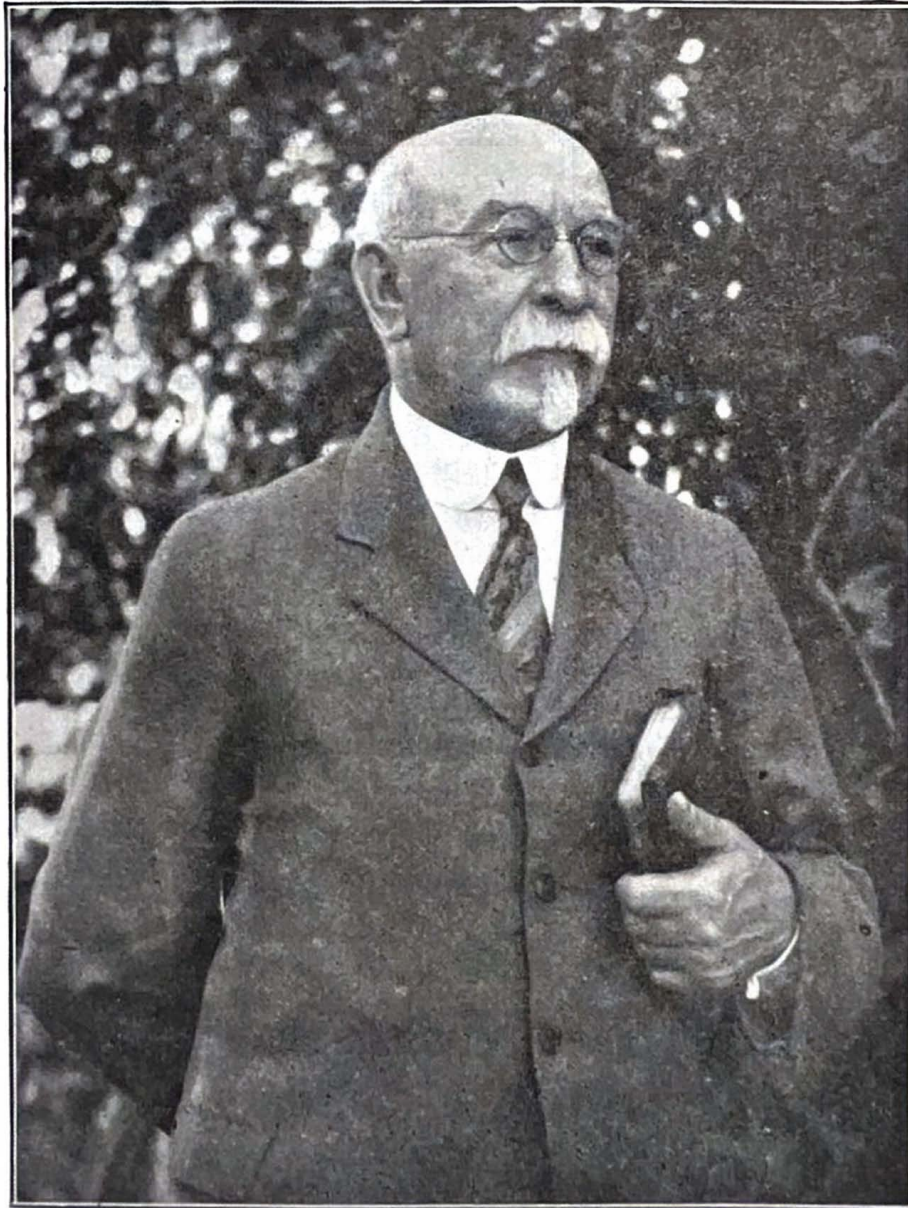
"I quite understand," said the preacher, and added, "Just now you asked me what you were to do to be saved, and I told you I didn't know, and I don't, for there's nothing that you *can* do that could ever save your soul. But the Lord Jesus Christ has done a work, and it's a perfect work, for when He was expiring He said, 'It is finished,' so that there's nothing left for you to do. Now, the One who did that work was a perfect workman, for He was none other than the Son of God, and it is His person that gives the value to the work. And just as, when you are gone, the value of the cabinet in your family's eyes will be the fact that *you* made it, so, what gives value in God's eyes to the work which Christ has wrought out is that His Son has done it. You couldn't do the work, and I couldn't do the work which would fit us for God's presence, for we are sinners, and so are imperfect workmen; Christ is a perfect workman, and has done a perfect work—so perfect, that God has been satisfied and glorified by it, and by virtue of it He can offer a free pardon to you."

Like showers upon a thirsty soil fell this message on the ears of the poor dying clerk, and he whose life had been taken up with shadows, grasped with eagerness the substance, and rested his soul's eternal salvation, not on aught that he could do, but upon what Christ had already done; and so, when the summons came, he passed down to the river which leads to the gates of the Celestial City.

Now, my reader, how is it with you? Are *you* resting your salvation upon that solid rock, the work of Christ, or on the shifting sands of what you yourself are doing? Or, failing that, are you seeking, by ritualism, to put the finishing touch of a stranger's hand to the perfect work of God's Son? If so, beware! One touch of yours would mar the value of the work of Christ, and the very fact that you would add that touch is a flat denial of Christ's dying words. Surely you will not dare to spoil Christ's Work, and deny His Word? Will you not rather, with one of the old who asked, "What must I do to be saved," rest your soul on the reply, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved?"

BORN TWICE IN THE NORTH OF IRELAND.

I WAS brought up to read the Bible, attend Sunday school and church, and thus I was preserved from getting into vicious ways, into which otherwise I would probably have plunged. At times I was disturbed by thoughts of Eternity, and would make resolutions, only



W. J. M'LURE.

to forget them. But when I had just passed my sixteenth birthday the great event of my life occurred, when I was led to Christ as my own personal Saviour.

It was just before Easter in 1874. I had a sister then living in Belfast, and she had attended a cottage meeting, addressed by a working man, who spoke from that solemn

Born Twice in Ireland.

verse, Revelation 20. 15: "And whosoever was not found written in the book of life was cast into the lake of fire." She had been "confirmed," and was a communicant, but while her name was on the church roll, she knew that it was not in the Book of Life. Therefore this word from God aroused and alarmed her. After some soul trouble she found peace with God through believing on the Lord Jesus Christ. She wrote home telling us of her experience, and God used this to awaken me to a sense of my guilt and danger. For about three weeks Hell was very real to me, and the fear of dying without forgiveness of my sins and going there took away my desire for the light works of fiction in which I had been so engrossed before.

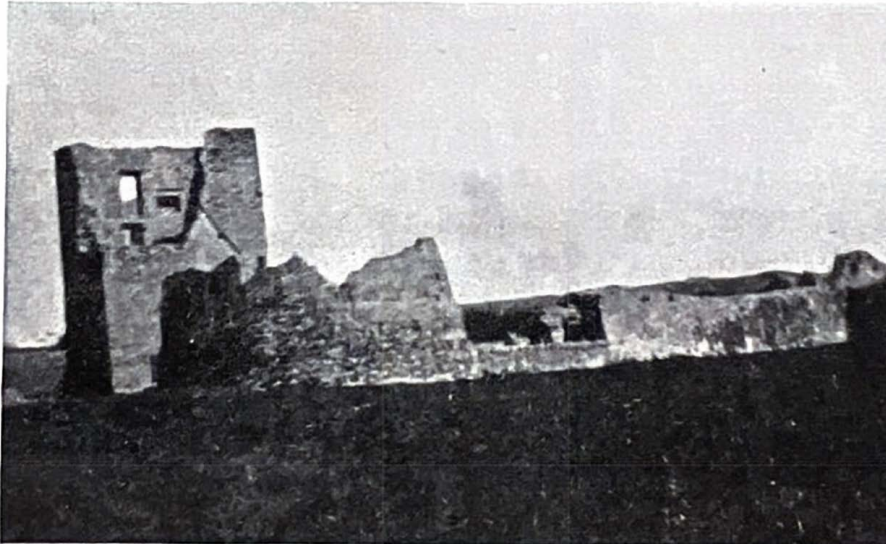
The Lenten services were being conducted in the church to which I belonged, and as Moody and Sankey were then in the country, the services were somewhat more evangelical than usual, and the titles of some of the addresses were: "A Word to the Inquirer;" "A Word to the Earnest," and so on. I used to sit expecting that something would be said that would fit my case, but nothing was said that appealed to me. Peace came, however, as I read a little pocket Testament which I carried to my work, and through John 1. 29, I "beheld the Lamb of God, which beareth away the sin of the world;" and through 1 Peter 2. 24 I saw that Christ was the one "Who His own self bare our sins in His own body on the tree." I was able to see by faith Christ dying for me, and gladness filled my heart.

At times I was subject to doubts, as the truth of my standing in Christ and His work to meet my failures and backslidings was quite unknown to me. But in 1875 I was brought into contact with two servants of Christ who have long since gone to be with Him, James W. Smith and James Campbell, and God used their ministry to establish me in my standing in Christ, also to lead me to see my place with a rejected Lord "outside the camp." It was like a second conversion. But my salvation was not in learning the truth of my safety; that was mine through Christ alone. I had passed from death to life over a year before I met these dear men. Fifty-five years have passed away since I first trusted Christ, and it has been getting better, and the best is on ahead.

As I look back to the Easter season of 1874 in Ban-

Born Twice in Ireland.

bridge, Co. Down, Northern Ireland, I am reminded of an old Highlandman whom we knew some 35 years ago in Ontario. As he grew older his mind became quite a blank, so that he did not know his own daughter, and in that big farmhouse everything had to stop while he would pray for "this young woman," as he spoke of her, although she was a very bright Christian. One day, to try him, she said to him, "Father, what if the Lord gives you up after all?" He replied, "Let Him do what He will. I'll not say He is wrong. But He did too much for me when I was in Glengarry to let me go now." Glengarry is one of the eastern townships of Ontario, settled by Highland Scotch, and often he told us of how it was



CRANAGH CASTLE, IRELAND.

there that God awakened him, when singing the Psalms. God used Psalm 50. 16 to him at that time: "But unto the wicked God saith, What hast thou to do to declare My statutes, or that thou shouldest take My covenant in thy mouth?" Like this dear old Highland believer, I, too, can say, "He did too much for me in that little town in the North of Ireland fifty-five years ago to let me go now." Friend, what has He done for you? Has He saved your soul? He is willing to do so now. He has proved His willingness to save by His death for you on the Cross of Calvary. God has now raised Him to His right hand, a Prince and a Saviour, able to save to the uttermost all who put their trust in Him. Accept the Saviour now and enter into peace (Rom. 5. 1).

W. J. M'LURE.

GOD SAYS IT, AND I BELIEVE IT.

GEORGE SMITH was a member of a Bible Class conducted by Mr. Fleming, a devoted Christian worker in a beautiful English village in the Lake District. The teacher "practised" what he "preached," and God blessed his ministry. Although God's way of salvation was clearly and faithfully expounded, George did not understand that Christ had done everything that was necessary for the salvation of his soul, and that by believing the glad tidings regarding Christ and His atoning work, eternal life was his.

On obtaining employment in London he left the quiet, peaceful district he had been brought up in, and settled in the great metropolis. Though the proverb "Out of sight out of mind," is applicable to too many persons, it was not so in the case of Mr. Fleming, and the Christian members of the class, in relation to George Smith. They constantly remembered him in prayer at the throne of grace. The burden of their desires was that he might speedily be brought to know the Lord Jesus as his Saviour.

In letters received from London, Mr. Fleming perceived that George was exercised about his soul's welfare. In seeking to help him to understand God's way of salvation, he quoted a portion of the well-known Scripture: "All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all" (Isa. 53. 6). Instead, however, of giving the whole of the passage, Mr. Fleming sent the first clause of it:

"ALL WE LIKE SHEEP HAVE GONE ASTRAY."

"GOD SAYS IT, AND I BELIEVE IT"—J.F.

When the letter was dispatched special prayer was made that God would bless the word in deepening impressions and convictions in George's soul. In a few days Mr. Fleming received the following reply: "All we like sheep have gone astray. God says it, and I believe it—George Smith." Mr. Fleming, delighted with the message received, forwarded the next part of the Scripture:

"WE HAVE TURNED EVERY ONE TO HIS OWN WAY."

"GOD SAYS IT, AND I BELIEVE IT"—J.F.

Prayer ascended to God for blessing on second message. The reply from London was awaited with eager expectancy. It duly arrived, and was as follows: "We have turned every one to his own way. God says it, and I believe it—George Smith." The last clause of the wondrous declaration

God Says It, and I Believe It.

was dispatched, with the same words underneath. This portion of the verse does not speak of our wilfulness or sinfulness, but of God's gracious provision for our deepest needs.

“AND THE LORD HATH LAID ON HIM THE
INIQUITY OF US ALL.”

“GOD SAYS IT, AND I BELIEVE IT”—J.F.



WINDERMERE, IN THE LAKE DISTRICT.

The teacher and his Bible Class earnestly betook themselves to the “blood-stained mercy seat,” praying that the truth sent to their friend in London might prove a message from the Lord. After several days’ waiting, Mr. Fleming received the following message: “And the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all. God says it, and I believe it. Praise the Lord!—George Smith.” The young Englishman had good reason to praise the Lord. He had learned that though he had gone astray and had taken his own way instead of the Lord’s, God in matchless grace and love had laid his sin on Jesus; that He had borne

God Says It, and I Believe It.

the huge burden, and bore it away, and, by believing on Him who did it all and paid it all, he was saved and had everlasting life (John 3. 16, 36; 5. 24). It is needless to add there was rejoicing in that beautiful English village, as well as in Heaven, over the good news of George Smith's conversion to God.

The reader doubtless believes the two first statements of Isaiah 53. 6. Why, then, not believe the third: "And the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all?" "Oh," says one, "was my sin laid on Christ's spotless head?" The first "all" is surely not more comprehensive than the last "all." "All" of us have gone "astray," and the Lord hath laid on Christ the iniquity of us "all." One thing is clear, that if your sin was not laid on Christ on Calvary, it never will. If He did not die for it on the Cross, it is absolutely impossible that you can be saved, for God has declared, "Without shedding of blood is no remission" (Heb. 9. 22). If there is a soul out of Hell for whose sin Christ did not make atonement, God Himself cannot save such a person. And you may depend upon it that He would never tantalise a sinner with the offer of a pardon that was never made for him nor meant for him. Scripture declares that Christ died "for all" (2 Cor. 5. 15), for the "world" (John 3. 16), for "every man" (Heb. 2. 9); "gave Himself a ransom for all" (1 Tim. 2. 6). It is often said that "if Christ died for all, all must be saved." God's Word does not say so. On the contrary, we read that "God sent not His Son into the world to condemn the world, but that the world through Him might be saved" (John 3. 17). No one must be saved because Christ died; all, however, may be saved. Because of what He did and suffered, God can consistently forgive every one who believes on His beloved Son. "Once in the end of the world (or ages) hath He appeared to put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself" (Heb. 9. 26). Sin has been so "put away" that God can righteously justify every one who believes on Christ. The work that saves was accomplished when the Lord Jesus exclaimed "It is finished!" Don't try to lay your sins on Jesus. It is too late to attempt it. Christ is not on the Cross, but on the Throne, and no sin therefore can be laid on Him now. The blessed fact is this—God did it. Christ in making atonement eternally settled the "sin question." It is the "Sou

God Says It, and I Believe It.

question" that you have to do with. "What wilt thou do with Jesus?" Will you accept or reject Him? Why not now believe on Him and be eternally saved? Why not now believe the Gospel, the glad tidings of great joy, regarding Christ and His "finished" work? "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world" (John 1. 29).

"Behold, the Lamb of God." "Look to Him groaning and dying on the Cross to save you from eternal misery and despair. "There is life in a look at the crucified One." Look and live! "Look unto Me, and be ye saved" (Isa. 45. 22). Don't look within; look to Jesus bearing the judgment due to you, and you will say from your heart:

"All my sins were laid upon Him,
Jesus bore them on the tree;
God who knew them laid them on Him,
And, believing, I am free."

A.M.

THE CHOICE.

"**C**HOOSE ye this day whom ye will serve!"

The voice of God rings clear.
Choose ye between the Lord and sin,
Ye cannot halt just here—
The way of sin will lead to Hell,
Where wilful sinners go;
The way of God will lead to Heaven,
Where joys eternal flow.

The choice, it rests alone with you,
If pardoned you will be;
For see your Saviour hanging there
Upon the accursed tree.
"Look and live," His Word declares,
"I've paid the debt for you."
Free you may be if you believe
His message plain and true.

Time is passing quickly by,
Our lives will soon be o'er,
Will you still your Lord deny?
The cruel cross He bore.
Come, choose to-day whom you will serve,
The door is open wide;
Enter in and thus be saved,
Come to the cleansing tide.

W.C.

TRUE HAPPINESS.

BEFORE we accept Jesus as our own Saviour, our religion is a melancholy one. For many years I had just enough religion to make me miserable; now I know Jesus as my Saviour, and having Him I am indeed happy. I wonder what your religion does for you, reader.

A man I had met several times had always a gloomy countenance. Upon one occasion I accosted him with these words: "Not many years ago, I had enough religion to make me miserable, but not enough to make me happy; may I inquire how it is with you?"

"That is my case exactly," he answered, startled into the confession by my own former experience being so like his own.

On another occasion, soon after my conversion, a friend called upon me, and clasping me in her arms, exclaimed, "Something has taken ten years from your face since I last saw you!"

"Oh!" I replied, "the years from my face are as nothing to the burden Jesus has taken from my heart."

Thus, our countenance is at times an index of the condition of the heart. Many faces I have looked upon, since my own conversion, bear traces of the burden "grievous to be borne" upon the heart, and I have felt keenly for them; while others, though furrowed and wrinkled with age, have borne a bright and glowing testimony to the peace within.

I cannot look into your face, but I long to know if the burden is still resting upon your heart, or if you know Him, "Who His own self bare our sins in His own body on the tree." The Apostle adds, "By whose stripes ye were healed" (1 Peter 2. 24). Do you know the deep meaning of these wonderful words: "By His stripes I am healed?" Do you say, "He died for me; He poured out His soul unto death for me?"

By believing the Gospel of God's matchless grace you will obtain a free and full forgiveness of all your sins. As you are and where you are, believe on Christ and be saved for eternity.

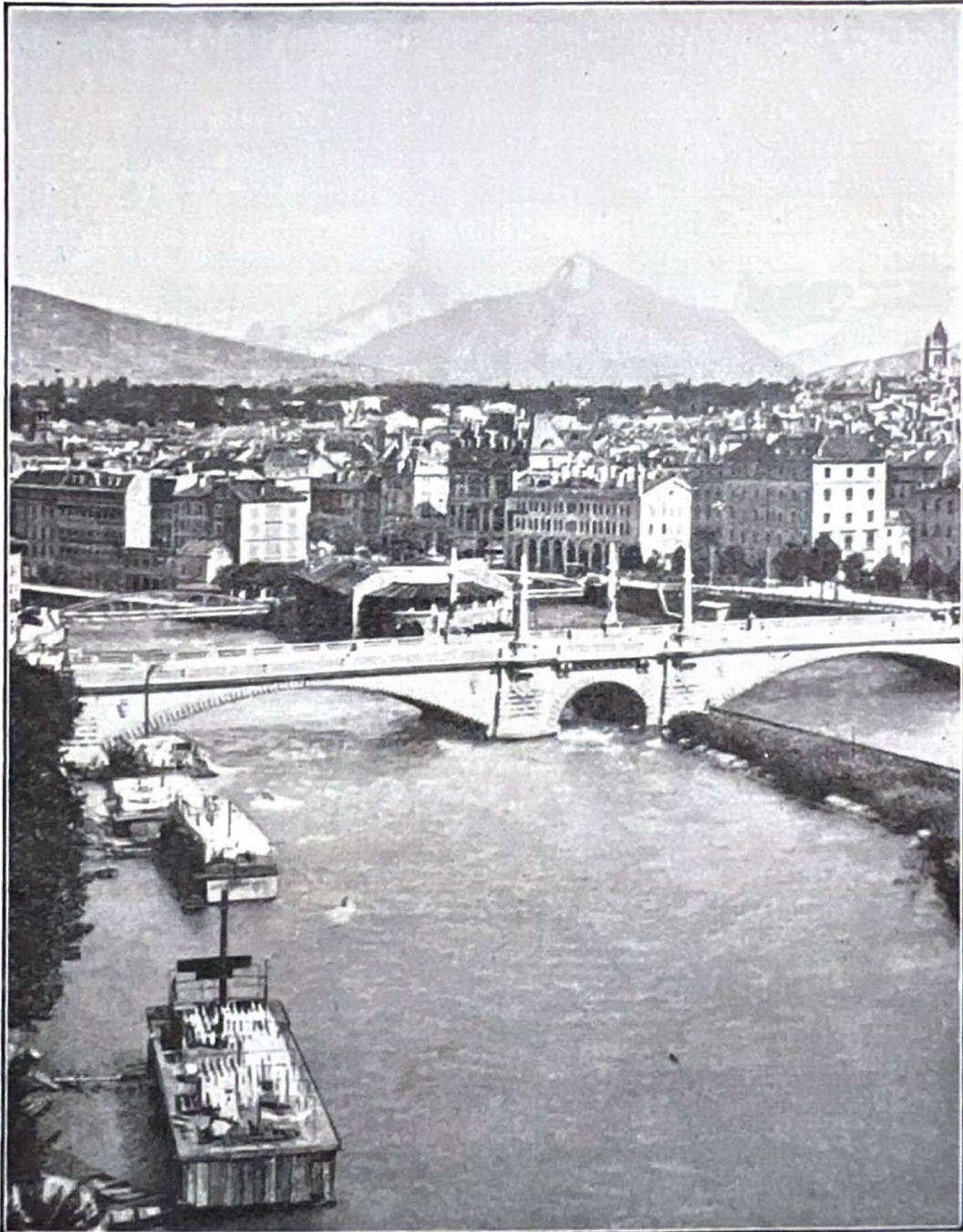
Whatever your past experience has been, accept Christ now, and in the future you will have enough "religion" to make you happy in all conditions, and under all circumstances.

M.A.W.

A MISTAKEN IDENTITY

—OR,—

THE MAN WHOSE QUESTION LED TO THE SALVATION OF A SOUL.



Geneva, Switzerland.

“The question that you asked me, as you believed by a mistake, was really asked by God Himself, and from that moment it seemed to haunt me.”

"HOW IS IT WITH YOUR SOUL?"

CANON HAY AITKEN tells an interesting story about the late M. Cæsar Malan, the gifted and devoted servant of Christ. As he was passing, one day, through the streets of the city of Geneva, Switzerland, he saw in front of him a gentleman whom he supposed was a very dear friend, with whom he had much spiritual intercourse. Hastening his footsteps until he reached him, he placed his hand on his shoulder, exclaiming: "Well, my dear friend, how is it with your soul?" The gentleman thus addressed turned round, and looked upon M. Malan with an air of injured dignity and amazement. He was an utter stranger!

M. Malan apologised profusely, and explained to the gentleman how he had made the "mistake." After all, it was no "mistake," as the sequel proved. Some time later the gentleman called upon M. Malan, and reminded him of the incident. "To that question," he said, "I owe, under God, the salvation of my soul. The question that you asked me, as you believed by a mistake, was really asked by God Himself, and from that moment it seemed to haunt me. I could not get it out of my mind; it kept returning as often as I banished it. I knew too well that things were not as they ought to be with my soul, and the more I thought of it, the more distressed I became. At last the conviction of my need, and the sense of my guilt, drove me to the Cross, and I sought until I found salvation in Christ Jesus; and now I can answer your question: It is well with my soul, thank God. I have only just found out who my interrogator was, having chanced to recognise you in the streets. I inquired who you were, and have come to thank you for the blessing that you have brought to my soul."

May I be allowed to ask the reader: "How is it with your soul?" "That's my business," says one. Yes, indeed, it ought to be your chief business, to attend to the all-important subject. Have you attended to it? Is your soul safe for eternity? Have you accepted God's "great salvation" as a free gift and present possession? If not, you ought to be grateful to be reminded of your failure in attending to your business. Perhaps in neglecting your truest and best interests. Perhaps like many others, you are trying to forget that you are under Divine

"How is it with Your Soul?"

condemnation (John 3. 18), with the wrath of a holy and righteous God resting upon you (John 3. 36)? "How is it with your soul?" One of my readers candidly admits that he has not given the matter careful consideration. When you are seriously sick in body you immediately send for the doctor. Isn't the soul very much more valuable than the body? The body is but the husk, and the soul is the kernel; the body is the casket, and the soul is the gem. Do you know that?

Let me assure you that you are running a terrible risk in neglecting your soul's salvation? In a moment, without any warning whatever, you may be cut down in your sins, and where, oh, where will you spend eternity?

"How is it with your soul?" "I know I am unsaved. What must I do to be saved," inquires an awakened one. Thank God that you know your guilt and danger, and desire to be saved. When the Philippian jailer asked Paul the question, "What must I do to be saved?" the apostle replied: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved" (Acts 16. 30, 31). Don't say that that is "too easy" a way of salvation. It is God's way, and His only way of delivering sinners from the penalty, pollution, and slavery of sin. All the difficult work was done by Christ, and

"Salvation full, at highest cost,
Is offered free to all."

"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ." Believe that He loved you and gave Himself for you, and you will be saved on the spot, whether you feel any change or not at the time. "Believing is the root, and feeling is the fruit." "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life" (John 3. 36). It may be now or never. God's Word plainly declares, "Behold, now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation." One of God's complaints against many to-day is, "I have called and ye refused; I have stretched out my hand and no man regarded; But ye have set at nought my counsel . . . I also will laugh at your calamity" (Prov. 1. 24-26). Delay no longer.

"Then which shall it be—the joys of earth,
The world's sad smiles, its hollow mirth?
For that is all it offers thee,
And then—a lost Eternity!"

A. M.

THE FOUR CONVICTS.

FOUR men were being taken, under guard and in chains, to the Penitentiary at Kingston, Ont. Several charges had been laid against them, supported by incontrovertible evidence, upon which they had been convicted and condemned to suffer the maximum penalty provided by law for their crime.

But though actually on the way to punishment, they were to all outward appearance care-free. No anxious thought, so far as an onlooker could judge, seemed to disquiet them. Their destination, if mentioned, was made a subject of jest, and others, it seemed, appreciated their predicament far better than they. A noticeable change, however, came over their features and conduct as they neared the end of their journey. The sobering truth seemed to dawn upon them: ten years, ten long years of penal servitude awaited them. And as they preceded their guard with bowed head and faltering step—they were a saddening sight.

Now these men suggested several things to our minds. First, there recurred to us a fact than which none stands out more prominently in the history of the human race. We mean the solemn fact of SIN. Listen, reader, to God's Word in this connection: "There is NONE righteous, no, not one; there is NONE that understandeth; there is NONE that seeketh after God. They are ALL gone out of the way, they are together become unprofitable; there is NONE that doeth good, no, not one." "For ALL have sinned, and come short of the glory of God" (Rom. 3. 10-12, 23). "The Scripture hath concluded ALL under sin" (Gal. 3. 22).

But more. The sinner is not only "guilty before God" (Rom. 3. 19). He is "condemned already" (John 3. 13). The trial is over. Sentence has been pronounced and but awaits its execution. "The wrath of God abideth upon Him" (John 3. 36). If men but realised this stupendous truth, how they would bestir themselves to "flee from the wrath to come!"

But, alas! how many, like our convicts, or like those sinners "at ease" in Zion long ago, "put far away the evil day" from their thoughts (Amos 6. 3). Material and temporal things engross them, and they remain quite oblivious to the dire and awful judgment that awaits

The Four Convicts.

this Christ-rejecting world. "Where," they scoffingly ask, "is the promise of His Coming?—for since the fathers fell asleep, all things continue as they were from the beginning of creation" (2 Peter 3. 4). Thus do men despise the riches of God's goodness, forbearance, and



"THEY WERE A SADDENING SIGHT."

longsuffering, never thinking that thereby He would lead them to repentance (Rom. 2. 4). And "because sentence against an evil work is not executed speedily, therefore the heart of the sons of men is fully set in them to do evil" (Eccles 8. 11).

There is an end, however, to men's trifling with God.

And when YOUR destiny, dear unsaved friend, looms sharply into view—when an Eternity of despair stares you in the face—the last scoff will very quickly die upon your lips. And then no plea, however earnest, will in the least avail you. He whom you now trifle with, and whose entreaties you now refuse to regard, will “laugh at your calamity; He will mock when your fear cometh” (Prov. 1. 24-26).

But God is “not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance” (Ezek. 33. 11; 2 Peter 3. 9). Therefore He sent His only begotten Son into the world, that we might live through Him” (1 John 4. 9). “He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon Him, and with His stripes we are healed” (Isa. 53. 5). Here, then, is salvation—free, full, present, and eternal. And, dear reader, “unto YOU is the word of this salvation sent” (Acts 13. 26). “Through this Man (the Lord Jesus Christ) is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins: and by HIM all that believe are justified from all things” (Acts 13. 39). Believe now, and life, eternal life, is yours!

F. W. S.

THE NEW DOCTRINE;

OR, HOW A “RELIGIOUS” WOMAN WAS SAVED.

EVANGELISTIC meetings were being held in a school-house in a country district of Ontario. Many were attracted by the novelty of the truth preached, others on account of the new hymns that were being sung, and it was not long until the talk of the neighbourhood was regarding the “new doctrine,” and the strange men who were preaching it.

Mrs. Smith was a religious woman, a leading member of the church, and she heartily opposed what she believed to be an innovation. For four weeks she refused to go to one of the meetings, but at last curiosity led her out, and she heard God’s way of saving sinners. On going out of the meeting she was offered a Gospel tract, and the following conversation took place:

“Good evening. May I ask if you are saved?” “I’m as much saved as any of you!” was the curt reply. “Indeed! Well, I’m glad to hear it, for, you know, I am

The New Doctrine.

saved now, and saved for ever, therefore, sure of Heaven." "I don't believe a word of it!" was the quick rejoinder. "I do think it is such presumption for any one to say he is saved now. Why, I have had religion for twenty-five years, and I would not go that far."

"Then you are converted, Mrs. Smith?" "Yes, sir, I am." "But you are not saved?" "No, sir; no one can tell." "Did you ever see a counterfeit coin?"



MISSISSAGA STREET, ORILLIA, ONTARIO.

"Yes, sir." "Well, Mrs. Smith, judging from your conversation, I would say you have the ring of a counterfeit." "Thank you," she replied, sharply; and with that she, like Naaman of old, went away in a rage.

Mrs. Smith was back the next night, Bible in hand, determined to prove the preachers unsound in their doctrine. Little did she know that her Bible contained that which would take from her every prop upon which she had been resting, and strip from off her every religious rag with which she had been covering herself; for in

John 3. 3: Jesus says: "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God;" and again in Isaiah 64. 6: "All our righteousnesses are as filthy rags."

This night, and for several succeeding nights, the servants of God thought it best to let her alone, so she was simply bade "good evening" and passed by. One night, about a week or ten days after her first appearance at the meetings, she was again asked the question, "Are you saved yet?" "No," she replied, quietly, "I am not. I would like to see you at our house to-morrow, in order that I may have some conversation with you on this point." The next day they went to her home. Upon being seated, she was again asked if she was saved. "Oh, no," she answered, "I'm afraid I'm lost; but I can't stand this much longer!" It was an easy matter to tell Mrs. Smith the old, old story, how that "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life" (John 3. 16). With anxious face she listened to the truth of God, and at length was led as a guilty sinner to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ.

After the preachers left something seemed to say: "But you don't feel very happy!" And she began to look in at herself instead of to Jesus, who had answered every claim of God against her, a sinner; and, sure enough, she became unhappy, and began to wonder if, after all, she was saved. But that night as she entered the meeting, they were singing that grand hymn, the chorus of which is:

"Oh, 'twas love, 'twas wondrous love,
The love of God to me;
It brought my Saviour from above,
To die on Calvary."

And at once the truth flashed into her soul: "It is His love to me, not my love to Him!" And she rejoiced in His love that passeth knowledge. She was now saved and sure, for when God does a work it stands for ever.

What about yourself, reader? Eternity is nearing. Soon you will be called to meet a holy God. Are you ready? Are you saved? If not, you are lost! Not eternally lost yet; but should you be called away unsaved, you would be lost for ever. Oh, be entreated to flee to Jesus and be saved (John 3. 36). T.D.W.M.

WASTED TIME.

“MILLIONS of money for an inch of time,” cried England’s gifted and ambitious Queen Elizabeth, as she lay on her dying bed. Miserable woman, with abundance of dresses in her wardrobe, a kingdom at her feet, all the skill and attention which position and money could procure, yet all of no value to lengthen her days upon earth. Her three-score years and ten had gone, and neither wealth nor Empire could buy one second back.



QUEEN ELIZABETH I.

What an important and impressive lesson for all, surely a warning for monarchs and subjects alike to “redeem the time” (Eph. 5. 16), buy up the opportunity. To-day will never be ours again; the hours which folly has imprisoned will never return except in haunting memories from the vaults of darkness. Time fled is irrevocable for evermore. What is to be done must be done while time is ours, for if we linger, like the dying and helpless queen, we may wait too long. To waste time is to store up remorse; to yield it to sin is spiritual suicide, but to seize

the right moment, to put every opportunity to its God-appointed use, constitutes the grand strategy of life. Hence the possibility of our wisely using or foolishly abusing time here, helps to invest it with such unutterable value, and forbids every thoughtful person trifle with it, jest it away, or heedlessly surrender it at fancy's call.

Still, it is as related to eternity that time assumes its highest value. Each tick of the clock and every swing of the pendulum of time, speaks of the crises of the soul and hastens the striking of the hour of doom. The impressions of every day, the lessons of every experience with its intermingled joys and sorrows are pushing men on to some decision—whether it be for God or the Devil, God's free gift or the wages of sin (Rom. 6. 23).

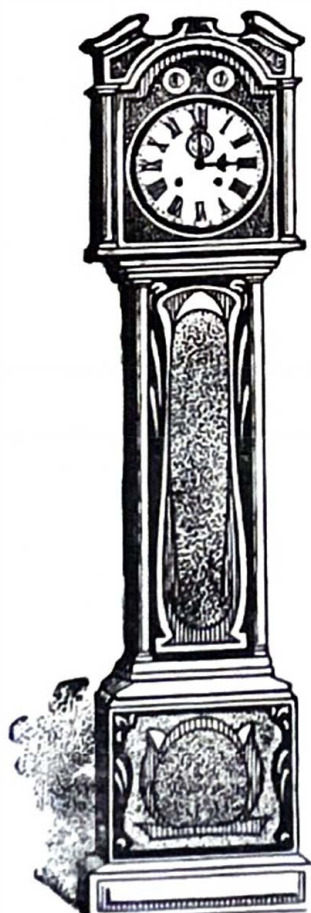
What a pathetic touch is added to Genesis, chapter 5, by the repetition of the words, "and he died," surely a warning as well as a historical fact. "It is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment" (Heb. 9. 27). Our days on earth at the longest are short, but the quickly vanishing "little while" is enough in which to prepare for eternity. "Now is the accepted time: behold now is the day of salvation" (2 Cor. 6. 2).

Reader, if unsaved, the Devil would have you wait till a "more convenient season," but as with Felix (Acts 24. 25), so it may be with you, the "more convenient season" may never come, leaving you to endure the penalty of procrastination in a lost and unending eternity.

The much disputed problems of "No Hell" and "Will a God of love punish for all eternity those who reject His mercy in time?" will hold out no comfort for the deluded. No, the realities of eternity may be trifled with in time, and there may be many obstacles which the most gigantic intellects will never remove, but the Divine fiat remains unalterable: "The wicked shall be turned into Hell and all nations that forget God" (Psa. 9. 17). What a pity! What a tragedy! that any one should prefer the reasoning of men to the plain, simple, sublime facts of God's precious Word. But you may say: "How can I believe what I do not understand?" No, but you will understand if you believe. In Romans 1. 21 we are told "that the world by wisdom knew not God," which means

Wasted Time.

that the pathway for knowing and understanding spiritual things is not by human wisdom. "Hath God not made foolish the wisdom of this world?" Paul asks (Rom. 1. 20). Then in the last verse of the same chapter he adds: "The Lord Jesus is made unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption." Yes, dear reader, the prerogative of the Christian faith is laid up in a Person, the Lord Jesus Christ, "who died, the Just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God." He alone is its secret, its source, its continuous strength, and all that it has or offers is laid up in Him. Thank God, the Gospel holds out not only deliverance, but a Deliverer; not only redemption, but a Redeemer. Not the submission of ourselves to a complex of rules, but the casting ourselves upon a beating heart; not the accepting a system, but the cleaving to a Person. The Scripture does not say that a man is saved by his understanding, but it does say a man is "saved by grace through faith" (Eph. 2. 8). Not thy understanding, but "thy faith hath made



thee whole" (Matt. 9. 22). God's order is, the Saviour first, not second. "Who-soever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life" (John 3. 16). He gives rest to the weary (Matt. 11. 28); He is food to the hungry (John 5. 49); clothes to the naked (Rom. 13. 14); pardon to the guilty (Eph. 1. 7); liberty to the captives (Luke 4. 18); strength to the weak (John 15. 5); health to the sick and wounded (Isa. 61. 1); courage to the faint-hearted (John 16. 33); riches to the poor and needy (2 Cor. 8. 9); light to the blind (John 8. 12); life to the condemned (John 14. 6); and the answer to all doubts, fears, and perplexities.

Therefore, let the "evil one" delude you no longer, "believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved" (Acts 16. 31), and become the happy possessor of eternal life (John 3. 15), and be able to read your title clear to mansions in the sky (John 14. 2).

M.H.G.

SALVATION REJECTED.

TWO young men were out in a punt on a swollen river. By some mishap the boat was capsized, precipitating both into the water. One of them was a splendid swimmer, and the other could not swim a stroke. The cry of "Help! Help!" was raised, and in a short time willing hands put off to the rescue. The one who could not swim was only too glad to be snatched from a watery grave. His companion, however, declined the proffered help, remarking that as his clothes were wet he might as well have a good swim when he was at it. He passed and repassed the boat, and though warned of the risk he was incurring, and urged to accept of the safety provided for him, he had such unbounded confidence in his skill and strength that he refused all aid. Whilst swimming close to a weir, he was observed to be making no progress. On the contrary, he kept turning round and round in the stream, like a top before it falls. The boat quickly pulled to the spot, but before they could reach him, he lifted his hands and despairingly said, "Tell my wife and children that I am gone," and with the words on his lips he sank to rise no more.

This incident aptly illustrates greater things. Both men were in jeopardy of their lives, though only one of them believed it. He who could not swim knew that he must perish unless saved by another. The swimmer doubtless thought that his companion's life was endangered, though he did not think so of his own. So with multitudes in relation to the salvation of their souls. They are firmly persuaded that the drunkard, the swearer, the profligate are in danger of eternal destruction; they think, however, that they are not in such imminent peril. Whilst admitting that they are far from being "perfect," having their "faults and failings" like "other people," they do not believe that they are bad enough to go to Hell. True, the Scriptures say that a man must be "converted" ere he can get to Heaven (Matt. 18. 3), but it is only wicked people who need to experience such a change, and they do not consider that they are "wicked." They try to do their duty, and live as well as possible. They attend "the means of grace," observe "the ordinances," pay their way, and have a "hope" that when "the last" comes they will stand a "good chance" of getting to Heaven. If my reader is the victim of this widespread Satanic delusion, it is well for

Salvation Rejected.

him to know that he has no more "chance" of getting to Heaven than the poor drunkard or harlot. "Marvel not that I said unto thee" (said the Lord Jesus), "Ye must be born again" (John 3. 7). At this very moment you are a lost, helpless, Hell-deserving sinner, and unless saved by the Lord Jesus, you will be banished from His presence to all eternity. The "must" of John 3. 7 includes moral and immoral, educated and illiterate, religious and irreligious sinners. One of the men was persuaded that he could not save himself, and joyously hailed the arrival of his deliverers. The other imagined that there was no danger for

him, and rejected (what was to his companion) the life-boat.



THE CRY OF HELP WAS RAISED.

Unsaved reader, whatever you are, and have been; whatever you think of yourself, or whatever others think of you, you have not the least conception of the magnitude of your peril. If the scales which now blind your eyes were removed you would soon perceive it. You are fast sinking beneath the waves of eternal death. Your condition is not the result of some unforeseen misfortune,

but of deliberate crime. You have plunged into the tide of iniquity, and are being carried resistlessly into eternal perdition. You are perishing! fast perishing! Awake! awake! Time to lose there is none! Continue your present course and you will soon be beyond the reach of hope—in the region of despair. There is, however, no reason why you should perish. The Lord Jesus, the Saviour of sinners, has plunged into the abyss of God's righteous displeasure and indignation against sin. Listen to His own words: "The waters are come unto my soul—I sink in deep mire where there is no standing—I am come into deep waters

Salvation Rejected.

where the floods overflow Me" (Psa. 69. 21). The waves and billows of God's wrath went over Him on account of sin. On the ground of what He has done and suffered God can righteously save every one who believes on His Son (Acts 13. 38, 39; John 3. 14-16). Allow Him to save you now. You cannot save yourself. There is no use "trying." Thousands have attempted to work or pray their way to Heaven. Salvation can neither be earned or bought. It has been obtained at an infinite cost, and is now pressed upon you as a free gift. Will you have it? Are you willing to own that you are a poor undeserving sinner, unable to do anything to save yourself? If so, the hand of Him who is "mighty to save" will soon rescue you from your impending doom.

Remember, however, that every hour you "try" to work for salvation, every moment you refuse the aid of the life-boat (the Lord Jesus), every time you hear Him calling unto you to allow Him to rescue you from eternal misery, and refuse, you are running a terrible risk, a risk you may regret amid the darkness and sorrow of a lost eternity. A.M.

"MY SINS! MY SINS!"

AT a meeting for anxious souls, a woman came in in such evident distress and anxiety, that a servant of Christ said to her: "Whatever is the matter with you, that you are in such a state as this?"

"My sins! my sins!" she groaned.

"How long have you been like this?" he inquired.

"Twelve months," she said, wringing her hands, and again groaned out, "My sins! my sins!"

"Twelve months!" he exclaimed in amazement; "what have you been about that you have not found peace?"

"I have been doing everything I can," she replied.

"Then what have you been doing?" he inquired.

"I have been praying, and weeping, and reading the Scriptures, and trying to repent, and attending meetings; and what more can I do?" she asked more piteously.

"Leave off all your doings, and look there," he replied, pointing upwards.

"Where?" she asked anxiously.

"There, on the Cross! At Jesus, the bleeding, suffering, dying Lamb of God; dying for your sins. You have been

looking into your own bad, wretched heart, and trying to get salvation out of it; and you cannot get it out, for it is not there. God sends salvation down to you from Heaven through His Son Jesus Christ. God gives it you, but you must take it, and take it from Christ. It is of no use for you to pump, pump, pump at your own wretched heart; you can never pump salvation out of it; it flows down to you through the blessed Lamb of God. You must look unto Him, and receive salvation from Him; for He alone can give it you." "Is that it?" she said with much feeling. "Yes, it is," he replied; "God says it, and you must believe it." "Is—that—it?" slowly came from her lips again, while joy and gladness spread over her face; and clasping her hands with delight, she exclaimed, "I see it! I see it! Thank God, I am saved;" and turning round to some one near her, who was also inquiring the way to Heaven, she said to her, "It is so easy; you have only to believe."

For twelve months this poor woman had been struggling to save herself, but all in vain. She could not do it; it was far too hard for her. Now, however, she looked to Jesus; she believed in Him, and in a moment her heavy burden of sin rolled from off her back, and she found rest and peace. His precious Blood had put her sin away, and she was saved.

One word to you, my friend. If you desire salvation, you must give up all your own righteousness, and look to Jesus only, and He will save you (John 5. 24).

CHANGING MASTERS.

A WAY yonder in Delagoa Bay there was a slave mart, where men and women were bought and sold. The slave often changed hands. He had one master to-day, and another master to-morrow. But a change of masters made no change in his bondage. He was still a slave. Thus it is with the slave of sin. You may change masters; but, if out of Christ, you are still a slave. You may, by some means, have gained an outward victory over a besetting sin, and be flattering yourself that you are no longer a slave. But you have only *changed masters*—that is all. You are still a slave. You must have Christ. You must be set free by the Man of Calvary. In Him alone is true liberty. w.s.

“WHERE ARE YOU GOING?”

A TRAIN was just about to start from one of Glasgow's big railway stations. A lady came hurrying along the platform carrying some parcels and a few flowers. A ticket collector accosted her with the question, “Where are you going?” Naming the place where she was going, he said as he opened the door of one of the carriages, “All right, get in here!”

When the official asked her where she was going she didn't say that she didn't know. She knew where she was going, and she gave to her questioner no evasive reply.

Where are you going? You know the meaning of this question, don't you? You know it doesn't mean what place in the city, or what town in the country are you going to. It means: Are you going where the Lord Jesus is, or are you going where the Christ-rejecters are? Don't say that you don't know. You know whether you have accepted Christ, or whether you haven't. And your destiny will be shaped by your attitude to Him. He is the goal of the believing heart. To reject Him is to seal your doom. The woman knew where she was going. You also ought to know where you are going—whether you are on the road that leads Heavenwards or Hellwards.

Where are you going? Don't say that you don't want to be insulted. No insult is intended. When the uniformed official asked the woman the question she didn't look on his inquiry as an insult. She didn't blaze up and tell him not to speak to her. He asked her a courteous question. She answered it in a thankful way. Have you ever blazed up when somebody has spoken to you about your soul? Some people do get so angry! You may be one of those, but doest thou well to be angry?

Where are you going? The woman answered readily. She knew that the inquirer was seeking her interest. So do those that speak to you in Jesus' Name about your soul. They have your welfare at heart. They would like to see you saved. Just as the railway official set before the woman an open door, and said “get in here,” so those who seek your soul's good wish to point you to the open Door. Christ is the Door. He says, “I am the Door: by Me if any man enter in, he shall be saved” (John 10. 9). Permit the question once again: Where are you going? Face it, and answer it now.

J.C.

THE FAMILY HEIRLOOM

— OR, —

THE MAN WHO POSSESSED STRONG CONVICTIONS THAT NOBODY COULD KNOW TILL THE JUDGMENT DAY AS TO WHAT THEIR FUTURE IN ETERNITY WOULD BE; BUT WHO ON COMING TO GOD'S WORD HAD ALL HIS WRONG IDEAS COMPLETELY CHANGED AND CORRECTED.



Comparing their Bibles

“Mr. Sinclair said that he had always thought it meant reformation, but felt puzzled when it was pointed out that here was one who ranked so high morally and religiously, that he would not need reformation, and yet he must be born again, that is, regenerated.”

THE FAMILY HEIRLOOM AND ITS MESSAGE.

ROBERT SINCLAIR with his wife and family of five, three boys and two girls, came to Canada from the Isle of Bute, off the south west coast of Scotland, and settled in one of the larger towns. A big sturdy and stern man was Robert, honest in his dealings with men, and reverent in his views of God and His Word. A communicant from his youth, he had strong convictions regarding religious matters. One very strong conviction was that nobody could know till the Judgment Day as to what their future in eternity would be, it was, he declared, becoming of us all to speak humbly, and hope in God's mercy.

His daughters, already grown to young womanhood, had, however, got acquainted with some young Christian people of the town, who induced them to attend the preaching of the Gospel by two earnest evangelists, who had also lately come from Scotland. Plain men they were, with a plain message concerning the seven "R's," emphasized in Scripture, namely:

The Ruin, by nature, of all men, because of sin (Rom. 5. 12).

Repentance of all men, demanded, towards God (Acts 20. 21).

Regeneration by the Holy Spirit, required (John 3. 5-7).

Redemption, through the blood of Christ, secured (Rom. 3. 20-24).

Reception of Christ, by faith in His atoning death (Acts 16. 30-34).

The Righteousness of God imputed to the believing sinner (Rom. 4. 4-8).

The Return of Christ for His own, our hope and prospect (John 14. 3).

The girls listened attentively to these truths, and like the Bereans of old (Acts 17. 10-12), they went home to search the Scriptures, in order to see if these things were so. Like those Bereans also, they believed the word of the truth of the Gospel.

It was too good to keep, so they confessed Christ wherever they went. At home their mother was thoughtful, for it created within her a longing she had indulged for many a year, that she might have the assurance of her sins being forgiven, and of a home with Christ in the Glory!

The Family Heirloom.



KYLES OF BUTE.

Robert Sinclair, their father, sternly denounced what he termed "these new-fangled ideas, presumptuous, preposterous, and unknown to us and our fathers!" Having so delivered himself, he began a course of watchful waiting, his daughters being the object of his scrutiny. Prejudiced though he was, yet he was forced to admit to himself the change that had taken place in them. Respectful towards their parents as ever, yet there was a calm and satisfied way in which they spoke of God's salvation whenever opportunity offered itself. Thus some weeks passed, then something happened.

It was a Saturday evening, when Mrs. Sinclair answered a knock at the front door, and found a young man there who asked to see her husband. Showing him into the little parlour, she called Mr. Sinclair. Rising as he entered the young man introduced himself, and stated his object in calling. He had heard from Mr. Sinclair's daughters of a very ancient copy of the Bible which had been in the possession of the family for some centuries, and that it might be seen. Could he see it? Would it be asking too much to request a look at the precious volume?

Could he see it? The very request struck a chord in the heart of our aged friend that vibrated with pleasure at the thought of showing off his most prized possession. From its place in a strong box it was brought forth, carefully and reverently unwrapped, and opened up before the young visitor. That it was an ancient copy of the Bible could easily be seen, and its owner was proud to draw attention to its various marks of antiquity.

Presently the young man drew from his coat pocket a new Bible, which he said his father had just given him. Would Mr. Sinclair mind helping him to compare the statements of the two volumes? Consent obtained, the young man remarked that there were so many strange

The Family Heirloom.

and new-fangled ideas abroad, he felt he would like to compare his new Bible with the venerable book Mr. Sinclair owned, assured that at least what was found in the latter would be sound and correct. Where would they begin? How about the third chapter of John? That being agreed upon it was considered best for the young man to read from his new Bible, and the older man could note any changes, if such there were, in his ancient copy of the Scriptures.

As they read the conversation between the Lord and Nicodemus, the ruler of the Jews, and the peremptory statement of the Lord regarding the necessity of the New Birth, the question was raised as to whether it was still needful that a man must be born again in order to see or enter the Kingdom of God? And furthermore, what does it mean, and how can it take place?

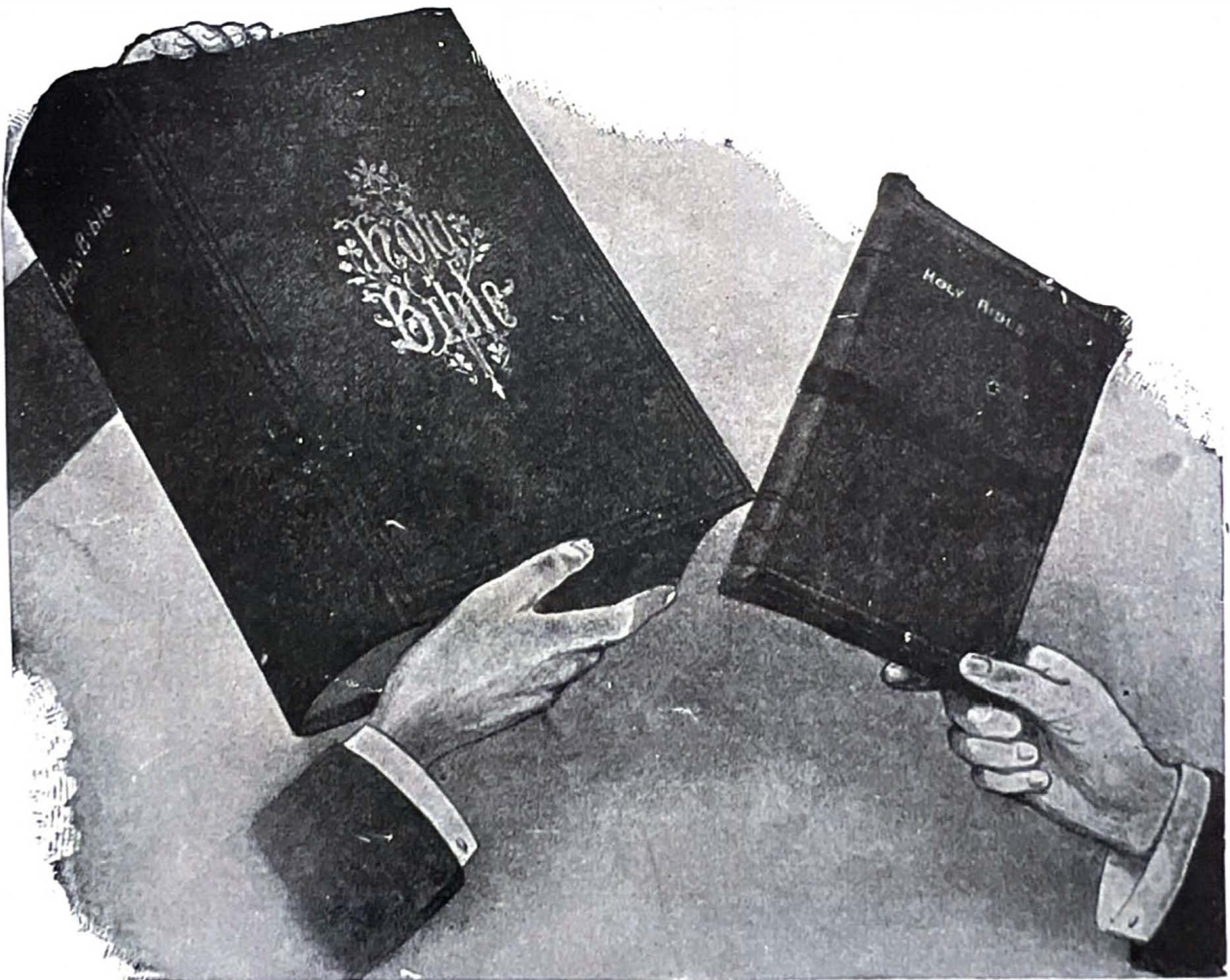
Mr. Sinclair said that he had always thought it meant reformation, but felt puzzled when it was pointed out that here was one who ranked so high morally and religiously, that he would not need reformation, and yet he must be born again, that is regenerated. He saw his own condition pictured in the incident, and hastily suggested they should read on. This was done. He rightly guessed the Lord would not leave him without a solution to this question. The references in verses 14 and 15 to the "serpent in the wilderness," lifted up, and prefiguring the Son of man lifted up on Calvary for sinners, caused them to pause a long time, and the very atmosphere seemed to become tense with the solemnity of the moment, as the two men faced each other, with the Word of God between them. At last the silence was broken by the older man, as with his finger on the verse, he cried out:

"O man, it's wonderful, wonderful! The Son of Man lifted up for sinners, for me in fact, and all I have to do is to believe on Him—to receive Him, and that I do! I believe on Him to-night, and on the authority of what God says in this old Book," and affectionately he patted the family heirloom before him, "I know I have eternal life, and shall never perish." Together they knelt down and praised God for the grace that had thus been manifested, in revealing Himself through the Word to this dear old man. Ere twenty-four hours went by, his

The Family Heirloom.

aged wife also found rest in Christ, and together they rejoiced in God's great salvation.

Thus did dear Robert Sinclair and his wife discover in their treasured old Bible, a wealth they had never conceived as being there, even the "unsearchable riches of Christ," which was for them, if they would but take it in. And not for them only, but for you my friend as well. There is a wealth of untold blessing, for instance,



in that proclamation of Acts 13. 38, "Be it known unto you...that through this Man (the Lord Jesus) is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins; and by Him all that believe are justified from all things from which ye could not be justified by the law of Moses." And this is as true to-day as in that day of long ago when the apostle stood up in Antioch, and thus declared God's message. Will you, my friend, yield to God's entreaty, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." T.D.W.M.

A FLOATING FOUNDATION.

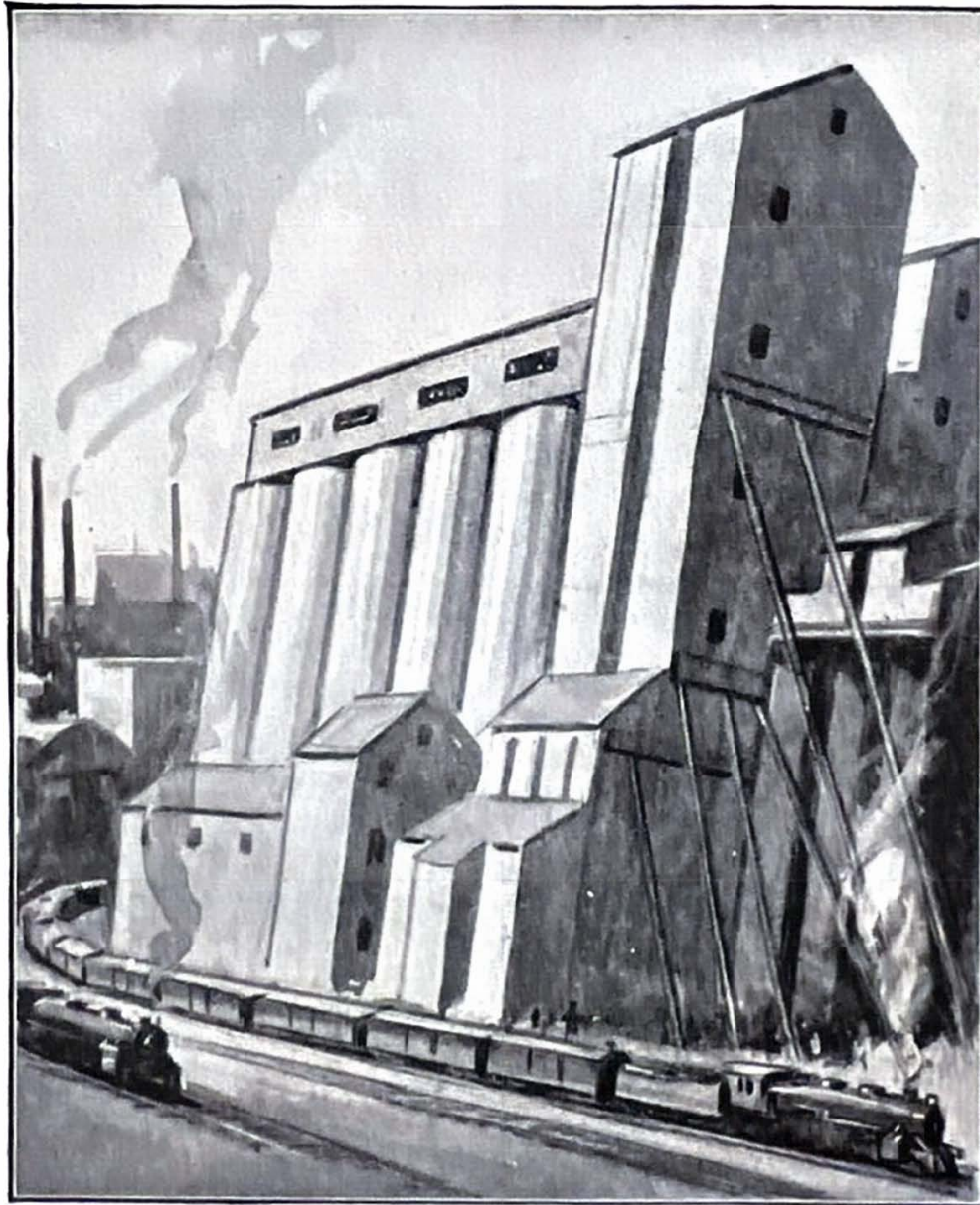
SOME years ago a huge grain elevator at North Transcona, near Winnipeg, at the time full of grain, suddenly settled and listed to an angle of between 25 and 30 degrees. It appears that it had been built on what is called a floating foundation; that is, a concrete "mat" was constructed, to spread the load over the soil, and the elevator was built upon this. For some time it stood apparently firm, but at last the soil could no longer bear its weight, and gave way. It seemed that the structure would be a total loss. But a contracting firm, who made a specialty of difficult undertakings, were employed to adjust matters. They succeeded, by means of special equipment, in bringing the bins back into position, not, however, to rest again on a "mat" foundation, but on concrete piers sunk to rock fifty feet below the level of the ground.

It would be cause for great thankfulness if grain elevators were the only things built upon "floating foundations." We meet with people every day who are building not only their prospects for the present life, but their hopes for ETERNITY on something just as unreliable. The Lord Jesus Christ had something to say about such people. He compared them to a foolish man who built his house upon the sand. It is quite probable that the house was carefully constructed. Perhaps it was also nicely decorated. But there came a time of testing: "The rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house, and it fell; and great was the fall of it" (Matt. 7. 26, 27). Then the owner realised that the thing that matters in buildings is not so much the appearance as the foundation. But he was too late—the storm had done its work.

Now God speaks in His Word of a time when He will "lay judgment to the line, and righteousness to the plummet: and the hail shall sweep away the refuge of lies, and the waters shall over-flow the hiding-place" (Isa. 28). In view of that time, reader, is your foundation one that can be absolutely relied upon? Or are you building upon sand? Your own character is but sand. God speaks of you as a sinner, ungodly, a fit subject for His wrath. It matters not how you may attempt to "spread the load" by your supposed good works, or by

A Floating Foundation.

your pretended keeping of God's holy law. God distinctly says that salvation is "not of works," and that "by the deeds of the law there shall no flesh be justified" (Eph. 2. 8; Rom. 3. 20). What is more, you know that the trend of your life, whatever you may pretend to the



BUILT ON A FLOATING FOUNDATION.

contrary, has been one of rebellion against God's claims. How, then, can you hope to escape His righteous wrath?

You are fast travelling on to Eternity. How soon you will draw your last breath here none but God knows. Can you say that you are ready for the great change?

A Floating Foundation.

Do you know, without a doubt, that your soul is secure? If not, how can you rest till it is?

There is but ONE FOUNDATION upon which you may safely build—only ONE that will withstand the fury of the coming tempest. God says: "Behold I lay in Zion for a FOUNDATION a Stone, a tried Stone, a precious Corner Stone." He refers to the Lord Jesus Christ. "Other foundations can no man lay." Have you, reader, received HIM? Do you know Him as your Saviour? This is the thing that matters. Do not rest upon mere "church membership." Do not boast of reputation, or citizenship, or supposed "clean living." These, even if they existed, could not take the place of a foundation. If you have no more than these, you are at this moment lost, and when the storm breaks you will surely find yourself in the Lake of Fire for ever. But receive Christ, rest upon Him, and you can calmly face Eternity, rejoicing with the Psalmist, who could say, "He set my feet upon a rock" (Psa. 40. 2). F. W. S.

A VERY PERSONAL QUESTION.

"IS God able to save me?" was the question of one who was manifestly in the power of the great enemy. "Yes," I answered, "God is able to save you. That is a settled matter. But the question is, Are you willing to be saved?" This set things in a new light, and my inquirer had to look into himself for an answer to the question why was he not saved? Now, God is willing you should be saved, so willing that He has given His Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life (John 3. 16). He is so willing you should be saved that He has imposed no hard conditions; He has fixed no price to be paid; He has appointed no time during which you must wait. You are invited to make the gift of eternal life yours, and the only condition is that you receive it. You are not asked to come although you are a sinner, but because you are a sinner, for it was to save the "lost" that Jesus came. You ask when may this gift be yours. God answers, now. "Come now," He says (Isa. 1. 18). "Acquaint now thyself with Him, and be at peace" (Job 22. 21). "Behold, now is the accepted time" (2 Cor. 6. 2). Decide now. w.s.

AN ATHEIST'S AWAKENING.

DARWIN DYSON was born near Wigan, Lancashire, in the year 1890. His father was an avowed atheist and his mother was a spiritualist. They named their youngest child after the famous scientist, Charles Darwin. That son is the subject of this leaflet. He worked as a coal miner in Lancashire and afterwards in South Wales. When still young, his head was cut open in an accident, which left a mark for life. (See photograph showing scar on forehead).



DARWIN DYSON.

Soon he became notorious as an atheist, a communist, and a great reader of agnostic and atheistic literature. He also lived an ungodly life and led many young men into paths of evil.

In the year 1914 he married a Welsh woman who, though a chapel member, had no experience of conversion. She was often opposed by her husband, who commanded her to have nothing to do with religion. Eventually, in 1921, she received the Lord Jesus Christ as her personal Saviour. From this time she took a definite stand for Christ and often prayed for the conversion of her husband. This angered him the more, but she prayed on.

One night a fire broke out in the kitchen of their one-story miner's cottage. Before they knew of it, the mantel-piece was ablaze. Seeing a light, he sprang out of bed and rushed into the next room. His first thoughts were for his infidel books and tracts. These he dashed from the shelf, but the flames had already rendered them useless. With the help of neighbours, the fire was soon brought under control and put out.

The next morning, as they were surveying the scene together, Mrs. Dyson observed that her Bible was intact, even though the flames had reached beyond it and destroyed other books on the same shelf. She called her husband's attention to this, saying, "The flames have not damaged

An Atheist's Awakening.

even the leaves of my Bible. Surely God's Word will stand for ever." These words and the fact combined went home to his conscience; and this impression never left him.

A year or so later two evangelists were conducting Gospel meetings in the district and special prayer was made for Darwin Dyson.

On Saturday night, March 3rd, 1923, while drinking in a public house, conviction of sin laid hold of him. Immediately he left the beer and went home. Later, to the surprise of his wife and all, he went to the Gospel meetings; and on Sunday, March 4th, he realised that God lived and loved him.

Under deep conviction, he left the meeting, but he soon returned and walked into the inquiry room, where other anxious souls were being helped. There he submitted to the claims of the Lord Jesus Christ, Who came to set captive sinners free.

The warfare had ceased for ever. Darwin Dyson went away a pardoned and a changed man. Prayer was answered. That night, for the first time, husband and wife together knelt down before God. The only words he gave expression to were, "Lord, keep me." This prayer also was answered.

The news spread rapidly, and fellow-miners asked him concerning his changed life. He told them what great things the Lord had done for him. For more than five years he bore a good confession, though often in great trial and adversity.

In April, 1928, he felt constrained to go through the streets of the village in which he lived, ringing a bell, and proclaiming the good news that "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." He warned the people to "flee from the wrath to come." A few months later he was laid low by a serious illness. Though in great pain he praised God for the peace that was his daily portion. For two weeks he suffered, but was much in worship, praise and prayer to God. Many times he gave thanks for the day of his regeneration, for the atoning blood of Christ, for the victory of Calvary, and for the salvation that is in Christ Jesus. Then, after five and a half years' walk with the Lord in the light of His Word,

An Atheist's Awakening.

Darwin Dyson went Home "to be with Christ: which is far better." Truly "a brand plucked out of the fire."
"Where sin abounded, grace did much more abound."

The above facts are attested as true, both by his widow and by a former fellow-workman.

The following is an extract from a letter written by Mrs. Dyson to the latter, now an evangelist:

"Thank you very much for your kind letter of sympathy and prayers for me during my journey through the deep



COAL MINERS AT WORK.

waters. Blessed be God for the realisation of His tender pierced hand leading me along...When I look back upon his death I can do nothing but praise God for His sustaining grace. I can say 'It is a grand thing to be saved.'"

Can you say with Mrs. Dyson, "It is a grand thing to be saved?" If not, you may if you will. Come, acknowledge your sin and guilt before God; accept and confess the Lord Jesus Christ as your personal Saviour and "thou shalt be saved" (Rom. 10. 9).

J.N.

"IN THE KING'S NAME, STOP!"

MANY years ago the inhabitants of a well-known town were thrown into a state of great excitement regarding the fate of a criminal who had been brought before the bar on a capital charge. Evidence was led, and witnesses asserted that he was the perpetrator of the deed. The jury retired, and the awful silence that reigned through the court was broken by the appearance of the foreman, who said: "We find the prisoner guilty as libelled." The judge, not having any alternative, put on the black cap, and passed sentence of death.

Between the pronouncing of the sentence and the day of execution, facts were got hold of which clearly demonstrated that the prisoner was entirely innocent of the charge. His friends, with the evidence adduced, along with the signatures of a large number of persons, sent a petition to the Home Secretary, requesting a pardon. Train after train arrived, but no word of the long-expected document.

A train is about to leave London, and if it is missed, the prisoner's doom is sealed (there being then no telegraphic communication). The passengers have secured their tickets and taken their seats—the doors are closed—the time of departure has arrived. The guard stands, whistle in hand, ready to give the signal to leave. In a moment they will be off. Suddenly a man is observed rushing to the gate. He seizes hold of it, and shakes it. He must get admittance. In his hand he holds and waves a document; and at the highest pitch of his voice he cries, "In the King's name, stop!" The passengers look at one another, and the station master rushes to the door, unlocks it, receives the paper, hands it to the guard, and the train is off. The morning of the execution dawns. The scaffold has just been completed. The prisoner has been in earnest conversation with the chaplain, and he is now warned by the tolling of the bell that the hour of his execution has arrived. In company with a warder, he is taken from his cell into a room, in which are seated the sheriff of the county, the prison surgeon, and other civic officials. His sentence is read out in the hearing of all, and the sheriff places him in the custody of the governor of the prison, who hands him over to the executioner. With trembling lips, pale with emotion, and with faltering steps, he slowly

"In the King's Name, Stop!"

ascends the platform to the scaffold. He takes an anxious glance at the vast assemblage of people that are congregated outside to witness his execution. He stands beneath the drop, while the executioner adjusts the noose and puts it round his neck.

And shall he die? Must the innocent suffer for the guilty? A movement is observed in the crowd; a horseman



"A HORSEMAN IS PERCEIVED, RIDING FURIOUSLY."

"In the King's Name, Stop!"

is perceived riding furiously, his horse bathed in foam. "Make way! Make way!" was heard from many lips. Galloping up to the scaffold, he dropped a document on the floor, which the sheriff picked up, read, and then cried out, "In the King's name, stop!" A shout of joy burst from the lips of the people on the outside, when they learned that the sentence had been annulled, and a pardon procured.

Reader! If you are unsaved, you are in a terribly sad condition. You are condemned to die, and die eternally. Sentence has been pronounced against you, and God, in sovereign grace and mercy, has delayed its execution.

Hearken to the word of Jesus: "He that believeth not is condemned already" (John 3. 18). You would doubtless feel for the poor prisoner as he stood on the scaffold with the rope round his neck; but your position is ten thousand times worse than his. At any moment the command may go forth: "Cut him down, why cumbereth he the ground?"

Whoever you are, I proclaim to you a pardon—full, present, and free—a pardon for every sin you have ever committed in thought, word, and deed; a pardon without shedding a tear or sobbing a sigh or presenting a prayer.

You may think those statements bold and even rash, but they are statements from the Word of the living God.

"To Him give all the prophets witness that through His Name whosoever believeth in Him shall receive remission of sins" (Acts 10. 43). How like God! Not "whosoever prayeth earnestly for forgiveness," nor "whosoever feels love in his heart to Jesus," nor "whosoever turns over a new leaf," but "whosoever believeth in Him shall receive remission of sins." By simply taking God at His word, we pass from death unto life. "Shall receive remission of sins." Not "may perhaps receive" forgiveness of sins, but at once "shall receive."

"These things have I written unto you that believe on the Name of the Son of God, that ye may know that ye have eternal life" (1 John 5. 13). "He that believeth not God, hath made Him a liar" (1 John 5. 10, 11).

"In the King's name, stop!" dear reader, and no longer call your best and dearest Friend a "liar," but rest your soul on the finished work of the Lord Jesus Christ, and then know that, according to His word, you are saved. A.M.

THE AMERICAN LAWYER'S DECISION.

THE difference between salvation provided in the death of Christ, and the acceptance of the provision made is very well illustrated in the following incident. In 1829 or 1830 George Wilson, in Pennsylvania, was sentenced to be hanged, by a United States Court, in Philadelphia, for robbing the mails and murder. Andrew Jackson, president of the United States, pardoned him, but Wilson refused the pardon, and insisted that it was not a pardon unless that he accepted it. That was a point in law never before raised in the U.S. of America. The Attorney General said the law was silent on the point. The President was urged to call upon the Supreme Court to decide upon the point at once, as the Sheriff must know whether to hang Wilson or not. Chief Justice, John Marshall, one of the ablest lawyers, gave the following decision: "A pardon is a paper, the value of which depends upon its acceptance by the person implicated. It is hardly to be supposed that one under sentence of death, would refuse to accept a pardon, but if it is refused, it is no pardon. George Wilson must be hanged." And he was hanged. Who is responsible for his death? No one but the man himself. The law said he must die. The President stepped in between him and the law, but the man refused the pardon.

Indirectly, the Supreme Court of the U.S. decided that the truth of the atonement of Christ in making provision for the salvation of the whole world, is only beneficial to those who receive Him as their own personal Saviour. The righteousness of God is unto all in its offer, but it is upon them only that believe in its benefit (Rom. 3. 22).

Have you yet accepted Christ as your Saviour? If not, then His work on the Cross of Calvary availeth nothing to you. Surely it is the grossest folly to reject God's offer of pardon in the Gospel of His grace. Be warned in time. All Heaven is concerned in your decision and are anxious you should be saved; all Hell rejoice in your folly. The only person who is unconcerned is the one who should be most in earnest. Accept Christ and eternal life, and do it now (Rom. 6. 23). "Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation" (2 Cor. 6. 2).

A WORSHIPPER, BUT NOT CONVERTED.

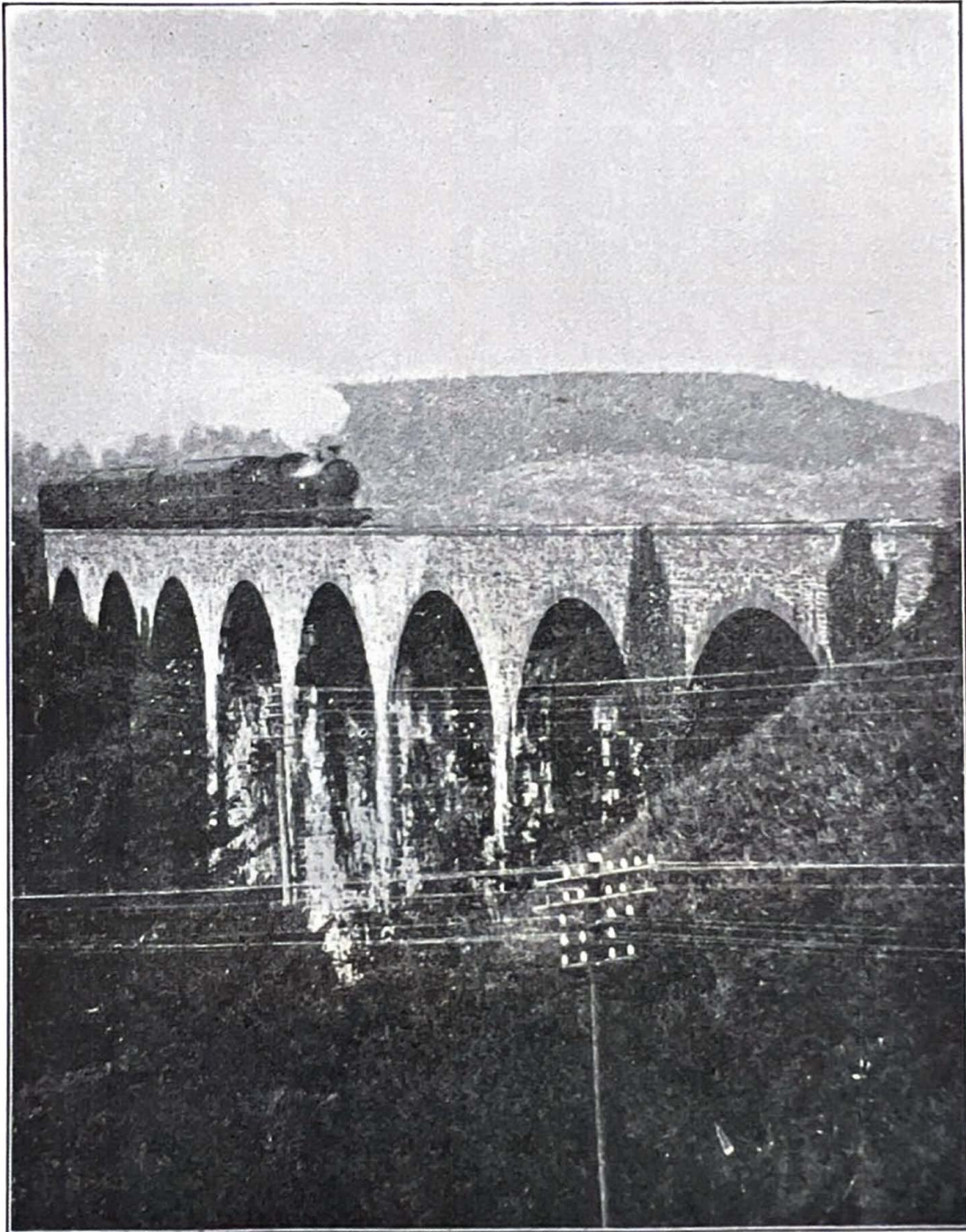
YOU may have heard of a certain man who went up to Jerusalem "to worship." We read of him in Acts S. 27. But the remarkable thing about him is this—he had never undergone the great change of conversion to God; yet he took the place of a worshipper. In other words, he had never been reconciled to God; yet he would fain pass himself off as a worshipper of God. Did his professed worship not bring him nearer to God? It did not; for God Himself has said in His Word that "without faith it is impossible to please Him" (Heb. 11. 6).

What, then, is to be done? you say. If taking up your position as a worshipper does no good, what course should you follow? You should at once follow the course which God has laid down, and take up your position as a sinner—a lost and undone sinner before God. That is the first thing. It is simply impossible for you to be a worshipper until you have taken your place as a guilty and undone sinner, and been reconciled to God through receiving His Son, Jesus Christ the Lord. Until you are reconciled and saved, you are dead in sins; and the dead cannot praise God. No worship can ascend from an unrenewed heart. The question of sin must first be settled; then you can take up the question of worship. Have you faced the question of your sins? Is that a settled question with you? If not, then on the authority of God's Word we declare that acceptable worship is an impossibility in your case. Before there can be acceptable worship you must first be an accepted worshipper. And there is only one way of being accepted, namely, through your acceptance of Christ as the God-appointed Sacrifice for sin. Then, but not till then, you shall be a worshipper. Then you shall be able to praise God, because you shall have something to praise Him for. After you have received Jesus as your Saviour you shall be able to praise God for redemption through the Blood, and the forgiveness of sins according to the riches of His grace (Eph. 1. 7). You shall be able to praise Him for eternal life as a present possession (John 6. 47), and, in a word, for all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ (Eph. 1. 3). What a wonderful salvation! There is surely little wonder that God calls it a "great salvation." Is this great salvation yours? This is the most momentous of all questions for you. W.S.

THE THREE ENGINE DRIVERS

— OR, —

THE MOCKER, THE PROCRASTINATOR, AND THE BELIEVER, AND
THEIR RESPECTIVE DESTINIES.



"Now I would ask, to which class do you belong? Are you a mocker, a procrastinator, or a believer? Do not think it is a matter of no importance how you treat God's offer of salvation? Your eternal destiny depends upon how you treat the Saviour who is offered to you now. Do not be like either the first man or the second. Be like the third. Accept the Lord Jesus Christ as your Saviour."

THE THREE ENGINE DRIVERS.

WHILST visiting a friend in Scotland, he brought out an old photo album, turned over the leaves, and explained the history which attached to various portraits comprised in his collection, and among them there was one which attracted special attention.

It was a portrait of three men, who were all apparently of about the same age. All three were, so my friend told me, engine drivers on the same line of railway in Scotland. Judging, too, by their outward appearance, all were respectable and intelligent men, as befitted those holding such a responsible position on the line. But "man looketh upon the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart" (1 Sam. 16. 7), and while these men were very similar outwardly their treatment of God's glad tidings was different in each case.

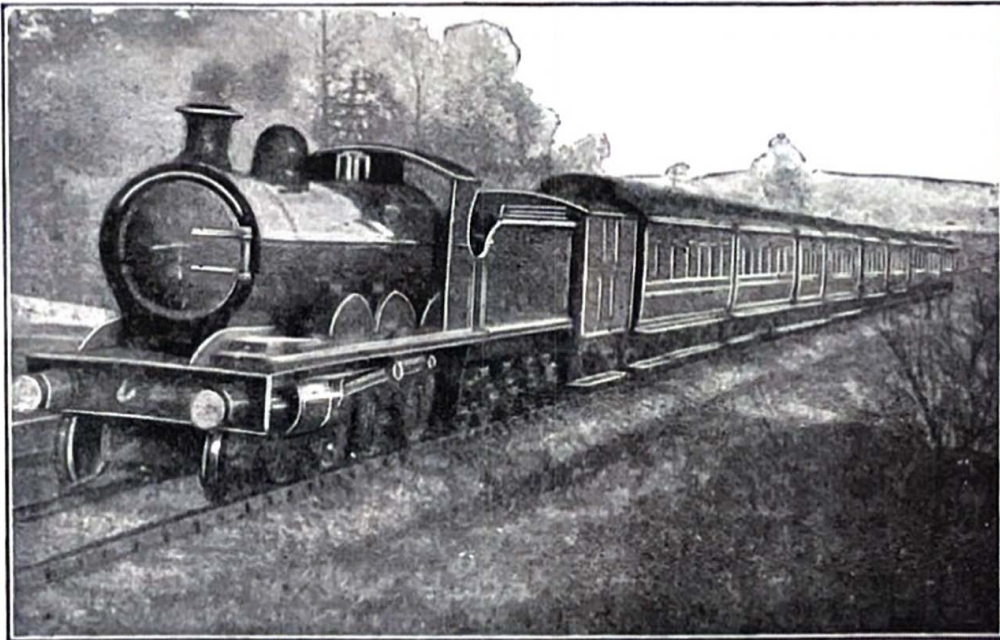
How had they treated God's offer? Well, the *first* man heard the story of God's love in giving His only begotten Son, but it awakened no response in his heart except that of opposition. He was like a company of old of whom it is said, "When they heard of the resurrection of the dead, some mocked" (Acts 17. 32). This driver who had mocked at the Gospel was not long afterwards laid low with an illness which proved fatal, and which was of such a character that for some time before his end he was unable to speak, to say nothing of being able to mock. And so he passed into eternity, unsaved and unforgiven.

What did the *second* man do? The good news concerning our Lord Jesus Christ was also presented to him. Did he receive it? No. He did not treat it with open scorn and derision, as did the first driver, but he did what probably a great many more people do. He was a steady and industrious man, and he said that he hoped by his industry and application to work that he would get on and save a bit of money, and later on when he had more time he would think of these things. His convenient opportunity, like that of Felix, never came. One day, while following his employment, he was outside on his locomotive attending to some part of the machinery, when his fireman, being unaware of the fact that his mate was not in a safe position, started the engine. The man who put off deciding for Christ fell off on to the line and was soon into eternity, as far as is known unprepared.

The Three Engine Drivers.

But what of the *third*? Well, the third driver was none other than the friend to whom I had been speaking. He had heard the Gospel and believed it. He had decided that from that day forth it was to be "Christ for me." He put his trust for time and eternity in the "finished work" of the Lord Jesus Christ, and from that time it had been his joy to tell others of the Saviour he had found.

Now I would ask, to which class do *you* belong? Are you a *mock*er, a *procrastinator*, or a *believer*? Do not think it is a matter of no importance how you treat God's offer



A SCOTS EXPRESS.

of salvation? Your eternal destiny depends upon how you treat the Saviour who is offered to you now. Do not be like either the first man or the second. Be like the third. Accept the Lord Jesus Christ as your Saviour, and you, too, shall live to prove the sweetness and the blessedness of that salvation which is the portion of the one who simply takes God at His word and believes that when He says "*Whosoever* believeth on Him should not perish, but have everlasting life" (John 3. 16), he is included in that comprehensive word. So shall you find through all your pathway below, as did the third man of my story, a Friend who never fails, who will love you to the end, and your future will be one of everlasting glory, joy, and blessedness with Himself.

W.M'D.

"THIN ICE."

WHEN referring to the risk involved in certain ventures, we sometimes say regarding the persons engaged in them that they are "on thin ice." What is meant is, not that they are in danger of being drowned, but that in some way they risk being engulfed by the collapse of their enterprises. A business man, for instance, is "on thin ice" when he tries to operate without sufficient capital, or does not properly maintain his credit. He risks the collapse of his business and the loss of his reputation. A politician is "on thin ice" when he fails to give his support to a promised reform. He risks the displeasure of his constituents and his defeat at the polls.

But these are TRIVIAL RISKS as compared with the one we wish to speak of—one which you, reader, are at this moment perhaps incurring. Any man, any woman, is "on thin ice" when he or she rests the destiny of the soul upon anything which cannot be demonstrated to be eternally secure. You are in extreme danger if you are trusting for salvation to your character, for God says, "There is none righteous, no, not one" (Rom. 3. 10). You run an equal hazard if you are trusting to your works for God says, "There is none that doeth good, no, not one" (Rom. 3. 12). Your danger is not diminished if, however zealously, you endeavour to keep God's holy law, for "by the deeds of the law there shall no flesh be justified in His sight" (Rom. 3. 20). Nothing that you are, or can do, will prevent your sinking eventually, under the terrible weight of your sins, into the region of darkness, despair, and everlasting torment. Your position, therefore, is one of extreme danger, and not one in which you can afford to trifle, even for a moment.

But we point you to one place (there is only one) where a secure footing can be had. See yonder hill! Three crosses are erected upon it. Upon the central cross hangs One whom no righteous estimate can hold worthy of such a place. His life has been one long benefaction; "He went about doing good," and only good, as many could have testified. He was none other than the Son of God, demonstrated to be such by the mighty deeds which He had done. In His life among men He was ever "holy, harmless, undefiled, and separate from sinners." But now, He is "numbered among trans-

"Thin Ice."

gressors," numbered among them by an unjust verdict, though not of them. But in thus being given a place among them He but fulfilled an eternal decree, for God's prophets centuries before had predicted that thus it must be. He dies, but in His death He is as different from



ON THIN ICE

those crucified with Him as He had been in His life. They acknowledge perforce their condemnation to be a just one, while He cries, "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?" Thick darkness has enveloped the scene, and God, a holy God, is dealing with His Son in infinite justice. He had taken upon Himself the

responsibility of your sin and mine. He is now being held accountable for them all. The wrath of a Holy God which those sins deserve falls upon Him. In a word, "Christ...suffered for sins, the Just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God" (1 Peter 3. 18). My sin, which had closed against me the door of Heaven and marked me for an eternal Hell, is thus dealt with and for ever put away. God can now be just, and justify the one who believes in Jesus (Rom. 3. 26). Have you, reader, been justified? Is it well with you for Eternity? Do not avoid these questions. Face them squarely. If they trouble you it is very likely because your relation to God and to eternity has not been rightly adjusted—you have no secure footing.

And remember, reformation will not save you, any more than spraying flowers on treacherous ice would make it solid. Only in the Lord Jesus Christ is there salvation. But receive Him and you can say, with confidence and joy: "He set my feet upon a rock, and established my goings. And He hath put a new song in my mouth, even praise unto our God" (Psalm 40).

F. W. S.

"IS THIS WORLD ALL THAT IS WORTH LIVING FOR?"

FOR twenty years I lived for this world, seeking happiness in it, trying hard to satisfy the cravings of my soul with its husks, such as dancing parties, concerts, races, fairs, picnics, games, and amusements of every description; but wherever I went a voice within me would whisper, "This is all very good if it would last for ever;" but then the thought of death, and what came after death—the judgment—would trouble me, and thus I never got what I so much desired—real, true joy. Yet, with all my ungodliness, like the woman of Samaria (John 4), I had my place of worship, and used to attend regularly every Lord's Day, and had a class of boys in the Sunday School, and was pretty well posted, as I thought, in the Scriptures, but my religion gave me as little satisfaction as my amusements. The state of matters went on, until a young man, a companion of my own, got his soul saved by simply resting on Jesus,

Living for the World.

through that precious verse in God's Word, "For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life" (John 3. 16). Two months after he was saved, while we were walking together, he asked me, "Is this world all that is worth living for?" I ran from his presence in passion, as I could not bear to have my peace broken with questions about eternal things, but I could not run from that question; there it was, fastened on my conscience by the Spirit of God, "Is this world all that is worth living for?" No, I knew



ONE OF THE WORLD'S FAIRS.

it was not. I knew there was an eternity before me. I knew there was a Heaven and a Hell. I knew I came into the world a sinner—a sinner by nature—and that I had lived after the flesh those twenty years, which were twenty years of rebellion against God; therefore, I was on the road to Hell; my peace was broken, I saw my lost condition; I was miserable; I resolved to live a different life, and began by refraining from swearing, and even reproved some of my companions for swearing, but this gave me no rest. I tried to pray. I asked God to have

Living for the World.

mercy on me. But no peace could I find until one morning while walking down the street, the line of a little hymn came into my mind, "One there is above all others, oh! how He loves." I asked myself, Can it be possible that He loves me? In a moment the answer came from God in that verse, "For when we were yet without strength, in due time Christ died for the ungodly" (Rom. 5. 6). I said, "Why, that is just for me, for I am without strength and ungodly, and if Christ died for such, He died for me." So there and then I trusted Him, and was filled with joy.

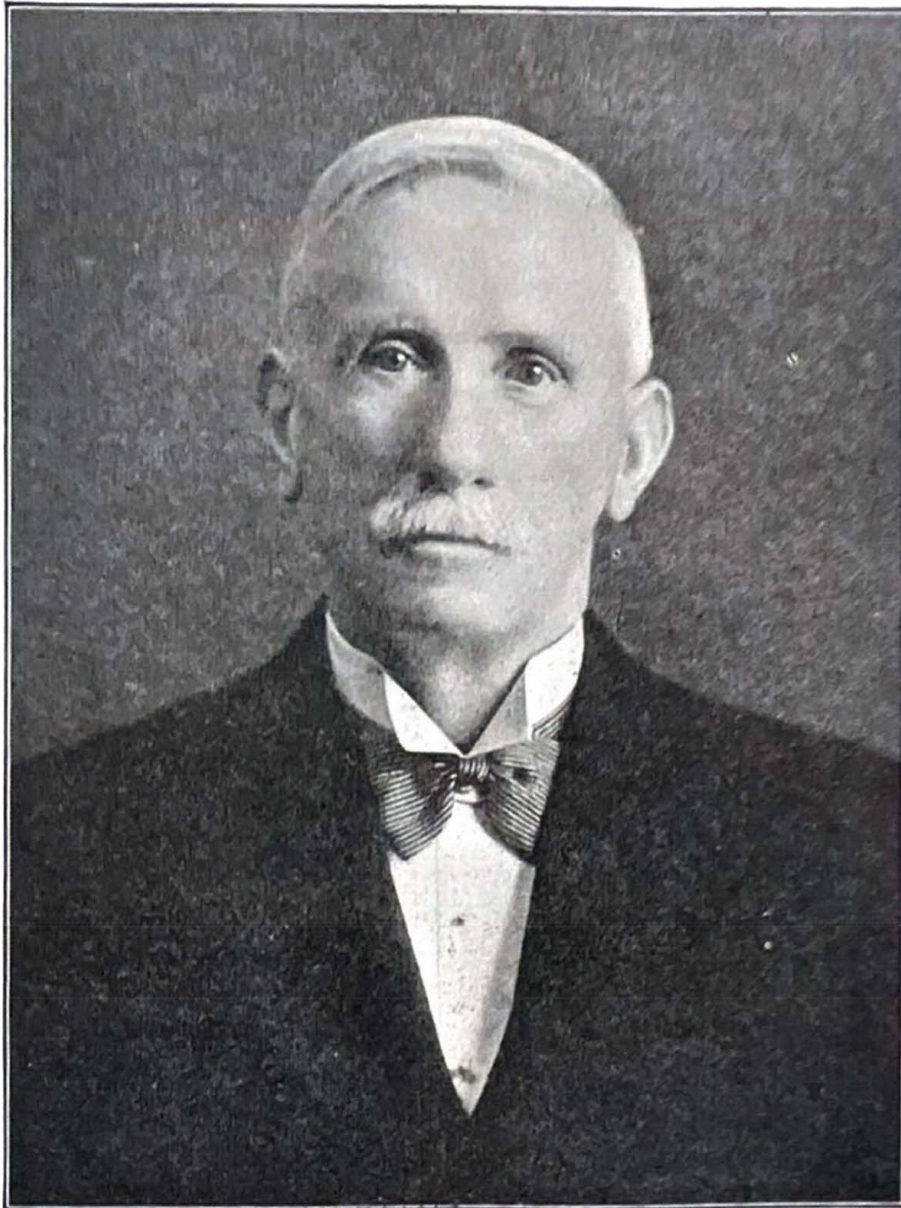
Praise the Lord! Unserved reader, let me ask you, is this world all that is worth living for? Perhaps your locks are grey, your eye growing dim, your ear dull of hearing, your hand shaking, and your step faltering; look back, my aged friend, over your 60, 70, or maybe 80 years. What do you say? Is this world all that is worth living for? Perhaps my reader is in the prime of manhood, as men say, and counting upon a good many years in this world yet, engrossed with business; it may be you are enjoying all the comforts this world can afford; it may be you are working hard from morning till night, and barely having the necessities of life; consider, friends, is this world all that is worth living for? But perhaps my reader is a young man, or a young woman, and you are saying, "Oh, death is far from me; my grandparents lived to a good age, and my father and my mother lived a long time, and so will I." Ah, young friend, you forget that God says, "Boast not thyself of to-morrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth" (Prov. 27. 1).

Should you get all the wealth, all the honour, and all the amusements this dark world can give you, what will it profit you if you lose your soul? But you say, "Well, but I'm young, and I want to be happy." If so, come to Christ, for it is only in Him that true joy is to be found. What an awful thing if in Hell you should have to lament for ever your madness and folly in bartering your soul to the Devil for a few years' gratification of your wicked heart. Listen to the good news—God loves you. Jesus shed His precious Blood in order that you might be saved from the wrath to come. Will you trust Him? "Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that believeth on Me hath everlasting life" (John 6. 47).

CONVERSION OF A KENTISH LAD.

I WAS born in a little Kentish village, where the only meeting-house was the village Church. Early in life I became the subject of religious impressions.

I had the inestimable blessing of a Christian mother, and one of my earliest recollections is of seeing her come



JAMES W. ASHBY.

into a room (where childlike I had hidden to surprise her) and kneeling down to pray, all unconscious of my presence, thus giving me a glimpse of unseen realities. My debt to her will be further understood from an incident sometime after my conversion. I had asked her to pray for me in connection with one of my earliest attempts

Conversion of a Kentish Lad.

to preach, and her reply in her next letter was, I began to pray for you before you were born, and have never left off yet.

On the other hand, I tried some of the pleasures of sin, and was for a time ensnared, largely through the influence of some ungodly men, among whom I worked as a lad, who took a diabolical delight in instructing and encouraging lads in habits of sin. Having outgrown Sunday School I attended a lads' Bible Class conducted by an earnest Christian lady, and had the advantage of the teaching and influence, in private, as well as in public of a godly clergyman. I became greatly concerned about deliverance from the power of Satan and a real acquaintance with God. Looking back after these many years I cannot help thinking that though those friends, under God, influenced me greatly, yet they failed to receive the joy of my confession of faith, because of a failure to urge the necessity of immediate decision; and so that part of the divine purpose was left to others. It was on a well-remembered evening of July, 1879, as I was returning with four companions from a neighbouring village, we met two zealous young men (Methodists) who had been to our village for an open-air meeting, and knowing something of our spiritual condition immediately proceeded to deal with us, according to our needs. We had heard them preach a number of times, and some of us had even aspired to be their helpers, by handing out hymn sheets, etc., but we now had their whole attention, and were compelled to listen to their earnest appeals for immediate personal decision. Two passages stand out in my memory as being especially used that night, namely, John 3. 16, and John 5. 24. The first is the divine explanation of the mystery contained in the preceding verse, "even so, must the Son of Man be lifted up," "for (because) 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 other passage, John 5. 24, was appealed to as showing the blessed certainty for those who hear and believe; "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,

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but is passed from death unto life." How long we stood there under the bright moonlight I am unable to say (though I can point out the spot, within a few yards) but the important fact is, that three of us, that night confessed our faith in the Lord Jesus, and in my own case the change was so evident that an unconverted man, was heard to call the attention of another to it, on the very next day. Having through life received grace and help from that same glorious Saviour, I continue to this day, and can gladly testify that it is a good thing to trust in the Lord. According to His own Word, he who serves Him "receiveth wages," in ever fresh appreciation of Himself and with increasing joy, as one seeks to tell to others, the glad tidings of His grace and willingness to save, with special joy, too, in the remembrance that fruit shall be eternal, and in the anticipation of sharing in the Lord's own joy (see John 4. 36).

May every reader know these things by personal experience.

J.W.A.

A MAN OF HIS WORD.

WHEN the English and the French were at war with each other in the Spanish Peninsula, there was an English general who wished to make an attack upon the enemy, and he ordered the officer, whose duty it was to provide the troops with food, to have the rations ready at a certain place at twelve o'clock on the following day.

It was sometimes no easy matter to provide sufficient supplies; and the officer replied that the rations could not be at the place on such short notice. "I cannot march my men without food," said the general: "and I say that the rations must be there at twelve o'clock to-morrow." "But I say it's impossible to do it," replied the officer. "Well," said the general, "remember this, if the rations are not there at twelve o'clock to-morrow I'll hang you!" The officer departed in a rage, saying to himself, "How dare he talk to me in that style? Hang me! hang me! We shall soon see all about that!" The Duke of Wellington was then the Commander-in-chief of the British armies and to him the officer went at once to complain of the general. The Duke listened in silence. Presently he inquired, "Did the general really say he'd hang you if the rations

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were not there by twelve o'clock?" "Yes, your Grace," replied the officer. "Are you sure he said he would hang you?" "He did indeed, your Grace," replied the officer, thinking that a severe rebuke was in store for his superior. "Well," said the Duke, "I know the general very well, and I know that he is a man of his word: if he really said that he would hang you, if I were in your place I should take care to have the rations there."

The officer went away, and the rations were there punctually at twelve o'clock.

Yes, dear reader, when the man's neck was in danger, he would not refuse to take the needful trouble to do the business promptly; he would not presume on the chance that for once in his life the general would not keep to his word. When it is a question of life or death a man generally takes good care to put himself on the right side, even if it cost him a world of pains to do so. Whether for good or for evil, we can believe the word of a fellow-man. Is God less worthy of credit? We can be fully persuaded that a man will keep to his word; do we imagine that God will not keep to His? "All have sinned," says God. Do we believe this? "The soul that sinneth it shall die," says God. Do we believe this? "The wicked shall be cast into Hell," says God. Do we believe this?

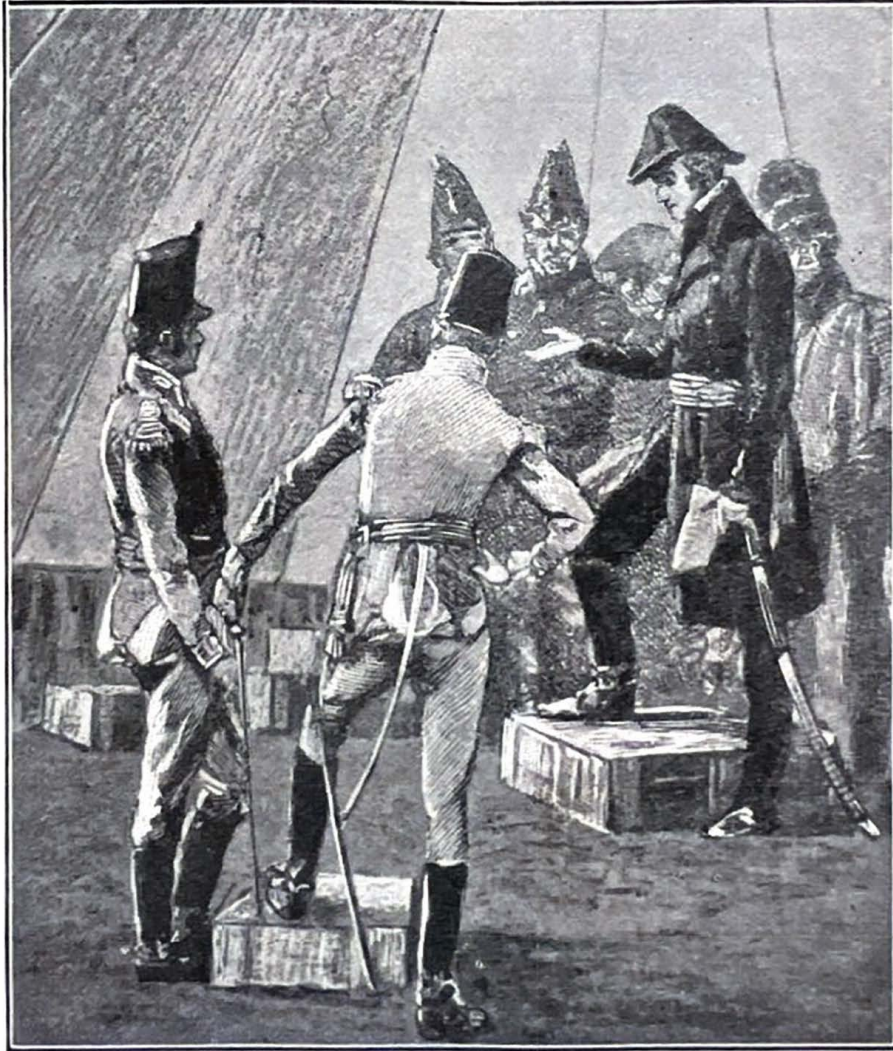
"But if God delights in mercy," say many, "He will surely never condemn His creatures to everlasting torment?" Will He not? What does God Himself say about it? "Let God be true and every man a liar." If you are foolish enough to believe human lies in preference to the clear testimony of God's Word, there will come an awakening when it is too late.

When God shows us that we are all sinners travelling onwards to an eternal Hell, does He stop there? No! for God truly delights in mercy, and therefore it is that we read, "For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life" (John 3. 16). The very moment that you see you are a lost sinner, that same moment God would have you see the One who said, "The Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost." "For God sent not His Son into the world to condemn the world, but that the world

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through Him might be saved" (John 3. 17). Was He a stern and a hard God who sent His Son into the world to make atonement for His lost creation?

There is an everlasting Hell; but God has provided a way of escape. There is an eternity of woe; but the Lord Jesus Christ endured the curse, that we might not be compelled to share it with the Devil and His angels.



"HE ORDERED THE OFFICER TO HAVE THE RATIONS READY."

The precious blood of Christ has been shed. It is it alone that maketh atonement for the soul, and delivers from wrath that is to come. The testimony of the Lord Jesus is—"This is my blood of the New Testament, which is shed for many for the remission of sins" (Matt. 26. 28). By faith accept Him now as your Saviour and Lord (John 3. 36).

W.G.S.

"A BAD LOT."

GEORGE J— had been a "bad lot." Early in life he started to drink, and drink had been his ruin. When quite a youth he had a flourishing business, with capital running into thousands of pounds. He married young, and, alas, like so many, made the wrong choice, his wife being also fond of the "glass." Which of the two was the worst, he said he could not tell. They used to quarrel and fight, and several times they threatened to kill each other. Drink seemed to be his master. His business was going "west" through neglect. He said he was going to Hell. What was he to do?

One night things came to a climax. His wife was out drinking in bad company. At the time George was half drunk, his blood was up. He resolved to end it all. So, picking up and concealing on his person the axe used for chopping firewood, he started out with the intent to kill his wife and the man she was drinking with, and then "do himself in." He was desperate, and "meant business" this time. I mention that he was no stranger to the police, having been convicted several times.

He had not, however, gone far from his home, when a Christian worker handed him a tract. "What's this?" he asked. "A tract," was the reply. "I don't want your tracts," and so saying he tore it in pieces; but it had done its work. George J— saw one word on it, and it struck him—the word, "Hereafter."

"I pulled myself up," he says, "and I suddenly realised how near I had been to the gates of Hell. I do truly believe that that word "hereafter" probably saved me from the gallows. The word haunted me. I could not get it out of my mind. "What was I to do? That moment I resolved to give up the drink, and I did. Since that hour I only went into a public-house once, and ordered a "pint," but I did not touch it. I walked out, leaving it on the counter. I now saw how great a sinner I had been. Would Christ receive me? Would He take me in? Would He blot out my past? All these questions came up before me. I resolved to put the matter to the test. Falling on my knees, I did truly repent of my sins; confessing them, I immediately realised that God had accepted me through Jesus Christ my Lord. He had blotted out my sins, and now I could sing from the heart:

A Bad Lot.

“’Tis done, the great transaction’s done;
I am my Lord’s, and He is mine;
He drew me and I followed on,
Charmed to confess that voice Divine.”

Such is the story of one who was once a great sinner. To-day he is a great believer, a regular attender of God’s house, and one who is trying to bring others to Christ. It was my joy to lead him to the feet of the Master.



A CHRISTIAN WORKER HANDED HIM A TRACT.

Reader, what about the hereafter—your hereafter? Remember, “it is appointed unto men once to die, and after that the judgment” (Heb. 9. 27). All shall have to stand before God and answer for themselves. How will you fare then? Can you say, “’Tis done, the great transaction’s done?” If you cannot, you may do so now. Listen, George J—, whose story is quoted above, was a vile sinner, yet even he was not rejected. Come, then, just as you are. He will not turn you away. W.C.

THE MAN WHO WENT TO PRISON.

IN the year 1809 the officials at Stafford county jail were astonished at a man coming to their gates with his own commitment. He explained that the constable of his village was busy in the harvest, and so could not conveniently accompany him. It was not until after he had proven that he was really the person named in the commitment that he was admitted to the prison.

It must at least be said of this man that he acknowledged his guilt. Upon his own showing he was indeed the person who had transgressed against the law of England. But how many persons there are who have sinned against the law of God, yet in their pride and stubbornness of heart will not acknowledge it! They read in Holy Scripture that "all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God" (Rom. 3. 23), yet they refuse to humble themselves as David did, confessing, "I have sinned against the Lord" (2 Sam. 12. 13). They do not object to calling themselves "miserable sinners" when in the midst of a crowd, but to acknowledge themselves as individually guilty and undone they absolutely decline.

The man of a hundred years ago not only owned his guilt, he bowed also to the righteousness of the sentence which had gone forth against him. Here, again, many of our contemporaries deeply err. We often hear ungodly people asserting defiantly that they do not believe in Hell. Others, not daring to go quite so far, challenge the righteousness of God in sending men there. They forget that God is the Judge, not themselves, and that sin has so blunted their moral sensibilities that they are incompetent to form a just estimate of the gravity of sin.

"There is one God and one Mediator between God and men, the Man Christ Jesus, who gave Himself a ransom for all" (1 Tim. 2. 5, 6). Do not waste precious time disputing with God, we beseech you. This were to fall into the snare of the Devil, to your eternal ruin. Humble yourself under the mighty hand of God, acknowledge yourself as guilty before Him, take your true place at His feet as one only worthy of the Lake of Fire, then put all your trust in the Lord Jesus Christ, and be pardoned and saved for evermore. "The same Lord over all is rich unto all that call upon Him, for whosoever shall call upon the Name of the Lord shall be saved" (Rom. 10. 12, 13). w.w.f.