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Courtesy of L. M. S. Railway

"WE ARE ALL ON A JOURNEY, WHICH MUST COME TO AN END BEFORE VERY LONG."

CLEANSED CLOTHED CROWNED

STRIKING STORIES ILLUSTRATING
THE WONDER-WORKING POWER
OF THE GOSPEL

COMPILED BY

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Editor of "The Believer's Pathway"



PICKERING & INGLIS

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TRAVELLING WITHOUT A TICKET;

— OR, —

THE WOMAN WHO, TRAVELLING WITHOUT A TICKET, HAD HER
FARE PAID BY A FELLOW PASSENGER.



A FAMOUS BRITISH EXPRESS.

TRAVELLING WITHOUT A TICKET.

A TRAIN was just leaving one of our large railway stations; the doors were shut, and the guard was on the point of giving the signal to start, when two women hurried across the platform and entered one of the railway carriages. They each carried a large basket or hamper of fruit, so large that the passengers remonstrated at their being brought into the carriage, as against the rules, and most inconvenient for the travellers; but the women entreated so earnestly to be allowed to keep them there, that the rest consented at last, and they remained undisturbed.

The engine whistled, and the train moved slowly away from the station.

The women appeared relieved, but still spoke anxiously every now and then to each other, as if all was not settled yet.

A gentleman who sat near them (and whom we will call Mr. S.) watched them with some curiosity and interest, which increased when he noticed that, as the train drew near the station where the first inspection of the tickets took place, they grew more and more uneasy. It stopped at last, and the ticket-collector was heard going from door to door. As he reached this carriage Mr. S. saw that one of the women had slipped down, and was almost hidden behind the large basket of fruit. It was market-day, and a very full train, so, in the hurry of the moment, the guard did not see her. Her companion presented one ticket, and the man passed on.

The woman rose slowly from her hiding-place, as if doubting how she would be received by her fellow-travellers. Mr. S. bent forward and said quietly to her:

"You may escape from the ticket-collector's notice, but you will not be able to hide from God like that when His great reckoning day comes."

The woman looked in his face anxiously, and answered, after a pause: "Oh, sir, we have no help for it! This is market-day, and our fruit will spoil if we do not sell it to-day. We had enough money to pay our way up by the early market train, but we missed it, so we agreed to take one ticket and try to get up unknown to the railway men. We have done it all right so far; don't show us up, sir."

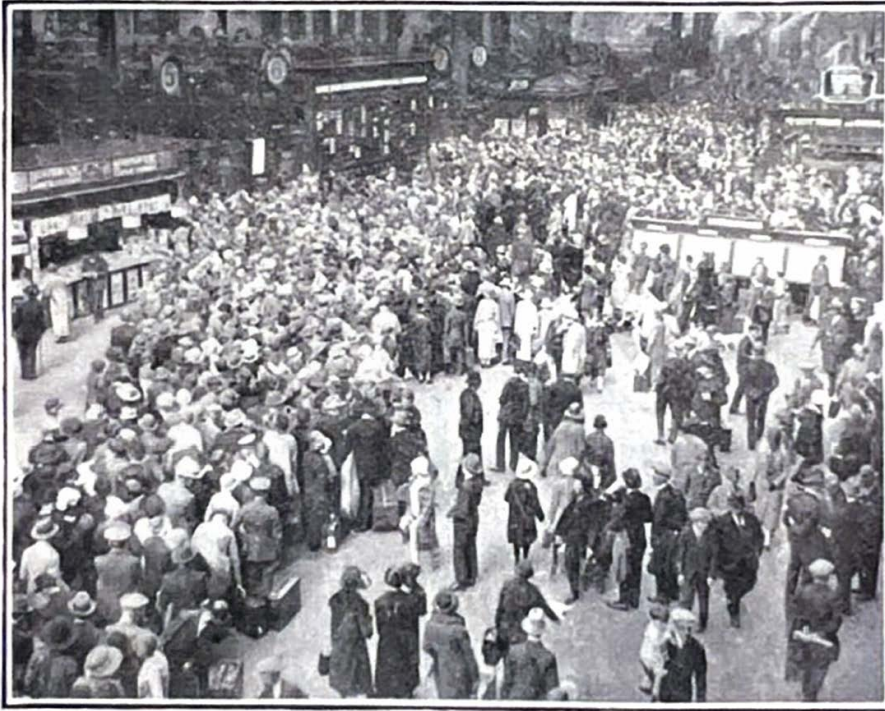
Travelling Without a Ticket.

"But it is not right," the gentleman replied; "you know it is not!"

"But what am I to do, sir?" she asked despairingly; "I haven't the money to pay, and I have my husband ill at home, and four little children who have had nothing to eat to-day."

"Supposing I were to pay for your ticket?" he replied.

She looked doubtfully at him; and as he watched her face, he could read plainly the thoughts that were passing



WATERLOO STATION, LONDON.

through her mind. No; she was not going to believe that sort of thing: people were not so rich or so generous that they would go about paying the fares of strangers who could not pay their own way. No, indeed, she was not so foolish as to believe that!

"I will pay it for you," Mr. S. repeated, and the conversation dropped. The train was approaching the market town, and soon it had stopped just outside the station where the tickets must be given up. Mr. S. turned to the woman, and saw that once more she was preparing to slip down behind her basket.

"Can you not trust me?" he asked. "I said that I would pay for you."

Travelling Without a Ticket.

The ticket-collector was at the door next to theirs. For a moment the woman hesitated, and then decided to believe his word. The door was opened and the passengers presented their tickets, all except one, who had none, nor any money to buy it.

"What is the fare from L——?" the gentleman asked. The man named the sum. "I wish to pay for this woman," he continued; "she has no ticket."

"All right, sir," the man returned, as he took the money handed to him and passed on.

"You have no need to hide now," Mr. S. said, as the train moved into the station.

She could not answer; but, bending down over her basket, she drew out an armful of her choicest fruit, dropped it into his wife's lap, and left the carriage. The train moved on, and the gentleman turned to his fellow-travellers, who had been much impressed, and said:

"We are all on a journey, which must come to an end before very long. Every one **hopes** to reach the Home that lies at the end of our journey; but **are we** all certain that we have what will secure an entrance to that Home, when the journey is done?" *No one* can slip in there, unperceived by the piercing eye of God. We *must* have a passport. What is to be done? Our own consciences tell us how utterly unable we are to secure an entrance for ourselves, vile and sinful as we are. But God—the holy, just God—has Himself provided this for us. His own Son *has already paid the price* which we could never pay, "*not with silver and gold, but with His own precious blood.*" He died that *we* might have eternal life.

Come boldly *now* and claim the ransom thus provided. Will you not believe His word? Do you think it *too good to be true*? It is His own word:

"*While we were yet sinners, Christ died for us*" (Rom. 5. 8).

He holds in pierced hand
Thy pardon free,
Purchased on Calvary's Cross,
Purchased for thee;
Take it, and freed from sin
New life in Him begin,
He died for thee,
He died for thee.

A STARTLING LETTER.

AN amazing letter appeared in the *Daily Mail* some little time ago entitled "Three Months to Live." The writer, a man in his forties, had just been to a specialist and received his death sentence.



"I KNEW THE WORST."

"There is such a thing as Nature's miracle, but I do not advise you to rely upon such a remote possibility. Of course, we are not infallible; but as you have demanded to know all, I will tell you that I do not think that you have more than three or four months to live." These were the words of the eminent physician.

A Startling Letter.

The writer continued: "And my feelings? Well, it may seem strange, but after months and months of waiting and doubt, there came almost a feeling of relief. I knew the worst. I had some three months' grace in which I could put my affairs in order before passing into the Great Unknown."

With resolute courage and wonderful spirit he continued: "I shall carry on with my work just as I have done; but I shall probably extract more pleasure from the little things of life than I have done in the past." Then he closed thus "Well—I shall know, I expect, before very long."

The most indifferent reader of that morning paper sat up and stared, then began to think thoughts which had not been entertained for many years—thoughts of God, of the brevity of life, of eternity.

The most startling and most poignant part of the whole letter is this. *The poor man was in utter ignorance as to his future destiny.* His reckoning only went as far as the grave. Oh, the pathos of it! To think of the millions to-day even in so-called Christian lands, who are as dark as night when it comes to the greatest and most vital matters of the soul's salvation. Let us therefore learn something from this startling letter.

TIME IS SHORT. A little more than forty years had passed and gone, and now it seemed as a dream. Job could say, "My days are swifter than a shuttle." Moses could write, "We spend out years as a tale that is told." James compares our life to "a vapour that appeareth, then vanisheth away." Your time, too, like the sands in the glass, will soon run out and what then?

OPPORTUNITY IS PASSING. A little season of grace was given him to get ready. The opportunity was afforded of getting right with God; yet he never even mentions His Name. The life-line of salvation is being thrown to you, dear reader. This is your opportunity of grace. Jesus is passing by. Flee to Him before the chance is missed for ever.

ETERNITY IS COMING. A little way ahead, and then the Great Beyond, to meet God in your sins and be judged for your rejection of His Son, your neglect of His salvation, or to be ushered into the Father's house with all its eternal joys, as a forgiven sinner, saved through precious

A Startling Letter.

blood. Which is it to be? Eternal weal or eternal woe? Christ and eternal salvation, or your sins, your pleasures, and eternal separation and doom? Yes, Eternity draws near. Let it stamp itself upon your heart, your conscience; let it burn itself into the very soul, until you are aroused as to your danger, alarmed as to your need, and led to the Saviour's feet.

While time lasts, opportunity lingers and eternity still lies ahead, grasp the life-line of the Gospel. "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). See where a holy God has put your sins! On the head of His spotless Son, suffering as your Substitute and Sin-bearer, under the judgment of God. That is the grand basis of salvation—not in prayers, alms, sacraments, or human works of any kind, since all men are sinful in heart and practice (Rom. 3. 23). On the solitary basis of the Saviour's work, rest your weary soul; and you, too, will rejoice in eternal life and eternal glory. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou *shalt be saved*" (Acts 16. 31). "Dost *thou* believe on the Son of God?" (John 9. 39).

G. A. N.

WILL IT LAST?

WILL the world's pleasures last? Will they continue to charm all through life? Or will future days bring bitter regret that precious moments have been wasted in idle folly? When the eye grows dim and the step turns slow and wearied, and the snow of life's winter lies on your brow, will you turn then to the joys of earth? Or will a weary and empty heart utter the mournful complaint "All is vanity?"

Will it last—the world and its dazzling yet empty joys? No, it cannot. Each passing day, each hurrying month, each closing year, tells us it won't last. Like the morning dew it passeth away. Like the flower of the grass it withers. It cannot last.

Not so heaven's joys—they are for evermore: the pleasures at His right hand endure for eternity. Earth's pleasures lose their gloss when we think they must end. Heaven's joys shine with a brighter light as we remember they shall endure for ever.

MILK FOR NOTHING.

WE stepped into the railway train, bound for Ayr, and had scarcely got seated when in followed three hale and hearty farmers bound for the same district, to look after engaging a farm for one of their number. Speeding along through hill and dale leading to the Land of Burns, the conversation dwelt on various branches of farming, crops, etc., finally turning on the milk supply question. One upheld it as being profitable, the second condemned it, and the third related his experience in selling in a neighbouring large town, concluding with telling how on one occasion, having a large supply and not being able to dispose of it, he sent the milkman down one of the poorest streets to cry "Milk for nothing." Some peeped at him carelessly, others came and procured a supply, and one little girl without can or jug came forward and asked, "When are you coming back again?" The idea quite amused our hearty farmer friends. To think, after all his labour with his cows, rising at three in the morning, and driving eight miles into town, people were found who did not trouble to accept his present gracious offer of "Milk for nothing." They laughed repeatedly as they thought of the little girl waiting, but waiting in vain, for the kind-hearted milkman returning again. Oh, thought I, how like many persons whom I know. Time after time they hear of "Eternal life for nothing" (Rom. 6. 23); of "the water of life offered freely"; of wine and milk (joy and peace) without money and without price; they know they need them, in fact must receive them if ever they are to enter heaven. But, like the little girl, they "put off" till a future time; and to many, like her, the gracious offer is not again renewed. Again and again have you not heard the devil whispering to you not to receive Jesus till you are better and older, as it would spoil your fun and happiness. Every time you listen to him you make "a great mistake." Harken no longer to the voice of the deceiver to put it off, but decide whether you will have the devil's wages ("The wages of sin is death") or God's gift ("The gift of God is eternal life"). God's Salvation is surely the greatest possible blessing, it is intended for the greatest possible number, at the smallest possible price. Accept NOW of God's salvation for nothing.

DR. JOHN STUART HOLDEN.

HALFWAY up Baker Street, a busy west London thoroughfare, there stands an unpretentious Church, which most people would pass without giving it more than a glance, were it not for two tablets which are a prominent feature of its fronts. These two tablets are en-



DR. JOHN STUART HOLDEN.

graved ; on the one is the ten Commandments of Exodus 20 ; and on the other is that wonderful Gospel text , John 3. 16. In the course of a day thousands of people must stop and read the enactments and prohibitions of the law of God , or the glorious message of Everlasting Life carved in the stone on the front of St. Paul's, Portman Square.

As we would naturally conclude, St. Paul's Church has ever been the centre of an Evangelical and an Evangelistic ministry. The late Dr. John Stuart Holden was vicar of this church for 35 years, and had no greater pleasure in life than to proclaim either to a large congregation or to an individual inquirer, the story of the pardoning love of God in Christ Jesus. It may be asked what kind of man he was. Of him it can safely be said he was neither a milk-sop nor a bigot. Nor was he a cloistered theologian who lived his life in the seclusion of a ministerial study. He loved games, was a man of affairs, a graduate of Cambridge University, a master of English prose, abreast of the current thought of the day, broad-minded and companionable, with a diversity of interests, and a grasp of detail which it is given to few men to possess. He had served as Chairman or Director of numerous religious and philanthropic institutions, and counted his friendships among all classes of Society. While still in his prime, after a short period of ill health, he was suddenly called into the presence of the God whom he loved and feared.

His ability, character, and attainments marked him out from his fellows, but they did not remove him from the simple faith which characterised the life-choice made by him while still a youth in his teens, and when the last call came he did not die in the faith of his attainments, or good deeds and exemplary life. On the Bible he had in daily use he had written these words on the fly leaf, just over his name:

"I am just a poor sinner and nothing at all,
But Jesus Christ is all in all;"

and on another leaf close beside it he also wrote:

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

Like another saint of God, whose words were, "Away with all that I have done, the part I would be in at is redemption through the blood," he had stepped away from all he had ever done or could do, and rested his soul for time and for eternity upon the death of the Lord Jesus Christ, and upon the Word of God which liveth and abideth for ever.

Dr. John Stuart Holden.

No clearer testimony could be given, nor could any more direct Gospel message be proclaimed than these two couplets. In them is the acknowledgment of sin which is the outcome of repentance toward God, and the confession of faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, by which the sinner justifies God, and through which God justifies the

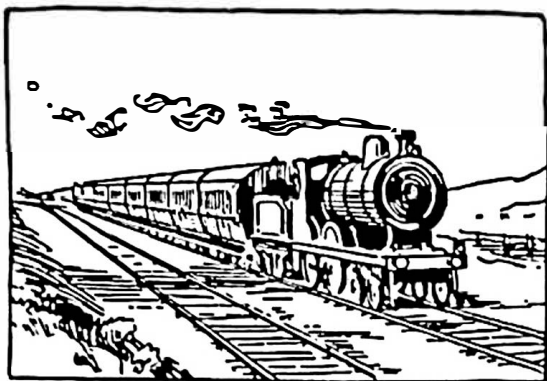


ST. PAULS, PORTMAN SQUARE, LONDON.

sinner. For it is "to him that worketh not, but believeth on God who justifieth the ungodly his faith is counted for righteousness" (Rom. 4. 5).

Faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the Word of God. That Word is nigh thee in thy mouth and in thy heart, that is the Word of faith which we preach that if thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus and shall believe in thine heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved (Rom. 10. 9.) J. II.

MODERN THOUGHT.



TURNING to a fellow-traveller in the train I asked if he would accept a booklet entitled "The Way to Heaven." He turned over its pages for a few minutes, noticed something about Hell, and turning sharply round, asked if I could

tell him where Hell was, adding something to the effect that "modern thought" was against the idea that there was such a place.

I asked, "Is modern thought the same as it was a hundred years ago?" "Oh, no; it is what is believed to-day." "If the world continues another hundred years, will the thoughts of to-day be the same then?" He thought they would not be, so evidently such shifty "thought" was not of much value.

Turning then to the words of the Lord Jesus, I told him that He who ever spoke the truth, and could tell us about Hell, had drawn aside the veil and given us a look into its depths, where we could see one wanting a drop of cold water, but wanting in vain (Luke 16. 24). The man who had thus gone down into the depths of Hell is not described as an awful character, but one who had lived in a land of privilege and blessing—the land of Judea, where they had the Word of God (Moses and the prophets), but he had **NEGLECTED GOD** and His way of Salvation.

Sodom and Gomorrah, I remarked, had been destroyed by fire, and buried beneath the waters of the Dead Sea (Jude 7), but He who ever spoke the truth had declared that they should come forth to judgment (Luke 10. 14), and I preferred the Word of the Lord Jesus Christ to the vain speculation of "MODERN THOUGHT."

My companion observed that he did not think that I could convert him to my views. I fully agreed with him. I could not. God only could do that. My belief was not the result of mere reason, but God Himself had led me to put faith in the Lord Jesus Christ and in His Word. May the reader believe in Christ and obtain eternal life (John 5. 24). "Now is the Day of Salvation." G.G.G.

THE FRENCH OFFICER AND THE HYMN.

THE Franco-Prussian War was raging, and the Prussians were inflicting terrible sufferings on the French. A French pastor was holding nightly Gospel meetings in the open air in the city of Metz, and many soldiers and civilians attended regularly and listened with rapt attention to the proclamation of the "Old, Old Story."

Amongst the regular frequenters of the services was an officer, who seemed to be drinking in the truth as told out by the servant of Christ. Night after night he was present, and was one of the most appreciative listeners. The pastor sought to get in touch with him, but failed to do so on account of the pressure of the crowd at the close of the meetings. The last service was held on the night preceding the capture of the famous fortress-city by the Prussians. As was his custom, the pastor closed the meeting with the singing of Miss Charlotte Elliott's beautiful hymn, so often sung in churches and meeting places:

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

The preacher, though desirous of having a conversation with the officer, was unable to get near to him, and he left for his home greatly burdened about his spiritual condition. Had the officer seen the truth of the Gospel of God's matchless grace? Had he yet learned that salvation can alone be obtained on the ground of the precious Blood of Christ which was shed for a guilty world? Had he "COME" by simple faith in Christ's atoning sacrifice?

Next morning a number of troops marched out of the city, and at the head of some of them was the French officer. The pastor stood on the balcony of his house and watched the soldiers as they moved along. The pastor recognised the officer, and at that moment their eyes met. The officer gave the servant of Christ a military salute, and stepping aside repeated the lines:

"Just as I am, Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come!"

After repeating the lines he joined his troops, and later in the day was killed in battle.

The French Officer and the Hymn.

What a blessing that the Frenchman was led to know that God's pardoning mercy is obtained *through faith in the finished work of Christ!* And how delightful it is to know that through believing on the Saviour he was not ashamed to witness a good confession before his troops.

Knowing your need of salvation from coming wrath and judgment, *you* may be longing to know God's way of peace. If so, ponder the first stanza of Miss Elliott's hymn:

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

Come to Him now by believing that *His precious Blood* was shed for you, that it has satisfied every claim of offended justice, and by believing the "glad tidings" you will be saved and become the present possessor of eternal life (John 3. 36; 6. 47).

Think on the precious words of the second stanza:

"Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot;
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come!"

Come to Him as you are, and where you are. Come in thought to Him. In other words, believe that He was "wounded for our transgressions and bruised for our iniquities" (Isa. 53. 5), and died in our room and stead. Don't wait until you are more sorry on account of your sin, or more anxious about your eternal welfare. Don't think about your feelings: or lack of feelings, toward God. Think of His marvellous and mighty love to *you*. However great a sinner you are, God loves you. "For God commendeth His love towards us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us" (Rom. 5. 8).

At this very moment, even as you read these lines, you may be cleansed from every stain of sin. "The Blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin" (1 John 1. 7). God is now beseeching you to be reconciled to Him (2 Cor. 5. 20). "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved" (Acts 16. 31). Believe that He bled and suffered and died for you, and Heaven is yours for ever.

A.M.

HIS QUESTION—AND YOURS.

DR. ALEX. MAC-LAREN, the Prince of Expositors, is here depicted preaching in Union Chapel, Manchester, where he faithfully ministered for over forty years. Listen to his message on **THE PHILIPPIAN JAILER** (Acts 16. 22-36): The jailer, who was probably not selected for his tenderness of heart, would care little for the bleeding, lacerated backs of a couple of stray Jews, or exercise any particular gentleness in thrusting them into the dark chamber and forcing their feet into the stocks. Why, then, did he burst into the inner cell, "trembling for fear," and ask: "What must I do to be saved?" (Acts 16. 30)? What did he desire to be saved from? Paul's answer tells us what he supposed the jailer inquired about, and the fact that his first fear had been quieted makes it certain that Paul rightly understood the question. The jailer took salvation in its deepest sense, and his question is one that every soul of man has the same need to ask.



The jailer's plain question was met by an unhesitating answer: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ" (Acts 16. 31). Mark the full, solemn Name: "*Lord*" implies sovereignty, and probably divinity; "*Jesus*" implies incarnation; "*Christ*" implies that He is the fulfilment of the ancient dispensation, anointed with the Divine spirit. The whole Name proclaims that "Himself bare our sins" (1 Peter 2. 24). The jailer was a heathen at sunset; he was a Christian, rejoicing in God, before the sun rose. A. M' L.

ASLEEP IN A WHEELBARROW ON A RAILWAY TRACK.

A FEW years ago the passengers on an express railway train in Ontario, Canada, were startled by the prolonged whistle of the locomotive as they descended a sharp grade. The noise continued for some time, and then the engine was brought to a sudden standstill. There was a general rush to the carriage windows to find out what was the cause of the stoppage. To the astonishment of all they learned that a little boy had been found fast asleep in a wheelbarrow in the centre of the railway track. Had the engine-driver not noticed him just in time to reverse the brakes and stop the train, the little fellow would in all likelihood have been killed in a moment, and his lifeless body been mangled and bruised. At first the boy was not at all well pleased at being so rudely awakened out of his sleep, but when he understood how narrowly he had escaped from a terrible death he felt deeply grateful to his deliverer.

Unconverted people, like the little boy, are exposed to dreadful danger. A far more terrible "death" stares them in the face, but they close their eyes to the fact and persuade themselves that it is distant; or, at any rate, they "hope" that they will escape it. Friends raise the "danger-signal," urge them to flee for their lives; but still they tarry. Some, when faithfully and tenderly spoken to of their peril, become annoyed and irritated. They assert that they attend to their "own business," and tell those who have taken the trouble to speak to them that they are "a great deal better than some who profess," and that they have "as good a chance" of getting to Heaven as they.

Unsaved reader, you are even now "condemned already" (John 3. 18). What would you think of a mother suspending her child over a precipice by a single thread? You would think that she was insane. Yet you are doing a far worse thing than that. By the "brittle thread of life" you are hanging over the abyss of woe. At any moment you may be cut down, and awaken in an undone eternity, to weep and wail and gnash your teeth at your own folly throughout the eternal ages.

"Come unto Me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest" (Matt. 11. 28). Accept Him as your Saviour and Friend by believing the glorious Gospel of the grace of God (John 3. 16, 36; Isa. 53. 5, 6). A.M.

THE WAY TO HEAVEN;

— OR. —

THE QUESTION OF ALL QUESTIONS, THE MOST IMPORTANT AND MOMENTOUS, IS; WHAT IS THE WAY BY WHICH A GUILTY SINNER CAN OBTAIN FORGIVENESS?



"THAT, SIR, IS YOUR WAY"

THE WAY TO HEAVEN.

IT is coming on dark; the fog is gathering. You have lost yourself. You ask your way home. There is a wood yonder, you may be lost in it; there is a precipice, you may fall over. There are enemies abroad, and you may be attacked. The one thing you want to know just now is, which is the way. Many questions far more interesting might suggest themselves at other times, but, in your condition, the one important thing to ascertain is—**THE WAY**.

Such a state as this is frequent in the soul's experience. A man wants to know—What is the way by which **I**, a guilty sinner, can obtain forgiveness? It is to such perplexed and anxious souls I address myself. My mission is to tell you **THE WAY TO HEAVEN**; that is what I can tell you; tell it to you plainly, and lay it down so clearly that there is no mistake about it; and when we have done that, you shall be without excuse.

Jesus of Nazareth, the Son of God, cries to every soul, "**I AM THE WAY**" (John 14. 6). While I point you to Him, I point you away from every other.

He is the way **exclusively**. Men will tell us now that it does not matter whether a man be a Christian, Moham-medan, or heathen, if he be only sincere, that is quite enough. Professed Christians abound in our midst, who, with a specious charity, will say, "Yes, yes, there are some little points of difference between us, but no doubt, if we are sincere, we shall all be quite right at the last." Mark this, friends, any quantity of falsehood can live in the same house without quarrelling, but truth will not tolerate a lie, even next door to it. It is the essence of truth to desire to exterminate error, and instead of holding out to it the right hand of brotherly kindness it says. "Nay, nay, until Hell and Heaven, or vice and virtue can be united, truth and falsehood can have no alliance."

How spake the Good Shepherd? "All that ever came before Me are thieves and robbers; but the sheep did not hear them" (John 10. 8). So He disposes of all preceding prophets and teachers that had not given their testimony exclusively to Him. Hear, too, how the apostle speaks: "Other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ" (1 Cor. 3. 11). What sweeping words. "He that believeth on Him is **NOT** condemned; but he that believeth not is **CONDEMNED ALREADY**, because he hath not

The Way to Heaven.

believed in the Name of the only begotten Son of God" (John 3. 18). This, then, is how the Master puts it. Again, "There is none other Name under Heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved" (Acts 4. 12). And what about those who will not believe, and yet say they are sincere in not believing? There is but one result for them—mark, not my words now, but my Master's—I am not accountable for what He says—I am but as the footman at the door, who tells you what his master has said; if you find fault, find fault with Him. He says, "He that believeth not shall be damned" (Mark 16. 16). That is all that Jesus Christ has to say to those who refuse to accept Him as the one *sole* and *only* Saviour. It is neither kind nor honest to tell a man a falsehood, because it suits him, and hide the truth from him, because he would not like to hear it.

There is a man walking from London south, and he says that he hopes he shall get to Edinburgh; there is another walking north, and he says that he shall get to Bristol. Were I one of the mock-charity school, I should say, "O yes, gentlemen, you are both sincere in your way, and if you follow your own roads you will, no doubt, each of you arrive at the city you desire." But instead of that I say, "Nay, sirs, it is not enough to be sincere; it must be a right road by which you travel; the more intensely sincere you are in your error, the more certain are you of meeting with the result of that error, which result is, that you will not find yourselves where you expect to be."

When Christ proclaims Himself the Way, He gives a *perfect direction*. He is not only the road by which we must travel, but He is the end to which we must press forward: He is the way *perfectly*. Christ, then, is *all* the way to Heaven; there is no need to make a piece of the way to get to Him, or that He may get to us. When they carry railways to provincial towns they generally—I suppose with a view to the interests of the carriage hirers—make the station about a mile from the town, so that you have quite a journey from the station before you can get into the town. Now, Christ is the Way to Heaven *perfectly*, from *just where you are*, sinner. I do not know who you are, but from just where you are, at this time, Christ

The Way to Heaven.

is the Way to Heaven. "What?" you say, "what? supposing me to be the blackest sinner that ever lived, is there a way to Heaven from where I am?" Yes, Christ is the Way to Heaven perfectly. There is no need for you to make even an inch of road. If thou wilt believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, thou shalt be saved. It is just to trust Christ, and then it is done, and it is because this is so simple that it is so hard. If the way to Heaven were a little harder it would be easier. "How so?" you say. Why, if you were told that the way to get to Heaven was to walk with bare feet to John o' Groats—if you believe that to be the Gospel—some of you would set off to-night. But when you are told to trust in Christ, "Oh," says proud flesh and blood, "that is so easy;" and, like Naaman, many turn and go away in a rage. They will not have the way of salvation because it is so simple and so easy.

Now, I have put this as plainly as ever I can, so as to show that there is no need to make a branch line to get to Christ, for He is "the Way" from the very spot where you now are. Here is a message which comes to *you*, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and *thou* shalt be saved" (Acts 16. 31). Perhaps there is some big professor who does not like this doctrine, and he says, "You have no right or warrant to come!" Show him the Book where Christ says, "Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely" (Rev. 22. 17). And if there should be another, who still tries to keep you back, tell him that Jesus has told you to come, and has said that "he that believeth not shall be damned." What for? His sin? No; "Because he hath *not believed* in the Name of the only begotten Son of God" (John 3. 18).

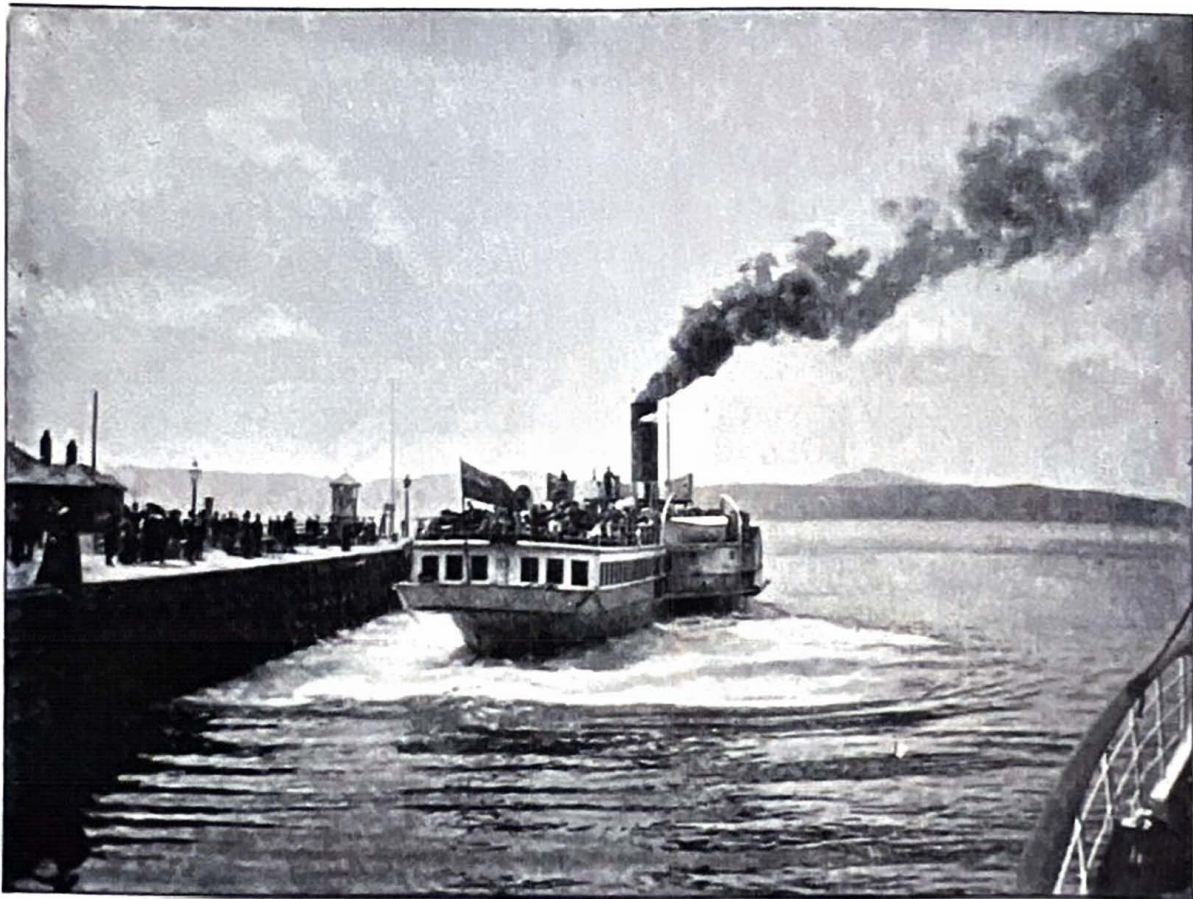
As Christ is the Way exclusively and perfectly, so, also, He is the Way **presently**, that is—**HE IS THE WAY NOW**. He does not say, "I *was* the Way if you had come several years ago," but "I *am* the Way." The Gospel is not "He that goes home and prays shall be saved," but "He that believeth on the Lord Jesus Christ shall be saved." Christ is the Way now. "Behold, **NOW** is the accepted time; behold, **NOW** is the day of salvation" (2 Cor. 6. 2). Just where you are, just as you are, Christ says to you, "**I AM THE WAY.**" Accept Christ as your Saviour, and do it now.

C. H. SPURGEON.

"JESUS DIED FOR YOU."

IN the hall of the Bible School, Berlin, Germany, there is a card with these words, "JESUS DIED FOR YOU." I was delighted to see it, and could not but desire that many would read the blessed announcement, and rejoice in Christ as their Saviour. To some the words would cause no thrill of joy, but to sin-burdened souls the statement was calculated to bring peace and happiness to their troubled hearts.

"JESUS DIED FOR YOU." Why did He die? To make



PRINCES PIER, GREENOCK.

an atonement for sin. His death on Calvary's cross eternally settled the *sin question*. On account of what He did and suffered for us God can righteously justify the vilest sinner. Christ's death was a perfect satisfaction to the injured honour of the Divine character and government. There are alas! many persons who believe that Christ died for some people only. This view of His atonement obscures the freeness of the Gospel.

A preacher was trying to prove to his hearers that Christ

Jesus Died for You.

died for *some men only*, and made this sad confession, "I do not know that Jesus died *for me*." One present was greatly surprised at the preacher's admission and, mentally exclaimed, "If I were on my death-bed I would not send for him. What can he do for me seeing that he does not know that Christ died for himself? and if he cannot tell me that Christ died for me, of what use will anything else be that he may say?"

If I cannot tell a sinner that Christ died for *him*, I can tell him nothing that will remove the burden of unforgiven sin. Telling a sinner that Christ died for *other people* cannot do him any good. He must be assured that Christ paid the ransom for *his* soul's deliverance in order that the fear of death, and hell, and woe be taken away.

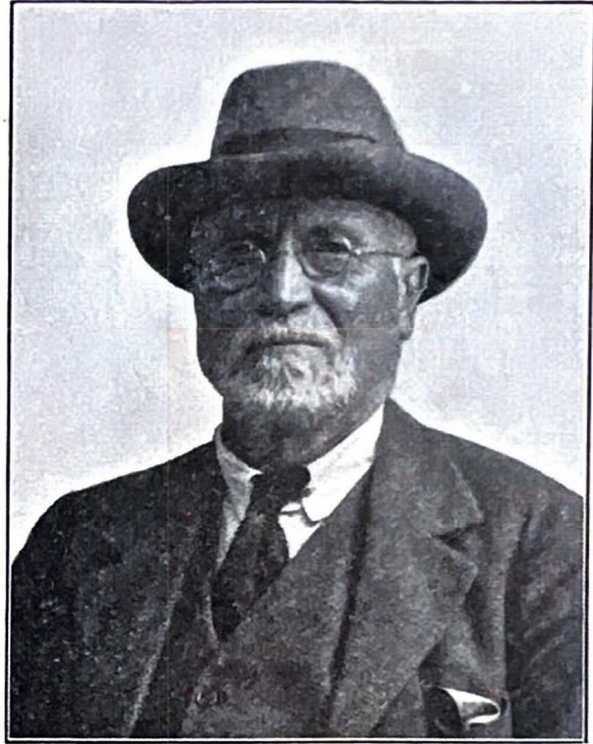
Over thirty years ago a preacher was holding forth from a barrel in the open air in the town of Greenock. In speaking of God's love to the world, he said, "Christ died for you." At the close of the address one of the audience inquired if Christ died for *him*. "I cannot tell you that," was the answer given, "as I don't know that you are one of the elect." The questioner replied, "How is it that you told us Christ died for us when you were on the barrel, and you cannot do so when you are off it?" God's Word shows that Christ died for *all*: "The bread which I will give is My flesh, which I will give for the life of *the world*" (John 6. 51); Christ "gave Himself a ransom for *all*" (1 Tim. 2. 6); "that He by the grace of God should taste death for *every man*" (Heb. 2. 9; 2 Cor. 5. 15):

"JESUS DIED FOR YOU." You are a sinner, and deserve to receive the penalty of sin. Because of His atoning sacrifice you are invited and entreated to accept of salvation as a free gift. God is satisfied with the finished work of Christ, and He desires that you should be satisfied with that which satisfies Him. Sinners are saved on the ground of what Christ did for them on the Cross. Through faith in His atoning sacrifice a child of wrath becomes a son of God, and is justified (Acts 13. 38, 39), pardoned (Acts 10. 43), and saved (Rom. 10. 9). Are you willing to be saved in God's way? Are you willing to be saved as you read these lines? If you are, believe on Him who loved you and gave Himself for you, and you will be immediately saved and "justified from all things" (Acts. 13. 39). A.M.

A BAKER LAD'S CONVERSION.

DUNCAN MONTGOMERY, Evangelist, of Dundonald, passed to his Reward on June 22nd, 1931, in his 77th year.

Duncan was awakened to a sense of his need of salvation when a boy of twelve through hearing a Christian uncle tell the story of his conversion, and he continued to be more or less troubled until he reached 18 years of age. In June, 1873, through reading a book entitled "Early



DUNCAN MONTGOMERY.

Piety," his soul concern greatly increased, and he firmly believed that the Holy Spirit was striving with him for the last time. Such was his anxiety that he actually prayed that God would give him no peace until he had rested his soul for salvation on the finished work of Christ.

It so happened that special Gospel meetings were at that time being held in Dalry, Ayrshire, his native town, which our friend attended. The only result of these services, however, was that his conviction was deepened and his anxiety increased. For several days he was in deep trouble of soul. A baker to trade, he was one day carrying a load of bread on his head and a heavier burden of sin on his heart, when the light of Heaven dawned into his darkened soul, dispelling the darkness.

He saw for the first time that God's Son had died on the Cross for a guilty, miserable sinner like him, and such was his joy that almost unconsciously he found himself singing in the open street:

"I do believe, I do believe,
That Jesus died for me,
That on the Cross He shed His blood,
From sin to set me free."

A Baker Lad's Conversion.

His conversion to God was thorough and complete. He immediately confessed his Lord by lip and life.

Such was Duncan Montgomery's desire to see others share in the great blessing of salvation that he worked at his trade as a baker during the summer time, and devoted the winter months in going into isolated parts of Scotland and Ireland, telling men and women how they could be saved and know it. Much of his work was done in a quiet way, and largely consisted in house to house visitation.

For some time he had been in indifferent health, but always doing a little in the Lord's work as strength and opportunity permitted. By a strange coincidence the last meeting he addressed was in Kilbirnie, in which town he first opened his mouth in the Gospel close on sixty years ago.

He took a seizure on Tuesday evening, 9th June, 1931 just after his evening reading of the Scriptures, and never regaining consciousness, he wakened in the Glory to see the King in His beauty. The grace that saved and kept Duncan Montgomery can do the same for you. J.G.

"JUST IN THE SAME WAY."

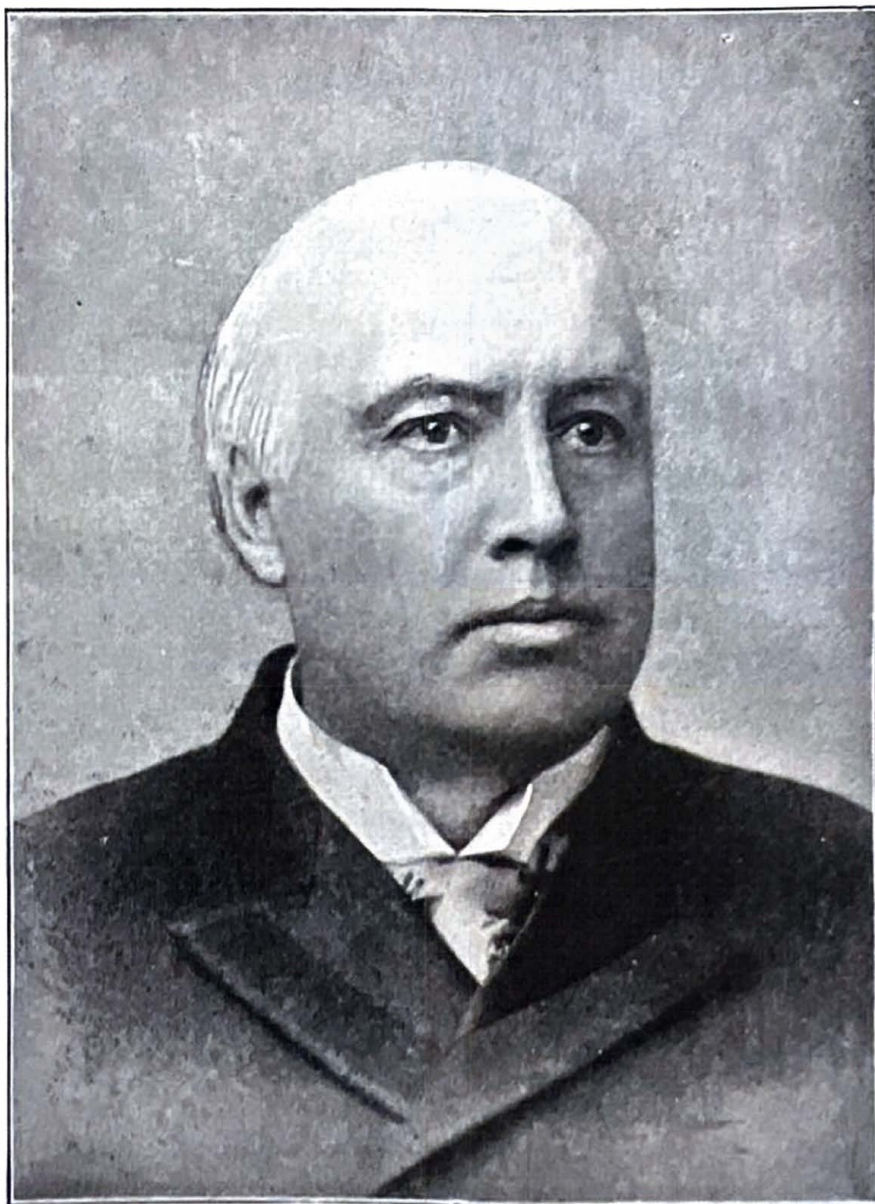
DURING a period of religious awakening in a factory village in New England, a foreman was awakened, but could not find peace. The millowner sent him a note to say that he was to call at the office at six o'clock. Prompt to the time he appeared, and his master, who was a Christian, and who was anxious about the salvation of his foreman, said, "I see you believe me." The man assented. "Well, see, here is another letter sent you by One whom you ought to believe as well," at the same time handing him a slip of paper on which a text of Scripture was written. Taking the slip of paper, he read slowly: "Come—unto—Me—all—ye—that—labour—and—are—heavy—laden—and—I—will—give—you—rest." His lips quivered, his eyes filled with tears, and there he stood for a few moments not knowing what to do. At length he said: "Am I just to believe that in the same way that I believed your letter?" "Just in the same way," said his master, and through this expedient the light broke on his soul.

WHAT IS AN AGNOSTIC?

IT was in a Third Avenue car. An old man sat watching a bunch of handbills that hung fluttering above him. Rising at length, he pulled one of the bills off, and, adjusting his spectacles, began to read it.

It was an advertisement announcing, in bombastic language, a lecture upon the subject, "What must I do to be Saved?" The lecturer was said to be, "Col. R. G. Ingersoll, the great Agnostic."

The old man got along all right in his reading until he came to the word "agnostic," when he turned to a gentleman, seated next to him, and asked, "What is an agnostic?"



COL. R. G. INGERSOLL.

What is an Agnostic?

"An agnostic is one who professes to know nothing," was the reply.

"Then a 'great agnostic' would be a 'great know-nothing,'—is that it?" "I suppose so," answered the gentleman; "that is what the word means."

"And people pay for hearing this man lecture on a subject he professes to know nothing about?" "It would seem that way."

"Well," said the old man, as he motioned the conductor to stop the car, "I think if I was a 'know-nothing,' I would keep quiet on the subject of 'What must I do to be Saved' until I found out!"

But the old man did not possibly think that there was \$300 a night in it for the "great agnostic," which came out of the pockets of his poor dupes, who loved to be humbugged by being told that nobody could or did know anything about these things.

But is it so, that we are left in such ignorance about so important a question? Apart from the fact that there are thousands of the most reputable people, who could arise and testify that they *know* they are saved, and have their sins forgiven, and enjoy peace with God, etc., we have the testimony of a book, the Bible, which has shone as a light in the midst of darkness for millions of precious souls, guiding them over life's stormy sea, and eventually landing them in their desired haven. Hear what this book says:

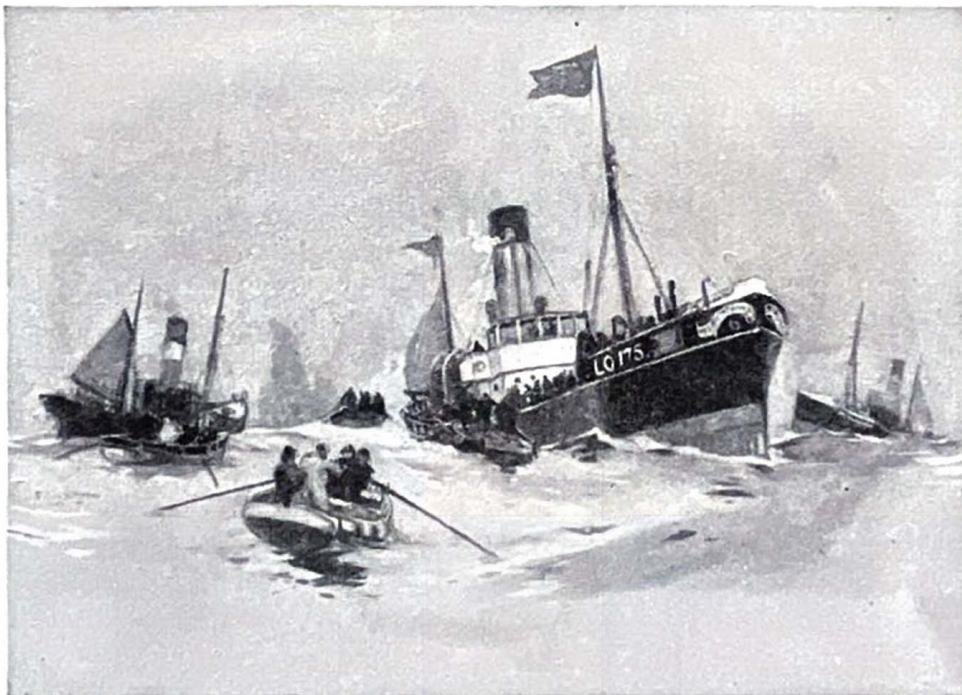
"Thou shall call His name Jesus, for *He shall save* His people from their sins" (Matt. 1. 21). "To give the *knowledge of Salvation* unto His people by the remission of their sins" (Luke 1. 77). "To Him give all the prophets witness, that through His name, whosoever believeth on Him, *shall receive* remission of sins" (Acts. 10. 43). "Be it *known* unto you . . . that through this Man (Jesus) is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins, and by Him all that believe *are justified* from all things" (Acts 13. 38-39).

"*What must I do to be saved?*" was the question of an awakened and anxious man. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and *thou shall* be saved," was the reply (Acts 16. 30-31). Friend, be not deceived. There is such a thing as being *saved* and *knowing it*. And if you do not know you are saved, it is the best evidence you could have that you are *lost*. Now is the day of salvation. T.D.W.M.

SKIPPER TOM NICK'S CONVERSION.

THERE are many real Christians to-day who are quite unable to give the day and date of their conversion to God, but who none the less are truly born of God's Spirit, and are living in the full enjoyment of His salvation.

In my own case it was entirely different. Well do I remember the day on which I trusted the Saviour thirty years ago. The memory of that day remains with me as fresh and green as on the morning the Spirit of God spoke to me. The circumstances attending my conversion are as follow.



DRIFTERS AT SEA.

I lived at Lowestoft on the East Coast, and my calling was that of a fisherman. I had the good fortune to be skipper, and owner of a little smack named the "Spere-wyd." Having been for some years rather fortunate in my fishing, a considerable measure of prosperity had come my way, but even in my most affluent days I had the inward consciousness that man cannot live by bread alone, and that real life does not consist in the abundance of the things we possess (Luke 12. 15).

Many a time in my daily calling at sea I was brought face to face with the thought of eternity, and the fact that I had to meet God. It was no uncommon experience

Skipper Tom Nick's Conversion.

for me to be sailing on the calmest of days on the North Sea with the wildest of storms raging within my breast. I had to meet God, and how I could do so in my sins troubled me greatly.

One day when I was in the act of setting sail for the fishing grounds, to my great consternation the main sail of the smack suddenly and unexpectedly caught fire from the engine funnel. I was naturally much upset by the incident, and serious thoughts arose in my mind as to whether God was not speaking loudly to me through the occurrence. After having the sail repaired, we sailed out of the harbour, and having got clear of the sands, I commenced calmly to review my whole life.

I knew the Gospel perfectly, 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), but what was wanted on my part was a surrender of my will to God, and a definite acceptance of Jesus Christ as my only Saviour.

The time for our midday meal having arrived, we went below, and for the first time in my life I bowed my head and gave thanks to God for the mercies in the presence of the crew. As I did, the light of the Holy Spirit entered my soul. I definitely, at that moment, accepted Jesus Christ as my Saviour, and there and then a peace that passeth all understanding filled my soul.

I was saved, and I knew it, for God's Word has declared that, "Being justified by faith we have peace with God" (Rom. 5. 1). The rapturous joy of that moment I shall never forget. I was conscious that I had passed out of death into light (John 5. 24). It seemed as if I had emerged out of a tunnel of darkness into the full blaze of sunlight, and not a speck in the sky. All this wonderful experience passed before my mind as I was silently uttering the few words of grace before food. When I lifted my head and looked around, the eyes of the crew were fastened on me. If the experience to me was new, the surprise to my crew was great. My state of mind and heart is aptly expressed in these words:

"The rest He gives so free from fear,
The hope in Him so bright and clear,
Is more than tongue can tell."

Skipper Tom Nick's Conversion.

My first impulse was to tell widely and loudly of the Saviour who had done so much for me—forgiving my sins and filling my heart with joy and peace—and this I commenced to do on reaching the shore. My friends were rather sceptical, and some were somewhat severe in their criticism. The more charitable among them gave me a few months at the longest for the new phase to pass away; but it is now 32 years since that memorable day when God saved my soul.

My Heavenly Father has seen fit to put me through the testing fire in many ways, and even at the present moment of writing I feel His loving but heavy hand of suffering upon me. These trials are a proof of God's love and interest in me, and of causing me to take up more with the things of God and of eternity than with the fleeting things of time. My earnest appeal to all who read this brief and simple narrative is that they may accept Jesus Christ as their loving and Almighty Friend.

He stood by the troubled and terrified disciples in the storm on the Galilean lake and saved them from perishing. He filled the nets of the disappointed fishermen who toiled all night and caught nothing. Take sides with Him now, and He will fill your heart and life with joy and peace (Acts 16. 31).
T.N.

BE SAVED.

BELIEVE in the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved" (Acts 16. 31). Carry out the command now, for now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation. Don't put off any longer the obligation that God's Gospel lays upon you. It is the will of God that you should be saved. It is not His will that you should perish. He waits to be gracious. He delighteth in mercy. "Come now," He says, "and let us reason together, though your sins be as scarlet they shall be as white as snow, though they be red like crimson they shall be as wool" (Isaiah 1. 18). Through His Word He speaks. By His Spirit He pleads. Through those who have tasted His saving grace, and who long to see others blessed, He exhorts and entreats. There is mercy for you, pardon for you, a new life for you, and it is heaven below, the Saviour to know. Believe in Him.

REAL OR COUNTERFEIT—WHICH?

ONE evening a Scotch Highlander was speaking to a fellow-boarder in the city of Chicago about the importance and necessity of being prepared to meet a holy and righteous God. The young man took shelter in the common excuse—"so many hypocrites." The Christian was unearthing him from his refuge, and said, "Suppose that I took from my pocket a handful of dollars, and there was a counterfeit one among them, would I throw them all away on that account?" Then he applied the illustration, and showed the absurdity of rejecting or neglecting God's "great salvation" because some are only counterfeits.

A young man known to the writer, who occupied an adjoining room in the boarding-house, overheard the conversation. The Holy Spirit carried home the words to his heart and conscience. "That is what I have been doing," he said to himself. "I have been occupied with the inconsistencies of others; and here am I, a poor, guilty sinner, hurrying to eternal ruin." Not long after he was led to accept Christ as his Saviour.

Perhaps the reader, like the young man referred to, occupies himself with the failings and inconsistencies of religious professors, and feels inclined to say of all who make a profession of being Christians, "Nice lot! they are all a pack of hypocrites."

Some talk in this way. Such reasoning is, however, exceedingly silly and illogical. "Hypocrites" are persons who profess to be what they know they are not. That there are multitudes in these days of widespread profession who take the name of "Christian," who are not so, no one will seek to deny. What of that? People don't counterfeit worthless coins. They only counterfeit those that are valuable. Has any one seen a counterfeit farthing? It would not be worth the counterfeiter's trouble to make one. They counterfeit dollars, shillings, half-crowns, and £1 notes, but they don't issue counterfeit farthings. Who would throw away a handful of dollars or half-crowns because of one being a counterfeit? No sensible person would act so foolishly. And yet this is what people are doing to-day in spiritual matters. So-and-so, they say, makes a "loud profession" and does things that they would not stoop to do. "Therefore,"

Real or Counterfeit—Which?

they conclude, "there is no reality in Christianity." This is surely a monstrous conclusion. How would it do for me to say, "So-and-so, a bank clerk, stole a sum of money, *therefore* all bank clerks are thieves"? What intelligent man would argue in such a way? Granted that numbers who take the name of "Christian" are not so in fact, what of that? To be a "Christian" is something to be desired. If, then, some so-called "Christians" are not what they profess to be, it is all the greater reason why *you* should become a genuine one.

If the reader has been criticising those who are but nominal Christians, we would ask him if he himself is what he ought to be? Have you loved God with all your



heart, soul, strength, and mind? Do you love your neighbour as you love yourself?

"No one can say that truthfully," you reply. Well, then, what is to become of *you*? You have, according to your own admission, broken the holy law of a just God, and He has declared that "whosoever shall keep the whole law, and yet offend in *one point*, he is guilty of all" (James 2. 10). Take the place of a guilty sinner, and face the most important of all questions: "What must I do to be saved?" (Acts 16. 30) inquired the jailer at Philippi. It is a *personal* question, and ought to be considered at once. The reply given by the Apostle Paul was, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved" (verse 31). Believe on Him; receive Him into your heart by simple faith, and you will obtain eternal life to start with, power to overcome sin to go on with, and glory to end with.

“YOU HAD BETTER DECIDE AT ONCE!”

A MAN presented himself at the booking office of the railway station of W——. “Where for?” asked the clerk. “I am not decided,” replied the man. Giving the strange would-be traveller a curious look, the clerk promptly rejoined, “Then you had better decide at once.”

What a stupid fellow the man must have been, and yet there are some people who seem to exist in a state of chronic indecision; it is not pleasant to have to do with them, and doubtless they suffer in many ways as a result of their weakness. The no-sooner-said-than-done smart and decided man of intuition despises the undecided put-it-off-until-to-morrow and then change your mind individual, and in this he has our sympathy.

Well, a railway journey may mean much or little, and though it is far better and more manly to make up the mind before presenting oneself for the ticket, a thing like that may be easily got over. But there is a journey—a very important one—it is out of Time into Eternity, and every soul of man is taking this journey, and all are travelling either on the up-line or the down. I take up the booking clerk’s question, and I earnestly ask you, O traveller to the Great Beyond, “Where for?”

The up-line leads to Heaven, the down-line to Hell. Think well of these two destinies, and remember for you it is either one or the other, and while you think and remember I again ring out the challenge, “Where for?” Is your answer “I don’t know,” or “I am not decided.” Then upon you would I press the booking clerk’s advice, “*You had better decide at once.*”

The Book which tells us all we know of Heaven and the love of God speaks with no uncertain voice of judgment after death. There is a resurrection—all who die without Christ—it will be the “resurrection of damnation” (John 5. 29). Amid the wreck of worlds they will stand before the throne of God. Will you stand there in your sins? If so, at that Bar you will hear that hope-blasting word, “*depart.*” And the Lake of fire with its eternal woe will be your portion.

Now, God has opened Heaven to a world of sinners. He invites all to His home and feast, and He has made the way clear and plain, and if you desire to know the way to Heaven I say follow God’s directions.

LURED;

— OR, —

THE LITTLE BIRD WHICH BY THE DAZZLING EYES AND RAPID MOVEMENTS OF A COBRA WAS BEING HELD CAPTIVE AND RAPIDLY DRAWN TO DESTRUCTION.



THE LITTLE BIRD BEING DRAWN TO DESTRUCTION.

"The arch enemy with his deceivings has been luring men and women on into the very jaws of eternal despair."

LURED!

IN the old days before the arrival of motor transit, the great herds of cattle and flocks of sheep were slowly driven through the streets of Chicago to be killed. It was such a common sight to watch the interrupted traffic and the frightened animals flying helter-skelter in every direction.

As they came within closer range of the slaughterhouses the keen sense of smell detected blood. Instinctively they knew what lay ahead. Fear possessed them; panic reigned.

One plan after another was resorted to in an effort to drive them in with the minimum of trouble; but it always remained a difficult task to the drivers until the advent of the goat, Judas.

Judas was well named for his job and well trained, too. He would go out to meet the incoming cattle and sheep. He would scamper and jump among them, specially as they arrived at the danger area. He made them feel perfectly at home, banished their forebodings; then quietly led them on and on to the great gate. He would actually get the sheep to run at his heels and once inside, the deed was soon done. They became victims to the slaughterer's weapons of death.

Judas became known far and wide. For years he carried on his job as decoy, alluring the thousands of victims into the jaws of death.

But Judas is not dead yet, he still lives on. Not the goat Judas, but another, with far more horrible intent. His work of deception is well disguised. The Lord Jesus summed it up in a few words in John 10. 10-11, "The thief cometh not but for to steal and to kill and to destroy: I am come that they might have life and that they might have it more abundantly. I am the good shepherd: the good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep."

On another occasion the Lord told Peter, "Satan hath desired to have thee" (Luke 23. 31). The arch enemy with his deceivings has been luring men and women on into the very jaws of eternal despair and he has his Judas, namely, SIN.

Sin with its dazzling colours has charmed and deceived its tens of thousands like moths to the naked light. It makes its appeal day and night; but like the hidden daggers

in that great image which the Inquisitors designed, it opens itself out, then encloses the victims in a terrible death.

Pause and question yourself; are you being irresistibly drawn by sin's awful alluring power? Then, what shall the end be? "For the wages of sin is death" (Rom. 6. 23) is the answer.

A traveller was making his way through Ceylon being greatly charmed with the beautiful birds and their wonderful plumage. Suddenly his eye caught sight of a poor frightened bird on a tree. He stole nearer and watched. There on the ground with coiled body and raised head was a cobra. Its tongue darting out and in, its dazzling eyes and rapid movements, its mesmeric powers had fascinated and held captive the lovely little victim. Nearer and nearer it fluttered. It was being drawn to destruction.

The traveller could stand it no longer, so, lifting a huge stone, he hurled it at the head of the snake. The spell was broken. The bird with a scream flew away, delivered just in time.

We trust that will be the case in your experience, too, as you read this article. May God open your eyes to see the dreadfulness of sin, its awful power and its terrible end if unforgiven.

Like the helpless bird you too can be delivered out of the clutches of sin and its power for

"He breaks the power of cancelled sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean,
His blood availed for me."

On Calvary's Cross God gave His best for the deluded sons of men, perishing in their sins. There, and there alone *sin's power has been broken*, its penalty has been fully borne by the God-Man. The Lord Jesus stood in the place and died in the stead of the sinner—*your* place. There He fully paid the price due to man's sin, satisfied a Holy God's righteous demands, closed the very gates of hell, burst the bars of death and opened for whosoever will the doors of Heaven and Home.

Everything has been done, God's pardon is yours for the taking, eternal life is offered as a free gift to all. Claim it now on the authority of God's Word (John 5. 24). G.A.N.

THE ASTONISHED PATIENT

A NUMBER of persons were waiting their turn in a physician's consulting room. As they sat talking together, a chatty little man remarked that he did not know why he was there. True, he had a sort of numbness in the tongue, and occasional depression of spirits, but he did not think there was anything seriously wrong with him. His wife, he said, insisted upon him seeing the doctor, and he was there.

By and by his turn came, and he was closeted with the physician. A considerable time elapsed ere he reappeared. And how changed! Pale and trembling with excitement, he staggered toward the outer door. As he was about to open it, he turned to the doctor and said, "Is there no hope, doctor?"

"No remedy has been found for your disease," was the physician's calm reply. Then there was a short pause, broken by the patient asking, "Did you say two months, doctor?"

"Yes, two months."

As he was passing out, the kind-hearted physician offered him a glass of water. "No, no," was the reply, "I have no time.—Only two months to prepare for death!" And he left.

One who heard the conversation remarked to a friend of mine, "I watched that man, and in two months he was dead."

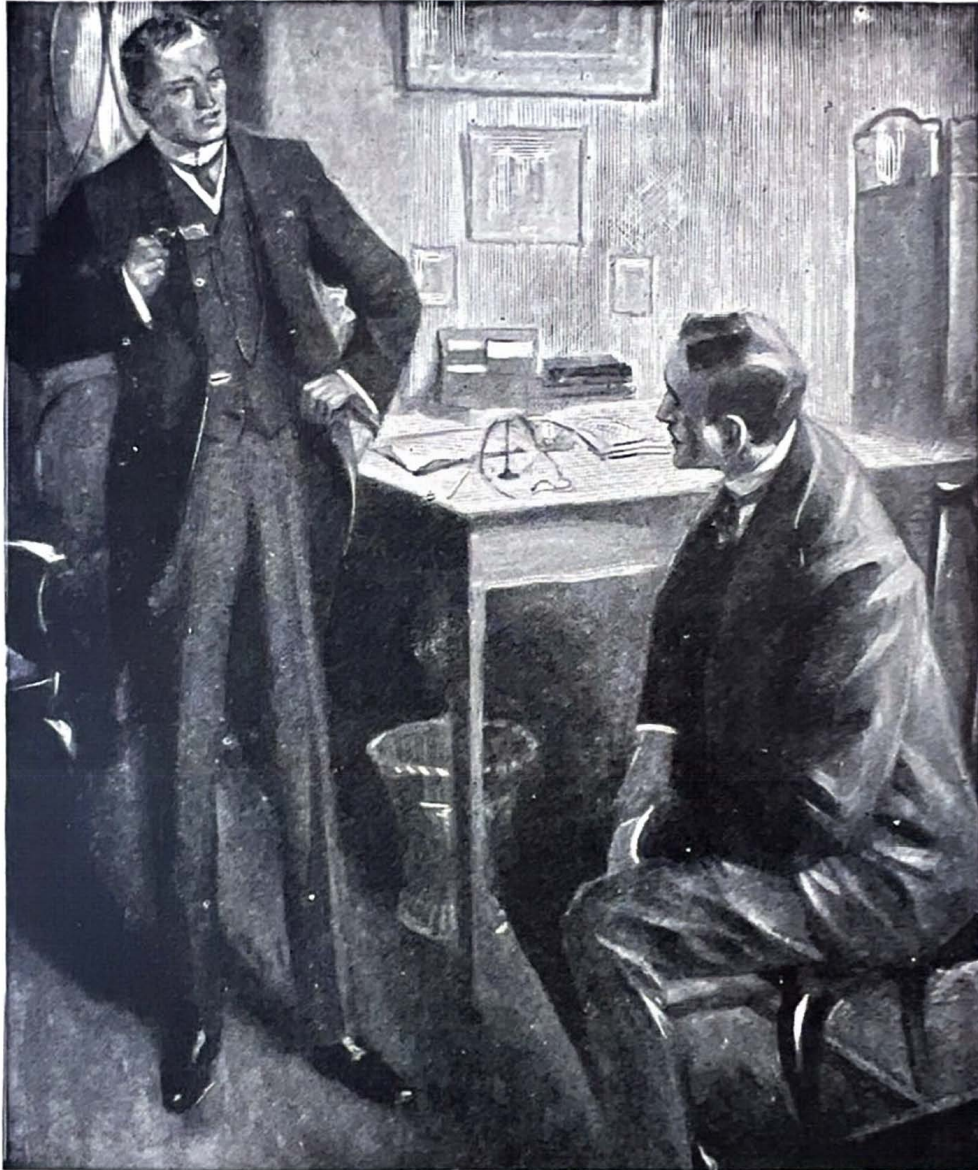
The man's disease was incurable by human skill. How terribly disappointed the poor fellow must have been when the doctor told him the naked truth. He believed the physician's testimony that he was a dying man, and left determined to prepare for death. If the reader is unsaved, he is the victim of a far worse disease than that which afflicted this man. "The worst of all diseases is light compared with sin." It is a universal disease, for it is found in every country, people and nation. Some diseases are limited to certain climates and lands, but this disease is found in every part of the globe where a human being dwells.

It is a loathsome disease. Who can understand or estimate its loathsomeness in God's sight! It is that abominable thing which He hates. His estimate and man's estimate of it are vastly different. "That which is

The Astonished Patient.

highly esteemed among men is abomination in the sight of God" (Luke 16. 15).

It is an incurable disease. "Sin when it is finished brings forth death" (James 1. 15). "The wages of sin is death." (Rom. 6. 23). It destroys body and soul, and all who profess to be able to cure, cleanse, or pardon it,



"IS THERE NO HOPE, DOCTOR?"

are but quacks. There is only One who can purge the soul from its defilement, and that is the Great Physician, the Lord Jesus Christ."

If the reader were told that in two months, two weeks, two days, or two hours, he would be called into eternity, is he ready?

The Astonished Patient.

The true Christian is not afraid of meeting God. His confidence, however, is not based on his works for Christ, but upon Christ's atoning work for him.

The dying man refused the glass of water on account of the shortness of time he had to prepare for death.

Your time may be far shorter than his. You may be counting on a lease of life, and may be laying your plans for years to come. How do you know that you will be alive in two months? Before to-morrow's sunrise you may be gone, and where will your soul be? Were you "cut down" to-night, and your lifeless body found in the morning, where would you spend eternity?

"He that, being often reprov'd, hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy" (Prov. 29. 1)

Believe on Him who took the guilty sinner's place, and suffered in our stead, and you will have pardon, cleansing and eternal life (John 6. 47).

How oft of thy danger and guilt He hath told thee

How oft still the message of mercy doth send!

Haste, haste while He waits in His arms to enfold thee.

The harvest is passing, the summer will end.

A. M.

IN EARNEST, BUT——!

"CAN you tell us if there's any new 'ouses up 'ere, guv'nor?" I turned round quickly to see my interrogator. He was a short, middle-aged Cockney coster, perspiring profusely, jerking out his words in gasps as he rested on the handle of his barrow. "'Ow fur is it to the top?" he pursued. "I got a sack of taters fur a lidy, and this 'ere basket of apples. She didn't give me no address, only the second new 'ouse up on the left. I oughter ha' wrote it down." I advised the man to leave his barrow by the side of the road ("Yus, guv'nor, it won't come to no 'arm), and walk to the top of the hill, ten minutes' walk, looking for his new houses and thus save himself the trouble of dragging his heavy load further if he could not find the address.

For the first five minutes I mounted guard, but then had to hurry off. As I thought over the encounter later in the day and pitied the poor fellow pushing his load up the exceedingly steep hill, I suddenly realised that he had

In Earnest But —!

made a mistake in the name of the road and had taken the wrong turning at the foot of the hill. It was the *other* road he must have wanted, I felt sure, with a similar name. Only 100 yards up on the left were several new houses, while up the hill on which I found him the new houses were unoccupied. His customer had mentioned the road, and his hazy memory had confused it with a similar name. Poor fellow!

But he was in dead earnest, as witness his exhaustion and his perseverance. Was earnestness then sufficient?



THE TOWER OF LONDON.

Of course not. Earnestness is only of use when it is on the right track. He was sincere, but *sincerely mistaken*.

There are people in the world who tell you that it does not matter what you believe, so long as you are in earnest. They say that all roads lead to heaven, and that we shall all arrive in due course provided we are sincere. That is not the teaching of the Word of God, nor is it the teaching of the Lord Jesus, the Son of God. He warned us very clearly that there were two ways, each with its appropriate ending. He urged all to get on to the narrow road, because it was the only road that led to Heaven. He

pleaded with men to start at the narrow gate, the gate that lets people through only one at a time. Then He stated that He Himself was that Gate, meaning that we must come into personal, individual touch with Him. Elsewhere He said that He was the Way to Heaven, that is, that He came from Heaven and went back to Heaven, knows every step of the way and will conduct every one who trusts Him safely to His heavenly home.

If all could get to that glorious place merely by being earnest, what need was there for the Saviour to die! He did not die as a martyr, as One Who lived too soon, before the world was ready for Him; but He definitely stated that He came here with that one definite purpose, to die for the sins of the world. Only they who trust Him as their own Saviour pass through the gate and put their feet on the upward path to glory.

A missionary in Palestine, journeying beyond Jordan, realised one afternoon that he had missed his way. He felt rather apprehensive as there were wild beasts and fierce men to be met. Seeing a rider some distance off, he rode over to him and asked whether he could direct him to Hebron. "Indeed I can," he replied, courteously, "I am the way to Hebron!" The missionary pondered his reply for a moment, then realised what his idiom meant—that he knew the way and was himself going thither, therefore could conduct him safely. In just such a manner is the Lord Jesus the Way to Heaven. He *died* for sinners, that their guilt might be atoned for, God's righteousness vindicated and the way back to God opened for "whosoever will." He *lives* for redeemed sinners, conducting them to His eternal home. He has never lost one who ever came to Him, for He said: "I give unto My sheep eternal life, and they shall never perish." Jesus Christ is the only Way to Heaven. "Neither is there salvation in any other: for there is none other Name under Heaven given among men whereby we must be saved" (Acts 4. 12).

No, earnestness is not enough. Christ only can save, without any of our good works. When you have trusted Him you may and should seek earnestly to serve Him; but faith must lay hold of Him *first* as Saviour and Lord.

A YOUNG MAN'S DYING TESTIMONY.

ANGUS was only eight years old, but a boy of whom any parents would have been proud, quiet and frank, with a thoughtfulness for others and eagerness to help.



ANGUS A. G. SANGSTER, ABERDEEN.

From early days he began to think, and under the Godly influence of his much loved parents, he would read "the grand old Book" with them around the glowing fire. Then he would think afterwards. The joy, the sweet serenity which filled his parents' lives contrasted sharply with his uncertainty which hung like a huge

A Young Man's Dying Testimony.

black cloud around him. Could a boy of his years know of forgiveness and cleansing? of pardon, peace, and victory? or was it only for the grown-ups? His deepening sense of need demanded an early answer. He would see. He was soon to learn the meaning of that delightful chorus:

"I'm *not* too young to come to Jesus
For He loves a little child . . . "

Angus had just heard an outstanding preacher, Mr. Tom Rea, of Belfast, then on a visit to Aberdeen, and had returned home brimful of more thoughts. Many of all ages had heard the message; but none to more effect than the lad. The burden seemed heavier and his need more urgent. He had heard again the solemn side of the Gospel, how that since the Fall, man has been a wanderer from God, unable to retrieve his position or by any works of merit, gain the favour of God. In a word, he was lost—utterly and finally lost, unless God Himself intervened. Then he reflected on the glad side of the message. He had pictured the Saviour stepping into his place of condemnation and bearing the penalty of his sins; but the grandest and best fact was that *He rose again from the dead to prove that all his sins were gone*. Angus' heart leaped for joy! He heard again the pleading word: "Behold, I stand at the door and knock." The battle was won! By faith he swung the heart's door widely open and embraced the Saviour as his very own. With such a thrill of joy he immediately confessed his Lord. The colours soon began to fly! The boys and the girls around could see the change was genuine.

Some years later he had a class of boys in Sunday School, where he sought to pass on the same message which had helped him so much. His usefulness was beginning to be felt. His friends could foresee that he would be a valuable worker. Just then the unexpected happened.

At the beginning of year 1934, he took seriously ill, and gradually grew worse. It was only thirteen years since he had found the Saviour; and he longed to devote himself wholeheartedly to the work of the Lord; but such was not to be.

"You have only two days to live, Angus," whispered his loved ones; yet no murmur escaped his lips. He was

A Young Man's Dying Testimony.

resting in the everlasting arms and could exclaim: "It's grand to know my many black sins are all forgiven through the precious Blood." A few hours later he was ushered into the Palace of the King.

Angus A. G. Sangster endeared himself to many and left behind him a lovely testimony.



FISH MARKET, ABERDEEN.

One day life's sands, for you, will run out and the summons will be given. Can you look back like Angus and say, "My black sins are all under the Blood?" If not you are still exposed to the wrath of God. But you need not be. Christ has died in the sinner's stead, and finished all the work of Salvation.

While there is time, while you are in health, seek Angus' Saviour, trust Him with all your heart and you will meet our friend around the throne. "He that believeth on Him is not condemned: but he that believeth not is condemned already" (John 3. 18).

THE ABANDONED OBELISK.

THE unfinished obelisk at Aswan (South Egypt), lies in its bed in the quarry, where it has been in its present state for several thousand years.

It is believed to be the work of Pharaoh Thothmes III, and was to have been the tallest obelisk ever made. Five leading cities of the world have transported obelisks from Egypt and placed them in their midst. The one in London is known as "Cleopatra's Needle." Rome has the greatest one, towering 105 feet high; one solid piece of granite. But the Aswan obelisk would have towered above them all, being 137 feet in length as it lies in its bed in the quarry. It measures 14 feet by 14 feet at the base, and the estimated weight is 1170 tons. How is it that it never graced an Egyptian temple, or adorned a modern city? Because, after working upon it for some time, and shaping three of its four sides, *a fault was found in it*. Therefore it was abandoned as unfit for the position it should have occupied. It is a beautiful piece of granite, but faulty.

How like man! a wonderful creation, fearfully and wonderfully made, and destined for an important and a glorious position in God's eternal purposes and Kingdom—but rejected because fault was found in him. "*For there is no man that sinneth not.*" "They are *all* under sin . . . they are *all* gone out of the way . . . *all* the world (is) guilty before God . . . for *all* have sinned, and are "subject to the judgment of God" (Rom. 3. 9-23).

So then, there is *no one without fault*. All are rejected as unfit for the presence of a holy God.

The Egyptians refused to place a faulty obelisk before one of their temples. Likewise, the living God has decreed that nothing that defileth—nothing faulty, sinful—shall enter Heaven. That decree cannot be altered or violated. So that ALL are excluded.

Well may the disciples ask, "Who then can be saved?" To which question Jesus answered, "With men this is impossible; but with God all things are possible" (Matt. 19. 25, 26). Salvation is of God alone. It is "not of works lest any man should boast" (Eph. 2. 9). "I cannot work my soul to save"—for it is impossible with man. "It is *not in man* to direct his steps." If not *in man*, then it cannot be worked *out*. "I know that *in me* (that is,

The Abandoned Obelisk.

in my flesh) dwelleth no good thing." So said a great man of God, the apostle Paul (Rom. 7. 18).

Though traces of man's former greatness are still to be seen (he was made in the image of God), yet there are



Photo: CAIRO MUSEUM. By permission of Publishers. Thothmes III, 1501-1447 B.C.

THE Pharaoh of the oppression, and the greatest conqueror in Egyptian History. What is called "Cleopatra's Needle," now on the Thames Embankment, is actually one of his monuments.

strong and convincing evidences, yea, irrefutable evidences, that there has been a great catastrophe. This is described as "the fall"—the fall from innocence, and sinlessness; thus bring about a division between the Creator and the creature. This is evident even in the best of men, "For there is not a just man upon earth, that doeth good, and sinneth not" (Eccles. 7. 20).

"He that is without sin among you," said the Saviour "let him cast the first stone. . . . And they which heard it, being convicted by their own conscience, went out one by one . . . and Jesus was left alone . . ." (John 8. 7-9). In His holy presence we are all convicted of sin. He stands pre-eminent as the sinless man. "IN HIM IS NO SIN" (1 John 3. 5). Even His enemies were convinced of this fact. Three times did Pilate say to the angry populace, "*I find no fault in Him.*" And God said, "In Him I am well-pleased." His perfect life condemns us all.

But the Lord Jesus Christ said that *salvation is possible with God*. So that there is hope for man. But how?—Can God justly forgive sins? Can He cleanse from sin, and remove all defilement? Can He make man fit for His Holy presence? Yes, God can: "Through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus: Whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation *through faith in His blood*, to declare His righteousness for *the remission of sins that are past* . . . that He might be just and the justifier of him that believeth in Jesus" (Rom. 3. 25, 26).

So then, by the shedding of the blood of Jesus as an atonement for sin, justice is satisfied. Sins can be freely and justly forgiven in response to repentance and faith. Also, "As many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God. . . *Which were born*, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, *but of God*" (John 1. 12).

"The moment my all I venture upon the atoning blood,
The Holy Spirit enters, and I am born of God."

It is said of Michael Angelo, the great sculptor, that he was passing along the streets of Florence one day, when he saw a piece of the finest Carrara marble which had been spoilt by an unskilful workman, and then cast away as worthless. He was struck by its fine quality, and ordered

The Abandoned Obelisk.

it to be sent to his own workshop. Then he wrought upon it with skilful hands until there appeared a statue of young David, so wondrous and lifelike; one of his finest works. A masterpiece made from a block of rejected stone!

So God is taking those marred by Satan and sin—marred beyond repair by human skill—and He redeems them from all iniquity; He recreates them, and makes them meet for His own glorious presence. “In that Day,” they will stand before Him in white (symbol of purity), and “without fault before the throne of God” (Rev. 14. 5); monuments of grace, masterpieces of God’s handiwork, the admiration of angels for ever. The fault done away, the lost image restored, and every one “conformed to the image of His Son” (Rom. 8. 29, 30). Wonderful!

“Travellers sometimes find in lonely quarries, long abandoned, or once worked by a vanished race, great blocks, squared and dressed, that seem to have been meant for a palace or a shrine. But there they lie neglected and forgotten, and the building for which they were hewn has been reared without them. *Beware lest God’s grand temple should be built without you, and you be left to desolation and decay*” (Alex. Maclaren).

Or, to change the metaphor:

“The house is fast filling,
There’s yet room to spare;
Not a seat will be vacant—
But, will you be there?”

“Only acknowledge thine iniquity” (Jer. 3. 13), and accept the Lord Jesus Christ as your own personal Saviour: confess Him before men as your Lord, and “*Thou shalt BE SAVED*” (Rom. 10. 9). J. NEWTON (Pilgrim Preacher).

QUARREL WITH YOURSELF.

IT has been rightly said that the first step to peace with God is to quarrel with yourself, in other words to resist that incessant tendency to be satisfied with self and self’s efforts and believe the Word of God that you are a sinner, lost and undone, and fit only for the judgment of God.

Having taken this first step you are ready for the second—ready to believe in the Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ, and to accept Him as your Lord and Master.

WHERE JOHN 5. 24 SET HIM DOWN.

HE came in from the country to a large central station. One day a copy of the *Railway Signal* was left by some one. He tossed it aside as not being in his line. A little while after another was put in his way, and he began to think a friend was interested in him, and, making inquiries, discovered it was a lady.

He was invited with his better half to a tea meeting for railwaymen and their wives. The friends were very kind, only he was terribly afraid some one would speak to him personally about salvation. However, they had the good sense not to worry him; they only invited him to the meetings. So he went, but rather cautiously. On the footplate of the engine he knew no fear, but on the threshold of the hall his great dread was that the question would be asked: Are you saved? As no one collared him upon this vital subject, he continued to go.

One Sunday afternoon this frightened character became a subject of the very salvation he dreaded. He hardly knew it at first, "but," said he, "I determined to follow out John 5. 24, and see where it led to." "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."

(1) "He that heareth My Word"—that brought him upon the salvation platform. (2) "And believeth on Him that sent Me"—that put his foot upon the carriage step. (3) "Hath everlasting life"—that settled Him in a first-class seat. (4) "And shall not come into condemnation"—that shut the door and locked it. (5) "Is passed from death unto life"—that was the journey named upon his ticket.

"I laid hold of that," said he, "and that's where I stand to-day."

Have you ever followed out John 5. 24 and seen where it would lead you? Try the experiment!

"He that heareth My Word"—first step.

"And believeth on Him that sent Me"—second step.

"Hath everlasting life"—third step.

"And shall not come into condemnation"—fourth step.

"But is passed from death unto life"—this is where the verse will land you; where you will never fear being asked the all-important question, "ARE YOU SAVED?" W.L.

A YOUNG ENGLISHMAN'S DECISION;

THE YOUNG MAN WHO IN A MEETING FOR "MEN ONLY" IN A CANADIAN CITY ADMITTED TO THE PREACHER THAT HE HAD THE BEST OF FATHERS AND THE BEST OF MOTHERS IN ENGLAND; BUT HAD BEEN WILD AND RECKLESS, AND HAD TRAVELLED FAR, BUT WAS ON HIS WAY HOME, HAVING ACCEPTED THE GIFT OF ETERNAL LIFE.



YONGE STREET, TORONTO.

"God is reconciled to you, and He desires that you should be reconciled to Him."

A YOUNG ENGLISHMAN'S DECISION

A MEETING for "men only" was being held in a well-known Canadian city. The speaker, Dr. John Elliot, told out the "old, old story" in freshness and power, showing from the Scripture that God is waiting to be gracious, and longing to pardon the vilest offender who believes on the Lord Jesus Christ (John 3. 16; 6. 47).

At the close of the address a young Englishman addressed the speaker as follows: "I want to thank you, sir, for pressing the matter on my attention to-day, for I HAVE TAKEN THE GIFT. I have one of the best of fathers, and one of the best of mothers, that God ever gave to any boy, but I have been wild and reckless; I have been to Australia and California, but am now on my way back to England, and I thank God that I have to-day TAKEN THE GIFT."

Has the reader accepted God's love gift? "The wages of sin is death, but the *free gift of God* is eternal life in Christ Jesus our Lord" (Rom. 6. 23, R.V.). Though you have earned sin's wages—eternal separation from God in conscious misery—God now pleads with you to be reconciled to Him, and accept His "unspeakable gift." "As though God did beseech you by us: we pray you in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God" (2 Cor. 5. 20). God is reconciled to you, and He desires that you should be reconciled to Him.

You may, like the young Englishman, have been "wild and reckless," godless, and careless yet God loves you. At this very moment He desires to pardon your innumerable sins, and make you His child. Harken to His glorious declaration—"Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool" (Isaiah 1. 18). How amazing that a holy and righteous God should condescend to speak so graciously to rebels! But it is so like Him! "He that loveth not knoweth not God, *for God is love*" (1 John 4. 8). He wishes to "reason" with you in order that He may freely and fully pardon your crimson sins, and make them white as snow.

"BUT I AM SO UNWORTHY" says one. True, perfectly true, for everyone of us is unworthy of the least of God's mercies, but Salvation is all of grace, "not of works, lest any man should boast" (Eph. 2. 8, 9). As a guilty, lost, and worthless sinner, you may now obtain eternal life on the ground of Christ's sacrifice for you. It is FOR JESUS'

SAKE that God gives salvation to hell-deserving sinners as a gift free. "By grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of ourselves; it is the gift of God: *not of works*, lest any man should boast" (Eph. 2. 8, 9). "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). Why not *now* believe on the Son of God and obtain eternal life? You may think, or say, that believing on Christ is "too easy" a way of being saved. If that is your idea, you do well to remember that believing on Christ is GOD'S WAY, AND GOD'S ONLY WAY of salvation. Though "easy" for you, it was not easy for Christ to bear the wrath and curse due to you. Salvation was purchased at the cost of His life's blood. Don't wait to "feel" or "realise." Cease thinking of your feeling toward God. Think of His amazing love to you in providing for you such wondrous blessings. What if you don't believe? "He that believeth not the Son shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth on him." If you don't believe on Christ, Who loved you, and gave Himself for you, the wrath of a righteous God will abide upon you throughout the eternal ages. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and THOU shalt be saved" (Acts 16. 31). Believe, and live NOW. A.M.

GOD'S GREAT CHANNEL

GOD'S love waited only for a channel through which to flow. Yes, lost one, God's love was set on you; and all that was needed was a channel, through which that love might be lavished upon you; for God had to be a just God as well as a Saviour. And what was the channel? God's love could find a channel only in *Christ*. What a channel! Well may we wonder and adore. Think of it. The Well-Beloved of the Father comes down to seek and to save *you*. Many waters could not quench His love. The shame of Pilate's Judgment-hall—the agony of Gethsemane—the anguish of Calvary—could not drown that love. And still it flows, "free and full as a river." There is nothing to hinder it now. The Rock of Ages has been cleft. Justice has been satisfied. Sin has been atoned for. Nothing remains to be done. His pleading voice says: "Come unto Me, and I will give you rest" (Matt. 11. 28). Is the Christ of God to plead in vain with thee?

W.S.

THE MERCHANT'S MISTAKE.

MR. McI. was a business man, and a prosperous one. Beginning at the foot of the ladder, he had steadily climbed rung by rung, until, from being an apprentice at two dollars and a half per week, he had become, first a partner and eventually sole proprietor of one of the largest wholesale dry goods establishments in the country. In addition to that, he had stock in a large cotton factory and a woollen mill, beside other concerns of smaller capacity. Altogether he was said to be "well fixed," and one of the solid men of the country.

One day a Christian gentleman, who was ever on the alert in connection with his Master's work, had occasion to transact some business with Mr. McI., and having done so he ventured to speak concerning things eternal.

"I suppose," said Mr. F., the Christian, "you have at times thought, Mr. McI., regarding the matter of your soul's salvation?"

"Oh, well," was the reply, "I suppose I have, but never considered the matter of such very grave importance as to cause me any deep concern. I expect I am like many others, busy with the present, and willing to let the future take its chances. Of course, I intend to be saved some day, but there the matter rests."

"Supposing," said Mr. F., "I could show you from this book," producing a pocket Bible, "that on the payment of, say, ten thousand dollars, to some charitable or religious institution, you could be saved, have your sins forgiven, and be made sure of heaven, what would you do about it?"

"Do!" exclaimed Mr. McI., "why, I should draw a check at once for the amount."

"You would not put it off, indefinitely, to some future time."

"No, sir; I should consider it part of wisdom, and true foresight, to have the matter settled at once. One doesn't know what may happen." "Now, Mr. McI.," said his friend, "I cannot show you anything like that, but I can show you where it says you may have eternal life as a gift, absolutely, without money or price. What will you do about it?"

"Yes," replied the merchant, "I've heard that 'salvation is free,' and, of course, as I said, I mean to have

The Merchant's Mistake.

it some day, but I don't think I am ready for it yet." And so they parted!

Poor Mr. McI., he would give thousands to secure salvation, but he would not have it for nothing! A year or two later, business reverses, followed by a fire, in which his magnificent stock—on which the insurance policies had been carelessly allowed to lapse—was totally destroyed



"I INTEND TO BE SAVED SOME DAY."

The Merchant's Mistake.

leaving him financially a ruined man: and had salvation depended on the payment of the tenth of the ten thousand dollars, he must have inevitably been shut out.

But alas! Mr. McI. is not alone in his thoughts about eternal matters. How many are there who are willing to purchase, if they could, by their means, or by religious efforts and observances, the security of their souls for eternity, but are not willing to receive freely "the gift of God, which is eternal life, through Jesus Christ our Lord" (Rom. 6. 23). Are you?

God speaks of the sinner as being "without strength" (Rom. 5. 6)—not merely "feeble," as though he needed but a little temporary help, and nourishment—but absolutely helpless, "without strength" to do anything but sin! In that condition he must remain, unless Christ comes in—not to help, but to save him. "Christ died for the ungodly."

Many would be glad of a little help from the Lord. But the Lord Jesus did not come to help men save themselves. He came to save! "Thou shalt call His name Jesus (which means 'Jehovah the Saviour'), for He shall save His people from their sins." (Matt. 1. 21). Such was the testimony of the angel to Joseph. After His death and resurrection, Paul the Apostle testifies, "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief" (1 Tim. 1. 15). Now, dear friend, are you saved? If not, you are lost, for there is no midway position for you to occupy.

Be wise, then, and take your place, guilty and undone as you are, receive Christ as your own Saviour, and do it now. For "Now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation" (2 Cor. 6. 2).
T.D.W.M.

PEACE MADE BY ANOTHER.

MY peace is like a river, because *Christ* made it. If the making of it had been left to me, it would never have been made at all. But Christ made it by the Blood of His Cross: and, oh! what solid, changeless peace it is!

"The Blood for our cleansing,
The balm for our smart,
Were great drops of agony
Wrung from His heart."

w.s.

HOW A GERMAN FOUND PEACE

AT the close of a meeting which was held in a hall in a suburb of Berlin in 1910, a German said to a Christian, "I wish to give myself to Christ to-night." In the course of conversation he told us that he worked in a stone quarry, and had had many narrow escapes from falling rock, which caused him to look upon these deliverances as providential.

The consciousness of his ingratitude to God had been intensified by the perusal of a tract entitled, "Forty years



BRANDENBURG GATE, ON THE PALACE PLACE, BERLIN.

and not saved." As he was just forty years old he believed that God was warning him of his guilt and danger, and he expressed the fear that God might cut him down in his sins and cast him into hell. "God has often spoken to me," he said, "and I wish to take Jesus as my Saviour to-night."

Mr. Cooper, my interpreter, explained to him God's way of peace, and read to him the last verse of the third chapter of the Gospel of John: "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." The seek-

How a German Found Peace.

ing soul was shown that the Lord Jesus had died that he might be delivered from sin's penalty, and that by believing on Him who did it all and paid it all, he would obtain everlasting life as a free gift. The German took God at His Word, and through simple faith in Christ's glorious atonement obtained forgiveness (Acts 13. 38, 39). With bowed head and tear-dimmed eye he spoke to God in prayer, and left the building rejoicing in Christ as his Saviour.

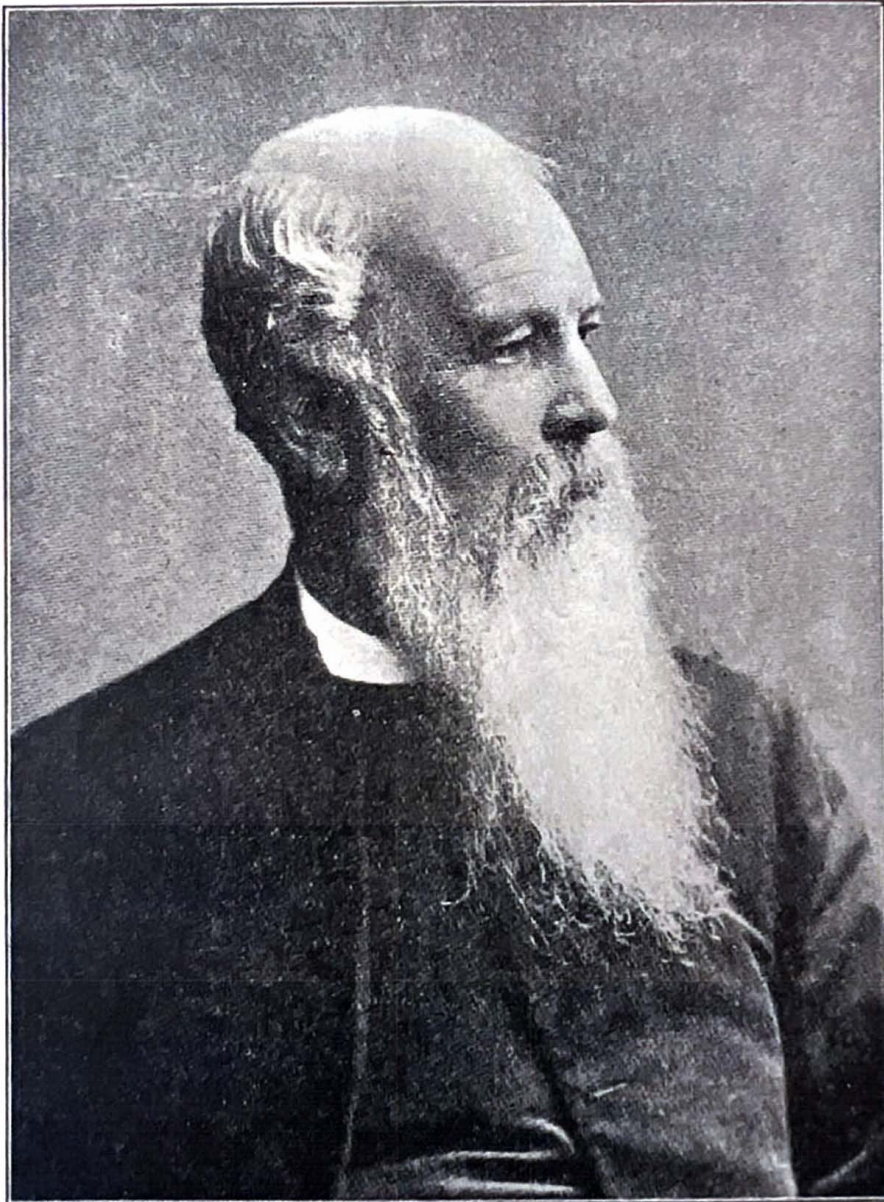
He who saved the German can save the unsaved reader even as he peruses these lines. Doubtless the Lord Jesus Christ has often knocked at the door of your heart. Why not let Him in now? You do not need to wait until you are more concerned about your spiritual condition. You are a sinner, and need a Saviour. Do you believe it? Your need is your claim. The Lord Jesus is able and willing to save you now. Harken to the "wonderful words of life" as contained in John 3. 36: "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life." It is not "he that believeth on the Son," and *does the best he can*, that obtains everlasting life. It is not "he that believeth on the Son," and *holds on to the end*, but "He that believeth on the SON HATH EVERLASTING LIFE." We are not saved FOR our believing any more than FOR our praying. We are saved *through* what Christ did for us. Salvation is obtained *through* believing in Him who bore our sins on His body on the tree (1. Peter 2. 24), and died in our room and stead. God is perfectly satisfied with what Christ did for us on the Cross, and He desires that we should be satisfied with that which satisfies Him.

Listen to the Gospel which Paul preached: "Moreover, brethren, I declare unto you the Gospel, which I preached unto you, which also ye have received, and wherein ye stand. For I delivered unto you first of all that which I also received, how that Christ died for our sins according to the Scriptures; and that He was buried, and that He rose again the third day according to the Scriptures" (1 Cor. 15. 1, 3-4). What Christ did is *enough*. "If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved" (Rom. 10. 9). Why not *now* believe and be saved? Why not *now* believe and obtain the priceless blessing of everlasting life? "Now is the accepted time." A.M.

THE BLOOD OF CHRIST.

READER, what do you know of the "Blood of Christ?" The subject is one of matchless importance. Give me your attention while I try to show you what the expression means.

The Blood of Christ is that life-blood which Jesus



BISHOP RYLE

shed when He died for sinners upon the Cross. It is the Blood which flowed so freely from His head, and hands, and feet, and side, in the day when He was crucified and slain. The quantity of that Blood may very likely have been small. The appearance of that Blood was doubtless like our own. But never since the day

The Blood of Christ.

when Adam was first formed out of the dust of the ground has any blood been shed of such deep importance to all.

It was the Blood that had been long covenanted and promised. In the day when sin came into the world, God mercifully engaged that "the seed of the woman should bruise the serpent's head:" One born of woman should appear one day, and deliver the children of Adam from Satan's power. That seed of the woman was our Lord Jesus Christ. When Jesus shed His life-blood on the Cross, the head of the serpent was bruised, and that ancient promise was fulfilled.

It was the Blood that had been long typified and pre-figured. Every sacrifice that was offered up under the Mosaic law was meant to foreshadow the dying of the true Lamb of God for the sin of the world. When Christ was crucified these sacrifices and types received their full accomplishment. The true Saviour for sin was at length offered. The red atoning Blood was at length shed. From that day the offerings of the Mosaic law were no longer needed. The work was done. They might be laid aside.

It was Blood which was of infinite merit and value in the sight of God. It was not the blood of one who was nothing more than a singularly holy man, but of One who was God's own fellow, very God of very God. It was not the blood of one who died involuntarily as a martyr to truth, but of One who voluntarily undertook to be the Substitute and Proxy for mankind, to bear their sins and carry their iniquities. It made atonement for man's transgression. It paid man's debt to God. It provided a way of righteous reconciliation between sinful man and his Holy Maker. Without it there could have been no remission of sin. Through it God can be just and yet the justifier of the ungodly. From it a fountain has been formed, wherein sinners can wash and be clean to all eternity.

Reader, this wondrous Blood of Christ, applied to your conscience, can cleanse you from all sin. It matters nothing what your sins may have been. "Though they be as scarlet, they may be made like snow; though they be red like crimson, they can be made like wool" (Isa. 1. 18). From sins of youth and sins of age, from sins of ignorance and sins of knowledge, from sins of open

The Blood of Christ.

profligacy and sins of secret vice, from sins against law and sins against Gospel, from sins of the head, and heart, and tongue, and thought, and imagination—from sins against each and all of the ten commandments—from all these the Blood of Christ can set us free. To this end it was appointed. For this cause it was shed. For this purpose it is still a fountain open to all. BISHOP RYLE.

THE INDIAN'S CHARM.

A STORY is told of a North-American Indian, which forcibly illustrates the condition of many in regard to their soul's salvation. Hungry and almost starving, this son of the forest entered a white man's house, and earnestly asked for something to eat. While he was partaking of the food his host observed a coloured ribbon hanging around his neck, attached to which there was a little pouch. On being asked what the pouch contained, the Indian replied that he had in it a charm which he had received many years before. Permission being obtained to examine the contents of the pouch, the American discovered to his amazement that the "charm" was a discharge granted to the Indian as a wounded soldier, and accompanied with a pension for life in recognition of his services in the war. For years the poor red man had been wandering in quest of the necessaries of life, and at times had difficulty in obtaining them. During that period he had in his possession, and carried constantly about with him, that which would have afforded him comfort and plenty. He knew not what a pension meant, and not understanding its value, he made no use of it.

The Indian's condition aptly illustrates the position of tens of thousands regarding the salvation of God. Restless and unsatisfied in heart, they hurry through life trying to satisfy their soul's hunger with the world's husks, instead of feasting on the Bread of Life. Hearken to the words of Scripture: "The *Word* IS NIGH THEE"—nearer than the pension—"even in thy mouth and in thy heart; that is, the word of faith, which we preach; that if THOU SHALT CONFESS WITH THY MOUTH THE LORD JESUS, AND SHALT BELIEVE IN THINE HEART THAT GOD HATH RAISED HIM FROM THE DEAD, THOU SHALT BE SAVED" (Rom. 10. 8, 9). If you continue NEGLECTING or REJECTING salvation, you will regret it. A.M.

THE FAG END.

A SHORT time ago a preacher was being shown over a large engineering work in an English town, when he noticed a young man who was engaged in working a lathe, smoking a cigarette. Approaching him, the preacher asked the young fellow if he could give him one. The young man, without hesitation, drew out his case and invited the preacher to take his choice. "I would prefer the one you have in your mouth," was the unexpected answer. "Oh, no, not that," gallantly replied the young man, "I would never think of offering you a fag end."

The incident illustrates the courtesy of present-day life, but it has in it an important lesson, if carried to a higher plane. It is a marked feature of the age in which we live, that the things of the Spirit are relegated to the "fag end" of life. "On with the dance." "Youth must have its swing." "Let's be happy when we're young," and similar expressions are so familiar that we scarcely take time to think what they mean. If they mean anything at all, they mean that we are prepared to devote the best of our lives to folly, to spend youth as the spring time in which to sow the wild oats of self-seeking and pleasure. To pour out the red wine of youthful manhood and womanhood on the altar of sensual satisfaction and to retain the lees for the God to whom we owe everything, and in whom we live, and move, and have our being. The attitude of hundreds to-day simply means that the best of life is to be reserved for self, and the "fag end" given to our Creator and our God. We offer to give to God what we would scorn to offer to our fellow-man, to reserve for Him the things men cast away as worthless.

This is due to the fact that men are repeating the folly of the men of old who said: "Doth God know?" Unbelief refuses to accept the revelation God has given to men. We forget that we are all stewards and tenants, and neither owners nor freeholders. That the day of reckoning awaits all the sons of men and we shall render an account to Him who has said: "Every knee shall bow to Me, and every tongue confess to God" (Isa. 45. 22 and 23). Surely the young man's answer should sound a call to stop and consider. To ask what am I rendering to God and how do I stand in relation to Him? Is He getting what is His due

The Fag End.

from me, or am I going to keep the best for self and let Him take the "fag end?"

Should that be your attitude, let us ask this question: Will He take it? Can you count on even a "fag end" to offer? Be warned, "God is not mocked." But why should you wish to give Him the "fag end" of a wasted and mis-spent life. Such an attitude is not only rebellion,



HE INVITED THE PREACHER TO TAKE HIS CHOICE.

The Fag End.

it is also the basest ingratitude. God's claims on man are twofold. He is the Creator, but He is also the Saviour and Redeemer.

Man's rebellion against God has destroyed every claim he might have on his Creator. He stands in the place of the sinner who is not only guilty (Rom. 3. 19), but who is also condemned (John 3. 18), and if man is to escape from the consequences of his sin, his salvation must come from God. Salvation is of the Lord, but notice the love of God. We are told it was commended to us when we were yet sinners. "When we were without strength Christ died for the ungodly" (Rom. 5. 6). The barrier which stood between a God of love and guilty man has been removed. "God made Him who knew no sin, to be sin for us in order that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him." He was committed to us the word of reconciliation. His message is: "Be ye reconciled to God." The Lord Jesus is the way, the truth, and the life, and His invitation is: "Come unto Me all ye that labour and I will give you rest" (Matt. 11. 28).

In view of this, dare you continue to indulge your sinful desires and hope in the end to be saved, even though as by fire? Such ingratitude man would not manifest toward his fellow-man, and yet we think God will not consider.

But why thus withhold from Him, the giver of every good and perfect gift, the obedience of your faith, and the love of your heart. Is it because the pleasures of sin seem so real and the blessings of salvation so intangible and distant? Let me remind you that these pleasures of sin are "for a season," but at His right hand there are pleasures for evermore.

There is one kind of happiness which the wealth of the world can never buy, a happiness which its greatest pleasures can never provide, a happiness which is to be had alone on the ground of what the Lord Jesus accomplished on the Cross of Calvary, a happiness which can be enjoyed through simple faith in the Son of God. It is described thus: "Happy are they whose iniquities are forgiven and whose sins are covered, blessed is the man to whom the Lord will not impute sin (Rom. 4. 7, 8). Without this life at best is but a "fag end." Join by faith that blessed company, and do it now.

SCOFFING.

IN the days of Whitefield, Thorpe, one of his most violent opponents, and three others, laid a wager who could best imitate and ridicule Whitefield's preaching. Each was to open the Bible at random, and preach an extempore sermon from the first verse that presented itself. Thorpe's three competitors each went through the game with impious buffoonery. Then, stepping upon the table, Thorpe exclaimed, "I shall beat you all." They gave him the Bible, and, by God's inscrutable providence, his eye fell first upon the verse—*Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish*. He read the words, but the sword of the Spirit went through his soul in a moment, and he preached as one who scarce knew what he said. The hand of God laid hold upon him, and intending to mock, he could only fear and tremble. When he descended from the table, a profound silence reigned in the company, and not one word was said concerning the wager. Thorpe instantly withdrew, and, after a season of the deepest distress, passed into the full light of the Gospel, and became a most successful preacher of its grace.

SAVING FAITH.

DOES little faith save? It certainly does. Great faith has grander experiences, but no greater security.

Your home lies on the further side of a river, deep, wide, and rapid; and the only means of reaching it is by a narrow bridge. How insecure it looks! You fear to trust it, but the desire to cross, and the assurances of your friends, induce you to plant your feet upon the slender structure. Perhaps it is a plank suspended on wires. How it sways and shakes! How you tremble and fear! But you are over at last. Little faith gets home, and perhaps is ashamed of its fears.

Only the man who has no faith in the bridge refuses to cross by it. He is an unbeliever, and never reaches home, for he lingers on the wrong side, or perhaps braves the flood and perishes in a foolhardy attempt to swim the stream.

Yes, little faith gets home as well as great faith, because both trust the same object—the bridge. Christ is the bridge. Be sure that your feet are planted there. If they are, home is certainly the end of your journey. J.N.B.

"THE BEST OF INTENTIONS."

A SMART young sailor was such a favourite with his ship owners that they gave him the command of a clipper barque at an early age. But one sad thing about this skipper was, that he put off the great question of his soul's salvation for "a more convenient season," and therefore did not make sure of his passage to eternal glory.

I liked his genial manner and open character, and accepted an invitation to spend an evening at his lodgings, prior to the ship setting sail from Cardiff to Brazil.

I well remember that evening, because it was the last that I had with him. During the conversation I took an opportunity of broaching the subject of salvation, and "the one thing needful," and he had ready assents to my remarks. He was quite willing to endorse every *doctrine* of our Christian faith—man's ruin, God's redemption, and salvation through Jesus only—but when I asked if *he* had *believed* on "HIM who died, the Just for the unjust, to bring us to God," he frankly admitted that he had not.

Throughout the conversation he expressed "*the best of intentions*," and assured me of his purpose to get this great question *settled before long*. But when I reminded him that it was a solemn thing to trifle with God's Word, which declared, "Now is the accepted time: now is the day of salvation" (2 Cor. 6. 2), he tried to *pass off* my remarks with pleasant sayings, expressing himself satisfied that there was "plenty of time" to square the accounts.

I remember his sailing from the docks, in a craft that looked smart, trim, and in good order. "The south wind blew softly" as she cleared the Bristol Channel, and they had a fair voyage across the Atlantic, and anchored safely in the outer roads at their port of destination. Having to go ashore to report, the jollyboat was manned, and my friend took his seat in her stern, with tiller in hand. How fair all looked! A few minutes later a sea capsized the boat as she crossed the bar, and our friend, the *well-intentioned skipper*, was thrown into the water and drowned. I never heard anything to assure me that he had "fled to Jesus for refuge" and been saved. His intentions were doubtless sincere, but they were most unwise. Good *intentions* resulted only in his being doomed; how different if he had made instead a good *decision*. Do not delay the question of your soul's salvation, but decide now. E.H.B.

THE SOURCE OF BLESSING;

— OR, —

A FOUNTAIN OF WATER CLEAR AS CRYSTAL SPRING FROM A ROCK,
THOUSANDS OF FEET ABOVE THE SEA.



LUCERNE, SWITZERLAND.

"I was moved to deeper praise, for I thought of that greater fountain of blessing and life that is springing up and flowing forth to unhappy, sinful, thirsty, dying men."

THE SOURCE OF BLESSING.

I HAD to cross a high mountain range in a distant land. It was early morning, and the rising sun had not yet dispersed the snow-white clouds that rolled beneath me, and which were pierced here and there by giant peaks that reared upward to the tropical sky. It was a most wonderful prospect, and a new and thrilling experience for me, but what moved me most, and left the deepest impression on my mind was a fountain of water, cool as the night and clear as crystal, that sprang up from the rock, thousands of feet above the sea, and flowing down to the sun-parched plains beneath. As I stood in those glorious surroundings, the music of that fountain got into my soul, and I felt that I must sing, and so, raising my voice, I sang to the accompanying of the flowing waters, part of William Cowper's hymn of praise to our great Saviour:

"E'er God had built the mountains
Or raised the fruitful hills,
Before He filled the fountains
That feed the running rills,

"In Thee, from everlasting,
The wonderful I AM
Found pleasures never wasting,
And WISDOM is Thy Name.

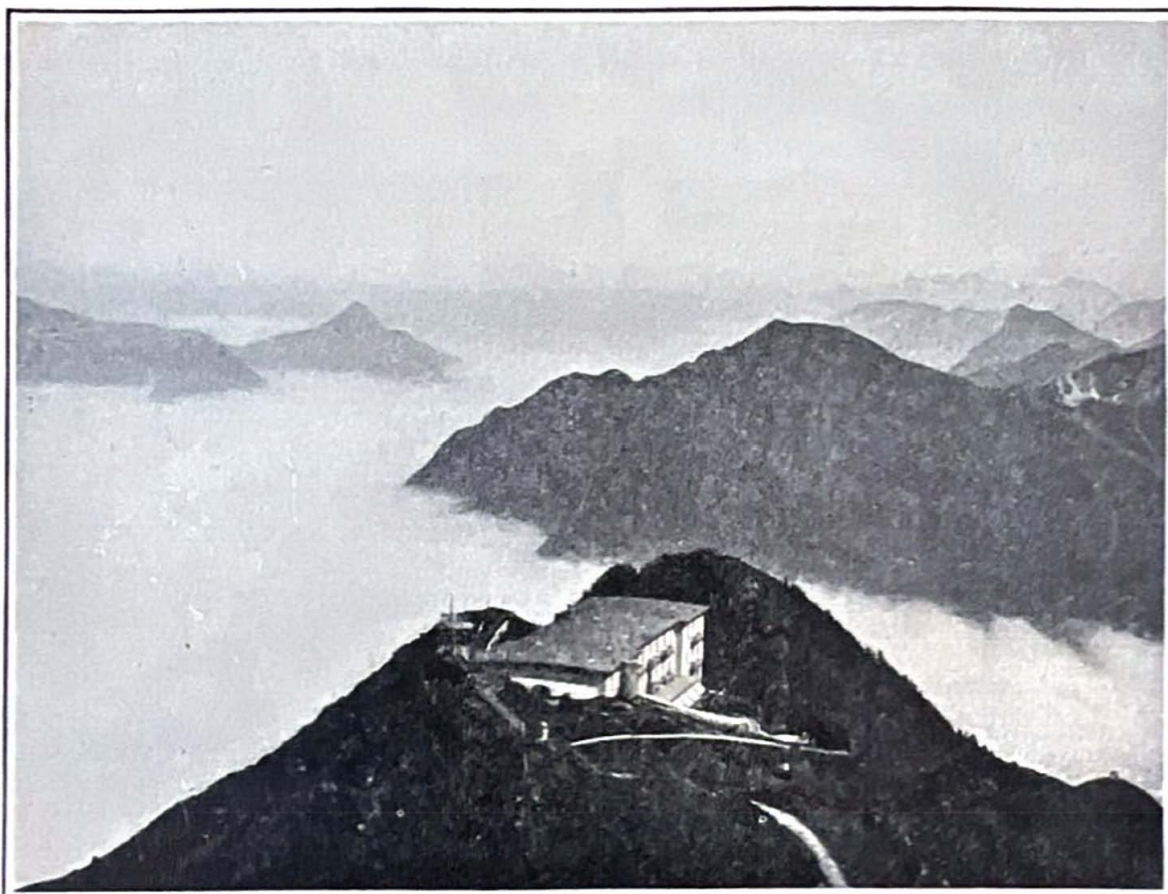
"And could'st Thou be delighted
With creatures such as we?
Who, when we saw Thee, slighted
And nailed Thee to a tree!

"Unfathomable wonder!
And mystery divine!
The voice that speaks in thunder,
Says, 'Sinner, I am thine!'"

As I finished my song by that fountain above the clouds, I was moved to deeper praise for I thought of that greater fountain of blessing and life that is springing up and flowing forth to unhappy, sinful, thirsty, dying men. Where will you find it? If you would discover it, you must arise and travel in your search by Calvary and Bethlehem, you must pass upward above the clouds, you must go forth from earth to Heaven and away into the heights of eternal glory—to the heart of the blessed God. Then, and not till then, will you reach the fountain, the source of blessing. It springs up in the very heart of God, for God is love. In those three words we are told what God is in the absolute perfection of His eternal Being. But

The Source of Blessing

what is that to us, unless His love can reach us in blessing? And how can I do that? We are sinners, which is only another name for rebels; we were guilty and dead towards God; no pulse of love stirred in our souls towards Him; we had turned every one to his own way, and gone so far from Him that we needed only to take one more step and our souls had been plunged into hopeless and everlasting perdition. What could God's love do for us, and how could He show it to us? The answer comes as clear



"THE SNOW-WHITE CLOUDS ROLLED BENEATH ME"

as human words, divinely chosen, can state it. "In this is manifested the love of God towards us, because God sent His only begotten Son into the world that we might live through Him." But can God love sinful men, who never loved Him, and yet maintain His holiness?

And if He does love them and shows it, what of His eternal justice, upon which the pillars of His moral universe are founded? Again there comes the answer, sure and sufficient: "Herein is love, not that we loved God,

The Source of Blessing

but that He loved us, and sent His Son to be the propitiation for our sins" (1 John 4. 8, 9, 10).

Burdened and weary sinner, unsatisfied and thirsting, be glad and rejoice, that, though you have not loved God, He has loved you; and though you have not sought Him, He has sought you. He has anticipated your deep need, and has taken the only way by which you could be saved, to save you. Ponder my text again. 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." Begin at the source of it, and trace the way that the love of God has taken to reach you; see Him who was in the form of God descending from His high glory to earth; pause for a moment at the manger in Bethlehem, and join your adoration there with the worship of the shepherds from the hills, for the Babe before whom they bow is Emmanuel, the only begotten Son of God—given for the world. Travel further, for Jesus must go further if we were to be saved from perishing; keep His company as He moves amid the miseries of men, rising up day by day before the sun, to be ready to heal their sicknesses and assuage their sorrows; travel with Him through Gethsemane; it is a rough way for His feet to go, but He does not refuse to tread it, see Him move onward with steadfast face, despised and rejected of men, spit upon, scourged and crowned with thorns; follow Him through the gates of David's city as He bears His cross to Calvary. Do not stand with the mocking multitude lest you partake of their spirit, but with the mother of Jesus, and His mother's sister, and Mary Magdalene, out of whom He cast seven devils, and the disciple whom Jesus loved; you will be in good company if you stand with them to "Behold the Lamb of God" crucified for a world of sinners.

You have yet to learn the meaning of it; you have yet to learn why the giving of God's only begotten Son should have meant sorrow and sacrifice and death for Him, and salvation and life for you; but it was only on this road that the love of God could reach you. He had loved the world in vain apart from this. By faith accept Jesus Christ as your Saviour and, then like Paul the apostle, you will be able to say, "The Son of God Who loved me and gave Himself for me" (Gal. 2. 20). J. T. MAWSON.

KING ALBERT OF THE BELGIANS.

KING ALBERT of the Belgians, whose untimely death while climbing in the Ardennes on Feb. 18th, 1934, was deplored by the whole world, was a particularly well-informed monarch, and with true humility was always



A PERILOUS POSITION

willing to learn from those who were qualified to give him correct and reliable information. He was no bigot; and though nominally a Roman Catholic, he was not prepared to leave his spiritual advisers to think for him, but sought to find out the truth for himself.

When King Albert paid a memorable visit to the

King Albert of the Belgians

Belgian Congo, he spent several days at the home of that well-known missionary, Dan Crawford, whose book, "Thinking Black," excited much attention in the English-speaking world. Crawford had spent "twenty-two years in the long grass of Central Africa," to quote his own words, and was a man of acute mind, who knew his Bible, and therefore his God.

King Albert greatly enjoyed his stay at Luanza, and discussed with his host many topics of interest to them both. One day their conversation turned upon eternal verities, and with a quiet directness, King Albert said: "Mr. Crawford, I want you to explain to me the essential difference between Roman Catholicism and Protestantism."

Here was an open-mindedness, a willingness for the truth of God, that all may well imitate. Mr. Crawford, home on his first furlough after so long service in Africa, was relating to the writer the incident, and added: "I gave him twenty-five minutes on 'justification by faith.'" The King listened carefully and thoughtfully, and warmly thanked Crawford for his lucid explanation of God's simple way of salvation by faith alone, apart from works or ceremonies.

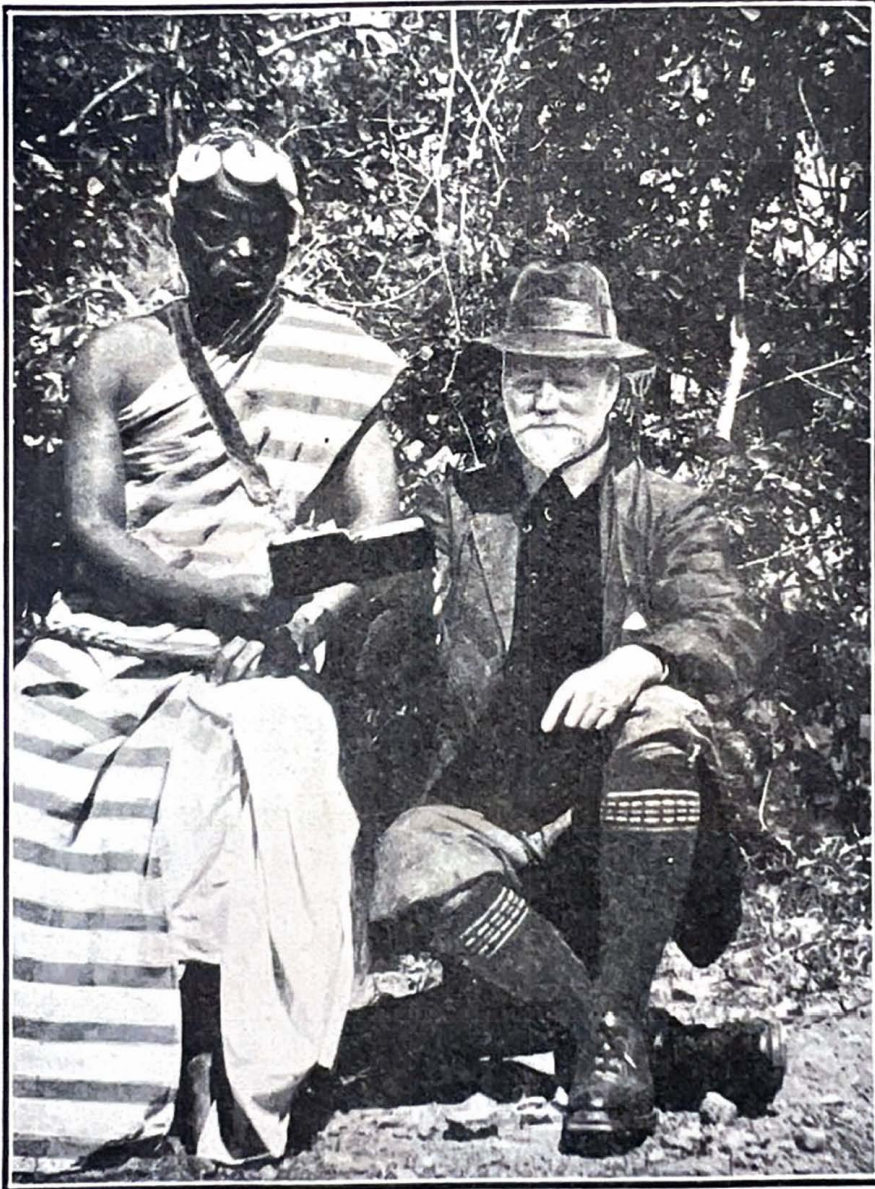
The recipient of this magazine who has read thus far has demonstrated his interest in the things that matter most. Let us then sit in thought by the side of King Albert and with him consider briefly this momentous matter.

Every right-minded man deploras his sins and wishes he could live without sinning. His anxiety for the future, when he must give account of himself to God makes him inquire: How can I get rid of my sins? How can I placate a holy God who is naturally incensed at my repeated acts of wrong-doing, whether in thought, word, or deed?

Before the death of Christ on the Cross as Sin-bearer and Substitute, men were permitted to bring a ceremonially clean animal and offer it as a sacrifice. The blood of the animal had no intrinsic value; it was merely a finger-post to the Lamb of God who in the fulness of time was to bear away the sin of the world. The person who brought his offering to atone for his sin demonstrated thereby his faith in God's Word—"When I see the blood I will pass over you" (Exod. 12. 13), "Without shedding of

King Albert of the Belgians

blood is no remission" (Heb. 9. 22)—and looking forward in some measure to the Coming One, the Messiah, who would liquidate in one stupendous payment the multitudes of promissory notes which these individual sacrifices constituted.



DAN CRAWFORD AT HIS LOVED WORK

But since Calvary no sacrifice is needed or could be brought. Christ has once and for ever "put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself" (Heb. 9. 26). Those sacrifices were brought daily and for centuries; but "Christ was *once* offered to bear the sins of many" (Heb. 9. 28).

King Albert of the Belgians

The only offering which God requires to-day has already been brought by the Lord Jesus Himself, namely, His own life. He "offered Himself without spot to God" (Heb. 9. 14); "the precious Blood of Christ as of a lamb without blemish and without spot" (1 Pet. 1. 19). God has been completely satisfied by the death of His well-beloved Son, and has proved it by raising the Lord Jesus from the dead.

Hence, the sinner who wishes to be free from his sins accepts the Lord Jesus Christ as his substitute; realises that the Saviour's death on the Cross availed for the sinner who believes in Jesus; and that moment he is "justified by faith without the deeds of the law" (Rom. 3. 28).

Human works have no place here; all has been done for us by another. Human merit does not avail, for all that we humans have merited is judgment.

Both these points are summed up in the one verse: "To him that worketh not, but believeth on Him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness" (Rom. 4. 5).

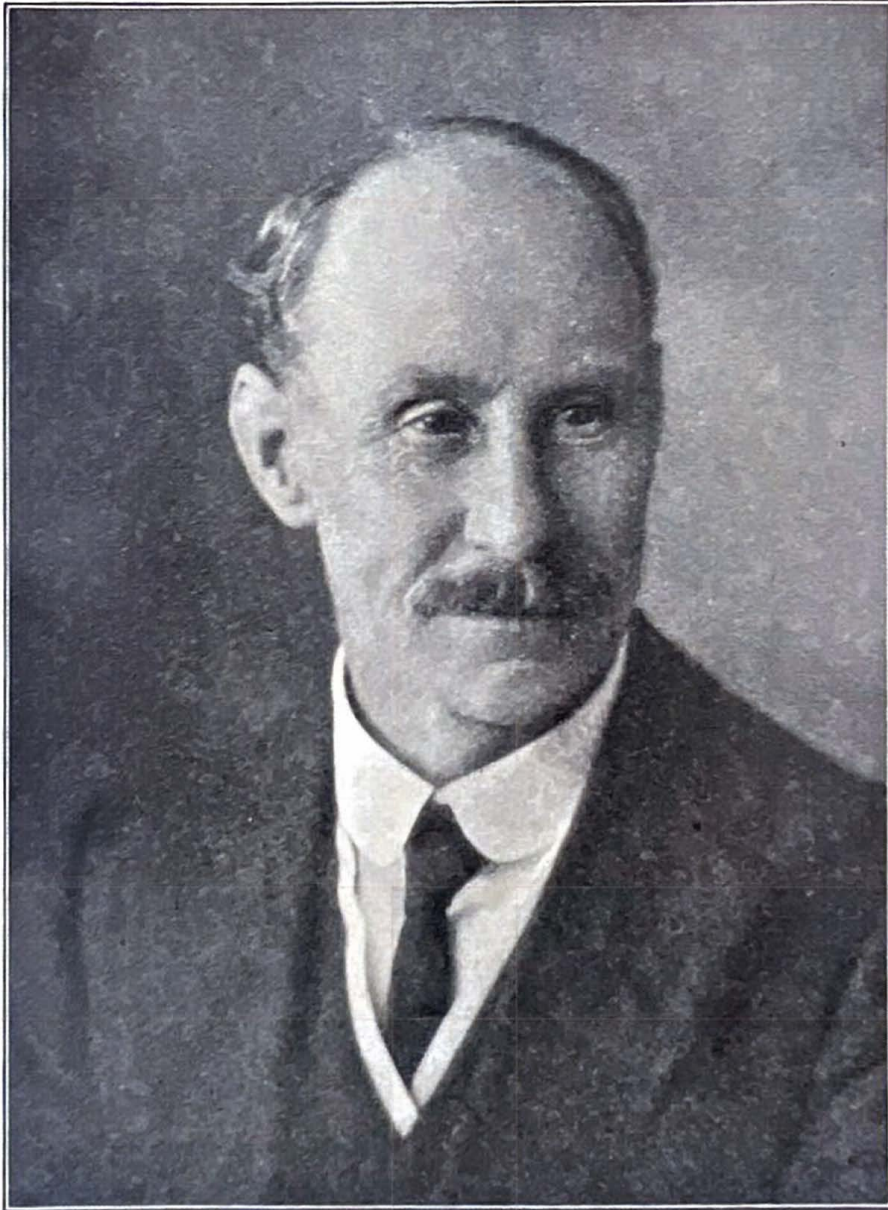
Your simple faith in God's Word honours God. Your attempt to do something to merit His favour and to atone for your sins dishonours God, for it virtually denies that Christ has finished the work of salvation which God gave Him to do (John 17. 4), and asserts that you are able to do with your puny works what the Christ of God failed to accomplish upon the Cross!

Away with such a thought! Do not rely upon your own efforts, upon forms or ceremonies, upon the teachings of man if they conflict with the Word of God. Examine these things for yourself; the responsibility is yours and cannot be transferred to another. You can procure in your own mother tongue the full, authentic and unadulterated Word of God. Read it for yourself; ask God by His Holy Spirit to lead you into His truth. Read it with an honest heart, willing to follow what light He gives you through it, and very soon you will be rejoicing in the liberty wherewith Christ makes us free (Gal. 5. 1), "Therefore being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ (Rom. 5. 1).

R.W.C.

HOW THE MAJOR GOT THE VICTORY

"THE Sergeant Major" was the son of a police officer who was renowned for having captured the most famous criminal of his day, Charlie Peace, the burglar. Patrolling his beat one night, he saw a light in an upstairs room of a large house in Blackheath, and then a



MAJOR BROWN

man's figure silhouetted on the blind. Suspecting robbery he summoned his other officers and posted one at the front and another at the back of the house.

A loud knock at the front door alarmed the burglar who, on jumping on to the lawn from a window, found

How the Major Got the Victory

himself face to face with a police officer, whom he shot in the arm. Sergeant Brown ran to his assistance. Peace sent a bullet through Brown's helmet, but the latter knocked the man down, and thus secured the most notorious criminal of the day.

Being used to the discipline of a policeman's home, George Brown, on enlistment in 1892 into the Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders, very readily fell into the ways of the Service, and as readily made up his mind to go straight and aim high. But as all others had done before him, he found he was lacking in power to overcome the attacks of the evil one.

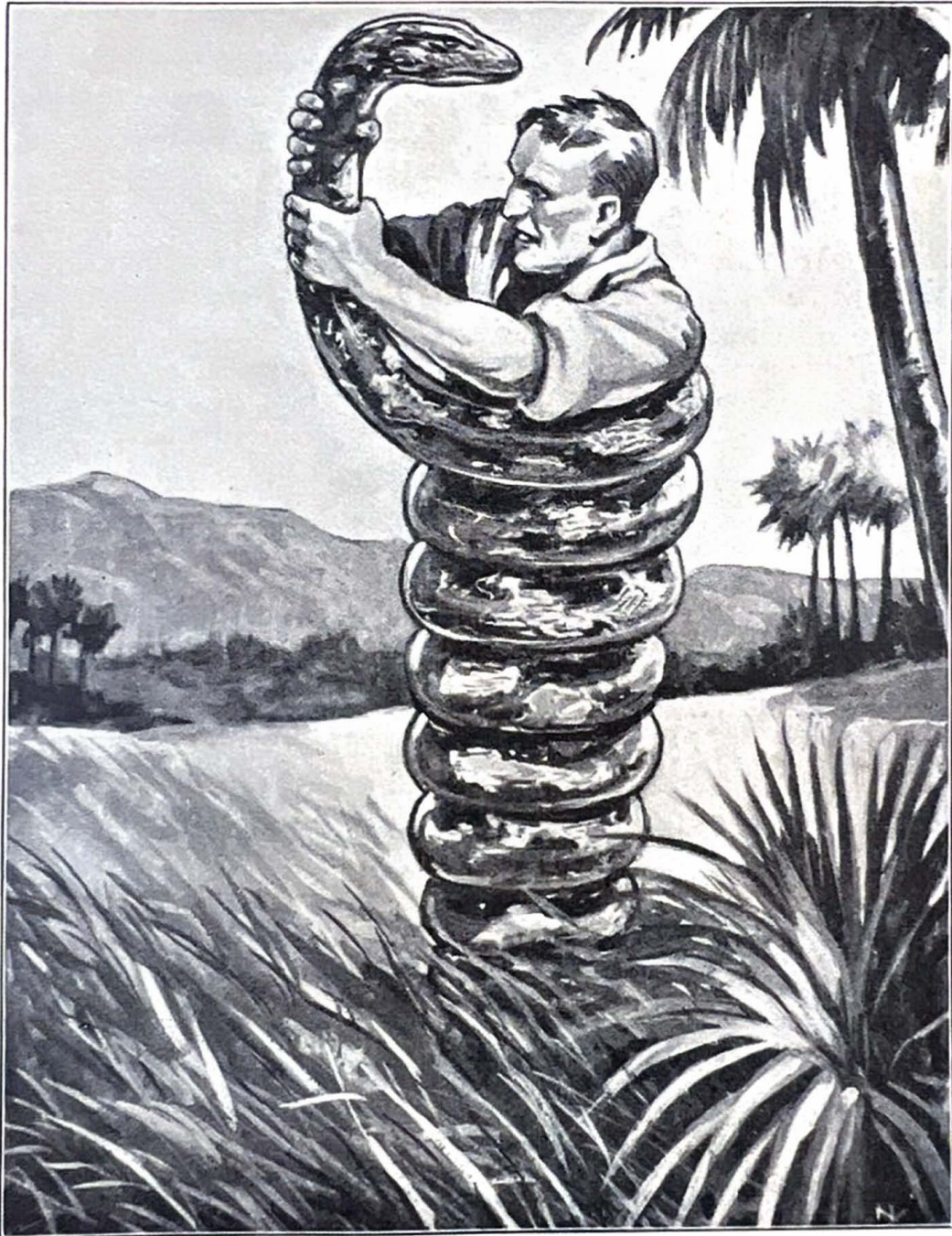
In November of the following year, however, he found the secret of success, under most interesting, though tragic circumstances. He was stationed with his battalion in Malta, when one day the whole garrison was stunned by the sudden death of their most popular Gymnast, to be followed the next day by the loss through drowning of their finest swimmer. Private Brown sat on his bed that night, and thought of his abilities as the champion athlete, and while he mused he heard God whisper in his ear, "If you were to die to-night, where would you spend eternity?" He was a sinner and he knew it. He was also acquainted with the Gospel, how that God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish but have everlasting life (John 3. 16). There and then he fell on his knees at his bedside in his barrack room in Fort St. Angelus, and made the great decision, by the grace of God to spend eternity in Heaven, and to live the remainder of his life here on earth to the glory of God the Father. This initial act of kneeling before fourteen other fellows needed much courage, but God's grace proved sufficient.

At no time has it been easy. On one occasion, when a Staff Sergeant, he was sent to Aldershot on a Gym Refresher Course, and had to occupy a barrack room with twenty other or so Gym Instructors, he found that a great struggle had to take place between the flesh and the Spirit before finding the necessary grace and strength to kneel. This, however, he eventually did, and "turned in" that night the victor, to sleep the sleep of the peaceful—happy in his Lord.

A.L.P.

PLAYING WITH DEATH

A NOTED wild beast tamer came to London with his menagerie of performing animals, including lions, tigers, hyenas, snakes, etc. For many years he had



"THEY WERE REGARDED AS HARMLESS PETS"

handled them daily until they were regarded as harmless pets.

It was the closing scene of the evening. The large audience had been thrilled as never before with the most

Playing with Death

daring displays and marvellous handling of the animals. But the best was yet to be. A huge boa-constrictor, twenty-five feet in length, was to be introduced as the final thrill. Twenty-five years ago it had received its first lessons, when only a few days old.

An Oriental band is playing its weird strains as the curtain lifts on a beautiful sunny scene in an African jungle. The great crowd are breathless with excitement as they watch the spotlights playing on a patch of grass. The signal is given: the rustling begins: the reptile's long, wriggling shiny body moves forward towards the trainer, and begins to curl around him coil upon coil, round and round it goes: up and up it climbs, until the man is lost to view. Its bright eyes sparkle as it raises its ugly head in seeming triumph. Then the unexpected happens. An applauding crowd, a shrieking man, a sharp, sudden crack, crack, and the awful truth begins to dawn upon the people. The cheers die on their lips: terror freezes their very souls. The performer has played his last act. Bone after bone is broken under the tightening grip of death. The serpent nature has re-asserted itself at last. The death scream is recognised. The company join in one long scream, then fly for the exits.

The thing with which he played proved to be his master and murderer; that which had amused so many, turned out to be the deadliest and costliest thing of all.

And so it is with sin, that terrible power which holds men in its grip for we are "all under sin" (Rom. 3. 9), under its dominion and curse unless freed by the blood of Christ. That which men play with to-day will play with them to their eternal ruin.

That serpent was deceptive—so is sin. It dresses in gay colours to allure and fascinate, but it always deceives. It must disguise itself or men would hate it. Beware, "lest any be hardened through the *deceitfulness* of sin."

That serpent was dangerous—so is sin. It looks so harmless. With all the culture, the self-will of men, the refinements of nature, etc., sin persists because it is in our nature. It is coiling itself around your life; and, unless you flee to Christ, it will crush you for ever, bring you before God's judgment bar, and thence to the lake of fire (Rev. 20. 12). Sin is dangerous.

That serpent was destructive—so is sin. Look over the records of the past. It robbed our first parents of innocence, drove them from Paradise, reared a barrier between man and God. It drowned the world of Noah's day; and all down the ages has gone on destroying men's lives, blasting hopes, ruining homes, breaking hearts, filling oceans of tears and rivers of blood, filling every asylum, hospital, and cemetery. It has made hell. It has murdered Christ, and would seek to hurl God from His throne. Like a prairie fire, it has licked up all before it in consuming destruction.

Thank God there is deliverance. Sin's power has been broken once and for ever by the death of Christ. "Who His own self bore our sins in His own body on the tree" (1 Peter 2. 24). "He was wounded for our transgressions . . . the chastisement of our peace was laid upon Him; and with His stripes we are healed" (Isa. 53. 5). He bore the full penalty of a broken law, defeated sin, Satan and death, and finished the whole work of redemption. Rejoice in Him as your Saviour and Lord; accept Him as your very own, your Deliverer from sin's tyrannical power and penalty, the One who lives on high to save to the uttermost all who come to Him. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and *thou* shalt be saved" (Acts 16. 31).

G. A. N.

A DARING FEAT!

SOME time ago, a party of tourists on horseback were taking in the grand scenery of the Yosemite Valley. At times they would dismount, and climbing the precipitous sides of some towering mountain of granite, would, from the heights, view the panoramic display of giant rock and verdant vale, peaceful stream or roaring cataract, until satisfied with the prospect, they would descend again, to resume their journey through the ever-changing beauties of "America's National Park."

In their party was a young man, noted for his agility and daring in all so-called manly sports. One day, pointing to a shelving rock, on the face of the cliff, and towering fully two thousand feet above them, he declared his intention of climbing to it, and balancing himself upon his head there.

A Daring Feat

A puff of wind, a relaxation of the tensioned nerves, and he would have been dashed to pieces on the rocks below. But, to the relief of his friends, he regained his footing once more, and with cautious steps, descended to his companions. It was a feat as foolish as it was daring. To risk one's life for fame or human applause is folly of the worst kind, and all-right minded people will admit it.

And yet, people are running worse risks continually. To risk one's life is serious, but to risk one's soul is more so! And men are risking the loss of their souls for what? A little pleasure, a little money, a little fame, a little honor—all of which may perish in a day.

The Lord Jesus asks the important question: "For what shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" (Mark 8. 36). The question is unanswerable, in any satisfactory manner. Profit there is none, for all is left behind—pleasure, money, fame, honour, all have gone, and the soul passes into the presence of God, under judgment. Of such an one the Lord Jesus speaks, when telling of the rich farmer, in Luke 12. He tells us that God calls him a fool, saying, "Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee: then whose shall those things be that thou hast provided?" He had to leave it all, and pass into God's presence—a fool.

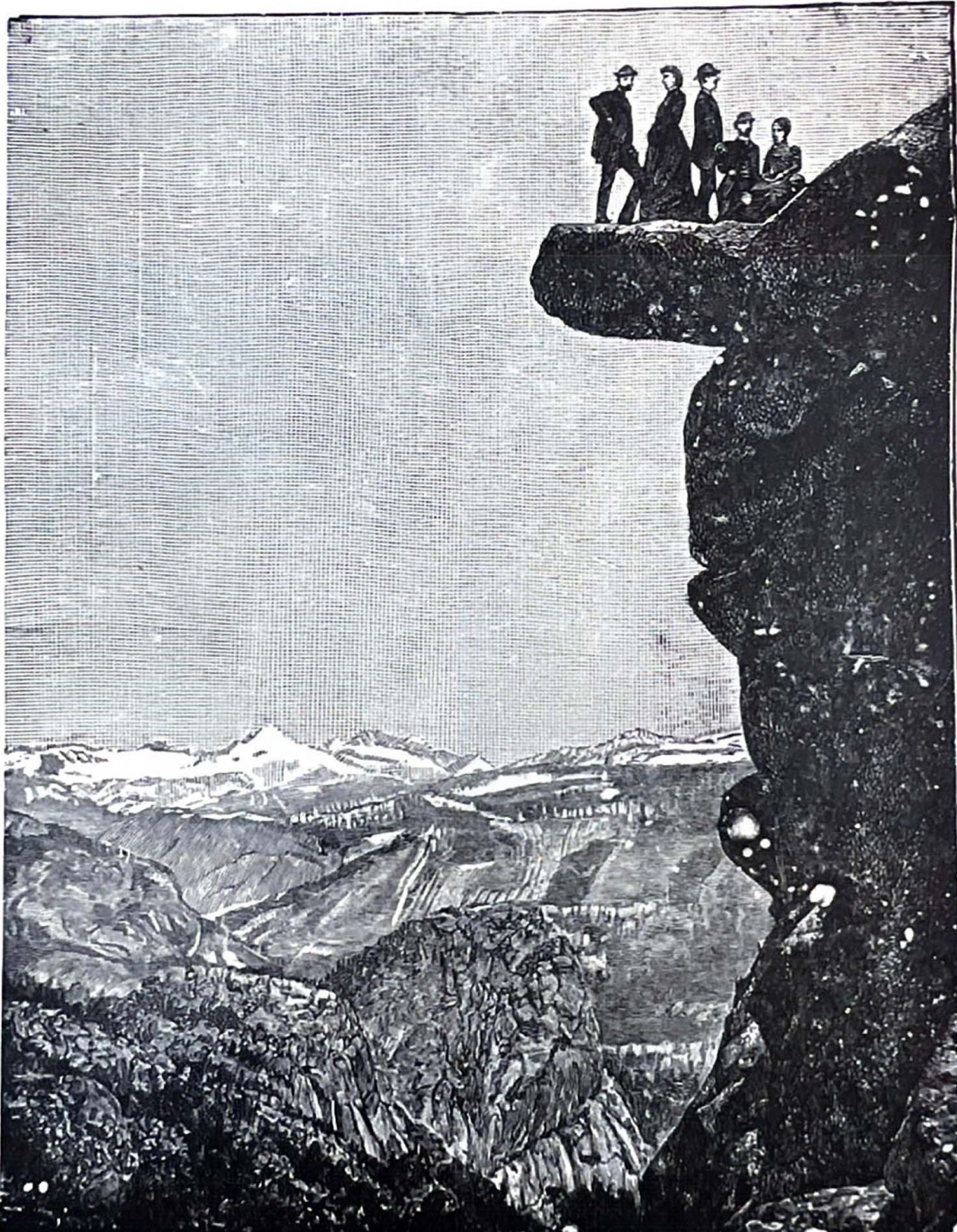
Wise, in the sight of men, but in God's sight a fool; because, while providing for the wants of this life, and acquiring a competence here, he had neglected matters more weighty, more important—matters of eternity! Friend, how is it with you? Are you a "fool" in this sense?

God loves you. You may not know it, and you may not believe it, but still it is true, and He has proved it in a most marvellous way, even in the gift of His Son. "For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him, should not perish, but have everlasting life" (John 3. 16).

You may have fame, and you may have wealth and honour, but if you have not Christ, the gift of God, you will miserably perish for ever. If without Him now, you are lost, and must be saved if ever you are to get to

A Daring Feat

heaven. At this you may laugh, or sneer, but all will be reality ere long. There is no time to lose. Indeed, eternity may be very near you at this moment, and the



VIEWING THE VALLEY FROM A GIANT PEAK

moments are slipping past you, that bear you on to the meeting with God. Be wise, and even as you read these lines, "believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

T.D.W.M.

THE FREETHINKER'S FINAL MESSAGE.

SEVERAL years ago a friend of mine was holding evangelistic services in a place in Lanarkshire, Scotland. As of old, "some believed" and some "believed not." Amongst the latter was a band of four young men calling themselves "Freethinkers," who caused some trouble by contending for their infidel views. They strongly maintained, among other things, that there was no such place as Hell.

One of the four "Freethinkers," in the midst of his obstinacy and rebellion, was laid low with a violent fever, which proved fatal. On the day of his death one of the group called at the hall where the Gospel meetings were held and asked Mr. S—— to go and pray for his companion. The evangelist gladly acceded to the request. On entering the room where the dying man lay Mr. S—— saw at a glance that he was nearing the end of life. Opening his eyes, the "Freethinker" exclaimed, "TELL M—— THAT THERE IS A HEAVEN AND A HELL," and fell back a lifeless corpse.

Perhaps you also assert that there is no such place as Hell. In addressing the scribes and Pharisees the Lord Jesus Christ asked the question: "How can ye escape the damnation of Hell?" (Matt. 23. 33). Surely, then, there is such a place as Hell, or Christ would not have asked how they were to escape it. In Luke 16 He tells us that the poor rich man who lived for the world and died in his sins "lifted up his eyes in Hell, being in torments," and asked for water to cool his burning tongue (Luke 16. 23). Surely there must be a real Hell!

If there is a Heaven there *must* be a Hell, and the Bible speaks to us of both places. God has no desire that you should perish. On the contrary, He gave His only begotten Son, the Lord Jesus, to die for you, that you might spend eternity with Him in the glory (John 3. 16). Christ's work has eternally settled the sin question, and you may obtain salvation as a free gift at this very moment. "The wages of sin is death; but the *free gift of God* is eternal life" (Rom. 6. 23, R.V.). If eternal life is the gift of God, and may be obtained through simply believing on Him who loved you, and gave Himself for you, why not accept of it *at this very moment*? "Turn ye, turn ye from your evil ways, for why will ye die?" (Ezek. 33. 11). A.M.

THE ROYAL PARDON;

— OR, —

THE DESERTER WHO NEGLECTED UNTIL IT WAS TOO LATE TO AVAIL
HIMSELF OF THE PARDON OFFERED BY HER MAJESTY
QUEEN VICTORIA AT THE TIME OF HER JUBILEE
TO ALL DESERTERS



RECOGNISED AS A DESERTER.

“You may be saying, ‘I’ll wait a little longer, then I’ll trust the Saviour.’ You are the greater fool surely. You may be trying to hide your past, but it *must* come to light.”

THE ROYAL PARDON.

BACK in January, 1893, I was in the Guard Room at Inverness Barracks waiting for the clock to strike ten, when I should be posted on sentry. Suddenly the door opened, and a Sergeant and two Privates entered with a handcuffed civilian.

"Really, Mac!" gasped the Sergeant. "Is that you?" "Yes, Sergeant." "Well, you ARE a fool!"

Just then the clock struck for me to go on duty. Walking up and down, I wondered what mystery lay behind this incident. As soon as I was relieved, I asked the Sergeant the meaning of his words to the prisoner. He replied by relating a thrilling story.

"Our regiment," he began, "the 1st Cameron Highlanders, went through the Egyptian Campaign of 1882 and 1884. In 1886 the regiment returned home; and, to every one's disappointment, we were posted to Devonport instead of Scotland. The prisoner had only another year to complete his service, and was engaged to be married. Anxiously he scanned the first list of those for furlough, but his name was not there; so he decided to desert.

"He took his departure, returned to the north of Scotland, married, bought a boat, and settled down to his old occupation of fisherman in a very wild part of the country on one of the outlying islands.

"He had been away a year, when, returning from his fishing, he read a notice near to his own cottage. It was to the effect that, owing to the Jubilee of Queen Victoria, it had pleased Her Majesty to grant a free pardon to all deserters. All that required to be done was to present oneself at the nearest Naval or Military Depot where records would be consulted, and the pardon issued. The time was limited, and a closing date was given.

"After reading it, he decided to accept; then, remembering it was the fishing season, he hesitated, and put it off until he returned the next time. On his return he enquired and discovered he was twenty-four hours late; and it required another two days to get to Inverness. The result was, he decided to let things go, as nobody on the island knew anything of his past.

"Some time afterwards it was decided to recruit Gaelic-speaking men. A Recruiting Sergeant was sent to the different islands, one who had served in Egypt. By

The Royal Pardon.

strange fate both men met. The prisoner was recognised, apprehended, and taken to Inverness."

The result was calamitous to the poor man. He was made to pay the price by a long imprisonment and forfeiture of his two medals. On his release from prison he had to start his army service anew.

In 1908 I was cycling in Hyde, Kent, and I met a man I thought I knew. Dismounting, I asked him, "How are



THE ROCK—GIBRALTAR—FROM THE EUROPA ROAD.

you, Garrod?" He nearly fainted, and I had to steady him; then I told him to sit on the kerb until he had revived.

"Don't worry, I'm a Gym. Instructor, not a Provost Sergeant."

"My name is Smith," he replied.

"I don't care what it is now. You were Garrod when you were in the Camerons. You are not in a fit state to talk now, but if you come along, and see me in Shorncliff Camp, I'll see what I can do for you."

The Royal Pardon.

The man came and told me all the details of his life-story. For eleven years he had lived in constant dread of suspicion and arrest. He had been turned out of several common lodging houses for disturbing the others during the night with the cry, "Oh, don't take me! Don't take me!"

He had been stationed at Gibraltar when he decided to escape by hiding in a coal bunker of a "tramp" steamer. For eleven days he endured terrible privations, and existed on a tin of bully-beef, some army biscuits, and a bottle of water. Arriving at his widowed mother's home he sought refuge, but was told he must go at once as the police had knowledge of his escape. Later he enlisted again, but was discharged as medically unfit.

Both of us sat talking, then I said, "You must get right with God first. Let us kneel down, and speak to Him about it."

There on bended knee, the stubborn will was at last bent in submission to Christ, the heart yielded; pardon sought and found through simple child-like faith in the sufficiency of the finished work of Christ. He had no righteousness of his own to cling to; so he cast himself utterly and whole-heartedly on the mercy of God, as a guilty sinner.

Rising from our knees, I wrote a letter to the Army Council on his behalf, begging them to grant him a free pardon. As a senior Gym. Instructor I had found him a physical wreck, and of no further service. It was enclosed with his letter which ran, "I, John Garrood, of the 1st Cameron Highlanders, who deserted from Gibraltar, wish to throw myself upon the mercy of the Army Council, and beg for a free pardon. Signed, John Garrood"

Ten days later he came again to see me, his face beaming. Then he handed me the letter. It read as follows, "John Garrood, of 1st Cameron Highlanders, need not be apprehended as a deserter. He is pardoned."

Again we knelt, this time with hearts overflowing with thanksgiving at the wonderful answer in a double way to prayer. John Garrood had received a pardon from the Army Council for the sin of desertion; but he had also received a Divine pardon for all his sins. A Father's love had won his heart; and, like the prodigal, he was

The Royal Pardon.

rejoicing in full and free forgiveness, purchased by the precious blood of Christ.

You, too, dear reader, may be following in John Garrood's steps. You may be saying, "I'll wait a little longer, then I'll trust the Saviour." You are the greater fool surely. You may be trying to hide your past, but it *must* come to light. There is only one way of effectually hiding your sins, and that is by having them covered by the blood of Christ (Isa. 44. 22). It is a hard task obtaining a pardon from men; but God has been waiting to bless you, offering you now, without any effort on your part, a full, free, and eternal pardon, a forgiveness that blots out the dark past, makes you His own child, and gives you the certainty of glory ahead.

"Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts, and let him return unto the Lord, and He will have mercy upon him, and to our God *for He will abundantly pardon*" Major G. SIM BROWN.

AFFLICTION—ITS USES.

THE bondage and the taskmaster's whip in Egypt, which the children of Israel were made to suffer, led them to pray for the deliverance which so wonderfully came. In the palace at Jerusalem, Manaesseh lived a wild, wanton life, but in the dungeon in Babylon, in fetters, and chains, and deep affliction, he humbled himself greatly, and commenced to pray to Him whom he had tried "to provoke," Jonah, as a runaway and as a child of disobedience, slept comfortably in his berth on board ship, but in the belly of the whale, when straitly shut up, he turned his heart in prayer to the God of salvation. When Paul was smitten with blindness then he was glad to hear from Ananias about Jesus, the Saviour whom, in his ignorance, he had despised. A great earthquake at Philippi aroused the conscience of the jailor and led him to seek for salvation.

"Before I was afflicted," said David, "I went astray, but now I have kept thy Word" (Ps. 119. 67). To many, affliction has been one of God's ministers for good. Men who have been making straight tracks for hell have suddenly been arrested through affliction, and led to seek a new and better life.

THE PERIL OF INDECISION.

BY the shore of one of the Great Lakes sat an old, white-haired fisherman, relating to a stranger some of the happenings of his early days.

Years ago, the village was very small, and the mails were brought from the other side of the bay by an Indian and his son-in-law. They had set out on a very cold day, crossing the lake on the ice, and going from point to point around the frozen shore with the mail.

Night fell and camp had to be pitched; so they went ashore for firewood. Returning with their bundles they stepped forward. A sudden gasp escaped them as a sharp report rent the still air, telling that the ice had cracked. It started to move away from the shore and drift outwards.

In a second the young Indian had dropped his bundle, and leapt through the air on to the shore. The older man seemed to lose all nerve, and refused to move, simply dazed as he looked into the icy waters, so dark and forbidding.

"Jump for your life, father. You'll easily manage," rang out from the young Indian, but all to no purpose. Again and again he shouted, encouraged and commanded, but with no success. The man was paralysed with fear, and could do nothing.

The last message for his wife and children were shouted over that terrible chasm of death. The ice-floe moved on and on, swiftly driven by a strong wind. Further and further he receded, such a forlorn hopeless figure. He could be seen in one last effort stretching out his hands appealingly, his voice piercing the air with a wail of utter despair. Thus he drifted out into death's cold embrace, never to be seen or heard of again, *the victim of indecision*.

What a picture of man to-day with salvation at hand, yet he dilly-dallies, until time carries him into the cold embrace of a Christless eternity. We must all have a solid and reliable ground on which to stand before a holy God. All our own works are as filthy rags (Isa. 64. 6), and unstable as the floating ice. Abandon your own efforts, for they are useless (Eph. 2. 8), and by faith step on to the Rock of Ages. Fly into the arms of the sinner's Friend as your only hope. You may know all about the Gospel, how that Christ died for the ungodly; how that He was made sin for us on the tree; how that God

The Peril of Indecision.

laid on Him the iniquity of us all, and in resurrection proved that the whole work of man's redemption was finished to the satisfaction of God, and every foe conquered.



THE OLDER MAN LOST NERVE.

You may agree as to the veracity of these facts, but that is not enough. *You must act.* Jump for the shore, claim the Saviour, confess Him as your Lord and Master.

Fear held that poor soul back from life and salvation.

The Peril of Indecision.

One has well said, "Fear of looking like a fool has kept many a man from acting like a hero." Let your fears go, fear of the cost, fear of the crowd, fear of the consequences. There is One who is greater than our fears, Who says, "Fear not, only believe" (Luke 8. 50).

Jas. Russell Lowell has written these lines: "Once to every man and nation comes the moment to decide . . . and the choice goes by for ever 'twixt that darkness and the light."

Let not this your golden opportunity pass. Eternity is just ahead, death so near, time so short. Make Him yours NOW by simple faith in His atoning blood. G.A.N.

CLIMBING OVER THE CROSS.

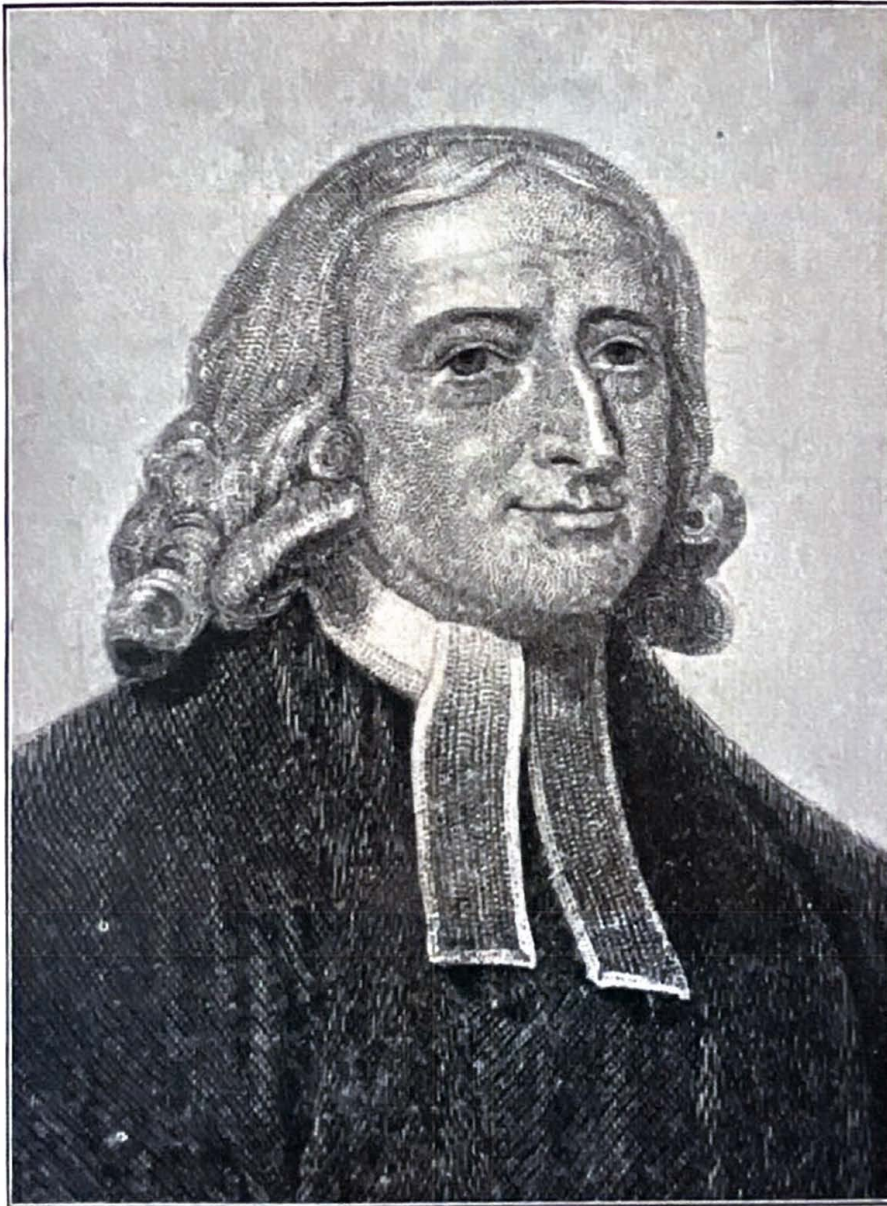
THE man who goes to Hell does so, not because God is cruel, heartless, or unjust, but because he tramples under his feet the Son of God, and "hath counted the blood of the covenant wherewith we are sanctified an unholy thing, and hath done despite to the Spirit of grace." "For if we sin wilfully after that we have received the knowledge of the truth, there remaineth no more sacrifice for sin, but a certain fearful looking for of judgment and fiery indignation which shall devour the adversaries" (Heb. 10. 26, 27).

God will never place another bleeding sacrifice upon Calvary's Cross. The man who rejects Jesus Christ is a spiritual suicide. He goes to Hell in spite of the love of God. He is like a man who has taken poison wilfully and refuses the only antidote known to medical science.

I want you to hear the Scriptures: "Say unto them, As I live, saith the Lord, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked; but that the wicked turn from his way and live: turn ye, turn ye, from your evil ways; for why will ye die?" (Ezek. 33. 11). God sounds the warning: "The soul that sinneth, it shall die." Therefore I maintain in the light of the warning of God and His entreaty for sinners to turn, that the sinner chooses Hell deliberately, wilfully, and absolutely. He climbs over Mount Calvary and the Cross, and tramples the Son of God under foot before he can reach Hell. Accept Christ as your Saviour now, and a peace that passeth all understanding will be yours (Eph. 2- 14). DR. OLIVER, NEW ZEALAND.

JOHN WESLEY'S CONFESSION.

ON 1st February, 1738, he wrote: "It is now two years, and almost four months since I left my native country in order to teach the Georgian Indians the nature of Christianity—but what have I learned myself in the meantime? Why (what I the last of all suspected), that I,



JOHN WESLEY.

who went to America to convert others, was never myself converted to God.

"I am not mad, though I thus speak, but I speak the words of truth and soberness, if haply some of those who still dream may awake and see that as I am so are they. Are they read in philosophy? So was I. In ancient or

John Wesley's Confession.

modern tongues? So was I also. Are they versed in the science of divinity? I, too, have studied it many years. Can they talk fluently upon spiritual things? The very same could I do. Are they plenteous in alms? Behold, I gave all my goods to feed the poor. Do they give of their labour as well as of their substance? I have laboured more abundantly than they all. Are they willing to suffer for their brethren? I have thrown up my friends, reputation, ease, country; I have put my life into my hand, wandering into strange lands; I have given my body to be devoured by the deep, parched up with heat, consumed by toil and weariness, or whatsoever God should please to bring upon me.

“But does all this (be it more or less, it matters not) make me acceptable to God? Does all I ever did or can know, say, give, do, or suffer, justify me in His sight? Yea, or the constant use of all the means of grace? Or that I am, as touching outward moral righteousness, blameless? Or, to come closer yet, of having a rational conviction of all the truths of Christianity? Does all this give me a claim to the holy, heavenly, divine character of a Christian? By no means.

“This, then, have I learned in the ends of the earth, that I am fallen short of the glory of God, that my whole heart is altogether corrupt and abominable, and consequently my whole life, seeing that it cannot be that an evil tree should bring forth good fruit; that, alienated as I am from the life of God, I am a child of wrath, an heir of Hell; that my own works, my own sufferings, my own righteousness, are so far from making any atonement for the least of these sins, which are more in number than the hairs of my head, that the best of them need atonement themselves, or they cannot abide His righteous judgment; that, having the sentence of death in my heart, and having nothing in or of myself to plead, I have no hope but that of being justified freely through the redemption that is in Jesus.

“If it be said that I have faith (for many such things have I heard from many miserable comforters), I answer, so have the devils a sort of faith, but still they are strangers to the covenant of promise; the faith I want is a sure trust and confidence in God, that through the merits of Christ, my sins are forgiven, and I reconciled to the favour of God.

John Wesley's Confession.

I want that faith which enables every one that hath it to cry out, 'I live not, but Christ liveth in me—and the life which I now live I live by faith in the Son of God, who loved me and gave Himself for me.'"

On the 24th of May, nearly four months after the above was written, while sitting listening to one reading Luther's preface to the Epistle to the Romans, while he was describing the change which God works in the heart through faith in Christ, John Wesley trusted in Christ and was saved; his own words are: "I felt my heart strangely warmed. I felt I did trust in Christ, in Christ alone for salvation, and an assurance was given me that He had taken away my sins—even mine—and saved me from the law of sin and death."

And now, dear reader, how is it with your own soul? Have you thus trusted Christ? Have you the assurance that your sins are taken away? That you are saved from the law of sin and death? The sure word of the Lord says: "All that believe are justified from all things" (Acts 13. 39), and "He that believeth on the Son of God hath the witness in himself" (1 John 5. 10). Thus we see every true believer is saved, and knows it, as we read, "The Spirit of God beareth witness with our spirit that we are the children of God" (Rom. 8. 16). "And if any man hath not the Spirit of Christ he is none of His" (Rom. 8. 9). If you are still unsaved, there is no need that you should spend so much time as John Wesley did, trying to gain salvation by your own works and prayers. God says that you cannot do anything to please Him (Rom. 8. 8; Heb. 11. 6). Your heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked (Jer. 17. 9).

So it is impossible for you to do anything else but sin; but still God loves you, and if you really believe that you are guilty and worthy of Hell you may be saved as you 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 moment a poor, lost, guilty, undone sinner believes in Him that moment that one is saved, as we read: "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).

IT IS THE WORLD THAT GOD LOVES.

IT is the WORLD that God so loved; not a part of it, nor any class or race or colour in it. There is a notion abroad, and we fear what is called "organised religion" must bear some of the blame of it, that God loves the cultured, and the rich and the religious, and merely tolerates the rest; but our text sweeps away such a false conception of God and tells us that He loved the world.

But a man may accept that as a fact because he has heard it since he was a child, and yet be unaffected in any way by it, because he does not see that he personally is involved in it; or he may refuse to believe anything about it at all because any thought of God disturbs his complacency, or he may pose as an infidel; yet it is certain that no man was born an infidel. Many a man has argued himself into infidelity simply because he "did not like to retain God in his knowledge," as Romans 1 tells us. But whether indifferent, or infidel, or whatever else he may be, there is no man in the world to whom these words cannot be spoken, and they will come home in their life-giving saving power to all who feel their need of them.

I remember meeting a young lady who thought she was an exception to this wonderful fact. She was obsessed with the idea that she had sinned away her day of grace, and that there was no hope for her. She did not doubt that others might be saved, but she, so she thought, had had her opportunity and missed it. Naturally she became very depressed, so much so that the family doctor diagnosed the case as religious mania, when it was actually deep soul trouble. He advised that she should not be allowed to attend any religious service or read the Bible. I was preaching the Gospel in the town, and a happy Christian friend obtained permission to bring her to one of the meetings. I was told about her and introduced to her. I said, "I am glad that you have come to the meeting to-night, for I have found a text in the Bible that should suit you exactly." Her face brightened for a moment at the suggestion that after all there might be a text that she had not seen, which might yield her some comfort; but when I read John 3. 16 to her, she showed great disappointment, and said rather impatiently, "I've read that text many times." "I know that," I said, "but listen to it once more. 'God so loved *the world* that He gave His

It is the World that God Loves.

only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life.' What is it that God has loved?" I asked. "The world," she answered. "Are you in the world?" I asked. "Of course I



THE YOUNG LADY'S OBSESSION.

am," she replied, and her manner showed that she thought it a very silly question. "You ought to be very glad for that," I said, "for being in the world, this great love of God is for you, and the blessing of this wonderful verse is for you, and if you want to get out of the reach of it, you must fly to the moon, or take lodgings in one of the

It is the World that God Loves.

planets, or drop down into Hell; then you will be able to say, 'There's no hope for me, I cannot be saved.' But as long as you are in the world God's love reaches even to you." "Let me look at it," she said, and taking my Bible, she eagerly read over the familiar words, and as she did so, the cloud departed from her face; she was transformed; for the light that shone into her heart dispelled the darkness of unbelief, and showed itself in a happy and grateful smile. She begged the loan of my Bible for the night, and returned it to me the next day, a happy woman. Eleven years after I received a message from her through a friend in Scotland. She wondered if I remembered the woman who borrowed my Bible to read over John 3. 16. I certainly did remember it, and she will never forget it.

But what a world it is that God has loved! It reeks with moral putrefaction, and prefers its sins and miseries to His great love and eternal life. When His Son came into it, though He was its Maker, it did not know Him, and the leaders of it crucified Him. Clearly is their guilt recorded in the Word of God; it says, "The princes of this world crucified the Lord of glory." It was not the rabble that took the lead in that great crime, but the princes, the best the world had ever produced. The rabble joined in it, for the universal cry was, "Away with Him." But the great men first raised that cry. That was what the world thought about the only begotten Son of God, but it did not change God's love to hatred, nor the purpose of His beloved Son to save men. They laid the cross upon His shoulders, but He went forth bearing it. There was no resistance on His part, for He had come to do His Father's will, and that will was that He should die for sinners. And in this was manifested the great victory of God's love over man's hatred. And now the word is going forth to all the world, to men of every colour and race, "that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." God was in Christ reconciling the world unto Himself, not imputing their transgressions unto them, nor is He imputing their transgressions unto them now, if He did, it would mean for them unsparing judgment and everlasting banishment from His presence; but He is sending the word of reconciliation unto the world, and its message is of eternal life. J. T. MAWSON.

THE ACTOR'S LAST FAREWELL

THE celebrated actor, Edmund Keen, appeared upon the stage for the last time as Othello, his son playing Iago. In the passage beginning "*Oh, now for ever farewell the tranquil mind! farewell content!*" his voice gradually died away, and he whispered to his son, "Speak to them, Charles. I am dying!"

Shortly after, he passed into eternity.

How strikingly suggestive, dear reader, were the last public utterances of this man, and of how many it is true, that at death, instead of entering upon an eternity of joy, where both content and a tranquil mind will be their happy portion, they must bid them for ever, farewell!

Men are eagerly pursuing phantoms of pleasure and gain now, and hoping by the attainment of these coveted desires, to obtain content and the tranquil mind. But ask any of them if they have yet attained to it, and, if candid, they will answer in the negative; though expressing the hope that it may be theirs in the near future.

At last the end comes. The money they have made, the pleasures in which they have indulged, the honor they have gotten, all have been tried and found a lie.

But there *is* a way by which any poor sinner may obtain that which so many seek for in the world, and miss. God is *now preaching peace* by Jesus Christ, His own dear Son, and commanding men everywhere to repent. Unsaved reader, this peace, this rest may be yours, through faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, for, as we read in Romans 5. 1, "Being justified by faith, we have peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ". This is NOT PEACE IN YOUR SINS, nor the false peace which Satan often gives, and which comes, perhaps, from the thought that you have tried to do your duty. No, it is peace which has for its foundation the finished work of Christ at Calvary; for "He made peace by the blood of His cross" (Col. 1. 20).

The world cannot give this peace, nor can it take it away. God is the Author and source of it. As the dying soldier said, 'tis, "peace, peace, deep as a river." Having this, gives the tranquil mind.

Dear friend, we would therefore ask you to seriously consider the question, "What would my portion be, and where would I spend my eternity—In Heaven, or in Hell?"

T.D.W.M.

LOST OUTSIDE SYDNEY HARBOUR.

AFTER a six weeks' voyage our vessel had come in sight of Sydney Heads. I was standing on deck looking at the strongly-fortified sandstone cliffs, three hundred or four hundred feet high, that guard the entrance to the harbour, when a sculptor came up and told me a sad tale connected with them. In 1857 three clippers set sail from Britain, bound for Sydney, with many emigrants on board. The captains laid a wager as to which vessel would reach its destination first; then they lost sight of one another on the face of the swinging, smoking seas. After many weeks of sailing one of these ships came in sight of the Sydney Heads just as daylight was fading. The barometer indicated a storm, and soon a "southerly buster" overtook the voyagers. The entrance into the harbour between the cliffs is only a mile wide, and in ordinary circumstances the captain would have waited for morning; but, anxious to win the wager, he signalled to the shore, before daylight failed, that he would enter the harbour that night. The news quickly spread, and the pier was soon crowded with eager watchers waiting for their coming friends. But the vessel, with its precious load of souls, never entered port.

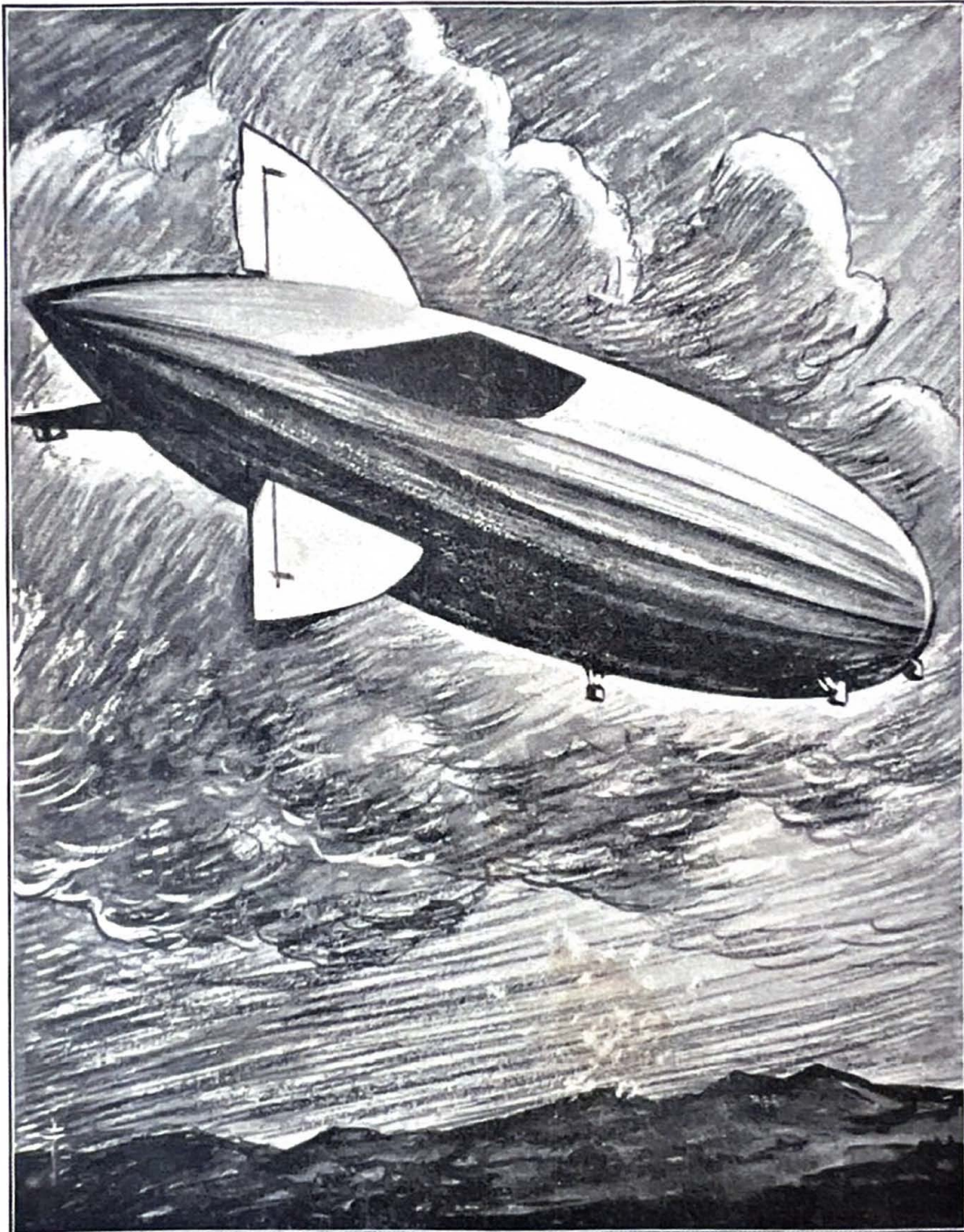
Near to the South Headland the cliffs recede, forming what is known as "The Gap." In the black night, standing on the bridge in the blinding rain, the captain mistook the "Gap" for the harbour's entry and ran his ship full tilt against the beetling cliffs. Only one soul was saved from the wreck, and that through being tossed by a tremendous wave high up on a shelf of rock. How tragic that men and women, after sailing 12,000 miles, should find a watery grave at the harbour's mouth!

That tale of shipwreck contains an allegory. Many souls that have laid their course for the Fair Haven of Salvation have never entered the peaceful port. They have gone far in the right direction, but they have not gone far enough. There is danger outside the harbour's mouth. Peace and safety only come when we pass into the Place of Calm. Without are rocks and shoals and spouting breakers; take care that you do not go shipwreck on these. At present you may be almost persuaded to enter in and be saved. "Now, then, do it" (2 Sam. 3. 18). Soon, oh soon, it may be too late! J.M.

SHENANDOAH'S TRAGIC END

—OR—

THE GIANT AIR-SHIP CALLED THE "MISTRESS OF THE AIR" WHICH SWEEPING INTO THE PATH OF THE STORM WAS BROKEN TO PIECES.



"The giant air-ship swept over the Delaware River in daylight, and many an eye turned upward with pride to see another instance of Scripture fulfilment, that in cleverness man has sought out many inventions.

“SHENANDOAH’S” FLIGHT AND TRAGIC END.

SUCH were some of the headlines of the newspapers accompanying pictures of the giant “Mistress of the Air,” as they called her. How little its commander and passengers thought when they started that ere another morning fourteen of the precious souls it carried would have passed out of this life, and be in the presence of a holy God.

The giant air-ship swept over the Delaware River in daylight, and many an eye turned upward with pride to see another instance of Scripture fulfilment that in cleverness man “has sought out many inventions”—but do any of these inventions bring man nearer to his God? “Thou answerest them, O Lord our God: Thou wast a God that forgavest them, though Thou tookest vengeance of their inventions” (Psa. 99. 8). The next verse says, “Exalt the Lord our God,” but that is the last thing man thinks of doing. Instead of this, man takes all the praise, and so God blows on his inventions over and over again, “To withdraw man from his purpose, and hide pride from man” (Job 33. 17).

Onward to Ohio swept the giant ship, and directly into the path of the storm that broke her to pieces. Should it not make man feel it is still true that his number is 666—one short of perfection? Should it not lead him to say, “If the Lord will...we shall do this or that? But if now you rejoice in your boastings: all such rejoicings is evil” (Jas. 4. 16, 17).

Bound for eternity we all are. How soon we may arrive at our destination we cannot tell; but is it not wise to be ready?—seeing our breath is in the hand of God, and at any moment and in any way we may be called out of this life for ever, away from man’s things, to where God is, to whom all must give account (see Rom. 14. 11, 12).

One of the survivors said if they had had warning that the storm was coming they might have saved the ship by taking another course; but, now knowing, they rushed into it in the early morning. “He causeth His wind to blow” (Psa. 147. 18)—“stormy wind fulfilling His word” (Psa. 148. 8).

You, my dear reader, are like that airship, “Bound for Eternity,” and you will have to meet an awful storm, if you do not seek shelter now before it bursts in all its fury.

"Shenandoah's" Flight and Tragic End.

But "a Man shall be as a hiding-place from the wind, and as a covert from the tempest" (Isa. 32. 2). That Man is Christ, and to save you and me from that awful storm of God's judgment He endured the wrath of God against sin:

"The tempest's awful voice was heard—
O Christ, it broke on Thee;
Thy open bosom was my ward,
It bore the storm for me.
Thy form was scarred, Thy visage marred;
Now cloudless peace for me."

You have been warned of the approaching storm, and shown the safe sheltering place; and the right time to come to Christ is *now*. Oh, do not turn a deaf ear, nor rush into a judgment from which you can never come out—for whatever "God doeth, it shall be forever."

The "Shenandoah" can be replaced; money and men can do that; but if you go into the judgment of God, your loss is beyond repair.

"To lose your wealth is much;
To lose your health is more;
To lose your soul is such a loss,
That no one can restore." A. H. STEWART.

GOD'S MEASUREMENT.

IT is not a question of being a great sinner. It is this question, "Are you perfect as the Christ of God, the Perfect Man?" If you had lived for fifty years without committing one sin, or having one wrong wish or thought, and just then you had an evil thought, and afterwards lived another fifty years and died, aged one hundred with only this one evil thought (not even a word or an action), when you came to stand before God in judgment, He would put you beside all the off-scourings of the earth, men who for a hundred years never had a good thought, and He would say, "There is no difference" (Rom. 3. 22).

Of course you think this is very hard, but it is true. God will never ask your opinion whether it ought to be so or not. He has in grace told us already what He will do.

"I cannot believe that all are so bad," said one, after I had been saying "there is no difference." "But," I added, "the Bible says, 'there is no difference.'" "But there must be greater sinners than others." "Oh, yes. Great offenders are recognised in the Bible; he that owed

God's Measurement.

fifty and he that owed five hundred pence; but as to being 'guilty' (Rom. 3. 19), God says, 'there is no difference.'" "Well, I cannot see it," still continued my friend. But it is in God's Word, whether you see it or not; and it is sufficient that God has said it, for His Word is truth.

Let me give an illustration. Let us suppose that a bill had been stuck up in this town saying that recruits were wanted for His Majesty's Life Guards, and that none would be enlisted but those who were tall, and measured not under six feet in height. Let us suppose that many of the young men in the town were anxious to serve in this regiment. John meets James, and says to him, "Well, I've more chance than you, for I am taller than you;" and they stand back to back and measure themselves with one another, and indeed John is taller than James. And there continues to be much measuring in the town before the day that the recruiting-sergeant comes. They measure themselves by themselves, and compare themselves among themselves, but they forget one thing—that not only tall men but men not under six feet are wanted. One man at last says, "Well, I've measured myself with every man in the town, and I'm the tallest man in it," and it might be quite true. But will even he be found qualified?

The trial day comes. Each is measured, from the man five feet six inches to the very tallest. Suppose he is five feet eleven inches and three-quarters. The sergeant cannot let him pass. He is short. He must take his place among the very shortest as to getting into the Life Guards. He is the tallest man in the town, but he is short of the standard, and "there is no difference" from the very shortest as to his exclusion from the Life Guards. There is a difference in height but not in qualification. Thus it is with every sinner. He may be good or bad in the sight of men, but "there is no difference, for all have sinned and come short of the glory of God." If any man could say, I have come up to God's standard, and this were true, then there would be a difference; but "come short" is written on every man's brow, therefore "there is no difference."

Let me ask you to look at another picture. Three men are hung on three crosses. If you look at them with the mere eye of sense you will see that "there is no difference." If you listen to what they are saying you will hear the

God's Measurement.

one on this side mocking Him in the centre, and the one on the other side saying, "Dost not thou fear God, seeing thou art in the same condemnation? And we indeed



"HE IS SHORT."

justly . . . but this Man hath done nothing amiss" (Luke 23. 40, 41). The One in the centre is saying, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." Those suffering "justly," and He that did "nothing amiss," suffer

God's Measurement.

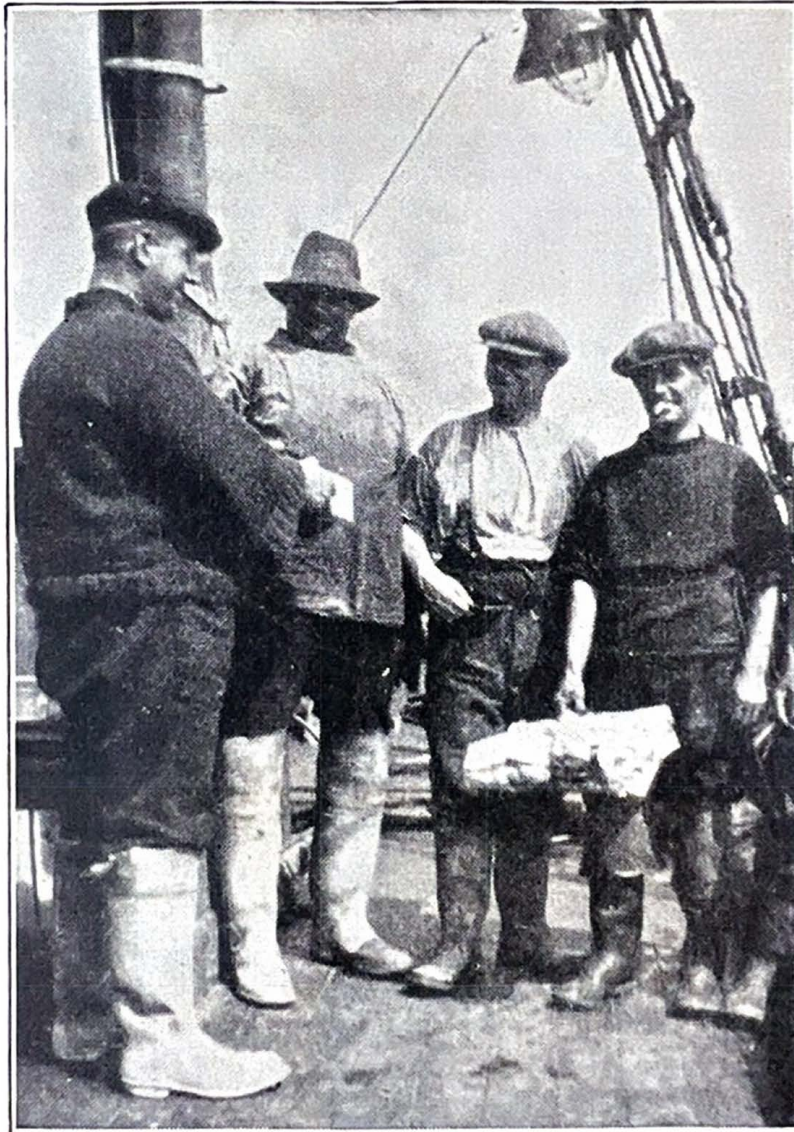
together, for since He has in deepest grace taken the sin of the sinner upon Him, He now bears its doom, and "there is no difference." Those needing forgiveness, and He praying for their forgiveness, are under the same doom, for "there is no difference." Who are they? Those on either hand are two malefactors, or thieves, who die by the condemnation of the law. He in the centre was proved innocent, and He is the Judge of quick and dead. He has taken of His own free will the load of sin upon Him, and, under sin, He cannot be cleared. Spotless, pure, holy though He be, He cannot escape. God can by no means clear the guilty. "He hath made Him sin for us, who knew no sin" (2 Cor. 5. 21). He is under our guilt, and "there is no difference" to the human eye between Him and the thief. He must suffer. Does not this explain all difficulty about an innocent, amiable, virtuous, accomplished lady being on the same level before God as a drunkard and a murderer as to the fact of guilt? Here is God's perfect Son—yea, the very God-man—classed with malefactors, not for Himself but for us. God became man, and gave Himself for our sins. This satisfaction that the innocent made for the guilty is offered to you, and you may freely have it, for "there is no difference."

Yet if the eye of the vilest sinner in this world should perchance rest on this—an outcast from all society, one who has lost all friends and all self-respect, the tottering drunkard coming out of his delirium tremens—I tell you as from God that Christ is offered to you as God's love-gift. You may reckon Him yours, as truly as I or any other person in this world may do. You have as much right to claim Him as we have, for "there is no difference" in God's sight. "He is able also to save to the uttermost."

Virtuous or vile, decent or indecent, rich or poor, receive and rest upon God's Christ now as He is so freely offered you, and then you may believe (not feel) that your sins are in the depths of the sea, that the shoreless ocean of the love of God flowing through a crucified Saviour has rolled over your millions of sins, and you can triumphantly say, as you look at that ocean covering all that is against you, and putting your many sins away for ever, "there is no difference." Accept the character God has given you, and accept the Saviour He has provided for you. W.P.M.

SURE OF SALVATION.

"YES," said Harry T., a young fisherman, "I was saved last night." "Oh, go on, what's the use of talking like that?" said Jim R., an older man, who was one of the same boat's crew. "You've always been a good kind of chap, Harry. Don't get talking like that about being saved. As if anybody could be sure of that as long



"I WAS SAVED LAST NIGHT."

as they are in the world. You're not thinking of dying are you?" "No." said the young man with a smile, "people don't get saved in order to die, but so that they can live the right kind of life. I knew I was a sinner, a bigger one than you think, and I had no power to be different. So I made up my mind I'd have the real thing,

Sure of Salvation.

and I came to Christ to save me, and I believe He has."

Jim was not a man of many words, and he did not intend to enter upon a theological argument, so he shrugged his shoulders and moved away, muttering something about it's "not being likely to last."

Now let us face the question squarely: Which of these two men was right? Is it really the case that "good kind of men" do not need salvation, and that no one can be sure he is saved in this life? Or is it true that even those considered to be good are bigger sinners than is thought, but that Christ can save them and give them the assurance that He has done so?

The Scriptures tell us that, while "there is no difference" between man and man in His sight, He makes no difference in His treatment of them. He is rich unto all in His mercy.

For what purpose is a Saviour, if not to save? Is Christ able to save? Does He save? Surely He does; then His salvation must be real, and if real it may be possessed.

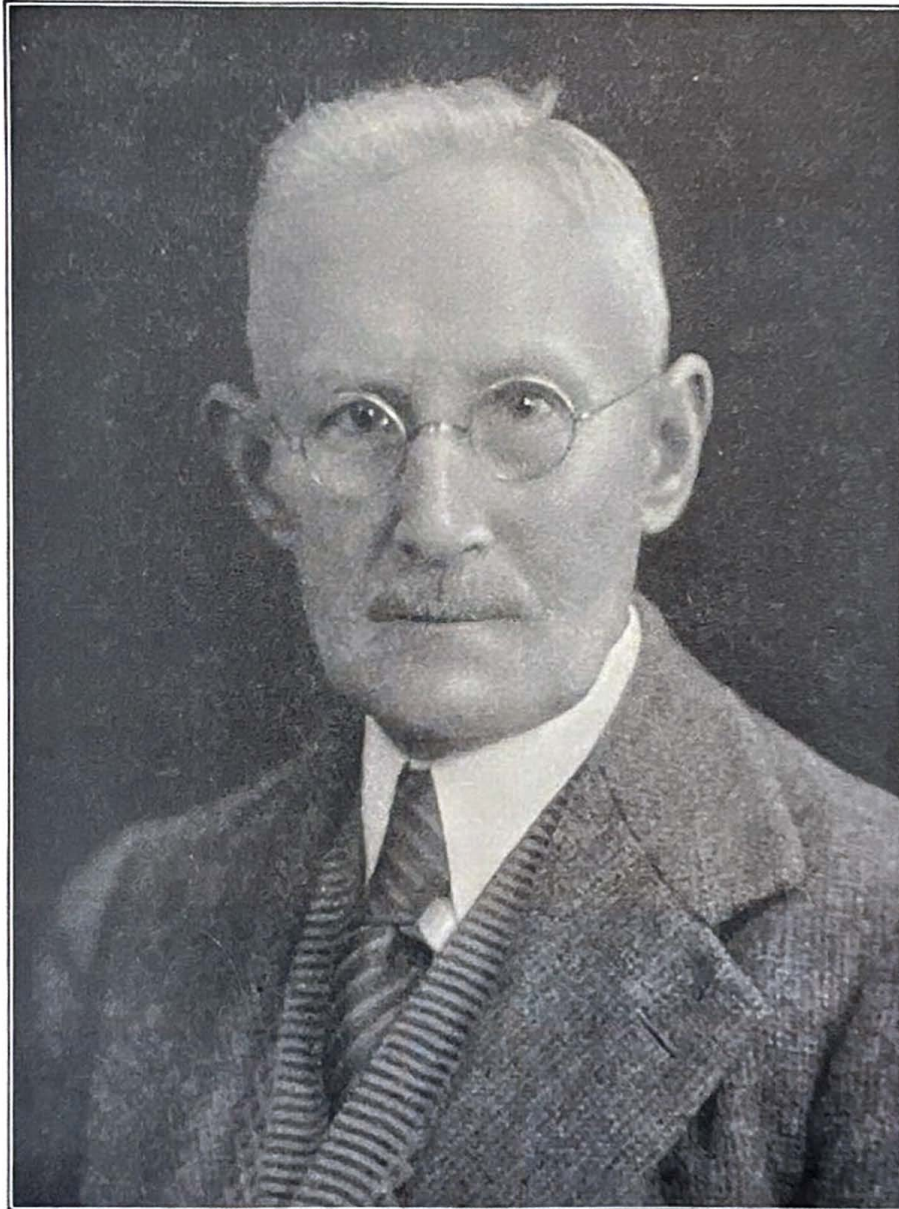
We must conclude, then, that Harry was right. It happened years ago, but that evening is still fresh in his memory when, as an unworthy sinner he knelt at his Saviour's feet, confessing his guilt. There and then he put his trust in Him for ever; and "all that believe are justified from all things" (Acts 13. 39). It is not that they become sinless or perfect, but their sins are blotted out from God's record, and He has promised never to impute guilt to them again. If they sin He may have to chasten them. But He does so as their Father, and this is a very different thing from putting them into the dock and charging them as criminals.

Why should not you, reader, share the joy and peace that come through personal faith in Christ? If He suffered and died in our stead in order to make salvation obtainable by all, see that you do not let the opportunity of obtaining it slip! You may be sure of a welcome if you come as a sinner. For the Saviour's gracious assurance is "him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out." There is nothing mysterious about this "coming." We cannot see the Saviour, but He hears when we speak to Him. A turning of the heart to Him, a cry of distress, an expression of faith in His willingness and power to save. This is what is meant, and this is what brings the blessing. H.P.B.

HOW A DUBLIN MAN FOUND PEACE.

MY conversion was not accompanied by any of those startling experiences which many can relate, and which are considered by some of much vital importance.

I had the priceless advantage of a Christian parentage, through whose godly example and evangelical teaching I



GEORGE LANGRAN, OF ARGENTINE.

got to know very early in life the story of the Gospel. Grace as we know, does not run in the blood, and it is necessary for each and all to have their own spiritual experience. The time came when, although young in years, the Holy Spirit took a dealing with me, and I became anxious about my soul's salvation.

How a Dublin Man Found Peace.

My conversion was brought about by a simple realisation that my spiritual condition corresponded exactly with what God has so clearly revealed to us in His infallible Word, namely, that "All have sinned, and come short of the glory of God" (Rom. 3. 23). "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" (Rom. 3. 10-12).

This simple appropriation of these plain facts was, no doubt, somewhat superficial compared with the deeper knowledge which followed of the utter depravity of the human heart—"deceitful above all things and desperately wicked" (Jer. 17. 9). Then I learned of the character of God: that He is of purer eyes than to behold evil, and canst not look on iniquity (Hab. 1. 13). Clearly then, if I was ever to be where God is, I must get rid of my sin. The problem was, how was this to be brought about? Again, I learned from God's Word, that "Without shedding of blood is no remission (of sin)" (Heb. 9. 22). In other words, I could only be saved from death and cleansed from sin by the sacrifice of a suitable substitute—One who Himself being sinless, death had no claim upon Him. The difficulty was, where could such a substitute be found? Certainly not among the sons of men. There was only One could fully meet these necessary conditions, and that was God's only begotten Son. In boundless love God sent His only Son to the cross of Calvary, where as the sinners' perfect Substitute He offered Himself without spot to God. By raising His Son from the dead on the third day God signified that the atonement of His Son met for ever in an absolutely perfect manner, all the righteous requirements of a Holy God on account of sin.

What more did I need? Only a definite, personal appropriation, by faith, of God's perfect remedy for my lost and hopeless condition. This took place fifty-four years ago, and I can never doubt its reality and efficacy.

From my earliest converted days I had a desire to consecrate my life in the Lord's service, in obedience to His command: "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature" (Mark 16. 15), and I desired in some little measure to be prepared by Him for such, while

fulfilling my obligation to my parents in temporal matters, and after serving fifteen years in Queen Victoria's Civil Service, I was promoted to the highest of all services to that of the "King of kings and Lord of lords."

It fills one's heart with overflowing joy to testify to His absolute faithfulness, and the never-failing fulfilment of all His promises, at all times and under all circumstances, notwithstanding the many, many failures, and unfaithfulness experienced while serving Him during these thirty-eight years past in some of the needy parts of South America. What God has done for a poor sinner like me He can do for you. Put Him to the test now. G.L.

WAGES AND GIFT.

"THE wages of sin is death; but the gift of God is Eternal Life through Jesus Christ our Lord" (Rom. 6. 23). These two words, "wages" and "gift," are worth looking at. Sin is a faithful paymaster. He won't rob you of your wages you may be sure. Depend upon it, your faithfully earned wages will be most certainly and punctually paid. But now, reader, remember this; that, after you have been paid for your services, which is "Death," you will have to meet God in judgment. Eternal condemnation must be your portion if you die unsaved. "Death" and "Judgment" are awful realities before the unsaved sinner. Tremble, Oh reader, as these solemn facts await you. "But the gift of God is Eternal Life." Ah! God is not a paymaster like Sin. God is good, a free, and a generous giver. "To him that worketh not" (Rom. 4. 5).

"We must do our best," or, "I intend to give over hard drinking," or, "I go to church regularly," or, "God is merciful, you know," are a few of the many excuses advanced by religious people not saved. Now, God is giving the gift of Eternal Life. He is not selling it, nor promising salvation to those kind of people. There is no use in deceiving yourself and losing your soul. God neither gives Eternal Life for so much work done in the shape of good conduct, nor does He sell it, save "without money and without price." "The gift of God!" Oh! receive it, man. "Come," "Receive," "Take," "Believe," "Look," are precious Gospel words. Just sit down and ponder over our verse, then ask yourself: "Am I saved or lost?"

LEFT BEHIND.

AFTER Sir Colin Campbell's silent retreat from Lucknow, in the last Indian war, there was one man left behind. "Capt. Waterman," says Mr. Reese, in his personal narrative of the siege, "having gone to his bed in a retired corner of the brigade mess-room, overslept himself; he had been forgotten, and at two o'clock in the morning he got up, and found to his horror that we had already left; he hoped against hope as he visited every outpost; all was deserted and silent. To be the only man in an open entrenchment, and thousands of furious barbarians outside, it was horrible indeed to contemplate. His situation alarmed him, he took to his heels and ran—ran till he could scarcely breathe, and at length came up with the retiring rear-guard, mad with excitement and breathless with fatigue." He was saved, but the agonising moment and merciful deliverance he never forgot.

Reader, there is a moment fast approaching when every soul that has not Christ for his Saviour will be found in a far more awful position than Capt. Waterman was that morning. At the voice of the Archangel and the trump of God, all those who are Christ's, the sleeping ones raised and the living changed, shall be caught up in the clouds to meet the Lord in the air (1 Thess. 4. 16, 17). What a moment will that be for every soul left behind! Every saint, every soul born of God, indwelt by the Spirit of God, every real child of God, by whatever name called of man, gone to be with Jesus for ever, and all who are not His left behind. In which company will you be found then? It will be too late to flee. There will be no escape: "The hail shall sweep away the refuge of lies, and the waters shall overflow the hiding-places." There will be no escape: "The door will be shut." Left behind, not for the fearful passions of cruel barbarians, but for the awful power of "that wicked one;" for the strong delusion; for the fearful woes of "the great tribulation;" for the eternal horrors of the second death—the lake of fire (2 Thess. 2. 8-12; Rev. 6. 19). Ah, reader, these are no cunningly devised fables, they are coming realities—the eternal verities of the Living God. Capt. Waterman's was a temporal salvation; the Gospel proclaims an eternal salvation, through the precious blood of Christ. "Now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation;" W.R.H.

A LIFE FOR EIGHTEEN PENCE

THE great, ragged, rock-bound coast of old Cornwall could tell many a thrilling tale. How the mariners' ears would tingle if only the caves re-echoed some of the exciting happenings of the past centuries.

Many a heavily laden vessel, after battling her way through the seven seas, eventually became a cropper within sight of home. Others became the easy prey of



"THE CAPTAIN LEAPED INTO THE BOAT."

A Life for Eighteen Pence.

vigilant pirates who filled the caves with untold treasure. But our story is a more recent one.

The winter sun had dipped behind angry clouds. The wind whistled and increased to hurricane fury, lashing the gigantic waves, and dashing the spray far into the darkening sky. A small vessel hove in sight, evidently in difficulties, and endeavouring to make for the nearest port.

A grating sound! A terrific crash! A gaping hole! She had struck some unseen rocks and the whirling waters came pouring in. She was doomed.

"To the boats!" shouted the Captain. A few seconds later found the crew lowering the life-boats and pushing off. Only two men remained on board, the Captain and the mate.

"Half a mo., Captain," and Jack dived back into his cabin for something, while the Captain leaped into the boat, not any too soon either. A second more would have been too late, for the vessel took one final plunge and disappeared beneath the dark waters, with the mate aboard.

A few days later the stormy seas washed a body ashore. It was that of the mate. One hand was clutching a purse. The secret was out. For this he had risked and lost his life. Inside it there was found the small sum of eighteen pence! For that he had thrown away his one chance of salvation; *for eighteen pence he had perished.*

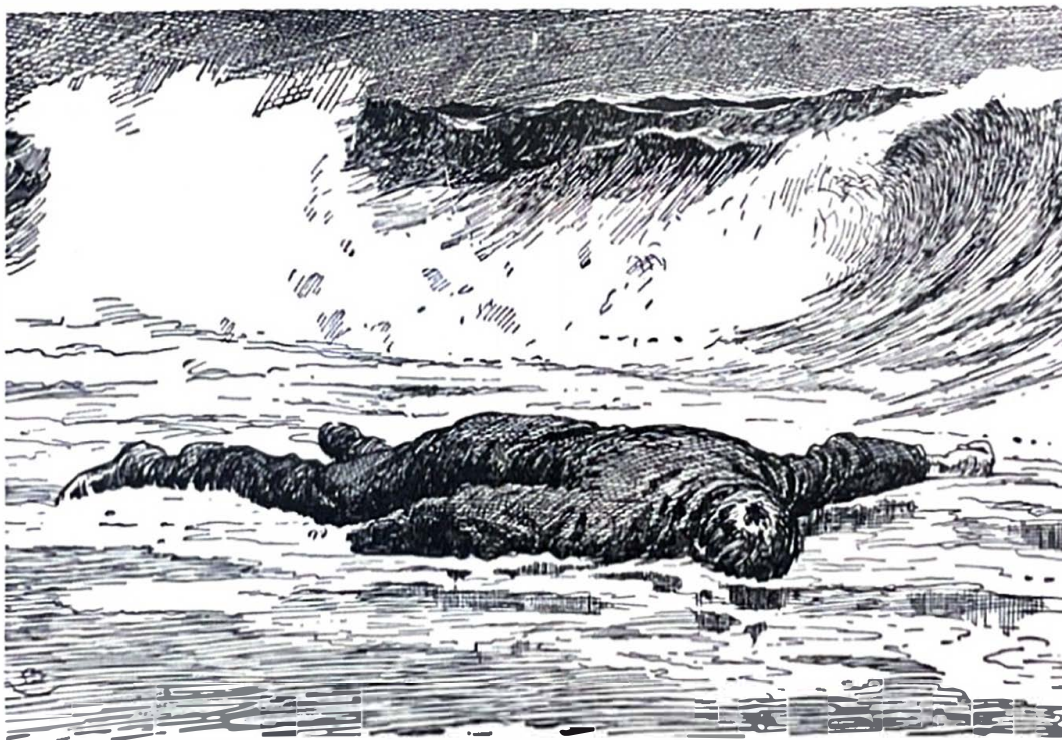
"What a fool!" you exclaim, and rightly so; but perhaps you may be guiltier than he. It may be you too have not realised your peril as a sinner, born under sin's power and penalty and going on to judgment (John 3. 18; Rom. 6. 23). You may be doing with your invaluable, eternal soul what the poor sailor did with his life. Hear again the words of the Saviour: "What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? (Mark 8. 36).

Salvation was provided. All he had to do was to trust himself to the life-boat. God in infinite mercy gave His Son to the death of the Cross as the Great Sin-bearer and Substitute of all who believe on Him. The work of redemption is entirely finished to God's satisfaction. Hell's gates are closed. Satan's power annulled, the grave overthrown, the slaves' shackles broken; liberty, forgiveness, and everlasting glory available for all who rest

in the merits of the precious Blood of Christ (Eph. 1. 7).

Time is flying, eternity draws near. Before you are engulfed in the waters of eternal judgment, think of the folly of bartering your soul for some passing pleasure, a cherished sin, a trifling toy of earth. The risk is too great, the consequences too far-reaching.

“Oh, we pray you, count the cost
Ere the fatal line is crossed ;
And your soul in hell is lost,
BE IN TIME.”



BODY WASHED ASHORE.

“*Now* is the accepted time ; behold *now* is the day of Salvation” (2 Cor. 6. 2). “As many as received Him to them gave He power to become the sons of God even to them who believe on His name” (John 1. 12) G.A.N.

REPENT NOW

I ONCE entered a room where a beloved youth was dying, and having directed him to Jesus as his only refuge, and urged him to give himself to God, I asked, “And what shall I tell your young companions?” “Tell them,” said he, in effect, with a look and tone of voice which I shall not attempt to describe, “tell them to repent and turn to the Saviour; tell them to seek Christ now; a death-bed is a poor place to prepare for Eternity.”

TAKE WARNING.

WHEN a man is in danger it is an act of kindness to give him warning and put him on his guard. Now I want you to consider whether your sins are forgiven. You have sins, there can be no doubt. Your own conscience tells you so. These sins must be forgiven before you die, or you cannot be saved. And the point I want you to consider is this, that if your sins are not forgiven your soul is in an awful perilous condition. In a word, I come this day as a friend to entreat you to take warning.

Your soul is in awful danger. You may die this year. And if you die as you are you are lost for ever. If you die without pardon, without pardon you will rise again at the last day. There is a sword over your head that hangs by a single hair! There is but a step between you and death. Oh! I wonder that you can sleep quietly in your bed.

You are not yet forgiven. Then what have you got by your religion? You go to Church, you have a Bible, you have a hymn book, and perhaps a prayer book; you hear sermons, you join in services; it may be you go to the Lord's Table. But what have you really got after all? Any hope? Any peace? Any joy? Any comfort? Nothing, literally nothing, if you are not a pardoned soul.

You are not yet forgiven, but you trust God will be merciful. And why should He be merciful if you will not seek Him in His own appointed way? Merciful He doubtless is, wonderfully merciful to all who come to Him in the Name of Christ. But if you choose to despise His directions, and make a road to Heaven of your own, you will find to your cost there is no mercy for you.

If ever your sins are forgiven it must be now, now in this life—"now is the accepted time." There must be actual business *between you and Christ*. His blood must be applied to your conscience, or else your sins will meet you in the day of judgment, and sink you into Hell. How can you trifle when such things are at stake? How can you be content to leave it uncertain whether you are forgiven?

You may not feel your danger now. You may not see the necessity of seeking forgiveness at once; you may look upon the dread enemy death as a grim visitor only of the future. A time may come when you will alter your mind; the "time to die" may not be so far off. It may then be too late! Once more I say, *Take warning!* J. C. RYLE.

TEN MINUTES MORE

—OR—

THE PRINCE IMPERIAL OF FRANCE, WHO LOST HIS LIFE THROUGH
DELAYING TEN MINUTES OVER A CUP OF COFFEE.



"The commonest, the easiest, and yet the most fatal thing in life is to perpetuate this habit of putting off what we really know to be the right thing."

TEN MINUTES MORE.

ONE of the most pathetic stories ever told is that of the Prince Imperial of France. He joined the British Army in a war with the Zulus in South Africa, and was sent out at the head of a scouting party to a deserted Zulu fort.

The party had explored the ruined huts, and were about to remount their horses, one of the troopers urging the others to make haste, as the situation was a dangerous one. The low bushes and small huts around might shelter a dozen foes easily.

"Let us go back," said the officer, "if we don't make haste we may be surprised by some of our enemies." "Oh," cried the daring young prince, "no fear of that. Only ten minutes for a cup of coffee, and we will start."

Before the ten minutes had elapsed, a sudden cry from one of the party, and a swift swooping down of a host of savage Zulus upon the hapless band, a hasty leaping on horses, and swiftly attempted flight. Arrows and assegais followed in showers, and when the panting, terrified fugitives arrived at the British Camp, it was to discover to their horror that among the missing was the young Prince of France.

In that skirmish the Prince lost his life, His widowed mother, when informed of the sad facts, cried in her anguish, "That was his great mistake from babyhood. He never wanted to go to bed at night, nor to arise in the morning. He was ever pleading for 'ten minutes more.' When a little boy he would spread out his ten fat fingers, indicating he wanted 'ten minutes more.'" On that account he was often called, "Little Mr. Ten Minutes more."

The commonest, the easiest and yet the most fatal thing in life is to perpetuate this habit of putting off what we really know to be the right thing. Yet, somehow or other we seem to feel that opportunities will last for ever. If our health is in danger we resort to the best skill *at once*, no matter what it costs. If danger of any kind thunders at us like an express train, we jump clear to safety *at once*. If we have the opportunity of a business deal we act *at once*. Yet though we all believe in the old adage, "He who hesitates is lost," we fail to apply

Ten Minutes More.

it when it comes to the most important matter of all, the salvation of our eternal, invaluable souls. Trust Christ *on the spot* before the hurricanes of sin's judgment sweeps your frail barque to destruction. Find refuge in Christ alone and His finished work. God is satisfied with the work of redemption. Rest there in simple faith lest by perpetual delay you die in your sins and perish for ever. "Behold *now* is the day of Salvation" (2 Cor. 6. 2). "*To-day*, if ye will hear His voice, harden not your hearts" (Heb. 3. 7).

"GOD IS LOVE."

ALTHOUGH it is true that sinners dying in their sin will not go to Heaven, it is false that God does not love them. Christ did not die to extort a pardon for us from an unforgiving God. On the contrary, His sin-atonement death is the *manifestation* and the *proof* of God's love to us. "Herein is love, *not that we loved God, but that He loved us*" (1 John 4. 10).

The late Mr. D. L. Moody had a clear apprehension of this glorious Gospel truth. Knowing that sinners were alienated from God through ignorance of His character, he sought in his preaching to show the unsaved that God loved them. That this grand fact should be impressed on those who attended his Church in Chicago he had the words "God is Love" in gas jets over the pulpit.

One night a poor prodigal was passing along the street, and looking in at the open door he saw the words "God is Love" in letters of fire. As he walked away he said to himself, "God is Love? No, God is not love. God does not love me, for I am poor, a miserable sinner. If God was love He would love me. God is not love." The Holy Spirit so kept pressing the truth of the words upon the man's mind and heart that he returned to the Church and entered the building. He heard very little of the sermon, but the words "God is Love" stared him in the face, and burned into his soul. Mr. Moody found him at the close of the service weeping like a child, and told him that *in spite of his sins God loved him*, and was even then pressing on his acceptance peace, pardon, and eternal life as free gifts on the ground of Christ's death. He took Him at His word, and went on his way rejoicing.

A.M.

CONVERTED BY HIS OWN STORY.

AN infidel ridiculing some of the stories told by D. L. Moody, said that while they were interesting, and Moody had a charming way of telling them, yet he felt they were untrue, and only told to work upon the feelings of the people.

The infidel was a reporter on one of the papers in the city in which Moody was then preaching, and he stated that he would like to be present at one of the meetings to report the stories and call on Moody for the proof. His desire reached the ears of those in charge of the meetings, and he was so invited, assured that he might make free to call on Moody for the proof.

The subject that night was spiritual light, and to make a point clear, Moody proceeded to tell a story. The infidel was all ready to jot it down but soon laid aside his notebook.

Moody's story, in substance, was this. One evening just before the Christmas season, a man was walking through the streets of an eastern city. The store windows were all beautifully decorated, but as he passed one particular window, he observed three little girls intensely interested in looking at the things it contained. After passing, he asked himself what could have excited the little girls to such a pitch, and he turned back to see. Then he discovered that the girl in the centre was blind, and the other two were trying to describe to her the beautiful things in the window. They seemed to forget that she was blind, and almost rebuked her for not being as much interested as they.

"Why," they said, "can't you see that Teddy bear and that wax doll? And just look at that pretty pink bow!"

But the poor little girl stood with a blank expression on her face and could not appreciate the beautiful things that were before her.

"Now," said Moody, "this is only an illustration of the efforts which we Christians are making to arouse the unconverted to an interest and delight in spiritual things. The reason we cannot do so is because the sinner is spiritually blind. The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God: for they are foolishness unto him: neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned" (1 Cor. 2. 14).

Converted by His Own Story.

Moody had scarcely concluded when the infidel was on the platform and asked him where he had heard that story?

"Oh," said Moody, "I read it in one of the daily papers, I have forgotten which one."

"Then," said the infidel, "I wrote it myself, and I was the man who saw that little blind girl, but I never thought of such an application as you have made of it to-night. I see now that I am spiritually blind."



MOODY MEMORIAL CHURCH DURING WINTER.

By means of the light of the Gospel he saw himself a sinner in need of a Saviour; he also learned that God had so loved him as to give His Son to die for him on the Cross of Calvary, and that God on the third day had raised Him from the dead and made Him both Lord and Christ. He is not only the Messiah of Israel, but the Saviour of the world. That night the infidel reporter accepted Christ as his own and only Saviour and found peace in believing (Rom. 5. 1).

WM. LEON BROWN.

PARDONED AND REINSTATED.

J. R. WALKEY, the Chaplain-General of the Royal Air Force, told the following interesting incident at a great gathering of young people in London, and informed the writer that he received it from his father.

A great many years ago, when the death penalty was given in the Army for many more offences than is the case to-day, a Highland regiment might have been seen marching out of barracks, with slow step, muffled drums, and arms reversed. Two of their number had committed a disgraceful act, for which they had been court-martialled and sentenced to be shot, and the regiment was now taking them to execution.

Arriving at the scene, it was with horror that they saw two wooden posts erected, to which the prisoners were bound, and two freshly-dug graves.

The officer commanding now read out the finding and sentence of the court-martial, which he fully endorsed after a perfectly fair trial.

There was a solemn hush. It only remained for him to order the two firing squads, drawn up in readiness, to do their duty.

Instead of so doing, however, he drew from his pocket a letter from the King, which he proceeded to read to the astonished regiment. In it His Majesty said that in view of the excellent behaviour and splendid services of the regiment, he had decided to pardon the two men, and directed that they should be restored to their former position in the regiment.

With a very different step and with joyful faces the regiment marched back to barracks.

The two men were pardoned by the King, not because there was any extenuating circumstances in their crime, but because of the behaviour and services of others. The crime was a very disgraceful one; all concerned endorsed the verdict, which in those days involved the death penalty. The men knew they deserved death, and expected nothing less. But grace intervened, based upon the deserts of others.

Even so grace may intervene in our case, for this is the day of grace. We deserve the righteous judgment of God, for we have sinned and come short of His righteous requirements (Rom. 3. 23). But because of what the

Pardoned and Reinstated.

blameless, sinless Lord Jesus has done, once and for ever, on Calvary, God can now righteously pardon the sinner who believes in Jesus.

Not only can He pardon us, but God can go further, He can *justify* the sinner. "Being justified freely by His grace, through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus" (Rom. 3. 24). These two soldiers were reinstated in their former positions and treated as though nothing had happened. We are not merely pardoned, but by God's act of justification the very charge against us is expunged from



BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

God's charge-sheet, so that in God's sight the believing sinner is treated as though he had never been guilty of his many and heinous sins. This is pure grace: this goes beyond anything that man can ever do. The machinery of the law in this realm of England, wonderful as it is, the admiration of the world, is incapable of justifying a man who has been wrongly condemned and subsequently found to be innocent. All that the Law can do is to grant him a free pardon for an offence he never committed. But God can righteously justify the ungodly who trusts in Christ because of the worth and work of His beloved

Son. See then that you put in your plea during this day of grace, for once it ends there is no hope for you.

A man who was anxious about his soul was once advised to settle the matter 24 hours before his death. "Yes," said he, "but tell me when I shall die!" And as he could not tell when that solemn moment should arrive, he wisely trusted Christ there and then, lest it might be too late if he postponed his decision.

Christ has died; God is satisfied; you may be pardoned and justified: but "Now" is God's accepted time. R.W.C.

"I'LL MEET YOU THERE."

I WAS with my old friend in his last hours. What a peaceful—yea, what a joyful deathbed was his? He was truly a monument of God's sparing mercy. Up till his seventy-eighth year he had continued in the broad road to destruction. But even at that "eleventh hour," awakened to see his awful danger, he trusted the precious Blood, and obtained mercy; and now at eighty-two he was going home to be with Jesus. On a neighbour calling to ask for him, he held out his hand, and smiled, saying, "Jesus is my Strength, my Rock, and my Salvation; therefore I can die in peace."

On Thursday night when I went out to see him he said, "It will not be long now till I am with Jesus. I'll meet you there, brother. Oh, what would I have done now if I had not trusted Jesus! for that same Jesus whom I trusted when all was well is now my strength and comfort. I feel His presence here; I have no fear to pass into eternity."

Speech failed him on Friday night; but even in the broken sentences I could catch he was speaking about Jesus; and his face continued to wear the same smile of repose and joy. As the end drew near he seemed, "by faith's far-seeing eye," to catch glimpses of the land that is "very far off." "Are you happy?" I asked. "Aye," he answered, "who would not be happy, trusting in Jesus?"

On the Saturday morning he passed away, calmly and peacefully, into the eternal rest—to be for ever with "the same Jesus" whom he had known and trusted here below. Well might the false prophet say, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his."

G. V. WIGRAM, COMPILER OF CONCORDANCE.

GOOD instruction as to the contents of the Bible were mine at school, at seventeen, under a John the Baptist ministry; but I never knew the Gospel till, at nineteen, I went abroad, full of the animal pleasures of a military life. I and my comrade spent a long and tiring day on the field of Waterloo in June, 1824.



G. V. WIGRAM.

Arriving late at night at —, I soon went to my bedroom. It struck me, "I will say my prayers." It was the habit of childhood, neglected in youth. I knelt down by my bedside; but I found I had forgotten what to say. I looked up as if trying to remember, when suddenly there

came on my soul a something I had never known before. It was as if some one, Infinite and Almighty, knowing everything, full of the deepest, tenderest interest in myself, though utterly abhorring everything in, and connected with me, made known to me that He pitied and loved myself.

My eye saw no one, but I knew assuredly that the One whom I knew not, and never had met, had met me for the first time, and made me to know that we were together. There was a light, no sense or faculty my own nature ever knew; there was a presence of what seemed infinite in greatness—something altogether of a class that was apart and supreme, and yet at the same time making itself known to me in a way that I as a man could thoroughly feel, and taste, and enjoy. The light made all light, Himself withal; but it did not destroy, for it was love itself, and I was loved individually by Him. The exquisite tenderness and fulness of that love, the way it appropriated me myself for Him, in whom it all was, while the light, from which it was inseparable in Him, disclosed to me the contrast I had been to all that is light and love.

I wept for a while on my knees, said nothing, then got into bed. The next morning's thought was, "Get a Bible." I got one, and it was thenceforth my handbook. My clergyman companion noticed this, and also my entire change of life and thought.

We journeyed on to Geneva, where there was an active persecution of the faithful going on. He went to Italy, and I found my own company—stayed with those who were suffering for Christ.

I could now, after fifty years' trial, adopt to myself these few lines, as descriptive of that night's experience:

"Christ, the Father's rest eternal,
Jesus once looked down on me,
Called me by my name external,
And revealed Himself to me.
"With His whisper, light, life giving,
Glowed in me, the dark and dead;
Made me live, Himself receiving,
Who once died for me and bled."

"I ALWAYS BELIEVED ON JESUS."

A YOUNG man, employed as a clerk in a house of business in London, went to hear Mr. Moody while he was preaching in the Opera House. On getting inside the building he found that Mr. Moody had just finished his discourse, and was repeating a well-known portion of 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). On his way home the words rang in his ears, "Whosoever



OXFORD STREET, LONDON.

believeth in Jesus should not perish." He began to think on them. The verse was quite familiar to him. In his childhood he had been taught it by his mother; but, like many others, he knew nothing of *the truth underneath the words*. The Holy Spirit pressed the Scripture on his memory, and kept it before his mind. "God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son." "Well, that is wondrous love!" "So loved the world, as to give up His only begotten Son." Amazing love! Why did He give up Jesus to die?" "That whosoever believeth in Him *should not perish but have everlasting life.*" "Really I have thought very little about this subject." "Should not perish." "I know I am not prepared to meet

"I always Believed on Jesus."

God; I know I have not everlasting life; and if I were dying now I should perish eternally." Again and again he revolved the verse in his mind. "God so loved the world." "I am one of the 'world.' God so loved *me*, that He gave His only begotten Son for *me*, that if I believe in Jesus I shall not perish, but have everlasting life. Believeth what? That God so loved *ME*, as to give up His Son to die for *MY SINS* on the Cross. Whosoever believeth on Jesus shall not perish. I believe on Jesus, and God says I shall not perish, and that I have everlasting life." While thus meditating and reasoning, the truth burst on his soul, and peace filled his heart.

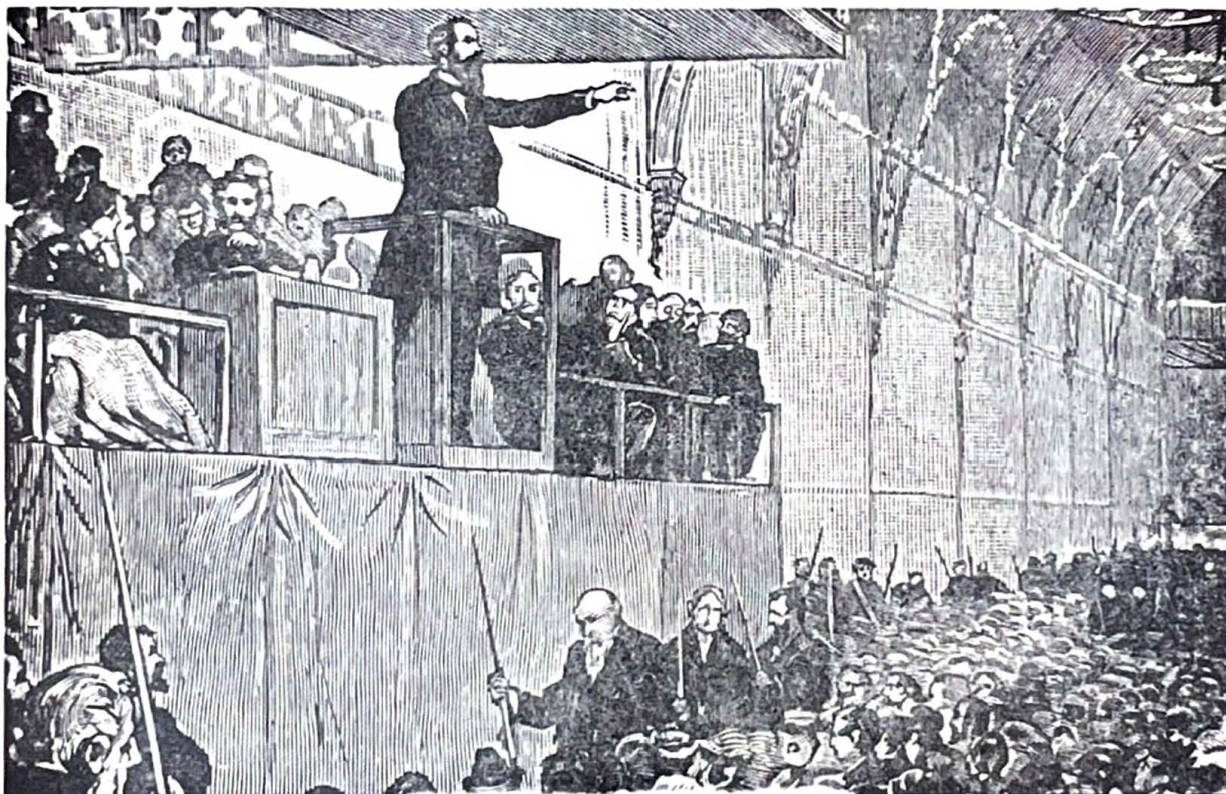
On reaching home he told his mother he had gone to hear Mr. Moody preach. "And how did you like him?" "I did not hear his address; but, mother, I am saved, and know my sins forgiven." "How do you know that?" asked his mother. Opening a Bible, he read the verse which had been the means of giving him peace. On reading it she said, "There is nothing new in that verse. I knew it before you were born, and taught it to you when you were a child." "But, mother, do you believe on the Lord Jesus Christ?" "Of course I do; I always believed on Jesus." "Then, mother, if that be so, you are saved. "I cannot say that." "But the Book says, 'Whosoever believeth in Jesus hath everlasting life.'" "I cannot say I have it." "Then rest assured, mother, you do NOT believe on Jesus; for God has said in this precious verse, that all who believe on Jesus are saved, and will not perish."

Again she read the passage, "For God so loved the WORLD, that He gave His only begotten Son, that WHO-SOEVER BELIEVETH IN HIM should not perish, but HAVE everlasting life." The glorious truth, that Christ had died in HER stead, and borne HER SINS in His own body on the tree (1 Peter 2. 24), penetrated her hardened heart, and she saw that, according to the Word of Him that cannot lie, she was saved, and had everlasting life.

That evening the mother and son rejoiced in the knowledge of sins forgiven through the precious blood of the Lord Jesus. Next morning with a heart burning with love to Christ, he set out for his place of business in the west end of the city. At the office door he met the polic-

"I always Believed on Jesus."

man on the beat, with whom he was acquainted, and told him that he had been converted the night before, and knew that his sins were all forgiven. Opening his Bible, he read to him the verse that had given him such light and liberty: "For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life. The policeman, however, did not appear interested, and endeavoured to



PREACHING IN AN OPERA HOUSE.

get away; but he extracted from him a promise that he would think over the verse for an hour when alone. Next time they met, the policeman told the clerk that he now knew he was saved, and that the great change came about while he was meditating on the verse he had asked him to think on. He saw that whosoever simply believed on Jesus, who had done the mighty work, who had paid the tremendous debt of sin, was saved, and would never perish. Reader, what do you think of all this Are *you* a believer on the Lord Jesus Christ? "Oh, yes," you reply; "I have always believed on Him!" Friend, let me say to you, in all love, you **HAVE NOT ALWAYS** believed on the Lord Jesus. No one has **ALWAYS** believed in Jesus. Let me ask you a

"I always Believed on Jesus."

question. Is your soul safe for eternity? "I cannot answer that," you reply. Then, dear friend, depend upon it, you are not saved; for the word of God declares, "Whosoever believeth on JESUS HATH EVERLASTING LIFE;" and, "All that believe ARE JUSTIFIED FROM ALL THINGS" (Act 13. 39). Every one who believes on the Lord Jesus Christ is saved, and has God's testimony that he will not come into judgment on account of his sins (John 5. 24).

Reader, "Whosoever believeth on Jesus shall not perish." "Whosoever!" Thank God for that blessed word. High or low, young or old, rich or poor, educated or unlearned, whatever thou art or may have been, there is peace and pardon for thee.

"Pardon is offered! Pardon is offered!
A pardon full, present and free!"

A pardon for every sin you have ever committed; a pardon at this very moment as you read these lines, a pardon "without money and without price."

"Whosoever will," the promise is secure;
"Whosoever will," for ever shall endure;
"Whosoever will," 'tis life for evermore;
"Whosoever will," may come.

Now, while the day of mercy lasts, accept of God's salvation. Now, while the Lord Jesus knocks at the door of your heart, admit the Heavenly visitor. Now, while the Holy Spirit strives with you, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved" (Acts 16. 31).

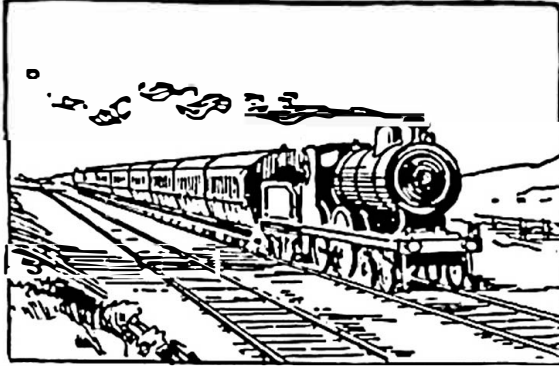
A.M.

GOD CHARGES NOTHING.

IF we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness" (1 John 1. 9). God charges nothing. Confess, and forgiveness is yours. Keep nothing back. Hide nothing from God. Sob out your tale of guilt, your broken vows, your complete misery before Him. Will He break the bruised reed? Will He reject you and cast you from His presence? Never, no, never. Salvation is without charge. It is simple, as it is free. Come then! Believe on Him and be saved. "Ho, everyone that thirsteth, come ye to the waters; and he that hath no money, come ye, buy, and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price" (Isa. 55. 1).

"HOW LONG HAVE I TO WAIT?"

AT a small railway station near Blackburn the writer was waiting for a train when he accosted a railway porter with the above query. The official very politely answered, "I don't know, sir; expect it any minute."



I made bold to say to him, "If death were to come to you, I wonder if you are ready?" Very honestly he replied, "No, sir." "Why don't you get ready?" I asked. "I gladly would if I knew how," he answered. I asked him if he would have any objections to me showing him God's way of making him ready, and for an answer he invited me into his little room. I had the pleasure of showing him from God's Word that Christ Jesus "came to seek and to save the lost" (Luke 19. 10). "I never saw that before," he said; "but does it mean me?" I assured him it did, and quoted 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," the "whosoever" including him. He then asked me to pray for him, and we knelt down together, and while in prayer God showed him the light of His salvation. Immediately he burst into a joyful cry, saying, "Thank God, He means *me*, I am one of the *whosoever*." With that he thanked God for His great gift, Jesus Christ. At this juncture the whistle of the train announced its approach, and he went to his duties, and I to my train. We parted that day to meet again in Heaven, if not on earth.

If the enemy, death, were to call at your home and take you, are you prepared? Where would you spend eternity? We are all hastening there, and God says, "After death the judgment" (Heb. 9. 27). Are you ready to meet God and stand your trial? What shall you say for having lived a sinful and Christless life, and for having trodden under foot the Son of God, and counted the blood of the covenant an unholy thing? Remember that God would have all men to be saved. Even now "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." Neglect this great salvation, and you may regret your folly throughout eternity. G.C.K.

THE RAMMING OF THE "VICTORIA."

AS the morning of 22nd June, 1893, dawned, close on 500 brave men-o'-war's men rose to their posts of duty on board the *Victoria*, little dreaming that ere night fell nearly four hundred of them would be seventy fathoms deep in the waters of Tripoli Bay. Yet so it was! The Mediterranean Squadron of thirteen battleships, after sailing in parallel lines for some time received orders to change into single file, when by some mistake the first-class warship *Camperdown* ran into the flagship *Victoria*, cutting a tremendous hole with her "ram" or knifelike stem into the side of the admiral's ship, with the awful result that in six minutes from the time of impact the monster vessel, ten thousand tons in weight, turned over and went down head-foremost, carrying with her to a watery grave 359 officers and men.

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

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

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

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

ARE YOU A CHRISTIAN?

—OR,—

THE COLOURED MAN WHO HAD TRIED TO BE SAVED BY KEEPING
THE COMMANDMENTS.



SELLING BANANAS, BARBADOS.

"How foolish for one with an open Bible to imagine that Heaven can be secured through keeping the commandments."

“ARE YOU A CHRISTIAN?”

“ARE you a Christian?” was the question put by me to a coloured man not far from Swan Street, Bridgetown, Barbados, when on a visit to the West Indies. With a shining face, which indicated his internal joy, he unhesitatingly replied that he was. “Is it long since you were saved?” I asked. “Four years ago,” said he.

In the course of conversation he told me that he had long tried to be saved by keeping the commandments. But the more he “tried” to keep them the more he broke them, until he almost gave up in despair. How foolish for one with an open Bible to imagine that Heaven can be secured through keeping the commandments! The Scriptures declare that “all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God” (Rom. 3. 23), and that “whosoever shall keep the whole law, and yet offend in *one point*, he is guilty of all.”

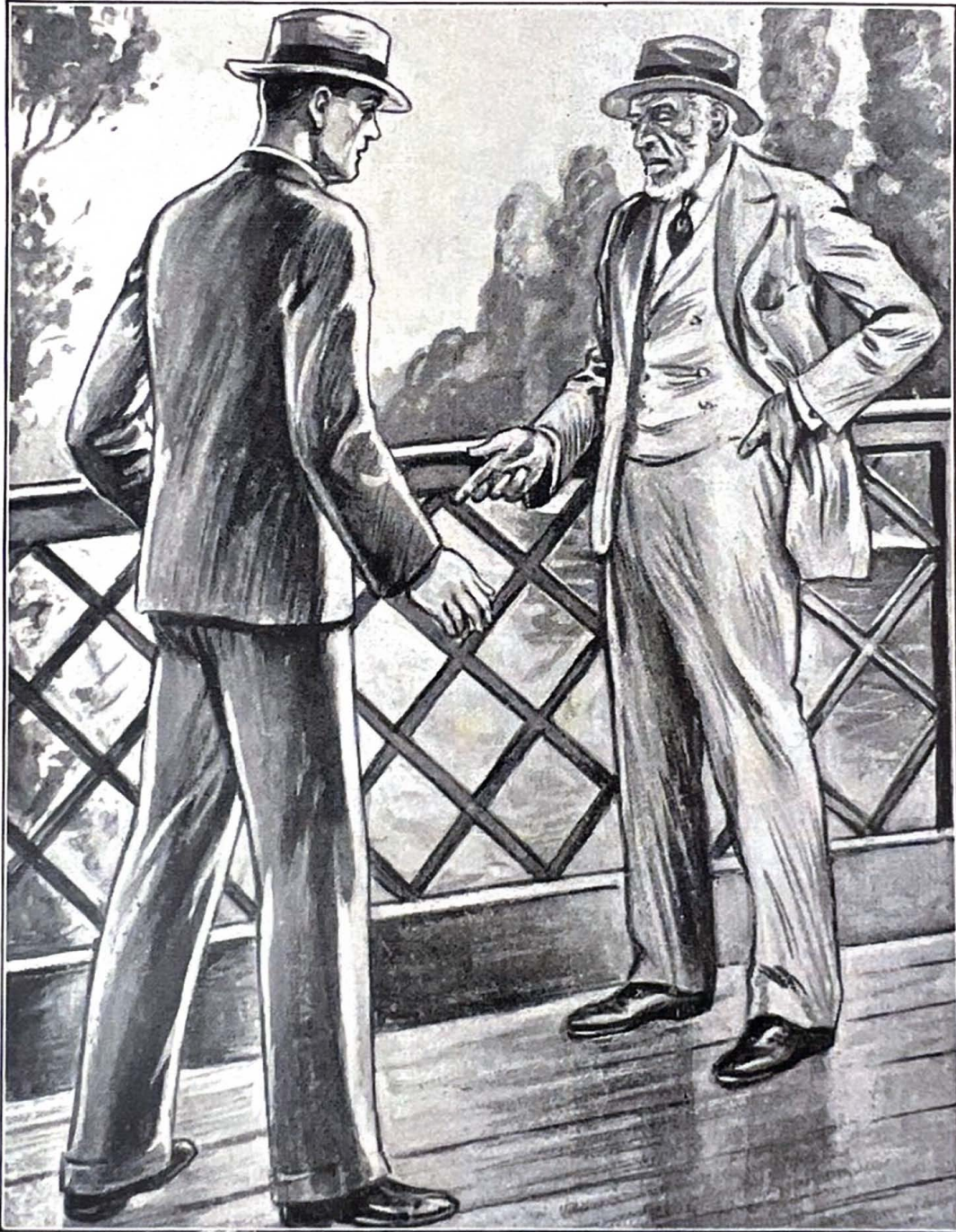
The negro had his eyes opened through hearing a sermon from the words, “By grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves; it is the gift of God: not of works, lest any man should boast” (Eph. 2. 8, 9). He saw that salvation was not to be obtained on the ground of *his doings*, but was all of grace through faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, and he believed on Him and was saved. He looked by faith to the Saviour and lived. “That day,” said he, “I saw that salvation was all of grace through faith, and not of works.”

As I heard his simple testimony I could not help thinking of the multitudes of men and women in all parts of the world who suppose that salvation is to be had by their good deeds. But this is a terrible delusion. Who among the sons of men would dare to tell the eternal God that he has loved Him with all his heart, soul, strength, and mind? And who would be so presumptuous as to assert that he has loved his neighbour as he has loved himself? If you are expecting to enter Heaven by law-keeping we ask you to ponder the Divine declaration as contained in Galatians 3. 10: “Cursed is every one that continueth not in *all things* which are written in the book of the law to do them.” “By *grace* are ye saved.” Grace is free, unmerited favour; it is *something for nothing*. Will you accept it? If you refuse to accept, there is nothing left for you but the wages of sin—eternal death.

A.M.

THE MIRACLE WORKING GOSPEL.

GIPSY SMITH, the famous evangelist, was in Aberdeen a few years ago. During one of the meetings, a little girl of about seven or eight years of age managed to get to his side and pulled his jacket. Turning round,



"THE VERY SPOT WHERE HE PLANNED TO END HIS LIFE."

the preacher beheld a sight he will never forget. She was evidently from the slums, judging by her attire, but her face was beaming. She held up a

The Miracle Working Gospel.

piece of sticky toffee, wrapped in a little bit of paper.

"That's from me, mister. I wanted to give you something, and that's all I have." Then she proceeded again after being questioned. "I've got a *new* daddy, and mummy says it's because of you. He used to come home drunk nearly every night as wild as a lion, and just knocked us about until we had to hide when we saw him coming. He's got converted now, mister, and my!—it's just like Heaven!"

The amazing fact about the Gospel of Christ is that IT WORKS, and works miraculously, because the power of God is in it. That is what makes it different to human religions, philosophies, and reforms. It stands alone as the only thing in the world that will lift a man and give him power to live above sin.

The writer used to preach in one of the big American prisons with an old negro, a man who was, indeed, a living miracle. He was on his way to commit suicide one Saturday night. His life had become intolerable through the ravages of sin, the heavy drinking, the gambling and their accompanying evils. While walking along the road, he heard the Salvation Army band from Boundbrook, N.J. He knew the hymn. The words stood out boldly, while the music stirred memories of the long ago. He went over to hear the preacher. In short, crisp sentences the old truths fell from lips touched with God's love. The fact of sin, dark, deadly, and damning was charged home to his conscience. The fact of Salvation, finished, free and full, filled his heart with wonder and warmth. Then he finished with the fact of judgment to all who died out of Christ.

The old negro pursued his way to the bridge. His pace slowed down: his head was bent, for thoughts were busy. He soliloquized: "If I take my life, I'll go straight to hell and I deserve it." He could still hear the music of another hymn, and again he thought over the words of the preacher.

The bridge was reached. What was it to be? Christ or suicide, heaven or hell? In that solemn moment God gave him to see something of the heinousness of his sin, not only in neglecting Christ, but about to add to it the sin of self-murder. He had heard of the sufficiency

of the death of Christ for all, that nothing required to be done on his part but surrender his will to Christ and depend wholly on His finished work. He hesitated, then quietly yielded himself to the Saviour, near to the very spot where he had planned to end his life.

The old negro took me to the place and with a tear in his eye he told of the miracle-working power of God's Gospel.

A number of young men were having an open-air service one Friday evening in Ayrshire, beside some miners' cottages. All unknown to us, we were being listened to by a dying man, a well-known character, who had served several long terms of imprisonment and who was the victim of a terrible disease.

Several days afterwards a message was sent asking us to visit him. Even before we arrived the miracle had taken place. His disfigured face radiated the calm of heaven as he told us in a few words that his sins were all forgiven and he was looking forward to the Better Land. His hope was based on the precious blood of Christ and his joy was wonderful.

Yes, dear reader, the Gospel *works*. There is no difficulty on your side too big for God. You are not too bad or too hard for Him. Look to Calvary and see the judgment of sin borne by a spotless Substitute. There He finished entirely the work of redemption and provided a basis on which every believing soul can rest with calm assurance and absolute certainty. "For I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ, for it is the power of God unto Salvation to every one that believeth" (Rom. 1. 16). "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved" (Acts 16. 31).
G.A.N.

"WHOSOEVER" AND "WHATSOEVER."

"**W**HOSOEVER" and "WHATSOEVER" are two precious words often in the mouth of Christ. "Whosoever will may come;" "Whatsoever ye shall ask in My Name, that will I do." Whosoever is on the outside of the gate, and lets in all who choose. Whatsoever is on the inside, and gives those who enter the free range of all the region and treasure of grace. Whosoever makes salvation free. Whatsoever makes salvation full.

"WILD · KATE."

THE neighbours called her Wild Kate, so fierce and masculine was she, both in figure and manners. I was told I need not trouble to call on her, as she would neither welcome me nor come to the meetings. But I remembered the words of Him, Who said, "I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance" (Matt. 9. 13), and I resolved to go.

Accordingly I went to her cottage. Just as I approached it, an old man said to me, "Are you going in there, sir?" glancing with significance at Kate's door. "Yes," I replied. He said, "Weel, weel, it's a needless fash, an' I wish ye safe out, sir; for she is an awful woman." I replied, "I have a message of peace for her, and I am not afraid of her."

I knocked at the door, and a strong, harsh voice said, "Come in." When I entered she started and exclaimed, "Oh, you've made a mistake." I said, "No, I have made no mistake. You are the person I want to see, Kate." "Do you?" said she, and I saw at once that God had been preparing her for my visit. "Well, you are the first Gospel preacher who ever came to see Kate Douglas. Sit down."

I readily did so, and entered into conversation with her, concluding by asking her to the meeting in the evening. Strange to say, she came. That night an arrow from God's quiver entered her heart and brought her low.

Some time after, on a wild, stormy, wet night, as I sat alone in my study, the servant came to say that someone wanted to see me. "Show him in here; it must be something very urgent that would bring any man out in such a night as this." "It is a woman, sir, and she has come a long distance, and though I wanted her to warm and dry herself at the fire, she insisted that I should come at once and ask you to see her."

The door was again opened, and Kate Douglas entered the room. "What!" I exclaimed, as I arose to receive her, "you here? This is a rough night for you to be out; you are cold and wet." And placing a chair for her, I begged her to sit down; but there she stood erect, unable for a moment to speak. Recovering herself she said "I want to know my sins forgiven."

"Well, Kate, hear what God says of His remedy for

"Wild Kate."

our fallen state. 'In due time Christ died for the ungodly.' Christ's own words are, 'I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance.'



"I WENT TO HER COTTAGE."

Kate listened to the reading of these Scriptures with an intensity of eagerness, such as I never before witnessed. "Well, sir, what must I do?"

I turned and read Romans 10. 9, 10: "'Confess,'" said I,

"and 'believe' Jesus as your Saviour.'" "Now, Kate," I said, "you know all. 'Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, even the chief.'" "I am that one," burst from her lips. "Can it be that He will take me; be a Refuge to me?" "God, in Christ, says: 'Him that cometh to Me, I will in no wise cast out.' 'Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest'" (Matt. 11. 28).

The light began to dawn in her soul. "Ah! sir, I see now what you mean by God being a Refuge. Jesus, the God-man, making peace between God and man; how wonderful! Oh, how wonderful! and that I never should have known it before!" We knelt to pray, and I believe in that quiet hour that tempest-tossed soul found a Haven of rest. She arose to depart—the storm without had ceased, and all was peace without. "What a calm!" I exclaimed. "Oh, yes," she said. "A calm *within*—I am a changed woman since I entered this room. I have found Jesus, my weary, sinful soul's Refuge. Jesus, the God-man, took my place and died for me. God bless you, sir, for leading me to Him."

Kate's example had an amazing influence among her neighbours. Naturally of a powerful, earnest temperament, the whole force of her renewed nature was thrown into her Christian life, and she was decidedly "a living epistle, known and read of all." Her person and her home were clean, neat, and tidy, as every true Christian's should be.

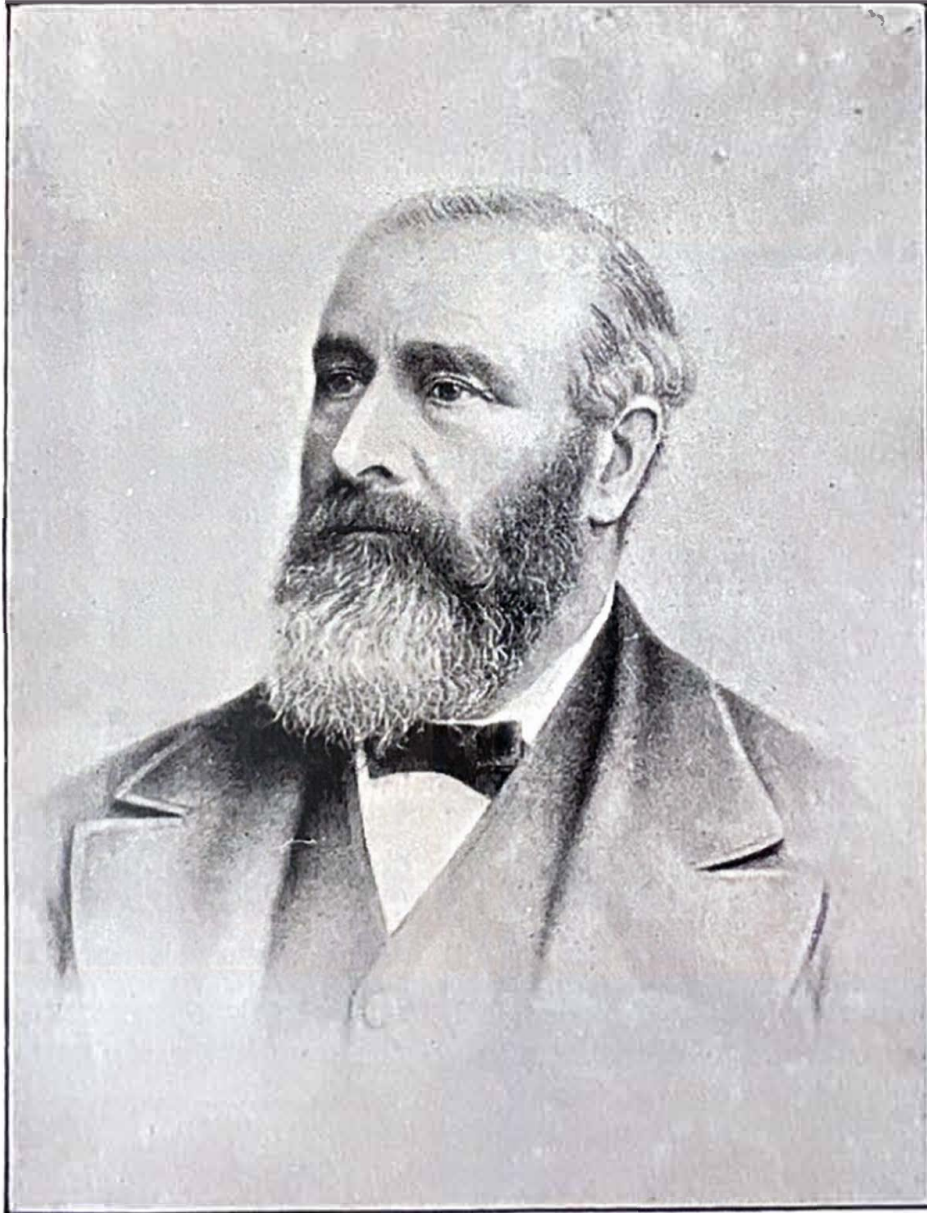
UNDECEIVED.

I MET a man in Canada who told me that for years he had been perfectly satisfied with himself. He thought that he was quite good enough for God, and if anybody had a chance of Heaven, he was the man.

One day he tried to recall all the good deeds he had ever done to assure himself that he had really merited God's favour. But to his dismay his sins in black array crowded to his memory, and he found out for the first time in his life that he was a guilty sinner before God. Then he also discovered that "Christ died for the ungodly," and that God can freely justify all those who believe in Him.

CONVERSION OF F. C. BLAND, DUBLIN.

F. C. BLAND was not an irreligious man ; he was simply a man of the world, engrossed with its pleasures and prospects, when he could spare the time from the ordinary duties which fell to his lot in the management of his estate and tenantry. Possibly there were moments when the question of eternity troubled his mind, but his



F. C. BLAND.

creed was, "We must just do the best we can, and hope to get to Heaven in the end." That he was more or less interested in the matter was evident from the readiness with which he accepted the invitation of his life-long friend, Mr. Richard Mahony to attend a meeting in his

beautiful home, Dromore Castle, which was seven miles distant from Derrigain.

It was a strange and unusual sight to see that spacious hall, which had hitherto been given up to entertainment and gaiety, now filled with seats of various descriptions, and a mixed congregation of employers and employed gathered together to hear—what? Was it to be a sermon such as fell to their lot Sunday by Sunday? Well, if so, they were willing to listen with all the decency required by good breeding.

It was toward the close of the great Irish Revival, and the end of '59 or beginning of '60. Undoubtedly there was a strange and unusual solemnity in that assembly that evening, and F. C. Bland and his wife were fully conscious of it as they sat there.

Presently C. H. Mackintosh rose to give his message from God, and to most in that hall it was something entirely new. Titus 2. 11, 12: "For the grace of God that bringeth salvation hath appeared to all men. Teaching us that denying ungodliness and worldly lusts we should live soberly, righteously, and godly in this present evil world."

In his own clear inimitable way the speaker pointed out that God's gift of salvation came first, and was offered freely to "whosoever" would accept it, and that the life works would follow as the result of that acceptance.

In F. C. Bland's own words we may recall its effect. He said: "I could have put up my hand and stopped the clock at the very instant that truth entered into my soul. It was not doing my best to earn the grace of God; it was grace first, and life for Him would follow its reception."

And it did follow, as every one who had known him in the past would bear testimony. From being unable to put two words together as a public speaker, he became an earnest and gifted preacher of the Gospel and teacher of God's Word; from being a man of the world and living wholly for its pleasure and profit, he became a servant of the living God; and from being a haughty and passionate human being, he was so changed that in the truly Irish testimony of one of his own tenantry: "The master had dropped his temper."

Yes, "old things had passed away and, behold, all things had become new."

WHAT THE GIVING OF THE SON MEANT.

LONG before the power in Russia was seized by apostate Jews, and the last of the Romanoffs, and his family were butchered in a cellar, the people were restless, and often on the verge of a revolt; for, though the Tsars were styled "the little father," they were tyrants with few exceptions, and some of them well deserved the title "terrible." Nicholas I was one who ruled the people with an iron hand, and early in his reign they rebelled against him. A roaring mob surrounded the Winter Palace in



PETROGRAD, RUSSIA.

St. Petersburg, threatening death to the Tsar and his consort, who were watching them from within. It looked as though their last hour had come, when suddenly Nicholas took up his six months-old child, the heir to the throne, and stepping out upon the balcony, he faced the multitudes that surged like an angry sea in the vast palace square. He was a young man, handsome, tall and splendid in his strength. He did not speak, he just stood there with the babe in his arms. A silence fell on the mob, which seemed

What the Giving of the Son Meant.

more awful than its rage. Then came sobs, and then a tempest of cheers. An emotional people were moved by the sight of the solitary Tsar and his mute babe, by this confidence that he showed in them, and they sensed that the babe in his arms most surely meant peace and not war, that it was an ambassador and pledge of good-will, and not oppression. The people were won, and the dynasty was saved, and it was the showing by the Tsar of his only son to the people that saved it.

The world that God loved was in rebellion against Him, and it had no cause for its rebellion, for He is no tyrant, but the faithful Creator, and He had never left men without a witness as to His kind thoughts towards them. Paul told this to the worshippers of the idol Jupiter in the city of Lystra. Said he, "He did good, and gave us rain from heaven and fruitful seasons, filling our hearts with food and gladness." And again, he told the great philosophers at Athens that "He giveth to all, life and breath and all things." But men were not thankful for His gifts, they did not acknowledge Him as the Giver of them, they hated Him and would not hear His word. Then He said, "I have one Son, I will send Him. They will reverence My Son." It was as though God said, "I will show them My very heart, I will prove to them that I am not against them. My Son shall be the pledge and proof of My love to them. I cannot do more; this is My last and My best."

And Jesus came—He came as a Babe in the manger, the great sign that God would be at peace with men. The Babe was God's love gift to the world; His only begotten Son. He came full of grace and truth; He came preaching peace; He came not to condemn the world, but to save it. He stood before the world showing forth the heart of God who sent Him; He was not silent, but spake of love that passes all bounds of human thought. But men had no ears to listen to His message. When they saw Him, they hated Him and His Father who sent Him, and they had no pity, but cried, "Let us kill Him," "Away with Him," "Crucify Him." The world's rebellion was not quelled by the sight of God's only begotten Son, nor was its heart changed by it; instead, His coming brought that rebellion to its culmination and they murdered Him. But the murder of the Son of God did not turn back the tide of

What the Giving of the Son Meant.

blessing that sprang up in the heart of God; instead, it opened wide the flood-gates, that the living waters might flow forth in everlasting blessing. God turned the evil and hatred of men to His own ends, so that now, "Who-soever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." That blessing is flowing still, and though millions have been supplied, it flows as fresh as ever, for it is as inexhaustible as it is blessed.



"THEY WERE TYRANTS."

There is a question that is sometimes raised, and it is an important one, as to why, if the crucifixion of the Son of God at Calvary only fulfilled what God intended, and was the great evidence of His love to the world, why should that act be looked upon as the greatest crime of the world? Why, for instance, since "the Son of Man must be lifted up," should Jesus Himself charge the Jews with being guilty of the act, when He said to them, "When ye have lifted up the Son of Man, then shall ye know that I am He"? Could man be held responsible for that which God had predetermined?

God knew beforehand, of course, that the revelation of His best would only provoke the worst that was in men.

for He knew all that was in man from the beginning, though it required the supreme test to bring it out. But it had to come out, for the truth as to all things must be manifested; the truth as to God, the truth as to men, and the truth as to the devil. And all did come out at the Cross, there the thoughts of many hearts were revealed. God was not responsible for the evil that was in the hearts of men, but He showed His supremacy over all by restraining that evil for a while, and then when the hour came, and it gushed forth in unrestrained and determined hatred against Him, by turning it into the channel by which it became the means of glorifying Him, and more wonderful still, the way of blessing for men. He knew what men would do, and pre-determined that their act should thus turn to a triumph of His love.

But let no one suppose that what the Lord Jesus suffered at the hands of men secured redemption for us. When it says that He was wounded for our transgressions and bruised for our iniquities, we must think deeper than of His flesh torn and bruised by the nails and thorns, and if we can say, "by His Stripes we are healed," we must think of something other than the scourging to which Pilate so unjustly condemned Him. "It pleased the Lord to bruise Him," *i.e.*, instead of the unsparing judgment of God coming with its crushing weight upon us, God chose that it should fall upon Him, and He gave Him to be our Substitute and to bear it in our stead. He was lifted up by men, the object of their hatred and derision, but when they had done their worst, the sixth hour came, tolling in the darkness that was denser than that which enshrouded Egypt, and such as creation had never seen before; then there took place what no creature mind will ever fully understand, *His soul* was made an offering for sin, and God made Him, our sinless Substitute, to be sin for us, and He bore our sins in His own body on the Tree. "Through the Eternal Spirit He offered Himself without spot to God." It is this that explains—what is, indeed, beyond all our comprehension—that cry that will never be forgotten, "Eli, Eli, lama sabachthani?" which being interpreted is, "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?" The more we consider that, and the more its meaning enters our souls, the greater will be our

wondering appreciation of our great text and the love of God which it reveals to us.

The death of Jesus was an atoning death; there never was, there never will be, another like it. He suffered, the Just One, for us the unjust, to bring us to God, and that is why we shall sing to Him, "Thou art worthy, for Thou hast redeemed us to God by Thy blood out of every kindred, and tongue and people and nation." J.T.M.

THE SCEPTIC'S CONFESSION

A YOUNG man who had been a sceptic for years, when dying, sent for me to come to see him. I was startled to see the ravages of disease; his eyes were bright but his voice was low. I sat by his side. He told me:

"It has been dark with me; but it is brighter now. I think I see the light. I found out last night that I was a sinner, a vile sinner." Then the tears gathered in his eyes, but looking at me, he added: "I want to tell you about my life. I've been a sceptic. I had a good education, but I began to pick the Bible to pieces; and when a young man begins to do that, you know that there are many things he cannot understand; and I was young. I could not see how Christ could be God. How His being taken by the Roman soldiers, and nailed upon a cross, was any good to me. I read about Him, and I thought He was a good man; and that a crowd of cowards killed Him."

He paused a moment, then continued: "Now, I want you to explain to me fully and clearly all about Christ." Lifting a silent prayer to God, I read a few verses; then spoke to him of sin and the necessity of atonement. "Without shedding of blood is no remission" (Heb. 9. 22). I spoke of the spotless humanity of Christ, proving Him to be God. I took him from scene to scene of the Saviour's life. We lingered by Gethsemane together, and went on to Calvary. Then I spoke of the resurrection and ascension; and of Christ in Heaven, because sin had been put away; there—because God was satisfied with what He had done for the sinner. He whispered, "I see it now, I believe it too; I thank God the barriers are broken through at last." He had been to God about his sins before I saw him, and now he grasped the finished work of Christ clearly. WHERE ART THOU?

SALVATION IN THE CHURCH OR IN CHRIST?

DR. ROWLAND TAYLOR, Rector of Hadleigh, in Suffolk, was burned at the stake in his own parish in February, 1555. A little before he was transported from London to Hadleigh, Bishop Bonner visited him in his prison, and said: "I wish you would remember yourself, and turn to your holy mother Church." To this Taylor promptly replied: "I wish you and your fellows would turn to Christ."

Such a conversation raises a question of vital importance to us all. Is Salvation found in the Church or in Christ? Can the Church even contribute in the smallest degree to the Salvation of men's souls, or are men absolutely shut up to Christ alone? This question is being more than ever discussed around us, and obviously none dare treat it as a thing of indifference. Eternal issues are at stake.

First of all: What is the Church? How does Scripture define it? The Church, in one respect, is the sum total of all who have believed the Gospel since the Holy Ghost descended from Heaven upon the Day of Pentecost, and in another aspect it is the aggregate of all believers on earth at any given time. All believers, whether Jews or Gentiles stand united to the living Christ, and form "The Church which is His Body, the fulness of Him that filleth all in all" (Eph. 1. 23). How can the Church save men's souls? Its individual members can speak of the wonders of Divine grace, and can recommend to others the precious Saviour in whom they have put their trust, but beyond this the Church is absolutely without power.

Long ago Peter addressed a company of "rulers and elders" concerning the Lord Jesus thus: "Neither is there salvation in any other: for there is none other Name under Heaven given among men whereby we must be saved" (Acts 4. 12). To religious leaders, and to all others, the same decided testimony must be rendered to-day. "It is *Christ* that died; yea, rather, that is risen again." (Rom. 8. 34). It is *Christ* who says: "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest" (Matt. 11. 28).

Reader, we point you to Christ. Listen to the counsel of the martyred Rowland Taylor, borne down to us through the centuries: "I wish you and your fellows would turn to Christ." To this we add our own hearty Amen. w.w.f.

THE AVIATORS' MISTAKE ;

—OR,—

THE AUSTRALIAN FLIERS WHO WERE LOST IN THE PACIFIC OCEAN,
FOR THE REASON THAT THEY REFUSED TO CARRY A COLLAPSIBLE
LIFEBOAT AND LIFEBELTS.



EVERY POSSIBLE ASSISTANCE WAS RENDERED.

“Though the swiftest action was taken, and every possible assistance rendered, they were lost.”

LOST; or, THE AVIATORS' MISTAKE.

FLIGHT COMMANDER ULM and two fellow Australian fliers set out to cross the mighty Pacific Ocean. All went well as their first message indicated, "Everything O.K." Four hours later trouble began. "Running out of petrol; have lost our way." Twenty minutes later: "Have very little petrol, need the beacon urgently." Half-an-hour later they wirelessly, "Lost," followed shortly afterwards by, "Going down into the sea now." A few moments' silence, then another, their last tragic message rang out: "On the water now, S.O.S.," and then that long unbroken, awful silence of death.

Were the appeals answered? At once the American Army and Navy sprang into action and dashed to render all possible assistance. S.S. *President Coolidge* altered her course and joined in the search. Thirty-four aeroplanes, eighteen submarines, twenty-three naval craft, coast-guard vessels, fishing boats, and every other kind of craft joined in scouring the seas in one gallant attempt to save the drowning airmen. All night long they searched, while the great beacon flashed its powerful shafts of light across the sky; 2500 square miles of ocean were covered; 30,000 gallons of petrol were used by military planes, but all in vain.

Why the failure? For one reason alone. They had despised the provision, and refused to carry a collapsible lifeboat and lifebelts. Though the swiftest action was taken and every possible assistance rendered, they were lost.

Can you, dear reader, look back to a definite time in your life when you were saved; when you saw the glorious truth that the Saviour so loved you, and *wanted* you so much, that He actually died under the awful judgment of God on your behalf? You saw Him charged with all your dark catalogue of sins; and there, as you looked at the Man of Calvary, you saw for the first time that salvation was finished (John 19. 30), the mighty debt paid, the judgment borne, and there you rested your weary soul and found pardon, peace, and eternal life. Happy indeed is the man who has made that grand discovery. Happy is the woman who can say assuredly: "I am saved from hell, because I have believed on the Lord Jesus Christ" (Acts 16. 31).

But perhaps you cannot say that. You are still in your

sins, living without Christ. The future to you is as black as midnight; and yet you are tempted to go on as you are, ignoring all the warnings, the entreaties, the prayers of that godly mother, the appeals of that Sunday School teacher, or faithful pastor. You ignored the call of God when you were brought back from the edge of the grave. You said: "I will decide for Christ some day, but not now."

Allow this story to impress your soul. It is another illustration of that solemn text: "He that being often re-proved hardeneth his neck shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy" (Prov. 29. 1). Before it is for ever too late, fly into the arms of your waiting Saviour. Make Him your own. He gave His life for you. He is worthy of your trust. Let Him have it now. John 1. 12 says: "As many as received Him, to them gave He authority to become the sons of God, even to them who believe on His Name."

G. A. N.

"WAIT A BIT."

WHILE travelling with a friend in Jamaica, who was a native of the place, we happened to see growing near to the roadside a curious little bush. He pointed it out to me, and suggested that I should let my clothes touch it. I did so, and at once found myself caught by a hooked thorn not unlike a fish-hook. While releasing myself from it I was caught by another, and then again by still another, and it was only with much care and patience that I got clear of it at last. "Wait a bit" is the name given to the bush by the natives of the island, and an exceptionally good name I thought for it.

Has not the devil got many such bushes growing alongside the road which leads to the blessing? Indeed he has. You wake up to the fact that it is time you thought of eternity, and immediately you are caught by some pleasure, or pursuit, or sin, which holds and detains you, saying, "Wait a bit," and many are thus detained until it is too late for ever.

You mean to be saved, to have Jesus for your Saviour some day. Do it now; do not tread the road of By-and-By, for it leads eventually to the town of "Never." J. T. M.

TEN MEN WHO DIED FOR THEIR PRINCE.

PRINCE EMILE OF HESSE-DARMSTADT was a gallant young officer. Brave, bold, daring, and yet so careful of the comfort of his men. The prince attached himself to Napoleon Bonaparte in the mad invasion of Russia. Napoleon waited at Moscow expecting almost hourly the submission of the Northern Autocrat. He little knew the determined temper of the Czar and of his enraged people. After waiting in vain for the submission of Russia for a period of thirty-five days, the haughty but now humbled and crest-fallen conqueror of so many battles prepared to retrace his steps. But the temper of the Russian people roused to fury inflicted an awful revenge. Fires broke out in various parts of the city. The sullen determination was taken to lay their capital in ruins, rather than it should afford a shelter for the French. The scene baffles description. Frantic efforts were made to subdue the flames, but in vain. Numbers perished. Napoleon himself escaped with difficulty. The whole city was soon a huge, blackened ruin; what was to be done?

The rigours of a Russian winter were almost upon them. There was no protection from the pitiless blasts which swept over the army, chilling the soldiers to the very bone. Food could scarcely be had even at the most exorbitant prices, while the surrounding country was drained of its stores of wheat and other food. Sadly Napoleon sounded the retreat, and the horrors of that march have never yet been told. Disease, hunger, and the sword of the Cossack who hung on to the rear of the army rapidly thinned the ranks of the vast host which Napoleon considered invincible.

Prince Emile of Hesse, brave, alert, and watchful, led on his men sharing their privations and encouraging them by the force of his own splendid example. They got to the bridge of the river Berezina a month after the departure from Moscow. Now commenced an almost wholesale massacre of the French Army. The bridge was blocked, and men, so lately comrades in arms, wildly fought to cross. The weak were trampled down. Discipline ceased. Twenty-eight thousand men were either drowned in the river or slaughtered by the lances of the heartless Cossack.

When the remnant of the army crossed, Prince Emile

Ten Men Who Died for their Prince.

looked in vain for his gallant company of hussars, a thousand strong when they set foot on Russian soil. The brave and chivalrous prince was amongst the last to cross the river, and but ten men gathered round their beloved leader. Faint, weary, cold, and hungry, the little band pressed on and on, till worn out and utterly exhausted, the prince told his band of heroes that he must rest where he was. To sleep on the cold ground was to be found stiff and frozen to death in the morning. Prince Emile lay down to rest and woke in the morning refreshed. The men



THE RETREAT FROM MOSCOW.

had carried their beloved prince into a shed which afforded some protection from the falling snow and awful cold of that awful night. But more, they had actually stripped themselves of their coats and put them under him and over him. Then they lay down on the cold ground around the shed in which calmly slept their commander. In the morning the prince on awakening was astonished to find himself so comfortably placed, when all at once the thought flashed through his mind: "Are these the coats of my men?" He sprang to his feet, and there, outside the shed, lay his

Ten Men Who Died for their Prince.

ten brave fellows, without their coats and frozen to death. They had sacrificed their lives for his. The love and devotedness of these ten men are beyond praise.

God loved the world, and Christ died, not for those who loved Him, but for those who hated Him, and hated Him without a cause (John 15. 18-25). Who can measure the love of Calvary? This then is love. Christ dying for God's enemies (Rom. 5. 10) and God loving the world that hated His Son. Has the tale of Calvary bowed your heart and broken your will? Has the Blood there shed purged your conscience from sin and guilt?

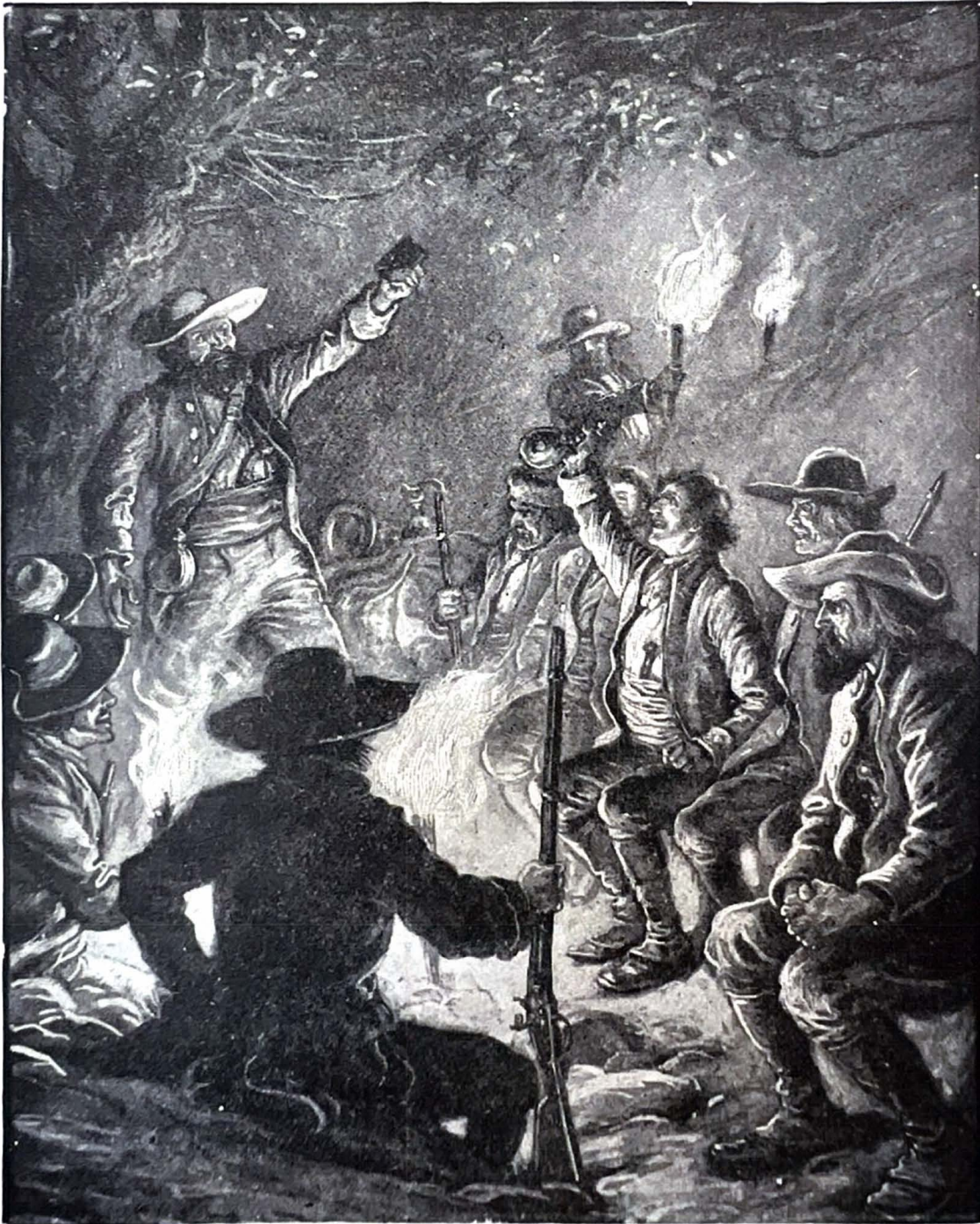
THE BRIGAND'S BIBLE.

IN one of the deep dells of the Black Forest a band of brigands were dividing their spoil, the proceeds of the preceding night's robbery. According to their custom the stolen articles were being put up for auction among themselves. The last article held up for sale was found to be a New Testament. The man who acted as auctioneer introduced this "article" with some blasphemous remarks which made the cavern resound with laughter. One of the company suggested jokingly that a chapter should be read for their edification. This being unanimously applauded, the "auctioneer" turned up a page at random, and began reading in a voice of mock-devotion, much to the amusement of the company.

It was not observed, however, that one of their number had become suddenly silent, and sat clasping his hands on his knees, as if in deep thought. He was a middle-aged man, was one of the oldest members of the gang, and had long been a leader in lawlessness and crime. The words, read in mockery though they were, had reached his heart. The passage of Scripture taken by the "auctioneer" had awakened some wonderful memories in the heart of the poor wanderer. He had heard that passage of God's Word before. Thirty years had passed since then. He was in the old homestead, a young man just entering into life. The influences were favourable. His parents feared God, and sought to lead him in the path of righteousness, and set before him a Christian example. Yet it seemed as if all their efforts were to be fruitless.

The Brigand's Bible.

But there is a verse in God's Book which says, "Cast thy bread upon the waters; for thou shalt find it after many days" (Eccles. 11. 1), and truly it was "many days" ere the words were "found" again.



"A BAND OF BRIGANDS WERE DIVIDING THEIR SPOIL."

The young man fell upon evil courses, greatly to the grief of those who were watching for his soul. At length he committed a crime which made it imperative that he

The Brigand's Bible.

should flee without delay if he was to evade the hands of the police. It was morning, and his father, according to his usual custom, read a passage of Scripture, and commended the family to God in prayer. That day the young man fled from the parental dwelling, never to return again. And now in the brigand's cave in the Black Forest the whole scene of that bygone day rose up vividly before his imagination—the happy family circle, the reading of the Word of the Living God, and the voice of prayer.

Since leaving home he had never opened a Bible, never offered a prayer, or heard a single word that reminded him of God or eternity. But now a father and a mother's counsels came rushing back to his memory.

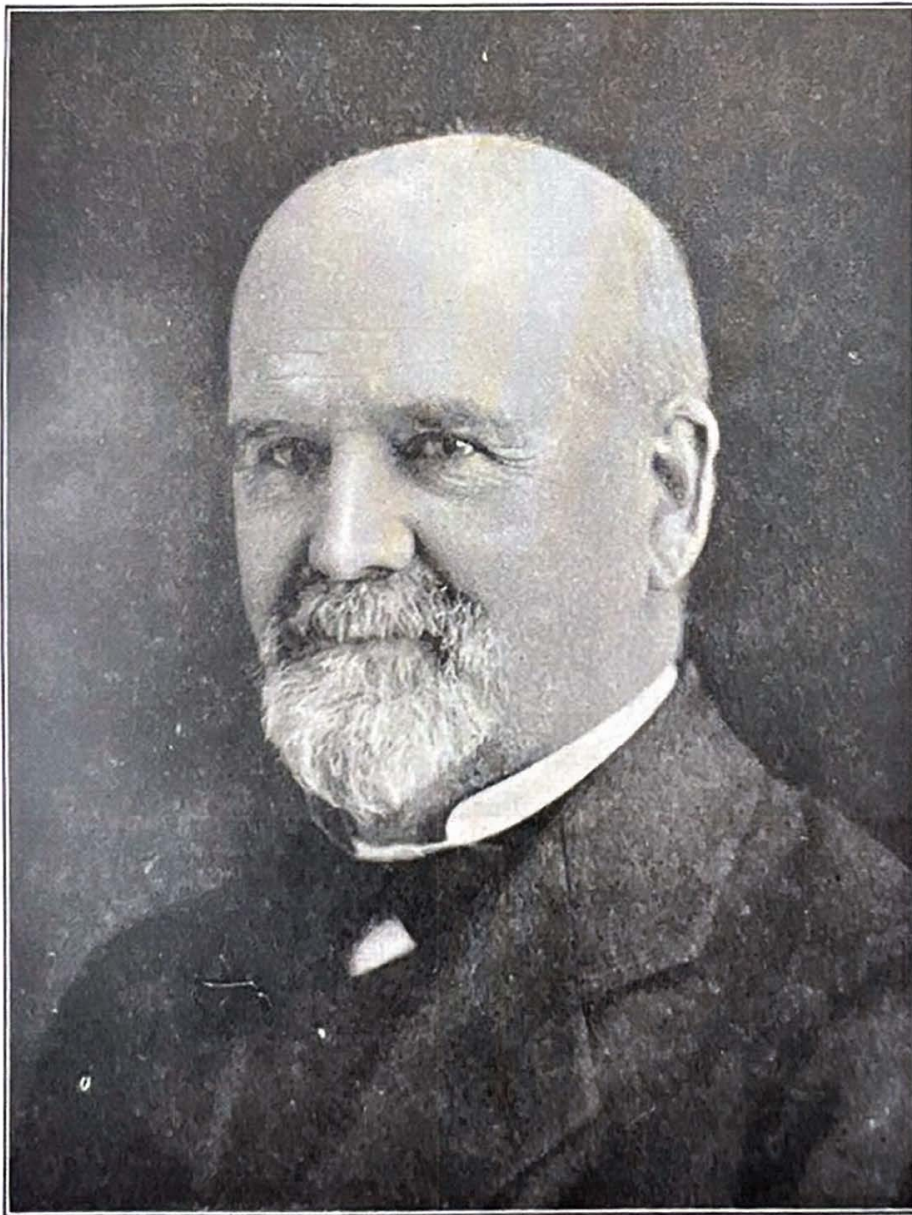
So absorbed was he in these hallowed recollections that he forgot all around him until awakened by a rude tap on the shoulder, accompanied by the question: "Now, old dreamer, what will you give for that old Book? You need it more than any of us, for you are undoubtedly the biggest sinner under the firmament." "So I am," he answered; "give me that Book, I will pay its full price." The next day the brigands dispersed throughout the neighbourhood to turn their bargains into money. But the one that bought the Testament repaired to a lonely place, where he spent the whole day and night in the agonies of remorse. The Word of God revealed to him a Saviour, Jesus; and the message of peace and reconciliation was brought home to his heart. The next morning he entered a village; he told a servant of Christ his whole life's story, and then gave himself up to the hands of justice. This proof of his repentance saved his life, for his comrades were all captured and put to death. After an imprisonment of seven years he was set free on account of exemplary conduct. A Christian nobleman took him into his service, and he proved a blessing to his master's household till he died in peace, praising Christ, who came into the world to save sinners, of whom he confessed himself to be the chief.

Is not this a brand plucked from the burning? (Zec. 3. 2). Truly the Word of God is quick and powerful. Have you been convinced that you are a lost sinner? Have *you* received the message of reconciliation, and been saved for eternity?

W.S.

THE NEW BIRTH.

ARE you born again? Do not for one moment suppose you are a Christian if you are not born again; for you are not, and let no one persuade you that you are. Our question is one that no one but you can answer. Some may think you are born again: others think you are not; you only can decide. Others can only *think*, for or against, but you *know*.



JAMES MCKENDRICK.

We repeat the question because of its importance. Are you born again? If you can say, "Yes, thank God, I am," then kneel down and adore Him, who has created you anew in Christ Jesus, but if you are uncertain, let

The New Birth.

us try and help you. Now, take your Bible, and read 1 John 5. 1: "Whosoever believeth that Jesus is the Christ IS BORN OF GOD." Here you have God emphatically declaring who are born again; and certainly these, and these alone, are born again. Are you one of them? Can you kneel before God, and say, "Yes, my God, with all my heart. I believe that Jesus is the Christ; that He suffered for my sins upon the Cross; took my place beneath Thy wrath, and bare my sins in His own body on the tree?" If so, then, praise God for this word of His assurance, that "Whosoever believeth that Jesus is the Christ IS BORN OF GOD."

These, then, are they who are born again. But *how* are they born again? "Born again by the Word of God, which liveth and abideth for ever (1 Peter 1. 23). This is God's answer as to how they are born again. This being God's way, there can be no other. Let our reader grip the Word of God upon this important matter, and be not for a moment ensnared by the false teachings that abound.

But still another question demands consideration. *When* are we born again? Again to our Bible we appeal for an answer, and there we learn, "Ye are all the children of God by FAITH IN CHRIST JESUS" (Gal. 3. 26).

Here again we are saved from all guess or speculation on the point. It is only when we put our trust or faith in our Lord Jesus, we become children of God; and let me say that what is meant by believing in the Lord Jesus, or trusting Jesus, is to commit yourself unreservedly to His atoning death as the only means of your salvation.

Let me illustrate the point. You wish to cross to America. You don't start to build a ship to take you there. You believe in the ships that are already built for that purpose, and have carried thousands across the sea. You get your ticket, and step aboard the ship, and you hope to reach America, not by your own abilities, but by the capability of the ship. You have committed yourself unreservedly to the all-sufficient ship, and your whole hope and confidence is in the sufficiency of the ship.

So believing in Jesus is believing in the sufficiency of His atoning blood to put our sins away, and brings us

The New Birth.

to Heaven. We find the apostle saying, We give God thanks "since we heard of your faith in Christ Jesus" (Col. 1. 3; Eph. 1. 15). For then they became children of God by faith in Christ Jesus.

When this has happened, then there is the inward testimony of the Spirit of God. "His Spirit beareth witness with our spirit that we are the children of God" (Rom. 8. 16), and "His love is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost given unto us" (Rom. 5. 5).

These are the true marks and inward testimony of the whole Heaven-born family. Every child of God possesses them. No one is a child of God without them. It is necessary, in these days of slipshod and easily-made profession, to examine ourselves by the Word of God. Many believe they are children of God because they have held up their hand in a meeting; others, because they stood up, or bowed down their head; some, because they filled in a card, and signed their name; some, because they were prayed over, or asked to say a prayer themselves. Well, thank God, at such times many are really and truly born again, and the Spirit of God is witnessing within them that they are. But, alas! many have submitted to all we have named, but never trusted the atoning blood, and are not saved, but deceived.

Oh! none of us can afford to be deceived upon a matter so important. Therefore, let us appeal to you to carefully consider the Scriptures that answer these four questions:

(1) Who are born again? "Whosoever believeth that Jesus is the Christ" (1 John 5. 1).

(2) How are they born again? "By the Word of God, which liveth and abideth for ever" (1 Peter 1. 23).

(3) When are they born again? "Ye are all the children of God by faith in Christ Jesus" (Gal. 3. 26).

(4) What witness have they that they are born again? "His Spirit beareth witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God" (Rom. 8. 16).

Reader, having seen God's way, spurn all others, and sincerely thank God for His. Tell it out to others.

"Be it known unto you therefore, men and brethren, that through this Man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins: and by Him all that believe are justified from all things" (Acts 13. 38, 39).

J. MCKENDRICK.

"HE WAS DROWNED—I WAS SAVED."

THE magnificent steamship, *Cyprian*, left Liverpool on the 13th of October, 1881, bound for the Mediterranean. It was blowing half a gale at starting, but it takes a good deal to hinder one of these huge vessels from starting at her appointed time. However, in but a few hours the wind increased to a hurricane, and the decks began to be swept by huge seas. Disaster followed; first the fore-steering gear gave way; then a tube in one of the boilers burst, putting out the fire it was over; again, the aft wheel-house was smashed in, and the remaining steering apparatus rendered useless; more of the boiler tubes gave way, and in a disabled state the vessel laboured heavily until early next morning.

Heavy seas now swept the decks, wave after wave broke into the engine room, until the last of her fires was extinguished. Powerless, rudderless, and unmanageable, the fine steamer was now at the mercy of storm and waves. These proved foes indeed, for she was drifted swiftly towards the Welsh coast. Captain and crew had done their best to save the ship, but all hope was past; the black rocks were soon reached, and they were driven with violence on to them. Summoning all on to the bridge, the skipper told them it was now a case of every one for himself.

It happened that a runaway youth had secreted himself on board as a stowaway, unknown to any, before the ship left Liverpool. Such passengers are rarely treated with favour by either master or mate.

This wretched young waif had got on board in the dock unseen, and had cleverly concealed himself until the ship was at sea; indeed, until the storm brought him from his hiding-place. All were too busy and anxious about their own safety to notice the lad. He stood with white face on the deck, terrified at the gale and watching the grand but solemn scene, when the ship struck upon the rocks and the billows truly spent their foaming fury upon her, until at last one crash spoke out her utter ruin.

"Every one for himself!" again shouted the captain. Seizing lifebelts, oars, barrels, spars, one after another the crew were obliged to leap from her deck and cast themselves overboard, many with but faint hope of reaching the shore.

At last there but remained upon the wreck, the captain

"He was Drowned—I was Saved"

and the stowaway. The former had just finished putting on his life-belt, and was about to jump into the sea as the others had done, when he espied near by the white face



"THE NOBLE MAN UNBUCKLED HIS BELT, AND STRAPPED IT ON THE URCHIN."

of the terror-stricken boy, that "little sinner of a stow-away," but a human being to be saved if possible.

It any one had a right to his own life-belt it was the captain; and if any one deserved to go without, it would

"He was Drowned—I was Saved."

be the young rascal beside him. Without pausing to consider whether deserving or undeserving, the noble man unbuckled his belt and strapped it upon the urchin, and bidding him save himself, he added, "I can swim; you take this belt, my boy!"

Overboard went the life-belted boy, and even through the heavy surf was kept up, until at last on the top of one high sea, he was rolled over on to the rocks, sadly bruised, but able to tell the story of his noble friend's heroism. Saved! only just, but saved!

But what about the captain? Did he reach the coast too? No, never! He had struck out boldly, but the foaming surf was too much for him, and he sank—lost his life through saving another!

Every heart on shore was indeed moved as they heard the stowaway's account: "He gave himself for me! He gave himself for me!"

"But," you say, "this ragamuffin was no friend of the noble captain; all he deserved was a rope's end, and yet the master died for him."

Such is the love of Jesus to *you*. No better than the stowaway, guilty, having sinned against the God of Heaven, and Yet *Christ has died for you*, "the just for the unjust," for *you*.

That captain need not have died; he owed nothing to the young stranger for whom he gave his life, the friendless boy had no claim upon him—none. "Why did he do it?" you ask. "Why did he give his life for one not a tenth the value? Why, indeed? And why did the Son of God lay down His life for you? He upon whom you had no claim, and but for whom you *must* have inevitably perished.

Sinner, whether you will or no, as you are under the sentence of death, you must take your stand on the platform of hopeless ruin; but there is One, who, seeing you there, left His throne above to come down and take your place: "He suffered for sins, the just for the unjust," and now He offers you eternal life. God does not overlook your sin, but He has spent the full punishment that was due to it on an innocent One Who has suffered in your stead.

"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 PRINCE AND THE GALLEY-SLAVE.

IN the reign of Louis XVI. a German prince, travelling through France, visited the arsenal at Toulon. The commandant, as a compliment to the rank of his visitor, said he was welcome to set free any one galley-slave whom he chose to select. The prince, who was resolved to make the best use of the privilege, spoke to many of the prisoners in succession, inquiring why they were condemned to the galleys. One after another protested their innocence.

They had been unjustly dealt with, they had been falsely accused. There was really no proper cause for their imprisonment; in fact, they were all injured and ill-treated persons. At last the prince came to one who, when asked the same question, answered, "I have no reason to complain, I have been a wicked, desperate wretch; I deserve to be broken alive on the wheel; I account it a great mercy that I am here."

The man's honest confession of his guilt impressed the prince so favourably that he at once called the commandant, and said, "This is the man, sir, whom I wish to be released." The poor fellow was accordingly set free.

It must be admitted that the prince made a wise choice, for the man who was sensible of his guilt, and so submissive to his punishment, was in all probability the most worthy of pardon, and the most unlikely to abuse his liberty. God deals with sinners in the same way. His Son, Jesus Christ the Lord, came to seek and to save that which was *lost*, and it is only those who take their place as lost sinners that are ready to receive the lost sinner's Saviour. The whole world has been brought in guilty before God (Rom. 3. 19).

Let it be your care, unsaved one, to take the place of the guilty—guilty of having sinned against God, guilty of having rejected His Son—and you are at once in a position where you can claim the great Redeemer as your own personal Saviour. There is no hope of pardon until you confess your guilt. There is no hope of your deliverance until you acknowledge that you are utterly helpless to deliver yourself. The God-given Deliverer is now waiting to receive you. Dost thou believe on the Son of God?

w.s.

"SAVED ALREADY PEOPLE."

OVER thirty years ago a man was passing a Gospel Hall in the city of Hamilton, Canada, and hearing singing he inquired what sort of people they were. The reply given was this: "They are the saved already people."

One may inquire if there are any such persons in Canada or Scotland. Thank God we have met numbers of them in both countries. But what are "Saved already people?" They are persons who discovered that they were lost, helpless, and undone, and believed God's testimony against them. Having ceased from their own works, they believed on the Lord Jesus Christ, who "was wounded for their transgressions and bruised for their iniquities (Isa. 53. 5), and obtained everlasting Salvation. In God's Word there are two classes of persons mentioned: (1) Those who are "condemned already," and (2) those who are "saved already." The Lord Jesus said to Nicodemus, the learned Jewish rabbi: "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).

Are you a believer or an unbeliever? Have you believed on Christ to the saving of your soul? If not, you belong to the condemned already class. If, however, you believe on the Saviour, you are among the saved already people.

"Can one be saved now and know it?" Most certainly. "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners" (1 Tim. 1. 15). "He tasted death for every man" (Heb. 2. 9) that we might "taste and see that the Lord is good." The Lord Jesus said to Nicodemus: "God sent not His Son into the world to condemn the world; but that the world through Him might be saved" (John 3. 17). Paul, writing to the Corinthians, says: "By which ye are saved" (1 Cor. 15. 1-4); "unto us which are saved" (1 Cor. 1. 18); "ye are washed, but ye are sanctified, but ye are justified" (1 Cor. 6. 11). To the Ephesians the apostle wrote: "By grace are ye saved through faith" (Eph. 2. 8, 9). "According to His mercy He saved us" (Titus 3. 5).

Does one inquire with the jailor of old: "What must I do to be saved?" If so, ponder the apostolic reply: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved" (Acts 16. 31), and immediately become one of the "SAVED ALREADY PEOPLE," saved from Hell, sure of Heaven. A.M.

THE LOST PROPERTY DEPARTMENT;

—OR THE—

RAILWAY OFFICE TO WHICH VALUABLE ARTICLES LEFT BY PASSENGERS ARE TAKEN, AND WHERE THERE CAN ALWAYS BE SEEN AN AMAZINGLY LARGE COLLECTION OF COATS, BAGS, UMBRELLAS.



RAILWAY LOST PROPERTY DEPARTMENT.

"We might also say that God has His *Found Property* Department, for there are those who were lost to Him, but who are now among those over whom He rejoices as 'found.'"

LOST PROPERTY.

ALL the railways have their lost property department, where an amazingly large collection of coats, bags, umbrellas, and other things may be seen.

Everything taken to the Lost Property department is an article *of some value*. No old newspapers or broken and empty boxes are taken there. Such things are not spoken of as "lost," for they are of no value.

To say that a thing is lost implies that it is of value to somebody. We should remember this when we read in the Bible about men being lost. It says, for instance: "If our Gospel be hid, it is hid to them that are lost" (2 Cor. 4. 3), and "The Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost" (Luke 19. 10).

Our sin has led us away from God. We have wandered from Him and He has lost us. But He still loves us, and when He announces that we are lost, we understand that we are of value in His sight and that He desires to recover us.

For this purpose He sent His Son to seek those who had wandered and were lost, in order to save them. He did not come to call good people (supposing such to exist), but sinners. And He came to call them to *repentance*.

In France and other continental countries, the railways call the place where articles left in trams are deposited, not the "*Lost Property Bureau*," but the "*Found Property Bureau*." They name it, not from the view-point of those who have lost the articles, but from their own point of view, they having *found* the things.

We might almost say that God has His *found property* Department, for there are those who were lost to Him, but who are now among those over whom He rejoices as "found,"

We have an illustration of this in one of the most beautiful of the parables uttered by our Lord—that of the Prodigal Son. When he returned from his wanderings, his father expressed his joy by saying: "This my son, was dead and is alive again; he was lost and is FOUND" (Luke 15. 24). This represents the attitude of God when a sinner turns to Him in repentance. It is like life from the dead; the one who was lost has been found. And God rejoices over him

Sometimes one sees a notice of articles or animals that are lost. For instance: "LOST—a white terrier, answering to the name of 'Don.' Ten shillings reward to any person that will bring it to the address given below."

Lost Property.

When one sees such a notice one's first thought is that some one *values* the dog, and because of this has gone to the expense of advertising it as lost. In like manner God has taken the trouble to announce that we are lost because He values us, loves us, and wants to recover us. The very word "lost" thus conveys the idea of a great love, just as the word "found" is expressive of a great joy.

Reader, have you been found? Perhaps we should ask first, Have you discovered that you are lost?

I do not mean, of course, finally and hopelessly lost. I mean lost in that you cannot of yourself, find your way back to God. Unless Somebody finds you and saves you, then indeed you will be lost forever.

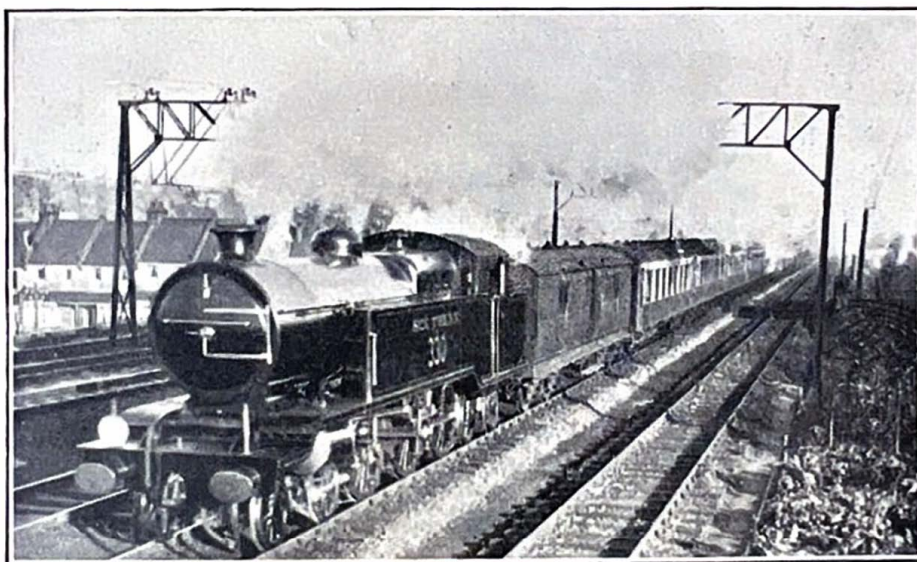


Photo: Southern Railway.

"SOUTHERN BELLE."

The message which we call "the Gospel" tells us how lost wanderers may be saved. "God sent not His Son into the world to condemn the world; but that the world through Him might be **SAVED**" (John 3. 17). "Neither is there salvation in any other; for there is none other Name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be **SAVED**" (Acts 10. 12). "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" (Eph. 2. 8, 9).

There you have the story in a nutshell. Salvation may be yours through personal faith in the Saviour. Have you got it? Are you still among the lost, or numbered among the **FOUND**?

H. P. BARKER.

TWO SWEEPS AT YEOVIL FAIR.

THERE was held yearly in the town of Yeovil, in Somerset, a pleasure fair, and while it lasted the inhabitants of the town and adjoining country were given up to scenes of sin and drunkenness. A few godly people living there invited a converted sweep, named William Carter, to preach.

Now, there was living in Yeovil at this time a notorious character, a sweep too, named Bill Catchpole, who was proud to be considered the most drunken, the strongest, the boldest, the most blasphemous. One evening a number of Bill's bosom companions were met together in their favourite haunt. Presently in swaggered Bill, in full sweep's regimentals—sooty, from curly head to hob-nailed boots. "Hallo-a!" leered he, as he caught sight of the notice. "What have we 'e-ere? Stuff and nonsense? Can't they keep their preaching to themselves. Calls hisself a 'converted sweep'—I'll sweep him. A disgracin' of our honourable profession."

The fair week arrived. On Tuesday the preaching began. Mr. Carter had not long commenced his address in the open air when he observed a group of men sauntering up to the edge of the crowd. One who appeared to be their leader began to elbow his way through the people.

He relates: "I was struck with the appearance of this man. I could see he was a sweep; and evidently a well-known character. Something about the man told me he meant mischief. I sent a quick appeal to Heaven for aid—a word to arrest him. I expected nothing less than a thunderbolt of a message would be given to me. But nothing would recur to my mind, save that wondrous 16th verse of the 3rd of John. There was no time to lose waiting for another, so I fitted this arrow into my bow, and launched it fair at the intruder's heart. I called aloud: 'For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.' He faltered—stopped—and looked uneasily about him. Thought I, 'Praise God! I'll try another shaft like that.' I sounded again those precious words in his ears. He turned and walked away.

"On Friday morning, as I was eating an early breakfast, before taking the first train to London, a knock came to the door. We heard the servant answer the door, and

Two Sweeps at Yeovil Fair.

she came, pale and breathless, into the parlour, exclaiming: "Oh, master! if there bean't that terrible Bill Catchpole at the door. I'm sure he's come to do Mr. Carter some harm, for I heard tell in the town as how he'd threatened as much." "Well, Bill," I said kindly, 'tell me what's wrong.' He burst into tears and sobbed—sobbed as only a strong man can. After a little I said, 'Don't despair, Bill. There's mercy for as great sinners as you and me.' He shrank back from my hand, and sobbed, "Oh! sir, you



"HE CAUGHT SIGHT OF THE NOTICE."

would not touch me if you knew what a wretch I be. On last Tuesday I went to the preachin', my mind bent on pitchin' you out of the wagon, but those words—those words you spoke. Those words which told that God loved *me*—loved me so much, that He gave His only begotten Son. The only Son he had—ah! that's what touched my heart. For rough and hard as others think me, I love with all my strength my children, and would not give one of them—no, not to save the dearest friend, if friend I have on earth. Had you told me of Hell, I'd have laughed defiance. But His love has broken my heart."

ADDING TWO LETTERS TO HIS RELIGION.

TWO young men who lived together formed the resolution that they would in all sincerity and earnestness try and lead a "holy life." It is needless to add that neither of them was particularly successful, seeing that they were both unsaved, and Scripture declares that "they that are in the flesh cannot please God" (Rom. 8. 8).

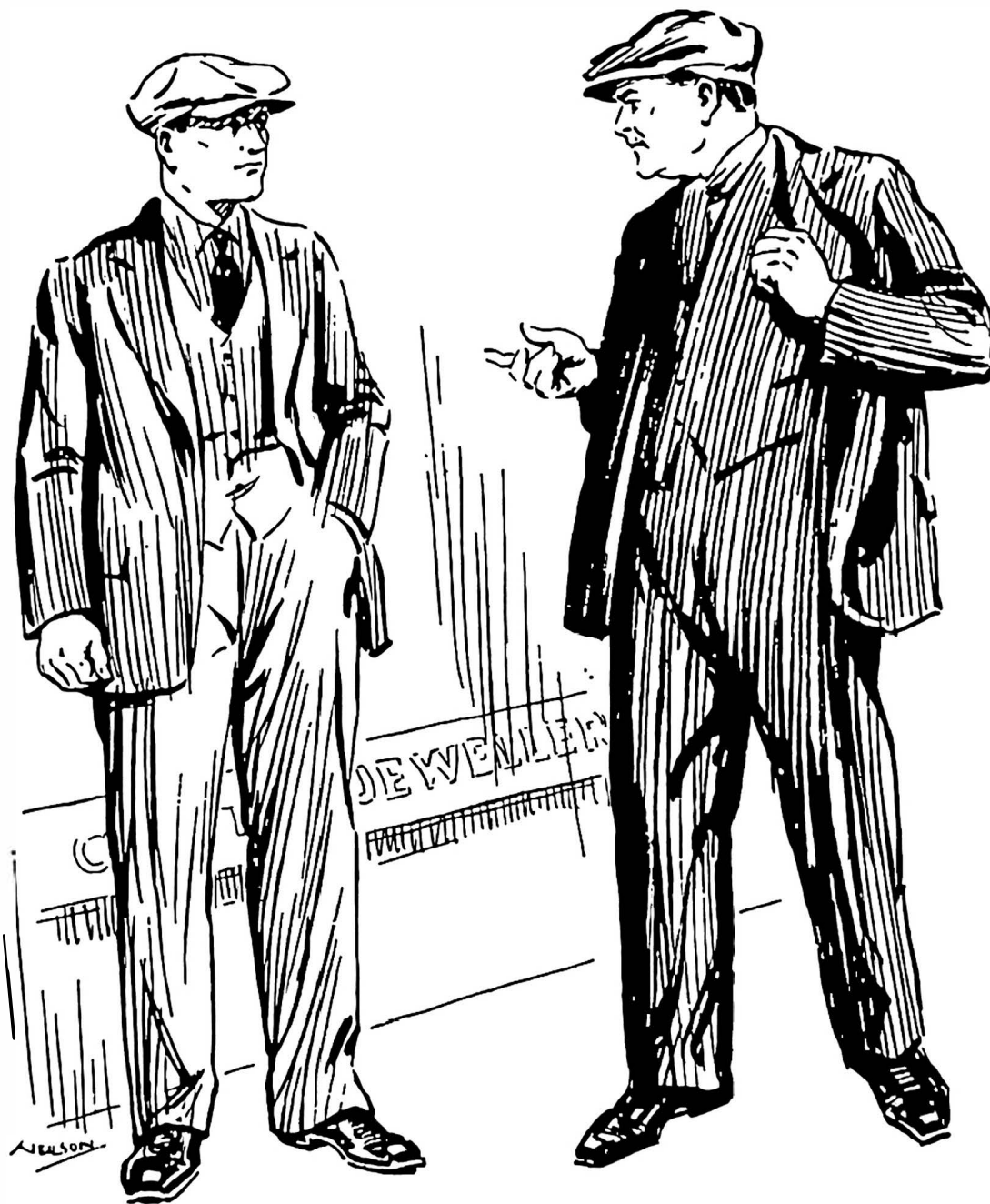
After being separated for a year they met, and one of them said to the other, "You do not look very happy." "You look jolly enough; what has happened?" was the friend's reply. "You remember," said the "jolly"-looking one, we were "always striving to do what was right, and a pretty mess we made of it." "I have gone on *doing*, and I cannot get right," said the unhappy-looking one. "And you never will." "And what you have done?" "I HAVE ADDED TWO LETTERS TO MY RELIGION." Do not go on that way; you anger me." "Well, our religion was D-O, DO." "And I am doing it yet." "You look like it. I have added the two letters 'ne,' and made 'do' into 'done,' for 'Jesus did it all and paid it all,' and I believe Him."

The one who had tried to obtain forgiveness on the ground of his doings miserably failed, whilst the other who had renounced his own efforts, and believed on Christ, who did it all and paid it all, was rejoicing in the forgiveness of sins. Alas! what multitudes are on the *doing* line that ends in darkness and death. The Word of God declares that salvation is "*not* of works, lest any man should boast" (Eph. 2. 9). Yet most people don't believe it. They declare that they are trying to "do their best," and maintain that if they "act up" to their belief they will be "all right at last."

"Do" is the popular way of salvation, but it is not God's way. The Scripture tells us that salvation is *all* of grace, through faith, "and if by GRACE, then it is *no more of works* otherwise grace is no more grace. But if it be of WORKS, then is it *no more of grace*, otherwise work is no more work" (Rom. 11. 6). Grace is the free unmerited favour of God, therefore salvation cannot be purchased by our prayers, *penance*, *penitence*, good deeds, or sacramental observances. The Lord Jesus by His atoning death wrought out, and brought in salvation for lost sinners. The work that saves was *completed* by Him at Calvary, and you cannot add to a "finished work."

Adding Two Letters to his Religion.

The religion of two letters "Do" is taking myriads to hell, because it denies that what Christ did is sufficient. Most people won't believe that God justifies ungodly sinners who believe on Christ. Yet God declares: "To him



"YOU DO NOT LOOK VERY HAPPY."

that *worketh* is the reward not reckoned of grace, but of debt; but to him that *worketh not*, but believeth on Him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness" (Rom. 4. 5). Is your "religion" one of two letters—"Do," or is it one of four letters—"DONE?"

If you have never been "born again," we would, urge you to give up all attempts to save yourself. The best deeds of the most sincere unbeliever are in God's reckoning, but "filthy rags" (Isa. 64. 6). Without faith it is impossible to please God (Heb. 11. 6). So long as you try to work your way to heaven, and to refuse to believe on Christ, you reject God's Son. He is the way to God; our prayers and good deeds are valueless as a ground of confidence. So long as you don't believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, the wrath of the Almighty rests upon you; every moment you live in unbelief you are guilty of the horrid sin of calling God a liar. "He that believeth not God hath made Him a liar; because he believeth not the record that God gave of His Son; and this is the record that God hath given to us eternal life, and this life is in His Son. He that hath the Son hath life, and he that hath not the Son of God hath not life" (1 John 5. 10-12). It is by believing the "record," or "testimony," that God gave of Christ—the Gospel testimony—that eternal life is obtained. The one who believes the testimony regarding Christ and His work of atonement obtains eternal life as a present possession and a free gift (Rom. 6. 23), and the one who sticks to his opinions and does not believe it calls God a liar. How dreadful! Let the Water of the Word remove your pre-conceived thoughts. "Let God be true, but every man a liar" (Rom. 3. 4). "Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that believeth Me hath everlasting life" (John 6. 37).

A.M.

"I OWN JESUS AS MY LORD."

FOR some days a young man of my acquaintance had been anxious about his soul's salvation, and now at the close of a Gospel meeting, he remained seeking that which he felt he needed above all else.

After talking for a while with him, I said: "Now tell me just what you think about these matters." For a moment he bowed his head, and then, rising to his feet, he raised his right hand, and said: "I own Jesus as my Lord." It was well said—a glorious decision, entailing eternal salvation. Make the same decision to-day, my unconverted reader.

J.T.M.

A GLASGOW DOCTOR'S CONVERSION.

“TO whom much is given, of him much shall be required,” is to me an ever-present thought that keeps one humble, for when I see the wonderful lives of so many who suffer from tremendous handicaps and yet rise to such heights of self-sacrifice and devotion, and as



DR. G. C. COSSAR.

I look beyond them to the risen Christ, how often do I realise what little use I have made of the opportunities God has given me, and how far short I have come of what might have been: but I do most gladly testify to His goodness in showing me the greatness of His love in Christ.

It is one of the greatest of life's blessings to have a

Christian home, and this was my privilege. My father, also a doctor of medicine, was one of the old school of Scottish Presbyterianism, and I owe a great deal to his strictness and thoroughness. Each Sunday I was expected to give a complete resume of the sermon, which was no hardship if Alexander Whyte was the preacher, and I had also to learn by heart the Catechism and chapters of the Bible. I cannot say that Sunday was a day I enjoyed. When he died when I was ten, I lost one whom I respected perhaps more than I loved.

My mother was much younger, and was spared till within the last five years. Her truly Christian life was, in her quiet way, always a strong influence towards the highest ends, and an object lesson of unselfish kindness. When I left my preparatory school at 13, she nursed me through pneumonia when the doctor had given me up, and she told me afterwards that in prayer she got the assurance I would live.

At Rugby School, and later at Oxford University, these influences kept me from going very far astray, and, spasmodically, I would take an interest in Christian circles, but while inheriting from early teaching the habit of never reading novels on Sunday, going to Church pretty regularly, and daily Bible reading, it was, I know now, an outward observance that was more an intellectual assent than heart conviction or knowledge, and it needed a very sharp experience to bring the truth home.

It came about in this way. Over in Western America I got the notion of consulting a clairvoyant about an appointment I was proposing to accept—a member of a great brotherhood of Spiritists throughout the States—with disastrous results to my nervous system, for I used to waken in the early mornings in great fear. This happened for several weeks, and I prayed as never before, but with seemingly no response.

I had now gone to the capital of another country, and, while I was there, a week's mission was held. I had never been in any such meeting before, but in my desperation I went the last night, when 3000 people were present. I heard nothing of the address, but when the invitation was given, "If there is a sinner here who wishes us to pray for him, will he stand up?" I stood up, with bowed head,

A Glasgow Doctor's Conversion.

ashamed, but intensely in earnest. I was the only one who responded, but the fear was gone from that evening, and I could now sleep at night; but it needed a further lesson to bring me home—a last tremendous attack by the enemy of our souls.

Without enlarging on the subject, a short time after, a series of incidents occurred in my life that culminated in a crisis which forced me to make very grave decisions,



GEORGE SQUARE, GLASGOW.

A Glasgow Doctor's Conversion.

and to think very seriously of my own condition, for my self-pride had been affected. Amazingly, at home in Scotland, my mother had a vision in the early morning of the critical event, and in great fear was led by God's Spirit to rise from bed and pray for me, so far away.

I eventually returned to this country, and I remember well having a quiet talk with my mother on spiritual things, and that night, alone in my room, I claimed two promises of God's Word. The first was: "Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners." I said to myself: That means me, for I am a sinner. The other one was: "Him that cometh to Me, I will in no wise cast out." I prayed to Jesus Christ, our gracious Lord: "I don't understand it, but I believe You meant what You said, and I will trust You now." Next morning when I wakened I knew something had happened, for everything was different, and nothing can ever make me doubt that through Jesus Christ I have been saved and reconciled to God. The Word of God plainly declares: "He that heareth My Word and believeth on Him that sent Me, hath everlasting life and shall not come unto condemnation but is passed from death unto life" (John 5. 24).

It was not long before I wanted to do work for God, and first started in a Boys' Club in London, during the Christmas season of the year 1905, which led on to the various activities that have been to me a joy in all the intervening years.

I wish to testify to the many wonderful answers to prayer that God has given, and how again and again money for the work has come in when a particular need has been committed to Him, and how obstacles have been removed in answer to prayer when an approach was sought to present a Gospel message. And yet I admit with shame how short a time one spends in real prayer when this, the greatest force of the Universe, is at the disposal of the least of His own. The conclusion of the whole matter is: "In me there dwelleth no good thing, but I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him." Friend, have you accepted the Lord Jesus Christ as your Saviour? If not, do it now, and you will never regret it (Acts. 16. 31.)

G. C. COSSAR.

"EVERYTHING HAD BEEN TRIED."

A SOLDIER was about to be brought before his commanding officer for some offence. He was an old offender, and had been often punished.

"Here he is again," said the officer, on his name being mentioned: "flogging, disgrace, solitary confinement, everything had been tried with him."

Whereupon, the sergeant stepped forward, and apologising for the liberty, said: "There is one thing which has never been done with him yet, sir."



"HE WAS AN OLD OFFENDER."

"What is that?" said the officer. "Well, sir," said the sergeant, "he has never been forgiven."

"Forgiven!" exclaimed the Colonel, surprised at the suggestion. He reflected a few moments, ordered the culprit to be brought in, and asked him what he had to say to the charge. "Nothing, sir," was the reply, "only I am sorry for what I have done."

Turning a kind and pitiful look on the man, who expected nothing else than that his punishment would be increased with the repetition of the offence, the Colonel addressed him, saying: "Well, we have tried everything with you, and now we are resolved to—forgive you!"

The soldier was struck dumb with amazement; the tears started in his eyes, and he wept like a child. He was humbled to the dust, and, thanking his officer, he retired—to be the old refractory incorrigible man? No.

"Everything Had Been Tried."

He who told the story had him for years under his eye, and a better conducted man was never in the service.

In the incident related above we have a faint, though somewhat faulty picture of God's way of dealing with sinners. Man has been repeatedly tried by God, but in every instance has failed.

Placed in Eden in a state of innocency, with but one command given him, he is a failure. If allowed to be under the direction of a conscience, without any peculiar code of laws, he is a failure. Take him to Mount Sinai, and there thunder into his ear the "Thou shalt" and "Thou shalt not" of Exodus 20, and although he may in the ignorance of his proud, deceitful heart say, "All that the Lord hath spoken we will do," yet but a few days suffice to prove more conclusively that he is a total failure. Then the question arises: "What shall be done with him?"

Mercy would fain answer, "Forgive." But Justice says, No! for "the wages of sin is death" (Rom. 6. 23). "Without the shedding of blood is no remission" (Heb. 9. 22). Its cry is Blood! Blood!

Here then is a seemingly impenetrable barrier, shutting the sinner out from God. What is to be done? Evidently death must be meted out as the punishment for sin. Though the love and grace of God desire the sinner's salvation, yet His justice—which is infinite as His mercy, must be satisfied.

To whom shall we look, then, for deliverance? To man? No for we have already seen him to be a total failure under every trial from first to last. Listen! Let God speak: "Deliver him (man) from going down to the pit, I have found a ransom" (Job 33. 24). "Be it known unto you therefore . . . 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).

Who is this Man spoken of? The One through whom the forgiveness of sins is preached; and by Whom we are justified from all things? It is none other than the Lord Jesus, the blessed holy Son of God. His home through a past eternity was in the glory of His Father's presence. Angels sped in haste at His command, while worlds sprang into existence by the word of His power. He was the

"Everything Had Been Tried."

eternal Son of God, and the co-equal of the Father; yet He took upon Himself a human form, that as man—yet God—He might suffer in the stead of guilty sinners. It is Calvary alone that can fully tell the wondrous story of redeeming love!

See Him there! Holy, spotless and undefiled. Naught but blessing had ever flowed from Him; yet the jeering crowd mock and buffet Him. The thorny crown pierces His holy brow; the cruel nails are driven relentless through His blessed hands and feet, and He is then lifted up—a target for the hatred of men and demons. There He prays; and it unfolds the mystery of why it was all allowed: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." Ah, this is the secret. Man carried out his own wicked purposes in murdering God's Son. But it was according to the determined counsel of God, nevertheless, that Christ should die, and thus forgiveness be obtained for the sinner, while the righteousness of God remained untarnished.

Listen, again! He speaks, but oh, how different the strain! He is being "made sin for us." He bears our curse! He is being "wounded for our transgressions, and bruised for our iniquities" (Isa. 53. 5), and a holy God must hide His face from Him. He must be forsaken of God that we may be forgiven of Him. And it seems as though His heart must break as He cries out in bitter agony: "My God! My God! Why hast Thou forsaken Me?"

The sun refuses to shine; the earth is enshrouded in darkness, and quakes to its very centre; the rocks are rent the graves are opened; all nature seems to feel the mighty crisis. While, inside the Temple, the veil is rent in twain from the top to the bottom! Jesus cried with a loud voice, "It is finished!" then commending His spirit into His Father's hand, He yielded up His life. The mighty deed is done. The foulest deed that stains the history of man, and yet, accomplishing the mightiest work of God. He is buried! Can death hold Him? Thank God it cannot! He laid down His life that He might take it again. Early on the morning of the third day He rose triumphant over death and the grave. "God raised Him from the dead." He "was delivered for our offences, and raised again for our justification" (Rom. 4. 25). He ascended up to glory, and is now at the right hand of God.

A NOBLE ACT.

IN the State of Nepal there are something like 51,000 slaves, owned by about 15,000 slave owners. These slave owners are of three kinds: those who have inherited slaves against their will, and treat them as children; those who keep them for labour, and those who buy and sell slaves for profit. The last class have no hesitation in separating husband from wife, the mother from child, and who hope to become rich by a traffic which is overloaded with the tears of parents and children.

The Maharajah of Nepal has appealed to his countrymen to liberate this army of slaves, and to compensate the owners for their loss. Not only has he made this appeal to his countrymen, but he has given close on £100,000 towards the project. One writer has pointed out that the noble action of the Maharajah of Nepal will be considered by history as great as anything in the career of Abram Lincoln, and more generous in procedure than Britain's great Act of Emancipation in the West Indies. Such a beautiful act of grace reminds us of the Son of God, who impelled by boundless love came down into this world of sin and sorrow and paid, with His own blood on Calvary's Cross, the ransom price for the souls of men held captive by the Devil at his will. God signified His complete satisfaction with the work of His Son by raising Him from the dead and seating Him at His own right hand (Eph. 1. 20).

"He bore on the tree the sentence for me,
And now both the surety and sinner are free,"

Can you conceive of anything so ungrateful as any of the slaves of Nepal refusing the liberty so dearly bought? One would conclude that the man or woman who made such a refusal was not mentally sound. What shall we say of the thousands of men and women to-day who resolutely refuse to accept the freedom from the penalty and power of sin offered to them in the Gospel of Jesus Christ? Yet there are many such. What base ingratitude. Are you one of the number who treat their best Friend thus? With your best interests at heart we would lovingly entreat you to do so no longer. Let go every twig of self-righteousness and man-made religion and trust your soul for time and eternity to Jesus Christ and His atoning work (John 5. 24).

J.G.

"THEY ALL GANG FOR NAETHING;"

—OR,—

THE OLD LADY WHO FOUND OUT THAT ALTHOUGH SHE HAD DONE HER BEST FOR HER NEIGHBOURS, AND HAD DONE HER UTMOST TO LIVE A GOOD LIFE, THAT IN THE MATTER OF HER SOUL'S SALVATION THESE ALL WENT FOR NOTHING.



"GOOD AFTERNOON, GRANNY. MAY I COME IN?"

"Well, Granny, are you resting on the work of Christ *alone* for your soul's salvation."

“THEY ALL GANG FOR NAETHING.”

THE late Dr. F. B. Meyer used to relate the following story. At the doorway of her lovely little cottage in the North of Scotland, sat an elderly lady, enjoying the sunshine. The garden was a blaze of colour; while the perfume was simply irresistible to the passer-by. Little wonder she was always having neighbourly visits!

“Good afternoon, Granny. May I come in?”

“Certainly, sir. I’m delighted to see you.”

The visitor walked up the little path chatting and talking with Granny, listening to the tales of long ago, and plying her with questions which she delighted to answer.

Quietly she slipped inside and soon had tea ready. To refuse would have offended her, and so he prolonged his stay and continued the conversation.

“Granny,” he said, rather seriously, “would you allow me to ask a few more questions?”

“And what may they be, sir?”

“Well, Granny, are you resting on the work of Christ *alone* for your soul’s salvation?”

She was taken aback at the pointedness of such a question, but slowly she regained herself and did her best to answer, while the tears gathered in her eyes.

“Oh, sir, I’ve never missed a Sabbath at the kirk for years, except when I was badly. I’ve read my Bible every day for years. I have prayed night and day. I’ve done all I could for my neighbours, and tried my level best to live a good life.”

He looked at her kindly, but he spoke with great firmness, “It will all go for nothing, Granny, unless you are building your hopes on the finished work of the Saviour.”

Staggered and bewildered she repeated his words with great deliberation, “*It will all go for nothing,*” then with a sigh she said, “Surely never! never! Whatever do you mean?”

“It is like this. We must all choose between trusting in our own good deeds and efforts, or trusting in the redemption which God offers us in Christ. We cannot have both. Now, Granny, are you prepared to part company with all your own righteousness—for the Lord says it is only like filthy rags—and the Lord will give you His;

"They Shall all Gang for Naething."

but if you prefer to cling to your Bible reading, Sabbath keeping, and good works, the Lord's righteousness *cannot* be yours."

For the first time in her long life she was thoroughly aroused. There was no resentment. She knew it was all true; but she had never seen it in this light before.

Perfect silence reigned. Nothing was heard save the ticking of the clock, and the chirping of the birds outside. Granny buried her head in her hands, while a mighty struggle went on within.

A few minutes passed which seemed like hours; then with tears rolling down her cheeks, she lifted her clasped hands to heaven and cried, "Oh, my God, *they shall all gang for naething!*" A moment later she was on her knees, where she cast herself without reserve on the mercy of God, and immediately received the Lord Jesus as her very own Saviour.

Thanksgivings poured from the lips of God's servant that the scales had been removed from her eyes and that his visit that afternoon had not been in vain.

The story needs no explanation. We all NEED the Saviour, no matter how well we endeavour to live. The stain of sin is upon our very best thoughts and actions. Anything less than perfection can never form a basis of acceptance with God. "They that are in the flesh CANNOT please God" (Rom. 8. 8.).

But if our efforts, prayers, and self righteousness is of no avail, *the work of Christ is all-sufficient*. He undertook the whole responsibility of the sinner at the Cross, exhausted the wrath of a holy God, and died in the sinner's stead. His resurrection proves the perfection of His work, proves that God was entirely satisfied.

Which is it going to be with you, dear reader? He waits to welcome. Discard your rags of self-righteousness, and abandon yourself to the One Who loved you unto death. Rest alone on the work of Christ, and life eternal shall be yours. The Word of God plainly states, "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" (Eph. 2. 8). "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved" (Acts 16. 31).

WHAT THE GOSPEL CAN DO.

IN the far interior of Brazil, there is a village called BOM JESUS. Two preachers of the Gospel went there to hold meetings. But it was in vain that they tried to obtain a place for the purpose. Every door was shut against them.

Moreover, twelve stalwart "sons of the Church" had vowed to prevent any preaching, and to kill the Christian visitors.

Now, in BOM JESUS there lived a man named, Bemvindo, strong, muscular, and handy with dagger and revolver. He had served a term in prison for knifing one of his enemies.

On hearing of the intention of the twelve servants of the Pope, he invited the two preachers to hold their meetings in his house, and made this known to the people of the village. The hour for the first meeting came, and a goodly number attended. Soon the twelve valiant Churchmen put in an appearance and found Bemvindo on guard at the door, rifle in hand, and other weapons at his belt. He invited them to "arrive," saying that he would shoot the first of them who mounted the steps.

The missionary, Mr. Wm. Anglin, to whom we are indebted for the story, says: "They took so long discussing the delicate question as to precedence, and the best way to fulfil their promise, that the meeting proceeded without disturbance."

The meetings continued, and one of those who were won to faith in Christ as their Saviour, was Bemvindo himself. And in this once violent and wicked man, the transforming power of the Gospel was manifested. Where once sin reigned unchecked, love for God and for his fellow-men was now seen.

During a prayer-meeting in the large Hall, which now houses a flourishing assembly of believers, in the distant village of BOM JESUS a disturbance took place. Bemvindo was in the act of prayer when an old negro, nearly 100 years of age, happened to pass.

He was a Spiritist medium, and was very drunk. He began to bellow and curse, disturbing the meeting, and then staggered off on his way.

Bemvindo, going home after the meeting, found the wicked old medium had fallen into a mud-hole, and could

What the Gospel Can Do.

not get out. Our friend stood and proclaimed the Gospel message to the sinner in the mud-hole, who had no choice but to listen.

When the Gospel address was ended, Bemvindo pulled him out of the mud and, all dirty and wet as he was, put him on his back and carried him home.

The old fellow was so astonished at this kindness, from a man who had been known far and wide for his violence, that he was curious to learn what had produced the change.



OPEN-AIR MEETING IN SOUTH BRAZIL.

He began to attend the meetings where the Gospel was preached, and found a Saviour Who was able to do for him what He had done for Bemvindo, and countless more.

He was thus converted from his evil ways to God. Now all his family may be seen at the meetings, listening to the story of the great redemption work of Calvary, the basis of our salvation.

The old black man never misses a meeting if he can help it. And, through the testimony of many who, like himself, have been saved from the power of blight and sin by

What the Gospel Can Do.

the One who died to make atonement for them, the interest has so increased that the believers are having to enlarge the Hall at Bom Jesus to accommodate the crowds that flock to hear the Gospel.

What is this Gospel to you, my reader? Have you proved it, in your case, to be God's power unto salvation?

H. P. BARKER.

(Adapted from the narrative by Wm. Anglin).

THE COXSWAIN'S STRIKING STORY.

ON a grey October day in 1909 an inquest was held at Pentreath on the body of a lad who had been drowned in a wreck which occurred in Red Wharf Bay a few days previously.

The mother of the lad at the close of her evidence, asked leave to thank the lifeboatmen for their efforts to effect a rescue. She said, "Let me thank you so much for trying to save my boy. I do wish you had saved him."

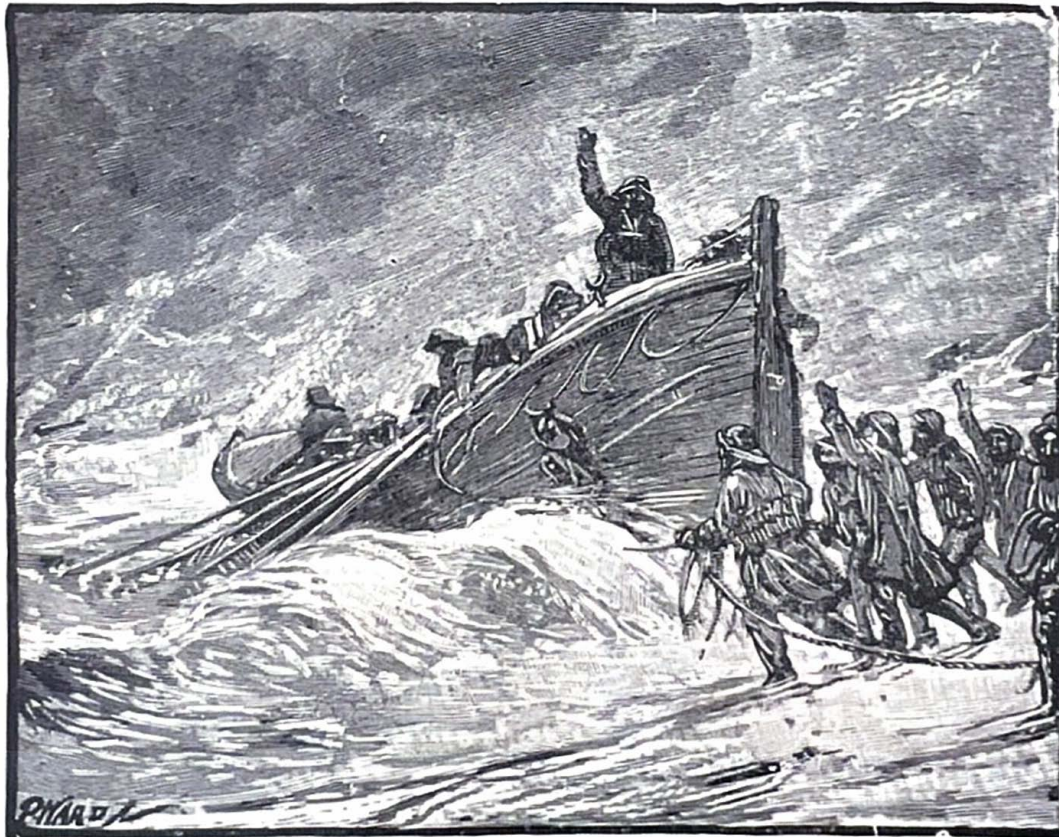
The coxswain of the Penmon lifeboat told a singular tale in connection with the wreck. He said that the lifeboat was called out to the ketch, which flew signals of distress, and after considerable risk they got close to her, though in imminent danger. The crew would not leave the vessel. "We made a cradle for them to reach the lifeboat," added the coxswain, "but they would not come off. We got so close to her that they could have jumped into the lifeboat, but they would not come. Then they lowered the flag, showing they did not want assistance, but we still hovered about, fifteen hours in all, and it became too dangerous for us to remain." Afterwards the vessel was wrecked. The coxswain said, in evidence, "In my twenty-seven years' experience of lifeboat work I never saw such a thing before. I can't say whether it was stupidity or fright; no one had a better chance of being saved than they."

It would be hard to find a more pathetic story of help at hand, but which for some unaccountable reason was not accepted. Salvation by means of the lifeboat was within their reach, but the crew of the ketch failed to avail themselves of it, and perished in the storm. We may not express harsh judgment on these men, for our knowledge is

The Coxswain's Striking Story.

only partial, but we can see in this sad occurrence a parable of a greater tragedy, and one which affects a vastly greater number.

Perish and perishing are New Testament words men are apt to overlook in they heyday of life. Our natural strength, the desire for pleasure, and the urge to make good too often blinds us to the fact that our life is like a vapour, and our days are swifter than a weaver's shuttle;



LIFEBOATMEN TRYING TO EFFECT A RESCUE.

that it is appointed unto men once to die, and after death the judgment. None of us is by nature prepared for the day of judgment, for all have sinned and come short of the glory of God. The wages of sin is death, and when God speaks of perishing He does so in order to warn us of the fate which awaits impenitent and ungodly men. Further, He declares that if our Gospel be hid it is hid to them that are lost; that the preaching of the Cross is to them that perish foolishness; therefore if you have never obeyed the Gospel message, and have never had a personal dealing with the Son of God concerning your sins,

The Coxswain's Striking Story.

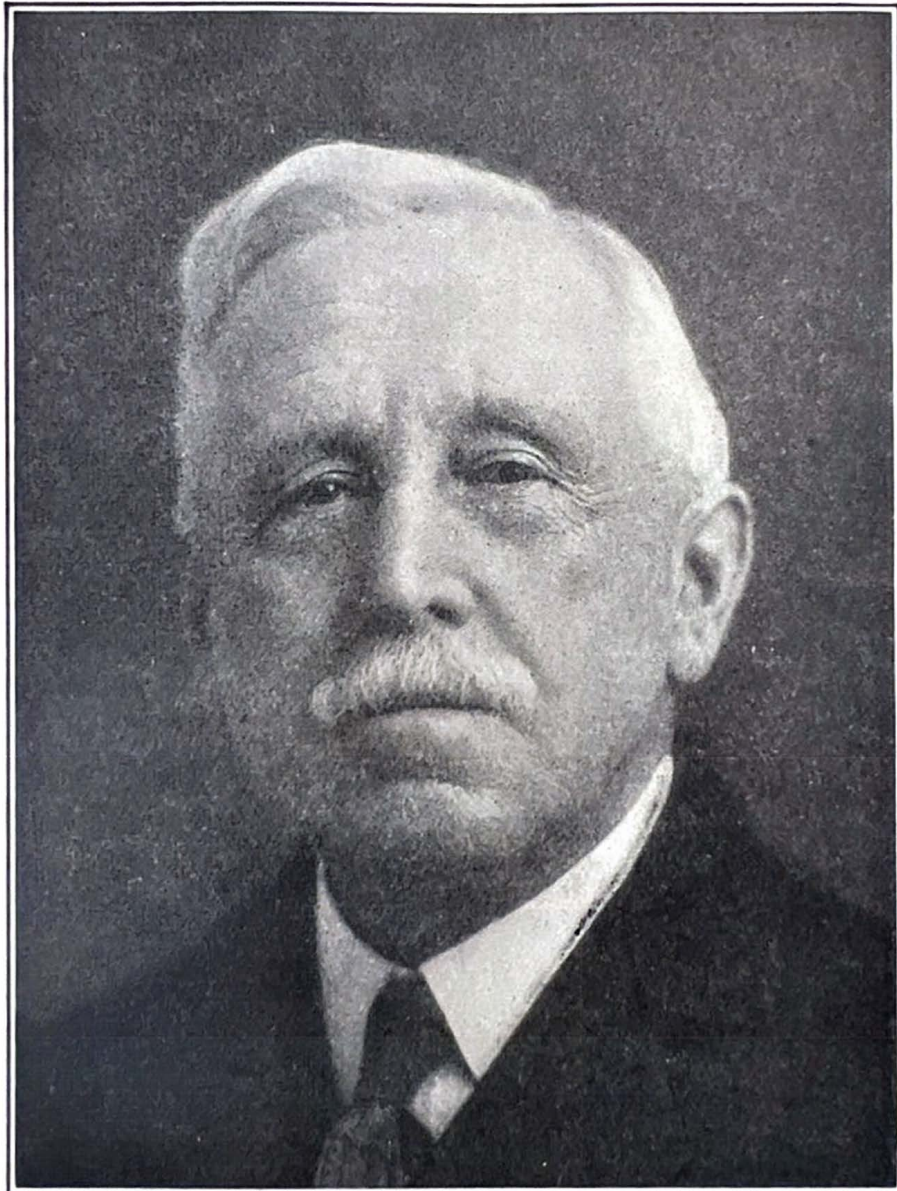
you are perishing. Like the men in the doomed vessel, you do not require to do anything to be lost. Only continue to ignore the warnings God gives you, by the accusings of an awakened conscience, and by the plain statements of His Holy Word, and you shall perish in your sins (John 8. 24). On the other hand, the Grace of God which bringeth salvation hath appeared to all men. The eternal Son of God came from the throne of God into this world of sinners, came to where we were, and for us men accomplished the work of redemption. That work not only necessitated a life of sinless obedience, but it also necessitated the enduring of sorrow and suffering, and finally the death of the Cross.

We read, "All we like sheep have gone astray, we have turned every one to his own way, but the Lord hath laid upon Him the iniquity of us all" (Isa. 53. 6). We are further told that by His death and resurrection He has become the Author of eternal salvation to all them that obey Him (Heb. 5. 9).

As the lifeboat came to the ketch, and provided for these perishing men everything that was necessary to take them from their wrecked boat, and bring them to safety, shelter, and home, so the Gospel of the Grace of God comes to you bringing with it a salvation in which are included the pardon of sins, eternal life, and the promise of the Saviour that you shall never perish. All these perishing men on the ketch required to do in order to be saved was to jump into the lifeboat. That was the only condition attached to their salvation. All that is necessary for the sinner's salvation has been accomplished, and all that is left for him to do is to believe the good news. "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). These poor men were lost, not because their boat was wrecked in a storm, but because they, for some unknown reason, failed to accept the succour which was brought to them. If in the end you are lost, you will be lost not because you are a sinner, but because, being a sinner, you either refused or neglected God's great salvation (Heb. 2. 3). Time is short, death is sure. Take heed to your soul and accept God's proffered way of life.

HOW A YOUNG ENGINEER FOUND PEACE.

ANOTHER of the beloved "elder brethren" of Glasgow has been called Home, in the person of Mr. T. D. Stockdale. He had been a bedfast invalid for many months, when on 14th July, 1935, the call to higher service reached him.



T. D. STOCKDALE, GLASGOW.

Mr. Stockdale was brought to Christ when a young engineer in Newcastle, in 1868, and had the great privilege and honour of walking with God and working for Him for 67 years. Four years after his conversion he went on a brief visit to his spiritual father, Sholto D. C. Douglas, later well known as Lord Blythswood. In the providence

How a Young Engineer Found Peace.

of God that visit was extended to *forty-five years*, during which long period he was the indispensable friend and secretary of his host.

Mr. Stockdale gave "himself to prayer and to the ministry of the Word," and his knowledge of the "Prophetic Scriptures," and his ability to open them up, were far in advance of most ministers of the Gospel. Many have been brought to Christ through him, and multitudes of Christians have been enlightened and helped.

A number of years ago, Mr. Stockdale wrote his conversion story, and we cannot do better than let him retell that story here.

D.J.F.

I HAD the inestimable privilege of being born and brought up in a Christian home. My mother prayed for me, and sought my salvation in every way in her power from my earliest years. When I was about seventeen years of age there came to the town where I lived with my parents (Gateshead-on-Tyne), a most earnest, energetic young curate, who was a great soul-winner. He was then Sholto Douglas Campbell, of Blythswood. His evangelistic preaching created a great stir in the town, his zeal overflowed the ordinary channels of a Church of England ministry, and with the late Richard Hoyle, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, he inaugurated a series of Evangelistic Services in the Tyne Theatre, Newcastle, on Sunday evenings.

Amongst other special efforts which he set on foot in Gateshead, was a weekly Bible Class for young men, which was held in his Dining Room on Monday evenings. At the earnest entreaty of my mother, I joined this class. When I joined I brought the number attending up to six, and we sat round the dining table. Before Mr. Campbell left Gateshead the number had increased to sixty, and the class had to be removed to a mission Hall. When I joined the class the portion of Scripture which was being studied was the Epistle to the Ephesians. The class was conducted on the conversational principle, and I well remember the first question which Mr. Campbell put to me. We were considering the ascription, "To the Saints which are at Ephesus," and he turned to me and said: "What is a saint?" I was much confused and embarrassed, and replied that "I thought a saint was a good man after he

How a Young Engineer Found Peace.

was dead;" when my embarrassment was increased by Mr. Campbell saying: "Then Paul wrote his epistle to dead men."

From the first evening at the class I was greatly struck by the happiness of the other young men attending, and I became conscious of the fact that they possessed something which I had not yet experienced. At length, on the 28th December, 1868, I remained behind when the others left, and practically asked the question: "What must I do to be saved?"

I believe I knew, theoretically, the way of salvation, as clearly before I actually took the step as afterwards. My difficulty was not the act of decision, but what comes after. What assurance had I that if I said that I accepted Christ that night, I should be able to live a life consistent with my profession? I stated my difficulty to Mr. Campbell, and he pointed me to John 16. 33: "These things have I spoken unto you, that in Me ye might have peace. In the world ye shall have tribulation, but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world." We knelt down, and I yielded myself to the Lord Jesus Christ.

I was at that time an apprentice engineer in one of the largest works in the North of England. In those days we went to work at six o'clock in the morning, but it was a custom with the men and apprentices never to begin work till the foreman arrived, which might be about 6.30. We always sat round the fire until we heard the swing door at the foot of the stairs leading up to the workshop "bang," and that gave us ample time to be at our benches and very busy by the time he reached the top of the stairs. It was on a Monday night that I was brought to decision for Christ. On Tuesday morning when I went to my work I thought that if I was going to follow Christ, the first place where I must follow Him was at my work, so on that Tuesday morning, as soon as the "horn" ceased, I went to my bench and began work, with the result that all the other apprentices crowded round and me said: "What has happened to you?" I replied: "I was converted last night." I have always been most thankful for that beginning. It cleared my way, and let every one see where I stood, and within six months the apprentice who worked on the same bench with me was also converted.

T.D.S.

BRAVE JOE FORD, THE LONDON FIREMAN.

I HAVE before me a small piece of canvas, scorched and blackened, which was once part of a fire-escape, worked by a fireman named Joe Ford, of whom the papers said: "But for him the lives of six persons would have been sacrificed."

The six were in danger from fire; they were unable to help themselves, nor could any friends render them assistance. Tidings of the outbreak reached the fireman and buckling on his helmet, he ran swiftly to the spot.

As the fireman entered the street, clouds of dense black smoke were rolling up from the lower parts of the house that was burning; but with cool courage he fixed his machine, and threw up his ladders to where the poor terrified people were whom he had come to save. Then up to them he went, and they waited his approach.

In the meantime the flames within the building were spreading rapidly; the smoke without was becoming blacker and hotter; and the saving arm—unlike His whose hand "is not shortened, that it cannot save" (Isa. 59. 1)—was becoming weak and exhausted. Again the fireman mounted the ladder, and again he descended with another precious burden. He had saved four. Again he trod that narrow way of escape, and once more brought forth a rescued one. Five persons saved from the flames!

Now the crowd stood breathless—a woman appeared at the open window. There was one still left in peril. Had the fireman strength to reach her? If Joe Ford would save yon shrieking woman, he must risk his own life.

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

Now for the brave fireman. Where was he? The flames burst through the first floor window beneath him, they set the canvas of the escape on fire. At the same instant Joe's axe became entangled in the wire netting, and he hung suspended in the very fire from which he had rescued the woman. While she stood in safety, beyond the reach of harm, he was consumed in the very flames from which he had saved her. With dying energy the poor fellow managed to break away from his terrible position, but only to fall,

Brave Joe Ford, the London Fireman.

with a heavy crash, some twenty-five feet to the pavement, crushing his helmet almost into the brain. I shudder as I think of that awful moment.

Oh, if a London crowd could weep as a fellow-man suffered, what tears ought we to weep as we remember how the gracious Saviour expired for sinners on the Cross! He took the sinners' place in perfect love; He bore the wrath



A WOMAN APPEARED AT THE OPEN WINDOW.

of God due to us; He was, as it were, consumed as a sacrifice in the fiery flames of Divine judgment on our account.

I remember how even strangers honoured that hero, as his body, carried upon a draped engine, passed through the London streets. The battered helmet placed among the wreaths upon the Union Jack covering the coffin touched many a heart.

THE GENERAL AND THE NEGRO.

AN incident which happened in Georgia some years after the Civil War is related by the *Columbia State*. A negro man, strong and healthy, but getting grey from years, was on trial for murder. He had killed another negro, and had been lying in jail for some time awaiting his trial. The testimony against him was given by other negroes who witnessed the killing. When the case was called for trial by the presiding judge, an old man arose, and in a voice deep and low, but full of marked gentleness, said, "Will your honour please mark me for the defence."

It was Gen. ROBERT TOOMBS. His face was wrinkled with age, but it was large and strong, and the lines of intellect made deeper wrinkles than those of age. His white hair rolled back in curls from a splendid brow. His form was large and tall and straight, although his movements were slow with the years. His eyes still flashed as when he stood in the Senate Chamber at Washington. The witnesses all seemed unfriendly towards the prisoner. In his own statement he claimed that the killing was in self-defence.

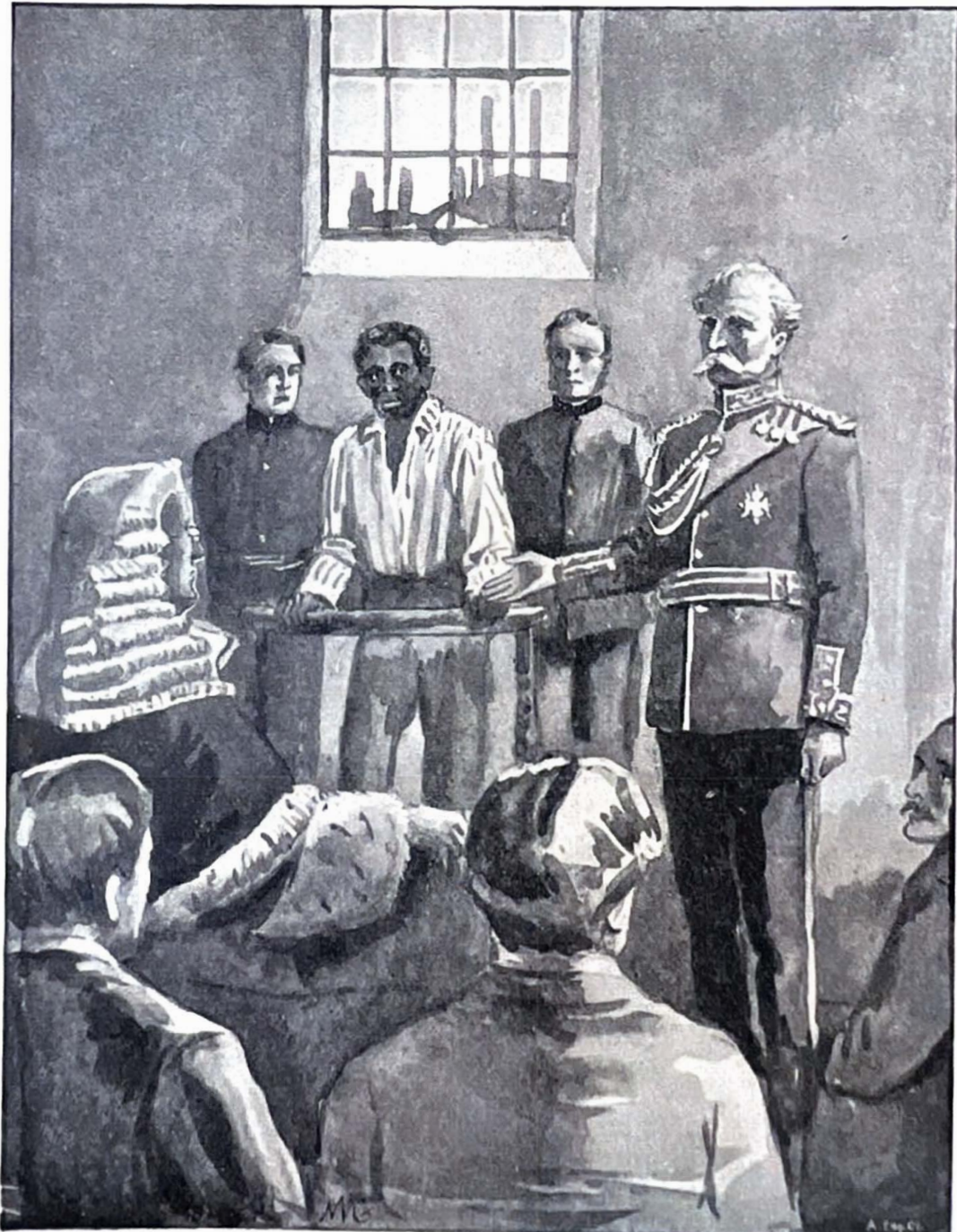
General Toombs analyzed the testimony of the eye-witnesses, and then concluded thus: "Your honour, and gentlemen of the jury, a few years ago my only brother fell wounded on the battlefield of Gettysburg. He lay there bleeding to death with no friendly hand to help him. Shot and shell were sweeping the earth all about him. No friend could go near him; no surgeon dared to approach him. My brother had a body servant, a negro, who waited on him in camp. The negro saw his master's danger, and straight into that sheet of battle and flame and death he went. A piece of shell tore the flesh from his breast, but on he went, and gathering my brother in his arms, the blood of the man mingling with the blood of the master, he bore him to safety and life."

Then turning to the prisoner he said: "Jim, open your collar." The prisoner rose and opened his shirt in the front. On his breast the jury saw the long, jagged scars where the shell had torn its way. "Jim's skin may be black," the General continued; "he may be a negro, but the man who would do what he did has a soul too white ever to have killed a man except in defence of his own life." The jury agreed with him, and Jim was cleared.

What pathos must have been in the voice of that old

The General and the Negro.

warrior as he pleaded the cause of the negro! "Straight into that sheet of battle and flame and death he went." Was this not what the Lord Jesus did for the sinner when there was no eye to pity? He left the glory for the Cross, not saying, "If I perish, I perish," but coming into the world to die. "Now once in the end of the world hath He appeared to put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself."



"GENERAL TOOMUS ANALYZED THE TESTIMONY."

SUCH A GLAD SURPRISE.

SISTER ABIGAIL, the leading worker in the booklet, "Little is Much," relates a recent confirmation of the grace romances given therein: Having some time to spend at the waiting-room where I was taking a car, I gave out some tracts to the people around. I had just sat down when a fresh lot of people came in. So I got up to give out more tracts. My attention was drawn to one poor man whose face and hands were terribly disfigured. He wore large, dark glasses. I hardly liked to go up to him for fear he would think it was curiosity on my part. Lifting my heart to God, who always gives wisdom in time of need, I went forward to him, and holding out a tract, said, "Will you take this?" At once a glad smile passed over his disfigured face, as he held out what was left of his poor hand, and said, "That I will, I have so often wished to see you again." "Indeed," I said, "but I don't remember having met you before." "No, I expect not," he said, "When you last saw me, my face, and indeed my whole body was covered with cloths. But you remember coming to the Emergency Hospital at the time of the great explosion, then it was I saw you, and being afraid I could never recover, and dreading to die, I believed what you told me about the Saviour, and I trusted Him, and He did save me. I did get well again after many months, and now I am so glad to see you and to tell you what the Lord has done for me."

I asked how he was provided for, seeing he was not fit for work. He told me that the house he worked for gave him enough to keep him from want, and that they had promised to give him this as long as he lived, and that if he was ever able to do anything they would find something for him so that he could add a little to his income. He said, "Now that I am converted I do not need much. I neither drink nor smoke. My friends ask me how I can be so happy when I have so little, and am so terribly disfigured. Then I tell them of the Lord Jesus Christ who was marred more than any man, and 'who loved *me*, and gave Himself for *me*' (Gal. 2. 20). Praise His Name."

Such a glad surprise encourages the worker and confirms the Saviour's world-wide invitation: "Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out" (John 6. 37). R.M.