

"Come unto the city of the living God" (Heb. 11. 22)

THE GOLDEN TOWERS

OR

LANDMARKS THAT SET
OUR COURSE TO ZION

COMPILED BY

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THE GOLDEN TOWERS

“**N**OW I see the Golden Towers, City of my God,” was the thought expressed in words by the saintly SAMUEL RUTHERFORD, of Fair Anworth by the Solway, as he viewed in near prospect “Immanuel’s Land.” The words were put into poetry by Mrs. COUSINS, and are sung to-day throughout the wide world.

Believing that there are thousands of “weary and heavy laden hearts”—many more than we often assume—who would both like to live the life of the Christian, and “die the death of the righteous” (Num. 23. 10), so that at last they might be safe in Immanuel’s Land, we send forth this compilation of modern and authentic stories setting forth the only True Way to the City of God—faith in the Precious Blood of God’s Son shed for us on Calvary’s Cross.

Whilst endeavouring to be “good” without introducing the “goody-goody,” we have not “shunned to declare unto you all the counsel of God” (Acts 20. 27) concerning sin and salvation, the precious Saviour, and the eternal security of all who trust Him.

May hundreds hereby be led to “shine as the stars” in Immanuel’s Land.

J.G.

A STARTLING PROPHECY

— OR, —

THE PREACHER'S SOLEMN WARNING, WHICH, ALAS, CAME TRUE
IN THE CASE OF THE MERRY YOUNG WOMAN.



"All was done, however, that love and skill could do. The best was none too good in the way of care, but without avail."

A STARTLING PROPHECY.

NEW Year's Day came on Sunday that winter, now many years ago. We had reached the "wind-up" of a little three-day convention, and the closing meeting of the day. Being before the advent of the honking motor car, the musical jingle of the sleigh bells could be heard from many directions, as groups of merry young folk or their more sedate elders came along the country roads to attend the meeting that night. The place was soon filled, or nearly so, and with the hearty singing of some Gospel hymns the service began.

Just as the first speaker arose, the door opened and a group of four or five young women and their escorts came in. An extra bench was found for them, and after they were seated, the meeting proceeded. The first speaker was an old man, and something he said or did started a laugh among our young friends. At one end of the bench sat a young woman whose propensity for "fun" caused her to be spoken of as "the life of any party." Without any malicious intentions she evidently found in the situation an opportunity for indulging her wit and amusing her fellows. Naturally it attracted the attention of others, and it was clear that if it were not stopped the enemy was going to destroy the meeting and nullify the effects of the Gospel.

Our aged friend having concluded his address, another, a younger man, stepped on the platform. After an opportunity was wisely given the audience to stand while a hymn was sung, the preacher, looking on the company, fastened his eyes on the merry group of young folk, and especially on Mabel—our young friend—who at that moment was provoking a laugh in the young woman next to her. Quietly he looked down on them, without speaking a word, then, having gained their attention, said: "I am not a prophet, neither am I a prophet's son; nevertheless, I would not be surprised if the green grass of coming spring will grow over the grave of some of you young people."

In an instant the laughter ceased and the meeting proceeded. What the actual results were awaits the tribunal above, when all things will be made manifest; but God has said: "My Word, that goeth forth out of My mouth, shall not return unto Me void; it shall accomplish

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that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it" (Isa. 55. 11). It is well to patiently leave the success of our labour in His hands, to "that Day," when all shall receive due credit for all true service rendered in His Name.

The company which were gathered that New Year's evening were soon scattered, and probably most of them forgot the warnings and entreaties of the messengers who, in the fear of God, had sought to deliver His message to them. Whether many remembered the special word to the young people or not we cannot say; some we know did, and in the later months recalled it, and spake of it as "a prophetic warning." He who uttered the solemn words would doubtless be the last to claim any prophetic power or gift, yet in the light of subsequent events men so thought of it, and for years they whispered the incident one to another.

It was a few months later that an event occurred which startled the community. A group of young people on another Sunday evening were returning from the regular service of the B—— Church. With the care-free abandon of youth, they laughed and joked with one another as they walked or stumbled along the country roads towards the house of one of their number, who was our friend Mabel, of the former New Year's evening meeting. Arriving there they went in, to spend the remainder of the evening in singing, and at its close declared they had "a good time." How little they knew of what another day would bring forth!

The next morning found our young friend Mabel feeling indisposed. Her mother urged her to stay in bed for a few hours at least. But the passing hours brought no relief, and a doctor was summoned. There was a note of gravity in his tone as he called the parents of the young woman to one side and confided to them his fears for her. All was done, however, that love and skill could do. The best was none too good in the way of care, but without avail.

One evening the family group were gathered in to say good night ere they retired. The father stood at the head of the bed, the mother was at the foot, the others stood around. "Father, raise my head," said

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the sick girl. This he did. She took a longing look at one and another, and sank back into her father's hands—dead! Consternation filled the community. She had occupied a large place in the affections of all who knew her, and many were the keen expressions of grief at her going.

"So sudden," one would say to another. "Yes, taken without a warning," would another reply, which, of course, was not true, for warnings had been all around her that "time is short," and that our life is like unto "a vapour, which appeareth for a little while, and vanisheth away" (Jas. 4. 14). Even the most sceptical of men admit that "it is appointed unto men once to die," although they may deny the statement that follows, equally true, that "after this the judgment." Therefore are we warned, "Boast not thyself of to-morrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth" (Prov. 27. 1).

How important, is it not, that one should be now prepared to meet God? God has said, "Behold, now is the accepted time, behold now is the day of salvation" (2 Cor. 6. 2). Therefore, "To-day, if ye will hear His voice, harden not your hearts." God has provided a Saviour. Christ has purchased salvation at the cost of His life, and the Holy Spirit is proclaiming this Saviour and salvation through faith in the precious Blood He shed for you. Why procrastinate, then, when your soul is at stake?

Winter gave way in due time to spring. On field and tree the soft green of early leaf-time was everywhere. Two men, one of them the younger preacher of that New Year's night, were riding through the country. Suddenly the driver turned his horse off the beaten road, and reined up beside the fence that guarded a little graveyard. Pointing to a fresh grave marked by a marble stone, he said solemnly to the younger man, "The green grass of spring is growing over it." It was poor Mabel's grave, the new sod above her had been nourished and watered by loving hands, and stood out in brighter green, it seemed, than that around it, as if emphasising the words spoken that night. What changes a few months will make! How little any of us know of what a passing

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day will mean. It has been truly remarked that there are three things which may occur, any one of which would close the door of salvation to the sinner out of Christ. First, death may overtake you, and find you unprepared to meet God; second, the Lord Jesus may come again to claim His own, and the door be shut; third, God may cease to strive with your soul, leaving you to your fate.



A WINTER SCENE

He has said: "My Spirit shall not always strive with man" (Genesis 6. 3). Take heed, then, lest He cease to strive with you! To-day God proclaims the Gospel of Christ. To-morrow the door may be shut. Then where, oh, where, would you spend Eternity? God's Word speaks of a Heaven for the saved and a Hell for the unsaved; and your choice in time will determine your eternal destiny. Accept Jesus Christ as your Saviour and Heaven will be your everlasting Home. "Being justified by faith, we have peace with God" (Rom .5.1). T.D.W.M.

ON THE THRESHOLD, BUT LOST.

IN India possibly the greatest sport known is tiger hunting, which, to say the least, is certainly extremely dangerous. The chief peril lies in this that, though a tiger may be mortally wounded through the heart, yet it has sufficient strength left to leap upon its assailant and maul him to death. Then again there is always the possibility of merely wounding and thus increasing the danger greatly.

One sportsman went forth on this his favourite pleasure, and at last a huge tiger was sighted. Aim was carefully taken, the echo of the shot was heard, and the bullet entered the tiger's body, but not into a vital part. Another attempt was made to kill outright. This time the same thing was repeated, and the infuriated animal was seen making for the man. Three other cartridges remained, one after another being fired as quickly as possible. The first whizzed through the air and missed. The second likewise missed. Taking the greatest care with the last, he again aimed, hoping that this would prove successful. Alas for his hopes, for again, due to the tense excitement and the movements of the tiger, he miserably failed.

The next thought was safety, so he ran—ran for dear life—to the refuge hut built, like many others in India, just for such emergencies. He reached it; he tried the door, but to his horror it was locked. Only a few seconds remained. If only he had had a key! If only it had been left open as it should have been! No time remained, for there the angry enemy pounced upon his back and mauled him to death on the threshold of the door of the hut of refuge. The natives witnessed it with terror, and no doubt another party was formed to kill the tiger in case it should thirst for more human blood.

Lost on the threshold of the door of salvation! What an experience! Yet we know of many who have played and some who are playing the same fatal game, not with their lives merely, but with their eternal souls. "Time enough yet," seems the universal cry, and people are perishing, perishing, perishing in their sins simply because of one thing—delay.

In all probability as you read these lines your mind reflects on the frequency of the Gospel messages you have

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heard, at your mother's knee, perhaps, in Sunday school, from personal reading of the Scriptures, from Christians you have known. It may be you have heard the Lord



"ONLY A FEW SECONDS REMAINED."

speaking to you repeatedly through adverse circumstances, through the loss of that one who was to you your very all. In all this your conscience has acquiesced, telling you of the truth of the Word of God, of your sinnership

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and peril, of the certainty of death, and then—Eternity! Yes, you have agreed it may be with all the truth; you have assented; but—that awful word—you have delayed to make sure of salvation now.

Thank God, the door of salvation is not like that one in the jungle—locked. When the sinless Saviour died on your behalf, He bore the full penalty of sin to all who will avail themselves of Him and His wonderful salvation. In virtue of His own death and resurrection He could say in John 10. 9: "I am the Door; by Me if any man enter in he shall be saved."

That door divides all mankind, insiders and outsiders. Inside is life, eternal salvation, pardon, peace, and endless glory; outside is death, eternal condemnation, guilt, remorse, and eternal gloom. Oh, the simplicity of the way of escape! It is in a Person—the Good Shepherd Who gave His life for the sheep. To-day the door is wide open. His blessed invitation rings out: "Come unto Me all ye that are . . . heavy laden, and I will give you rest" (Matt. 11. 28).

You are just on the threshold, but there you may be and yet never enter. One step in simple faith, it may be ever so weak faith, across the threshold will bring you life everlasting. On the other side of the threshold is everything you need for time and Eternity; a refuge which will never fail you when all of earth recedes, and when time shall be no more. When you say good-bye to all down here how grand the prospect! "He has prepared for them a city" (Heb. 11). "I go to prepare a place for you" (John 14). Will you not cross the threshold now and thank Him for dying for you and making such a salvation possible? "How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?" (Heb. 2. 3).

"To-day the Saviour calls,
For refuge fly!
The storm of justice falls,
And death is nigh!"

"Acquaint now thyself with Him, and be at peace" (Job 22. 21). "Behold, now is the accepted time" (2 Cor. 6. 2). The choice remains with you; no other can make it for you. Choose the Lord Jesus as your personal Saviour, and do it now,

G. A. N.

THE CONVERSION OF A FOOTBALL PLAYER.



JOHN M. BARCLAY, KILBIRNIE.

BY the death of John M'Kenzie Barclay on the night of June 20th, 1930, the town of Kilbirnie Ayrshire, has lost one who has been a true Christian helper for many years. Who that knows anything of the district has not heard of Barclay and Peebles, the latter happily with us still, and of their united testimony in word and work that only ended in the Home-going of the one and the prayer of the

other at the grave-side.

Kilbirnie was an old-time typical religious town. The ministers were moderates, fearful of anything that might be called presumption in religion. There were few who could tell clearly of their salvation and not a few God-fearing folk who may truly have been saved but to whom assurance was denied by the kind of preaching that prevailed. The Blue Ribbon Army invaded the town about 49 years ago, and whilst advocating abstinence from alcoholic drink made clear that only in Christ was salvation to be found. A number professed conversion and religious discussion was the order of the day. John Barclay seems to have grasped the "idea" of salvation, though not salvation itself, for his companions of those days say he defended the doctrines of the new preachers whilst they stood for the doubts that were more orthodox. Yet strange to say, both his friends, Peebles and Whitelaw, were saved before he was brought in and they set themselves to win him for the Saviour. They got him to a prayer meeting without telling him what would take place there, and he often told of the struggle before going on to his knees; as first he got on to one but finally on

A Football Player's Conversion.

both, with the little company, before the Lord. But he rose unsaved and went home. At home a discussion as to the new doctrine took place, John defending it in opposition to his mother, with others of the family taking part from time to time. John said, "They preach only from the Bible and must be right." To-night the text was "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life" (John 5. 24). His little sister Annie a child of 9 or 10 years of age said, "John, do you believe on the Son?" "Of course I do," he replied. "Have you everlasting life?" For a moment he was taken aback and delayed in replying but when he did his words were, "Yes, I must have, for God's Word says so." He had really rested on Christ and the light and life had come into his soul. Thus in a simple fashion began the good solid testimony of 48 years that only ended with death itself, if it may be said to end all, since it has been taken up and carried to the ends of the earth by the many saved in Kilbirnie.

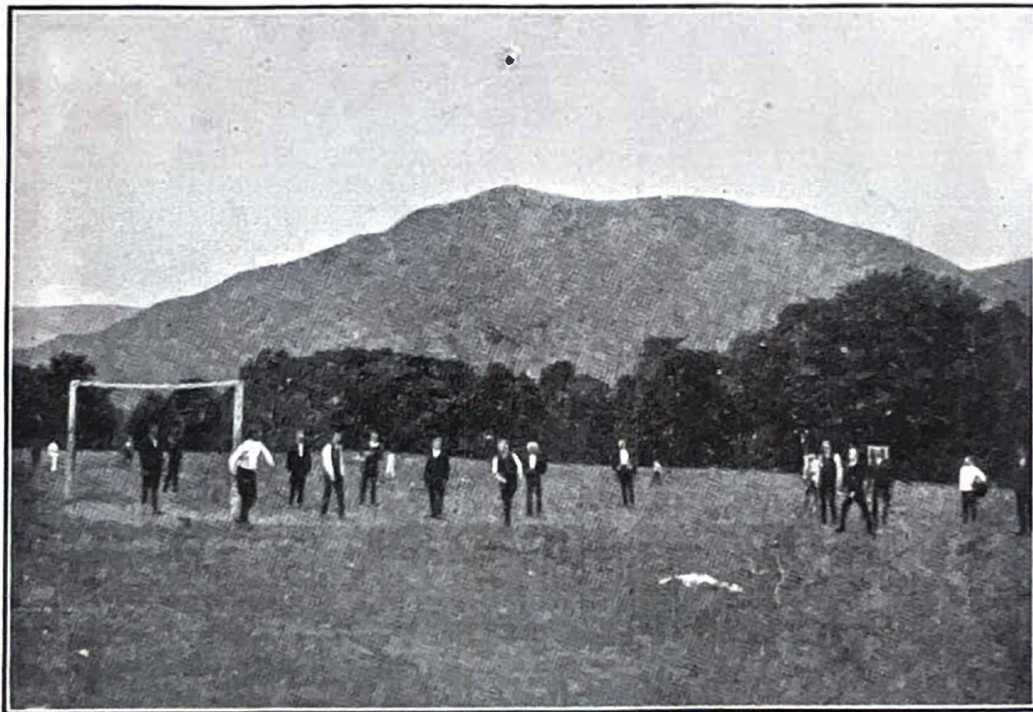
Barclay and Peebles were football players, and they thought they might help to purify the game if, as Christians, they made their influence felt in it. But it did not take them long to find that certain things cannot go together, so their place in the team was given up for the sake of Christ and His Gospel to their great spiritual benefit.

He was a great reader and so had usually something well worth saying in keeping with the character of the meeting, whether for worship or teaching, or in-doors, or out in the Gospel. Blessing attended his ministry, and perhaps one of the happiest memory pictures that remains of him is one always seen at close of the Gospel meeting when, with his Bible lying on his left fore-arm against his breast, he walked up one aisle and down the other on the look-out for some anxious soul that he might help. He was grand at that work, and many who mourn the loss of a brother beloved thank God for the help received through John Barclay in the after meetings. His health had been broken for the last two years, but he was somewhat better and hopeful that he might yet again preach in the open-air. But that was not to be. He went home from his work and took to bed. He was conscious that the end was not far off and he told his

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people so, saying, "Have a public funeral but no fuss." Two nights before he died he asked his daughter to sing the good old hymn, "There is a fountain filled with blood." When she stopped with emotion, he said, "You have left the last verse, sing it, too," and to help her he quoted the words:

"E'er since by faith I saw the stream,
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die."



ON THE FOOTBALL FIELD.

Surely that was a worthy end to a steady testimony of 48 years to the sufficiency of Christ.

What the grace of God did for John Barclay, it can do for you. God's grace not only saves the sinner but keeps him safe to all eternity. It is'nt we who hold on to Christ, but Christ who holds on to us. Whom He takes up He never gives up. "None perish that Him trust."

Accept Jesus Christ now as your Saviour and Lord and He will make life worth living, and give you the glorious hope of spending eternity with Himself and the redeemed. "He is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by Him" (Heb.7.25). J.C.

NOT A SOUND LINK IN THE CHAIN.

SOME years ago, while living in the South Island of New Zealand, I heard of a storekeeper who was seriously ill, but not at all concerned about his soul's salvation. I was led to visit him twice weekly, although he gave me to understand that he did not appreciate my conversation with him.

I sought, however, to impress upon him that he was a lost sinner and needed to be saved, or he would perish for all eternity.

A number of Christians in the district were earnestly praying that my visits might be blessed to his conversion. When calling one day I felt very disheartened at his indifference, but the Lord graciously helped me to put the truth before him in another way.

I asked him if he had ever seen a crane lifting a heavy load. He gave me a look of ridicule, and said, "Yes." I then said, "How many broken links would be required to render the chain useless?" He answered with a smile, "One, of course." I then asked him how old he was (I knew he was well advanced in life) and said to him, "Will you admit committing one sin a day in thought, word, or deed?" Very reluctantly he confessed, "Yes." "Well, then," I said, "there are 365 days in a year. Will you admit committing two sins a day?" Again, slowly, he replied, "Yes." "Now, if you count up the years from the time you were responsible until to-day, if you are honest with yourself, you must acknowledge that you have a great many sins to answer for to God." After praying with him, I said, "Good-bye" and left. I considered it better not to call again for a little while.

However, when I did so, he exclaimed, "Oh, Mr. G——, I have been longing for you to come this time! It was the broken link that made me think seriously, and I have discovered that there is not a sound link in all the chain!" A blessed discovery for him indeed!

I now found him a deeply earnest, anxious soul, wondering if God would forgive him, and that day I had the unspeakable privilege of leading him to Christ. The Word of God gave him such sweet assurance of the forgiveness of all his sins through the precious work of Christ on the Cross, that his heart rejoiced and his face lit up with a new-found peace. He lived some time

Not a Sound Link in the Chain.

afterwards to testify to the great change that had taken place in his life. It was really wonderful how he drank in the precious truths that we talked over together from the grand old Book, the Bible.

When nearing his end, he said, "Although I am not a member of your church, I would like you to do me a favour, and take my funeral service, and tell the people how I was brought to know the Lord Jesus Christ as my Saviour." I promised that, the Lord willing, I would



"A CRANE LIFTING A HEAVY LOAD."

do so, but then I said to him, "You have made a great mistake, because you are a member of my Church." "Oh, no," he said, "I am a Lutheran."

"But," I said, "the moment you received Christ as your own Redeemer, the Spirit of God united you to Him, the glorified Head in Heaven, and to all the Christians on earth, which form the Church of God, the Body of Christ. You are now a member of the only true Church on earth, which is composed of all truly converted men and women, irrespective of the denomination to which they belong. What a revelation of real joy this truth brought to his heart!

Not a Sound Link in the Chain.

We were in the habit of remembering him in our family prayers daily, but on the morning of his death, although we were speaking about him, strange to say, we forgot to pray for him.

Rising from our knees, we realised the omission, and the thought flashed like lightning into our minds, "The Lord has taken him, and He would not allow us to pray for a dead man!" We were so impressed that we immediately drove down to his store, and found that he had died early that morning. He was absent from the body, and at Home with the Lord, where there is "fulness of joy and pleasures for evermore."

The funeral service was carried out in accordance with his wishes—it was a very solemn and impressive time.

Now, I affectionately ask if you have made the same discovery, that there is not a sound link in the chain of your life? If not, allow your memory to turn over leaves of the past, and honestly confess the truth of God that you are a lost sinner. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved" (Acts 16. 31). Then after death, or when the Lord comes, you will spend an Eternity of bliss in companionship with Christ and all the redeemed in that happy land where death and desolation never can enter.

J.F.G.

HONOUR FROM MEN.

"**H**OW can ye believe," saith the Lord Jesus, "which receive honour one of another, and seek not the honour that cometh from God only?" (John 5. 44). This seeking after honour from men is a great hindrance. The honours and huzzas, for instance, of the football field are more to many a young man than God's great salvation. And what shall we say about the race for honour which invades the fields of politics, militarism, scholarship—a race in which too often, it is to be feared, "the honour that comes from God only" is left out of count? Alas! that it should be so, but the nectar of human applause is sweet to the taste. The honours and pleasures of earth are only of short duration, but for those who accept Jesus Christ as Saviour there are pleasures for evermore at God's right hand.

BUT WHEN?

I DARE say you mean one day to be a decidedly religious man. You hope one day to be a really serious Christian. But when is this to be? I say again, When?

Are you waiting till you are sick? Surely you will not tell me that is a convenient season. When your body is racked with pain, when your mind is distracted with all kinds of anxious thoughts, when calm reflection is almost impossible, is this a time for beginning the mighty work of acquaintance with God? Do not talk so.

Are you waiting till you have leisure? And when do you expect to have more time than you have now? Every year you live seems shorter than the last: you find more to think of, or to do, and less power and opportunity to do it. And after all you know not whether you may live to see another year. Boast not yourself of to-morrow—now is the time.

Are you waiting till you are old? Surely you have not considered what you say. You will serve Christ when your members are worn out and decayed, and your hands unfit to work? You will go to Him when your mind is weak and your memory failing? You will give up the world when you cannot keep it? Is this your plan? Beware, lest you insult God.

Are you waiting till your heart is perfectly fit and ready? That will never be. It will always be corrupt and sinful—a bubbling fountain, full of evil. You will never make it like a pure white sheet of paper, that you can take to Jesus Christ, and say, "Here I am, Lord, ready to have Thy law written on my heart." Delay not, but begin as you are.

Oh, lingering reader, are not your excuses broken reeds? Be honest; confess the truth. You have no good reason for waiting. Satan's time is to-morrow, which is a day that never comes. God's time is the present. His Word declares, "Now is the accepted time."

Take the advice I give you. Resolve this day to wait no longer. Begin at once to seek God. Repent of your sins. Believe on Christ, and be saved. God's terms of salvation are clear and plain: "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 into life" (John 5. 24).

J. C. RYLE.

A GREAT SACRIFICE.

A CERTAIN American periodical recently contained the following touching incident: "During the Civil War in the United States of America, one of the Southern cities was occupied by Federal troops, an officer of which was there assassinated. On the ground that the city was responsible for the lives of his officers, the commander arrested ten of the principal citizens, and condemned them to be shot. One of them was a highly respected man, father of a large family, and could ill be spared. Whereupon a young man, not related to the family, came forward and insisted upon being taken in his stead as a less valued life. In spite of the elder's objection, this substitution was carried out and the younger died instead."

This was a noble act, surely. The young man gave his best possession—his life for the friend whom he esteemed. His act reached the measure of self-sacrifice which is described in John 15. 13—words which give us the farthest limit of human affection: "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." But have you ever pondered on the great contrast of Divine love? Think of these words: "God commendeth His love toward us, in that while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us" (Rom. 5. 8). Behold that scene of over 1900 years ago, outside the gates of Jerusalem. See that suffering, bleeding, dying form hanging on the middle of three crosses! Who is He? None less than the Son of God who in that body which was "prepared" Him, "suffered for sins (1 Peter 3. 18), the Just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God."

O, what a manifestation of the love of God the Father, and God the Son, for poor, guilty, Hell-deserving sinners! For remember this, in your present condition, if you have not been saved, with all your sins upon you, you are in a terribly dangerous position in view of Eternity.

God's mighty love has provided salvation for you. O will you not, even now, poor, guilty one, open your heart to the wonderful love message: "For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life" (John 3. 16). Take it in by simple faith, and you will be saved for all eternity. Reject His offer, and you will surely be a sharer in the woes of the lake of fire! J.M.

OLD JOHN'S DELUSION

— OR, —

THE OLD RESIDENTER WHO, MISTAKING THE MILLIONAIRE'S
OBJECT, REPAIRED AND PATCHED HIS LITTLE SHACK BUT
ALL TO NO GOOD PURPOSE.



"You've been labouring under a false idea. The master doesn't want your old shack. Why, do you think he would live here? Never!"

OLD JOHN'S DELUSION.

ON the environs of New York City stood a little shack. The place was dilapidated, due to sheer neglect. The windows were cracked, the shingles were rotting, and the footpath long overgrown with weeds. True, there were some beautiful trees which shaded the house and toned down the effect of such a crumbling affair. Old John, a withered and lonely character, never moved very far from his fireside, and could be seen with bent form walking about the garden.

In the big bustling city a certain millionaire was making new plans, one of them being a new home. The difficulty was just where to locate. As he motored around he at length came to these very parts, and was greatly charmed with setting and scenery. The view was simply wonderful, and this at once settled his future doubts. Addressing his agent, he commissioned him to make full inquiries before purchasing the property. This was done to the pleasure of old John, and not without some amusement to the agent. The old man chuckled to himself as he felt some measure of pride at the thought that a millionaire wanted his house.

For the next week or two John became very industrious. From old cupboards and cellars hammers, brushes, paints, etc., all appeared. Many of the broken windows were either replaced or patched, the holes in the roof made watertight, and many other repairs were effected.

With bewilderment upon his face, the agent again appeared on the scene, wondering if perhaps he had come to the wrong house. This pleased John immensely, who immediately proceeded to display something of his handiwork done during the previous days. Putting his hand on John's shoulder, the agent at last began to talk business. "Mr. Brookfield, I'm afraid you have misunderstood me. You've been labouring under a false idea. The master doesn't want your old shack. Why, do you think he would live here? Never! What he wants is the ground, the site."

It was a shock to the old man, but he was glad to get such a good offer, and he took it. After a few weeks he could be seen taking his last farewell, and turning away with a heavy heart and a few glistening tears.

During the months which followed the old place was

Old John's Delusion.

demolished, the foundation laid, and subsequently on that self-same site was erected a beautiful and palatial residence.

Yes, John had been mistaken. He had laboured sincerely but unsuccessfully because of a false idea. And now will you bear with me while we view the application, for this story has its counterpart in thousands of lives to-day? "Not by works of righteousness, which we have done, but according to His mercy He saved us" (Titus 3. 5). "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). Our very best actions viewed under the eye of a holy God are spoken of as "filthy rags" (Isa. 64. 6).

Have you been merely repairing and patching in the vain delusion that God will accept that as the means of eternal blessing? It required a perfect work, and by grace He has provided it outside of all human aid. Listen to the Lord as He becomes the sinner's Surety and Saviour, and cries in triumph from that Cross of shame: "It is finished!" (John 19. 30). If He has died in the stead of the guilty, if He has borne your judgment and mine at the hands of a holy God, if He has finished all the work of salvation, tell me, what remains to be done? The only answer is, "Nothing!" To add to a finished work would only spoil it. The Lord Jesus on the Cross triumphantly cried: "It is finished," and all that you require to do is by faith in Jesus Christ to enter into the full enjoyment of the fruits of that completed work.

Cease your striving, your prayers, your resolutions; in a word, your efforts, and instead of working for salvation, accept the One who did all the work, receive Him as your Saviour (John 1. 12), and in Him you will find not only eternal life, but the solution for every problem in life.

"Receive it, oh, sinner, receive it,
Receive the glad message, 'tis true;
Trust now in a crucified Saviour,
Salvation He offers to you.

The gift of God is eternal life: will you take it? In other words, will you accept Jesus Christ as your Saviour and Lord? (Rom. 6. 23.)

G. A. N.

A BRIDE WHO SAID "NO."

A NEWSPAPER report from Rochefort-sur-Mer (France) states: "That one negative syllable which is so rarely heard in a marriage ceremony was invoked in this city yesterday at the crucial moment when she was expected to accept the bridegroom for better or worse. The bride, daughter of a local physician, was being married to an Army doctor. Everything was going along in the traditional fashion, when the magistrate asked: 'Do you accept this man as your husband?' 'No!' said the bride, sternly and without hesitation. Everybody gasped for breath, whereupon the bride explained that she had chosen this way to publicly shame her fiance, who, she alleged, had insisted on dragging along their engagement for several years, and then had postponed their marriage twice. The town is still talking about the affair" (*Belfast Telegraph*). A bridegroom lost for a word, and for revenge. There is a similarity between this and another wedding. Compare the two records.

1. "A certain king made a marriage for his son, and sent forth his servants to call them that were bidden to the wedding; and they would not come." When expected to say "Yes" they said "No."

2. "Again he sent forth other servants, saying, Tell them . . . Behold, I have prepared my dinner, and all things are ready: come to the marriage." But they made light of it, and went their ways, one to his farm, and another to his merchandise." These reviled (ill-treated) the messengers when expected to show kindness and love!

3. "Then saith he to his servants . . . Go ye therefore into the highways, and as many as ye shall find, bid to the marriage. . . . And the wedding was furnished with guests" (Matt. 22. 2-10).

The first company is like unto the self-righteous, who think they are too good to need salvation, and are too proud to accept the invitation and the garment, so they say "No." One would think they would appreciate the call to the marriage of the Son of God—the Holy and Sinless One. Surely they should appreciate righteousness and true holiness. But no! Feelings of personal goodness generate self-satisfaction and pride.

A Bride who said "No."

Beware of pride! "Pride goeth before destruction and a haughty spirit before a fall." "Pride affects the whole man, it is a tumour in the mind that breaks and poisons



THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM.

all its actions . . . it is founded on a lie that we are something when we are nothing . . . it is revengeful, self-ruinous, and destruction follows in its path . . . It is in front of those sins which God hates, and is an abomination to Him. . . . It robs God of His glory,

A Bride who said "No."

and man of his peace." Repent of thy sins, receive the Lord Jesus Christ into your heart by faith, and pride can be conquered in His power.

The second company invited to the feast "made light of it." They were too busy money-making, forgetting that "a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth." "Beware of covetousness" (Luke 12. 15).

Covetousness is idolatry. It hardens the soul against the needy; puts up a barrier to blessing; pierces through with many sorrows; brings "temptation and a snare, and many foolish and hurtful lusts, which drown men in destruction and perdition" (1 Tim. 6. 9). Flee such things by taking refuge in Christ. God invites you to His feast, which satisfies and fills the heart with joy.

The last company bidden were from the highways. These gladly responded to so noble an invitation and were blessed. Pride had no place in their hearts—pride which "hates superiors, scorns inferiors, and owns no equals." They were not too busy. Covetousness had not hardened them, nor made them insensible to proffered good.

"Bad and good" (v. 10), moral and immoral, were called, but they were provided with a covering, "a wedding garment" (v. 12). They heard, they came, and I'm sure they did not regret the step taken.

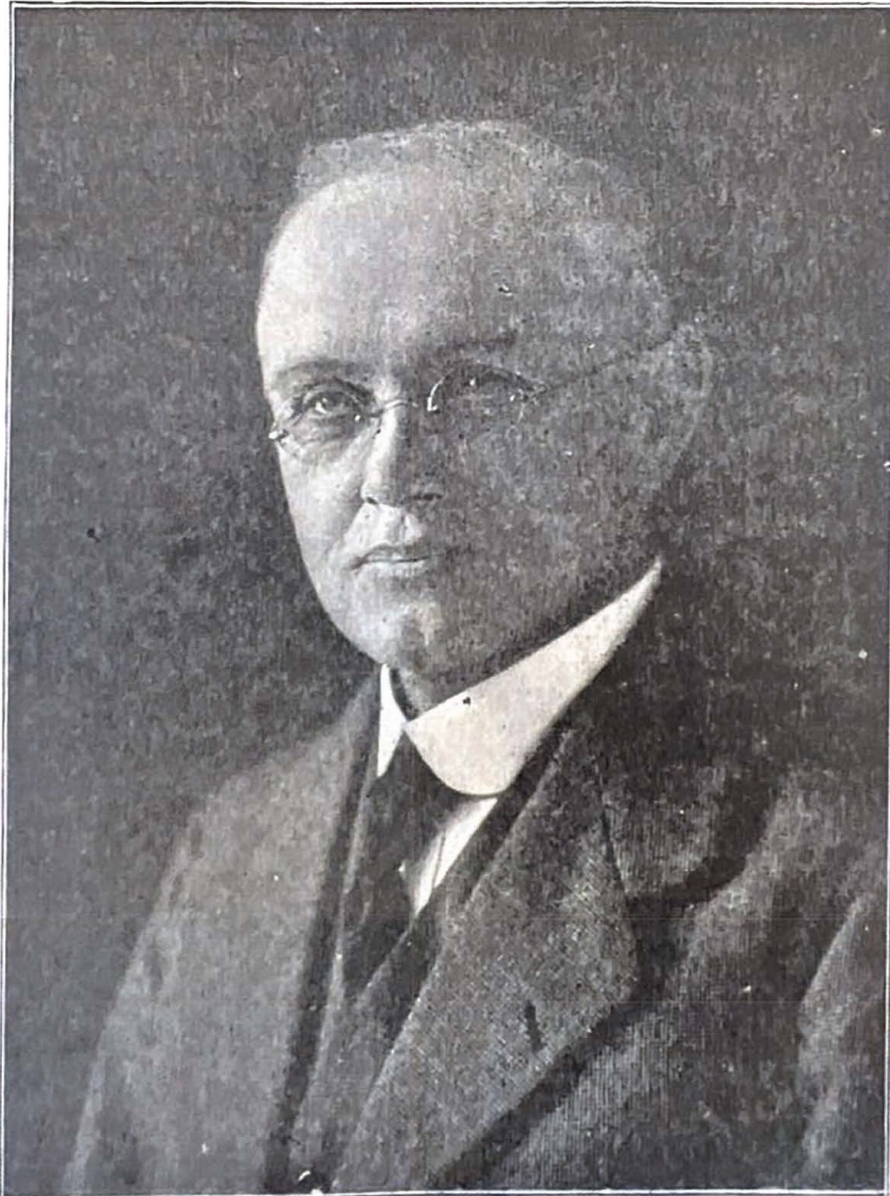
God calls all classes and conditions of people. He cleanses and clothes them meet for the marriage of His Son. "Many are called but few are chosen." You have been called to repentance and to faith in Christ. Have you responded yet? How awful to be "cast into outer darkness," where there is "weeping and gnashing of teeth" (Matt. 22. 13). Do not let pride or covetousness or anything keep you from responding to God's gracious invitation.

To refuse such a Saviour is to judge yourself unworthy of eternal life, and to place yourself under the judgment of a righteous God whom you have despised. To receive Him means pardon, cleansing, power, admission to God's family, and to Heaven itself. "I have set before you life and death, blessing and cursing: therefore choose life" (Deut. 30. 19).

JOHN NEWTON.

AN OLD-FASHIONED CONVERSION.

I WAS saved in the year 1879, when in my thirteenth year, while attending tent meetings conducted by two servants of Christ, long since gone to their Rest and Reward. Soon after my conversion I began to declare what the Lord had done for my soul, but in this I found



WM. GILMORE, BANGOR.

little encouragement. Some of the old folks said, "Poor little chap! He's talking about being converted, but he'll forget all about it when he grows up." Well, I am grown up now, and begun to grow down again, but I have not forgotten it yet. Still the memories of the past doth with my spirit stay. How vividly all the circum-

An Old-fashioned Conversion.

stances stand out before my mind, although fifty-one years have passed away since the great transaction took place! I can still see that tent in the corner of the field in Ballyhay, Co. Down, and the eager, anxious throng, all hurrying to secure a seat. I can hear the hearty singing of those dear old hymns which can never die: "Rock of ages cleft for me," "Jesus, Lover of my soul," "Look and live," "I heard the voice of Jesus say," "I once was a stranger," "In evil long I took delight," etc. I can hear the faithful Gospel messages preached from such texts as: "Prepare to meet thy God," "Ye must be born again," "There is no difference, for all have sinned," "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved," "The wicked shall be turned into Hell, with all the nations that forget God." Under this plain and faithful preaching many were awakened up from wrath to flee, and saved through faith in our Lord Jesus Christ. Some of these remain unto this present, and some are fallen asleep, but Jesus is coming again, when the sleeping shall be raised and the living changed, and we shall be all together with Himself, "safe in the Glory Land."

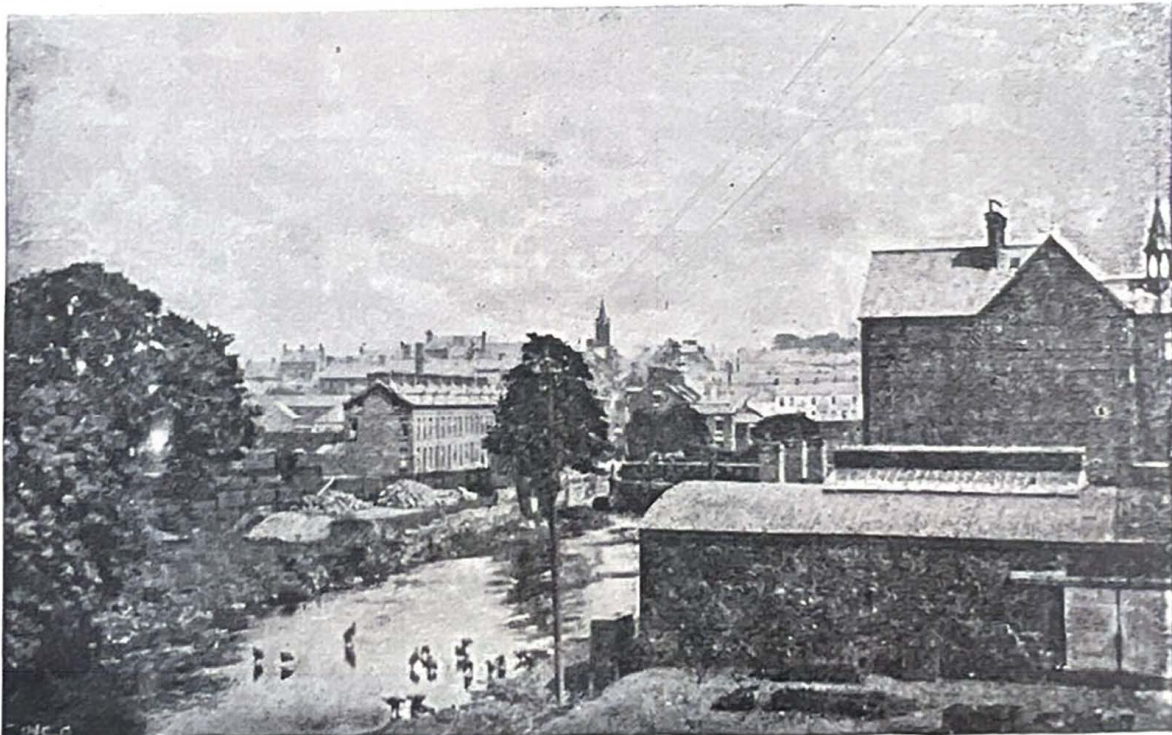
Up to this time I attended church and Sunday school, and tried to be good, as I was taught, in the hope that God would love me and take me to Heaven at last. At the tent meetings I learned from the Scriptures that I was a child of wrath by nature, having no hope and without God in the world. I also learned that only those who had been born again could see or enter the Kingdom of God. In looking back over my short life, I could not remember any time when this great change had taken place with me, so I came to the conclusion that all was not right with me for Eternity, and I longed to be saved. My anxiety was deepened by a hymn which was sung almost every night:

"Eternity! Time soon will end,
Its fleeting moments pass away.
Oh, sinner, say, where wilt thou spend
Eternity's unchanging day?
Eternity, Eternity! Where wilt thou spend Eternity?"

Everywhere I went this great question kept ringing in my ears, until I could not rest day or night for thinking about it. My anxiety increased as the days passed, until one night going home from the meeting I felt that

An Old-fashioned Conversion.

the matter must be settled at once, so I waited until the people had passed on before me, and being left alone, I stopped at a cross roads and prayed earnestly that God would save me there and then. A few minutes after, and before I left that spot, the voice of God spoke peace to my soul in the beautiful and precious words of John 3. 16: "For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." I had heard and read these words before, but paid little attention



NORTH OF IRELAND TOWN.

to them; but now that I was anxious to be saved they came to me like cold waters to a thirsty soul, and like good news from a far country. I saw that God had loved me so much that He had given Christ to die in my room and stead, and that God required nothing of me but simply to believe in His dear Son. So I ventured my all for Time and Eternity on Jesus Christ.

Joy and peace then filled my heart, for, according to the Word of the Lord, I had got everlasting life. Since then I have had the privilege for more than forty years of preaching the Gospel to others, and my heart is still satisfied with Christ.

W. GILMORE.

IN SEARCH OF LIGHT.

DAVID HUME, the celebrated philosopher, sat listening to Whitefield in Edinburgh. The preacher, in tears and with impressive gestures, pleaded with his audience in most solemn terms. As he described, energetically but simply, the sinner's danger and the Saviour's dying love to sinful men, the large audience was moved to tears. "The address," Hume said to a friend afterward, "was accompanied with such animated, yet natural action, that it surpassed anything I ever saw or heard in any other preacher...He is the most ingenious preacher I ever listened to. It is worth while to go twenty miles to hear him."

But, like another in an earlier day, Hume "cared for none of these things." He remained a sceptic. If moved at all by what he heard and was in some measure impressed with, he soon put it away from his thoughts. His friends spoke of him as "treading the common road into the great darkness" not only without fear, but actually with gaiety.

One day, however, there was a change. He was alone—and on his deathbed. The last ray of hope was about to fade with his parting breath. Unspeakable gloom took possession of him and, as he lay awaiting his dreaded departure, he declared that he had been in search of light all his life, but was now in greater darkness than ever. Alas! he had refused the light which alone can illumine the "valley of the shadow of death," namely, "the light of the glorious Gospel of Christ." And now, as he enters what his friends called, significantly enough, "the great darkness," it is not to be wondered at that he is seized with a sense of horror and hopelessness.

What a sad end, especially in view of his earlier opportunity! Sadder still, however, is the fact that the attitude of thousands to-day toward their eternal interests is the very same as was his. They care not to be reminded of their sin and refuse to be warned of its results. When they hear of God's love to them in giving His Son to die that they might live, they may, as Hume did, think well of the preacher, but they will not be persuaded to turn to Christ and live. A Saviour's dying agonies do not move them. His loving pleadings they spurn or ignore. Are you, reader, one of this class? If so,

In Search of Light.

depend upon it, your end, too, will be one of utter despair. "It is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment" (Heb. 9. 27). That One who now is not in all your thoughts will then deal with you in stern justice. No weakness or compassion will serve to lessen



"HE HAD REFUSED THE LIGHT."

the severity of His dealings with you. The One who now longs to save you, will then pour out upon you His awful wrath. Now you refuse Him a place in your thoughts, then He will leave you to your thoughts.

But we are happy to be able to tell you that at this moment you are still in God's "accepted time." "Now

Sudden Calls.

is the day of salvation" (2 Cor. 6. 2). The same Book which warns you of the terror "of the Lord," tells also of the One through whom you may be "delivered from the wrath to come" (2 Cor. 5. 11; 1 Thess. 1. 10). "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners"—even the "chief" of them (1 Tim. 1. 15). "He was delivered for our offences." He "died for our sins, according to the Scriptures" (Rom. 4. 25; 1 Cor. 15. 3). He "suffered for sins, the Just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God" (1 Peter 3. 18). Thus an outraged Justice has been satisfied. The inflexible claims of a righteous God have been met. Now, "through His Name, whosoever believeth in Him shall receive remission of sins" and "by Him all that believe are justified from all things" (Acts 10. 43; 13. 39). Receive the Lord Jesus, and salvation, immediate, free and eternal, is yours. F. W. SCHWARTS.

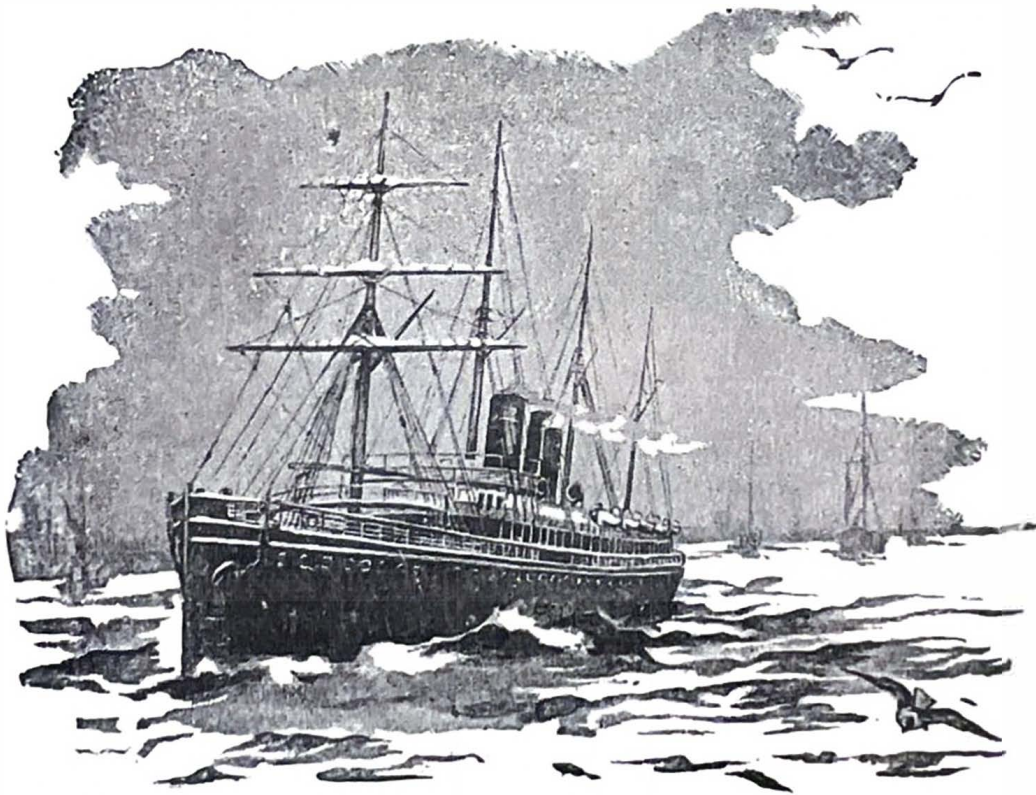
SUDDEN CALLS.

A MAN had been working on board a ship, and when his job was finished, packed his tools and made for the gangway. The vessel was moored alongside a pier, the water was calm and everything seemed at rest. He did not take the ordinary railed gangway; a simple gang-plank was nearest, and he stepped upon it. It sagged a little with his weight, and the movement caused him to overbalance, and he fell between the ship and the quay-side! In his fall his head struck heavily against the sponson, which probably killed him instantly. At anyrate when the body was recovered within a few minutes, life was extinct. When I heard of it the question arose, "was he ready?" I did not know, but if not, how dreadful to meet a holy God without Christ! He had over 40 years of opportunity. "Then shall the dust return to the earth, as it was, and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it" (Eccles. 12. 7). The spirit returns, but if unredeemed while in this life, it can only be consigned to the regions of darkness for ever!

A large steamer came alongside a very primitive landing place on the West African Coast. The cook wished to go ashore for some purpose, and like the above incident, only a rail-less plank was available. In this case the ship was not so close to the pier as in the former, and there

Sudden Calls.

was a "lane" of water between the ship and the shore. This "lane" was infested with sharks and alligators, and the crossing was risky. Nevertheless the cook risked it. But he overbalanced and fell. Before any rescue could be attempted he was torn to pieces and disappeared! The bystanders shuddered! It was an awful death! So everybody said. But few thought of the hereafter—or if they did, they gave no expression of it. But the question must present itself, "suppose it had been me?" and, "where would my soul be now?" Who can guaran-



"ON BOARD A PASSENGER SHIP."

tee freedom from sudden death? Victims to it are found in every line of life. Many people are prudent enough to meet many of the contingencies of this life—they insure, they protect themselves, they save up, etc.—and all for so short a life, and eternity is so long—oh! so long! without an end! And no provision made for it. Why not be ready? God is willing to save all who come to Him through Christ. Then, no matter what happens, all will be well for ever.

I was on board a large passenger ship recently, and one night there came on a hurricane. None of the passen-

The Airship Disaster.

gers went to bed that night except another Christian and myself. Many of the passengers shook each other's hands and said "Good-bye," not expecting to see the morning! We did not underrate the gravity of the situation, but we were quite sure that if a disaster had happened, it was well with us. Both of us were saved. Had our bodies been drowned our spirits would have ascended at once to God and to Heaven. And when the sea has to give up its dead, our bodies would be recovered, and joined with our spirits when the Lord Jesus comes for His saints. Then all will be well for eternity!

E. C. Q.

THE AIRSHIP DISASTER.

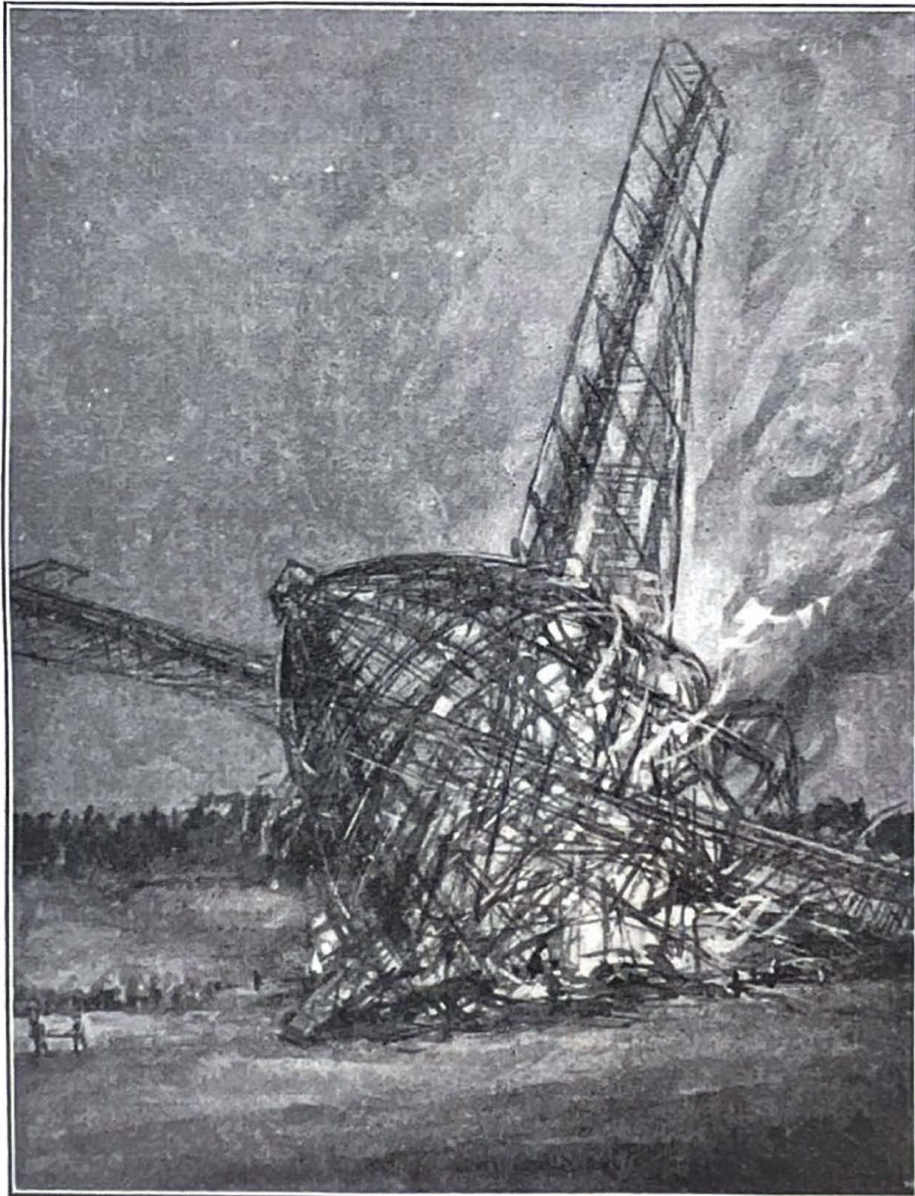
THE R101 was reckoned to be the biggest and best airship in the world; her length, 777 feet, a trinity of perfect numbers, suggested a threefold perfection. It was registered A1 at Lloyd's, she was registered R101 at the Air Ministry, and such confidence was placed in her, that the Air Minister, Lord Thomson, and the Director of Civil Aviation, Sir Sefton Brancker, were among her 54 passengers; *but she failed*, and became a roaring furnace 6½ hours from her start, in which 46 lives were lost.

Confidence in man's best may be fatal in other matters beside airships. "I'm doing my best," says one. He hopes to get to Heaven in this magnificent effort. Now, granted that his R101 is his best, man's best is not perfect, and only perfection will get through. Besides, it is written: "Not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to his mercy He saved us, by the washing of regeneration, and renewing of the Holy Ghost; which He shed on us abundantly through Jesus Christ our Saviour; that being justified by His grace, we should be made heirs according to the hope of eternal life" (Titus 3. 5-7). Mr. Worldly Wiseman has constructed a wonderful R101. Not according to the old fashion of Scripture, but on Modern Thoughts ideas; and he is confident of reaching Heaven, if there is such a place. Alas, a disaster is before him, and all who trust him.

There is also the Ritualistic Airship, in which the so-called priests are in control. Christening, confirmation, communion—these are to be relied upon for a safe journey, although even the priests will not promise a sure arrival.

The Airship Disaster.

But why trust to human inventions, when the Divine Christ says: "I am the Way . . . no man cometh unto the Father but by Me" (John 14. 6). "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). Catastrophy awaits all who trust elsewhere.



"SHE BECAME A ROARING FURNACE."

"For if we sin wilfully after that we have received the knowledge of the truth, there remaineth no more sacrifice for sins, but a certain fearful looking for of judgment and fiery indignation, which shall devour the adversaries" (Heb. 10. 26, 27).

WILLIAM LUFF.

THE REALITY OF DEATH.

PERSONS who are great in the earth have many flatterers. The famous QUEEN ELIZABETH was surrounded by them in an exceptional degree. In the hey-day of her prosperity she rather welcomed flattery; but it is recorded that she resented it earnestly when it was offered to her in the presence of death. "The Archbishop of Canterbury," says the historian, "who assisted her last moments with his consolations, said to her: 'Madame, you ought to have much in the mercy of God; your piety, your zeal, and the admirable work of the Reformation which you have happily established, afford great grounds of consolation for you.'" "My Lord," replied the Queen, "the crown which I have borne so long has given enough of vanity in my time. I beseech you not to augment it in this hour, when I am so near my death."

Elizabeth was right. Good works, and even zeal in the cause of truth, avail nothing as a ground of salvation from the wrath to come. "It is the Blood that maketh an atonement for the soul, ...and without shedding of Blood is no remission" (Lev. 17. 11; Heb. 9. 22). The precious Blood of Christ, once shed at Calvary, is the sinner's only hope. The Saviour is now enthroned at the right hand of the Majesty on high, the proof before all the universe that His sacrifice has been divinely accepted. Nothing more is required. Without labour and without cost salvation is now available for all. Neither good works nor sacraments have anything to do with the matter. "It is of faith, that it might be by grace" (Rom. 4. 16).

Let me ask: Upon what are you resting for salvation? It is possible to be a zealot for Protestantism as opposed to the errors of Popery, and yet perish miserably. It is possible also to crowd one's life with kindly deeds, so that our fellowmen are constrained to honour us as notable philanthropists, and after all be lost eternally. He who persuades himself that any of these things will be accepted as a title to Heaven is self-deceived; and he also would endeavour so to persuade another is a flatterer to be shunned as one would shun a plague. With God, nothing counts but Christ and His Blood. This suffices for the eternal blessing of every sinner who believes, whether sovereign or subject, peer or peasant, religionist or rascal. "Blessed are all they that put their trust in Him" (Psa. 2. 12). W.F.

THE LOST AVIATOR

— OR, —

THE AIR CAPTAIN, FOR WHOM OTHER THREE AVIATORS LOST THEIR LIVES IN A VAIN ATTEMPT TO REACH AND SAVE HIM.



The Lost Aviator.

"A last effort was made in the hopes of being sighted, so they lighted a huge bonfire. This proved the means of their salvation."

THE LOST AVIATOR.

AN aviation party, comprising three men, set out over the mountains of the Yukon, in North-West Canada, in search of game. The leader, Capt. E. J. A. Burke by name, had seen service in the late war as an aviator, while the others were Mr. E. Kading, an air engineer of Vancouver, and Mr. R. Martin, a prospector. It was but October, and everything seemed to augur success as they started off.

Flying was dangerous if game were to be sighted, and ultimately they were forced down. The machine crashed but all were unhurt. The only resort was to abandon the machine and plough their way through the deep snow back to civilisation—an extremely dangerous adventure.

A full month passed and still no word was heard of the party. Anxiety grew intense, search parties were organised. Aviators responded from Canada and the States. At one time no less than twelve machines joined in search for the poor unfortunate men. This cost the lives of another three of these volunteers. Doubtless they must have fallen into the sea or crashed on the mountains.

Provisions had long been exhausted, but at last a caribou was shot. Capt. Burke was too weak to eat, so his faithful companions fed him with soup in order to revive him. He lingered only five days more and died, but not before writing a long account of their experiences to his wife.

At last another aviator made a further attempt. Accompanied by a guide. At extreme peril they flew as low as possible, winding their way through the towering treacherous mountain passes.

Down below, the little party were encouraged to hear the welcome sound and to see the machine. They determined to attract attention, but to their awful disappointment the aeroplane disappeared.

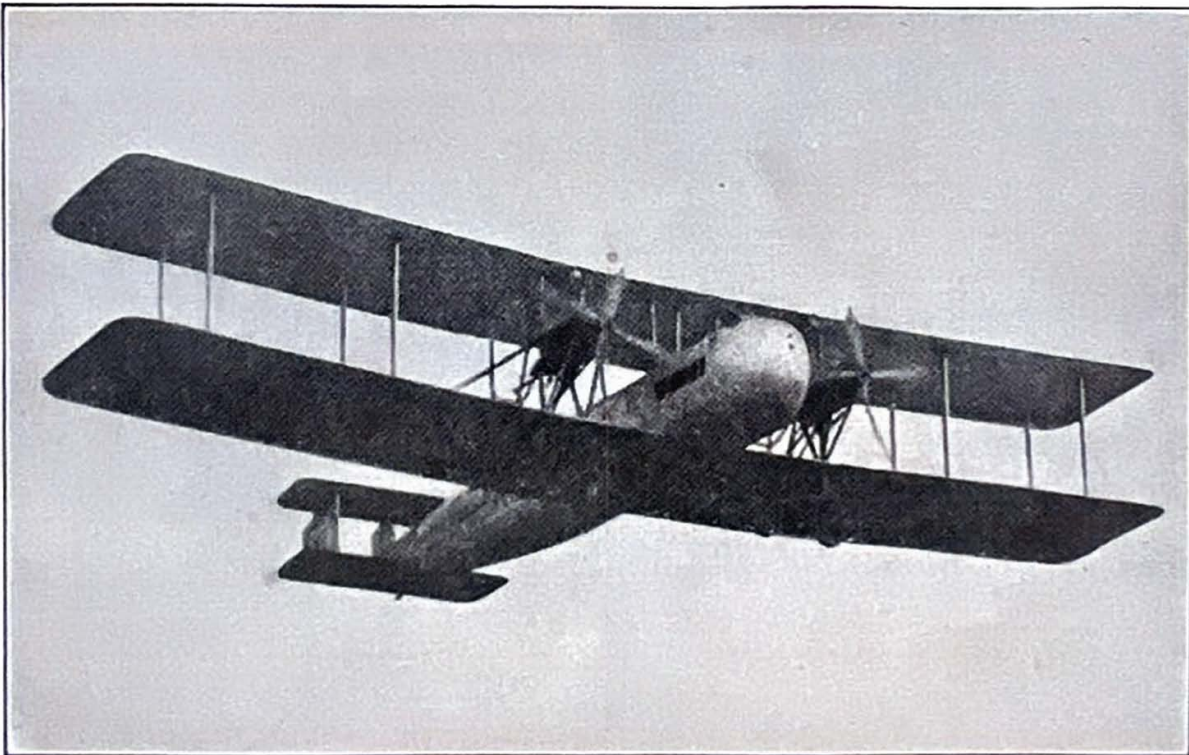
A last effort was made in the hopes of being sighted so they lighted a huge bonfire. This proved the means of their salvation, the curling smoke was observed and the aviator sought the nearest possible landing place by a lake. Twelve miles lay between them, but they trudged through on snow-shoes until at last the camp

The Lost Aviator.

was reached. The reception can well be imagined. The story was told of their awful battle for life, the death of their captain and their last remaining hope—the bonfire with its happy and successful appeal.

After food and rest they were able to rejoin the machine, and thence to White Horse, Yukon, where they landed safe and sound.

These happenings—yes, and this one in particular—have a voice loud and clear if only our ears are unstopped



A MODERN AEROPLANE IN FLIGHT.

to hear. These costly experiences come and go without one serious thought; without adding one grain of wisdom to our meagre store; without producing one thought of concern for the future. Shall we hear and heed the clarion call? As surely as these dear men perished so must you unless you allow Him to save you. Listen to this: "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).

As you ponder that golden verse ask yourself: "What is God's desire?"—"That I should not perish" you say, then of necessity you are perishing. "No hope" is written

The Lost Aviator.

across our very souls according to Ephesians 2. 12, apart from the Cross of Calvary.

These poor souls were without resources, without strength, without a guide in the very regions of death. That is exactly the language of the Holy Book in Romans 5. 6, "When we were yet without strength," "They are all gone out of the way" (Rom. 3. 12).

All your efforts, however noble, beneficent and numerous can never bring you to God and Heaven; can never bring peace to your soul. Galatians 3.10 tells us: "Cursed is every one who continueth not in all things which are written in the Book of the law to do them." Have you continued in all the things of His Word? Then what does God say you are?—Solemn word, "Cursed," condemned under a Divine sentence. Therefore salvation by self-effort is impossible.

Salvation came to where they were, came from above, came with full provision to see them fully delivered, truly a salvation which had cost three precious lives and therefore costly. So surely has the salvation of God come to you to-day and now. Here it is in a word, God loves you with unmeasurable love, no matter how far you are from Him. The proof of it is—Calvary. Isaiah 53. 6 says, God laid upon Him, the sinbearer, the iniquity of us all. On the third day He was raised from the dead as proof that the mighty work of our salvation was finished, and therefore perfect, requiring no human additions or alterations.

Go back to your text (John 3. 16) and gather the lessons of this true narrative. You are perishing in your sins; you need a Saviour, one who will meet you just as you are in all your utter helplessness. Think of the concern God has for your eternal salvation. Think of the awful cost paid in blood for you and me. Then, with full heart claim Him, accept Him and His great provision. Just as they embraced the provision without a moment's delay, so we would urge you, embrace the Saviour now as your own Lord and Master (Rom. 10. 9). "Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out" (John 6. 37). "He that heareth My Word, and believeth on Him that sent Me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into judgment; but is passed from death unto life" (John 5. 24). G.A.N.

LAW AND GRACE.

AT the close of a Gospel Meeting lately, a group of Christians were speaking of the many popular ideas prevailing as to the way of salvation. More common possibly, than any other, one of the speakers claimed, was the thought that only by meritorious doings of some sort, could God's favour be obtained.

"Yes," said another of the group, "they tell us we must work for it, although they do not explain how we



CHRISTIANS OUTSIDE GOSPEL HALL.

must work, or how long, ere we can be assured of God's acceptance."

"Such people," added another, "seem to ignore the fact that God has given us a standard of doing, when He gave the Law, at Sinai. There He has spoken, and the 'Thou shalt,' and 'Thou shalt not,' of that law, shuts every man up to perfect obedience, under the penalty of death for transgression." It is written "Cursed is every one that continueth not in all things written in the Book of the Law to do them" (Gal. 3. 10).

Law and Grace.

Said the first speaker again, "We find many earnest people who claim to be seeking after God, but they find no rest, because, like the Jews of Paul's day, they look for Him as He is revealed through Moses at Sinai, and not as made known through Christ at Calvary!" (Read carefully Romans 9. 30-33).

At both places is God's character manifested, as to the question of our sins. At Sinai, God is seen as the Law-Giver and Judge. At Calvary, He is seen as a "Just God and a Saviour." If salvation is "by works," then our works must be measured by the standard given at Sinai. But if salvation is "by grace," then the measure of the "grace" is according to what is seen at Calvary. As God has written: "If by grace it is no more of works; otherwise grace is no more grace. But if it be of works, then it is no more of grace; otherwise work is no more work" (Rom. 11. 6).

The giving of the Law (Exod. 20) was symbolized, not by a descending dove, but by the fearful accompaniments of thunderings, lightnings, and a smoking mountain, fit emblems of the judgment that would be visited upon the disobedient ones. We are told that "all the people saw the thunderings and lightnings, and the noise of the trumpet, and the mountain smoking; and when the people saw it they removed and stood afar off."

Note the action and attitude of the people. Did the sight inspire them with confidence to draw nigh unto God? On the contrary, we are told they "removed and stood afar off." And such, we may say, is ever the case when God's character as "Holy" is apprehended by the sinner. In the light of such a display, he realises two things, God's holiness, and his own sinfulness. Hence, it is only when the holiness of God is not seen or understood that the sinner dares to approach Him, on the ground of his fancied good works, or faithfulness.

Speaking of God's Law we are told (Rom. 10. 5), "That the man that doeth these things shall live by them." Notice it is not "trieth" to do them, but "doeth" them; if he fails—and who does not?—the Word is plain—"Whosoever shall keep the whole law, and yet offend in one point is—what? Accepted on the ground of the ninety-and-nine points in which he did not fail? Is

Law and Grace.

that it? No! he is "guilty of all!" (James 2. 10). Well might the prophet exclaim "We are all as an unclean thing, and all our righteousnesses are as filthy rags" (Isa. 64. 6). This is spoken concerning our best endeavours and if this is true of these, what shall we say of our worst?



STATUE OF MOSES THE LAWGIVER, BY MICHAEL ANGELO.

How shall we stand in the presence of Him before whom the Seraphim veil their faces, and cry, "Holy, Holy, Holy is the Lord God of Hosts?" Would we not, as did Isaiah when brought thus into the presence of the Most Holy One, cry out, "Woe is me, for I am undone. I am a man of unclean lips!" Moses, with his ministry

Law and Grace.

of law, therefore, cannot save, for, "by the deeds of the Law shall no flesh be justified in His sight, for by the Law is the knowledge of sin" (Rom. 3. 20).

But when God is seen at Calvary, and His dealings there with His Anointed One understood, we learn there that God is on the side of the sinner! Don't misunderstand me, a holy God never can be, and never will be on the side of sin; but at Calvary He took up the desperate case of the sinner, that He might righteously save him. At Sinai there was "no eye to pity and no arm to save," so God's own Arm brought salvation. Those who are "afar off" from Him by nature and practice, are now "Made nigh by the blood of Christ," for at Calvary that Scripture was fulfilled, "Mercy and truth are met together; righteousness and peace have kissed each other" (Psalm 85. 10). Not mercy at the expense of justice and truth, for there Justice is satisfied and Truth vindicated, therefore God is now "just and Justifier of him that believeth on Jesus" (Rom. 3. 26).

The holy character of God, as revealed at Sinai, demands that all transgressions shall be punished; therefore upon that mount might be inscribed these words, "The wages of sin is death." For the Law of God, being holy, can only judge sin.

God's character as seen at Calvary, is unchanged, but in holiness He, whose law had been violated, having "found a Ransom," in the person of His Son, our Lord Jesus Christ, "made to meet upon Him the iniquities of us all" (Isa. 53. 6, *margin*); and now He can, in grace, save men where and as they are. Hence, the Gospel is not a message, telling the sinner what he must do to save himself, but a proclaiming of the fact that all has been done by Another to satisfy the claims of a Holy God, so that "By Him," the one who paid the ransom price, "all that believe are justified from all things from which they could not be justified by the law of Moses" (Acts 13. 39). Therefore in the language of the old hymn we urge you to

"Cast your deadly doings down,
Down at Jesus' feet;
Stand in Him, in Him alone,
Gloriously complete."

T. D. W. M.

PROUD OF THE GOSPEL.

I DELIGHT to tell the story of my conversion, because for close on forty-five years I have, by the grace of God, proved the truth of the Scripture which states that "If any man be in Christ he is a new creature, old



W. S. REDDELL, NEW ZEALAND.

things are passed away; behold, all things are become new" (2. Cor 5. 17). As a boy I was unruly and disobedient, so much so that my conduct gave my parents much concern. My schoolmaster also became so exasperated with my disobedience that he threatened to expel me from the school. The truth of the matter was

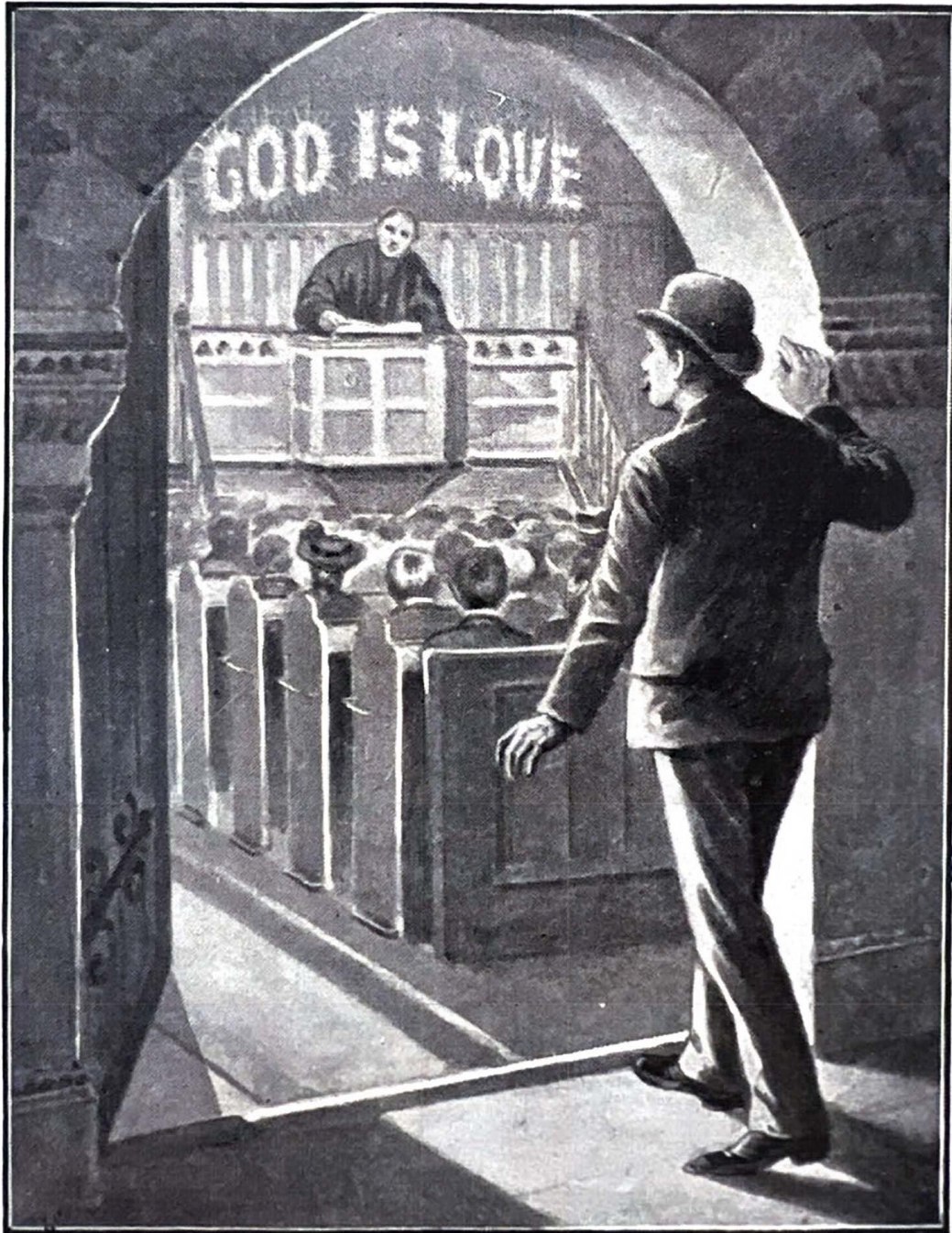
Proud of the Gospel.

I had made up my mind to become a sailor, and inwardly I longed for the time when I would be able to throw off all home restraint and school discipline and enjoy life to the full by sailing to foreign lands. Young as I was, however, I inwardly had a great fear of death and of meeting God, because I was conscious that I was unprepared to do so. On the other hand, the great enemy of souls had made me to believe that to be a Christian would completely rob me of the joy of life and make my future outlook dismal indeed. About this time I came under the godly influence of a bright Sunday School Teacher, whose beaming countenance was an outward expression of an inward peace and joy of which I was a stranger.

He faithfully taught us from the Scriptures that although young in years we had all sinned against God and broken His holy law, a truth of which I inwardly was ever conscious. He also pointed out that only one thing could follow a broken law, namely, its curse, which is death. The word of God plainly told me that "The soul that sinneth, it shall die" (Ezek. 18. 4). In his own kindly manner he also informed us that God's will was that none should perish, but that all should be saved. As a proof of His boundless love to sinful men He had sent His only Son to the Cross of Calvary to die for sinners such as we, and the evidence that God was satisfied with the work of His Son was seen in that He had raised Him from the dead and seated Him at His own right hand. All that the sinner has to do, He told us, is by believing on the Lord Jesus Christ to enter into the possession and enjoyment of eternal life. I was deeply interested in all his teaching, but somehow could not understand how God could or would save a sinner like me. One Sunday evening, when a lad of fourteen in search for something I scarcely knew what, I stepped into a Baptist Chapel and slipped into a back seat, but Christian friends present got their eye on me and led me quite near the preacher. In making his appeal at the close of an earnest Gospel address, God's servant said that there might be some one present who would like to be saved and all that such a one required to do was simply to say from a broken and a contrite heart:

Proud of the Gospel.

"Lord Jesus, take me as I am,
My only plea, Christ died for me,
Oh, take me as I am."



"I STEPPED INTO A CHAPEL."

I felt as if there was no one in the chapel but myself and that the preacher was addressing me alone. Weary and heavy laden, therefore, I acted on the advice of God's servant and by faith in Jesus Christ and His atoning

Proud of the Gospel.

work, I accepted Him as my own and only Saviour. The joy of the Lord filled my soul. I had the assurance from God's Word that my dark past was blotted out by the Blood of Christ and that the future for me was bright with the promises of God (John 5. 24).

My joy knew no bounds and I sang the closing hymn of the service as I had never sung before :

“Oh what a Saviour that He died for me ;
From condemnation He hath set me free ;
He that believeth on the Son, saith He,
Hath everlasting life.

Rushing home as fast as I could to my mother, I informed her of the good news that I had accepted the Lord Jesus as my Saviour and that God had saved my soul. My mother was glad to hear my confession, but such had been her sad experience of my past life that she remarked that she hoped that it was real.

A few months after my conversion I went to sea to learn to be a sailor, and if there is any place where the grace of God is tested it is on board ship. I proved abundantly, however, that God's grace not only saves but keeps the soul that trusts the Saviour, whether on land or sea. Whom He takes up He never gives up.

For over forty years the Lord Jesus has proved Himself to be, not only an almighty Saviour, but a precious Friend that sticketh closer than a brother. I am glad also to testify to His praise that the grace of God that reached me has also saved my eight brothers and sisters, and also every one of my own children. Little wonder I can say with Paul the Apostle, “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).

Let me ask if you have experienced this great spiritual change, and if not, it is high time you did. The sands of the day of God's grace are running low. God's time is now! the Devil's day is to-morrow which never comes. Be deluded no longer, “Acquaint thyself with God and be at peace” (Job 22. 21). “Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved” (Acts 16. 31). He is able to save from the uttermost of sin to the uttermost of glory (Heb. 7. 25).

W.S.R.

"SOMETHING IN IT."

WE have written of the power of the Gospel being manifested in changed lives. It works in life, true, but it also works at death (perhaps the greater test of its reality and power).

Mr. Camp was a railway worker in London. He was a quiet yet consistent Christian for some 40 years. He visited the sick, seeking to cheer and to help them in their



Photo: Southern.

SCENE ON SOUTHERN RAILWAY.

time of need. Eventually he was stricken down with the dread disease of cancer and its consequent suffering. After an operation he rallied for a while, but soon it became apparent to himself and to others that his end was near. He faced death calmly, and bore a bright testimony to the reality and sufficiency of the Gospel of Christ. It was a real lift-up to visit him, as I, with others, can testify. On the morning of his last day on earth, the doctor called as usual, and finding him so very weak and evidently near the end, sought to cheer him. Mr. Camp answered: "Oh, doctor, it's beautiful! I'm

Something in It.

going, a sinner like me, to see my blessed Lord." "You're not a sinner, Mr. Camp! You've been a good man," said the doctor. "Oh, I was such a sinner," said the dying saint, "that I needed Another to die for me. I'm sheltered under the precious Blood. It's very real, doctor. I know you are a busy man, but do think on these things. Read the Word, doctor." As he pleaded, tears came to the eyes of the medical man, and he had to leave the bedside. He went into the next room and sat down weeping. "I've never seen such a thing," he said. "There must be something in it. I've six cases of cancer now, but I've never seen anything like this before." "We'll pray for you, doctor," said Mrs. Camp, also a bright Christian.

Mr. Camp also sent for a neighbour and spoke to her. Before he passed away to be with his Lord, he said to a Christian lady who was attending to him, "Oh, it's lovely. The angels campeth round about me." The Lord relieved him of all pain during the last hours, and he had a triumphant Home-going. Truly the Gospel's working is wonderful. "As sorrowful, yet always rejoicing." Yes, it has been thoroughly tested on countless death-beds.

Daisy Wotton, of Exeter, a girl "in her teens," was called Home in 1925. Before she went in to see the King, she said, "Mummy, I have seen something lovely . . . the glory shone before me." How different from the death-bed of an infidel, who cried out: "Hell! Blackness! Darkness! Bring me a light!" But artificial light will never pierce that gloom. Only "the Light of the World," Jesus, can do that. He said: "He that followeth Me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the Light of Life" (John 8. 12). Fire and water, rack and stake alike have failed to put out that "light of life." A Scottish martyr cried out: "This fire is like a bed of roses to me!" Be wise, trust in Christ's atoning Blood for the remission of sins, and His promise will be yours: "If a man keep My saying he shall never see death" (John 8. 51). He "tasted death" for us, taking away the sting of death, which is sin. That is why a believer does not see or taste of death. So we can say: "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? . . .

Something in It.

Thanks be unto God, Who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ" (1 Cor. 15. 55-57). "For the wages of sin is death; but the gift of God is eternal life, through Jesus Christ our Lord" (Rom. 6. 23).

Which are yours—the wages or the gift? You must have one or the other, "Therefore, choose life."

"Life through the death of Jesus, gift of eternal love,
Sweetly the Gospel Message sounds from the Throne above;
Life for the guilty sinner, freedom for slaves of sin,
God's blessed 'Whosoever' takes every lost one in."

JOHN NEWTON (Pilgrim Preacher).

WHO OR WHAT IS YOUR GOD?

"**BLESSED** are the people whose God is the Lord." Are you at any loss to know who or what your god is, my reader? Then just think for a moment what your heart is set upon, and you have it. What is it that engages most of your time and your thoughts? What is it you like most to speak about and hear about? Rest assured, whatever it is, that is your god. Perhaps you reply that I am talking nonsense, that you profess to follow Jesus, and that the public look on you as a Christian. All true enough, I daresay; but your profession does not prove that for you "to live is Christ." Look into your heart for a few minutes and see where your affections are set—if they are set upon things above (Col. 3. 2). Look back over your conversation for the last few months, and see if it has been about heavenly topics. Look into your life and see if it is hid with Christ in God (Col. 3. 3). There need be no difficulty whatever in finding out whether your God is the Lord. Where and how do you spend your odd time, and in what company? The answer to these questions is sufficient to settle the whole matter. You invariably find people where their heart is, and spending their time in doing things they like best, and mixing with people whose company they are fond of. This is the rule of life. I never frequent places I don't care for, or spend my time in doing things that are wearisome to me. My body just follows my heart; and it is the same with you, reader. O do not then rock yourself into the delusion that your heart is set upon Christ, while your every-day life tells you that you are without God and without hope in the world.

WHAT A STRANGE WISH!

AT the age of twelve I wished I had never been born. My health was good, my mind was sound, my parents were Christians, my surroundings were conducive to happiness, yet such was my desire. The reason was this— Upon my heart there had been written as with a pen of steel three great facts: (1) I was a guilty and condemned sinner, knowing that (2) I needed to be “born again” to obtain an entrance into the Kingdom of God; and (3) the Lord Jesus might come at any time and I would be eternally separated from my loved ones. What I was, where I was going, and what would take place at Christ’s coming were the truths that caused my unhappiness.

Yet ere I entered my teens everything was changed. Instead of wishing I had never been born, I was glad that ever I was born; nay more, I was rejoicing in being “born again” (John 3. 3, 7). What produced this great change? The Cross of Christ. “Christ crucified.” What has it done for me? It has given me joy and peace and perfect acceptance with God. Once the crucifixion was a story without a meaning to me. Ten years ago I understood that it was for my sins Christ bled, and suffered, and died. I deserved eternal banishment from God on account of my sins, but Jesus died for me. I was under the curse of the law, having broken it, but the Lord Jesus who was nailed to the tree was made a curse for me (Gal. 3. 13).

Judgment for me is passed once and for ever; my curse is removed, and now I can say I am happy, pardoned, justified, free, saved by my blessed Redeemer.

Let me ask, “What is the Cross of Christ to you?” Do you say: “It was a terrible tragedy; it often moves me to tears.” Is that all that it is to you? What will that do for you when you stand before the great white throne to give an account to the Judge for the sins of your lifetime?

Perhaps God’s remedy for your sin-diseased soul is nothing in your estimation! Ere that day is ushered in, and the door of mercy is closed for ever, look away to Calvary, and as a wrath-deserving sinner believe that Jesus died for you, and God’s Word declares, “He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life” (John 3. 36).

The Lord Jesus says, “Behold I come quickly?” If He were to come at this moment and find you unsaved you would be eternally lost.

D.M.

SAVED AND SURE OF IT

— OR, —

IS IT POSSIBLE THAT ANY ONE CAN BE SAVED NOW?



"Here is Something to Read"

"He was a good citizen, a kind, indulgent husband and father, and a member of a German Church. As to the matter of Salvation, he was content to 'leave that to the decision of a merciful God at the Judgment Day.' "

SAVED—AND SURE OF IT.

IS it possible that any one can be saved now? Is it permissible that any one can be sure of it? These are questions that are important enough to demand an answer from us all. For if it is possible to be saved for Eternity now, and Scriptural sanction is given to our speaking assuredly about it, then it is evidently the part of wisdom in all to have this as their own personal experience. God, who is no respecter of persons, will not extend such assurance to some, and deny it to others who would seek His salvation.

Mr. Wegener was of German birth. Like a majority of his countrymen, he was industrious, frugal, and conservative. He was a good citizen, a kind, indulgent husband and father, and a member of a German church. As to the matter of salvation, he was content to "leave that to the decision of a merciful God at the Judgment Day," he would have told you.

Revival meetings in another German congregation adjacent to the one of which he was a member being held, his wife was induced by some of her neighbours to attend, and under the solemn preaching of the "Revivalist," as they called him, was awakened to a sense of her need as a lost sinner. Ere long she had found rest to her sin-burdened soul, in the Good News message of God's salvation through the finished work of Christ, Who had "died for our sins according to the Scriptures" (1 Cor. 15. 3-4). "Delivered" unto death for her offences, her sins, He had been "raised" for her justification (Rom. 4. 25). God was satisfied now, not with what she had done, but with what Christ did, and as she heard all this her heart opened to the Gospel, and she proved it, as millions have done, before and since her day, to be "the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth" (Rom. 1. 16). Her heart was "filled with joy and peace in believing" (Rom. 15. 13), and in her new-found joy she witnessed with no uncertain sound to God's great salvation, much to the displeasure of her conservative husband who, in his affection for her, felt assured that she was as good as was needed, without this additional experience of being "saved."

However, in the providence of God, the family moved their place of residence to a nearby city. Here they found

much that was strange and new to them. The rush and crush of busy city life bewildered them. They missed the associates of their former simple life. Mrs. W—— especially missed the warm-hearted Christians she had learned to love. The big city with its worldly, pleasure-loving ways, had no charm for her. It seemed as though God was shut out of it all.

To her surprise, however, one day in answering a knock at the door, she found awaiting her a young man who, with a smile, offered her a Gospel paper, saying, "Here is something to read. It is about the Lord Jesus Christ and His salvation. And," he added, "here is an invitation to some meetings in a Gospel Tent nearby, where you may hear more of it."

Cautiously she accepted the papers, for she knew there were many religious deceivers abroad, with their soul-destroying teachings of one kind and another, but a few plain questions, which were frankly answered, disarmed her fears, and she rejoiced to find in him a kindred spirit, who knew and loved the Lord Jesus, and was seeking to go by the Word of God. Naturally, she longed to have her husband go with her to the meetings, and occasionally he would humour her by accompanying her to the tent on a Sunday evening, where he heard "God's easy, artless, unencumbered plan" of how, through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus, God could be just, and yet "the Justifier of him who believed on Jesus" (Rom. 3. 24-26).

One evening the question was asked him, "Are you saved, Mr. Wegener?" His reply was a hasty and evasive "Yes, yes, I am all right." "But," kindly persisted his questioner, "are you sure you are saved?"

Abruptly he turned on his heel and walked away, ending the interview. For the moment it looked as though a mistake had been made in pressing the question, but the sequel showed it was God's arrangement, for it proved his arrow for the conscience of our friend.

Some days passed by, days of anxiety and exercise for all. Many were praying for him, and, unknown to them, he was in agony, crying to God for himself. God's arrows were deep in his soul, he was "finding grief and trouble," with apparently no hope of deliverance. One night, unable to sleep, he arose, and partially dressing

Saved—and Sure of It.

himself, he got a light and, Bible in hand, knelt at a nearby chair, and cried in his distress for God's salvation and the assurance of it. Unerringly the Spirit of God guided him from Scripture to Scripture, each one telling the glorious fact that Christ had died for his sin, and on believing, even trusting Him, eternal life would be his portion. Here he rested, for God's Light had shone in, Christ was His Saviour, and He was enough for Time and Eternity. He was saved! Yes, saved, and sure of it.

One Sunday night, months after the memorable night of his deliverance, he listened to an earnest address on the love of God and of Christ. First, it was world wide (John 3. 16); second, it was a love embracing the Church (Eph. 5. 25); third, it was individual: "He loved me" (Gal. 2. 20).

When the service closed, he arose with tears of joy streaming down his cheeks, as he grasped the preacher's hand and cried out, "Oh, that love of God! that love of God! and to think it was for me!" Twice did he return to express his feelings thus, and at last with his beloved wife and daughter, who had accompanied him, he went home. Little did we know we would see him no more on earth, or that the One Whom he had trusted, and Who had given him to know His salvation, was, ere twenty-four hours had gone by, to call him up higher! But so it was.

Early next morning, while at his work, some of his fellow-workmen saw him stagger, and rushing to his assistance, saved him from falling. But they could do nothing more. To him "sudden death meant sudden glory," as it does to all who are "in Christ." He was now "with Christ, which is far better" (Phil. 1. 21). Yes, "Absent from the body and present with the Lord" (2 Cor. 5. 8).

One question, my friend, ere you lay this paper down. How would such a call find you? Are you saved and sure of it? Be very clear about this. Your eternal weal or woe is at stake. A mistake may—nay, will—mean the loss of your soul for ever!

"Hark! Hark! Hark!

'Tis a message of mercy free.

O sinner, thy crimson sins are dark,

But Jesus hath died for thee,"

T. D. W. M.

WONDER, WICKEDNESS, WARNING.

NO doubt you have read or heard of Pompeii near Naples, in Italy, and how it was destroyed in the first century by a volcanic eruption. When reading of this event at school, it did not occur to the writer that



AMONG THE RUINS OF POMPEII.

one day he would walk through those ruins. But the unexpected has happened. My feet have traversed the streets of that city which at one time had some 20,000 inhabitants. Our feelings were indescribable.

The ashes and pumice stone have been removed from about one-half the devastated area, and what was hidden

Wonder, Wickedness, Warning.

for some hundreds of years, now lies revealed to human eyes.

In A.D. 63, Pompeii was partially destroyed, and afterwards rebuilt on the same site! Again after several warnings, Vesuvius broke forth in A.D. 79, "with appalling fury," hurling ashes and boiling lava far and wide. Herculaneum and Pompeii were covered with several feet of ashes, pumice stone, and lava. Survivors rescued valuables and marble from the ruins. Later eruptions increased the depth of ashes, etc., to over twenty feet, thus consigning Pompeii to oblivion for some fifteen hundred years. Excavators have uncovered the central and important buildings.

It is an unforgettable experience to walk along those rock-paved streets, on which are still to be seen the ruts formed by chariot wheels; and to look upon fountains, long since dried up, which were once the resort of many for the refreshing water. The stone troughs are worn round and smooth by the rubbing of many hands. The heart beats faster as we enter by the front door into a large house, having mosaic-covered floors and painted plaster walls which shine like marble. The coloured frescoes are still clearly visible and comparatively fresh in appearance. This building which was once the scene of life is now strangely silent. What a hush there is upon us as we gaze upon such a scene of devastation.

Then we pass on to a baker's shop where are still to be seen ovens, stone grinders, and other utensils. Even bread, charred to a cinder, was found in an oven. Afterwards, we entered the shops of chemists, marble-masons, wine-sellers, and others, each having a distinctive sign outside. Then temples, palace of justice, and other public buildings claimed our interest and caused us to wonder.

"Behold ye...and regard, and wonder marvellously" (Hab. 1. 5). These words from the Divine record are strangely appropriate.

Also, evidences of the wickedness of the former inhabitants are still to be seen. On the walls and by means of statuary are portrayed vice, lust, and greed of gold, as the only things to live for. Sin had evidently lifted up its head, and the cry, as of Sodom, must have

Wonder, Wickedness, Warning.

reached Heaven. When the cup of iniquity is full, then justice must strike. "The mills of God grind slowly; but they grind exceeding small." "Because sentence against an evil work is not executed speedily, therefore the heart of the sons of men is fully set in them to do evil" (Eccles. 8. 11). Is this not exemplified in our



day? But it is impossible for sin to triumph at the last. "Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?" (Gen. 18. 25).

Then, there is the warning of Pompeii. Things which happened aforetime are ensamples, for our admonition, to warn us from the same evil path. "Behold ye...and regard." The prudent take note of warnings, especially when repeated, "but the foolish pass on and are punished." (Prov. 22. 3). "Remember Lot's wife,"

Wonder, Wickedness, Warning.

said the Lord Jesus Christ. It is suicidal to disregard the warnings of the God of all grace. Why should men force His hand to judgment? "He that being often reprov'd hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy" (Prov. 29. 1).

Travelling in England some time ago, we saw several signs at intervals warning us to take care, as extensive road repairs were in operation ahead. As we drew nearer a bold sign read, "You have been warned." Unsav'd reader, take this to heart. By a God who loves you, you have been warned.

The great test is—not, your moral or religious standing, but—your attitude towards Christ and His word and work. "What think ye of Christ?"

For, "the Lord Jesus shall be revealed from Heaven... in flaming fire, taking vengeance on them that...obey not the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ" (2 Thess. 1. 7-9). If you are unrepentant and unbelieving, and consequently unforgiven and uncleansed, it will be terrible for you to fall into the hands of the living God. "Behold ye and regard" the wonder working power of "the precious blood of Christ." It cleanses from all sin; delivers from the wrath to come; and opens Heaven to those who believe. All other means of salvation are false and unavailing.

Seek those things which are eternal; for the earth and its works, tainted by sin, shall be burnt up (2 Peter 3. 10). "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved" (Acts 16. 31).

JOHN NEWTON (Pilgrim Preacher).

DANGER SIGNALS.

RAILWAY signalmen show the red light when the line is not clear, and the train must stand still when the signals are against it. God has hung out some danger signals. "Have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness" (Eph. 5. 11). This is one. "The wicked shall be turned into Hell" (Psalm 9. 17). This is another. "The wages of sin is death" (Rom. 6. 23). This is a third. Keep your eye on God's danger signals. To "run through" these signals is to run on to doom.

SAVED AT SEA!



JOHN FERGUSON.

"My days are in the yellow leaf;
The flower, the fruit of life
is gone;
The worm, the canker, and
the grief,
Are mine alone."

SO wrote Lord Byron when he was at the height of his fame. His sorrowing dirge, sung amid the plaudits of his fellows, expresses vividly the empty, unsatisfied feeling of a disappointed life. It does not sound strange to hear these words spoken at the end of a man's life, but to hear one express the miserable emptiness of a young life is remarkable. At twenty-one such was

my experience—the pleasures of sin were turned to gall.

Having been at sea for a few years and living the care-free, happy life of such a calling, I had tasted many of its gratifying pleasures. Being brought up respectably and in a refined and religious atmosphere had not given me the satisfaction I craved for. To enjoy life I went to sea, apprenticed in a small barque. The rigorous employment of such a life soon disillusioned me of the "Romance of the Sea," but scenes so often dreamed of by especially the young, became familiar to me. The lure of travel; the changing associations; the drinking deeply of the cup of pleasure, all had, at twenty-one, failed to satisfy.

On a lovely evening in November of the year 1885, sitting on the forward deck of the S.S. Martaban, I was enjoying, after the labours of the day, the cooling breezes of the Indian Ocean. We were passing the signal station off the Island of Ceylon. The spicy odours from the cinnamon groves were passing over the vessel. In a meditative mood I was joined by the lamp-trimmer of the ship. This old man—now too aged for any active service and kept at the easy work of lamp trimming—

Saved at Sea.

was a converted Methodist. The first words he greeted me with, were "Young man, do you ever think of being converted?" In my careless, nonchalant manner I said, "Oh, not particularly." This was said not knowing that for some time this question had been uppermost in my mind, "What is to be the end of this life of sin and pleasure?" Many times, sitting, when ashore, in the theatre; amid the clinking of the glasses of the saloon; amid the loud, garish laughter of men and women, this question had forced itself upon me. I replied further to the inquiry of the old man, "Nobody can know if he or she is saved until after death." The aged Christian, warming up at the seeming carelessness of my reply, said, "Oh, but there is a verse in the Bible which says, "He that believeth not is condemned already" (John 3. 18).

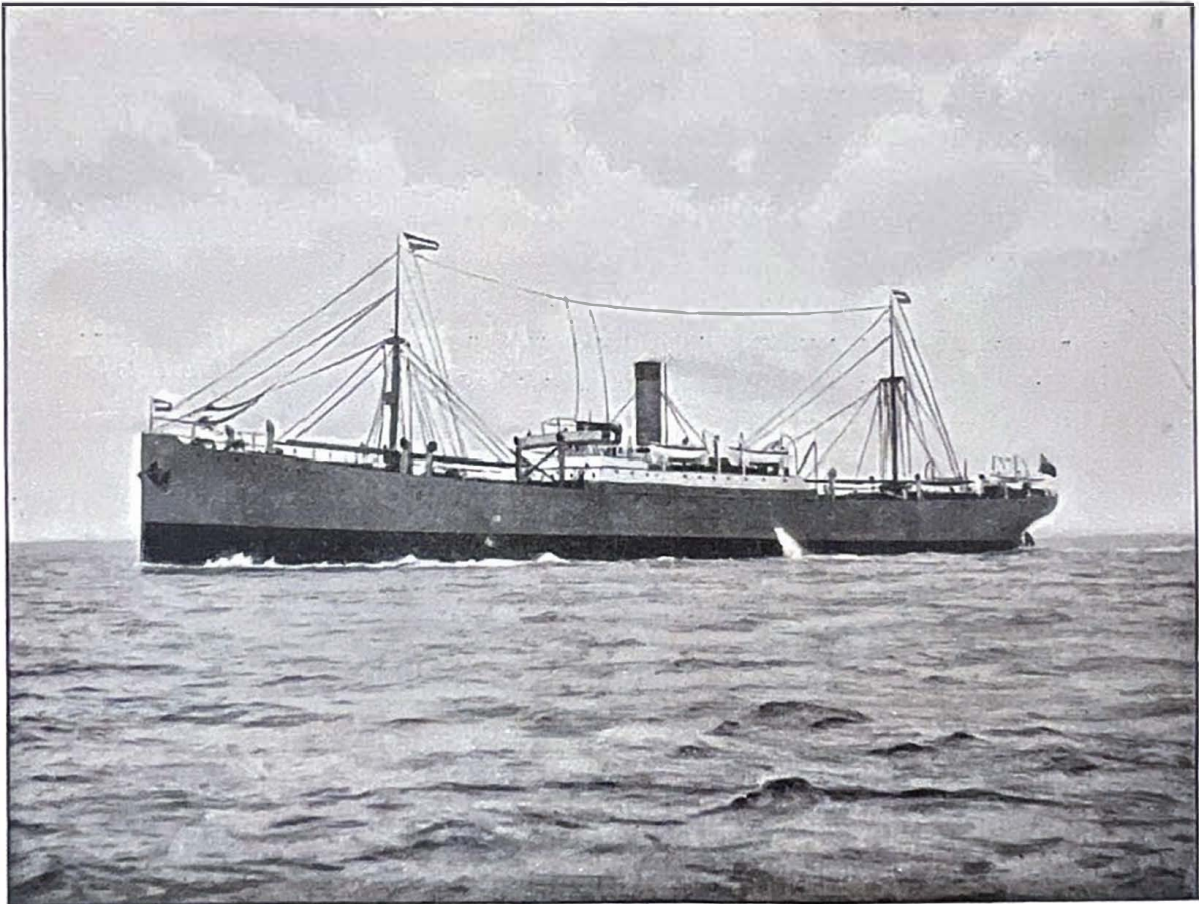
Like the flash of a gun these words winged by the Holy Spirit into my heart, awakened me to the fact that I was lost. For the first time in my life I saw that I was really on the way to Hell, and alarm, real and gripping, filled my soul. The old man asked me to his small cabin. We knelt down—he prayed and asked me to do so, which I did. "Now," said Mr. Taylor, for this was his name, "Do you feel happy?" "I do," I answered and I did, indeed. A warm glow of a sort of satisfaction came over me. We sang a hymn. The old man seemed proud of his conquest, but, alas! there was nothing revealed to me that could give me peace. I was convicted but not converted.

How many have this experience—emotional preaching—heartly singing—the strong persuasions of a preacher and the feeling that I am doing something I ought to do, all combine to land the sinner in the shoals of a false profession. Reader, is this your condition? No real conversion. No real acceptance of the work of Christ. How foolish to think that a mere profession can either satisfy God or man. If you are thus deceived as I was then, may you here and now be truly awakened to see your hopeless, lost condition and be led savingly to Christ.

Arriving at home after the voyage referred to, I plunged once more into all the stirring enjoyments of a life of sin. My heart at times was sad. The joyous company of my seafaring friends could not allay, entirely, the feelings of dissatisfaction.

Saved at Sea.

Sitting one evening, about four months after the incident on the steamer, with a few companions in a saloon, there was borne suddenly and in great power to my soul, the words: "Condemned already." I left the company and going home to where I was living in the City of Glasgow, Scotland, I was under the deep conviction. Now I could not shake off the heavy burden. My loss and hopeless condition alarmed me. I still tried to drown



A BRITISH STEAMSHIP.

the conviction. Being on the staff of the shipping firm, I joined the same steamer and left for Rangoon, British Burma. Fears were mine. Hell, with all its reality alarmed me. The past of my careless sinful life came before me and for ten days after sailing I had absolutely no peace or rest. I believed anyone could be saved but me. I felt too bad. I wept in private; I tried to pray, to feel happy and to calm my fears, but it was no use. When ten days out sailing down the Mediterranean Sea,

Saved at Sea.

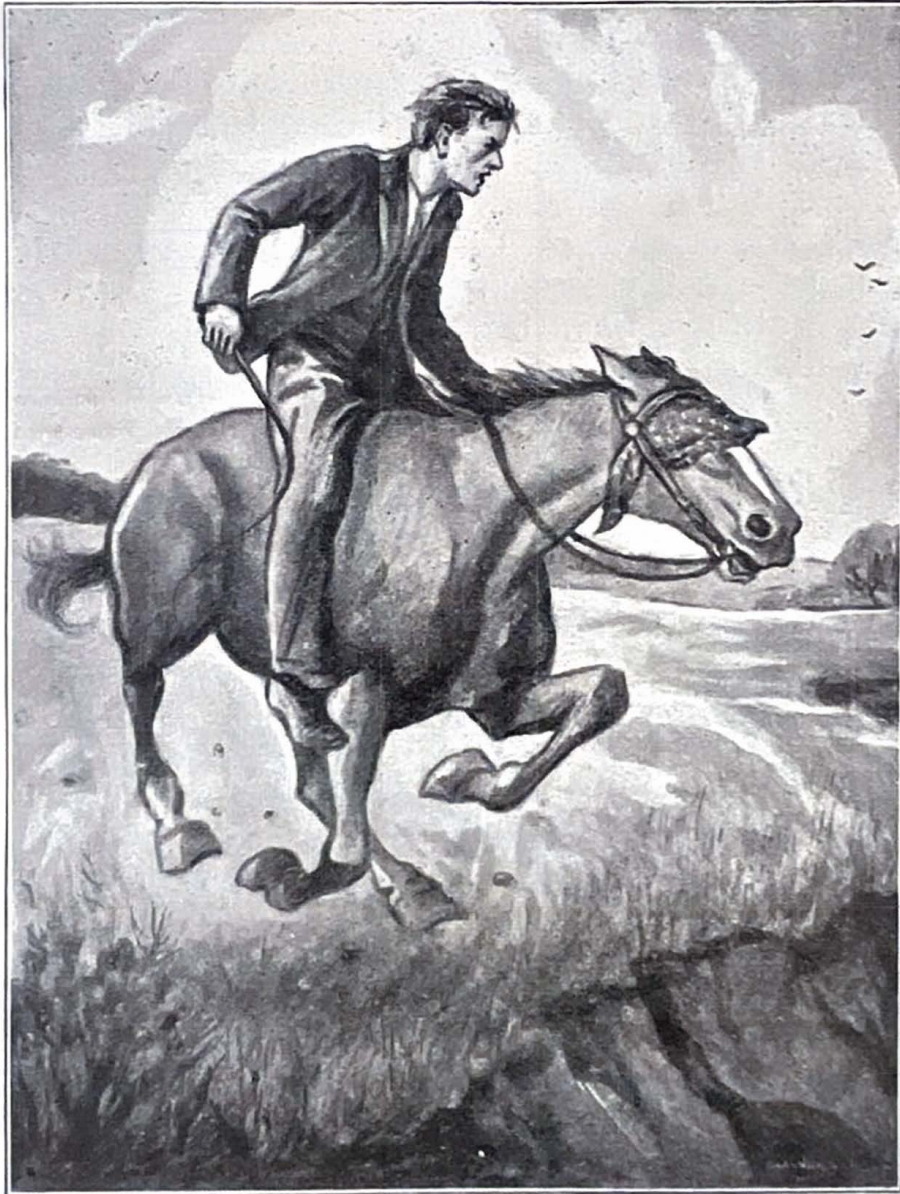
nearing our first port of call, the island of Malta, about 6 o'clock in the evening, I was joined on deck by a quartermaster. This man was a Christian and he had been told of my case by the old lamp-trimmer who had left the ship. He spoke to me, urging me to come to the Saviour and brought before me the work of Christ. Leaving him I said, "If God will save a guilty sinner like me, I will not rest until I know my sins forgiven."

About 9.30 that night, crouching under the port midship's life boat on the main deck, I wept and cried to God to save me. I was without hope, peace I could not find. My chief anxiety was as to how I was to know that God would receive me. The quartermaster who had spoken to me had brought before me the wonderful story of the Prodigal Son. He showed me how, notwithstanding the conduct of the boy, the father gladly forgave and received him. While thinking over this story and now believing that Christ had already died for me, there was borne in upon me with the quickness of a flash of light, the words "Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out." In a moment I saw that Christ had finished the work and that God was willing to save me. Peace filled my soul—tears of joy fell fast and my peace was wonderful. I was saved—God was satisfied with the work of Christ. My sins were gone. It was all very real—a new life from that very moment was mine—Eternal Life. New desires, new pursuits, new hopes—all these became a reality. Now after 44 years, it is even far better. Telling it out for all these years has but increased the joy and blessing of conversion. One of the objects for which Jesus came was "to set at liberty them that are bruised" (Luke 4. 18). This bruising is the work of Satan, the great enemy of souls. The service of sin leaves men battered and bruised. But, ye tempted ones, there is refuge nigh. Jesus has come for your deliverance.

Reader, why not come to the Saviour. You can never find peace or satisfaction outside of Christ. A long, long eternity lies before you. Hell is a reality. You can escape now—"Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation" (2 Cor. 6. 2). Therefore "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved" (Acts 16. 31). Will you trust Him now? JOHN FERGUSON.

THE FATAL LEAP.

N EAR to the cliffs on the south-east coast of England stood a good looking, fair sized farm. The farmer with his wife and family seemed to be immune from many of the hardships of life. The location, the beautiful



THE FATAL LEAP.

surroundings, the lovely home all bespoke happiness and peace.

Alas! there was one element which entered into that home, causing anguish untold. There was in the family a boy, who, though he had grown like the other children, never developed in mind, and consequently was looked upon as a half wit.

The Fatal Leap.

He would work away at little jobs around the farm at times, then suddenly disappear. He would wander around the country side and often cause much concern at home, not only by his absence but also by the many strange things he did.

On one of these occasions he decamped with one of his father's horses, not even troubling to saddle it. He rode off in the direction of the cliffs, intent on another dangerous exploit. A murderous scheme was on hand: it seemed as if Satan himself took possession of him.

The rattle of the horse's hoofs could be heard as with increasing speed they approached the selected spot. Soon the cliffs were in full view and on the last decline he dug his heavy heels into the flanks of the poor excited animal. Madly tearing down at express speed, the horse sensed the danger and the lunacy of the rider, then began to slow up, until it halted with suddenness on the very lip of destruction.

Not to be thwarted in his purpose, the lad repeated the attempt. Again he rode to the edge of the precipice but with even less success.

With rage added as fuel to the fires of his passion, he conceived a new method of success. Taking from his pocket a large red handkerchief he soon tied this over the eyes of the bewildered beast.

For the last time he braced himself, then horse and rider went careering headlong downhill at break-neck speed. No voice arrested them, no hand resisted, no obstacle now impeded. The cliff was reached, horse and rider dashed over into the yawning chasm.

The sun had well-nigh set when search was made for the missing lad. After hours of painful anxiety the truth came out and the remains of the boy were at last brought home.

One cannot reflect on such a telling incident without pondering one particular text in 2 Corinthians 4. 4. Open your Bible, read it slowly as in the presence of God; read it with awe and fear burning in your soul, lest it be re-enacted in your soul's experience—darkened in time and doomed in eternity.

"But if our Gospel be hid, it is hid to them that are lost, in whom the God of this world hath blinded the

The Fatal Leap

minds of them which believe not, lest the light of the glorious Gospel of Christ, who is the image of God, should shine unto them."

The arch-enemy of God and men is called here "the god of this world" and well we see and know it. As such he is worshipped in every sphere of life to-day by millions of his deluded and blind-folded captives. The Lord declared Satan's supreme business thus, "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" (John 10. 10).

In his blinding of men, see how he keeps them in utter darkness. Note how he does it, not by drunkenness, theft or some heinous crime, but by unbelief in the Person and work of God's beloved Son as revealed in the Gospel.

You don't require to be a blasphemer, a blackguard, a criminal to be blinded and lost for ever. Simply go on in your sins, turn a deaf ear to the love of God, to the Blood of Christ, to the repeated invitations from the resurrected Saviour; close your heart and life to the Christ of God and God's unerring Word declares, as surely as He is on the throne, you will find yourself in Hell with no second chance. Reader let these solemn searching truths enter your soul while there is yet mercy.

Mark you, that your unbelief may be covered, veneered and polished with all possible refinements and culture. It may be under the guise of a good upright unselfish life and we say, thank God for such, but that is not salvation.

The dark catalogue of sins, which would have doomed and damned you have been removed for ever. Why? Because of tears? or prayers? or anything of self?—Never! Why then? In a word, because God loved me and Christ died for me (Gal. 2. 20). That brings eternal light into the soul, dispels the darkness, removes the scales, bars the doors of Hell, opens the gates of Heaven, blots out all sins and makes me a child of God. Hallelujah!

Before another second elapses, grasp the outstretched hand of the Saviour and say with Isaiah: "I will trust and not be afraid" (Isa. 12. 2). "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life (John 3. 36). G.A.N.

“FAREWELL!”

“FAREWELL!” Such is the title of one of a pair of beautiful paintings which, through the kindness of our beloved late Queen Victoria, now adorn the walls of the Royal Military Hospital, Netley.

“Farewell!” The scene is Waterloo Railway Station, London. A detachment of Guards are leaving for service abroad. In the foreground a stalwart officer is kissing farewell to his darling child and affectionate wife; near by a little girl weeps for her brother, possibly the drummer of the regiment. In the foreground a weeping wife is casting a farewell look at him whom she may never see again, whilst her two little ones weep out their heart sorrow at father’s farewell; another hero is embracing his widowed mother. How sad it is to say “farewell!”

And well they may, for during the Crimean War in 1854-55 no less than 785,000 men bade a final farewell to the homes and friends they loved; during the strife between the North and South in the American War of 1860-64 fully 450,000 men said farewell to earth; while in the last tremendous World War the slain were counted by the million. No wonder, then, they feel to say farewell; and rightly so, when it is reckoned that during the last century over twenty millions of our fellow-men bade farewell to the stirring sights and scenes of earth and were hurried from the bloody battlefields of Time to the unsullied light and stillness of the Bar of God in Eternity.

“Farewell!” Ah, my friend, the time is rapidly nearing when the things which are seen and handled, and which now appear so important, will lose their charm, and the things which are unseen, and so often reckoned unimportant, but which, nevertheless, are eternal, will call for alarming interest. And herein lies the threefold blessing of the saved sinner, for he has (1) Peace in life, and is not afraid to say farewell; (2) Joy in death, and often triumphs most in bidding a final farewell; (3) Glory in eternity, where farewells shall be said no more.

Oh, that you may be wise and consider your latter end, and get ready for the final farewell. God is satisfied with His atoning work for you, and all you have to do to be saved is to accept Him as your Saviour. Believe now, and, come what may, joy or sorrow, life or death, there is one word you will never be afraid to say—“Farewell!” *нуп.*

RIGHTEOUSNESS VERSUS MERCY

—OR,—

THE CONVICTED PRISONER WHO BELIEVING THAT HIS SENTENCE WAS TOO TERRIBLE, CRIED FOR MERCY, IF NOT FOR HIMSELF, FOR THE SAKE OF HIS WIFE.



"It is a terrible sentence."

"Unless the law of the land is righteously vindicated and proper punishment meted out to lawbreakers, human life becomes of little value, and conditions in the land are dangerous in the extreme."

RIGHTEOUSNESS VERSUS MERCY.

THERE was an intensely dramatic scene at Nottingham assizes recently, when sentence of penal servitude for life, was passed by an English Judge upon a Lincolnshire traveller, who was found guilty by a jury of attempting to murder a police-constable of the Notts Constabulary by shooting him, on the Fosseway near Newark. Throughout the hearing the prisoner had been quiet and composed, but when the Judge speaking with calm gravity said: "There is only one penalty I can inflict, and that is, penal servitude for life," the prisoner reeled, as if he had received a blow. There was, too, a gasp of astonishment in court, and then the prisoner with ashen face, asked for mercy, if not for himself, for the sake of his wife. "It is a terrible sentence" he pleaded. "But you have done a terrible thing" the Judge replied quietly, and then calling for the police-constable, in the presence of the prisoner, he warmly praised his bravery.

Commenting on the sentence, one writer said that on first thoughts the sentence might seem a dreadful punishment for wounding a police officer, but the evidence clearly brought out, that he shot with intent to kill, or at least not caring whether he killed or not.

Some recent murder trials, the writer points out, have aroused anxiety in the public mind as to whether juries take a sufficiently serious view of such crimes. They sometimes seem to sympathise with the prisoner's ordeal in the dock, more than with the victim's sufferings, or death. Tenderheartedness, he points out, should not be misplaced. The crime was one ranking next to murder, and the appropriate sentence was pronounced.

Unless the law of the land is righteously vindicated and proper punishment meted out to lawbreakers, human life becomes of little value and conditions in the land, are dangerous in the extreme. All good citizens insist that in the event of the law being violated, justice must be vindicated, and the punishment should at all times be commensurate with the crime committed.

If men believe and teach that this course is so absolutely essential in earthly affairs, what about the laws of Heaven, affecting as they do the eternal destiny of the soul? This is just the point at which men become inconsistent in their beliefs. They tell us that God is love, and

Righteousness versus Mercy.

consequently will overlook sin and allow it to pass unpunished. They, however, forget that God is light as well as love, and that His righteous character must be vindicated, otherwise there would be moral disaster throughout God's universe. God's Word declares, and our consciences confirm that all have sinned and come short of the glory of God (Rom. 3. 23). Further, we are correctly informed that the soul that sinneth it shall die (Ezek. 18. 4). It is clear, therefore, that if we have broken the divine law, its curse, which is death, must of necessity be our portion. The wages of sin is death (Rom. 6. 23). Divine justice must be satisfied. The sinner must die or there must be found a substitute who will voluntarily take his place and die in his room and stead. It is clear that the substitute who takes the place of the sinner must comply with certain necessary conditions; he must be free from sin, and death must have no claim upon him. No living man could fulfil those conditions, for death has passed upon all men, for all have sinned (Rom. 5. 12). The Lord Jesus was the only One who could fully answer to these tremendous claims. He knew no sin, He did no sin, and therefore death had no claim upon him. In boundless love, however, for the sinful sons of Adam's race, the Son of God exchanged the glories of Heaven for the sorrows of earth, and taking the sinner's place, He died on the cross of Calvary, the Just One, for us, the unjust, that He might bring us to God (1 Peter 3. 18). Wonder of wonders, the God against whom the offence had been committed, is the One who in the person of His Son took the sinner's place. This surely is love beyond compare.

"Love that no thought can reach,
Love that no tongue can teach,
No love like this."

He so satisfied the Divine requirements in His ignominious death that 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. And now, salvation full and free is offered to whosoever will, without money and without price, and may be possessed by simple faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. Trust the Saviour now, and be at peace (Rom. 5. 1). J.G.

THE FORGIVENESS OF SINS.



CHAS. H. SPURGEON.

THERE is nothing concerning which God has spoken so unmistakably in His Word, as "how a sinner may get forgiveness of his sins." Type upon type, statement upon statement, have been multiplied, so as to leave no soul that is inquiring—"What must I do to be saved?"—without a simple answer to that question; and any is without excuse who prefers his own way to God's way, and will find himself with all his sins upon his own head. The way of peace

is made so clear in that blessed Book, that every one who reads it, must be without excuse in the day of judgment.

But if God has made it so plain, Satan's object is to obscure it; and this he does in two ways; either by flatly contradicting the Word of God, or by so far adulterating it with man's statements as to render it without effect.

If God is in earnest on the one side, so is Satan on the other; and this may serve to teach us of what unspeakable importance it is, to understand this great question of the forgiveness of sins.

I am speaking to two classes—to those who have by the grace of God found this way of peace; and to those who, having been awakened, are asking with earnestness, "What must I do to be saved?"

Now there is no place in God's Word, where the way of forgiveness is more clearly stated, than in the verses in Leviticus 4. 27-31: "If any one of the common people sin, . . . then he shall bring his offering . . . And he shall lay his hand upon the head of the sin-offering, and slay the sin-offering . . . And the priest shall take of the blood . . . And the priest shall make an atonement for him, and it shall be forgiven him."

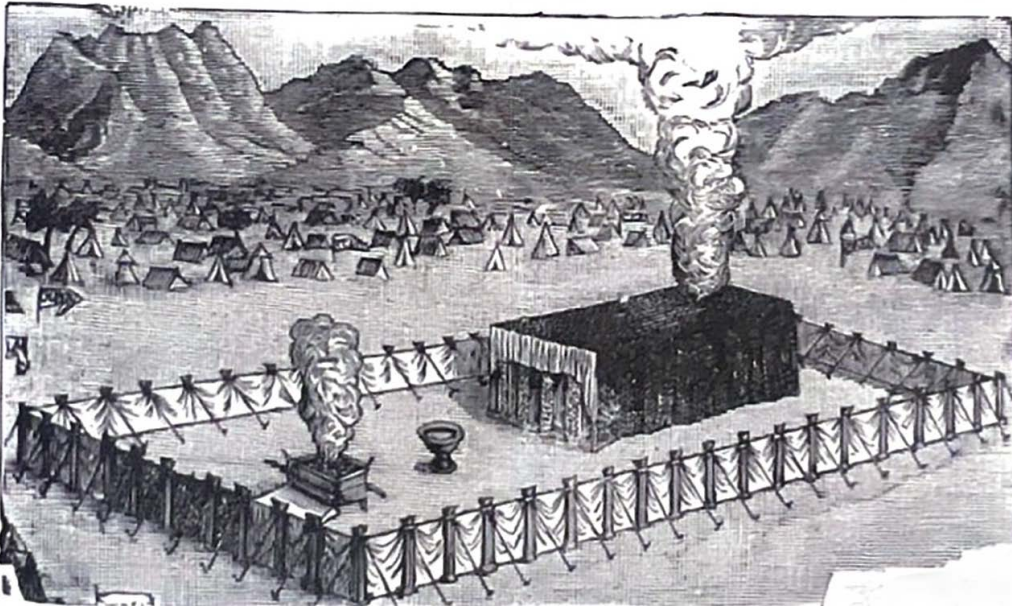
The law given to the Jews was a "shadow of good things to come"—but it was only a shadow: the substance is Christ. We therefore have to look at what we read in Leviticus, as the shadow of the good things that were to come; and then we have to look at the substance,

The Forgiveness of Sins.

the reality, the fulfilment of it all, in the Lord Jesus.

Let us look first at the shadow. It is said, "that if any man sin, he shall bring his offering, a kid of the goats, a lamb without blemish." If there was a spot, a fault, or flaw in the animal, it was of no use at all.

The next thing was that it was to be slain. "He shall lay his hand upon the head of the sin-offering, and slay the sin-offering in the place of the burnt-offering." Its life was to be given up; its blood was to be shed; and it was to be offered in a particular place, "in the place of the burnt-offering." Now, where was that? "At the door of the tabernacle of the Congregation before the Lord."



THE TABERNACLE IN THE WILDERNESS.

It was to be offered nowhere else. An open, public place. Every one might see it. The thing was not to be done in a corner; there was to be an open, public acknowledgment of sin.

Then there comes the question, How was the sinner connected with this offering? You find that the sinner, having brought the offering, was to do something with it. "He shall lay his hand upon the head of the sin-offering" (v. 29). What did this mean? Why it meant this: that he should lay, as it were, his sin upon it. The offerer as good as said, "I am guilty. The law of God demands my life, because God has said, 'The soul that sinneth, it shall die.' My life, therefore, is forfeited for ever. I have broken God's law."

The Forgiveness of Sins.

Then he was to bring the innocent life for his own; and he was thus, in figure, to transfer his guilt and his sins to the head of this animal, and the animal was treated by God as if it had the sin.

Lastly, what was the result?—Why this—that God's claim upon the sinner was satisfied. His claim was—the sinner's life. God's holy, just law demanded the sinner's life. Life was given. Then God said, "It shall be accepted for him." The immediate result to the sinner was forgiveness. Why? Because the law of God had no further claim upon him. He had settled it, settled it after God's fashion, so that there could be no mistake, and no doubt whatever. If you refer to chapter 4. 31 you will read, "The priest shall make atonement for him, and it shall be forgiven him."

But let us look at the substance, and see how far this applies to the sinner now; because that is the point.

First—The sin-offering. It must be without blemish. God has Himself provided a Lamb for an offering. You and I cannot do this. No man can give to God a ransom for his soul; but God has provided One which is a sufficient and perfect satisfaction for sin, and that is the Lamb of God "without blemish, without spot."

But He must be slain. His life, blameless, spotless, was of no use without His death, because it was "the blood," God said, "that makes atonement for the soul."

Observe, God's first claim upon the sinner is not a holy life. but his death. That is what God's law demands from you and me; for we are by nature condemned, having broken His law. Jesus came, that He might offer Himself in our stead.

Again remember, it was at the door of the tabernacle of the congregation that the sacrifice was offered, to show that there was no access to God but by His blood. The door of God's tabernacle—where is it? It is on earth here. The gate of Heaven is down here; and if a man does not enter while here, he will never enter it hereafter, for there is no door up there. If you want to know your sin is pardoned, come to Jesus Christ now. "There is none other name given under Heaven among men whereby we must be saved, but the Name of Jesus"—His blood was shed (Acts 4. 12). C. H. SPURGEON.

A REMARKABLE MORNING.

WHILE holding special Gospel meetings in Cobden, on the West Coast of New Zealand, we decided one morning to go and visit a woman in a township some miles away, having been requested to do so by a friend of hers who had recently been converted.

On arriving at her house, the next-door neighbour told us that she had just gone to Greymouth, a town near the place from which we had come. This was a disappointment to us, as we thought the Lord would have us go that morning to see this woman.

Coming to the conclusion that we had mistaken the Lord's leading, and wondering if we should drive back to Cobden at once, the thought occurred to us, strangely enough, to go to the cemetery, but having no interest there, it was one of the last places to visit.

However, remembering that there was a monument erected there to the memory of the men who had lost their lives in a mine disaster, we decided to go and see it.

Entering the cemetery, and finding a grave-digger at work, we wondered if the Lord would have us speak to him, so after saying "Good morning," and having a nice little talk with him, I pointed out the way of salvation. Instantly he stopped digging, and looked up with a face of fiery indignation, and said with a rough voice, "This is neither the time nor the place to discuss theological subjects. Put down your tract and pass on, and let me get on with my work."

Another disappointment—and it seemed that we were out of the current of God's thoughts this morning altogether. Leaving the grave-digger, and going to look at the monument before mentioned, I saw at the other end of the cemetery a woman doing up a grave. Quickly I forgot all about our previous disappointments and went to speak to her.

During our conversation she told me that her little child had died some months previously, and she felt this morning that she must come and do up the little grave.

I said to her: "I have good news for you. Your little child has gone to be with Christ, as all the children who die under the age of responsibility go to Heaven in virtue of His precious Blood shed on the Cross, and though your little one cannot return to you, you can be prepared to

A Remarkable Morning.

go and meet your loved one in the glory." Then I asked her if she had ever thought seriously about her sins and the necessity of obtaining God's forgiveness. I found that she had been much exercised about this subject since the death of her child, and that she was in soul trouble, anxiously wanting to know how she could be forgiven.

Taking out my New Testament, I read to her from Acts 13. 38, and pointed out that through the Person and work of the Lord Jesus Christ on the Cross of Calvary, God was now offering her the forgiveness of all her sins, and I emphasised to her that God said, "Be it known unto you! Be it known unto you 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."

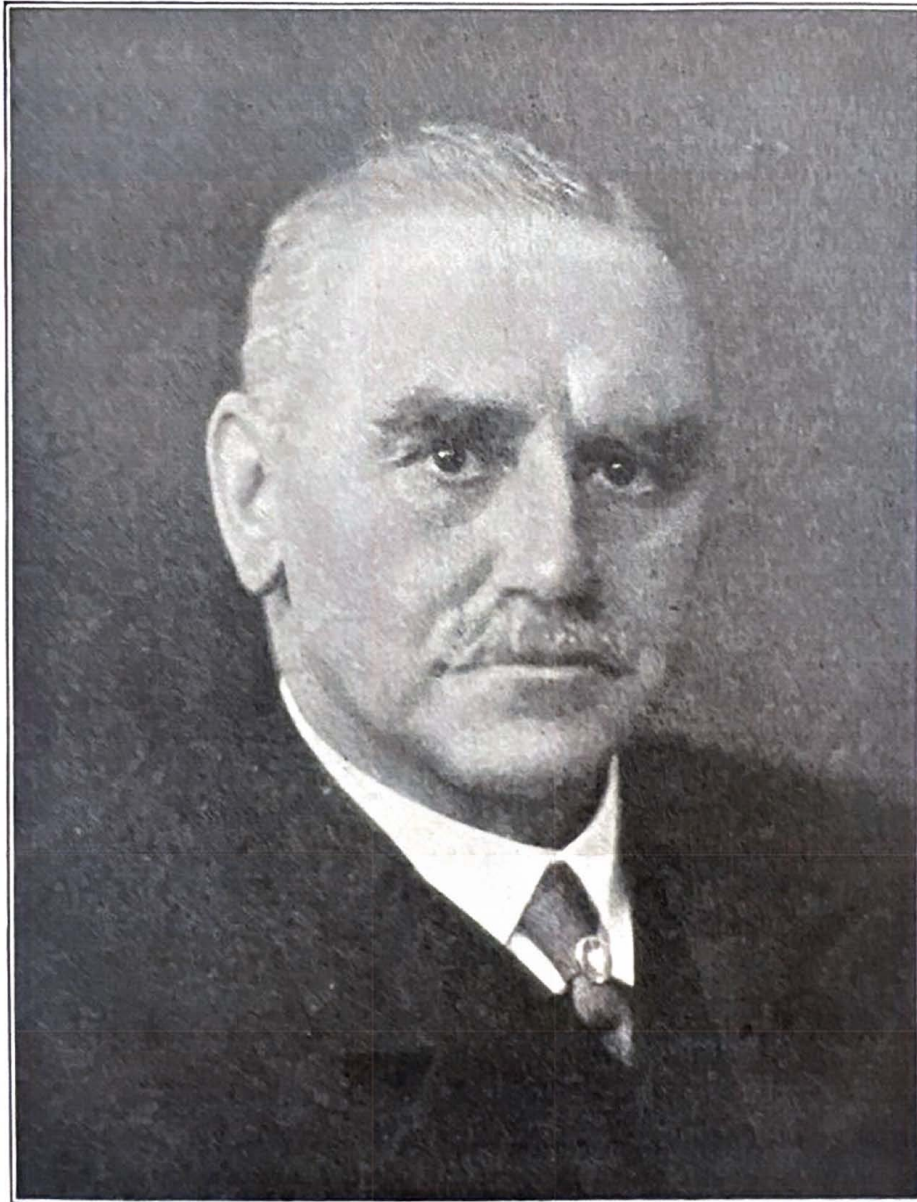
I could see that the Word of God gripped her heart at once, and she burst into tears, and said, "I see the truth." After she became composed, she said: "How wonderful this is to me! A strange gentleman to come and speak to me here on the very subject that has engrossed my mind since the death of my child!" I then told her how we were led to come to the cemetery, and mentioned our disappointments with regard to the woman being away from home and the grave-digger's rebuff, and I explained to her that the Lord does not send angels from Heaven now to guide His servants, but He guides them through His Word, and He forges links in the chain of circumstances to bring anxious souls to Christ, so I said, "The Lord had you in His heart this morning, and brought us in a strange way into contact with you," and as she looked over the morning's remarkable happenings, her heart was so full that she wept again.

Later on, when saying "Good-bye," she gave me a hearty shake of the hand, and went home rejoicing in the knowledge of the forgiveness of sins through believing in that once crucified but now exalted Redeemer, and we returned to Cobden with hearts full of gladness and thankfulness to the Lord, realising that He had led us forth by the right way, and rejoicing in the truth that if we go forth bearing precious seed, we shall come again with rejoicing bringing sheaves with us.

J. F. G.

HOW GOD SAVED A GLASGOW BUSINESS MAN.

THERE was nothing sensational about my conversion. I had the priceless privilege of being brought up in a godly home. Both of my parents were connected with the Bridgegate Free Church, and passed through the gracious experiences of the 1859 Revival, of which that



JOHN CORBETT, GLASGOW.

Church and the Wynd were the centre, and which left an indelible mark on the West of Scotland.

From my earliest days I was accustomed to the sound of praise and of prayer in my own home, where family worship was daily observed morning and evening. I was early taught to read the Bible for myself, and formed

How God Saved a Glasgow Business Man.

the habit, at the age of eleven, of reading a chapter daily. My plan has always been to read the Word of God right through, and thus I became well acquainted with the Scriptures, which are able to make one wise unto salvation.

Steeped as I was in religious teaching, however, and convinced as I was from the godly example of my father and mother that to be a Christian was the one thing needful and desirable, as I grew in my 'teens I became conscious that something was lacking. I heard others testify to their assurance of salvation, but I could not say that my sins were forgiven, and that Christ was mine; and I longed for the assurance that all was right between God and me.

At last I determined I would seek to have a definite dealing with the Lord about my soul, and I look back especially to one night, when in the privacy of my own bedroom I prayed somewhat after this fashion:

"O Lord, Thou knowest I want to be a real Christian. I have been earnestly striving to lead a Christian life, reading Thy Word regularly, praying sincerely, and doing my best. And yet I am not sure that I am saved. I hear others speak of their names being written in the Lamb's Book of Life, but I cannot say that of myself. Lord, what is it I need to learn that I have not learned? What is it I need to do that I have not done?"

Swiftly came the answer to my prayer. I opened my eyes, and looked at my open Bible, which was lying on my bed in front of me, and the words I read were—"Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest" (Matt. 11. 28). I imagined I saw the Lord Jesus Himself standing before me, with outstretched arms, looking straight into my eyes, and saying, "You have been struggling, and praying and working for salvation, and all the time you have forgotten Me, the Saviour. It is My business to save; come to Me, and let me do it all for you: I will give you rest, and pardon, and salvation, and all you need—only come to Me."

"But, Lord," I answered, "is it so easy as all that? What about my being able to live the Christian life?"

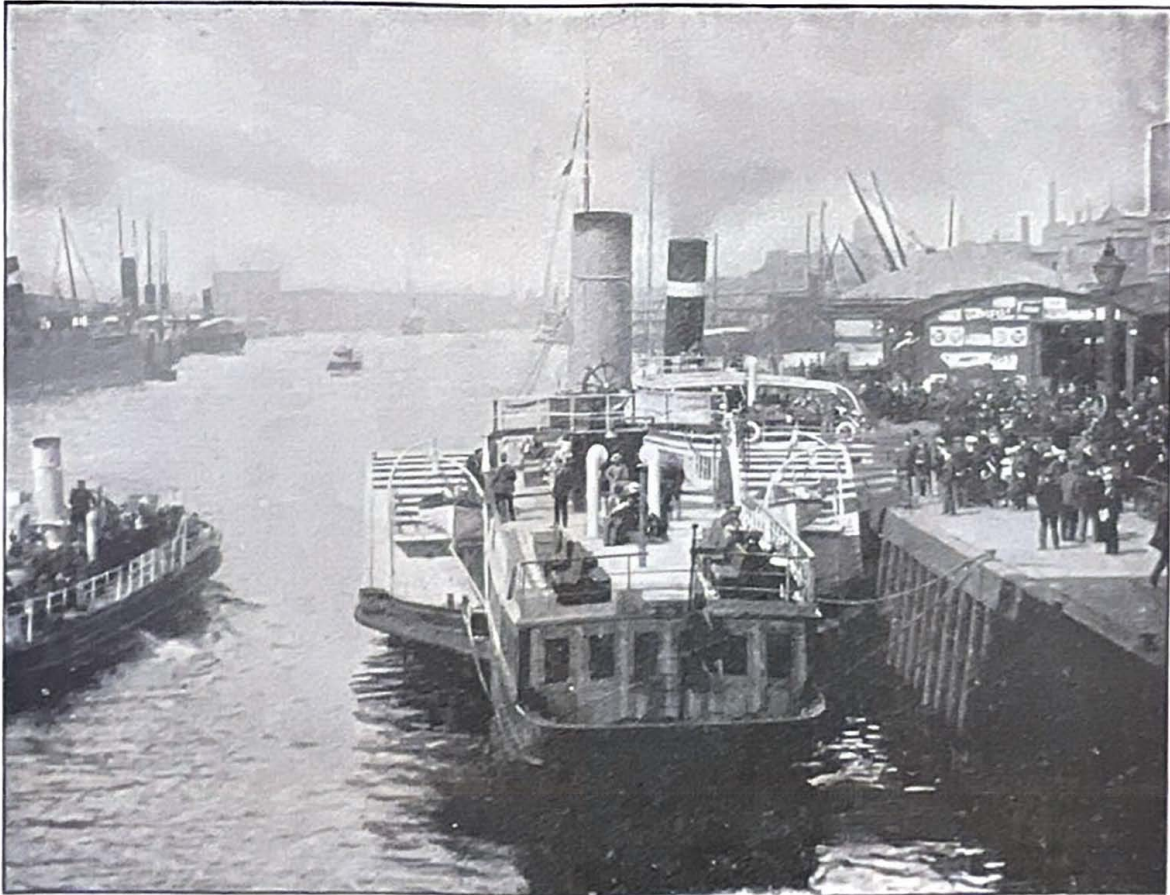
Like a flash came His gracious answer: "He is able to save to the uttermost them that come unto God by Him" (Heb. 7. 25).

How God Saved a Glasgow Business Man.

And as if to make assurance doubly sure, He brought to my mind John 6. 37: "And him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out."

"Then, Lord, I will take Thee at Thy word."

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



STEAMERS AT BROOMIELAW, GLASGOW.

In order to make it as definite as possible, I then took paper, and wrote down:

"I, John Corbett, have to-night heard the Voice of Jesus say to me, 'Come unto Me, thou heavy-laden one, and I will give thee rest. If thou comest to me, I am able to save thee to the uttermost; and if thou comest, I will in no wise cast thee out.' I have come to Him to-night."

I hesitated here, and was for a moment afraid to go further. But I took my courage in my hands, and determined to trust Him. So I went on:

How God Saved a Glasgow Business Man.

"I believe I am saved. If the Devil comes to me tomorrow, and tells me I am not a Christian, I will tell him he is a liar, for Jesus says, 'Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out,' and I have come to Him to-night."

Then I signed the document, and dated it, and laid it in my desk, among my treasures.

I have ventured to lay bare that secret transaction between my soul and God, in the hope that it may lead some other trembling, seeking one to enter into a covenant with Him in the same definite way. I believe there are many in our midst who, like myself, have been brought up under godly influence; but who need to take for themselves a definite step, to enter into a definite transaction with God. "Ye shall seek Me, and find Me, when ye shall search for Me with all your heart" (Jer. 29. 13).

It is never easy, especially at first, to confess Christ openly. I did not find it easy to take a stand for Christ. Yet His call to us is not only, "Come unto Me," but He also says, "Come out . . . and be separate" (2 Cor. 6. 17). If a Christian is to be of any use, he must come "out" for God.

As a youth I was fond of singing; and, although my father did not allow me to learn dancing, being musical I easily picked it up; and I had been in the habit of singing songs and taking part in dancing in my friends' houses.

About this time I was invited to a party where I knew there would be dancing. I had been troubled about the matter, and after prayer, had decided to give it up. The testing time came at the party referred to above. Early in the evening I was asked to choose a partner for a quadrille. I said (very shamefacedly, I am afraid) "I'm sorry I can't; I've given up dancing." "What?" said my friend in astonishment, "do you mean you're not going to dance any more?" "Yes," I replied, rather lamely. It wasn't a happy evening for me, but I lost my "reputation" that night, and I was never again asked to a similar party.

Was I very miserable at being left out? No! No! No! Believe me, the joys of Christian life and service are a thousandfold greater than the tawdry pleasures of the

How God Saved a Glasgow Business Man.

world. I felt led to give up song singing at the same time; and, looking back, I believe God's hand was leading me, for I was immediately introduced into Gospel singing, which has been a large part of my service for Christ. I can see now that, had I not taken a definite stand, and come "out" for Him, after coming "unto" Him, He never could have allowed me to take part in His service in the way He opened up for me. For many years my special work was open-air work, having been associated for over twenty years with the Open-Air Meeting at Langside Monument, Glasgow, where I have seen many finding the Saviour.

In conclusion, let me commend my Saviour to all. He has filled my life with His goodness, has led and guided and blessed me, has heard and answered my prayers, and like Paul, I can say, "I know Him whom I have trusted, and I am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day" (2 Tim. 1. 12).

J.C.

HISTORIC BANNOCKBURN.

IT was a glorious summer day that favoured us as we sped along the miles of historic ground through the Scottish Trossachs on our way south, after a holiday in the Highlands. At last we emerged into the open country, and right in front of us, secure on an imposing eminence of grey rock, stood Stirling Castle, the old-time gateway of the Highlands. Beyond it lay the historic battlefield of Bannockburn, now quiet and peaceful after centuries of strife and bloodshed. Here was fought one of the most decisive battles in Scottish history, for, by his victory over the English, Robert the Bruce secured for Scotland her independence. And as we stood by the Bore Stone—said to be the spot where Bruce planted his standard—our thoughts instinctively went back to the dawn of that memorable day in June, 1314. And as we looked, the verdant fields now bathed in the sunshine of peace, seemed to transform into another scene. We gazed across the broad plain through which the sleepy Bannock Burn wended its way, and in thought we saw proud Edward's mighty army advancing to the fray. There came to our ears the clash of steel; the shout of

Historic Bannockburn.

foemen warring. We saw the English host advancing, line upon line, like the incoming tide on a storm-swept shore. Then, suddenly the heavy cavalry of the invader charges furiously against the stubborn Scots, but recoil from a wall of levelled spears. Column after column follow, only to be engulfed in the morass, or entangled amongst the hidden pits. And now a body of 10,000 archers in an elevated position pour a rain of death upon the Scots. Bruce orders his horsemen to make a detour round the morass and charge them, which is successfully done; and the archers, so deadly at a distance, become powerless at close quarters, are soon scattered like chaff.

The battle still ebbs and flows, till at a given signal from their chief, the Scots charge down upon the reeling and hampered columns. And now our attention is diverted to another scene. At this juncture, the Scottish camp followers, with blankets raised on poles, appear over the ridge of Gillies Hill, where they have watched the fortunes of the battle. Mistaken for a fresh Scottish army, their sudden appearance spreads dismay in the ranks of the already disheartened English.

The climax is reached, as Bruce, at this critical moment, brings up his own division, and charging at its head, soon carries all before him. And now the battle is over, the mighty English army, with their King a fugitive, is scattered, leaving 30,000 dead upon the field.

The vision of that memorable battle had passed, and as we walked through the fields and picked the flowers, and listened to the blithesome note of the lark as it wheeled to and fro high overhead, there came to mind the lines from Gray's immortal Elegy:

"The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth ere gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour,
The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

Ah, yes, proud though we may be as we look back over the centuries and praise the valour of our warlike forefathers who fought and died in freedom's cause, yet, though it would appear to us that such deeds were inevitable in those dark days, we are to-day reminded of the terse words of Scripture: "What shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" (Mark 8. 36).

Historic Bannockburn.

At Bannockburn thousands of precious lives were sacrificed to satisfy the greed of a grasping Court and an ambitious King in his fight for a kingdom, which ended in disaster. But there are countless thousands to-day in the mad rush of a pleasure-seeking world, who regardless of the vital consequences, are sacrificing their never-dying soul for something of infinitely less value than a kingdom.



THE BORE STONE, BANNOCKBURN.

But, stay, ere we proceed: Are you one of the many who are going with the swift flowing current, giving not a moment's thought for the future? If so, stop and think. Remember, when life's course is run, then, "After this the judgment" (Heb. 9. 27). Let not the dazzling things of the passing world blind you to the realities of eternity. Be wise in time. To-morrow may be too late. "Behold, now is the accepted time, behold, now is the day of salvation" (2 Cor. 6. 2).

D.J.B.,

**"YOUNG MAN! GOD HAS SET HIS HEART
UPON THEE."**

SUCH were the words uttered by a preacher, and the Lord carried them home to the heart of a youth in the congregation. He had been the child of many prayers, and had ample opportunities of becoming acquainted with God's simple and glorious plan of salvation, but these opportunities were misimproved and the great concerns of Eternity put off till some more "convenient season." At the age of fifteen he left home to serve an apprenticeship at the drapery trade. Removed from parental influences, he turned a deaf ear to his father's prayers and his mother's tears. He broke his promises, and instead of reading the Bible, devoured sensational literature. His course of conduct began to be manifest to his employers, and he was ultimately dismissed from his situation with his character gone and prospects blighted. He returned to his parental roof, and while at home attended the chapel, not from any desire to hear the Gospel preached, but to please his friends. It was his custom to take a novel with him, and read it during the sermon. One evening when the preacher announced his text the young man took out a novel from his pocket and pored over its pages. Coming to an interesting part of the book, as the sermon was about half over, he looked up just as the minister shouted, "Young man! God has set His heart upon thee." The thought flashed across his mind like lightning, "What! God has set His heart upon me! Is it possible that God loves me?"

In an instant he trembled from head to foot. Sins committed in the past started up before him, and his condition as a sinner was vividly realised. His agony of soul was so great that he feared the earth would open and his guilty spirit be plunged into everlasting destruction. For two whole days he was in the very depths of despair, until his thoughts were directed to Calvary where he saw the glorious truth that Jesus had died for him and had borne the penalty of sin. The moment he knew that Christ had completely satisfied God's justice on account of his sins, peace and joy filled his heart.

Does the peace, joy, and satisfaction of sins forgiven fill your heart? "The Blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth us from all sin" (1 John 1. 7). Believest thou this?

THE WRECK OF THE "ETTRICKDALE"

—OR,—

THE TOTAL WRECK FROM WHICH THE CAPTAIN AND ALL THE CREW OF TWENTY-FOUR, EXCEPTING ONE, WERE SAVED BY THE HEROIC EFFORTS OF BRAVE BLUEJACKETS WITH MIDSHIPMAN JELlicOE (AFTERWARDS ADMIRAL JELlicOE) IN CHARGE.



Pulling towards the Wreck.

"How anxiously the poor drenched seamen watched the movements of their would be rescuers, as at last by superhuman efforts, they got alongside the doomed vessel."

THE WRECK OF THE "ETTRICKDALE."

IT was on the night of March 11, 1880, during a gale of exceptional violence, blowing from the East, that several wrecks took place along the Spanish Coast, adjacent to Gibraltar, among these being the Glasgow steamer, the "Ettrickdale." On arriving at the scene of the disaster, with heavy seas running and with the beach strewn with wreckage, one saw at a glance that the position of the steamer looked decidedly hopeless, as the deck house, boats, funnel, etc., had all been washed overboard, together with the stern mast, the main mast alone standing, and upon this frail refuge, the captain and crew of twenty-four, were clinging with apparently little hope of deliverance, being swept continually with drenching seas, in which perilous position they had spent the whole of the previous night, and the wreck being close inshore, their cries for help were clearly heard above the raging of the storm, becoming more and more incessant as the vessel was gradually settling down. Their rescue also becoming less hopeful, as between the ship and the shore, the waves were so tremendous, that it seemed impossible for any boat either to be launched or live. All attempts of the Rocket apparatus having failed to establish communications, the helpless seamen seemed just waiting any moment to be swept into Eternity. However, to their intense relief, and to the relief of those watching the wreck, a Battleship, H.M.S. Monarch, appeared in the distance, having been sent from Gibraltar to try and render assistance. But being unable to get near the wreck, owing to the increased violence of the storm, the ship's life-boat was launched and manned by a volunteer crew of brave Blue Jackets, with Midshipman Jellicoe (afterwards Admiral Jellicoe) in charge. All eyes both on shore and on the wreck, watched with no small anxiety, as the rescue party, now on the crest of a huge wave, and now lost to sight in the trough of the sea, drew gradually near to the steamer. How anxiously the poor drenched seamen watched the movements of their would be rescuers, as at last, by superhuman efforts, they got alongside the doomed vessel. When, just as rescue seemed imminent, a sea of unusual violence lifted the life-boat clean out of the water, and all the brave men were struggling in the boiling surf. At

The Wreck of the "Ettrickdale."

once scores of willing hands rushed to their rescue at great personal risk of being swept off their feet, and eventually, by the aid of their life-belts, and by the help of those of us on shore, all were safely brought to land, amid a scene of rejoicing, not easily to be forgotten.

All now returned to the wreck, to render what help could be given to those still clinging to the rigging, but alas, one had already been swept into the sea, and drowned, being unable to hold on any longer, which as evening was fast drawing on, seemed likewise to be the inevitable fate of the remainder of the Crew. So redoubled efforts were made for their rescue. Among those most prominent being the rescued Blue Jackets themselves, who having obtained change of clothing, did their best to save their less fortunate brothers, now but faintly calling for help. As the vessel was gradually breaking up, and as all previous efforts had failed, it was now resolved to make one last attempt, and a large Spanish fishing boat was launched amid great difficulty and danger, and after a time of intense suspense, all were safely landed. The doomed steamer, thus lightened of her human freight, quickly broke her back and disappeared.

The scene on shore, with darkness now coming on, and the last of the crew cared for by willing hands, has vividly lived in the memory of the writer during these past forty-four years. And in looking back over this long period, and pondering over the events of that memorable scene which to-day re-appears with almost photographic clearness, carries with it also a lesson of deep spiritual significance. For it may be to some who read this true story, and as fellow-travellers over the uncertain sea of life, that they, too, are clinging for eternal safety to some poor piece of human wreckage, as those poor seamen were to that, which every moment may have proved powerless, to save them from impending death.

How often has one heard the well-known, but entirely thread-bare saying, "I'm doing the best I can," to the question concerning the certainty of their eternal salvation, as if any amount of doing, could purchase God's great gift! And ignoring the fact that God's Word very clearly states that the Lord Jesus Christ alone could meet the

The Wreck of the "Ettrickdale."

requirements of a just and holy God, on account of sin, and that He alone, by His sacrifice upon Calvary, having fully met that claim, has done everything necessary for man's eternal salvation, and has consequently left nothing for the poor shipwrecked sinner to do. From John 19. 30, and many other Scriptures, we see without the shadow of a doubt, that salvation was purchased by the precious blood of Christ, and that man had no part in it whatever, or in doing anything to obtain the same. Again, Ephesians 1. 7-11; 8. 9, and other Scriptures, emphatically prove that salvation is by grace through faith, and not by works, and these can be multiplied a hundredfold, all proving, that like those poor, wrecked seamen who could do absolutely nothing to save themselves, but were entirely dependent for salvation from a watery grave, upon those who stood by to rescue. So in like manner, you, and I as lost sinners, are as entirely dependent upon the mercy of God and the sacrifice of the Christ, for our salvation from eternal death, as they were from the death which every moment threatened them.

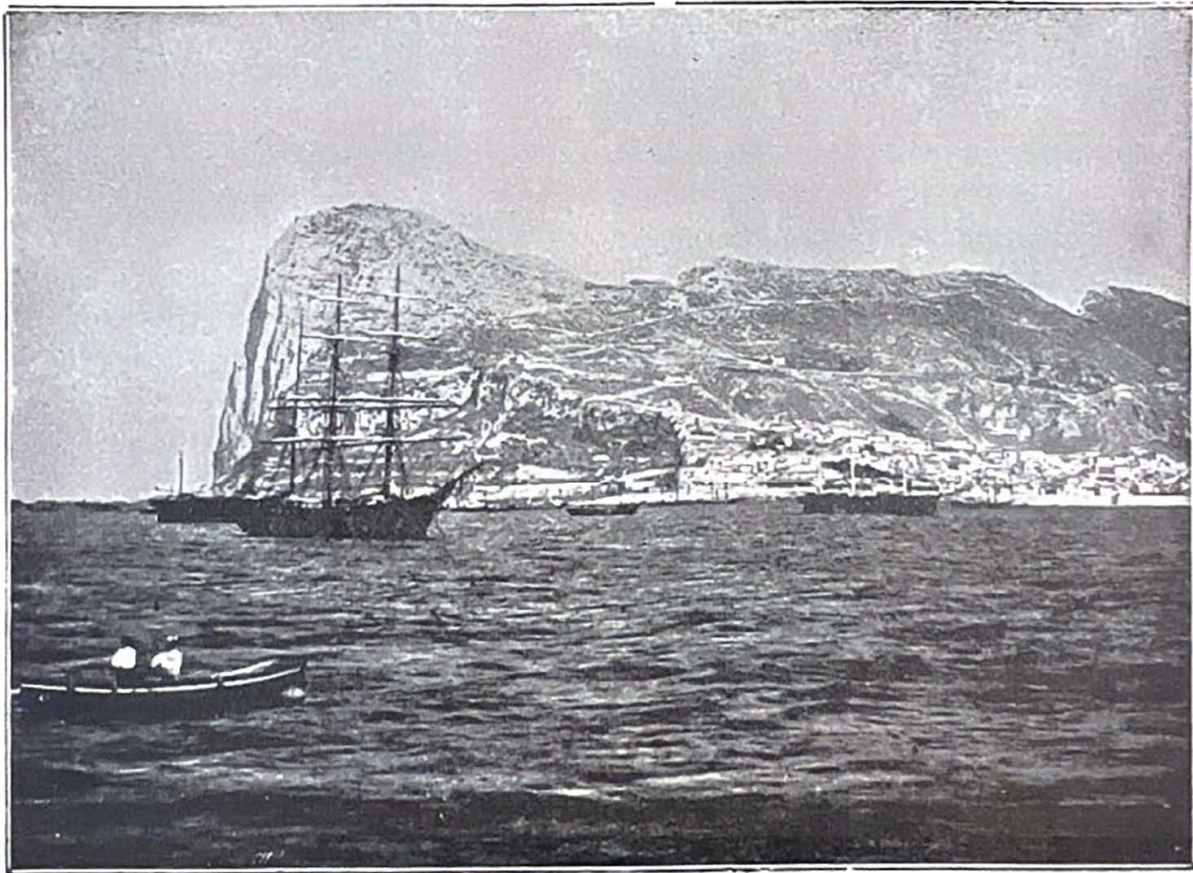
This seems to be an age of rank indifference as well as of increasing unbelief, concerning spiritual things, or in other words, things that really matter, for said the Lord Jesus, "What shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" (Matt. 16. 26), and these pointed words are just as applicable to-day, as they were, two thousand years ago. Indifference indeed, there was no indifference I can assure you on the part of those sailors, as they clung to that frail rigging, and why? Simply because they knew they were in danger, and may God in His infinite mercy arouse every reader of this story, if not yet sheltered beneath the precious blood of Christ (1 Peter 1. 18, 19) to a real sense of our danger, too, and not remain any longer, I beseech you, living in a veritable fool's paradise, while any moment your frail barque may become a total wreck. Danger made these man cry out for help, increasing danger made them more insistent, and when all seemed lost, they ceased to cry, and just trusted to their rescuers. And so, dear friend, wake up to the solemn fact that danger is near, that God's Word solemnly warns the sinner, that this danger is real, and no mere camouflage, and with all its

The Wreck of the "Ettrickdale."

awful and attendant consequences, may be nearer to you than you think. If perchance you die without Christ, you will be lost for all eternity. What a loss, and lost, too, while salvation is so near at hand. Someone has said, and quite truly:

"The loss of gold is much, the loss of health is more,
But the loss of Christ is such, that nothing can restore."

How awfully sad must be the lot of all who thus reject



THE GIBRALTAR ROCK.

the Saviour. But be assured of one thing, that God has done all that lies in His power for the sinner's eternal safety. The responsibility must rest upon those who reject such a Saviour who is to-day waiting to be gracious. He is still calling as of old, "Come unto Me, all ye that labour, and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest" (Matt. 11. 28); and of whom it is written, "Look unto Me and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth" (Isa. 45. 22). May it not be said of any who read this simple story, "Ye will not come unto Me that ye might have life" (John 5. 40).

GEORGE HOLMES.

TACKLING NEW YORK TRAMPS.

ONE evening, in company with a friend, I visited a "rescue hall" in the Bowery, New York City. The building was well filled with a company of between 400 and 500 "toughs," "tramps," and "dead-beats." Most, if not all of them, had seen better days. Owing, however, to their love for drink, they had lost their businesses and situations, and were down in the mire of sin, proving the truth of Scripture that "The way of transgressors is hard." Some had been rescued from the slavery of drink and were teetotallers, whilst others had been delivered from the bondage of Satan and were Christians.

The order of the meeting was as follows: Singing and prayer, hot coffee and sandwiches, an address, and open, voluntary testimonies. The poor fellows seemed to enjoy their meal. The singing was hearty, but many of the testimonies were stereotyped and unsatisfactory. The so-called "Gospel" address did not in my judgment contain sufficient Gospel to save anybody. The speaker was a minister of an influential church in the city, but his "talk" was one of the most disappointing that I ever listened to. Most of the time was occupied in giving a sketch of a newly-published novel by "Ralph Connor." Feeling that some application was expected from such a congregation, Dr. — finished up with the following exhortation, "Turn from all sin; pray to God for forgiveness; swear by Jesus you will follow Him." And this was all the "Gospel" given! How I felt for these poor waifs! It is unnecessary to say to those who understand their Bibles that such teaching is not God's Gospel, the Gospel as preached by the apostles.

Let us examine the "Doctor's" theology. To poor, broken-down tramps, to men who were walking on the dirty side of the broad road, and conscious of their guilt, he said: "Turn from all sin." If they did what he told them, what then? What about their past life, all stained with guilt, all criminal with rebellion? Of what use is it to exhort a condemned criminal who received the death sentence to murder no more? The man is already condemned. Sinners, however respectable, upright, moral, or religious, if unsaved, are "condemned already" (see John 3. 18). If the unconverted reader never commits another sin, future obedience cannot obliterate the past.

The preacher's second counsel was to "pray to God for

Tackling New York Tramps.

forgiveness.” Is forgiveness of sin obtained by the unbeliever through prayer? “Without faith it is impossible to please Him” (Heb. 11. 6). But the unsaved have not faith in Christ. The moment a man believes on the Lord



AN OLD TRAMP.

Jesus, that moment he ceases being an unbeliever, is saved (Acts 16. 31), obtains eternal life (John 5. 24), and is justified (Rom. 4. 4, 5). “They that are in the flesh cannot please God” (Rom. 8. 8). Every unconverted

Tackling New York Tramps.

person is in "the flesh" as to his standing before God. How then is forgiveness obtained? Harken to God's Word: "To Him give all the prophets witness, that through His Name whosoever believeth in Him shall receive remission of sins" (Acts 10. 43). Sinners are neither justified nor pardoned through prayer, but by simple faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. "Does it not say," inquires one, "that if we ask we shall receive?" Let us look at the passage. "Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you" (Matt. 7. 7). To whom were the words spoken? To Christ's disciples. The "ye" referred to were the same persons who were addressed as "the light of the world" (Matt. 5. 14), and "the salt of the earth." Are unbelievers the light of the world? Are the unsaved "the salt of the earth?" Of what use is it, then, to exhort the unregenerate to pray to God for forgiveness, when God does not bestow it in that way? Why pray to Him when He is beseeching them to accept of it as a free gift (see 2 Cor. 5. 20)?

The last exhortation in our opinion was the worst of all: "Swear by Jesus you will follow Him." Why advise unbelievers to "swear by Jesus," when He declares "swear not at all" (Matt. 5. 34)? And why "swear by Jesus that you will follow Him?" It is true that Christ is set before believers as a perfect example. Christ left them an example that they should follow His steps (1 Peter 2. 21). What Scripture commands those who are "dead in trespasses and sins" (Eph. 2. 1), to follow His steps in order to be saved? Christ lived a perfectly holy and sinless life. He knew no sin, He did no sin, and in Him was no sin. Those who know themselves best think least of themselves.

The Unitarian counsels the unsaved to follow in the footsteps of Christ, but evangelical Christians urge them to accept of Him as their Saviour and Lord. To every unconverted person who reads these lines we would say, Don't attempt to obtain salvation through your "doings." "Christ died for the ungodly" (Rom. 5. 6), therefore He died for you. God has accepted His "finished" work as a perfect atonement, and you are now invited and entreated to believe on Him who settled the sin question. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved" A.M.

CAPTAIN DAWSON'S CONVERSION.

CAPT. W. H. DAWSON, one of the best known Christians in the South of England, has been called to his reward. Born in London, in 1850, he entered Harrow in 1864. He passed 19th out of 130 for a direct commission, and at the age of 19, entered the Inniskilling



CAPTAIN DAWSON.

Dragoons as a Cornet, in 1870. In 1873, whilst at New-bridge Barracks the "great change took place." His conversion is told so simply in his own words that we quote it.

"One evening occupied with Orderly-room work and preparing a Military Lecture till late I did not dine at

Captain Dawson's Conversion.

Mess, but had some light food in my quarters. I thought a little lighter reading than the Military Works I was studying would be a change with my meals, so I sent for the Regimental Library Catalogue. No book attracted my attention till the very *end*, and there I saw 'Vicars, Hedley, Memorials of, by Miss Marsh.' I had heard of the book but knew nothing about it. I thought, 'Well, it must be this book, there is nothing else.'

"I found that Hedley Vicars was Adjutant of his Regiment and a keen soldier, so I hoped that I might learn something from him, but I had no idea there was anything in the book that was 'religious,' or I should not have sent for it! I had respect for those who were earnest godly persons, but kept out of their way, and thought that such things were all very well for old people, but not for those still young!

"My life was just a careless, happy life, no thoughts beyond the present and my profession. A lover of horses, cricket, etc., and the pleasures of life in a Cavalry Regiment, with the busy work of Adjutant. I began the book and read right through. As Adjutant, and loving my work, the book appealed to me at once, but I was much surprised that Hedley Vicars found some wonderful blessing which completely changed his life, gave him true happiness, and enabled him to look forward to Heaven with an assurance which, to me, seemed startling and extraordinary. There seemed to me such a true ring about the details that I was convinced it was a reality and I was greatly interested.

"My thought was, here is something quite new to me, something wonderful; let me look into it; it seems to be supernatural, I must be very ignorant. What Hedley Vicars found which gave him such complete satisfaction and altered his whole life, might be also for me!

"To become a good soldier of the Lord Jesus Christ, to have a different object in life and a glorious eternity before me, these were things I had never thought about. Some passages I read over several times, especially the verse which helped Hedley Vicars, 'The Blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin' (1 John 1. 7). This was like Hebrew to me, nothing whatever in it. I must have read that verse a hundred times. My thought

Captain Dawson's Conversion.

again was, if Hedley Vicars was a sinner, and needed forgiveness of sins, then I must also be a sinner before God, and I need forgiveness of my sins here and now. If he received that forgiveness at once, perhaps I may! If he accepted eternal life as a gift, and a present possession,



THE GUARDS AT WHITEHALL, LONDON.

why should not I? I asked God to show me the meaning of that verse, to change my life, to give me eternal life and make me a good soldier of the Lord Jesus Christ. I prayed other words on my knees; my heart was stirred and I longed to know what Hedley Vicars had learned. I fell asleep after wondering what it all meant, a good deal astonished and much perplexed. I remember thinking

Captain Dawson's Conversion.

perhaps it will all have passed away by the morning; it seemed complete darkness.

In the morning he realised that he had taken the place of a guilty sinner, accepted the Lord Jesus as his own personal Saviour, and as he expressed it: "Some great change, through the sovereign grace of God, had taken place in me. God had heard my prayer; I went forth that day a changed man; it was a new life, though I could not understand, or account for it, or explain it. I do know that my Bible was a new book to me that morning, and verses stood out with a new meaning. I had been blind; now I began to see. I seemed to have some new power within me; it was an inward revolution, and gave a joy which I had never known before. I had found a Friend in Heaven to whom I could look up, and a new object in life.

"At once I told my brother officers, and there was considerable excitement! Some said it was a 'sort of fit,' others said it was just a 'dream.' and would not last. They soon saw there was a great change in my life; they were quite puzzled and there was much discussion.

"I saw there must be a separation from the former things, so the playing cards were burned, billiard cues given away, wine and smoking given up.

"I could only say, it was marvellous to me that my tastes were completely changed, and I no longer wanted those things. I had got that which was so much better, and there was no room for the former things. My desire was that God would guide and control my life, and I wanted to serve Him and help others into the same blessing. I know it is not always so, and to some it is a real difficulty as to the line of separation from certain things. I can only humbly testify that as a young officer of twenty-three, in the full enjoyment of all the usual pleasures, the love of them was taken away, and I had infinitely greater delight in spiritual things, in the things of God, than in all other things before, and the happiness in the changed life contrasted with the happiness before, was just as different as gold from copper."

What the grace of God did for Captain Dawson it can do for you. Put it to the test now by accepting Jesus Christ as your personal Saviour (John 5. 24). HYP.

THE GROCER AND THE BAKER.

THE most of people are agreed that we must "do something" for ourselves if we are to get to Heaven. Of course, they are not agreed on what they must do, but they are sure they must do something. And so the



INTERVIEWING THE EVANGELIST.

The Grocer and the Baker.

many "religions" that obtain in the world are built upon that conviction.

And if, perchance, any have learned that salvation is to be had through coming to Christ as the Saviour, they are liable to conclude there must be some course of preparation required to fit them to come to Him. Of such were Donald Smith and his companion, John Lowry. Donald was a grocer, and John a baker, both honest, industrious, and religious, but neither of them having peace with God, nor any assurance of salvation. The fact was they had never been awakened to see their helpless and lost condition. However, God was looking on. Two earnest evangelists were holding forth the Word of Life in the Town Hall of B——, where our two friends lived, and among their most regular attendants were Donald and John. Their respectful demeanour and serious bearing attracted the attention of the preachers, and led to some interesting talks on the great subject of the salvation of God, and how it was to be obtained.

Faithfully each night did God's servants tell out both sides of the story. Honestly did they warn men to "flee from the wrath to come," as did their Master when He was here. And lovingly did they make known "the Gospel of the grace of God," 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). Their testimony aroused considerable opposition on the part of some who resented the "preaching of judgment," and of others who thought it was "too easy" to be saved for nothing, a conclusion which was reached because they failed to see the other side of the subject, namely, that while it is free now to the sinner, yet the agonies of Calvary demonstrate that it was secured at an infinite cost to the Saviour. For it is written: "He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon Him, and with His stripes we are healed. All we like sheep have gone astray, we have turned every one to his own way, and the Lord hath laid upon Him the iniquity of us all" (Isa. 53. 5, 6).

Some who came to the meetings believed the Word that was spoken: Of others it could be said, "They

The Grocer and the Baker.

believed not." To the former God's peace was assured, and they rejoiced in God's salvation. As for the latter, they probably continued in their self-chosen way, which, alas! is a way that, while "it seemeth right unto a man, the end thereof are the ways of death" (Prov. 16. 25).

One night our two friends, Donald and John, sought an interview with the evangelists. It was at the close of a very solemn meeting. Their difficulties were two-fold. They had always thought they must do something to get to Heaven, and had many a time discussed with one another as to what that something must be. However, under the preaching they had been hearing, they saw that salvation must come through the Lord Jesus, and what He had done, and hence it was not of their doing but by His finished work they could get peace.

Their present difficulty was their unfitness to come to Christ. "And," said Donald, who was usually the spokesman in these conversations, "John and I have been praying nightly together to ask God to make us fit to come to Jesus. But we seem to make but little progress. We cannot feel we have improved a bit."

Honest and earnest they undoubtedly were, and feeling that God could alone settle the difficulty for them, the Word of God was appealed to, with happy results.

As the outshining sun dispels the fog that hides a beautiful landscape from the eyes, so the Word of God with its clear Gospel message banished the hazy thoughts our friends had of the attitude of the Lord Jesus Christ toward the sinner. The believer in the Gospel glories in the truth of the threefold complaint of the Pharisees against Christ when He was here: He is "the Friend of publicans and sinners" (Matt. 11. 19); He "receiveth sinners, and eateth with them" (Luke 15. 2); He is "gone to be guest with a man that is a sinner" (Luke 19. 7).

Their fitness was in the fact that they were sinners, for He had come to save such.

Their burden was gone, their difficulty solved, and their hearts made glad, while they sang with Charlotte Elliott:

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

T. D. W. M.

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.

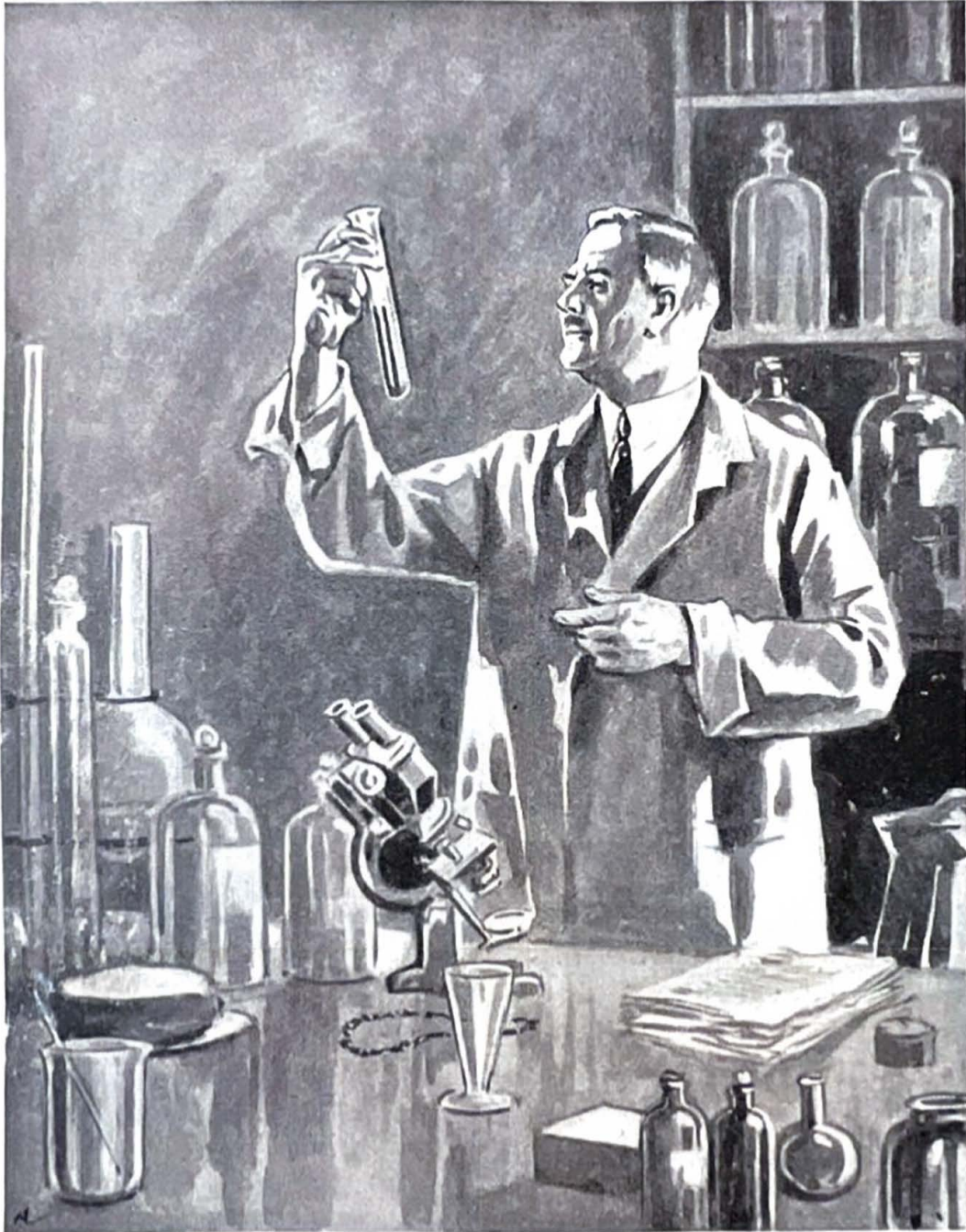
"And shall not come into condemnation"—fourth step.

"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.

DECEPTIONS

—OR,—

FRAUDS OF ALL KINDS THAT ARE PRACTISED ON THE HUMAN RACE
IN EVERY DEPARTMENT OF LIFE.



"Examinations Were Made"

"There is no bulwark against deception like the Bible. It is full of warnings against deception, and specifies clearly what some of the most dangerous ones are."

DECEPTIONS.

TWENTY million dollars saved on only one item of expenditure. That is what "Uncle Sam" claims to have done for the American public during a recent two-year period. In a laboratory established for the purpose, examinations were made of devices and mixtures being offered for sale through the mails. Many were proved to be utterly worthless, and were, of course, put off the market, with the result that those who might have been deceived into buying them were "in pocket" a considerable amount. The list of items thus dealt with makes strange reading. Here are a few of them:

An "Infra-Red" cap, advertised to cure baldness and toothache; a churn, supposed to turn one pound of butter into two; magic beads, "guaranteed" to cure goitre; a device to increase one's height, by a kind of hanging process; eye-drops purporting to cure flat feet.

It appears that these, and other fraudulent "cures," were eagerly bought. One man is reported to have been so anxious to get an apparatus to restore youth that he telegraphed the price—one thousand dollars! The "bait" used by the advertisers was generally in the form of testimonials from "benefited users." Often these were frauds. In one case investigators found that 75% of the people who testified that a tuberculosis "cure" had restored their health died of T.B. And ten years after they were dead, the promotor, who later died of the same disease, continued to use their testimonials.

The human race is subject to a strange variety of deceptions. They are practiced in all departments of life—in business, in politics, in society, and even in religion. In the latter sphere their number has increased rapidly within recent years. Their claims are as misleading and often quite as absurd as those of the "quacks" we have referred to—and they are often more readily accepted. Smoothly and attractively presented, few pause to inquire whether they are true. They appeal strongly to the imagination, so it is deemed unnecessary to ask, "What saith the Scripture?" Is it any wonder that error thrives?

There is no bulwark against deception like the Bible. It is full of warnings against deception, and specifies clearly what some of the most dangerous ones are. It warns against "the deceitfulness of sin" (Heb. 3. 13).

Deceptions.

In contrast with some modern theories it speaks of sin as a reality, not a thing to be denied or treated lightly, but the horrible plague of mankind and a terrible affront to the holy throne of God. And, lest men forget the terrible penalty attaching to it, the further warning is added, "Be not deceived; God is not mocked; for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap" (Gal. 6. 7). The "reaping" will be one of judgment, wrath, and eternal torment for the unrepentant sinner. For the Bible knows nothing of "annihilation," "larger hope," "second chance," etc. These, and other cleverly-spun theories being broadcasted to-day, are as definitely opposed to the Word of God as anything can be. Let the reader therefore beware how he allows himself to be ensnared by them.

But not only in regard to sin and its penalty are people being deceived, but as to the way of salvation as well. Here again the Bible is in sharp contrast to much that is taught and widely held. Salvation, it tells us, is "not of works of righteousness which we have done...not of works, lest any man should boast," but rather "by grace...through faith,...the gift of God" (Eph. 2. 8, 9; Titus 3. 5). This gift was purchased for us by the Lord Jesus Christ when He "bare our sins in His own body on the tree" (1 Peter 2. 24). And now He, who cannot deceive, declares the method of salvation in these wonderful words: "Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that heareth My Word, and believeth on Him that sent Me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation, but is passed from death unto life" (John 5. 24). So simple is God's salvation. And, reader, it is the only way. See that you do not reject it. For if you do, you leave yourself open to the most dreadful deception possible, and to a fearful doom. Perhaps you adopt an indifferent attitude towards God's salvation and the claims of the Saviour. Many to-day are neglecting their soul's salvation. One of the unanswered questions of eternity is "How shall we escape if we neglect God's great salvation?" There is absolutely no escape; be warned in time or you will regret your folly throughout a dark eternity. Accept the Saviour now. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved" (Acts 6. 31).

F. W. SCHWARTZ.

THE ORIGIN OF GAMBLING.

IT was race week. "What'll win?" seemed to be the most urgent theme in existence. It was on everybody's lips. Bets were laid on this and that horse, and every one believed his choice was the "winner." At the big yards, at street corners, and especially in the "publics," the chances and pedigrees of each horse, or the popularity of so-and-so, the jockey, dominated all minds and tongues. "For out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh" (Matt. 12. 34). It is just wonderful what a complete sway this racing and gambling mania has on the multitude. In its defence, it is argued that there is not much essentially wrong in being interested in one horse galloping faster than another. But this is spoiled by the attendant gambling on the issue, and gambling often leads to dishonesty, ruined homes, and depleted purses, and even worse things than these. And one of the worst of these is that this racing and gambling mania so wholly absorbs the minds of its dupes that no attention is given to their responsibility to God, the salvation of their souls, or to eternal judgment. And yet these are the things men ought to think most about. But Satan successfully uses racing, football, cricket, etc., to the crowding out of all serious thinking. But oftentimes God uses means to wake men from this deadly soul-destroying lethargy, to stop—and *think!* One popular writer said that men think too much, but another replies that men do not think at all; and the latter was probably the truth.

In the neighbourhood of some large shipbuilding yards, the workmen had to cross the river to and from their work by means of a steam ferry, and just before these races such a crowd was on board. They were very noisy and boisterous but it seemed that every mind and tongue on this particular occasion was solely and only dominated by the racing and gambling mania. Shouts of, "What'll win?" "Give us a tip?" "Will such a horse start?" "What's the odds on So-and-so?" were hurled about so stridently that the deck was a veritable pandemonium. There happened to be crossing with them an elderly Christian woman named Mrs. Adams. Her soul was saddened by the noisy babel around her, and she sighed as she thought of the power the devil and sin had over her benighted fellow-creatures. She was so wrought upon that she suddenly cried out

The Origin of Gambling.

with a loud voice: "Men! men! did ye ever hear of the origin of gambling?" Her cry was so unexpected that the uproar stopped at once, and all eyes were turned upon her. After a few seconds of tense silence, one ventured to answer, "No, missus, we dunno." Another said, "I reckon its beginnin' is lost in the far back ages."

"Ah, well," she returned, "it isn't. It began when they crucified Jesus Christ on Calvary's Cross, when 'they parted My garments among them, and upon My vesture



EPSOM DOWNS. OPEN-AIR MEETING ON DERBY DAY.

did they cast lots' (Matt. 27. 35). That's when gambling started—and you've been at it ever since!"

She said no more, but so far as the short journey of the ferryboat was concerned, the racing uproar ceased. It is to be hoped many of them did THINK! They left the boat quietly. Something touched them. It was the Spirit of God speaking through the voice of Mrs. Adams—through lips of clay. Would they hear? If not, the incident will again confront them in the Day of Judgment. Reader, *think* now, and act at once. Do not allow sport to crowd out your salvation.

E.C.Q.

WHERE IS NAPOLEON THE GREAT?

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE, Emperor of the French, the second son of Charles Bonaparte, assessor of the Royal tribunal of the island of Corsica, was born at Ajaccio in 1769. After an eventful career, equalled by few of the human race, during which he rose from comparative obscurity to be Emperor of the French, King of Italy, and virtual Controller of Naples, with his brother Joseph on the throne; Holland, with his brother Louis on the throne; Westphalia, with Jerome Bonaparte on the throne; and Spain as well.

The height of his fame was reached in 1812, when he then assembled the largest army ever led by a European general, and at the head of 500,000 men passed into Russia. Unconquered by legions of soldiers, the frost of a Russian winter compelled him to commence a precipitate retreat, and the greater part of his mighty army perished in the snow, or found a grave in the icy waters of the Beresina.

From this moment "the little corporal" seemed to have passed over the summit of his hill of fame, and gradually descended its sorrowing steps, reaching the eventful turning at Waterloo, on 18th June, 1815, and the tragic terminus on lonely St. Helena in 1821.

His remains were brought to France on board a man-of-war in 1840, and placed under the dome of the Invalides at Paris. After lying there for more than 60 years, rumour got abroad that the body was not there, some even assuming that Napoleon had taken an Enoch-like form, and "was not found, for God had translated him" (Heb. 11. 5). The power of rumour at last asserted itself—the marble lid was lifted, and it was officially certified that the body was still there.

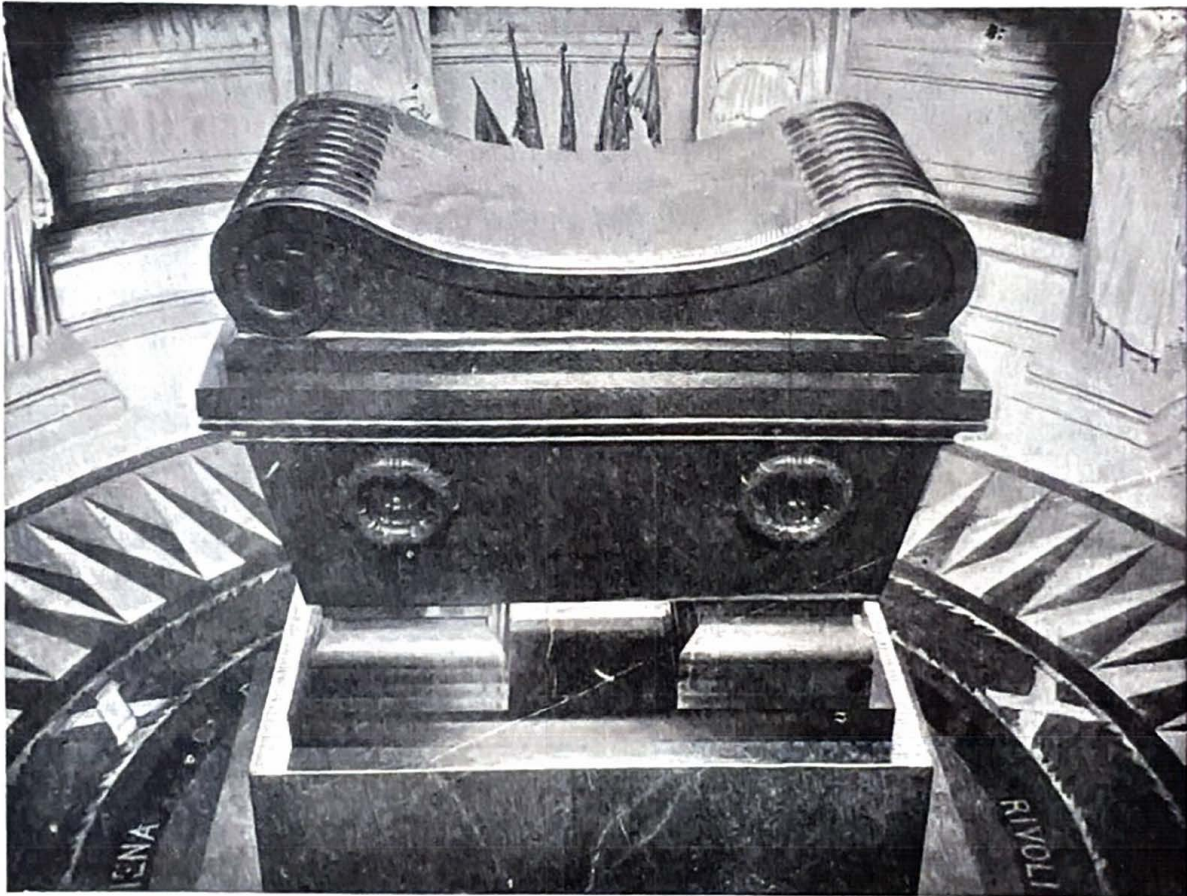
But it will not lie for ever in this splendid mausoleum, for "the hour is coming, in the which all that are in the graves shall hear His Voice, and shall come forth; they that have done good, unto the resurrection of life; and they that have done evil unto the resurrection of damnation" (John 5. 28, 29). The dead shall stand before God.

Concerning Napoleon in life the opinions held are as numerous and conflicting as his many biographies. Concerning Napoleon in resurrection, we are safe in asserting, "Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?" (Gen. 18.

Where is Napoleon the Great?

25). Concerning the person whose eye now runs along these type lines, we can speak with much more certainty.

1. For God's Word declares as to your present: "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). If here and now, like the chief of sinners, you realise that "the Son of God loved me and gave Himself for me" (Gal. 2. 20), and "believe on



NAPOLÉON'S TOMB.

the Lord Jesus Christ," you will be "saved" (Acts 16. 31).

2. As to your resurrection, if through faith in the Son of God you have been "born again" (John 3. 7), and become "a new creature" (2 Cor. 5. 17), as "every good tree bringeth forth good fruit" (Matt. 7. 17), you shall be in "the resurrection of life." If you refuse Him that speaketh from Heaven, and remain in your sins, then as "a corrupt tree bringeth forth evil fruit" (Matt. 7. 17) you shall be in "the resurrection of judgment." HYP.

RESTING ON THE ROCK OF AGES.



THE most terrible warning to impenitent men in all the world is the death of Christ; for if God spared not His own Son, on whom was only laid imputed sin, will He spare sinners whose sins are actual and their own? If He smote Him to the death Who only stood in the sinner's stead, will He let the impenitent sinner go free? "How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?" (Heb. 2. 2). Here is cause for weeping; and very solemnly would I say it—the most dreadful thought is that

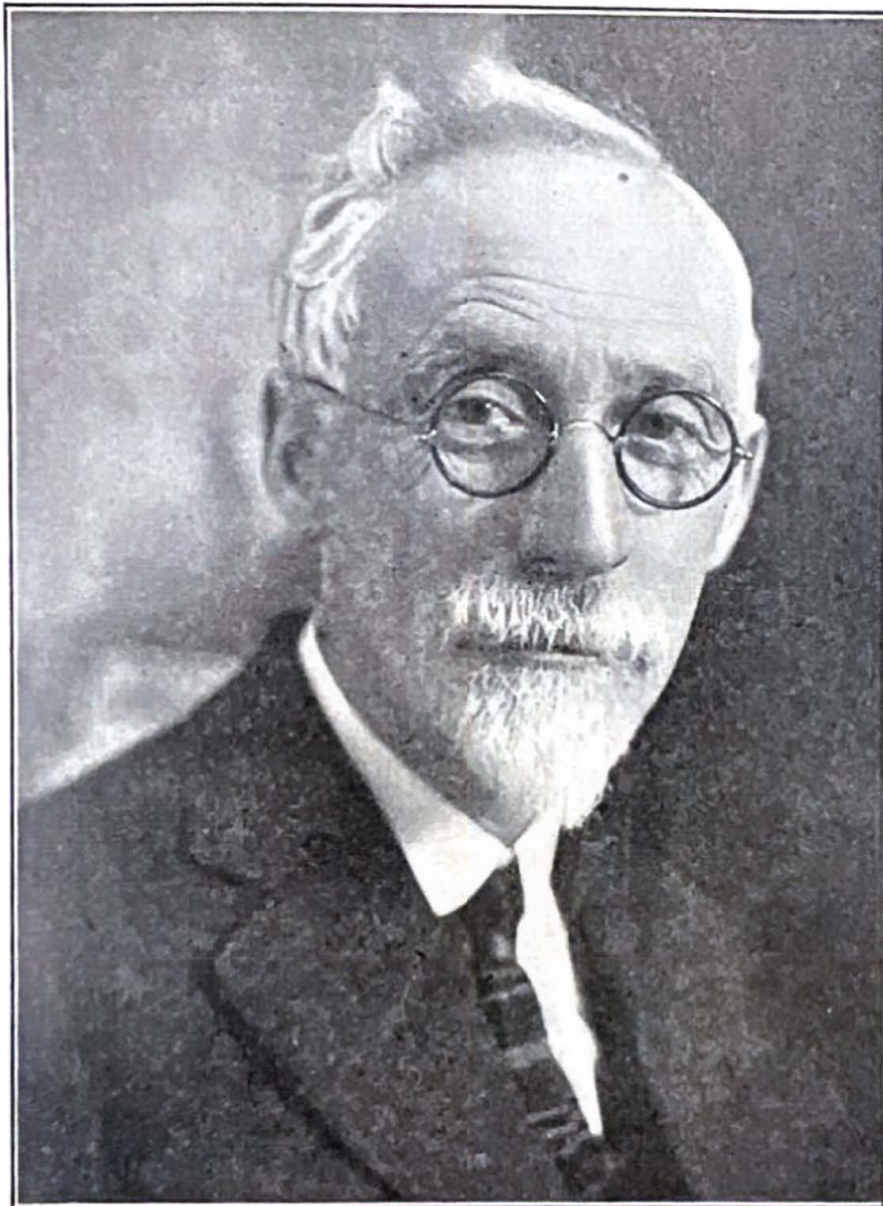
perhaps we ourselves are in the condition of guiltiness before God, and are hastening on to the judgment which Christ has foretold. Oh! think that if within the next six months—stretch it as far as you like—if within the next fifty years some of us should be asking the hills to cover us, and wishing that we had "never been born!" What an awful prospect! And yet, unless we are renewed in heart, and become believers in Jesus Christ, that must be our doom.

I see a soul carrying about itself the instrument of its own destruction, and going onward with it to its doom! Sin is the cross to which the soul will be fastened, and habits and depravities are the nails. The soul is bearing its sin, and loving to bear it. See, it is going to execution, and at each step it laughs. Every step it takes is bearing it towards Hell, and yet it makes mirth! Lo, the infatuated one scoffs at the voice that warns him, and every scoff he utters is increasing his guilt. Look forward to its end, its never-ending end; look forward to it steadily, with calm and fearful gaze; is it not an awful spectacle? If this be your case, I beseech you repent of sin, bewail your condition, and fly to Christ for shelter; believe on Him and obtain "Everlasting Life" (John 3. 16). Never rest till you are safely landed on the Rock of Ages, and so secure there that you will need no other rock to hide you in the day when Christ shall come.

C. H. SPURGEON.

A SCOTSMAN'S CONVERSION.

I WAS born twice amongst the heather hills of Banffshire, Scotland. My earliest spiritual impressions were received from a godly mother. I was also blessed with a converted Sunday school teacher, belonging to the Free Church of Scotland, who weekly in the old school-



CHARLES INNES.

house used to tell me of the Good Shepherd Who died on the Cross of Calvary to save guilty sinners like me. How we used to sing so heartily in the home and in the Sunday school such good old hymns as "Jesus Loves Me," "When He Cometh," and others! Fifty years have

A Scotsman's Conversion.

passed and gone, but the memory of those youthful days and those early impressions remain.

Passionately fond of sport and play, I thought and cared little about eternal verities, and passed on my careless way. My mother, a devoted Christian, was much given to hospitality, and many of the Lord's servants were entertained under her kindly roof. Some of those "tramp preachers," as they were nicknamed, ever on the alert for souls, would get me alone, and oftentimes in serious monotone, characteristic of the North of Scotland, ask me if I were saved, a question which always made me uncomfortable and which I resented. As far as possible I shunned those good men and endeavoured to forget my latter end. I am convinced, however, that God's eye was ever on me for good.

It so happened that there came into our home each month certain Christian magazines suitable for old and young. In the year 1879 there appeared in one of those magazines a prophetic announcement that the Lord would return in the year 1881, and whilst my mother did not believe in the fixing of the date of that great event, she used the announcement as an occasion for reminding me and others of the certainty of the Lord's return and the necessity of being ready when He comes. I must admit I felt a bit uneasy at the prospect of Christ's return, but did my best to hide my concern by assuming an air of indifference, and all the while continued to drink at the world's broken cisterns of folly and pleasure.

Being a member of a Christian home, I was oftentimes thrown into the company of Christian people, whose topic of conversation was oftentimes the Coming of the Lord; a subject which at that time was largely engaging the minds of many of the Lord's people. While it was believed by the majority that it was quite unscriptural to fix the date of Christ's return, there was no doubt as to the certainty of the event, which might take place at any moment. I was a silent but interested listener to those conversations, which stirred my soul and caused me considerable concern. I knew that our Lord would return for His own people, and as I was still a Christ-rejecter I would be among the number who would be left for righteous judgment and eternal doom. I had read

A Scotsman's Conversion.

in the Scriptures that two would be sleeping in one bed; one should be taken and the other left, and for several months such was my fear at times that frequently I would stealthily slip to my mother's room during the night to assure myself that she was still there.

One morning I was working alone in a field when suddenly the entire Highland valley was enveloped in a dense fog. I immediately remembered that the Christians had spoken about the Lord when He returned coming in a cloud. Was it possible He had come, and I was left? I immediately fell on my knees, and in praying for mercy, I promised the Lord that if I were only permitted again to see my mother, I would live a different life. By noon the fog had lifted, and on reaching home and finding everything continuing as before, my concern left me and I forgot my promise.

Another link in the chain of events that led up to my decision for Christ was the conversion of a young man who was a helper on our farm, and with whom I often worked and played. He had decided for Christ a little time before at the death-bed of his mother, and he often told me how she spoke to him of Jesus, and pressed him to accept Him as Saviour and meet her in Heaven. One day he pointedly asked me if I were saved, and if not would I like to be? I was greatly surprised at the question, because I thought nobody knew of my inward anxiety of soul, but I was right glad to have the question put. "No," I replied. "I am not saved, but I would like to be." My friend told me as best he could God's plan of salvation, and finished by telling me that I should go home at once and ask my mother to help me. This, however, I was reluctant to do, as I was sure if my mother knew about my soul's anxiety, it would not be long until all the Christians in the vicinity would also be informed. My anxiety that day became unendurable, and I felt I must see my mother, who was greatly surprised when she saw me at such an unusual hour, and wondered if I was well. I assured her that physically I was all right, but I was anxious to have my soul saved. As was to be expected, she was overjoyed, and for at least an hour she sat down by my side with her Bible and told me the story of the Gospel. I knew that I was a sinner and

A Scotsman's Conversion.

that my sins deserved eternal death; but mother lovingly pointed out to me from John 3. 16 and other Scriptures that God had so loved me that He had sent His only begotten Son to die on the Cross of Calvary for sinners like me.

On the evening of that eventful day mother took me to a cottage meeting two miles away, where a few folks had gathered to listen to the Gospel message. Satan is always anxious to divert the mind from eternal things, and it so happened that a very old Bible had been put into my hands with so old-fashioned type that the "S's" were shown as "f's," thus the opening of the 23rd Psalm read, "The Lord if my fhepherd, I fhall not want." This to me was a curio, and kept my mind occupied during the preaching. The preacher's home being in the same direction as ours, we had to walk a part of the way together, and my mother having given him the hint that I was anxious about my soul, he engaged me in conversation, and very simply put the Gospel story before me, but I was still without light. During the last part of my journey home, I was left to my own meditations. In order to reach home mother and I had to pass through a small gate, and as I stepped forward to open it I seemed to hear an inward voice say, "For whom did Christ die?" I said to myself, "He died for sinners." Then again the voice seemed to reply, "You are a sinner, and if Christ died for sinners, did He not die for you?" "Yes," I inwardly replied. "He died for Me." And immediately the light of salvation dawned, and the peace of God that comes as the result of the knowledge of sins forgiven entered my soul. I was saved and I knew it. Ignorant of the experience through which at that moment I was passing, my mother before entering the house asked me the straight question, "Are you saved yet?" Through the grace and mercy of God, I was able to answer, "Yes, mother, I now know my sins are forgiven."

During my fifty years' experience of the Christian life there has been much failure on my part, but the Lord has never once proved unfaithful to me. He is "the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever." "He is a Friend who sticketh closer than a brother." Make His acquaintance
now.

THE YOUNG ACTOR

IN the winter of 187—, a strolling company of theatricals entered a quiet little town in the east of England, to hold some entertainments. A schoolroom having been



STROLLING MINSTRELS.

secured, the various members of the company scattered themselves through the town in order to dispose of their tickets. J—, one of their number, a young man of twenty-two, was the child of very respectable Christian

parents—his father being an earnest Christian worker, belonging to the medical profession.

On leaving school, a situation was obtained for him in a house of business in the city of London. Several of his friends and relatives being medical students, he spent his evening hours with them in the theatre, concert room, and casino. Frequently it was near the midnight hour when he reached home, and it became evident to the watchful eye of his godly mother (his father having died when he was seventeen years old) that he was keeping company with persons whose society he should have shunned. His employers began to observe something was wrong. Persons were calling on him in business hours, insisting on the payment of their accounts, and he came to the conclusion that if he did not leave his situation he would be dismissed; and in order to put his creditors off his track, he disappeared, leaving a letter stating that he had gone to America.

Instead of going abroad, he removed to an obscure part of London, and, in company with a dissolute companion, plunged headlong into sin and folly. He became so passionately fond of the stage that he resolved he would adopt it as his profession.

Ultimately he obtained an engagement with a company then in a town in one of the eastern counties. His ideas of the stage received a rude shock when he discovered that the company was a travelling one, and the manager an illiterate, depraved, and drunken fellow. He could not, however, better himself, as he had scarcely any money left, and the manager took good care to give him as little as possible. In the course of their wanderings, they came to the town of —, already referred to, where a Christian surgeon, known to the writer, resides.

J— called at his house, and asked to see the “master,” with the purpose of selling him some tickets. The doctor patiently listened to what he had to say, and then asked the following question: “Supposing I went, what would I get?” “You would enjoy yourself.” “But what about to-morrow, when the enjoyment is over?” “Oh, we are to be here the next night also.” “And after that?” “We are to be the whole week.” But what after the week’s pleasure is gone?” J— was silent, for he now understood what the gentleman meant.

The Young Actor.

“Ah,” said the doctor, “I have pleasures for evermore; yours only last for a short time, and leave a sting behind them.” The words went home to J——’s heart and conscience. Scenes of bygone days were recalled—his father, now in the glory, his mother’s prayers and pleadings, his own folly and shame—and unable to restrain his feelings, he burst into tears, and said, “You talk like my father, who is now in Heaven.”

After conversing together for some time, J—— was invited to call again. The doctor became deeply interested in the welfare of the young actor, and earnestly besought the Lord to save him. In subsequent interviews, he perceived that J—— had no conception of God’s way of salvation. He supposed that he required to become good before God would save him. He was shown that the prodigal was received in his rags, and that Jehovah was desiring to save him as he was, on the ground of Christ’s finished work. He could not, however, understand how one could have his sins forgiven without doing something for it. The doctor invited him to dinner on the Lord’s day, and after conversation, they went to a Gospel meeting together. On returning, he pressed on J—— the importance of immediate decision for Christ, and asked him the following questions:

“If you were to drop dead now, where would you go?” No reply being given, the doctor told out, in all its fulness and simplicity, “the old, old story of Jesus and His love.” The light from the Cross of Calvary shone in on his darkened soul, and J—— saw that it was for his sins that Jesus had bled and suffered, and, by simply taking God at His Word, he was saved, and had eternal life.

The widow’s heart was filled with joy to learn that her son was saved, and a few weeks after, he was telegraphed for to see her dying. On arriving in London, he was just in time to see her passing away and to receive from her hands his father’s Bible, which on his death-bed he had left to be given to him when he was converted.

Reader, are you trying to find happiness in the broken cisterns of the world? If so, be undeceived. True pleasure—real, solid happiness can only be had in Jesus. The pleasures of the world are transient, and leave a sting behind them.

A.M.

"MORE DRY STUFF."

IT was a Saturday night meeting at which salvation solos were sung, Gospel addresses delivered, and a coffee supper was bestowed. I was asked to go and speak to the people, and consented. Being a new comer, I was duly introduced to give an address.

A young woman in the audience (so I afterwards learned) whispered to her friend beside her, "Oh, dear! more dry stuff, I suppose! I'm not going to listen!"

The subject was Exodus 12. 13: "When I see the blood I will pass over you." The people were very attentive, and the person who said she would not listen became wrapt. At the close of the meeting she went away angry, vowing she "would not hear that man again."

A fortnight later I was announced to preach in the same place on a Sunday night. The person referred to was not a member. She prided herself on being a "Churchwoman and a Sunday School teacher," but came to hear "that man," and, according to her own account, the address removed her props, and left her like a stranded wreck despairing of everything.

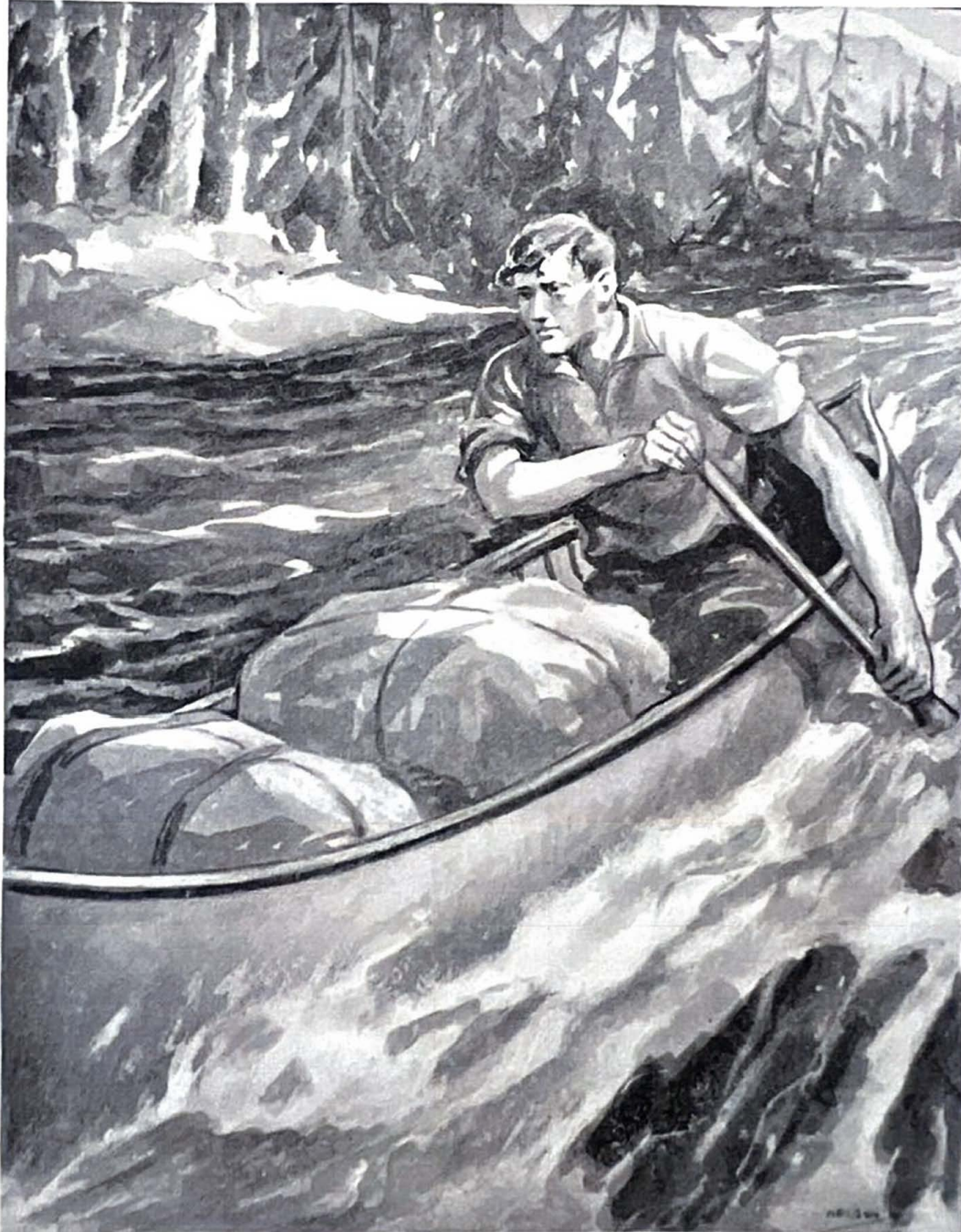
A fortnight later I was announced to preach, and again she came to hear "that man" who made her feel so miserable. The subject this time was "Where art thou? What hast thou done? Where is He (Christ)? What has He done?—the sinner's desperate case, and the Saviour's glorious remedy." At the close of the meeting I was asked to go into a side room to speak to "someone in distress," and found her bathed in tears and sobbing like a child. I read the Scripture to her, pointing out how Christ's death upon the Cross had atoned for sin; that His resurrection proved God's perfect satisfaction with His atonement; and that all who believed were quickened into life, and eternally united with the living Saviour in Heaven. As I read she clutched my Bible, saying eagerly, "Where does it say that?" I put my finger on the passage in Ephesians 1 and read it to her, and a glad smile of peace came into her face. She believed on Christ, and obtained peace with God.

Years have passed since then; she has had many trials, but she has never lost the peace she found that night, and since then has been the means of bringing many souls into the blessing of the knowledge of God's grace. H.C.C.

THE ADVENTURER'S LAST MESSAGE

—OR,—

THE DARING YOUNG MAN WHOSE BODY WAS FOUND IN A LONELY HUT AT LONG RAPIDS WITH A PATHETIC LETTER TO HIS MOTHER.



On the Hay River

"The sun is shining, mother, but I feel so cold . . . I have some cards, but I don't care for solitaire. The only thing I worry about is if God will forgive me for my sins."

THE ADVENTURER'S LAST MESSAGE.

DURING the spring of 1930, a young man named Williams, about twenty-five years of age, attempted a lonely and dangerous journey on the Hay River, in the Yukon. His adventure ended tragically, and his body was later found by Royal Canadian Mounted Police in a lonely hut at Long Rapids. The skeleton hand rested beside a letter which he had penned to His mother, and at his side was a dishpan, which he had apparently placed across his knees and used as an improvised desk. The letter read as follows:

"The sun is shining, mother, but I feel so cold. I can still walk a little, but that's all. There is no blood in me, because I haven't eaten for so long. I haven't seen another human being for forty days now. There are some magazines here, but the stories are all so silly. I have some cards, but I don't care for solitaire. The only thing I worry about is if God will forgive me for my sins."

What a picture is presented to us in this last effort at writing. Failing strength, disillusionment, anxiety, and loneliness! Could any combination of circumstances be more pathetic? He is doubtless conscious of the fact that he must soon leave earthly scenes behind him. Soon he will be grappling with problems before which the very strongest men have felt themselves to be the veriest weaklings. Death stares him in the face. He had learned to appreciate the beauties of nature in the shining of the sun and in the other evidences of God's providence around him. But these now yield him no comfort. Magazines and cards, among the things which had helped to occupy and divert his thoughts previous to this—oh! what empty trifles they now appear! In other days they might have thrilled him, but now they pall upon him as utterly "silly," and seem but to mock his misery. Earth is receding—he senses the need of something that earth cannot give. There is a question unsettled—and it looms before him as it never did before. The approach of eternity lends a dread reality to it. He asks himself: "Will God forgive my sins?" He has not seen a human being for forty days. Oh! if someone would come along—best of all, someone who could enlighten him on this great question. But it is not to be. He must meet the King of Terrors alone. He must enter eternity alone. Whether

The Adventurer's Last Message.

his question was answered, perhaps by some message he had previously heard, and which was stowed away somewhere in the recesses of memory, we do not know.

We take occasion, however, to remind you, reader, that some day you will come to this. Not necessarily in the lonely wilds of some little-explored region, away from human habitation. Perhaps, rather, amid the splendours of civilization and surrounded by all the comforts that loving hands can provide. But you will feel earth receding, just as young Williams did. Its wealth, its ambitions, its pleasures, satisfying though they seem now, will then yield no satisfaction—"silly" is what they will all appear to you then. And however large your circle of acquaintances, however many the friends and loved ones who then surround you, they must all stand helplessly by, while you enter the "great beyond"—utterly alone. They will be able to afford you no relief, any more than Mrs. Williams could her son. And then, as that unutterable gloom settles upon you, what about your sins? It will be a poor time then to ask, "Will God forgive me?" Wiser, much wiser, to face the question now. If you will but face it, honestly and in the presence of God, there is a happy answer. Listen to the inspired words of the Prophet: "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). He refers to the Lord Jesus Christ, who "His own self bare our sins in His own body on the tree" (1 Peter 2. 24). And because He did so, the one who believes in Him can say: "The Blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth us from all sin" (1 John 1. 7); and "As far as the east is from the west, so far hath He removed our transgressions from us" (Psa. 103. 12). Do not rest, my friend, till you know, and that positively, that the question of your sin is settled. It may be settled this moment, if as a guilty sinner you receive Christ. "As many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God" (John 1. 12).

Trusting the Saviour now you will enter into the enjoyment of the peace of God which passeth all understanding; and as to the future, the believer rejoices in hope of the glory of God. (Rom. 5. 1-3). W.R., Jun. and F.W.S.

A CANADIAN'S WONDERFUL DISCOVERY.

MR. SMITH lived in the city of London, on the banks of the River Thames, in the Dominion of Canada, and was a respectable, upright, straightforward business man. Though a regular church attender, he could not "go the length" of some whom he knew, and say that his soul was saved, and his sins forgiven. When his friends advised him to join the church he stoutly and persistently refused, maintaining that as he had not been "born again" he had no title to the Lord's Table. He considered that all unconverted persons who partook of the "communion" ate and drank judgment to their souls (1 Cor. 11. 27). And there can be no doubt of it, SMITH WAS RIGHT. Yet, alas! how common it is in these days of formal, easy going "Sunday" religion, for people to partake of the bread and wine—symbols of the Saviour's broken body and shed blood—without making any profession of conversion to God. Only those who know Christ can "remember" Him.

An evangelist visited London, and began Gospel services in a public hall. Smith attended the meetings, and became troubled about his spiritual state. From the Scriptures he saw that he was unprepared to meet a holy God, and dying as he was he would be eternally lost.

He sought and had an interview with the evangelist, and invited him to pay him a visit. The servant of Christ gladly availed himself of the invitation, and called at Smith's residence. The preacher, in the course of conversation, found that he did not require to use the "needle of the law," the Spirit of God having convicted Smith of his guilt and danger. He did not, however, understand God's way of salvation. He supposed that though Christ died for sinners, some deeds of merit had to be performed by him ere he could obtain forgiveness. Whilst believing that Christ's work of atonement was necessary, he had not yet learned that it was sufficient to meet all his needs. He was pointed to Scriptures regarding the "finished" work and shown that the Lord Jesus had been wounded for his transgressions and bruised for his iniquities (Isa. 53. 5), and that all who believe on Him who did it all and paid it all are pardoned, saved, and justified (John 5. 24; Acts 13. 38, 39).

This seemed to him "too good news to be true." Could

A Canadian's Wonderful Story.

it be possible that "everything was fully done?" Or was it the case that Christ had done His part of the work and LEFT SMITH TO DO THE REST? It is a common and



SMITH SOUGHT AN INTERVIEW.

widespread delusion that the sinner "must do something" meritorious ere he can be saved, though Christ exclaimed on Calvary's Cross, "It is finished."

After a somewhat lengthy conversation they separated. What Smith heard on this occasion engrossed his mind

A Canadian's Wonderful Story.

for days. Why he did not obtain peace was this—instead of taking God at His word, he continued waiting for happy feelings. This is a very common mistake. Perhaps the unsaved reader has been looking within for joyous emotions ere he believes on the Lord Jesus. You must first believe, and then you will feel; you must first be pardoned ere you can experience the joy of forgiveness. “BELIEVING IS THE ROOT: FEELING IS THE FRUIT.” The tree must be planted before the fruit can be plucked. The gun must be fired ere the report can be heard. We believe what God says, not because of happy feelings, but on account of His absolute trustworthiness.

One night Smith retired to rest, but not to sleep. The awful fact was pressed on him by the Holy Spirit that he was “lost,” and dying in his sins he would be doomed to eternal woe. The thought was overpowering, and he could not stand it. What must the reality be? Rising from his bed he paced the floor of the room, longing to know how peace with God could be obtained.

At four o'clock in the morning his mind reverted to the theme of the previous night's address—God's love to the world as spoken of in John 3. 16.

As he repeated and meditated upon the “wonderful words of life,” he became absorbed in the thought of God's mighty and matchless love. “For God so loved the world”—“God so loved.” He became lost in amazement as he contemplated God giving His only begotten Son to bleed and die for His enemies. God gave Christ to the world; He died for all, therefore HE DIED FOR SMITH, and, according to His Word, all who believed on Him who died for the “world”—who “gave Himself a ransom for all,” would obtain everlasting life. The truth burst into Smith's soul, and he rejoiced in Christ as his Saviour.

He then awoke his wife and told her that through simply believing on the Lord Jesus he was saved and had eternal life. Now he understood the meaning of John 5. 24: “Verily, verily, I say unto thee, 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.”

Is the reader lost or saved. Find out where you are, and get the great question settled once and for ever. A.M.

"IT'S IN THE BOOK."

"I NEVER had a Bible, and there was no family Bible in my home." This was the confession of a young soldier lad to an Army Scripture Reader. Sad, you say. But which is worse, not to have a Bible, or to have a Bible and not read it? A ship without a chart or compass is to blame; but a captain who has a chart and a compass, yet consults them not is more to blame. It may be a lad's misfortune to be without a Bible, but it is guilty neglect to have a Bible and not consult it.

Learning the young soldier would like to possess the Word of God, the A.S.R. promised to supply a copy; but as at their first meeting the lad was going to get his supper,



A SOLDIERS SERVICE.

his new friend took the number of his room, purposing to call. Later he did so, and found him sitting on his cot, preparing to clean his equipment. Glad to see his visitor, he asked him to sit beside him.

"I have brought you a marked Testament, as promised," and the Book was produced and handed to him, to be received with a glad, "Thank you, sir." As he looked at the marked verses with interested eyes, the Reader asked, "Why do you think they are thus marked?" "Because they are specially important, and to draw special attention to them."

"Quite right, and there are 200 of them thus marked,

"It's in the Book."

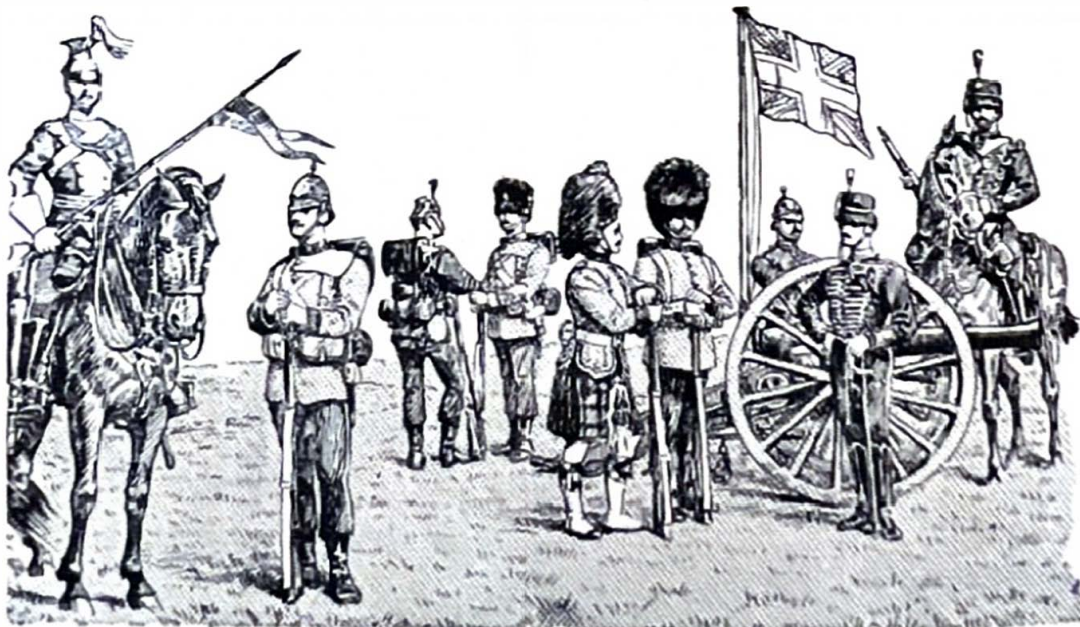
to help the seeker in finding the way of salvation; and the key verse is John 3. 16." So to it they turn and read: "God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

"Laddie," said the A.S.R., "wouldn't you like to have everlasting life?" "I would; but it will be very hard." "True, but it is worth it. Never mind what your comrades may think, say, or do, for salvation is for eternity. God, who saves to-day, will keep to-morrow." As an illustration the Christian said:

"Just now that Testament was mine: whose is it now?" "Mine," was the reply. "How did you get it?" "You offered it, and I took it." "And what did you say for it?" "Thank you, sir."

"And won't you take God's gift, and say, I thank you?" With tears he said, "I will," and together with bowed heads by that cot they prayed and gave thanks.

"Now, what authority have you that everlasting life is yours?" "Because I feel better," he answered. "No, that is not enough, for feelings will change. You want something better and more trustworthy. Where will you find it?" "It's in the Book," he said, with a smile. "That's it! True, it is in the Book," and with a hearty hand-grip they parted, promising to meet on the morrow. "I saw him, and am still in touch with him," writes the Reader, "and he appears very bright." WM. LUFF.



HOW GEORGE HUCKLESBY FOUND PEACE.



GEORGE HUCKLESBY, LONDON.

IT was in 1870, when God was so manifestly blessing the Gospel testimony to the salvation of souls, that I was led to decide for Christ as my Saviour, and there were two special Scriptures used by the Holy Spirit to give me the assurance of salvation. The first was Isaiah 53. 5, which shows the sinner's appropriation of the Saviour, and the second was John 5. 24, in which we have the Saviour's assurance to the sinner.

As a lad, I had been for some time previously more or less anxious about my eternal welfare, but failed to obtain that assurance that I was truly saved. After listening to a Gospel address, told out in simplicity and power, I became further troubled about these matters, but was so fearful lest any one should speak to me personally. To avoid this, I was leaving the hall directly the first service concluded, but an earnest winner of souls had been watching me during the preaching, and as I was hurrying out of the hall, took my hand and in the most gentle manner asked me "if I was certain that I was saved?" Her Christlike spirit entirely disarmed me, and I told her "I was not saved, but that I was interested in these things." In a winsome and gracious way she asked me to sit down and she would try to help me. I did so, and after a brief prayer, she turned her Bible to the first of these two passages, and asked me to read it, which I did. She then said, "Now read it in the singular number, and so make it a personal matter." I then read it again as she suggested: "But He was wounded for MY transgressions; He was bruised for MY iniquities; the chastisement of MY peace was upon Him, and by His stripes I am healed." With all my heart I had previously

How George Hucklesby Found Peace.

believed that Jesus had died for sinners, but never until that hour had I seen the individuality of Christ's mighty sacrifice. But that night I could say, and I did say, that "I believe that Jesus died for ME." As though I was the only sinner upon whom he had placed His love, and for whom He died; I was led to say, "Yes, I can say that the Son of God loved me, and gave Himself for me." Still, I desired to feel within that I had eternal life, which I could not say that I had. This experienced worker then turned to the second Scripture, John 5. 24, and asked me to read the verse over myself. I commenced to read, "Verily, verily," and again she stopped me, saying, "Now, remember, the Lord Jesus is about to make an all-important statement, and He introduces it with a double affirmation, which puts a double Divine seal upon His utterance, thus making assurance doubly sure!"

"Verily, verily, I say," and another pause was called for, and I was asked, "Who is the speaker in this passage?" The Lord Jesus," I replied. "Yes; and does He mean what He says?" I was asked. "Oh, yes," I answered, "for He is the God of Truth, and therefore cannot lie, or deceive His hearers." "Now," said she, "let us see what the Son of God really does say in this passage." "He that heareth My word," and turning to me, she asked, "Have you ever heard His Word?" "Yes, many times before, and again to-night," I answered. "Now let us read on," she said. "And believeth on Him that sent me." "Who was it sent the Lord Jesus into the world?" "God the Father," I replied. "Yes, and why did God the Father send His beloved Son into the world?" she asked. "To die for sinners," I said. "Yes; and are you a sinner?" "Yes, it is that that troubles me," I answered. "And you really believe that God the Father sent His only begotten Son to die for you, a sinner?" "Certainly," I said. "I believe that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners, and that He was wounded for my transgressions, and died that I might live." "Then," said she, "let us see what our Lord goes on to say in this verse." "He that heareth My Word, and believeth on Him that sent Me, hath everlasting life."

How George Hucklelshy Found Peace.

"Can you say that you have everlasting life?" she asked. "No," I replied, "because I do not feel that I have it. I cannot realise that it is really mine." "But," said she, "it does not say anything in the verse about feeling or realising, but about 'hearing,' 'believing,' and 'having' everlasting life."

"But," I said, "must I not wait until I feel that great



A COUNTRY COTTAGE GOSPEL MEETING.

change take place within, and so be sure I have this great blessing?" "Will you read the verse again?" said my kind helper, and I read the verse once more: "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 judgment, but is passed from death unto life."

The words were so conclusive, the statement was so

How George Hucklesby Found Peace.

simple, yet so sublime, I dare not question what He, the Incarnate Truth, had said. I was bound to believe the declaration of Him who would rather die than suffer me to perish, and, there and then, I took Christ at His word, ventured my soul's eternal welfare upon His finished work at Calvary, and the light of God's truth shone into my soul. I saw that I had, I must have, eternal life, for the immutable Word of the Incarnate God was, "He that heareth My Word, and believeth on Him that sent Me, hath everlasting life (a present enjoyed portion), and shall not come into judgment (a guarantee against future judgment), but is passed from death unto life" (a past experience, an accomplished transaction). Then "the joy of salvation" began in my soul.

I well remember the chorus being given out, and how heartily I took part in it:

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

Then, while yet in my teens, I was asked by a Christian brother to accompany him to a country cottage Gospel meeting, and I went with the simple idea in my mind that I was keeping him company, and to hear him preach that Sunday afternoon, but to my surprise he gave out that I should be the speaker, a thing I had never dreamt of doing, having no more thought of preaching than of flying; but there I was, and I could not get out of it, and I had just to tell those people "what great things the Lord had done for me," and how it came about.

So I told them in my own simple fashion what that kind Christian worker had said to me, and to my utter surprise the people were delighted, and the Lord put His Divine seal of approval upon that simple Gospel testimony; and other souls were blessed. Thus, "having therefore obtained help of God, I continue unto this day, witnessing both to small and great, saying none other things than those which the prophets and Moses did say should come: that Christ should suffer, and that He should be the first that should rise from the dead, and should show light unto the people and to the Gentiles" (Acts 26. 22).

GEO. HUCKLESBY.

SAVED OR DECEIVED, WHICH?

HOW mortified that man of business looks as he reaches the railway station, only to find that his train has just gone! "Ah!" he mutters to himself, as he compares



TOO LATE.

his watch with railway time, and sinks down weary and disappointed on the platform seat, "my watch has deceived me; my morning is thrown away."

"How did it happen?" inquired the doctor of a poor

Saved or Deceived, Which?

old woman, just restored to consciousness after a serious fall into the water. "I didn't think the river was so near," she replies; "my eyes deceived me."

Captain —, of that splendid clipper ship the *Dunbar*, thought he was all right, no doubt, as he steered his vessel toward Sydney harbour. But, alas! he mistook the North Head light for the South Head light, and his gallant ship was speedily reduced to a pitiable wreck.

Now, no one, that I am aware of, questioned that captain's sincerity; yet his ship was lost; his judgment deceived him.

But what is the loss of a ship, though she were freighted with all this world counts precious, compared with the loss of one soul?

"What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" asks the blessed Son of God Himself (Mark 8. 36). And who knows the soul's true value as He who came to save it?

This is a world of deceit. Satan, the prince of it, is the "father of lies;" and man's heart has been pronounced by Him who is alone able to search it, as "deceitful above all things" (Jer. 17. 9). But of all manner of deceptions, self-deception, and especially religious self-deception, seems the saddest and the worst.

Do you start at the expression, religious self-deception? Well, depend upon it, whether it shocks you or not, there is nothing so deceptive as a decent religious life without the knowledge of Christ in the heart.

Men and women, who have not been born again, settle down comfortably with this state of things from week to week, until, sooner or later, they find that they have clad themselves in the "filthy rags" of their own righteousness (see Isa. 64. 6), instead of the "wedding garment" of God's providing; and that they have walked in the "sparks of their own kindling" (Isa. 50. 11), instead of receiving the inshining of that "light" which comes from the face of Jesus Christ the Saviour in glory (2 Cor. 4. 6).

Be deceived no longer; own up your sin and guilt. Like the publican in Luke 18, confess yourself "the sinner" for whom Christ died, and resting your soul for time and eternity on Jesus Christ and His atoning sacrifice you will enter into peace (Rom. 5. 1).

AN AMERICAN TOMBSTONE EPITAPH.

ON an old tombstone in a graveyard in the state of Pennsylvania there is the following epitaph:

ENOCH ADDIS,

Died August 5, 1830. Age, 73.

"He spent a long and active life gathering property, but now this little spot is all he can possess, while those he has left behind are contending for what was his, and will not long be theirs."

Many, like Enoch Addis, have but one object in life, and that is to "make money." They are ambitious to "get on" in this world, and amass wealth. Their favourite thought is, "How to make hay while the sun shines." From morning to night they toil and plan and scheme to be rich. Some have determined to be rich at the risk of the loss of their souls!

The Scripture declares that "he that loveth silver shall not be satisfied with silver, nor he that loveth abundance with increase" (Eccles. 5. 10). Across all that this world affords may be written, "Whoso drinketh of this water shall thirst again" (John 4. 13). The brackish streams of earth cannot quench the soul's thirst.

In Luke 16 we read of a rich man finding his barns to be too small for the approaching harvest, resolved to pull them down and build larger ones. He said to his soul, "Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years; take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry." God upset his plans, and said, "Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee, then whose shall these things be which thou hast provided?" (Luke 12. 18-20).

The One who died for us to save us from eternal perdition proposed this problem, "What shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" (Matt. 16. 26). If the reader were to become as rich as a Rockefeller or a Rothschild, and lost his own soul, where would be the "profit?" There would be none; it would be an absolute and irretrievable loss.

Be wise, and "seek first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you" (Matt. 6. 33). "First things first," is a good maxim, and the Lord Jesus not only saves from the penalty and power of sin, but satisfies the deepest longings of the heart.

FATHER AND SON BORN TOGETHER.

OVER forty years ago there was a baby boy born at Methil, in Fifeshire, and they named him GEORGE M'DONALD. Like most other boys he was full of fun and frolic, though he never was what people would call a bad boy. But mere human goodness can never commend us to God's grace, nor can human badness debar us from His mercy. There are none so very good that they do not require conversion, and none so terribly bad that they may not be converted. The Saviour's own words are of great importance: "Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of Heaven."

George M'Donald had not gone far along life's highway until he both saw and felt that his back was toward God, and he made haste to turn.

Strange to say both he and his father were converted on the same night, a most unusual occurrence. His father had been awakened to see his guilt, and after a weary struggle was led to "behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world" (John 1. 29), and was genuinely converted. George was much impressed, and that very night he simply trusted himself to the Saviour of sinners, resting on His promise, "Him that cometh to Me, I will in no wise cast out" (John 6. 37). So on the self-same night both father and son were "born again" (John 3. 3, 7). There was great joy in that home that night, and great joy in Heaven.

George's conversion was a very real one, and it was manifested in seeking the conversion of others. He became an earnest Sunday School teacher and superintendent, many being led to the Saviour through his teaching.

His end came unexpectedly. He caught a severe chill, but it was not deemed dangerous at the first. During his brief illness he was as bright and peaceful as possible. Friends came in and went out, and all were impressed with his joyfulness. He had no fear of death. "The sting of death is sin" (1 Cor. 15. 56), but death had lost its sting for him. His sin had been borne by Another, as God declares in Isaiah 53. 6: "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." Oh! rely on the precious Blood of Christ, and life eternal is yours. T.B.

A STORY OF TWO "WHOSOEVERS"

— OR, —

HOW THE BROOKLYN THIEF WAS APPREHENDED.



THE FAMOUS SUSPENSION BRIDGE BETWEEN NEW YORK AND BROOKLYN.

"One winter night in Brooklyn Mrs. L— was proceeding homewards when a man rushed from a vacant piece of ground and demanded to know what her handbag contained."

A STORY OF TWO "WHOSOEVERS."

DURING a visit to an American city I became acquainted with a devoted Christian worker, who is one of the most diligent and persistent tract distributors that I have known. Mrs. L—— is the "Sister Abigail" of the fascinating book, "Little Is Much When God Is In It."

Amongst other incidents which she related to me was the following. One winter night she left her brother's house in Brooklyn, New York, and was proceeding homewards when a man rushed from a vacant piece of ground, and seizing her from behind demanded to know what her handbag contained. "Twenty cents." "And what have you in that bundle?" referring to a small parcel that she carried. "Only a little fruit, which you can have." Producing her Bible, she said, "This is the most precious thing that I possess, for it tells me that 'God so loved, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth, that whosoever—that God, that God so loved—that God so loved the world that He gave.'" Mrs. L—— was so unnerved by the suddenness and unexpectedness of the attack that she was unable to repeat correctly the glorious words of John 3. 16. The robber was evidently surprised by Mrs. L——'s "message," and, after shaking her violently, called her a fool, and, pushing her into a snowdrift, he ran away, and disappeared in the darkness.

Four years after the "hold up" Mrs. L—— was shopping in the city with a friend. Previous to leaving the house she put a piece of paper in her purse, on one side of which was printed the words, "WHOSOEVER MEANS YOU," with John 3. 16 beneath—"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." On the other side were the words, "WHOSOEVER MEANS YOU," with this Scripture added—"Whosoever was not found written in the Book of Life was cast into the Lake of Fire" (Rev. 20. 15). The "whosoever" of the last verse was printed in red. Mrs. L—— underlined the words, adding her address in her handwriting. Whilst the ladies were returning home, two men elbowed their way past them. On reaching the house, Mrs. L—— sought to take her purse from her handbag, but it could not be found, and after a diligent search she concluded that it was lost.

A Story of Two "WhosoEVERs"

Next morning the door-bell rang, and Mrs. L—— attended to it. A well dressed man stood on the doorstep and inquired if she was Mrs. L——. On replying in the affirmative, the stranger asked if she lost her purse on the previous day. "I did," said Mrs. L——; "but what do you know about it?" "Can I see you for a moment, as I have something to tell you?" said the visitor. When they were alone the man exclaimed, "Yes; I am sure it is the same voice, and it must be the same person." "What do you mean? I don't wish you to keep me long, as I have a busy day before me." The fact was Mrs. L—— was afraid of the stranger, and no wonder! "Were you held up four years ago? Was it you who said, You may have my Bible; it is my most valued possession, for it says, 'God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him?'" &c. "Yes; it was I." "I am the man who held you up," said he; "and I am the man who stole your purse." The robber told her that ever since he heard her repeating the words, "Whosoever believeth," do what he might, he could not get rid of them, and had often wished that he was in hell.

Regarding the theft of the money he said that he had pushed Mrs. L—— and her friend aside, and received the purse as it was supposed to be dropped into the handbag. After securing the contents he threw away the purse, so that if he were caught it might not be found in his possession. In addition to the money received he found the slip with the words printed, "WHOSOEVER MEANS YOU," with John 3. 16 added. On examining the other side of the paper, and the underlined words in red, "WHOSOEVER MEANS YOU," he read that "Whosoever was not found written in the Book of Life was cast into the lake of fire." The Holy Spirit carried the message home to his conscience, and he was overwhelmed with sorrow and remorse. It was evident to Mrs. L—— that the man was under deep conviction of sin. "What shall I do?" he asked. "I see you have a telephone. Send to the police office for a detective, and I promise you that I shall not try to escape. I don't care what becomes of me."

Mrs. L—— refused to summon the legal authorities. From a full heart she told him the story of God's wondrous love in giving Christ to die for a guilty world. "I am also

A Story of Two "Whosoever's."

a sinner," said Mrs. L—; and the 'whosoever' of God's Word took hold of me. I cannot condemn you. Will you not allow God's 'whosoever' to lay hold of you? Will you not trust the Lord Jesus, and go and sin no more?" The man was amazed at what he heard, and exclaimed, "And is that the Gospel?" Mrs. L— opened her Bible and read to him God's way of salvation. Greatly impressed by the marvellous tidings that he heard, he left the house deeply penitent. Three days afterwards he returned, and told Mrs. L— that through believing on Christ he knew that he was saved. Shortly after this he left the City of B— in search of employment. From time to time Mrs. L— hears from him, and she is convinced that he is seeking to live for Him who loved him, and gave Himself for him.

To which of the "whosoever's" does the reader belong? "Whosoever believeth in Him [the Lord Jesus Christ] should not perish, but have everlasting life." Are you saved? Are you the happy possessor of "everlasting life?" If not, the reason is this—you never truly believed on Him who was wounded for our transgressions, and bruised for our iniquities (Isa. 53. 5). If your sins are not forgiven it is because you have not really believed on the Saviour who loved you and gave Himself for you (Acts 10. 43; John 3. 36; 5. 24). Why not NOW believe on the Lord Jesus, and be eternally saved? Why not *now* believe and live? If unsaved, unconverted, unregenerate, ponder the awful words of the second whosoever—"Whosoever was not found written in the Book of Life was cast into the lake of fire." How dreadful! To be cast into the "lake of fire!" Your name may be on the communion roll of the most orthodox and evangelical communion in the country, but if it is not written in the "Book of Life" think of the terrible doom that awaits you! God has no pleasure in the death of the sinner (Ezek. 33. 11). He is "not willing that any should perish." It is His wish that "all should come to repentance" (2 Peter 3. 16). It is His desire that all men should be saved (1 Tim. 2. 4-6), and therefore He is waiting to save you at this very moment! Are you willing to be saved in *God's way*? If so, ponder the "wonderful words of life" of John 3. 16—"For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." A. M.

"DEAR OLD JIM!"

"IT is nigh on five years since He saved my body from a watery grave, and my soul from a lost eternity," said a sailor to a Christian lady. "Never will I forget it, for two died for me. . . . We hoisted signals of distress and fired guns. A lifeboat came to our rescue. With difficulty we got our women and children on board, and she put back to shore. Once more, manned with another crew, she put out, and this time the passengers were got on board. Then we knew some of us must die, for if the lifeboat could put out again, she would not hold all that were left, and the vessel must sink before a fourth journey could be accomplished. So we drew lots who would stay. My lot



"A LIFEBOAT CAME TO OUR RESCUE."

was to stay in the sinking ship. What a horror of darkness came over me! 'Doomed to die and be lost,' I muttered to myself, and all the sins of my past life came before me. Still I was no coward; I made no outward sign; but oh, between my soul and God it was awful!

"I had a mate who loved the Lord. Often he had spoken to me of my soul's welfare, and I had laughed and told him that I meant to enjoy life. His face, when I caught a glimpse of it, was calm and peaceful and lighted up with a strange smile. I thought bitterly: 'It is well for him to smile; his lot is to go in the lifeboat to be saved.' Dear old Jim, how could I ever have mistaken you? The lifeboat neared us again; one by one the men whose lot it was to go got in. It was Jim's turn, but instead of going, he pushed me forward. 'Go you in the lifeboat in my

"Dear Old Jim!"

place, Tom,' he said, 'and meet me in Heaven, man. You mustn't die and be lost. It is all right for me.' I would not have let him do it, but I was carried forward. The next one, eager to come, pressed me down. Jim knew it would be like that, so he never told me what he was going to do. A few seconds and I was in the lifeboat. We had barely cleared the ship when she went down, and Jim, dear old Jim, with her. I know he went to Jesus, but he died for me; he died for me! Did I not tell you true, two died for me?

"As I saw the ship go down, I said to God in my heart: 'If I get safe to land, Jim shall not have died in vain.' Please God, I will meet him in Heaven. Jim's God must be worth knowing, when Jim died for me that I might get another chance of knowing Him.

"At first I thought more of Jim than the Lord, and when the men wanted me back to the old ways and to the drink, I said outright to them, 'I could not do it, mates; Jim died that I might get another chance of getting to Heaven. I know I cannot get there that way, and I vowed that poor old Jim should not die for nothing.' So when the men saw I meant it, they left off asking me, and so I got left to myself. Then I thought I would get a Bible, because I had seen Jim reading it, and he loved it so. I was very ignorant of the Scriptures. I was left an orphan, and went to the sea very young, and never read my Bible; so I thought people got to Heaven by turning over a new leaf, and being good, and saying long prayers, and some day I meant to begin to be good. I discovered that Jesus had died instead of me, and taken away all my sins by His precious Blood, and how His Blood was on me instead of my sins, and that was how I could be brought to God now, and taken to Heaven by and by; for 'The Blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin' (1 John 1. 7). At first it was Jim's watery grave that stood between me and my old sins, and since then it is another death—it is the blessed Lord's own death that comes between, for He died for these very sins, and I feel as though I did not belong to myself at all. My earthly life has been bought by blood, and my eternal life has been bought for me by Blood; and next to seeing the Lord Himself, I do long to see Jim shine up there."

"Dear Old Jim!"

Has the reader been saved by the Lord Jesus from eternal ruin? Tom's Saviour from Hell may be yours. He died to save you. Listen to His own blessed words: "All thy waves and Thy billows are gone over Me" (Psa. 42. 7). The waves and billows of God's wrath went over Jesus that you might not perish, but have everlasting life (John



"WE HAD BARELY CLEARED THE SHIP WHEN SHE WENT DOWN."

3. 16). Believe in Him who died that you might live. Then you will be able to adopt the words of a negress:

"Me die or He die,
He die and me no die."

The Gospel has been expressed simply in these beautiful lines:

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

Accept the Lord Jesus as your Saviour, and have the assurance from God's Word that your sins are forgiven.

A STARTLING QUESTION.

A YOUNG man was in the habit of attending Gospel meetings conducted by an earnest evangelist. Through the truth proclaimed his eyes were opened to see his sin and danger. As he thought on the terrible doom that lay ahead of him if he continued neglecting the salvation of God, he became troubled. The preacher spoke of ruin by the fall and redemption by the blood. The Gospel of the grace of God was told out clearly and tenderly, but the young man hesitated. How many like him are halting between two opinions—whether they will accept God's "unspeakable gift" or procrastinate. The arch enemy's fatal lullaby, "Time enough! Time enough!" was listened to and believed, convictions were stifled. The Holy Spirit was resisted; Satan finally triumphed, and he became a "Gospel hardened sinner." The gospeller had his eye on the procrastinator, and one day he said to him, "Is the Devil to have your soul after all?" The young man's reply was a solemn and sadly suggestive one: "Yes, sir, I suppose that is what it will come to at last." "I suppose so, too," said the servant of Christ, "but mark my words, when you get to Hell don't murmur at your hard bargain; you have made it yourself, and you have made it with your eyes open." "Yes, sir," said the Christ neglecter, "I know that, and I'll stand to it."

What a sad admission and confession and resolution. A mortal man deliberately choosing the world for his portion instead of Christ, and Hell at the end. And he made it, in one sense, with his eyes "open," and yet, alas! they were blinded by Satan (see 2 Cor. 4.4). Is the reader following in the young man's footsteps? Are you a Christ accepter or a Christ neglecter? "How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?" (Heb. 2.3). Escape is impossible. Now, while the door of mercy is open, when the Holy Spirit strives, gaze by faith on the dying Lamb of God, and find life in a look at the crucified One (John 3. 14, 15). God desires to save you. He will not, however, coerce you. He will not compel you to be saved. But if you turn a deaf ear to warnings and entreaties and die in your sins you will discover, if you don't do so now, that there was no one to blame but yourself. Stop! Look! Listen! Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved" (Acts 16.31).

A.M.

HOW GOD SAVED A SAILOR.

I WAS born in 1855, brought up in the Established Church, sang in the choir until I was about 18 years old. I then left home for Jersey, hoping to go to sea. I went to London and then to Southampton, where I joined the s.s. "Teuton," the Cape Mail, for the Zulu War. I



CHARLES ROBERT HAYWARD.

remained in her about three and a half years, left her to join the s.s. "Danube" for the Boer War in 1881. The next voyage the "Teuton" sank off the Cape of Good Hope and about 300 people were drowned. I had been on board the same morning and wished my old shipmates good-bye. That evening they were nearly all at the bottom

How God Saved a Sailor.

of the sea. We came home, and I was sent to the s.s. "American" till she went to sea. I was to have sailed in her in the place of the man who belonged to her. He was ill, but he passed the doctor before she sailed, so I went ashore again. He took his place; the vessel got as far as the Equator and foundered. I then went to the Egyptian War in 1882, then joined the s.s. "Ganges" for the Soudan War, 1884. Coming home, I joined the s.s. "Cathay" and sailed for India and China. On this voyage we were caught in a typhoon and nearly lost. Our captain told us to "trust in Providence. He could do no more." Providence we did not know, so how could we trust in Him? Expecting to sink every moment, I said to myself, "If there is a Hell I shall soon be there." I vowed if we came through the gale safely I would live a better life. Through mercy we were not destroyed, but I soon forgot my vow, and went on as usual.

On my next voyage to China (in the s.s. "Bengal") a Scotsman named M'Kenzie commenced preaching in the second saloon. I was invited, but refused to go and hear him; but after a time I found myself listening to an address on "The God whose I am and whom I serve." The preacher told who his God was and whom he served; he described my character so well that I thought someone must have told him that I was an infidel. I came to the conclusion that if he was right, I was wrong, so determined to turn over a new leaf. I knew nothing about sins being forgiven; I had no Bible to read, so went to the cemetery in Hong Kong to read the headstones. On my way back I heard singing in a Seaman's Mission, so I went in, and there I heard the same text again: "The God whose I am and whom I serve." This struck me, although when after the service I was invited to a prayer meeting I refused to go; but others were going and I finally joined them. Some of our passengers were there, C.I.M. Missionaries, and a lot of men from the Warships in the harbour. One of the lady Missionaries came to me and began to talk about Jesus Christ. Not understanding her aim, I thought I had to turn religious, so I refused, saying I could not keep it up. As I left her she gave me what I thought was a letter, which I put in my pocket and went to my ship.

At the top of the companion ladder I met the boatswain,

How God Saved a Sailor.

who said: "Where have you been?" I told him, "To a prayer meeting." He laughed and said, "What do they do there?" I told him what took place at the prayer meeting and then I thought of the letter, which I read aloud. He said he had watched these Missionaries, and said what a happy lot they were. "If we were all Christians in this ship we should be happy, too." He then said, "From now I am going to be a Christian," and there and then asked God to save him, and I, too, did the same. We knew we were sinners, and that our sins deserved



"I WENT TO A DEPOT AND BOUGHT A BIBLE."

eternal death; we were also aware that God so loved the world as to send His only Son to die on the Cross of Calvary for sinners such as we, and accepting Him as Saviour we entered into peace (Rom. 5. 1).

I then went to an Evangelistic Depot and bought a Bible. After that we read every evening instead of playing cards. Before we got home fourteen of the crew professed to have believed in the Lord Jesus, through our testimony and seeing the change that had taken place. This was in the year 1888, and for more than 40 years I have been kept by the power of God. I have found to my joy the Lord Jesus saves to the uttermost all who come to God by Him.

C. R. HAYWARD.

THE FISHERMAN'S HAPPY REPLY.

ONE of the beauty spots in the Highlands of Scotland is the Caledonian Canal, stretching from Inverness on the East Coast to Fort William on the West, a distance of about sixty miles. On its serpentine course the canal passes through three different locks, on either side of which stands a range of high, majestic hills, whose slopes are heavily studded with trees and rich foliage down to the water's edge.

Never are the lock-keepers so busily engaged as when the fishing fleet from the East Coast passes through the canal on its way to the fishing ground on the West Coast, or returning home again when the fishing season is over.

It was on such an occasion as this that the subject of this narrative, R.D., a fisherman from Peterhead, was awakened about his soul's salvation and troubled about his sins. He happened to be one of a crew on board a drifter, whose skipper was anxious to get through the locks at Banavie as early in the morning as possible. He volunteered to help the lock-keepers in opening the lock gates. In rather a jovial mood he shouted to one of the lock-keepers: "Have you got your morning yet?" at the same time pointing to the hotel bar.

He was somewhat startled and taken aback when the lock-keeper's voice answered clearly and firmly: "Oh, yes!

"I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life giving stream.
My thirst was quenched,
My soul revived,
And now I live in Him."

Unknown to the lock-keeper, R.D. had been passing through deep soul trouble for a considerable time, and such a reply only increased his longing to know the joys of sins forgiven and peace with God. Several days afterwards the lock-keeper received a letter from him saying he had no rest or peace since returning home, and he longed to know how he could get a drink of the Living Water, for he had tried the broken cisterns of this world and was sorely disappointed.

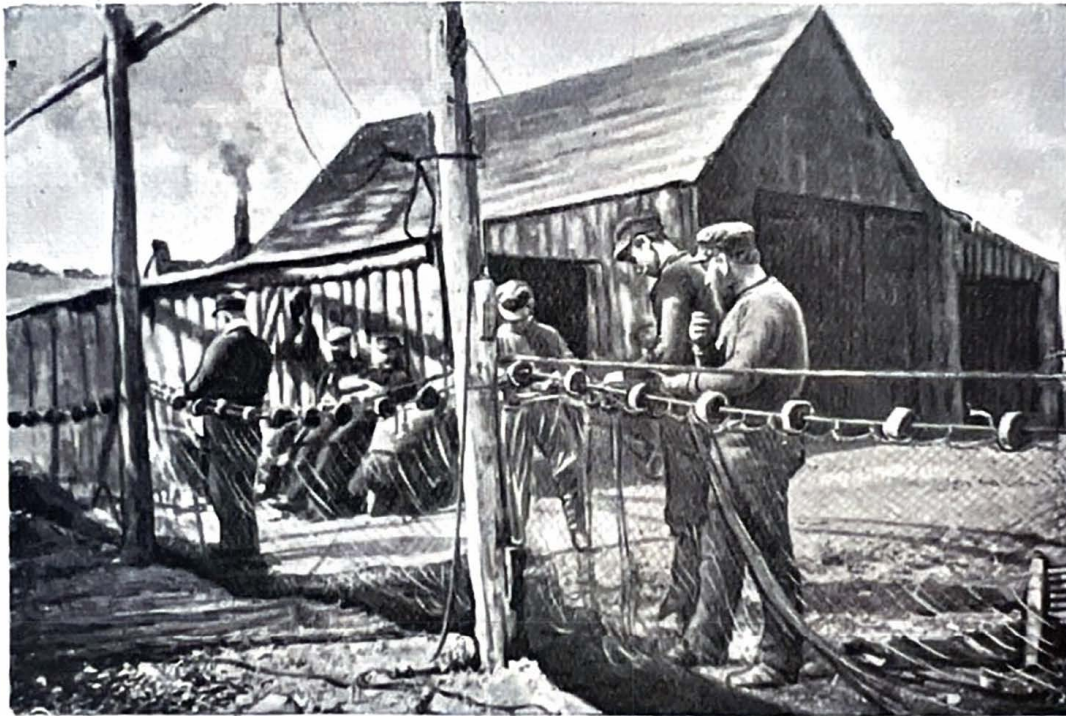
The Lord Jesus, who is indeed the Fountain of Living Water, said to the woman of Samaria: "Whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again: but whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never

The Fisherman's Happy Reply.

thirst: but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life" (John 4. 13, 14).

Several letters passed between them, and one day a letter came from R.D. saying that at last he had found peace and satisfaction through taking God at His word.

It happened thus. One night R.D. paid a visit to W.M., who often spoke to him about his soul, and he unburdened his mind to him. This faithful Christian pointed him to the Word of God as contained in Romans



FISHERMEN MENDING THEIR NETS.

10. 9, 10: "If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and believe in thine heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved. For with the heart man believeth unto righteousness; and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation."

R.D. in simple faith accepted the Word of God without question, and rest came to his troubled heart and peace to his soul.

Reader, have you come to Jesus yet? If not, do it now. Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved (Acts 16. 31).

M.M.

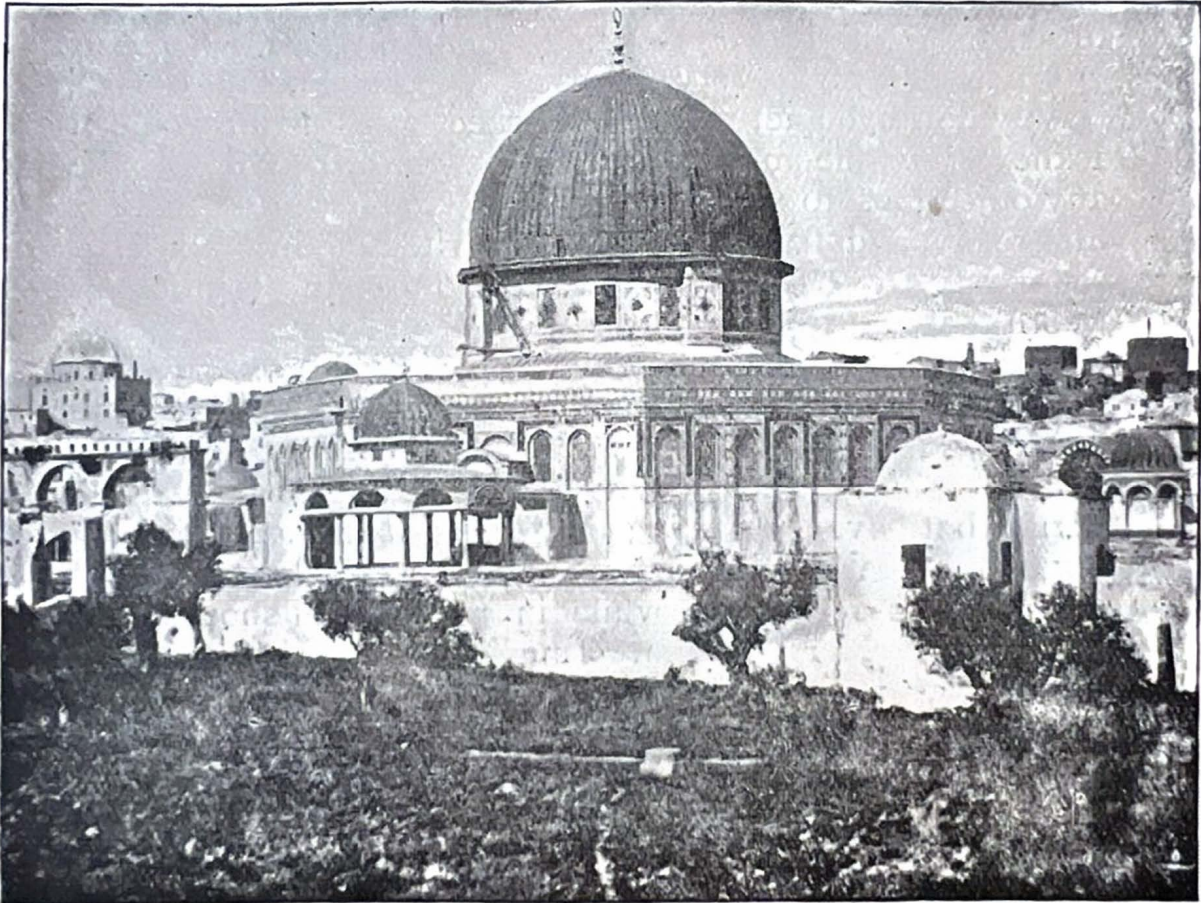
HOW AM I TO COME?

A SEEKING soul was being shown God's way of salvation by a Christian worker. In the course of conversation the servant of Christ invited and urged the anxious inquirer to "Come to Jesus," and quoted the familiar and cheering words of the Saviour, spoken 1900 years ago to weary, heavy laden, sin-burdened ones: "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest" (Matt. 11. 28). "It is easy enough to say, 'Come to Jesus,'" said the troubled one, "but how to come is the question. If Christ were down here in person, walking the streets of Jerusalem, or walking along the shores of the Sea of Galilee, God knows how eagerly I would go to Him. I would cross the sea and, having reached the land of Palestine, would inquire where He could be found, and never pause in my journey until I had cast myself at His feet with the cry, 'Lord, save me,' but He is in Heaven, and how can I come to Him?"

In seeking to answer the question, let me say first of all a physical coming is not what is meant. If you had the wings of an angel and flew to the most distant planet in the heavens you would not be any nearer to Christ, in the sense He spoke of, as you are at present. He is absent from us in body, and we cannot reach Him on foot. Possibly you have a dear friend in Australia. How do you go to him? In thought you are beside him, though thousands of miles of sea and land intervene. In thought and spirit we go to Christ. Men are alienated from the life of God through ignorance of His character (Eph. 4. 18). Their wrong thoughts produce wrong feelings, and the wrong feelings produce wrong actions. Trace a spring to its source and we find that as a man thinketh in his heart, so is he. The reason why men don't love the Lord Jesus is because they don't know Him (1 John 4. 8). To know the Lord Jesus is life eternal (John 17. 3). "They that know Thy Name will put their trust in Thee" (Psa. 9. 10). To know the Lord Jesus as He is revealed at Calvary is to come to Him. Get to know His matchless love to you, as manifested at Calvary. There "mercy and truth meet together, righteousness and peace kiss each other." He is a "just God and Saviour," praise His Holy Name! He so loved you that He bore the wrath and the curse due to sin that He might have you with Him throughout

"How am I to Come?"

eternity. It is not enough to believe that He died for sinners; you must believe that He died for *you*. "He loved me, and gave Himself for me" (Gal. 2. 21). Believe in His love and death for you, and you will obtain eyernal life as a free gift as you read these lines. Come to Him as a "poor sinner" and nothing at all. Come as you are and where you are. There is no time to lose. "Now is the day of salvation." Harken to the Lord's words: "Come



One of the Sacred Spots of Earth.

THE MOSQUE OF OMAR, JERUSALEM.

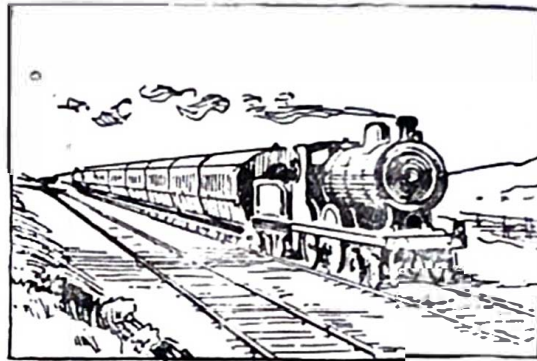
now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool" (Isa. 1. 18). "Come, for all things are now ready."

"It is only to come—not coming,
And bringing a goodly gift;
Not coming in mended garments
That tell of reforming thrift;
Not coming with holy motives;
Not coming a certain way—
But coming—coming to Jesus,
Because He has said I may.

A. M.

"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. Ck.

THE WARDROBE WOMAN;

— OR, —

THE WOMAN WHO SOLD OLD CLOTHES IN BETHNAL GREEN, AND WHO HAVING BEEN SAVED HERSELF BY HEARING JOHN 3, 16, PURCHASED A CARD BEARING THAT TEXT, "GOD SO LOVED THE WORLD THAT HE GAVE HIS ONLY SON," HAD IT PUT IN HER WINDOW AMONG THE OLD CLOTHES FOR OTHERS TO READ.



St. Paul's Cathedral, London.

"I felt I'd had enough, and I thought I'd go inside; but when I got there I still heard the same words, 'God so loved the world.'"

THE WARDROBE WOMAN.

“SHALL we go a walk, or shall we go along the beach giving out leaflets?” was the question asked one fine August morning at Great Yarmouth. It was a lovely day, a beautiful breeze and the sun in all its brightness was just flooding the earth with sunshine, and one did feel how lovely a walk would be in the country. And yet there seemed to be a voice saying, “Go down to the beach, and give away messages of the Word of Life for Me to-day.” A few minutes on our knees soon settled the question, and we packed our little “Seed Basket” with Testaments, Gospels and Leaflets of different kinds.

When we got down to the parade we decided to go and do our work singly, feeling we should get into closer touch with those whom we wanted to help.

Messages of different kinds were offered; some received, some rejected; when suddenly I heard a voice beside me saying, “Is that ’ere gentleman your husband, who’s just given me this tract, ‘Open Doors?’” I answered, “Yes, he is; why?” “I only thought I’d like to tell you as ’ow that Door was opened to me some years ago.” Looking up, I saw the speaker was a plain, working woman, with a rough exterior, but through whose eyes was beaming the love of the Lord Jesus Christ. I took her hand and said: “Tell me how the Lord Jesus came to you; I’d like to know.” And this is what she said:

“First of all, I must tell you I’m only a poor working woman, keepin’ a wardrobe shop in Bethnal Green; and I lived all my life in sin and wickedness, serving the devil, with never a thought about God or Heaven. Seven years ago, one Sunday night, the London City Mission were having some open-air services, and came and stood just at the corner where my shop was. The man, I don’t know who he was, stood on a box, and with a loud voice repeated, “God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.’ I went and stood at my shop door to see what was going on, never meaning to listen to what was said; but in spite of myself I couldn’t help hearing, ‘God so loved the world.’ I thought to myself, ‘It makes no matter to me,’ and, still standing at the door, I found myself listening, and all I heard was, over and over again, ‘God so loved the world.’”

The Wardrobe Woman.

“I felt I’d had enough, and I thought I’d go inside; but when I got there I still heard the voice, which was still saying the same words, ‘God so loved the world.’ I went out again, and the man seemed to be still saying the same. He was no scholar, only a plain working man, and didn’t seem to have anything to say of himself, but kept repeating over and over again, ‘God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.’ Then they sang:

“God loved the world of sinners lost,
And ruined by the Fall,
Salvation full, at highest cost,
He offers free to all.

“Oh, ’twas love, ’twas wonderous love!
The love of God to me;
It brought my Saviour from above,
To die on Calvary.”

“The meeting ended; the people went away; but still I could hear nothing else but that Voice saying, ‘God so loved the world.’ I thought of my past life, and the sins which I’d never been conscious of before seemed to rise up as a mountain before me; and for the first time in my life I knelt down and prayed, asking God to show me what it all meant. By His Holy Spirit He taught me; He showed me that I was a lost sinner whom Jesus died to save. I did not know what it would mean, but I took Him at His word, and believed that He had forgiven all the past and made me His child through Jesus Christ. I cannot describe to you what those next few days were, but it seemed a new world to me, and at once I felt I wanted others to know the joy that I had got. I made my way up to town in the morning to see if I could get a text with the words, ‘God so loved the world’ on; and when I got into the City, I went down a very narrow street, close by St. Paul’s Cathedral, where they sell Bibles, and books, and cards, and things—and there I found my text. I soon bought it, and brought it back with me, and thought the best place to put it was in the window all among the old clothes, so as everybody could see it as they passed; and there it went.

“Many hours hadn’t gone before the passers-by were standing looking at it and wondering why I’d got it in my window, and in they came to ask me. And you know, as

The Wardrobe Woman.

I told you I am only a poor working woman, but I told them all I knew, which was that 'God so loved the world'; and some of them came again and again, and I told them all I knew of the Bible, which I'd begun to read, and I prayed with them; and they came, too, to the same Saviour I had found."

As I had stood listening to the simple story of the power of the wonderful love of Jesus, my heart had burned within me. Strangers to each other, yet both of the one family in Christ Jesus, how strong was the tie that bound us together! And I shall never forget the lesson that that simple woman taught me that August morning. We shook each other's hand, and with a mutual 'God bless you, and we'll meet again in the Better Land,' we parted. I knew then why God had sent us down to the Parade, and not to take our country walk. Have you found this Saviour? He has been seeking for you. He came to seek and to save that which was lost. Let Him save you now. "Look unto Me and be ye saved" (Isa. 45. 22). Trust Him now and enter into peace.

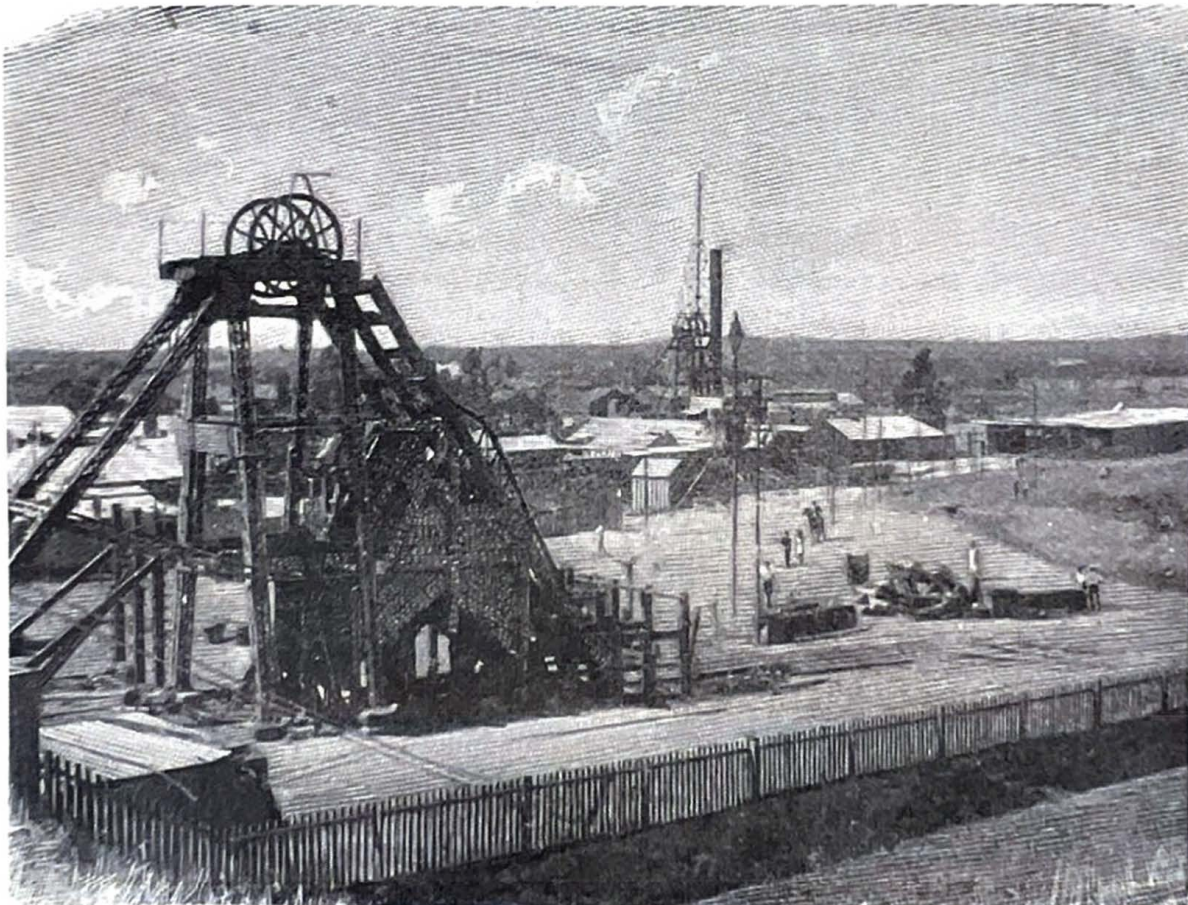
ARE YOU LOST?

IS it possible to be lost and not know it? Yes, it is, alas, only too true. Many scout the idea of the certainty of being saved, but also illogically refuse to believe they are lost. Now there are no three ways about man's condition in the sight of God, there is no "*via media*" here; it is a solemn fact that unless a man can claim to be saved on divine authority, he is most certainly lost. "The Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost" (Luke 19. 10) was spoken to the tax-gatherer Zacchaeus, who was a representative man of others who were lost, morally and spiritually, and the greatness of the need demanded the mission of the Son of God Himself. Have you heard His pardoning life-giving voice? Has He found you and brought you home with rejoicing? Do you love His Word and His people? Are you seeking to live for Him? If none of these characteristics are true of you, then the awful probability is that you are lost now, and unless saved you will be lost for ever. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

J.T.M.

**"BILL, IF THIS HAD BEEN YE;
OR, THE PITMAN'S CONVERSION."**

SOME years ago there was an accident in a North-umberland coal mine. It was a fall of two or three tons of coal, but unfortunately a man was working just at the spot where the coal fell, and the poor fellow was crushed to death. A man and a youth who were working near rushed forward to pick up the body of their dead comrade, and just as they were stooping down,



AN ENGLISH COAL MINE.

the youth, who was a Christian, looked into his companion's face and said, "BILL, IF THIS HAD BEEN YE, where would ye spend your Eternity?" This startling question coming to him over the dead body of his old work-mate pierced him to the heart; the words rang in his ears continually, "If this had been ye, where would ye spend your Eternity?" He could find no rest. Day and night the thought of death and Eternity were present with him, and his careless, godless life stared him in the face. One day, as he wandered along the street in this

The Pitman's Conversion.

unhappy frame of mind, he observed in a shop window a notice announcing that Mr. V——, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, would preach the Gospel on the following Sunday in the Co-operative Hall. He at once resolved to go.

As the preacher stood on the platform proclaiming the Gospel, his attention was rivetted by one anxious face. Not a good face; it was a face marked with sin, yet intensely anxious. The man seemed as though he was striving with all the powers of his being to grasp the truth that was being proclaimed.

Losing sight of the rest of his audience, Mr. V—— preached to that anxious face. He quoted Scripture after Scripture, and used numerous illustrations in order to set forth in the simplest possible way God's salvation for sinful men. At the close of the meeting he met the man leaving the hall, looking as troubled as ever. Shaking hands with him, he said: "Well, friend, have you got it settled?" The man shook his head. "Won't you come inside and have a talk about it?" Together they went back into the hall and sat down side by side, while Mr. V—— again endeavoured to point this troubled soul to the Saviour. Yet nothing he could say seemed to bring light to his soul. Feeling quite helpless in the matter, he closed his eyes for a moment in prayer, and as he opened them again, he saw a man looking into the hall through a doorway opposite. It was Charley H——, one of his Christian workers.

Charley was a hard-working ship's carpenter, who could not read or write until he was converted, and all his little learning had been imparted to him by his wife. "This is the man to help him," thought Mr. V——, and beckoning him over, he said: "Charley, this poor fellow is deeply anxious about his soul. Come and tell him how he can find the Saviour." Charley sat down beside him and opened his Bible at Romans, chapter 5. 6, 7:

"For when we were yet without strength, in due time Christ died for the ungodly; for scarcely for a righteous man will one die, yet peradventure for a good man some would even dare to die. But God commendeth His love toward us, in that while we were yet sinners Christ died for us."

"Here we read," said Charley, "about three classes

The Pitman's Conversion.

of men: RIGHTEOUS men, GOOD men, and SINNERS. Now, if Christ had died for RIGHTEOUS men, men who always did the right thing, who always paid their way, who never indulged in drinking or swearing, would that have been any use to you?"



"PROCLAIMING THE GOSPEL."

"Not a bit of use," was the reply; "I am not a righteous man."

"Suppose then that Christ had died for GOOD men, men who were more than simply righteous; men who were always doing little acts of kindness, like the grocer who gives your little lass a handful of sweets when she goes shopping with her mother. If Christ had died for men like that, would that have been any use to you?"

The Pitman's Conversion.

"No, man, no," was the sharp reply; "don't you know I have lived a bad life. I have never done any good to anybody."

"You are right," said Charley; "if Christ had died for righteous men or good men, it would have been no use for you or me; but the glorious message of the Gospel is this, that 'Christ died for the UNGODLY—Christ died for SINNERS.' Are you ungodly? Are you a sinner?"

"Yes, indeed, I am!" exclaimed the troubled man.

"Then it is my great joy to tell you that on the Cross of Calvary the Lord Jesus Christ died for you, that He bore your sins in His own body on the tree. Come to Him, just as you are, and He will save you, and forgive you right here on the spot."

A light came into the troubled face; the load of anxious care was lifted from his heart as he gradually grasped the wonderful truth that "CHRIST JESUS CAME INTO THE WORLD TO SAVE SINNERS." Praise God, there was joy that day in the presence of the angels over one more wanderer coming home to God.

Friend, are you rejoicing in the knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ as your personal Saviour, or do these things seem to you as idle tales? Your life may have been much better than that of the man of whom you have been reading. Through God's mercy you may have been preserved from the sins and vices into which he fell. Yet you need the same Saviour, for the Word of God is very plain: "All have sinned, and come short of the glory of God" (Rom. 3. 19).

Cast aside all thought of your fancied goodness, and come to Him, acknowledging your sinfulness, and He will receive you, for He has said: "Him that cometh unto Me, I will in no wise cast out" (John 6. 37). Let the following lines be the language of your heart:

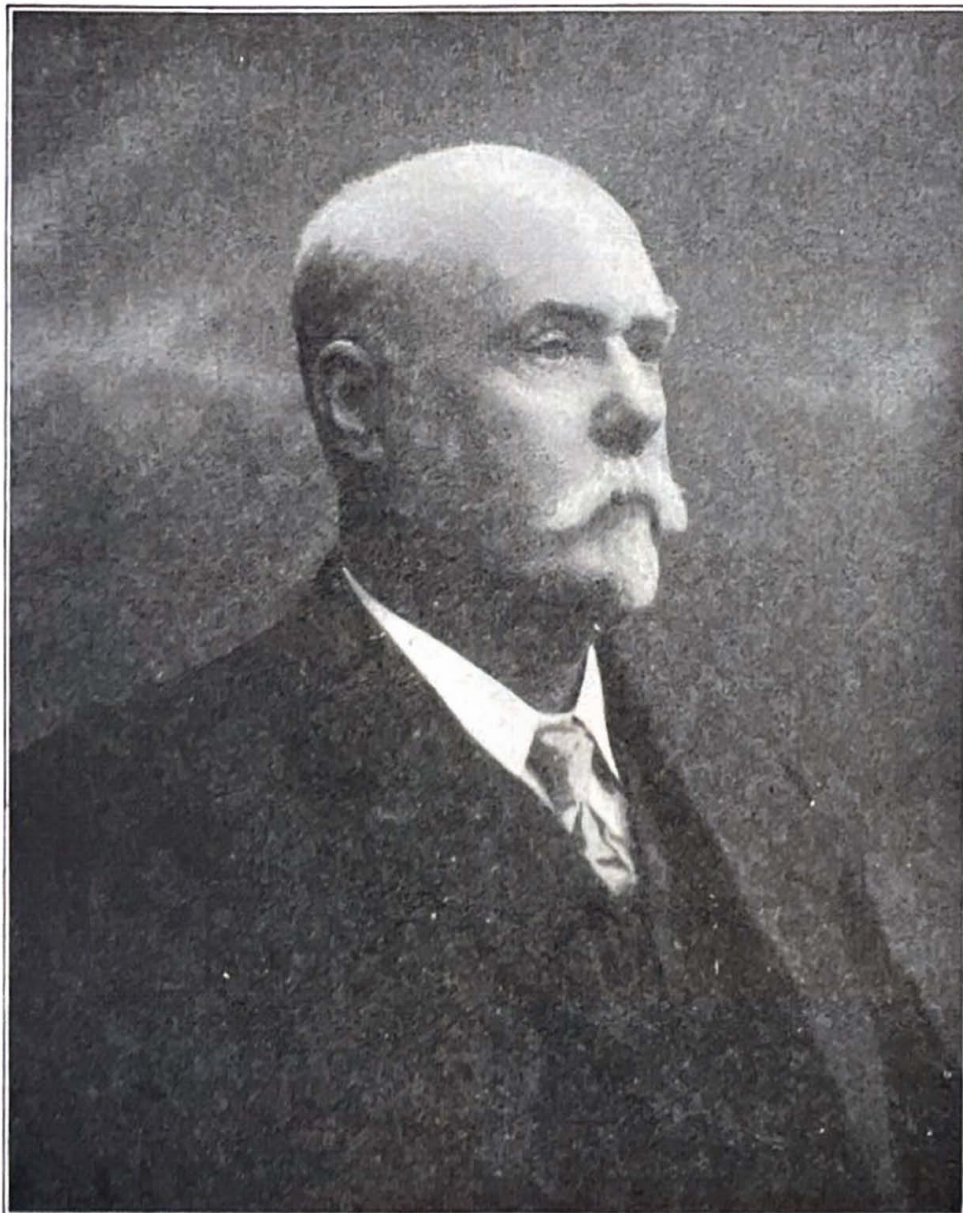
"Just as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy Blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidst me come to Thee—
Oh, Lamb of God, I come!

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

L. H. P.

A SCEPTIC'S CONVERSION.

THROUGH God's infinite mercy and gracious ways I became the child of godly parents, people without any education, and, thank God, without any exalted position in this world, and as regards the knowledge of the truth of the Gospel, not a great deal of that. They



JAMES BOYD.

were brought up in one of the systems of Christendom, and the amount of Gospel knowledge must have been exceedingly limited, if we may judge by the teaching of one of the hierarchs, who said: "Though salvation was by grace, and not by works, you still have to work as hard to get it, as though it were by works."

A Sceptic's Conversion.

But if the hierarchy were ignorant of the grace of God, there were a few humble followers of the Saviour who, though unburdened by that which might be taught in the Universities, through their own reading of the Word and their conversations together, knew God and the Word of His grace better than their teachers, and such became intimate with my parents and were their guides into the true knowledge of the sinner's Saviour. They knew Himself better than they knew the greatness of the blessings which were theirs in Him.

In this holy atmosphere I was brought up. Every evening before retiring to rest a few verses of a Psalm were sung, a Scripture read, and a prayer on bended knees presented to Him who cared for us during the day, and under whose guardianship we were during the silent watches of the night. To-day and every day I bless Him with my whole heart for committing me to the care of those who loved Him, and who failed not to acknowledge it in the presence of an unbelieving world.

I did not care for Jesus in those youthful days. I did not relish the restraint that was put upon my turbulent spirit. Therefore I was glad when I was sent into a city some twelve miles distant that I might learn a trade. Now I was unfettered and free, as far as paternal restraint was concerned, and I took my own way, and that way was in forgetfulness of God.

Yet I was not altogether able to shake off the teaching I had received in the days of my childhood. This abode with me, and made me at times a most miserable object. But this was hidden from all but God, and blessed be His Name, from Him nothing can be hidden. From men I concealed my misery and wretchedness, and was only known as a wild, wayward, godless sinner, until at length my folly became crowned by infidelity.

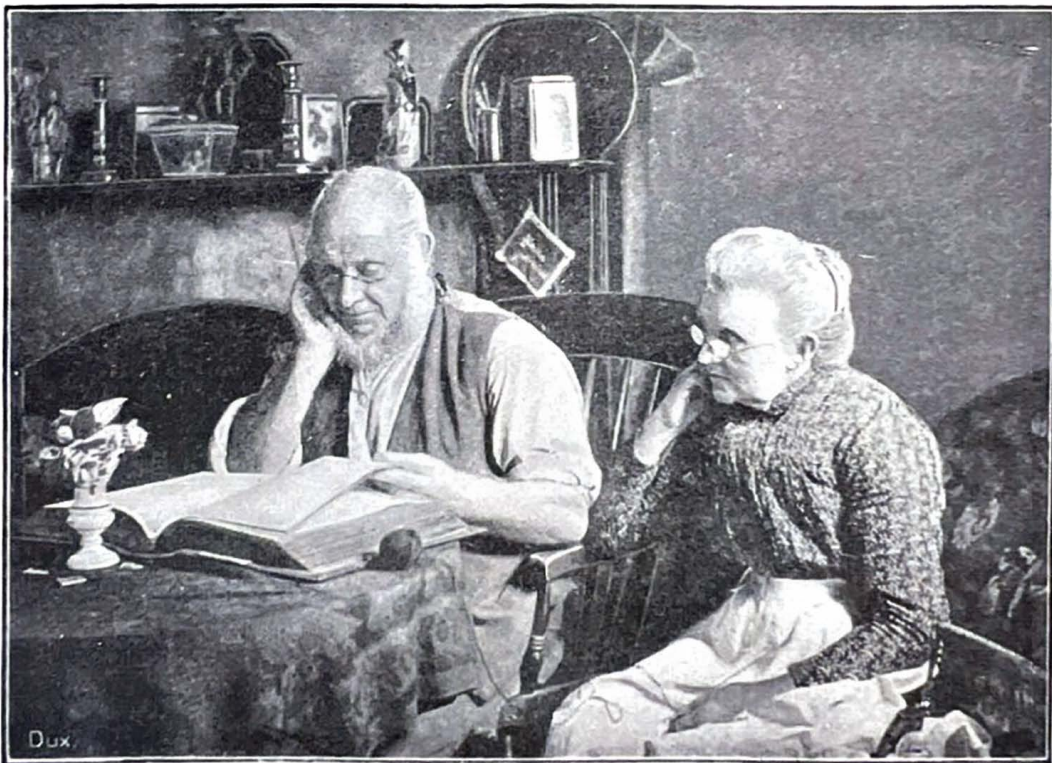
What I had learned at home lay at the bottom of my heart and conscience, a substratum of Divine training, from the promptings and castigations of which there was no escape. I did my best to batten it down in the depths of my moral being, but nothing could keep its voice from being heard. My outward ways, however, remained unaltered.

Eventually in another city I came to lodge in the house

A Sceptic's Conversion.

of a religious man, and one who was a believer in Christ. But one with very little light. He and I had many a stiff argument, once until about two o'clock in the morning. In my pride and foolishness I always came away with the notion that I was victor. At last he said: "Take up the Bible and read it for yourself. If God does not give you to feel that it is His own Word you are reading, no other need attempt to show it to you."

This was the beginning of a little ray of Divine light. I felt there was a good deal of truth in what he said.



READING THE SCRIPTURES IN THE HOME.

What God has given can be like nothing else under the sun. I said to myself, "I will read it, and if it be like any other book on earth, then I am done with it for ever." A book written by the Creator must be different from every other book written by the creature. Of this I felt absolutely sure.

I began to read it, anywhere, everywhere, as I opened it at random. Not so much looking into what I might find in the Book, but rather the way in which my Creator addressed Himself to me. I read it! It read me! I did not search it—it searched me. It went down into the

A Sceptic's Conversion.

depths of my moral being. I was certain I knew myself better than any other could know me, but the Writer of this Book I found knew me better than I knew myself. I did not go to church nor to preachings of the Gospel. I went on with my reading of the Scriptures. Things I had heard in my home long ago came back to me with a power I had not felt before. I knew the way of salvation, that is as far as the letter went; but now there was more than the letter. The living Word was laying hold on me. I seemed to be drifting into a new world, and that world was not Christless—it was Christ. I felt the power of the Word, and not only its power but its sweetness. I was contending now with those who did not believe the Scriptures. There was but one thing wanting, and that was scarcely wanting, for I felt I had slidden into it. I was confessing with my mouth the Lord Jesus, and in my heart believing God had raised Him from the dead; and almost before I was aware I had made my decision—Christ for me! I knew He had received me.

My decision for Christ startled quite a few; as many knew what a sceptic I was. This was in October 19, 1874. On the 21st of the same month I was asked to come to a Gospel meeting. It was held in a cottage and two large rooms were packed. I read the last verse of Matthew 25: "These shall go away into everlasting punishment: but the righteous into life eternal," also the tenth verse of the third of Romans: "There is none righteous, no, not one," and tried to draw attention to the fact that if there were none righteous, we must conclude that no one on that ground could be saved. When I had spoken a little on this I turned to 2 Cor. 5. 21, and read: "He hath made Him to be sin for us, who knew no sin; that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him," pointing out from other Scriptures as well that the believer, though without righteousness of his own is made the righteousness of God in Christ, the possessor of another righteousness, that of God. Man, having no righteousness of his own, is made the righteousness of God in Christ when he believes the Gospel.

The Lord Jesus is a Saviour worthy of your trust. Make His acquaintance now and be at peace (Rom. 5. 1).

JAMES BOYD.

RELIGIOUS, BUT UNCONVERTED.

IN the quiet rectory of a little village in Northamptonshire lived a person of the above type. She was a decent, respectable woman, and withal religious too. But, sad to say, her soul was a stranger to Christ as her own personal Saviour.

For several years she had lived with the aged rector in the capacity of housekeeper. But now the end had come.



IN AN ENGLISH VILLAGE.

She was dying. Let us allow those dying lips to tell their own sad story.

Addressing her aged master, who had just been summoned by her special request to her bedside, she said: "I have now been under your roof, sir, for about twenty years." "You have," replied the minister, "and a faithful servant you have been." "I have regularly attended your ministry for the whole of that period," she continued. "I have taken the sacrament from your hand

Religious, but Unconverted.

every month, and heard family prayers from your lips every day." To all this the clergyman fully assented.

"But," she added, with some measure of bitterness, "you have never once asked me, 'Is your soul saved?'" "Oh, I took that for granted!" said he. "Yes, sir, you may have taken it for granted that I was saved; but I am dying, sir, and my soul is lost!"

What an appalling discovery was this to make on the very verge of eternity! and that, remember, after years and years of outward religiousness. The fact was, that with her, as with thousands more in the present day, sacrament-taking, prayer-saying, sermon-hearing, had been relied on instead of Christ; and now her remorse was unbearable, as she found her false hopes crumbling into dust, and swept away before her dying eyes.

What are you trusting for salvation? Perhaps, like the poor soul just alluded to, your life has been fairly good, *i.e.*, compared with many others. You have always conducted yourself with due propriety, and sought to live honestly. You have diligently attended to your (so-called) religious duties; you have your family pew at church, or your hired sitting in the chapel, and, moreover, you have supported the "cause" with no niggard hand, and that for many years. Perhaps even your minister, or your class-leader, with many others of your fellow-professors, have long "taken it for granted" that you are on the right road.

But pause now, and answer, in the presence of God: Has all this fitted you for Heaven? Ah! you cannot, you dare not say that it has; but still you fondly hope that, if you still go on in this way, Christ's merits will be added to yours to make up any deficiency in the end. And besides, you trust, by increased pious efforts, still further to improve your title for Heaven, before being called to die.

If this is your condition before God, dear friend, depend upon it you are building your house upon the sand, you are deceiving yourself by "a fair show in the flesh," and be assured that all will come to the ground some day.

The very fact of your trying to improve your title for Heaven proves clearly that, instead of being saved, you are only deceiving your own soul by a false hope. Read care-

fully Acts 4. 12: "Neither is there salvation in any other : for there is none other name under Heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved" (*i.e.*, the Name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, whom God raised from the dead).

"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved" (Acts 16. 31). Thou shalt then be able to go on thy way rejoicing, singing thy grateful song of praise to Him who alone is worthy. Then the language of thy heart shall ever be :

"Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee." G. C.

HAVE YOU PLAYED THE FOOL?

I WOULD bid you think of the time when all the pleasures of earth shall have ceased for you, when you will have relinquished the black coat for the shroud, when some one else will grace the drawing-room, study your correspondence, or sit at the desk in your place. Look into Eternity, and, as you do so, I have a question for you. Will you try to answer it? "What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" (Mark 8. 36).

Now, why don't you speak? If I had asked you some question on current politics you would have been ready with your answer. You are a sharp fellow, too, in the way of business; if I had wanted to invest in stocks you would be able to give good advice. But when your soul is in question, and Eternity, you are silent. Your soul and Eternity! Alas! you have forgotten both; you have sought pleasure, and it may be wealth and fame, but forgotten your soul. You have followed the shadow and missed the substance. You have lived for Time, but forgotten Eternity, and in so doing you have played the fool in the eyes of an astonished Heaven. You might gain the wealth of a Westminster—the fame of a Kitchener—the learning of a Ruskin; but then Time ends, and with Time ends the meagre satisfaction that these things give. The soul is for Eternity, and in Eternity men will find that not all who were famous here are blest there. But, thank God, He offers salvation to all, and what men's attainments cannot purchase, Christ's precious Blood can. You will be wise if you turn to Him to-day. J. T. M.

"I CANNOT GET AWAY FROM GOD."

SEVERAL years ago a young coachman was living in a gentleman's family near London. He had good wages, a kind master, and a comfortable place; but there was one thing which troubled and annoyed him. It was that his old mother lived in a village close by; from her he had constant visits, and whenever she came she spoke to him about Christ and the salvation of his soul. "Mother," he said at last, "I cannot stand this any longer. Unless you drop that subject altogether I shall give up my place and go out of reach, when I shall hear no more of your cant." "My son," said his mother, "as long as I have a tongue in my head I shall never cease to speak to you about the Lord, and to the Lord about you."

The young coachman was as good as his word. He wrote to a friend in the Highlands of Scotland, and asked him to find him a post in that part of the world, which he did. The first day after his arrival in Scotland the coachman was ordered to drive out the carriage and pair. His master did not get into the carriage with the rest of the party, but said he meant to go on the box instead of the footman. "He wishes to see how I drive," thought the coachman, who was quite prepared to give satisfaction. Scarcely had they driven from the door when the master spoke to the coachman for the first time. He said, "Tell me if you are saved." Had the question come to the coachman direct from Heaven it could have scarcely struck him with greater consternation. He felt simply terrified. "God has followed me to Scotland!" he said to himself. "I could get away from my mother, but I cannot get away from God!" His master went on to speak of Christ, and again he heard the old, old story, so often told him by his mother. But this time it sounded new; it had become a real thing to him. It did not seem to him then to be glad tidings of great joy, but a message of terror and condemnation. He felt that it was Christ, the Son of God, whom he had rejected and despised. He felt for the first time that he was a lost sinner, and the love and grace of the Saviour he had rejected became a reality to him. He saw that there was mercy for the scoffer and despiser; he saw that the Blood of Christ could put away his sins, and through believing on Him he felt in his soul "the peace of God which passeth all understanding" (Phil. 4. 7). F. B.

THE DAY WE LIVE IN;

— OR, —

MAN, THE CONQUEROR OF EARTH, SEA, AIR; AND YET VOLUNTARILY BLIND AND INDIFFERENT TO ETERNAL INTERESTS.



"Conqueror of Earth, Sea, and Air"

"The eternal future is forgotten in the mad scramble for the prizes of the present life."

THE DAY WE LIVE IN.

AUTOMOBILES, airplanes, radio, television—these and many other innovations of the last few decades have changed the entire face of things in this modern world. "Progress" is the order of the day, thanks to the advance of physical science, and man is hailed as the conqueror of earth, sea, air, and, as some hope, of other worlds in the near future. And while men point with pride to their accomplishments, they have become dissatisfied, not only with the old order of things in the material world, but have learned to question all the accepted ideas of the past. The Faith of our fathers, they tell us, is no longer acceptable to the modern mind. Sin is largely looked upon as a bygone superstition. Expediency has taken the place of principle. The soul's interests are lost sight of in the feverish competition for material gain. The eternal future is forgotten in the mad scramble for the prizes of the present life.

But, after all, the most vital problems of the modern man are really much the same as those of his predecessors, and he himself, foundationally, is no different. Whether an intellectual giant or a mental dwarf, he is conscious of emotions at variance with his ideals, of a bondage to his passions which he is powerless to break, and of acts which his conscience tells him are utterly wrong. He must render an account of himself before the Bar of Infinite Justice, and this event he somehow fears, however he may profess to disbelieve what he calls "the worn-out dogma of eternal punishment."

Let us make no mistake about it: for these problems which most intimately concern himself, there is no help to be found among modern discoveries or inventions. Psychology, Sociology, and all the other "ologies," together cannot offer a single ray of hope for the sinner. For sinner he is, in spite of all modern efforts to paint him in brighter hues, and his only hope is in the old-fashioned remedy for sin proclaimed in that old-fashioned Book, the Bible. Let us see, then, what the Bible has to say, or rather what God has to say to us in the Bible, as to this matter. We shall not find any glossing over of the true condition of things, in the modern fashion. Such modern terms as "indiscretion," "slip," "irregularity," "disproportion," "anti-social act" are entirely

absent. They touch only the surface of the matter. The Word of God goes to the root when it speaks of "sin," "lawlessness," "transgression," "iniquity," and clearly labels those guilty of these as "children of wrath," and as "having no hope, and without God in the world" (Eph. 2. 3, 12). It knows of no exceptions, for it plainly declares that "there is no difference: for all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God," and that "we are all as an unclean thing, and all our righteousnesses are as filthy rags" (Rom. 3. 23; Isa. 64. 6). And to the question: "What shall the end be?" it replies clearly: "Whosoever was not found written in the Book of Life was cast into the Lake of Fire" (Rev. 20. 15).

But did we not speak of a remedy? Yes, and here the good old Book is our only recourse. For nowhere else shall we find a really satisfying solution of the problem of sin. Let two or three brief passages tell the story. "Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that He loved us, and sent His Son to be the propitiation for our sins" (1 John 4. 10). "He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon Him, and with His stripes we are healed" (Isa. 53. 5). Thus the great problem has been fully met by the Lord Jesus Christ on the Cross of Calvary. "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 . . ." (Acts 13. 38, 39). The testimony of these few extracts is surely decisive. God could not treat sin as a matter of indifference. It is an insult to His Person, a challenge to His Throne. It must be punished. But in the sacrifice of His Son He has received complete satisfaction. And for assured salvation it is only necessary for the sinner to make the Saviour his by a simple faith. "All that believe are justified from all things." God not only pardons the sinner, He *justifies* him; that is, He declares him as just as if he had not committed one sin. Such is the abounding grace of our God, that, on the ground of the atoning sacrifice of His Son He is able to retain His righteous character and at the same time justify every sinner who puts his trust in Jesus Christ. Trust Him now and be at peace (Rom. 5. 1).

F.W.S.

HOW A SWISS WAS SAVED AND SATISFIED.

OVER thirty years ago an English minister paid a visit to Switzerland, and occupied the pulpit of a Swiss pastor, who interpreted for him. He took for his text Galatians 2. 21: "Who loved me and gave Himself for me," and gave a splendid Gospel message. As the pastor sat in his study several weeks after, he heard a gentle knock at the door. To his surprise, a young man who was looked upon by the people as the greatest profligate in the village, wished to be received into Church fellowship. The minister expressed his astonishment, and asked the applicant if he had not been a leader in everything that was bad. The young man admitted the charge, and deplored the course he had pursued. In the course of conversation he explained that he had been awakened through the English minister's address. "I discovered," said he, "that I had not only sinned against the Saviour, but helped to lead others to do so, and yet He loved me all the time!"

For weeks he sought forgiveness and the pardoning mercy of God. God spoke to him through a vision of the night. He dreamt that his sins came up before him, calling for judgment. Suddenly the Lord Jesus appeared on the scene, and was about to pass upon him sentence of condemnation. In deep exercise of soul he cried: "Lord, I will love Thee;" but the Lord appeared stern and unrelenting. Then he called: "Lord, I do love Thee," but received no encouragement. At last, in the agony of despair, he exclaimed: "Lord, Thou lovest me," and a wondrous change passed over the countenance of the Saviour, and he awoke. But the lesson was not lost. He saw that it was not by trying to love the Lord Jesus that peace and pardon could be obtained, but by believing in His love to him. Salvation is not obtained through anything that we do, feel, or experience. By believing that He loved me and gave Himself for me, I was delivered from sin's penalty and slavery. "How can I know that He loved me, and gave Himself for me?" inquires a reader. God's Word answers the question. "For when we were yet without strength, in due time Christ died for the ungodly" (Rom. 5. 6). If He died for the "ungodly," surely He died for you and me. "But God commendeth His love toward us in that while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us" (v. 8).

How a Swiss was Saved and Satisfied.

If you are a "sinner" and "ungodly," then He died for you. "How am I to know that He died for all sinners?" says one. Thank God, the Scriptures answer that question. (1) "He died for all" (2 Cor. 5. 15); "He gave Himself a ransom for all" (1 Tim. 2. 6); "He is the propitiation for our sins, and not for ours only, but also for the sins of the whole world" (1 John 2. 1, 2). If He died for "all," gave Himself a ransom for "all," and is the "propitiation (or satisfaction) for the sins of the whole



A SWISS VILLAGE.

world," surely you can appropriate to yourself the words: "He loved me and gave Himself for me" (Gal. 2. 20).

And Christ's death is enough. What He accomplished on our behalf by His sin atoning sacrifice is enough. God is not satisfied with you or me, but He is satisfied with what Christ did for us!

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

"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). A.M.

BELATED TRIUMPH.

HE was one of that old-fashioned type of rural folk, a type which has almost disappeared, but which was once characteristic of the village life of Southern Scotland. Naturally intelligent, deeply religious, of a high-strung nervous temperament, with wits sharpened by theological discussion, but so overpowered with the mastering influence of the Calvinistic teaching of the day, that he had lived most of his life in Doubting Castle. His life had been a long struggle against poverty, his latter days were darkened by ill health; and finally a stroke of apoplexy had robbed him of the free use of his limbs and had dulled his senses.

For weeks he had scarcely moved from his chair, where he was tended with that solicitude and care which the children of the poor so frequently lavish on their suffering friends. A winter's sun was endeavouring to get access through the cottage window. His eye caught sight of the sunbeams, and laying hold of the mantel-shelf, he struggled to his feet, and in a voice clear as a bell, he rung out this triumphant challenge: "Oh death, where is thy sting? Oh grave, where is thy victory?" and ended the quotation with the words: "Thanks be unto God which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ" (1 Cor. 15. 55, 57). A further seizure followed this exertion, and before the following sunrise the wayworn traveller had passed within the portals of the unknown.

"So death triumphed after all," says some one. No, in this case decease was departed "to be with Christ," to exchange poverty and suffering for the comfort and rest of the Saviour's presence. To bid good bye to foreboding and fear, and to enter into the full knowledge of the love of God.

Yet this man, who, like many others, are robbing themselves of a settled peace, and dishonouring God by their doubts, was trusting in the atoning work of Christ, but unfortunately mixing with the good news man-made views of election, which obscured the whole glorious truth of the Gospel. The truth is that the exultant note of triumph on which his life ended might have been his experience for many years. He looked within his heart for traces of grace, instead of looking off unto Jesus, the Author and Finisher of Faith, in whom the grace of God

Belated Triumph.

to man is revealed. Man always makes God's love too narrow, by false limits of his own. The Lord's words to Nicodemus were: "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). He is no respecter of persons. He willeth not the death of



"FOR WEEKS HE HAD SCARCELY MOVED FROM HIS CHAIR."

any. The Lord Jesus gave Himself a ransom for all (1 Tim. 2. 6). He is the propitiation for the sins of the whole world (1 John 2. 1). The grace of God brings salvation to all men. The work which the Son of God accomplished upon the Cross provides a righteous basis whereby God can be just and yet justify all who believe in His Son (Rom. 3. 25, 26).

Belated Triumph.

It is because God is willing to show mercy to all who believe that He sends this word of salvation. It is a royal proclamation to all the fallen sons of Adam's race. "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 who believe are justified from all things (Acts 13. 38, 39). Salvation, therefore, is by grace, and not of works. It depends upon the faithfulness of God and the sufficiency of the Lord Jesus Christ. His Word shall never be broken, and His work shall never fail.

Why, therefore, endeavour to accomplish by your effort what God offers you as a free gift? Why wait until you are too late, in a vain endeavour to find whether you are one of the elect, when Christ has said: "Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out"? Why continue to dwell among the shadows, and in the grim darkness of Doubting Castle, when you may rejoice in the sunlight of God's forgiveness? Cast your deadly doing down, turn to the Lord Jesus Christ now. Believe on Him, and have everlasting life (1 John 5. 13), then with the aged Scotsman you can ring out the note of triumph: "Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." J.H.

"TRUSTING IN YOU."

A MEDICAL man, under the conviction of sin, was visiting a patient who was saved and happy in the Lord. "Now," said he, addressing the sick one, "I want you just to tell me what it is—this faith in Jesus, and all that sort of thing that brings peace."

His patient replied, "Doctor, I have felt that I could do nothing, and I have put my case in your hands. I am *trusting in you*. This is exactly what every poor sinner must do with regard to the Lord Jesus."

This reply greatly awakened the doctor's surprise, and a new light broke in upon his soul. "Is that all," he exclaimed, "simply trusting in the Lord Jesus? I see it as I never saw it before. He has *done* the work. Christ Jesus said on the cross, 'It is finished,' and 'whosoever believeth in Him shall not perish, but have everlasting life.'" From that sick bed the doctor went away rejoicing in Christ. The Lord Jesus *finished* the work; you *believe* and live. w.s.

RELIGION WITHOUT CHRIST.

AS I write I am sitting on a rock in the heart of the Cuillin Hills, in the misty Isle of Skye. But there is no mist to-day, the sky above is cloudless, and the sun is beating down on the unique grandeur of the



A. LINDSAY GLEGG.

hills around, which surely take their place as one of the great sights of the world. I go back in mind to the year 1905, when I looked out upon beauty of a less rugged order, as I paid a visit to the English Lakes, and attended for the first time the Keswick Convention. But I must relate my story from the beginning.

I was brought up in a Christian home, my father and

Religion without Christ.

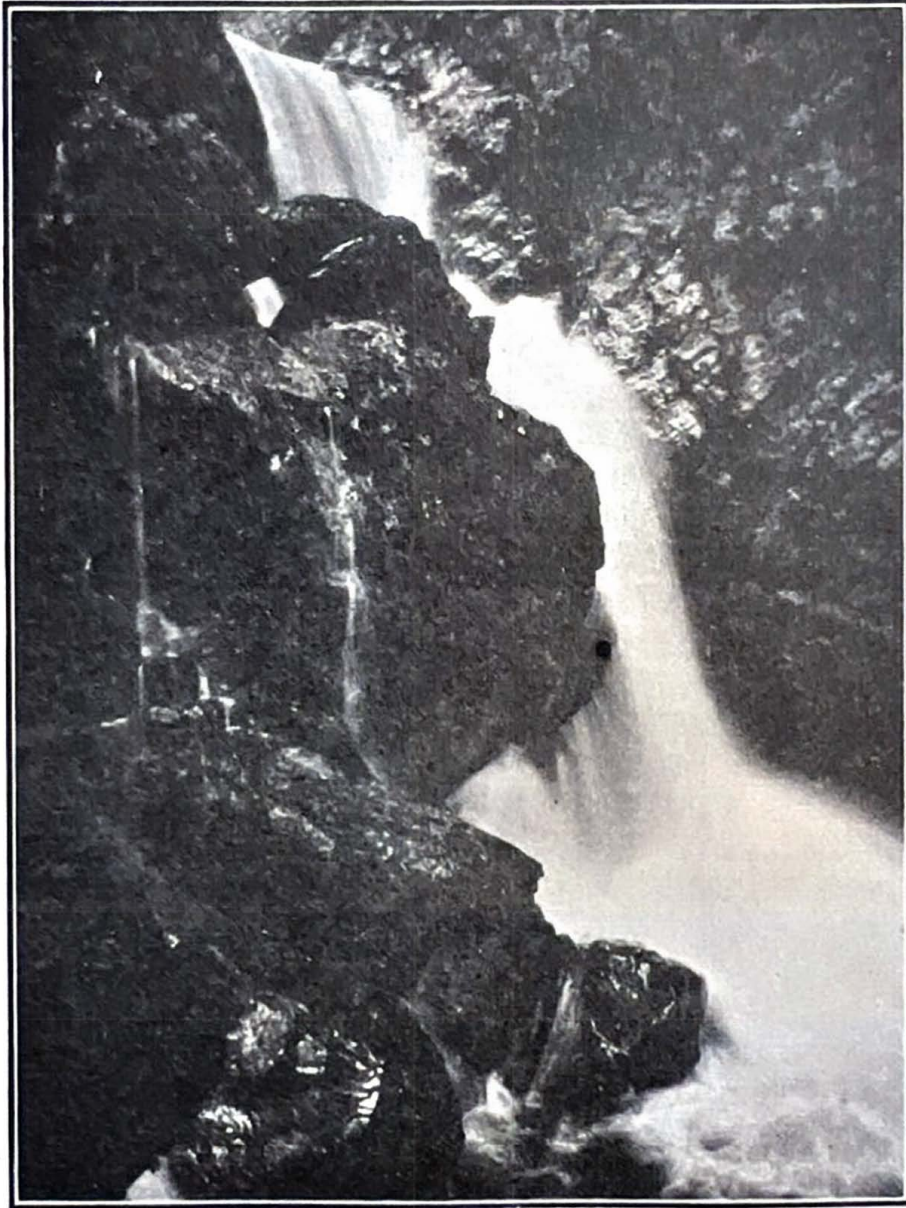
mother both came from Aberdeen, and I owe very much to their training and example. As a boy I attended a fashionable London Church where Dr. Guinness Rogers was the minister, and I can well remember listening without much appreciation to the doctor's long and learned discourses. When he retired there was an extended period in which the church had no pastor, and when eventually they made their choice it was an unfortunate one. The new minister began at once to criticise the Bible (it was at the time when R. J. Campbell brought out his so-called "New Theology," and our minister went all the way with him, and a bit farther. During this period I was at College, and was greatly attracted by this new kind of preaching—it sounded so scholarly and reasonable, and gave one "freedom" to live one's life unfettered by narrowness and dogmatism. Nevertheless, I was a "twicer" at church and a Sunday school teacher, and being brought up not to travel on Sundays, this meant nearly ten miles walking every Lord's Day. In addition, I was a Boys' Brigade officer and secretary of the Young People's Society in connection with the church. There were over 200 members of this Society, which held weekly meetings with popular lectures and debates; also once a month there was a Devotional Evening, which gave the pastor a further opportunity of casting doubt on the accuracy and authority of Holy Scripture.

It was at this time that an old school friend invited me up to do some climbing at Keswick. I joined his house party with pleasure, and was not put off by the hint that meetings were held there in a tent, a few of which we would be expected to attend.

And so I arrived in Keswick in 1905—the year of the Welsh Revival. It was certainly a new experience for me. I listened to Preb. Webb-Peploe pouring forth from memory passages from the Word of God; I sat at the feet of the saintly Dr. Pierson; I saw the people everywhere with their Bibles in their hands. I sat with my eyes open in amazement as the tent was swept by the spirit of prayer. I saw men yielding up their pipes and tobacco pouches, and the ladies their jewels, which were heaped high on the platform. I remember one meeting con-

Religion without Christ.

tinuing until the early hours of the morning; but above all I remember a Prayer Meeting for men held in the Drill Hall. We were all on our knees, and Dr. Stuart Holden was leading, when a man close by me cried out in



LODORE FALLS, KESWICK.

an agony of prayer, the like of which I have never heard before or since. When he collapsed, possibly through physical exhaustion, the chorus was started:

"And take me as I am.
My only plea Christ died for me,
But take me as I am."

It was here that I made the great discovery of my life. This was "New Theology" to me. My religion was to do your best, to put your energy into good works, to live a respectable life, and lend a hand in making the world better, but it brought no salvation, it brought no assurance—it didn't work! Was I on the wrong track after all? Were my minister and my friends all wrong? I knew I was in the presence of God; I was faced with reality. Then I let my good works go, and rested on one plea only, that Christ died for me, and He took me as I was (Gal. 2. 20). I went home with a new Book in my hand—the Bible. I am glad to say I went home to study it, for I knew so little; in my case I got my experience first, and my doctrine followed. I had fellowship with the living Saviour, and day by day He taught me from His own Word the glories and the wonders of His great salvation. The first soul I tried to lead to Christ was my own minister, but I was a poor match for his intellectual arguments; all I could say was: "One thing I know, that whereas I was blind now I see." He rejected my simple testimony, and soon after the crash came, and he left the church to live in open sin.

And so I made the great discovery that "by the deeds of the law there shall no flesh be justified in his sight." "But to Him that worketh not, but believeth on Him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness." And thus, resting on Christ alone for salvation, I entered into peace and assurance. A. L. GLEGG.

LIFE—MONEY—HAPPINESS.

THE world is full of romance. Little more than half a century ago, a poor lad left his humble home in Blackheath, London, and set out in search of a fortune. He has just died in the city of his birth—a millionaire. His was indeed a romantic career.

Arriving in New Zealand, he worked for a time in the bush, where, on one occasion, he got lost, and for three days had to live on the roots of ferns and shrubs. Then he made his way to a Maori settlement, afterwards tramping to the coast, from whence he shipped to America in a sailing vessel. Arriving there he very soon turned his attention to money-making, and in a remarkably

Life—Money—Happiness.

short time, by his industry and enterprise, amassed an immense fortune. To such an extent did his millions grow, that he found the greatest difficulty in getting rid of his wealth. When he had used up all his ideas, he offered a prize of £200 for the most ingenious method of disposing of his millions. He wanted to spend his money wisely, he said, at the time he offered his prize. When this unprecedented piece of news leaked out, he had all the world's expert begging-letter writers on his track, and a thousand letters a day littered his room.

He came to London on holiday, and had made arrange-



AUCKLAND, NEW ZEALAND.

ments to return to America on board the *Majestic*. A few minutes afterwards he collapsed and died. Such is the brief history of an eventful career.

According to his own story, the life-long ambition of this poor-boy-millionaire was that he might attain LIFE—MONEY—HAPPINESS. In quest of a fortune and happiness he saw life on three continents, and so far as this world is concerned it would appear that he was eminently successful.

But as I read the glowing eulogy, contained in the newspaper report of the tragic passing, in the prime of life, of the American millionaire, and noted the three

striking words set in bold type, I thought of the thousands, less fortunate, perhaps, who with the same object in view, had set out in life. Some had acquired fame and fortune; others, alas, had met with contrary winds on the turbulent sea of life, and become hopeless shipwrecks.

You may content yourself with the thought that you are not out to gain millions or a peerage; your aim in life may, indeed, be quite modest. But whether your aspirations reach the dizzy heights of Mount Everest, or do not rise above the level of the merest plain, the warning note, contained in the all-important question already quoted, is equally applicable. In plain language, while things of time and sense absorb your undivided attention, remember, as you strive to reach the goal of your ambition, you may, after all, miss the very thing that matters—the salvation of your never dying soul.

The aim of the American millionaire was “Life—Money—Happiness.” If, with his millions, he did not possess “eternal life,” then (solemn thought): “What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?”

DAVID J. BEATTIE.

LOSS OF THE “CITRINE.”

HOW often we are thrilled by stories of the sea. Stories, not the fantastic imagination of the novelist’s mind, but stories of noble deeds in real life, enacted along the rugged shores of these islands of ours.

Quite recently the headlines of the daily newspapers told the tragic story of the sinking of the coasting steamer, “Citrine” of Glasgow, with the loss of ten lives. The vessel left Belfast for North Wales, and as it neared the Isle of Man towards nightfall, it ran into a thick fog, and losing its way, the “Citrine” crashed upon the rocks at Bradda Head. An attempt was made to launch a boat, but before that could be done the vessel sank. When daylight broke, two solitary figures, bruised and benumbed by the bitter cold, were clinging to the rocks.

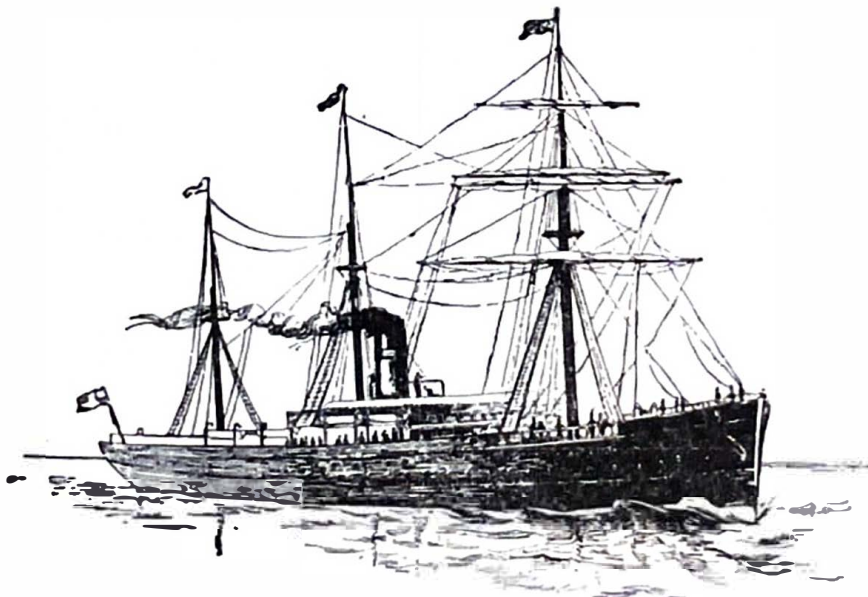
The younger of them, a youth of seventeen, was the son of the ship’s cook, who had accompanied his father on the ill-fated trip. So swiftly did the vessel go down after striking the rocks, that in a few moments the “Citrine” was engulfed in the waves of the merciless sea. And

Loss of the "Citrine."

what of the unfortunate crew? With scarce a moment to prepare, ten precious lives found a watery grave. It was a terrible scene, but amid the crashing of spars and the violent inrush of water, there was a touching incident.

When the ship struck, Warren, the cook, was below with his son preparing supper. Realising the peril, the father, securing a lifebelt, rushed the lad on deck. When the vessel broke up, the lad was thrown into the sea, and aided by the life-belt, he managed to swim ashore. His father went down with the ship and was heard of no more.

A tragic story indeed, and as I read the newspaper report my heart warmed toward the father who, in the



A COASTING STEAMER.

hour of peril, thought only of the safety of his son. And in that story of the sea we have a picture of a father's love—a love which, as we have seen, was stronger than death. He would be a callous son indeed who could forget that stormy night, when, but for the self-sacrificing love of a father, the waters of death might have closed above him. And yet I have read of a greater love—a love which passeth knowledge. In this tragic story, we have a striking example of the measureless love of the father to the son: his own flesh and blood.

We are touched by the story of filial love. Storm-tossed sailor on the ocean of life, let me ask: has your heart ever been touched by the love of God to you? D.J.B.

THE LONDON SHOP FIRE HERO.

PREPARATIONS for a Merry Christmas were being made by hundreds of South London residents within the great drapery stores of Arding & Hobbs, of Clapham Junction, on December 20th, 1909. Some 400 assistants were doing their best to supply the hundreds of customers with their varied requirements for men and women, old and young, home presentation and sending to friends, when, at half-past four in the afternoon, one of those in responsibility suddenly appeared and, with noble calmness, said, "There is a bit of a flame. You had better get out as quickly as you can by the back, but do not get flurried." In about two hours that "bit of a flame," supposed to be caused by the breaking of an electric light bulb setting fire to the decorations and draperies, resulted in the loss of more than a dozen lives, the injury of 30 or more persons, the complete demolition of the main building of five stories, and damage to the extent of £300,000.

Many deeds of personal heroism were reported, perhaps the noblest act of all was that of a waiter named George Neighbour, aged 36, who, after great exertions and amid many dangers, brought three young women to safety, then exhausted and overcome by the smoke, he fell into the debris and was killed by striking his head on a girder.

"Greater love" could not be named than that of this humble hero, yet we can tell of One whose love was greater than the greatest. Surely you will listen. "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his *friend*" (John 15. 13). "But God commended His love toward us in that while we were yet sinners Christ died for us" (Rom. 5. 8). Could you imagine one of these young women saved from the fire turning a deaf ear to the tale of deliverance from such an awful death? Never! Can it be that you, a rebel sinner "dead in trespasses and sin" (Eph. 2. 1), "without strength" to save yourself (Rom. 5. 6), with nothing but "a certain fearful looking for of judgment" (Heb. 10. 27) ahead of you will now turn a deaf ear to your truest Lover—the Lord Jesus Christ—"Who made Himself of no reputation, ...and being found in fashion as a man, He humbled Himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the Cross" (Phil. 2. 8)? Will you even now be reconciled to God by the death of His Son" (Rom. 5. 10)?

НУР.

ARE YOU A CHRISTIAN?

— OR, —

THE MAN WHO HAD DONE NOBODY ANY HARM IN HIS LIFE,
AND WAS AS GOOD AS ANY OTHER.



"What Harm have I Done?"

"I've gone to church and meetings, and there are enough hypocrites without me joining their ranks."

ARE YOU A CHRISTIAN?

IT was a dull, rainy evening in an Ayrshire town, and it was Saturday, the day when the main street was usually crowded. But to-night the numbers were sparse, and the air almost quiet, save for an occasional bus dashing along.

Two young men met and began an interesting conversation which continued for about twenty minutes, with the rain still lashing down.

"Are you a Christian?" was the blunt question.

"Why, what harm have I done?" came the sullen response, with somewhat of a grunt.

"Harm! Yes, you've done lots of it in your life. You can't tell me you haven't harmed any one. And more—you have harmed God. You have shut Him out of your life. You've refused to listen to Him, to accept His Word, refused to believe that Christ died for your sins. Your conscience says that, doesn't it?"

"I'm as good as you are, any day," the young man replied, as he evaded the first point.

"That would not help you very much, if you were able to prove that you were far better than the most of folks. Let me tell you something which took me years to discover. Supposing you were able to prove to God's satisfaction that you were the best man that ever breathed, do you know this—you would still be in your sins, and on the way to Hell, for God says: 'There is no difference, for all have sinned, and the wages of sin is death' (Rom. 3. 22-23; Rom. 6. 23).

"Ah! but really there are far too many hypocrites. I've gone to church and meetings, and there are enough hypocrites without me joining their ranks." This he said, cooling down a little and beginning to think more deeply, but his friend continued:

"Well, well! I really thought there was more of the man in you than that. Where is your backbone or even commonsense? I tell you frankly, you're playing the coward, and you are content to hide behind the hypocrites. I know there are such folks as hypocrites, far too many as you say, but let me tell this solemn fact to you: There won't be any hypocrites in Heaven, no, not one. Judas was the prince of hypocrites, and the Saviour told us where he went. Now, here you are, following on in the same

Are You a Christian?

crowd. I really am surprised that you have been so easily fooled."

When these words dropped from the lips of the inquirer there was an apparent change in the expression of his companion, for, strange to say, a tear glistened in his eye and his voice lost all its bitterness.

"Listen to me, young fellow," he said quietly. "Honestly, I'm too bad to be saved. There's no chance for the likes o' me. Do you know what I did some time ago? I've a Christian mother. She's in the Salvation Army. A good mother to me. But I was short o' cash, and I went and rifled her purse. I went off with a few pounds, and oh! I feel it terribly."

"And well you might. You deserve to be utterly ashamed of yourself. But you're wrong again in your excuse, for there's none too bad to be saved, though the Devil has preached that sermon thousands of times. The Saviour Himself says: 'Him that cometh unto Me, I will in no wise cast out' (John 6. 37). It's not the man with the spotless character, the one who is doing the best he can, or the one who goes to church who is received. No, no, it's not that. He says: 'Him that cometh to Me.' Will you not come to Him? Think of the dying thief. He never went to church, he possibly was a murderer and a vagabond, but he saw Jesus dying for his sins, paying their price, bearing the penalty of them as his own substitute, and he simply cried: 'Lord, remember me.'"

There was a struggle going on in his soul. He knew only too well that he was not a Christian, and therefore knew no peace of heart, the joy of sins forgiven, and the glad prospect of an eternal home above.

The arrow had hit the mark, and well he knew it. He felt that his great sin was this—he was rejecting Christ. His last word was: "I'll think over it," and with a promise to meet the next day they parted.

Allow me to ask you, friend, that same question: Are you a Christian? Do not seek to hide behind a multitude of excuses, but with joyful heart come to the Saviour, own Him as the One Who died for you, and by life and lip show to the world that you really are a Christian. "Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out" (John 6. 37).

G. A. NEILSON.

MARTIN LUTHER, THE REFORMER; AND HOW HE WAS TRANSFORMED.

A MAN was once climbing, upon his knees, a stone staircase of many steps, which was said to have been carried through the air from its former to its present place. What a crowd runs together to see a foot race, a hopping match, a prize walk, but this man going up the staircase on his knees did not draw many people to see him.

Was he doing it for money, for a wager, for a prize, or for a joke? Let us go near and look closely at him. He wears a monk's frock and girdle; his face, though youthful, is overcast by sorrow and anxiety; he is thoroughly in earnest; it is no joke with him, poor man.

Then perhaps he is not quite sane. Yes, so far as human nature born of Adam can be so, he is sane; but he is conscious of a deep-seated, ruinous disease, which is consuming him; he is sin-sick, and is trying to help God to save his soul and purify his heart.

He has said prayers by hundreds, day and night; he has nearly starved himself to death, but sin would not be starved out! and after having done all he could to reach the seat of the disease, he still feels as loathsome as Naaman, as possessed as Mary Magdalene. There was just this penance left to try. The Pope had decreed an indulgence to any who would climb to the top of Pilate's staircase at Rome on their knees, and the poor monk, as a last effort of despair, would not omit this degrading act, which, he fondly hoped, would obtain for him the forgiveness and holiness he sought.

Suddenly he starts and pauses in his mean labour. A voice seems to sound through him: "The just shall live by faith." It shakes his soul, chasing before it the dark thoughts of superstition and falsehood. With a blush of shame he sprang to his feet, conscious of a mighty change of principle wrought in him, that cast him once and for ever on the finished work of Christ.

"The just shall live by faith;" the faith that finds all the merit, acceptance, and strength in Another, which man seeks in himself, and does not find; the faith that works by love, sees its title to forgiveness in the Blood of the Lamb of God, and obtains "grace to help" against sin and sorrow. Martin Luther happily failed in his

Martin Luther, the Reformer.

efforts to get a false and unholy peace. It was the voice of mercy which reached him at that moment of his history, and sent him a new man from Rome, to proclaim



MARTIN LUTHER'S MONUMENT AT EISLEBEN.

to the world that great truth of God, that a sinner is pardoned and justified only by believing in Jesus Christ.

“But that no man is justified by the law in the sight of God,” it is evident; for “the just shall live by faith.”

"I WILL THINK ABOUT IT AFTER THE HOLIDAYS!"

"WHAT are you going to make of yourself at the New Year?" asked a youth of a fellow-workman in a shipbuilding yard in the city of Glasgow, three days before last Christmas.

"The Lord alone knows who will live to see it," was the reply; "but whether I am left here or not, I will have a happy time, for where Jesus is there is true joy for the Christian."

"Can a fellow not have some fun at a time of this sort? I intend having a good night at Christmas, and I don't think that there is any harm in it."

"We ought to be ready for the journey, seeing so many are being cut down."

"After the New Year has come, I will think about it."

"God has said, 'He that, being often reprov'd, hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy' (Prov. 29. 1). I wish you would accept of God's salvation, and you and I will, should we live to see it, be able to have a happy New Year."

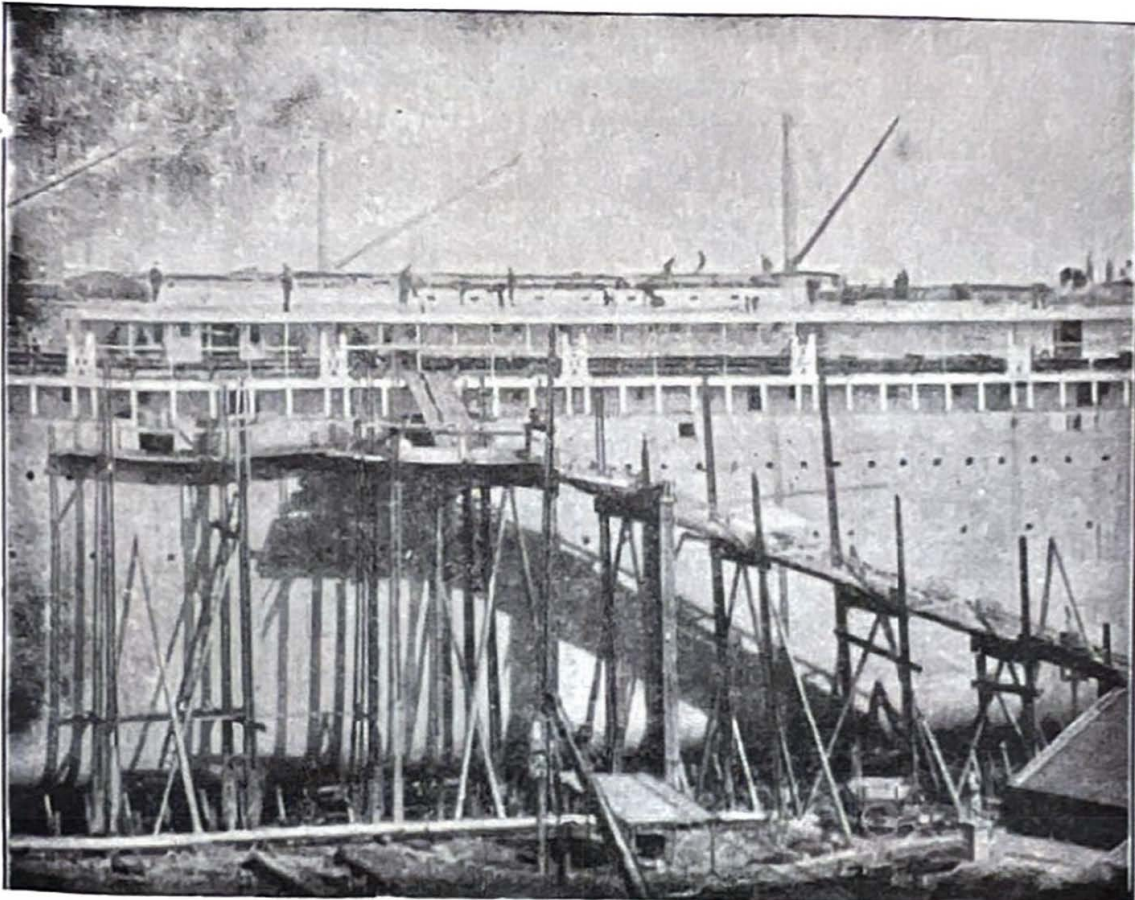
"Not just now; after the holidays I will think about it."

And thus the conversation ended. That night, a dense fog enveloped Glasgow. The writer lost his way not far from the shipbuilding yard, and with difficulty reached a hall in the neighbourhood in which he was holding Gospel services.

A number of accidents happened through the fog—some of which terminated fatally. Several persons fell over the quay into the River Clyde and were drowned. An evening paper had the following item: "About half-past seven, a constable at berth No. 19 heard a splash in the water, and on making search was not able to discover anything. The master of the barque *Pierre*, which was lying there, threw a rope over the side of his boat, in the hope that the unfortunate person might catch it, and he allowed it to remain in that position till this morning. On pulling it up, he found it twined round the arm of a man who was dead. It is supposed that the poor man caught hold of the rope, but was unable to cry for help." The body was identified as that of the young man who had that morning told his fellow-workman that he intended having a "good time" at Christmas, and meant to think

"After the Holidays!"

of his soul's salvation "after the holidays." How sudden and unexpected his death! Only twenty-one! Healthy and strong, and no time for preparation! Within twelve hours of the time when he conversed with my friend, he was in Eternity! Little did he imagine that he would be so suddenly summoned into God's presence! Scarcely three days from Christmas, and ten from the New Year, and he was gone. Whither? WHITHER? WHITHER?



GLASGOW SHIPBUILDING YARD.

Is the reader still unsaved? Are you, even now, unconverted? Yet you "intend" to accept of God's "unspeakable gift"—you "expect" to be saved "some time"?

Why not now?

A young woman was overheard praying: "Oh, God, save me, but not till after the fair!" There was to be a "fair" in that place, and she hoped to be at it and enjoy its pleasures. She wished to be converted, but not until it was over. So with the young man. He intended thinking seriously about his soul "after the holidays," but he did not live to see them.

"After the Holidays!"

"Christmas" was near, but he was cut down before it arrived. The "New Year" was close at hand, but he did not live to see it, or join in its festivities. When the New Year was "rung in," and the old one "rung out," his body was mouldering in the grave, and his soul was—Where?

Oh! unsaved one, do not be deceived by the enemy of your soul. He wishes you to be lost; he tempts you to procrastinate. "'After the fair,' 'after the holidays,' 'after Christmas,' and 'after the ball,' you can think about your soul, but not now," he says. But the present is the only time you are sure of possessing. Ere to-morrow dawns you may be in Eternity. There is no promise of salvation to-morrow. "To-day if ye will hear His voice, harden not your hearts" (Heb. 4. 7). "Now is the accepted time; now is the day of salvation."

If, however, you have resolved risking your soul's salvation, by putting off the settling of the great question until a convenient season, remember the Scripture quoted in the shipbuilding yard, and so soon fulfilled: "He that, being often reprov'd, hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy" (Prov. 29. 1). Even now, as you read these lines, look away from self and sin to the Lord Jesus dying on Calvary's Cross, suffering, the Just One, for us the unjust, that He might bring us to God. "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).

Remember, however, that to be "almost saved" is to be eternally lost.

"Almost" is but to fail,
Sad, sad that bitter wail,
"Almost," but lost.

A. M.

WHAT GOD HAS DONE.

PERHAPS you would like us to tell what God is *willing to do* for the sinner. But we have something far better than that to tell. We rejoice to be able to declare what God *has already done* for the sinner. He has already made provision for your salvation. Yea, in order that you and every lost sinner might be *saved*, He has given up His Son to death. Christ has died for the ungodly. Perfect atonement has been made for sin,

CONVERSION OF A HIGHLAND LAD.

“YOU have five fingers on one hand, and there are twenty-four hours in the day. Remember John five and twenty-four.”

Such was the unique way in which the Gospel message gripped my mind and won my heart to the Lord Jesus



MURDO M'KENZIE.

Christ. I was brought up religiously in the Highlands of Scotland, and family worship was held daily in our home. Although I knew quite well that I had broken God's Holy Law in thought, word, and deed, I verily thought that the way to Heaven was through being good and doing good.

As time rolled on, one member after another of our

Conversion of a Highland Lad.

family required to leave home in search of employment in the south. This was always a great anxiety to our parents, who viewed each departure from the quiet and sanctified atmosphere of the Highland home, to the busy throng and debasing sights of the city, as a change that would either make or mar the future life.

The last member of our family to leave home before me was a brother, two years my senior. He chose to go to the busy city of Glasgow.

At the earnest request of his parents, he wrote home regularly, but as time wore on the letters became fewer and then ceased altogether. Anxiety filled all our hearts, and we felt that all was not well with him.

At last a letter arrived which had a strange effect upon us, for the news it contained made us sad, and I, in particular, was much concerned over the contents. The letter began thus:

“DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER,—I now write to let you know that I have found my Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.”

He then went on to tell how the great change came about, and requested that the whole family should be told, and singling out my name, said he was praying that I would soon be converted.

I felt a bit indignant that I should be singled out like this, and the thought of another specially praying for my conversion made me most unhappy. Yet, secretly, I longed for the next letter, which came in due time, giving a detailed account of his experience, and I quote part of it now:

“One night I visited the Tent Hall, near the Glasgow Green. I observed a text of Scripture in the Hall which read, ‘We know that we have passed from death unto life’ (1 John 3. 14). I never knew before that there was such a text in the Bible, and I concluded that every one in the hall that night possessed this assurance but myself. I left the hall greatly troubled about my soul, which was doubtless God’s Holy Spirit striving with me. I afterwards attended a young men’s meeting in the Albany Hall, where an earnest Christian man, ripe with Christian experience among young people noticed my unsettled state of mind. He asked me my name. ‘Tom,’ I

Conversion of a Highland Lad.

replied. 'What a pity it wasn't John,' he said.

"Do you think you could remember the Gospel according to John? You have five fingers on one hand, and there are twenty-four hours in the day. Remember John 5. 24.'"

Shortly afterwards my brother returned home, and I sought to reason with him that he was making too high a claim in saying that he knew here and now that he was saved and was the possessor of Everlasting Life, when so



TENT HALL, GLASGOW.

many God-fearing people in the parish could only say, "I hope so."

We then turned to the Scriptures for therein we read the words of our Lord and Saviour, who said: "Search the Scriptures: for in them ye think ye have eternal life, and they are they which testify of Me, and ye will not come to Me that ye might have life" (John 5. 39, 40).

Shortly afterwards, while pondering over these words, spoken by Him who cannot lie, the darkness gave place to the light, and the doubts gave place to assurance, M.M.

TWO PRECIOUS HOURS TO LIVE.

IT was an aftermath of the Great War. Multitudes had gone wild with joy when the news was flashed across the world that an armistice—which meant a cessation of hostilities—had been signed by the nations involved. Long and sore had been the struggle unto death on every side, and all were weary of it. Both victors and vanquished were alike glad it was over. Soon the “boys” would be coming home, and many an anxious father and care-worn mother awaited with expectation their own boys’ home-coming. All rejoiced at the prospect of that day when once more they would embrace their own.

“All,” did we say? Alas! not “all,” for in thousands of homes there was the memory of a sad day, when an official notice had brought the news of some loved son who had fallen in the conflict. To such, the rejoicing of the more recent news was tempered by the sorrow of the past. They had none to whose return they looked forward with joy.

There were still others in whom hopes and fears alternated, because of no news coming to them other than that general kind given in the papers, and which left them perplexed with doubt and fear as to the reason for the silence. Of such was John Graham and his wife. They had a “boy” who had gone to the front, and from whom they had heard more or less regularly. But months had gone by of late without a line from him, and deep anxiety as to his whereabouts or safety gripped their hearts. The troops were returning; indeed, there were rumours that transports had brought many overseas again, who, being injured or otherwise invalided, were being distributed among Government camps and hospitals for care and treatment ere being sent to their former homes. Was their son Robert among such? This they longed to know, for if he were anywhere within their reach and in need of their services, they were prepared to go to him. Thus months passed by, and, being Christians, they found their one relief in prayer. God knew where their boy was, and God could bring them together.

One day the letter-carrier brought a letter to them. It had upon it the Government imprint of a hospital

Two Precious Hours to Live.

camp. With trembling hands the father opened it, and read its contents. Their son had been injured during the last days of fighting. At first his case was not con-



POSTING LETTERS HOME.

sidered serious, and he had been under treatment. But a change had taken place, and it was thought wise to notify them accordingly.

Their boy needed them, and so father must go to him,

Two Precious Hours to Live.

and if possible bring him home. An all-night ride in the train lay between them, but that was taken, and the morning found John Graham at the door of the large wooden structure used as a shelter for the wounded men.

His first inquiry was for the doctor who was caring for his son. Locating him, he asked his uppermost question: "Is my boy alive, and is he going to live? Will he get better?" The doctor was a kindly man of middle age. He realised the pain that was gripping the father's heart, and so his first reply was rather evasive. "But," pressed the father, "I want to know, doctor, is my boy going to live or die?" Tenderly the surgeon bade the old man be seated, and then explained that the nature of the complications in the case made it practically impossible to expect recovery. Indeed, they looked for the end ere long. "How long?" asked the father. "Tell me the truth." "Well," was the doctor's guarded reply, "not long—possibly two hours." "Two hours only! Oh, my poor boy!" cried the stricken father. "Lead me to him." Taking him by the arm, they led him through the ward, between the beds on which lay men, convalescing and otherwise. At last they paused before one. It was surrounded by a screen, to afford greater privacy to the sufferer. Passing behind the screen, father and son were together. A silent hand-clasp, a whispered "Father, I'm glad to see you" by the son, and for a short time emotion caused further words to cease.

"Did you see the doctor, father?" at last asked Robert. "Yes," was the answer. "What did he say about me? Did he say I was going to die?" queried the son. For a moment there was no reply. The father was wrestling with conflicting feelings. At last he decided. "My boy," he answered, "you are not going to get better. Indeed, he tells me you have but two hours to live."

"Only two hours to live, did he say?" cried the son. "I knew I was bad off, and I guessed they thought I would not live—but only two hours! Father, do you know what that means? In two hours I must meet God, and I am not saved! Many a time since I lay here have I wished you or mother were beside me to tell me the Gospel as you used to tell it to me. And now you have come, and I have only two hours to hear it. Oh, father,

Two Precious Hours to Live.

tell it to me again. And don't forget, I HAVE ONLY TWO PRECIOUS HOURS TO LIVE!"

Lifting up his heart to God for wisdom and help that day, John Graham opened his Bible—the only Book where a sinner can find salvation—a guilty rebel peace—a weary one rest—a sin-sick soul healing—and a poor outcast a home for ever. Turning over the leaves of his precious Book, he read portion after portion of God's testimony as to His remedy for sin.

He read of promise and prophecy—of type and shadow—all pointing to Christ. He read in the Old Testament, and turning to the New Testament he read there of the fulfilment of all God had promised in the Old.

A Saviour was needed, and in the little town of Bethlehem a Saviour had been born—Jesus Christ the Lord (Luke 2. 8-14). A sacrifice for sin was demanded—then in Christ we are to "Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world" (John 1. 29). Here was the One of whom Isaiah said: "He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities, the chastisement of our peace was upon Him, and with His stripes we are healed" (Isa. 53. 5). "Christ died for our sins according to the Scripture; He was buried, and on the third day rose again, according to the Scriptures" (1 Cor. 15. 3). Slowly and patiently were such-like Scriptures read. Robert had heard them from childhood, but while they were "old, yet they were ever new." With a strange enlightening power God's Word now appealed to him.

Reaching out his hand, the dying man laid hold of that of the other, and as his eye looked eagerly into the eye of his father, he confessed his unworthiness of the least of God's mercy, but, he added, "This is enough—Christ has died for me—the Blood was shed for me. God is satisfied with it, and so am I! Thank God for Jesus, and the two precious hours He gave me to hear of Him!"

A few moments passed, and a nurse came by on her rounds. Reaching over, she took hold of his wrist to feel his pulse, but all was still. He had gone to Him whose grace had saved Robert Graham. Let us remember that for us all TIME will end—then ETERNITY. WHERE?

NEW LIFE AT THE NEW YEAR.

AS the old year was dying and the new year was dawning I passed from darkness to light. Through some of my friends who were saved I heard of special meetings one hundred miles away, but miles were nothing to me, the question that absorbed my mind being—Can I find rest for my troubled soul? As meeting after meeting passed, my distress increased, and no words that were spoken seemed to help me. Hanging on the wall before me were several Scripture texts, among them that searching one: "Except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God" (John 3. 3). Though the words of the preacher failed to reach me, this Scripture was like a shining light in a dark place, removing from me every hope of reaching Heaven apart from the new birth. Deeper did my distress increase until I could say, like Murray M'Cheyne:

"When free grace awoke me by light from on high,
Then legal fears shook me, I trembled to die;
No refuge, no safety in self could I see,
Jehovah Tsidkenu my Saviour must be."

Even as I passed to and fro among the Lord's people, partaking of the meals so bountifully provided, the thought impressed me that I did not deserve the food. The meetings in due time came to an end, but I was still in darkness and distress, hell with its horrors being before me, and like the Philippian jailer my heart was asking the question: "What must I do to be saved?" (Acts 16. 31).

In that dark hour of my distress God graciously, by His Spirit, led me to look to the Cross, there to behold Christ Jesus as the Sin-bearer. I saw that He paid the debt when He died upon the tree. Rising to my feet, I began to sing:

"I do believe it! I do believe it!
I'm saved through the blood of the Lamb,
My happy soul is free,
For the Lord has pardoned me,
Hallelujah to Jesus' Name!"

Let me ask you, are you born again? If not, why not now look from self to Christ? Receive Him as your Saviour. Believe in Him and you, too, will be able in truth to sing and say, "I am saved through the Blood of the Lamb." "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.W.I.