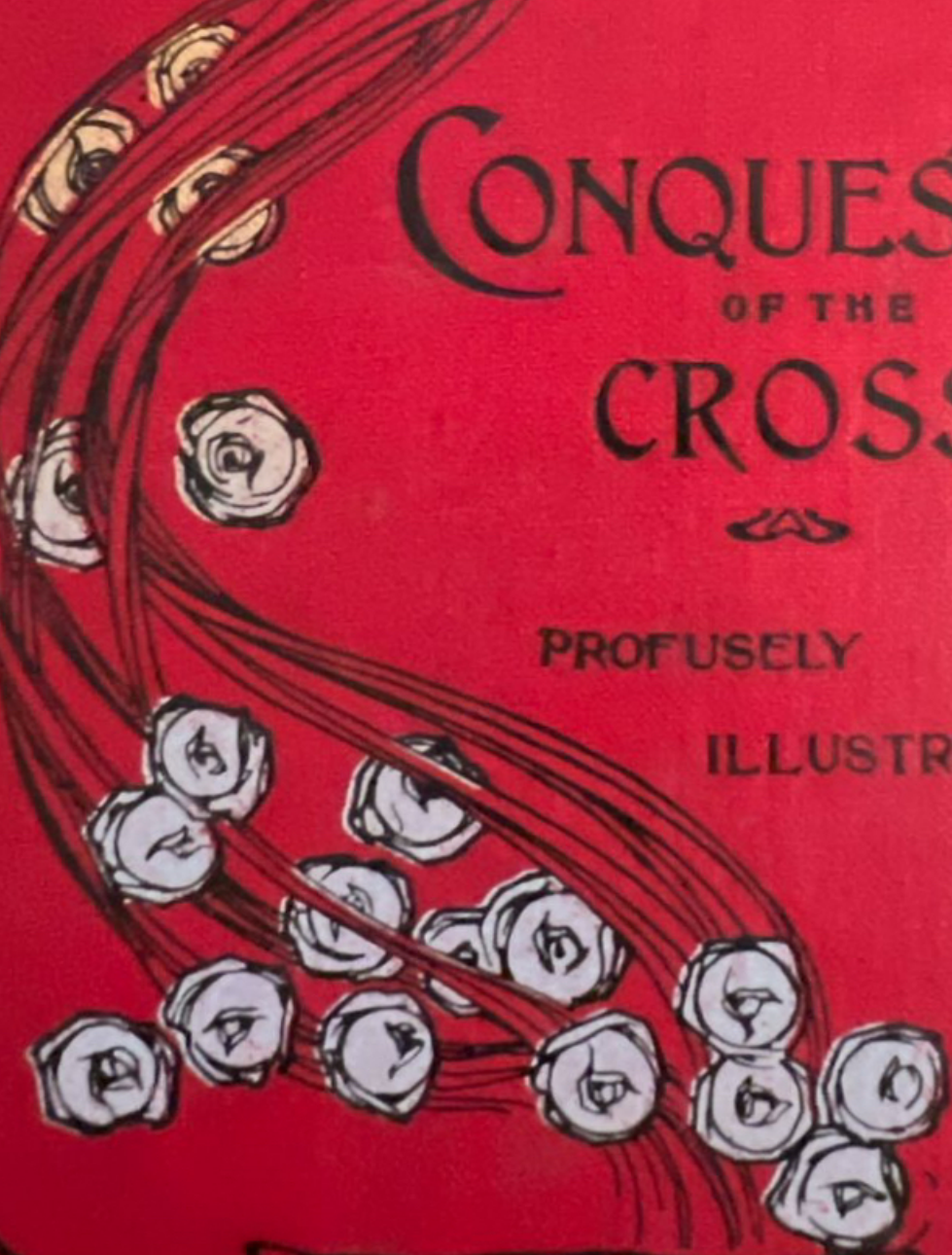


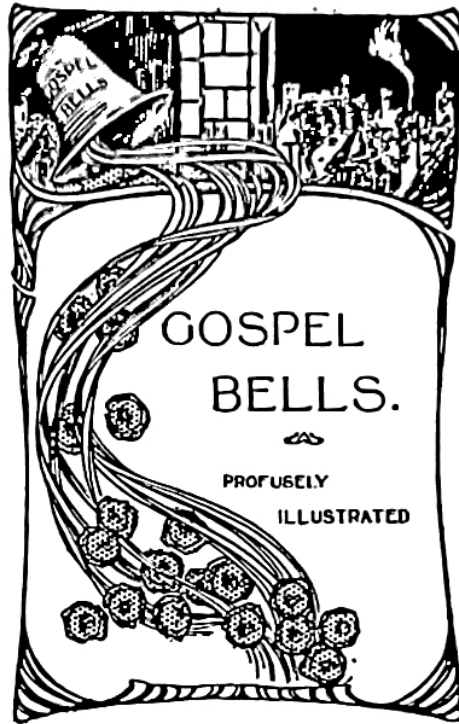
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CONQUESTS OF THE CROSS

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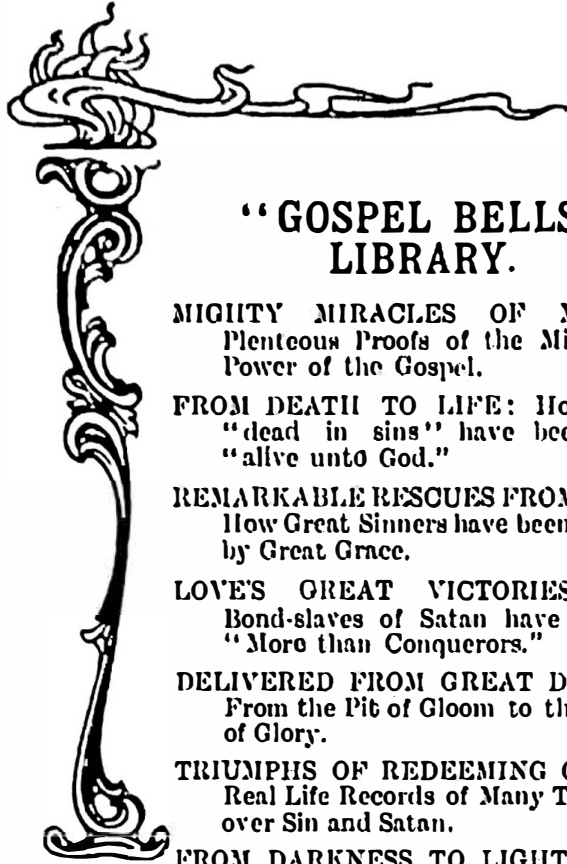
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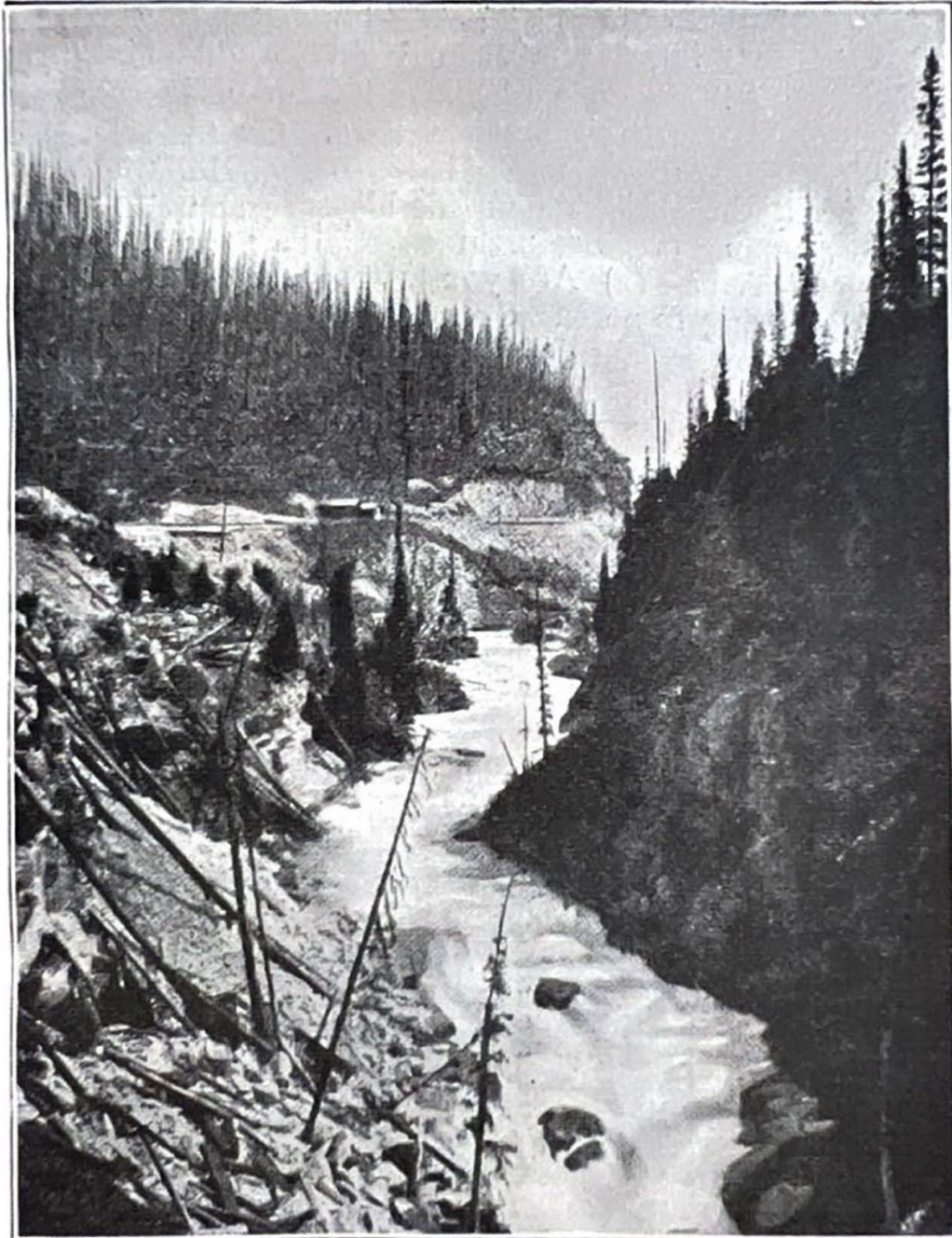


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THREE IMPORTANT QUESTIONS,

AND THE RESULT OF THREE
HEARTY RESPONSES TO THEM.



KICKING HORSE CANYON IN THE CANADIAN ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

"It was 'easy' for me to cross the Continent. All I did was to procure a ticket, sit in the train, and I was carried through the prairies and over the Rockies to the Pacific Coast."

THREE IMPORTANT QUESTIONS.



STEALING rides on freight cars is a common occurrence in Canada, and is a punishable offence. Not long ago a young Scotsman was caught on a car between Montreal and Toronto, and was sentenced to a term of imprisonment in Belleville Jail. During his incarceration in prison a Christian worker visited him, and spoke to him about his soul's welfare. On his release he attended a Gospel service held in the Bethel Hall, Belleville. That night the speaker took for his subject "Salvation," pressing upon his hearers three important questions. (1) Are you saved? (2) Are you willing to be saved? (3) Are you willing to be saved now? The Lord gave much liberty to the speaker, the Word being proclaimed with freshness, fervour, simplicity, and power.

A friend of mine observed the young stranger, and at the close of the service shook hands with him, and spoke to him about his soul. The three questions referred to were put to the Scot: (1) "Are you saved?" With tears in his eyes he confessed he was not. (2) "Are you willing to be saved?" "Yes," was the quick response. (3) "Are you willing to be saved now?" "Yes, I am."

God had been dealing with the dear fellow. Far from home, from friends and relations, a stranger in a strange land, newly discharged from prison, feeling ashamed of himself, he was in a condition to be spoken to. He knew he was not saved. He needed no one to tell him that he was unsaved. Conscious of the fact that he was a sinner, unprepared to meet a sin-hating God, he was not only willing, but *anxious* to be saved. When people see that they are guilty and lost, they are willing to accept of salvation on God's terms. That night he accepted of Christ as his Saviour, and left the hall rejoicing in the assurance of salvation.

With the reader's permission I should like to ask him to ponder these questions: (First) ARE YOU SAVED? It is not, "Are you a religious professor?" Nor is it, "Are you a member of the church?" It is, "Are you saved?" Many are active, earnest, and energetic in religious, social, benevolent, and philanthropic work who have never been saved. To be "religious" is one thing, to be "saved" is another. Many of such don't profess to be saved. To test it, ask the average church member how long it is since he was saved, and you will probably obtain the reply, "I am

Three Important Questions.

not so presumptuous as to say that I am saved." If you have any doubt about your salvation, give your soul the benefit of the doubt. You may say that you "hope" it will be "all right" with you "at last." But what about *the present*? If you are not "saved" in Time, you cannot be saved in Eternity. "Well, I hope I'm saved." Hoping is not enough, *you ought to be certain.*

The second question was, "ARE YOU WILLING TO BE SAVED?" What do you say to that? Are you really willing to be saved? You must first know that you are *lost* ere you can be desirous of being saved. Did you ever learn that you were "lost"? One must first know he is lost, ere he can know that he is saved. There are but two classes of persons—"lost" sinners, and sinners saved by grace. There are but two roads, a broad and a narrow. There are but two companies, travelling to two destinies—heaven and hell. Which road are you travelling? Which class do you belong to? Christ came to save *lost* sinners (Luke 19. 10). "Not the righteous; sinners Jesus came to save." Are you lost or saved? If you believe that you are one of the "lost" whom Christ came to seek and to save, and are *really willing to be saved*, I would ask of you to consider the third question: "ARE YOU WILLING TO BE SAVED NOW?" Many who know that they are sinners deserving punishment are not anxious to be saved now.

Perhaps you are asking, "WHAT MUST I DO TO BE SAVED?" If this is so, the question can be answered in the words of Scripture. That was the question put by the Philippian jailer to the Apostle Paul. The divine reply was this: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved" (Acts 16. 30, 31). "Oh," says one, "that is too easy a way." Remember it is God's way, and His only way of saving sinners. Praise His holy name it is easy for us, but it was not "easy" for Christ.

Last summer I travelled on the Canadian Pacific Railway from Toronto to Vancouver in British Columbia, a distance of nearly 3000 miles. It was very "easy" for me to cross the Continent. All I did was to procure a ticket, sit in the train, and I was carried through the prairies and over the Rockies to the Pacific Coast. Think of what it cost the Canadian Government to build the railway! It cost them millions of dollars and millions of acres of valuable land. What did it cost God to open up the way to peace and

Three Important Questions.

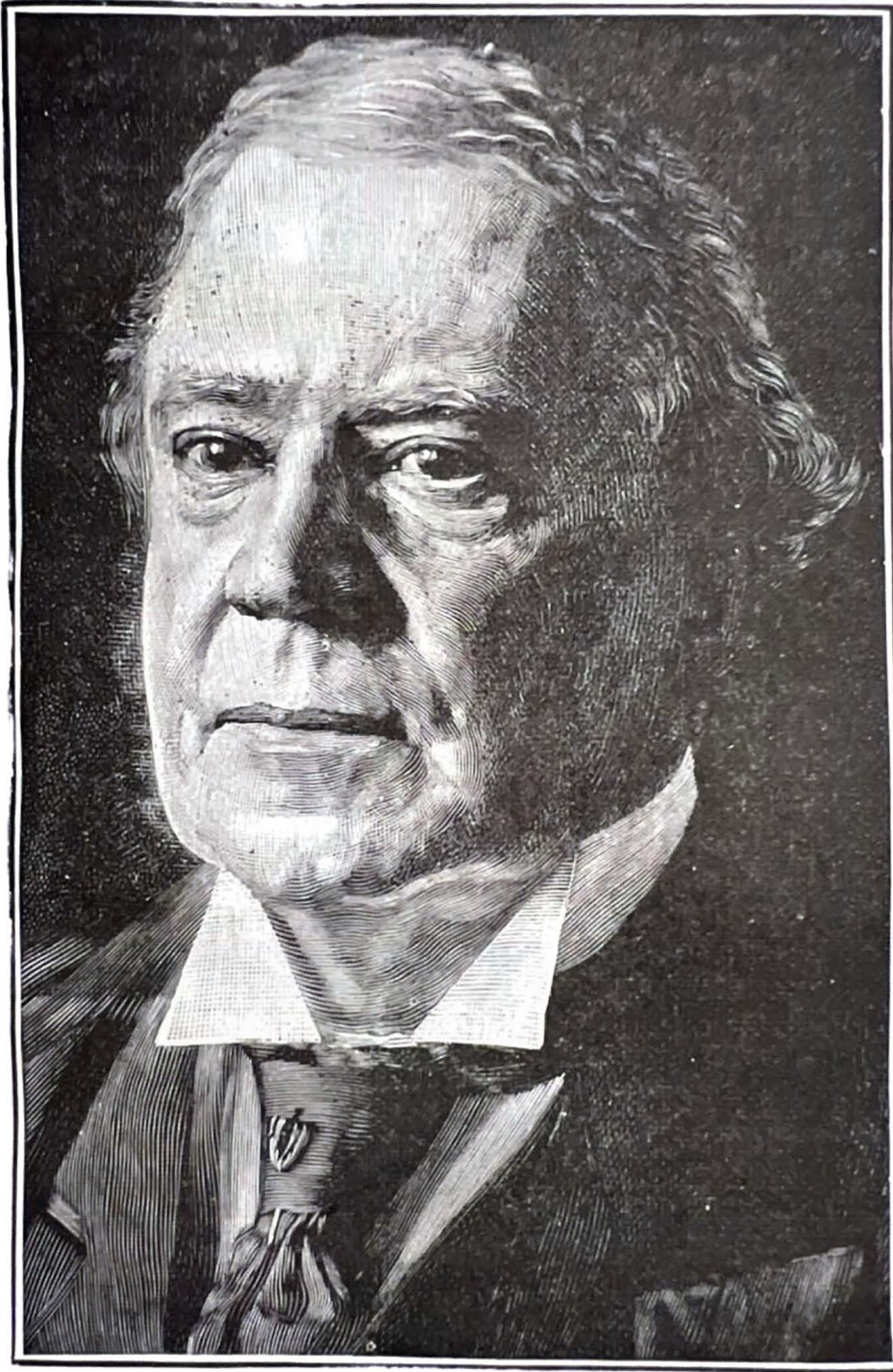
happiness, and glory to guilty sinners? Hearken to the glorious declaration: "For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life" (John 3. 16). It cost God His only begotten Son; it cost Christ His precious blood to open up a righteous way to God for us. Christ "finished" the work that saves, and you have only to believe on Him who did it all, and paid it all. Thank God for the word "whosoever." "Whosoever" takes you and me and everybody in. You may say that your heart is cold and hard, aye, even "past feeling," yet you are embraced in the word "whosoever." "Whosoever believeth in Him!" Do you believe in Christ? "Whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." Are you the happy possessor of everlasting life? "No," you reply. Then you don't believe in Christ. If you do you would be the present possessor of pardon, peace, justification, and everlasting life.

"Are you willing to be saved now?" Do you reply, "Not now?" Why not now? Why not at this moment accept of Christ as your Saviour and Lord? Why not now believe in Him Who died to save you from eternal misery and despair? Why spurn His mercy? Why resist His Spirit? Why procrastinate longer?

The old proverb says, "The way to hell is paved with good intentions." How awfully true! Stand by the death-bed of that unsaved young man. He was brought up in a Christian home, was cradled to sleep with the lullaby of hymns and spiritual songs, was a member of a Sunday-school class taught by a Christian teacher, listened Sunday after Sunday to the Gospel of the grace of God, was urged and besought to decide for Christ. "There's plenty of time," was his usual reply. And now he is dying, and dying without hope! Hearken! "I might have been saved. Father and mother are in heaven, and I am going to hell. There is no one to blame but myself. I was almost persuaded to become a Christian, but I was afraid of what So-and-so would say if I were converted, and procrastinated, and now I am lost, lost, eternally lost!" Many are being rocked to sleep in the cradle of a false security with the hellish lullaby, "Time enough! Time enough!" Tarry no longer, but immediately believe on Christ and be saved for Eternity.

A. M.

FACT IN THE MIDST OF FARCE.



J. L. TOOLE, PHOTOGRAPHED BEFORE HIS RETIREMENT.

JOHN LAURENCE TOOLE, the famous English comedian, was born in London on March 12th, 1832. He made his first professional appearance at St. James' Theatre, in 1854, in "The King's Rival," and afterwards captivated thousands in Britain, America, Australia, New Zealand, and other lands, by his parts in "The Cricket on

Fact in the Midst of Farce.

the Hearth," "Through Fire and Water," "Dearer than Life," "A Fool and His Money," and other plays. The man who delighted multitudes will surely witness to the true delight in his own heart. Listen to the confessions of this famed comedian, made in 1896. Before then he had lost his wife, and son, and daughter. Speaking to a friend, he said: "Sometimes, in the midst of a farce, when the theatre is in roars of laughter, I cannot help thinking of them all, and *I feel heartbroken and lonely.*"

The "powers of the World to come" (Heb. 6. 5), and the great facts of death, judgment, and eternity, seem to have been borne in upon his soul, even in the midst of a roaring farce. The heart-longing for re-union with loved ones gone before seems to have mounted clear above the thundering applause of his fellows. Was J. L. Toole exceptional in this? Have not the sobering thoughts that "it is appointed unto *men* once to die, but after this *the judgment*" (Heb. 9. 27), entered the deepest recesses of your soul?

As Toole thought, so you and I think; as Toole longed, so you and I long; as Toole sought at last, so most wise men seek. During the voyage to Australia, in 1891, he regularly attended the services of, and had much talk on spiritual matters with a well-known gospeller. During the last ten years of his life he was a familiar figure in his bath-chair on the sea-front at Brighton, where he had the privilege of hearing the "wonderful words of life." Whether the "heartbroken and lonely" feeling was taken away by personal acquaintance with the "Friend that sticketh closer than a brother" (Prov. 18. 24), and by the assurance of having "an House not made with hands, eternal in the heavens" (2 Cor. 5. 1) ere his dying-day—July 30th, 1906—we have yet to learn.

This we know, that reader and writer alike may be equally certain that they *have* "passed from death to life"; that they "may *know* that they have eternal life"; and "to live is Christ, to die is gain" (Phil. 1. 21). How? Hear the words of the Lord Jesus Christ: "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." (Jno. 5. 24). Hear Him, believe Him, rest in His love, and the longings of your soul will be *satisfied to the full* in pleasure or pain, in life or death, in Time and in Eternity. HYP.

ALONG THE WAY TO PIKE'S PEAK.

"PIKE'S PEAK," one of the highest elevations of the Rocky Mountain range, lies sixty-five miles south of Denver, Colorado. On its summit is the highest meteorological station in the world, the height being over 14,000 feet. From Maniton, at its base, there is a railway to its top, a distance, with its curves, of about nine miles.

The trip to the "Peak" is one of the "sights" to tourists and travellers who pass that way, and, as it well repays the



RAILWAY TERMINUS AND METEOROLOGICAL STATION ON SUMMIT OF PIKE'S PEAK

trouble and expense, the road is liberally patronised. Recently, however, the railway employees and patrons of the road were surprised at an innovation in the way of "sights" by the way. Some unknown person had evidently been exercised about the fact that those travellers were taking another and a more important journey than to "Pike's Peak"—even to ETERNITY! This person had posted placards all along the way, bearing questions such as "WHERE WILL YOU SPEND ETERNITY?"

A startling question surely, and especially so to such as

Along the Way to Pike's Peak.

were trying to forget the fact that the days and the months were bearing them on to Eternity, and the meeting with God! Perhaps the reader may be one of these? To think of it troubles you, and therefore you think the easiest way is—*not* to think of it! But it does not set aside facts, does it, to ignore them? A wiser way would be to face them, honestly, and, if there is a way of getting the matter of your salvation settled for Eternity, *to have it settled.*

But that question was not all the travellers saw that day. A little farther on, and there on a boulder was the startling statement: "THE WICKED SHALL BE TURNED INTO HELL!" "Startling!" you say; "why, it fairly unnerves one to think of it; it spoils one's pleasure in life!" And yet, if it is true, one cannot afford to trifle with the matter any more than the captain of yonder vessel can afford to ignore the flashing beams of the lighthouse, which warn him of the rocks and shoals, where destruction awaits him and his craft.

Therefore the next warning announcement of our zealous friend was equally important. It was: "DON'T PASS THE DANGER SIGNAL!" Ah, that's it! Don't pass it. Rather pause and consider. Ask yourself the question which was on the face of the jutting rock: "*Which shall it be for me—Heaven or Hell?*"

God is holy, and His holiness demanded that sin should be punished. For the sinner to bear the weight of his own sin means hell for eternity! But God in His wisdom and grace provided One who, because He was God, could sustain the weight of judgment against sin; and, because He was very Man, could take upon Himself our liability. In other words, He was the true "Daysman," for whom Job long ago wished: "One who could lay His hand upon both of us."

No mere man could fill this place. But He, because He was God, *could* and *did* meet the claims of the Throne of God; and, because He was Man, *cou'd* and *did* reach down to the depth of human sin and need to lay hold of us. And now, *because He was what He was*, the God-man, and *finished the work of atonement* He came to do, God has raised Him to His own right hand and proclaimed Him to be a Saviour for the ungodly. There *is* no other—there *can be* no other—for you *need* no other; therefore, because He "died for the ungodly," we would simply add, in the language of Scripture, one other message: "BELIEVE ON THE LORD JESUS CHRIST AND THOU SHALT BE SAVED" (Acts 16. 31). T. D. W. M.

TACKLING THE TRAMPS;

— OR, —

THE NEW YORK PREACHER'S COUNSEL
TO "TOUGHS," "TRAMPS," AND "DEADBEATS."



TRAMPS AT A FREE SUPPER IN A RESCUE HALL.

TACKLING THE TRAMPS.



ONE evening in the winter of 1907, 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 of "toughs," "tramps," and "deadbeats." 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.

Tackling the Tramps.

The preacher's second counsel was to "PRAY TO GOD FOR 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 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 person is in "the flesh" as to his standing before God. How, then, is forgiveness obtained? Hearken 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 sinners 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 sinners, 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. As they contemplate the walk of Christ as revealed in the gospels, they see how far short they are from the divine standard.

The Unitarian counsels sinners to follow in the footsteps

Tackling the Tramps.

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" (Romans 5. 6), therefore He died for you. By His death on Calvary He paid the ransom price for the deliverance of your soul (1 Tim. 2. 4-6). 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" (Acts 16. 31). "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). Accept now the Lord Jesus Christ as your own Saviour, and you will be saved with an everlasting salvation.

A. M.

ONE QUESTION FIRST.

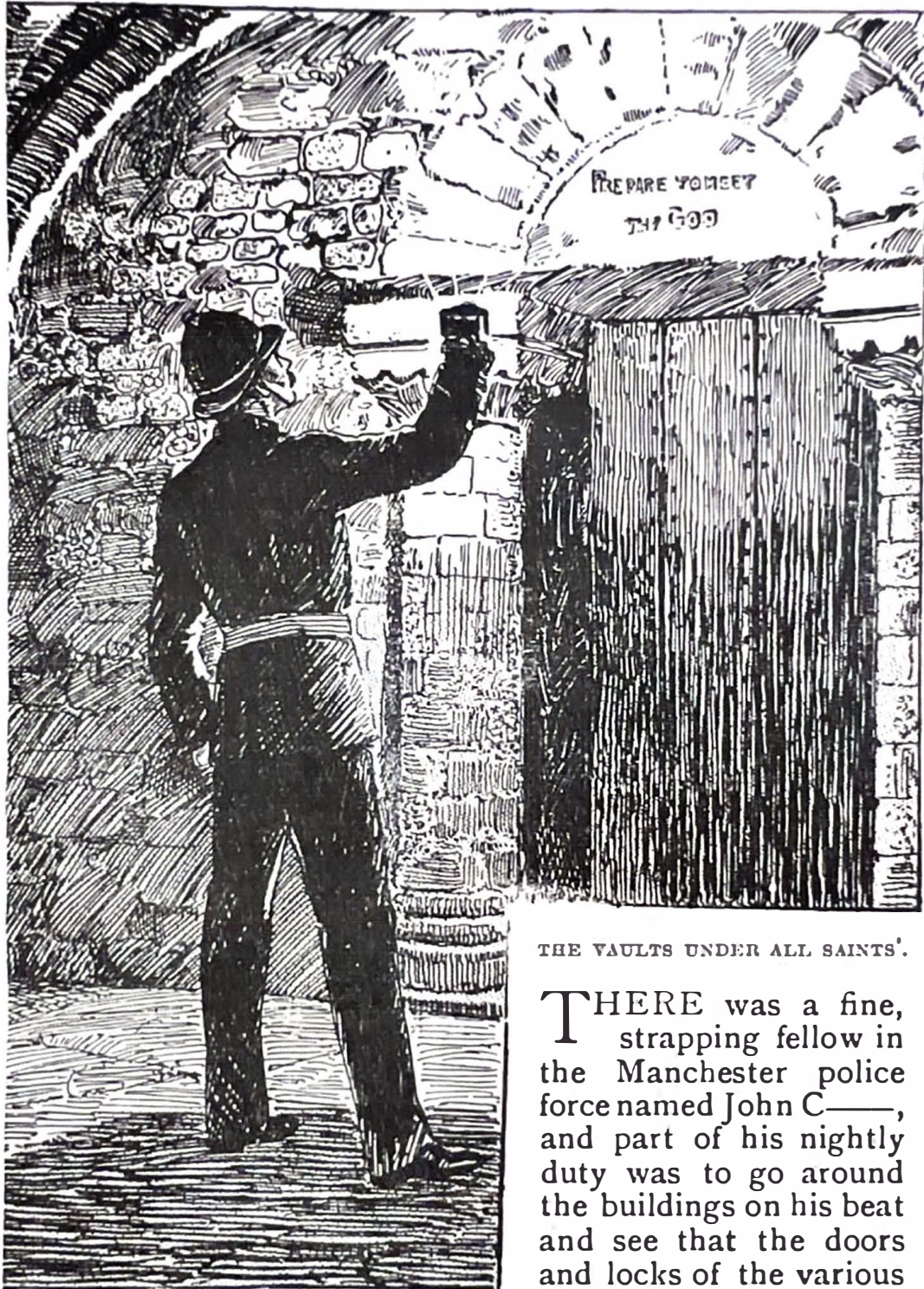


ONE question needs to be answered before you come to assurance, and it is this: "*Have you been born again?*" Have you been saved? If *not*, it is simply impossible you can know you *are* saved. If you have not got eternal life, it is impossible you can have the assurance that you have it. You can see this at a glance. You could not, for instance, have the assurance that you had a hundred pounds in your pocket, if there was nothing in it. "No," you say, "let me have the hundred pounds first, and then it won't be difficult to make me sure I have it." In the same way many *can't understand* this assurance. And why? For the best of all reasons—*because they have not got eternal life.*

If you have never experienced the great turning of "conversion unto God," how *can* you have assurance of salvation? It would be a delusion if you had. Then do not waste time in "wondering" about *this assurance*; but let your great concern be, What are you going to do with *this Jesus* which is called Christ?

W. S.

THE POLICEMAN'S SURPRISE.



THE VAULTS UNDER ALL SAINTS'.

THERE was a fine, strapping fellow in the Manchester police force named John C—, and part of his nightly duty was to go around the buildings on his beat and see that the doors and locks of the various offices and warehouses were securely fastened. One dark night, while on his rounds, he examined the vaults under All Saints' Church. With bull's-eye lantern in hand he flashed the light in all directions. His attention was attracted to some words carved on the stone-work over

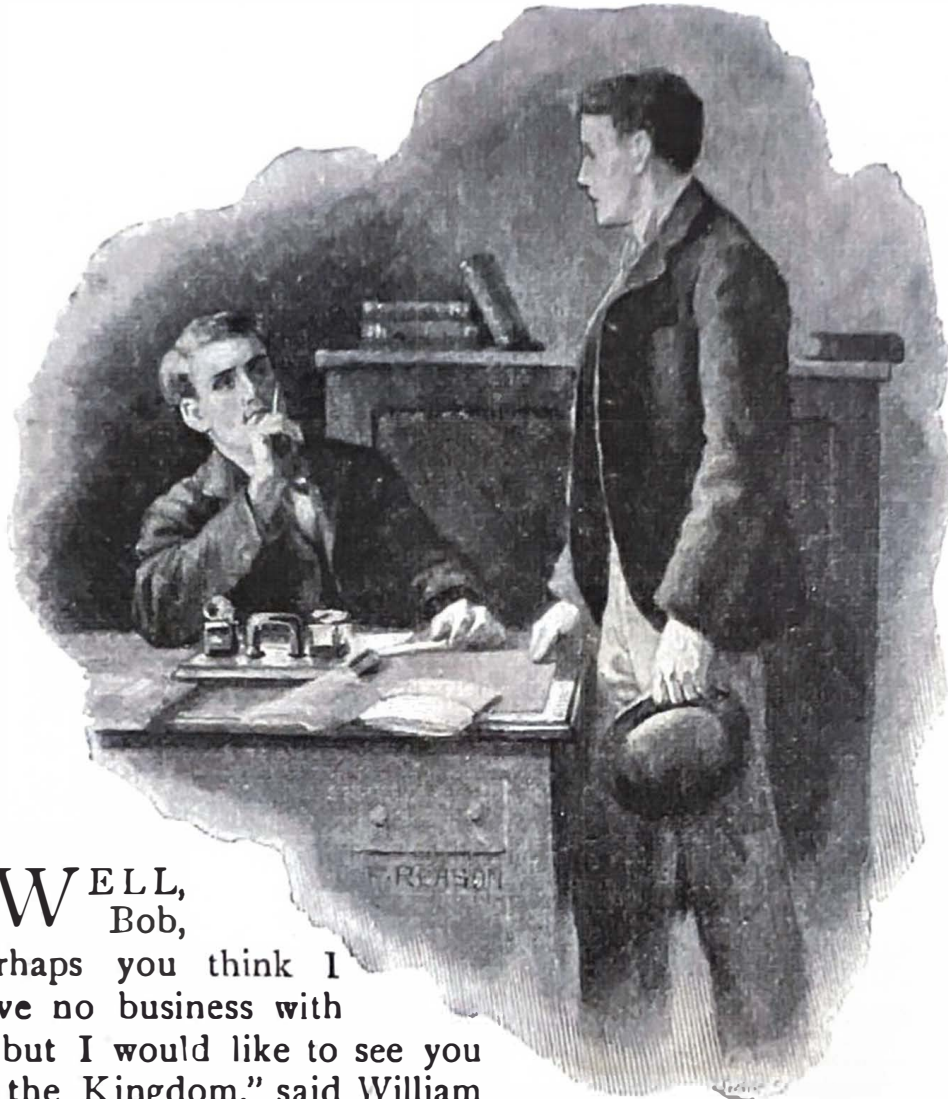
The Policeman's Surprise.

the entrance. His curiosity was excited. He carefully spelt the words, which are doubtless familiar to most of our readers. They were words taken from Holy Writ, and were: "PREPARE TO MEET THY GOD!" He was startled. It seemed as if God was speaking to him. And so He was, and speaks to you, and commands you to prepare to meet Him. The words sank into his heart. "PREPARE TO MEET THY GOD" rang in his ears, and penetrated the deepest recesses of his soul. He knew that he was very far from being "ready" to meet a just and holy God. If he were called into eternity he was not prepared, and what would become of him? "Heaven is a prepared place for a prepared people," says the proverb. The proverb is true. The Lord Jesus has solemnly declared that "Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter the kingdom of heaven" (Matthew 18. 3). He was not "converted," and so long as he continued in that condition, he had not the faintest hope of entering the abode of the Redeemer. That night John C——, the policeman, retired to rest awakened and troubled about his spiritual condition. He set about trying to fit himself for God's presence, but was never satisfied with his attainments.

Years elapsed, and he removed to Buxton, where the writer met him whilst visiting a sick person. In the course of conversation I discovered that he was an anxious soul longing to know what he had to do to be saved. There was no necessity to tell him of his guilt. He was well aware of it. I spoke to him of Jesus, the sinner's Saviour, and bade him "Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world" (John 1. 29). I told him that Christ was the only One who ever perfectly obeyed God, and I sought to show him that Christ became our Surety, and that Jehovah "hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all." When he saw that the Lord Jesus had made full atonement for sin, and perfectly satisfied all God's righteous and holy claims, he was wise enough to take God at His word and accept of His great salvation. He believed on One who loved him, and gave Himself for him, and he obtained rest and peace in believing. Then it was that he told of the work of grace that began in his soul on that eventful night when the bull's-eye lantern flashed its light on that solemn message from God—"PREPARE TO MEET THY GOD." Are you prepared to meet God?

J. L. S.

"WHAT RIGHT HAVE YOU TO JUDGE?"



"WELL,
Bob,

perhaps you think I have no business with it, but I would like to see you in the Kingdom," said William to his fellow-clerk, after the business on which he had called had been concluded, and he was rising to go.

"How do you know I'm not in the Kingdom? I have just as good a chance to be there as you."

"No doubt, no doubt; but, you know, the affairs of the soul have to be attended to sooner or later, and I was getting anxious about yours, and so thought it best to speak to yourself about it, never thinking that you would take it amiss."

"Take it amiss! A fine lot of people you who profess to be converted! What right have you to judge people in this way? You know you are commanded not to judge."

"That refers to harsh or unwarrantable judgment, Bob."

"Well, whether or not, you have no right to conclude that I'm going to hell, as I suppose that's what you are driving at."

"Now, Bob, don't talk nonsense about 'judging' and 'want of charity' that we hear some people harping on about. There

"What Right have You to Judge?"

cannot be much uncharitableness where the motive is the good of souls, and the object their everlasting salvation."

"That's true enough when you look at it in that light; but still there's 'judging' in it."

"There you go on that old string. Now, is this judging? Suppose you have a big debt to meet on a certain day, and everybody knows you have to meet it. I have reason to believe that you have made no provision for it, and that you will be unable to pay, but I know a person who can let you have the money on easy terms. Well, I go to you and explain my fears. If you are unable to pay the debt, and know your danger, you would hear me gladly, and arrange about getting the money at once. If, on the other hand, you were all right, you would say so there and then, and thank me kindly for my good intentions. Now, wouldn't you?"

"Well, I would."

"And what's the difference in this case? Only this, that the present one is a thousand times more urgent. The 'debt' is the sin of a lifetime, the 'certain day' is *any moment* you may have to give an account of your stewardship, and the Person who gives the money on easy terms is the Lord Jesus. Now, if you have got pardon from Him, and are rejoicing in Him as your Saviour, say so, and we'll shake hands as brothers."

"There's no use beating about the bush; I'm not saved, and I know it. I'm sorry at speaking to you the way I did, as I see you would like me to be in the Kingdom, as you call it. I know well enough where I'm going, which is ~~just~~ where you thought, if that's any preparation of the ground."

"I'm glad to hear that—that is, I'm glad you know how you stand. 'They that are whole need not a physician, but they that are sick' (Matt. 9. 12). Come to Jesus as a poor, perishing sinner, and there is one thing I can guarantee—you'll not be cast out; He has said it (John 6. 37)."

"That's certainly a great deal. I have been *thinking* a good bit; but I had nobody to open my mind to, and I thought you fellows all looked down on us who are not of your way of thinking; but, as to that, I must say I have been mistaken."

"It doesn't matter about that at all. Open your mind to Jesus now. He's the One that saves; it's fine to have Him for a Master. Rest not till it is settled. Here's M—— coming, so I'll have to leave you, but just a word. Jesus *gives* pardon, peace, and rest, and *His* time is now—'Now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation'." w. s.

THE PEAT CARRIER'S CREED;

— OR, —

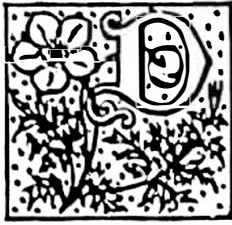
WAS THE WORK OF CHRIST BOTH NECESSARY AND SUFFICIENT?



A HHETLAND PEAT CARRIER WITH LOAD OF PEATS.

"I inquired what she thought a person had to do to be saved.
Her answer was this: 'Pray to God, believe in Jesus,
take the sacrament, and do the best you can'."

THE PEAT CARRIER'S CREED.



URING the summer of 1907 I had an interesting talk with a peat carrier whom I met outside the town of Lerwick, Shetland. The following is the substance of our conversation: On being asked if she was a Christian she immediately replied, "I hope so." "Are you saved?" "I cannot say that I am." "Do you believe in Jesus?" "Yes, I do."

After quoting the "wonderful words of life" as contained in John 3. 16, which she seemed to be able to repeat, I inquired what she thought a person had to do to be saved. Her answer was this: "Pray to God, believe in Jesus, take the sacrament, and do the best you can."

How sad to think that a woman thirty-six years a church member (as she told me) should be so ignorant of the salvation of God! With choicest portions of Scripture stored in her memory, which tell of God's way of peace, she was utterly ignorant of it in her heart. She knew that it was *necessary* for Christ to die on Calvary's Cross, but she had no idea that His death was *sufficient*. She was aware of the fact that no one could be forgiven apart from faith in Christ, but she believed that other things had to be added ere the great change of conversion to God could take place. "Good works," according to her belief, in addition to faith must be performed ere one could say that he was a "new creature." Yet the Scriptures clearly reveal the fact that salvation is "not of works, lest any man should boast" (Eph. 2. 8, 9). Down in her heart the Shetlander believed that prayer, observance of the "sacrament," and doing one's best had *something* to do with purchasing eternal life, though God's Word declares that it is a "free gift" (Romans 6. 23).

Ask the average professor of religion if he believes that a drunkard can be saved from sin's penalty by simple faith in Christ, and in nine cases out of ten you will be told that he does not believe any such doctrine; that one must believe in Christ *and act up to it* in order to secure God's "great salvation." The Roman Catholic doctrine of justification by *faith and works* is more widely believed among "Protestants" than most people imagine. The professed creed of Protestantism is *justification by faith alone*, apart from works; and what is better still, it is the Bible doctrine as expounded so clearly in the epistle to the Romans:

The Peat Carrier's Creed.

"To him that WORKETH NOT, but believeth on Him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness" (Rom. 4. 5). If any works of mine had anything whatever to do with purchasing the favour of God, salvation would not be *all of grace*.

Scripture distinctly and definitely declares that ungodly sinners who believe on Christ are "justified from all things" (Acts 13. 38, 39). The Apostle Paul asks, "Where is boasting then? It is excluded. By what law? of works? Nay, but by the law of faith. Therefore we conclude that a man is *justified by faith* without the deeds of the law" (Romans 3. 27, 28). Cease attempting to *earn* God's salvation by your doings. "And if by grace, then is it no more of works: otherwise grace is no more grace. But if it be of works, then is it no more grace: otherwise work is no more work" (Romans 11. 6).
A. M.

"IF I DO MY PART, GOD WILL DO HIS."

A CHRISTIAN in the east of England used to say it took him forty-two years to learn three things— (1) That he could do nothing to save himself; (2) that God did not require him to do anything; and (3) that Christ did it all.

If *you* learn these three lessons, you will never talk about *your doings*. "Your part" is to admit that you are a helpless, hell-deserving sinner, unable to do anything to save yourself. "Your part" is to cease thinking of being saved by anything you can do or feel. "Your part" is to believe that Jesus did everything that was necessary—that He finished the work of atonement, and paid the ransom price with His precious blood. Whenever you cease trying to be saved by *your doings*, and believe on the Lord Jesus, who did it all and paid it all, you become a son of God, an heir of glory, and a joint-heir with Jesus Christ. "To him that WORKETH NOT, but believeth on Him that justifieth the ungodly, his FAITH is counted for righteousness" (Rom.4.5). The Saviour on the Cross cried, "It is finished."

" 'It is finished,' yes, indeed,
Finished every jot;
Sinner, this is all you need,
Tell me, is it not? "

If God is satisfied with the "finished" work of Christ, you ought to be satisfied with that which satisfies Him.

"WORLD OF LIGHT, FAREWELL!"



A CHIEFTAIN of a savage race, ere he was ushered by a violent death into eternity, cried, "World of light, farewell!" Before him there was nothing but darkness. The civilized infidel has advanced no further. All he can tell you about death is summed up in these words: "It is a leap in the dark." This seems to be everything that this enlightened age can tell us of what lies beyond the tomb. But it only proves what is written in God's

Book, "The world by wisdom knew not God." But the blessed Word of God steps beyond the boundary line of death, and tells of a world of light—of never-fading light—that lies beyond the grave. It tells of the throne of God, and the Lord of Life, and that heaven into which He has entered. It tells of the abode of the blest, and the never-ending song, and the day that knows no night, and sees no sorrow, for "sorrow and death may not enter there." But that "home of the blest" is only for those who enter by the narrow gate into God's kingdom while in this dark world—who have embraced the crucified Lord Jesus Christ—only for those who have come to the Cross, and by the eye of faith seen their sins borne away in His own body on the tree; for

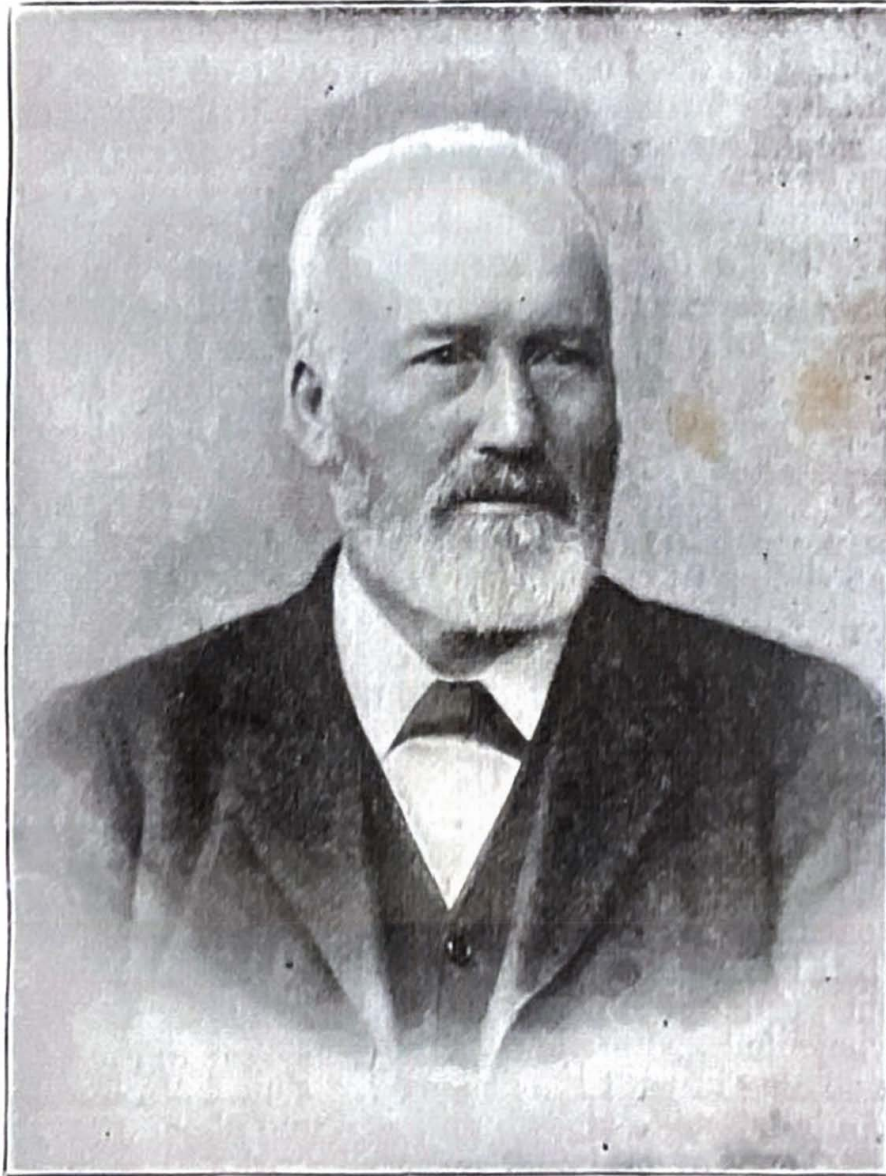
"The blood was the sign, Lord,
That marked them as Thine, Lord;
And brightly they'll shine
At Thy coming again."

In the light of the glory yet to be revealed—which eye hath not seen, and ear hath not heard—this world is but a wilderness. Earth's joys are but momentary; they bring no rest to the soul; and in the end they bite like a serpent and sting like an adder. But the heaven-born joys that spring through union with the Christ of God, are new every morning. Heaven begins below. By faith's far-reaching eye we see the King in His beauty, and the land that is very far off. Is such the land to which you journey? Is Christ the One in whom your life is bound up? By heavenly birth, have you entered into that kingdom which is righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost?

w. s.

THE COCKENZIE FISHERMAN.

IT was in Cockenzie, a fishing village which lies on the shores of the Firth of Forth, about nine miles from Edinburgh, that I first saw the light of day, in the year 1840, and it was while engaged as a fisherman, and living in the same place, that, nineteen years later, the light of the Gospel broke in upon my soul.



JOHN THOMSON, OF COCKENZIE, "THE FISHERMAN EVANGELIST."
Who fell asleep, 20th February, 1903, aged 63. "Saved by grace."

At the age of eleven I entered upon a sea-faring life, being bound as an apprentice for four years. It was while serving my apprenticeship that the first awakening of conscience occurred. This happened when I was about fourteen years of age, and it was brought about in connection

The Cockenzie Fisherman.

with a service on board ship at Stettin, in Prussia. At this service a number of the sailors were telling how they were converted, and in listening to them I was made very anxious about my soul's welfare; but at the end of a year I got back into a careless state of soul, which continued till the memorable revival year of 1859.

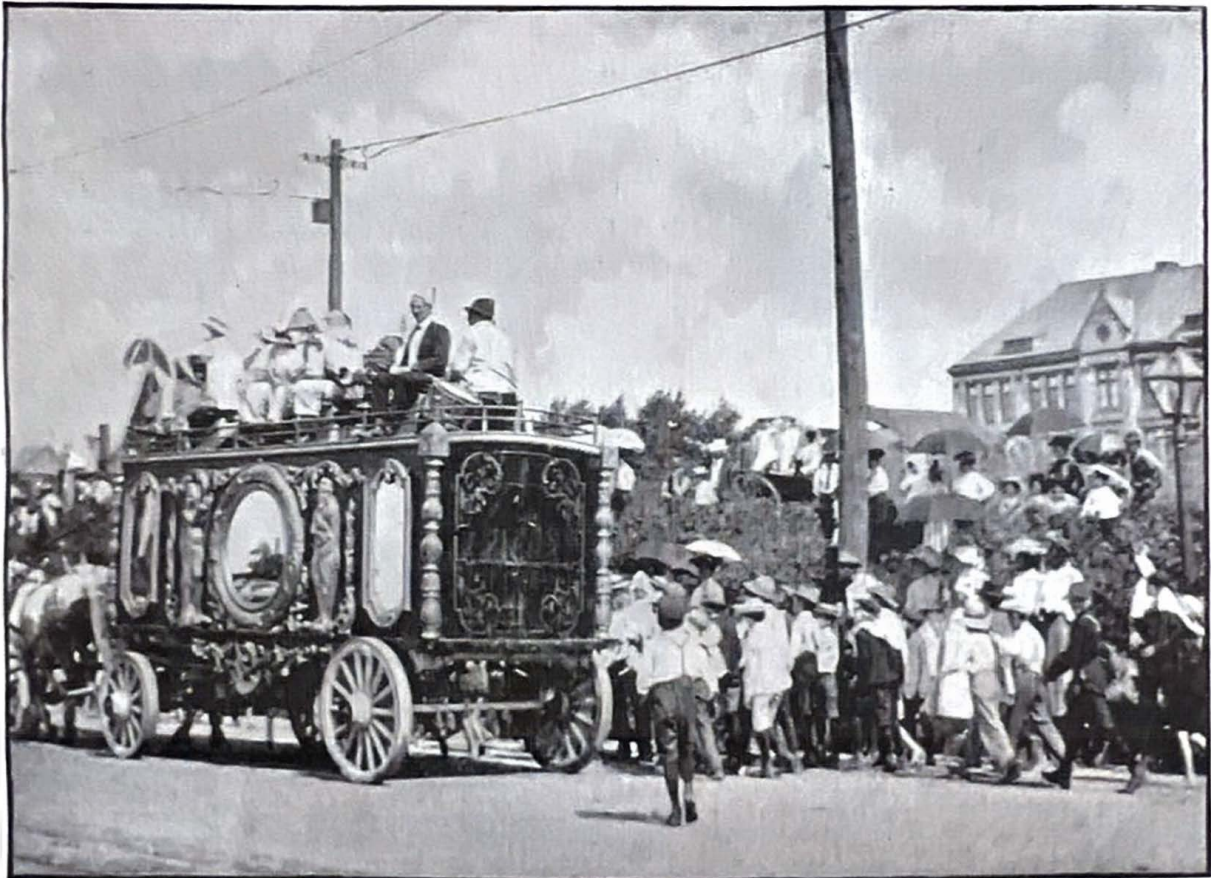
In the meanwhile my term at sea had ended, and when it was finished I gave up going to sea and took to the fishing. My sister's husband, who was a fisherman, had been drowned, and I went to the fishing to take charge of the boat for her. When the great revival broke out in the year 1859 God spoke to me in a little cottage meeting, and awakened me to such a sense of sin that for about a fortnight I was in great agony of soul. I attended all the meetings, and tried to get others to go as well, but I was still walking in darkness. During these days of spiritual distress an old man in the village, who was looked up to as a religious man, said to me, "Hae ye ony doots?" "Ay, man, I have that," I said. "Ah, weel, my son," he said, "ye're a' richt if ye hae doots." But I didn't feel that I was all right; I felt that I was all wrong, and I got so that I could neither eat nor sleep. The way was growing darker every day; and things continued like this till one morning when I was standing in the boat the text came to my mind: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved" (Acts 16. 31). The Word was in the power of the Holy Ghost, and I said, "Lord, I believe on the Lord Jesus Christ as my Saviour," and from that moment my burden rolled away, and I began to sing, "Oh, happy day that fixed my choice."

When I came ashore with the boat the first thing I did after stepping out of it was to kneel down on the shore, and the womenfolks who were standing around waiting on the boats coming in with the fish, said, "Puir man, he's wrang in his mind." The story soon got round about the village that I was out of my mind, and at night the house in which the meeting was held was crowded to the door; before the meeting was done seventeen people made profession of being converted to the Lord. It was the beginning of days to me and to others as well. More than forty years have come and gone since that blessed day when Jesus washed my sins away, and "the way grows brighter and brighter still, for all the way along it is Jesus." J. T.

A TROUBLESOME SUGGESTION.

IT was "circus day" in the little town of A—. As was usual on such occasions, the circus people were to give a "parade" by way of advertising their performances. At an early hour the "country people" began to come into the town. Old and young came, from grandfathers and grandmothers, down to babies in arms, and all ages in between.

In the town at that time there was a man who, for some weeks, had been spending his days in going from house to



A CIRCUS PROCESSION IN THE TOWN OF A—, U.S.A.

house, giving the people Gospel magazines and Gospel tracts, holding conversations with such as would listen to him as he sought to speak of the Lord Jesus and their need of Him. In the evenings he preached the Gospel in a tent, centrally situated on one of the public thoroughfares, where any one could without difficulty find him.

"Circus day" found our friend very busy. He, in his tramps around town, had noticed on the flaming posters of the circus people the date of their coming. So that day he was up and out at an early hour, with some thousands of

A Troublesome Suggestion.

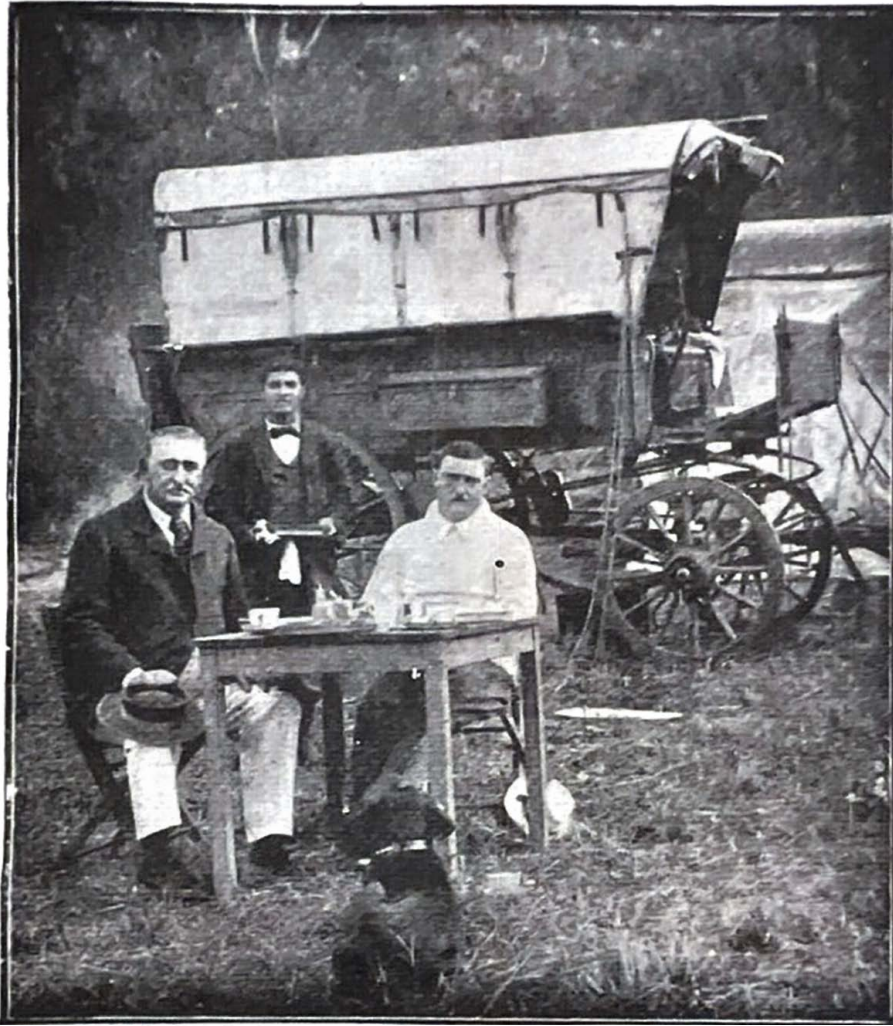
Gospel tracts, to distribute among the crowds which lined the streets, waiting for the "parade." They were a "jolly" crowd—out for a "good time," they said; and laughter and joking at one another was the order everywhere. No thought of aught but the enjoyment of the hour. No care for what lay beyond. The god of pleasure was their God that day! Many of them were "church members." They had their "profession," and, in some instances, were at times active in what is called "Christian work," but, to-day, they were one with the non-professor, the out-and-out worldling, in seeking that which their hearts had evidently not found in Christ—*satisfaction!*

From group to group of laughing, careless men and women, our friend went with his printed messages. In many instances they were courteously received, but others were inclined to look upon them as an unwarranted intrusion upon their pleasures. To one lady in a group of chatting women, he gave a tract entitled: "YOUR DYING HOUR." As her eye caught the title of the paper, her face alternately blanched and flushed, in her agitation, as she cried out: "Oh, we *don't* want to think of that *now*; this is circus day," and threw the tract from her. "True," was the quiet answer of the servant of God, "it is 'circus day,' but ere it closes it may be '*your dying day*' also. 'Prepare to meet thy God!'" What the effect on that woman and others of that "rude interruption" of their day's pleasure may have been eternity alone will fully tell. But of one thing we are sure, *it is a good thing to be ready to meet God.* And none of us can tell when our "dying hour" may be. In thousands of cases it comes when least expected, and exemplifies the truth of that proverb, which says: "Boast not thyself of to-morrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth" (Prov. 27. 1). The Scriptures are clear on the great subject of salvation. We find that *salvation is of God* (Isa. 45. 22). It is *through Christ* (Acts 4. 12). It may be *known* (Luke 1. 77). It is *received* on the principle of *faith, not works* (Ephes. 2. 8, 9). It is a *present* possession (1 Cor. 1. 18). It is for the *worst*, as well as for the *best* of sinners (1 Tim. 1. 15). It is obtainable "*now*" (2 Cor. 6. 2), and it is "*eternal*" (Heb. 5. 9).

"To-day, if ye will hear His voice, harden not your heart." "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved" (Acts 16. 31).

T. D. W. M.

HOW RHODES SUBDUED THE MATABELES.



CECIL RHODES AT LUNCH ON ONE OF HIS INLAND TOURS.

THE Matabele people were in open rebellion against British rule, and the campaign against them, under the leadership of Sir F. Carrington, had failed to subdue them. It seemed as though a long and expensive war lay ahead, when Cecil J. Rhodes determined upon a most daring undertaking—nothing less, in fact, than going totally unarmed into the midst of the rebels and attempting, single-handed, to bring them to their knees.

Taking with him an old hunter, named Colebrander, who knew the country and people well, and could speak their language fluently, and two others, he refused an armed escort, and carried nothing himself but a short riding-whip. Through the deep ravines, and up the rugged hills they climbed until they arrived within striking distance of the Matabele forces. Here they halted, sending on the guide to announce to the chiefs that Rhodes desired an interview

How Rhodes Subdued the Matabeles.

with them, and would meet them at once. After some murmuring from the younger chiefs they decided that they would hear what Rhodes had to say if he would come up to them. The place selected for the meeting was a huge natural amphitheatre in the very heart of the Matabele stronghold. Walls of granite towered to the height of two hundred feet on every side of it, and these heights were black with thousands of fierce warriors, all eagerly watching for the great white man and his three companions who were not afraid to face their whole power. The Englishmen arrived first on the scene, and after waiting a short time a white flag waved out from one of the kopjes, and a procession of chiefs moved forward in single file to where Rhodes waited to receive them.

What a scene that must have been! There stood Rhodes and his fellows surrounded by hordes of fierce and blood-thirsty rebels, whose polished skins shone like ebony in the sunlight, and who only required the slightest sign of weakness or fear on the part of the white men to hurl certain death at them.

After greetings had been exchanged, Rhodes addressed them through the interpreter thus: "I have come among you unarmed with peace in my heart; tell me your troubles."

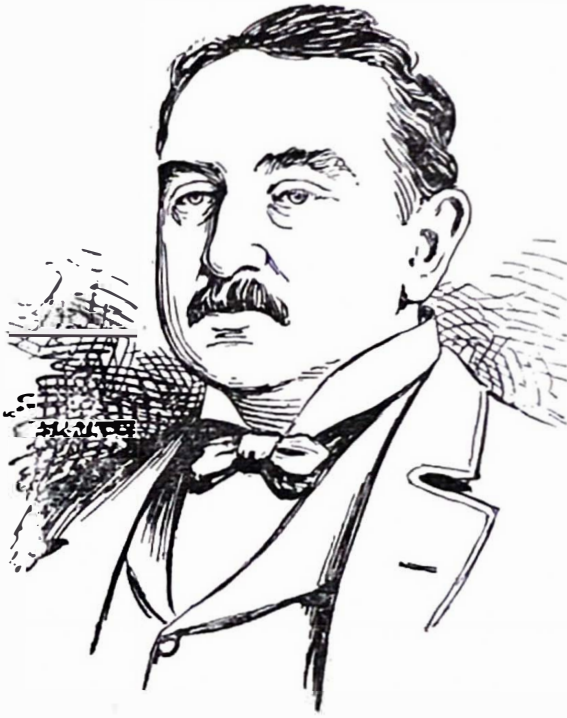
At once they began to pour their complaints into his ear, and he listened patiently for awhile. Then suddenly rising to his feet, he demanded to know why they had massacred the women and children? "For this," he said, "you deserve no mercy." His companions trembled for his safety and theirs, and Colebrander at first refused to interpret Rhodes's words, for he knew well that there would be no chance of escape for them if the chiefs were offended. But Rhodes insisted there could be no peace until this serious question was gone into. So upon the startled ears of these culprits fell the scathing words of Rhodes.

They listened in silence with bowed heads before him. "Well, is it to be peace or war? If there is not peace now, there will be famine soon," he told them. What would they do? For some intense moments they waited almost breathlessly; then slowly the oldest chief arose, and, with head bowed in submission, he moved towards the man who had subdued him. Casting his staff down at Rhodes's feet, he cried: "Here is my rifle; I cast it down at your feet." Then repeating the movement, he said: "And here is my

How Rhodes Subdued the Matabeles.

spear; I cast it at your feet also." Then he retired to his place amid a loud shout of assent from all present. One by one the younger men followed the example of their senior, until all had surrendered to Rhodes. He had quelled the rebellion single-handed!

Before I finish my story I must point my application. The Matabele nation represents the world—the world in rebellion. Into the midst of the rebellious world there came One to subdue it. He did not come with armed cohorts and warlike legions, but "with peace in His heart." The One who thus came was Jesus, and at His birth the angels sang, "Peace on earth." He came full of goodwill, to see the sorrows of men and to heal their sore. It cost Him much to come, far more than tongue can tell. He had to exchange the radiant heaven for a cheerless earth, the thrones and crowns and glory for the manger, the weariness and the loss of a homeless stranger in this world. And more, He came not to risk His life, but to lose it, knowing well ere ever He came all that His mission of love would cost Him. He had to die if He would be a blessing to men, and this, thank God, He has done in order to show to all His great love—the great love of God to guilty, rebel sinners.



CECIL RHODES.

But before any man or woman can have the peace which Jesus came to give, the very serious question of their guilt must be raised. Rhodes could not offer terms of peace to the Matabele rebels until they saw how wrongly they had acted; he had to charge home their guilt, and so it must ever be. You have rebelled against God; you have slighted and neglected Him; you have left Him out of your thoughts and sinned against Him, and this you must face and acknowledge. If you will but do this, blessing shall be yours.

Think well of this, and then answer the question: "Is it to

How Rhodes Subdued the Matabeles.

be peace or war?" If you continue to rebel and refuse to bow to God's claim "it will be famine soon." Cecil J. Rhodes told the blunt, plain truth to those black chiefs; we would treat you in the same manner. Eternal famine, everlasting loss, will be the sad result of continued rebellion against God.

Surrender to-day. Cast down your weapons of warfare at Jesus' feet. Yield now to Him. You will be an eternal gainer if you do. Take up the words of the lines—

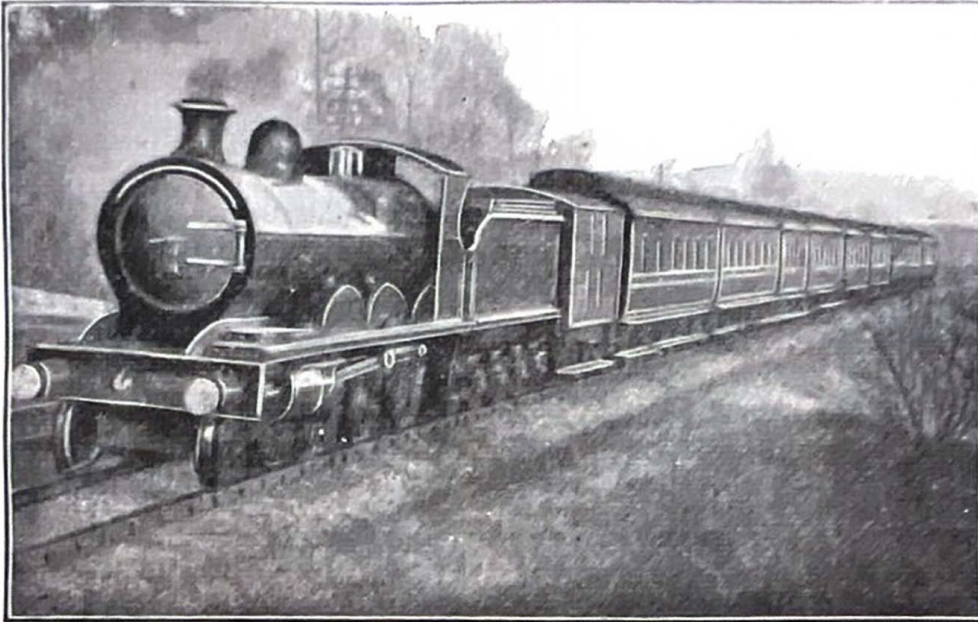
"Just as I am, Thy love I own,
Has broken every barrier down;
Now to be Thine, yea Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come."

When the Matabele nation surrendered thus to Mr. Rhodes he said: "Now I will stay amongst you, and be a father to you; come to me with all your troubles, and they shall be righted." For days he stayed with them, listening patiently to all they had to say, and thinking no trouble too great, and in this way he won their confidence, until at length they would gladly have risked their lives for him.

But think of what Jesus does for those who trust in Him. He says, "Lo, I am with you alway"; "I will never leave nor forsake thee." And at all times, and under all circumstances His people may go to Him, and He is not only ready to listen to their need, but delights to meet it. He can say, "My grace is sufficient for thee." He sits upon the throne, and we are exhorted to approach boldly to the throne of grace to obtain mercy and find grace to help in time of need (Hebrews 4. 16). Such a Saviour as the Lord Jesus is well worth knowing.

As Cecil Rhodes left that memorable scene in the Matoppo Hills he said to Colebrander: "These are the things that make life worth living." But that He might subdue sinners to God, and lift their burden, and give them joy instead of sorrow, Jesus willingly went into death. Terrible indeed was the death and judgment through which He passed, but He undertook it for the joy that was set before Him. Oh, let Him not have died in vain, as far as you are concerned, but bow to Him to-day. "Now then we are ambassadors for Christ, as though God did beseech you by us: we pray you in Christ's stead, **BE YE RECONCILED TO GOD.** For He hath made Him to be sin for us, Who knew no sin; that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him." Yield to Him now, and peace will be yours. J. T. M.

DO YOU BELONG TO THE "ONES" OR THE "FIVES"?



"AS A FRIEND AND I JOURNEYED ON BY TRAIN."

IT was a lovely day in spring, and a magnificent river was flowing in its course near to a railway line. Everything in nature seemed joyous, and gentlemen could be seen intent on their fishing, whilst evidently enjoying the sunshine after an exceptionally severe winter.

As a friend and I journeyed on by the train, the following conversation took place between my companion and another passenger: "Are there many Christians in B—?" asked my friend. "I'm afraid not," was the reply. "Indeed; are they not all Christians in B—?" "Oh, no; B— is a very corrupt place. In fact, I should not think there would be more than *one* Christian to *five* who are not." "And which class do *you* belong to: the ones or the fives?" "Well I couldn't say that I am among the ones." "Then you are not a Christian—you don't know your sins forgiven; and if you are not of the 'ones,' you must be of the 'fives,' and therefore on your way to hell."

This pointed way of bringing home the truth soon manifested the self-righteousness within, for she replied: "I would not like to be so confident as some people are, and I don't consider this the place to talk of such matters!" "Not the place! Why, whatever do you mean? Supposing you were drowning in yonder river, and one sought to rescue you, would you reason similarly as to that? and do you not

Do You Belong to the "Ones" or the "Fives"?

know that if you are not a Christian, you are in danger of eternal punishment?"

These home-thrusts were not in the least relished, and the passenger betrayed eager longing for the train to stop that she might escape from any further conversation. Again she was affectionately and solemnly warned to flee from the wrath to come, and the train having by this time stopped, she got out, and hurried away from the place.

The point is, are you saved?—have you been born from above? I do not ask if you can talk fluently or intelligently regarding religious topics, but I would deal with you personally as to the need of real contact with God. Are you a Christian? Perhaps you will reply, "Why, of course I am; we are all Christians." But pause and weigh what you are saying. Are you a Christian? Is Christ yours, as a personal loving Saviour? I implore you to beware of the hollow profession so rife in our day. Many are the counterfeits of Satan. Before men you may appear to be all right, but unless your name is written in "the Lamb's book of life," in God's sight you are all wrong.

It is quite likely that, like the lady in the train, you may think this kind of thing displays bad taste, but we cannot help it. It is simply faithfulness to your precious soul. Infinitely better, surely, if you are on the wrong track, that you should be undeceived, than go on blindly, to awake in hell, where there is no remedy. "Faithful are the wounds of a friend, but the kisses of an enemy are deceitful." You may be a Christian as you read these lines. You can now obtain the free and full forgiveness of your numerous sins at this very moment. Hearken to God's gracious declaration: "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). Why not now believe on the Lord Jesus and be justified, saved, and converted to God?

Be urged, then, to renounce everything of self, and trust alone in Christ's precious blood for the remission of your sins. Beware of the indefiniteness of many of to-day, who leave these things open. God desires that you may *know* that you have eternal life, and if you simply trust in Jesus, it is not presumptuous for you to rejoice in the definite knowledge that you have passed from death unto life, for your joy comes through believing God's Word (1 John 5. 9-13). F. A. B.

HOW BARBARA GOT THE BLESSING.



HAVING been born in the far North of Scotland, she had that sterling devotional character which has attached itself to the Highland people the wide world over. Coming into the great city of Glasgow, she maintained the same devotional spirit, partaking little in gaities.

Religious, yet unregenerate, having a *form* of godliness, yet lacking the power, she was a stranger to "the Gospel which is the power of God unto salvation" (Rom. 1. 16), and therefore was unsatisfied as to the present and unhappy as to the future.

Often spoken to concerning the necessity of the new birth, the assurance of salvation, and the danger of remaining unprepared for Eternity, she apparently remained unmoved, and manifested a prejudice rather than a preference for those who knew their sins forgiven and rejoiced that their names were written in heaven (Luke 10. 20).

Yet deep down in her bosom the yearning desire was "Oh, that I knew where I might find HIM!" (Acts 17. 27), the same yearning as, at some time or other, is found in every bosom, for the heart has many a resting place, but only finds its true haven in the sinners' Friend, the Lord Jesus Christ.

Wednesday, 12th September, 1906, proved an eventful day in her life. Meeting a relative who had long prayed for her conversion, he sought to bring her to decision for Christ. Finding that 99 points of her prejudice to the definite knowledge of sins forgiven had vanished, he tried to roll away the 100th. Recounting to her the story of "Let go the Twig," how a lady, anxious about her soul fell asleep and dreamed. In her dream she was suspended over an awful chasm clutching to one single twig. A lovely Form appeared underneath, and a gentle Voice said, "Let go the twig, and I'll save you!" In her desperation she let go, and found herself "safe in the arms of Jesus."

"What twig am I holding on to?" asked Barbara. "The twig of self-righteousness," replied her relative. Coming to a halt in Sauchiehall Street (the part of the city which they had reached in their interesting journey), the soul-winner said: "In order to be saved you must trust entirely to the Lord Jesus Christ. Just as a patient in the ward, weak and helpless after a severe illness, trusts entirely to your skill and care to nurse her back to life, so must you as a weak, helpless, undone sinner, lay aside all merit, cry the publican's cry, 'God be merciful to me a sinner' (Luke 18. 13), believe, and be saved."

Then like a wise soul-winner, judging that the moment of

How Barbara got the Blessing.

moments had arrived, he put the Eliezer appeal, "WILT THOU GO WITH THIS MAN?" Will you here and now trust the Lord Jesus Christ as your only Saviour in this life and the life to come?" Slowly but not less surely came the Rebecca response, "I WILL GO," and there, amid the busy scenes of Glasgow's popular thoroughfare, that which had been bound on earth was bound in Heaven. She realized that through faith in Him who was delivered for her offences and raised for her justification (Rom. 4. 25), she had passed from death unto life, and was saved with an everlasting salvation.

How gloriously simple! After years of weary striving her soul to save, after months of vain search for peace within, she had obtained salvation in a moment (Rom. 10. 9), salvation for nothing (Luke 7. 42), salvation through simple faith (Rom. 5. 1), salvation for ever and ever (John 3. 16; 5. 24).

Not only her but *you*, whoever *you* are—religious or reprobate, long anxious or indifferent, apparently careless or convicted to the core—may be saved *now*, for "behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation" (2 Cor. 6. 2). "Christ died for the ungodly" (Rom. 5. 6). Own your title, put in your plea, rest alone on His mighty sacrifice, trust alone in His precious Blood, and though you are a modern "chief of sinners," you will be "turned from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God" (Acts 26. 18).

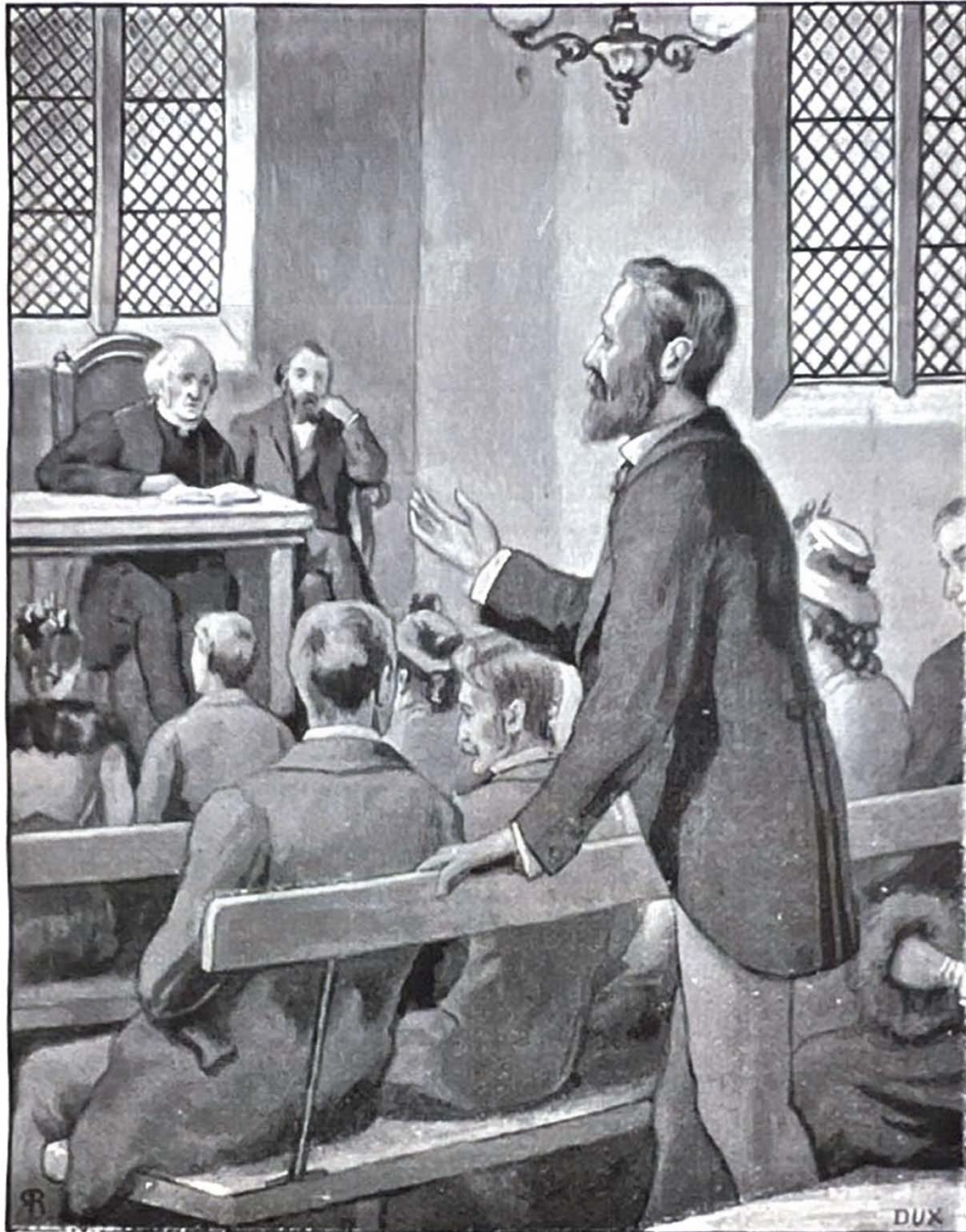
"Now," said the happy soul-winner to the happy soul newly won, "let me tell you this. As you have honestly committed your all to the Lord Jesus, if He lets you slip into Hell after all, He will never be able to hold up His head in Heaven." Amazed, the young convert could only look with wonder and enquire, "Is it really so sure as all that?" "Yes," said the Christian worker, "let me repeat with all reverence—If the Saviour whom you have here and now trusted does not preserve you through life and present you faultless before His Father's face with exceeding joy, He will have broken His word and stained His character. Listen! 'This is the Father's will which hath sent Me, that of all which He hath given Me I should lose nothing, but should raise it up at the last day. Verily, verily, I say unto *you*, he that believeth on Me H-A-T-H Everlasting Life'" (John 6. 39, 40).

Thus Barbara got the blessing, and, like the eunuch of old, she went on her "way rejoicing" (Acts 8. 39). Thus may you at this moment receive the greatest of all blessings, **Everlasting Life**. Will you take it here and now and be blessed? **YEP.**

THE CANADIAN'S TWO CONVERSIONS;

— OR, —

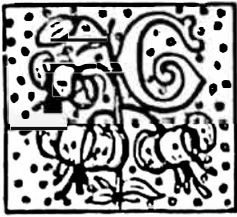
THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN REARED CHRISTIANS
AND CONVERTED ONES.



I STAND BEFORE YOU TO-NIGHT AS A DEAD SINNER."

"I have been a professing Christian for nearly twenty-seven years, but I have recently learned from God's Word that I have never been born again. I stand before you to-night as a dead sinner, and if there is a born-again person here I want him to pray for me."

THE CANADIAN'S TWO CONVERSIONS.



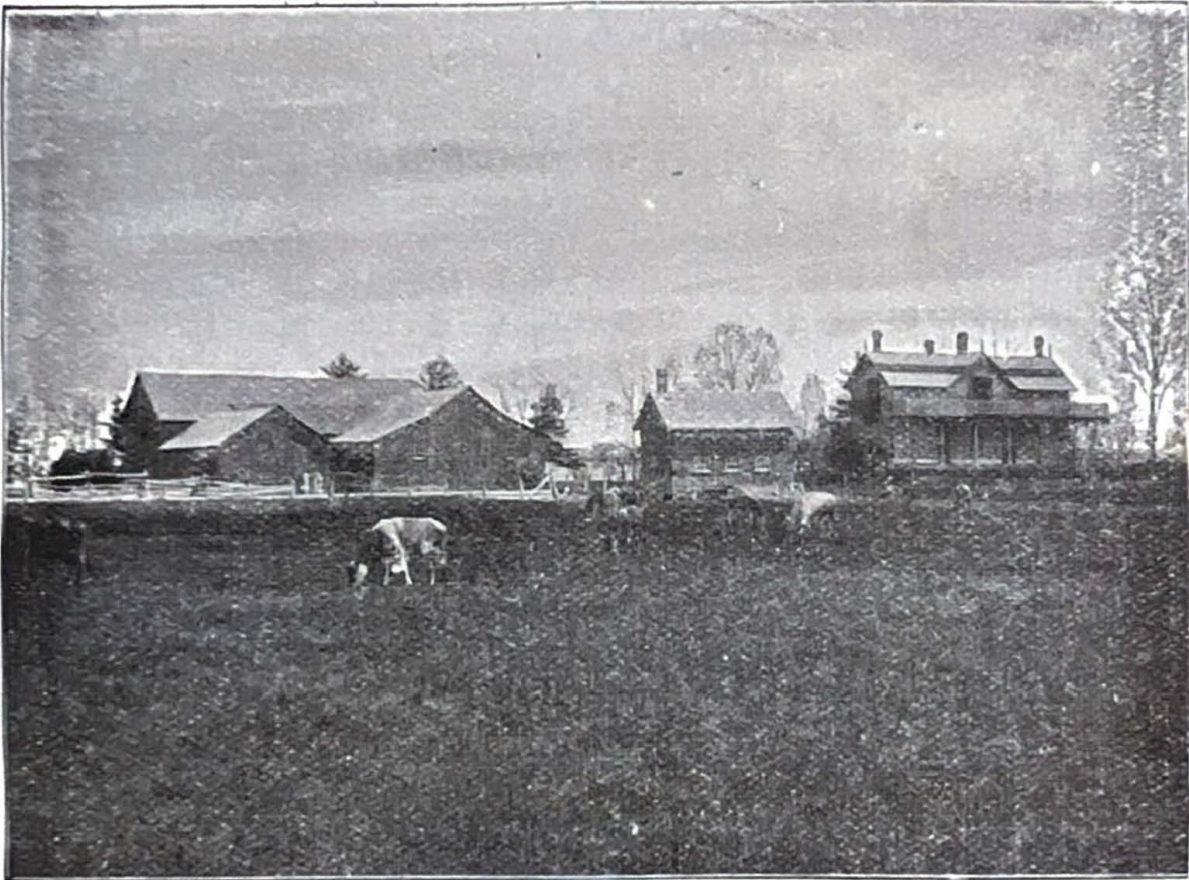
GEORGE MORTON was born in a village in Eastern Ontario, over 40 years ago. When a lad he professed conversion through some special "revival services" that were being held in the place.

Though sincere in his belief that he was converted by God, he was *sincerely mistaken*. Morton, however, was not a "hypocrite." He had no desire or intention to deceive any one, but he was thoroughly deluded in imagining that he was a Christian. God has but one way of salvation, and if that way is missed, no spiritual change is effected. Scripture declares that "Satan deceiveth the whole world" (Rev. 12. 9), and it is to be feared that, in these days of easygoing Christianity, not a few who pass for Christians have been deceived by the arch enemy of souls. "There is a way that *seemeth* right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of *death*" (Proverbs 16. 25). All who are on the broad way, whether on the clean or the dirty side of it, however sincere, or conscientious, are hurrying to death and destruction. After Morton's "conversion" he joined the Church and became an active member. Some years afterwards he removed to Rochester in the State of New York, and connected himself with one of the principal churches in the city. Eventually he became Superintendent of the Sunday-school, and took a leading part in a "Slum Mission." During Messrs. Moody and Sankey's gospel campaign in Rochester, Morton sang "gospel solos" at the services with such effect that many were moved to tears. For quite a number of years he sincerely believed that he was a Christian, although he had never really been "born again."

"I would rather have one *reared* Christian," said an Irish woman to a friend of mine, "than a hundred of your *converted* kind." But there are no "reared" Christians; all who are true children of God have been "born again." Lots of "religious" people pride themselves on their good "upbringing." What they need is a good *down*-bringing, that they may be led to see that they "*must* be born again" in order to be Christians. No one grows into a Christian. God-made Christians are regenerated by the Holy Spirit. "Marvel not that I said unto thee, Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God" (John 3. 3). The great change must take place—call it what you will, the new birth, salvation, or conversion—to gain admission into the kingdom of God.

The Canadian's Two Conversions.

After a sojourn of several years in the United States, Morton returned to Canada, and obtained employment in a factory in one of the large cities. One day he asked a Christian connected with the firm to purchase a ticket from him for a "grand musical festival" which he was arranging. Y— refused to do so, adding, "Since I was 'born again,' I have no desire for such things." Morton thereupon entered into a discussion with Y— on religious subjects, seeking to



TYPICAL HOMES IN A NEW SETTLEMENT IN CANADA.

justify his connection with the contemplated entertainment, Y— enquired of Morton if he was a Christian. He replied that he was, and stated that he was "converted" when a lad. Y— did not feel satisfied, and sought to ascertain the ground of Morton's confidence. Subsequently the two had frequent conversations on divine things. Y— spoke of Christ and the work He accomplished on Calvary as his *sole* hope for eternity, quoting "chapter and verse" for his position. Had he not clung to the Scriptures he would have been overpowered by Morton's superior reasoning powers.

The Canadian's Two Conversions.

Y— was convinced that Morton's "conversion" was spurious; that he had been converted by *man* and not by God the Holy Spirit; and was resting on his prayers, doings, and experiences, instead of the "finished" work of Christ.

Months passed, Morton still taking the ground of being a Christian, seemingly determined to hold on to his profession. Yet as he read his Bible, he became more and more uneasy. "Perhaps, I am not really 'born again'" was suggested to his mind. Y—'s clear, scriptural, testimony regarding his conversion to God, so different from his own, could not be forgotten. Was he really born again? Or was he resting on something short of Christ? Eventually he became so concerned about his spiritual state that he visited various clergymen with the object of ascertaining their views as to the nature, necessity, and means of regeneration. Thoroughly dissatisfied and disappointed with the result of his inquiries, he diligently read the Scriptures, with the object of learning God's way of salvation. One day, whilst reading the interview between Nicodemus, the learned Jewish Rabbi, and the Lord Jesus, recorded in the third chapter of the Gospel of John, he was arrested by the words of verse 3: "Verily, verily, I say unto thee, EXCEPT A MAN be born again he CANNOT see the Kingdom of God." It was a message from God to his soul, an arrow from the quiver of the Almighty. There and then he renounced his profession, acknowledging to God his undone condition. Although Morton was a church member, choir leader, and Sunday-school superintendent, he was an unsaved sinner on the way to ruin. On learning his state in God's sight Morton decided to make a public confession of the fact. At the following weekly church prayer meeting he rose to his feet, and spoke somewhat as follows: "Brethren, I have been a professing Christian for nearly twenty-seven years, but I have recently learned from God's Word that I have never been born again. I stand before you to-night as a dead sinner, and if there is a born-again person here I want him to pray for me," and sat down. The effect of such a testimony in such a place, from such a person, can more easily be imagined than described.

A few days after this, Morton told Y— what had taken place, and the only reply he received was this—"What a merciful discovery!" Conviction of sin was deepened and intensified, as Morton clearly apprehended his guilt and peril. On the Sunday evening he sang the opening piece at the

The Canadian's Two Conversions.

church service, and then hurrying out of the building, entered a hall where a Gospel meeting was being held. A Christian worker, known to him, was speaking on the brazen serpent uplifted for the bitten Israelites in the wilderness, as a type of Christ uplifted on Calvary's cross for sinners. "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have eternal life" (John 3. 14, 15). At the close of the service Morton was spoken to about his soul, but the only reply he gave was this—"I AM A DEAD SINNER," and hurriedly departed. Next day, when at work, the Saviour's solemn declaration contained in John 3. 18 greatly affected him: "He that believeth on Him is not condemned, but he that believeth not is *condemned already*, because he hath not believed in the name of the only begotten Son of God." "Condemned already!—*Condemned already!*—CONDEMNED ALREADY!" rang in his ears and pierced his soul. He clearly perceived that he was a "condemned" sinner, the only thing between him and eternal ruin being the fragile thread of life which might be snapped at any moment, and he would be hopelessly lost. So overpowered was he by the realization of this fact that he broke down, burst into tears, and wept for an hour. Y—



D. L. MOODY PREACHING DURING ONE OF HIS GOSPEL CAMPAIGNS.

The Canadian's Two Conversions.

discovered him weeping, and sought to lead him to look to Christ. Morton then began quoting a number of scriptures that were only applicable to believers. As each text was repeated he inquired: "Is that for me?" "No," was Y——'s reply, "that Scripture is not for you." As each verse quoted was shown to be for Christians, in sheer despair he exclaimed, "What scripture is there, then, for me?" "Listen," said Y——, and then he brought before him the following passages, "But He was wounded for our transgressions; He was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon Him, and with His stripes we are healed. 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*" (Isaiah 53. 5, 6). "Moreover, brethren, I declare unto you the gospel which I preached unto you, which also ye have received, and wherein ye stand; by which also ye are saved... *Christ died for our sins*, and was buried, and rose again the third day according to the Scriptures" (1 Cor. 15. 1-4). "Once in the end of the world [or ages] hath He appeared to *put away sin* by the sacrifice of Himself" (Heb. 9. 26). He was shown that his sins had been laid on the head of Christ; that He was wounded for his transgressions, and bruised for his iniquities; that sin had been so put away by His sacrifice, that God could righteously justify ungodly sinners who believed on His Son. The gospel of God's matchless grace was laid hold of by Morton, his face lit up with a new-found joy, and he exclaimed, "I SEE IT! I SEE IT! I'M SAVED. ISN'T IT SIMPLE? I must go and tell Harry"—one who was in soul-trouble.

When the factory bell rang at six o'clock that evening, the young convert cycled to the house of his minister, and told him that he was saved. On the preceding day the clergyman had said to him, "Since I heard your confession at the prayer meeting I feel as though I could never preach another sermon." A mighty change, however, had taken place. "I had a wonderful experience at five o'clock this morning," said Mr. ——. "It seemed as though Christ was right in the room beside me, and I saw I had everything in Him, righteousness, justification, and redemption. I have been trying to preach the gospel for thirty years, but did not know it myself!"

Such is the story of Morton's two "conversions"—the one a "conversion" *by man*, and the other a "conversion" *by God*.

Are you resting your soul on what *you have done* for Christ,

The Canadian's Two Conversions.

or on what *Christ has done* for you? Converted by man or by God—which? If you were called at this moment into Eternity, what reason would you give to God why you should not be punished for your innumerable sins? “Because *I prayed to God* for forgiveness, and I believe He answered my prayer,” says one. Then you were saved through your prayers! But God nowhere promises to save sinners on the ground of their prayers. “I was saved *for my believing*,” says another. If



“A CHRISTIAN WAS SPEAKING ON THE BRAZEN SERPENT.”

so, you were saved on account of what you have done. It is true that one of our popular hymns states that, “There is life *for* a look at the Crucified One.” But poetry is not Scripture. The Word of God tell us that sinners are saved THROUGH looking unto Jesus, but not *for* looking unto Him. We are no more saved *for* a “look” than for a prayer, a tear, a vow, or a penny. “By grace are ye saved *through* (not *for*) faith” (Eph. 2. 8, 9). There is no merit in faith. Faith is the empty hand that accepts eternal life as a free gift from God. Faith

The Canadian's Two Conversions.

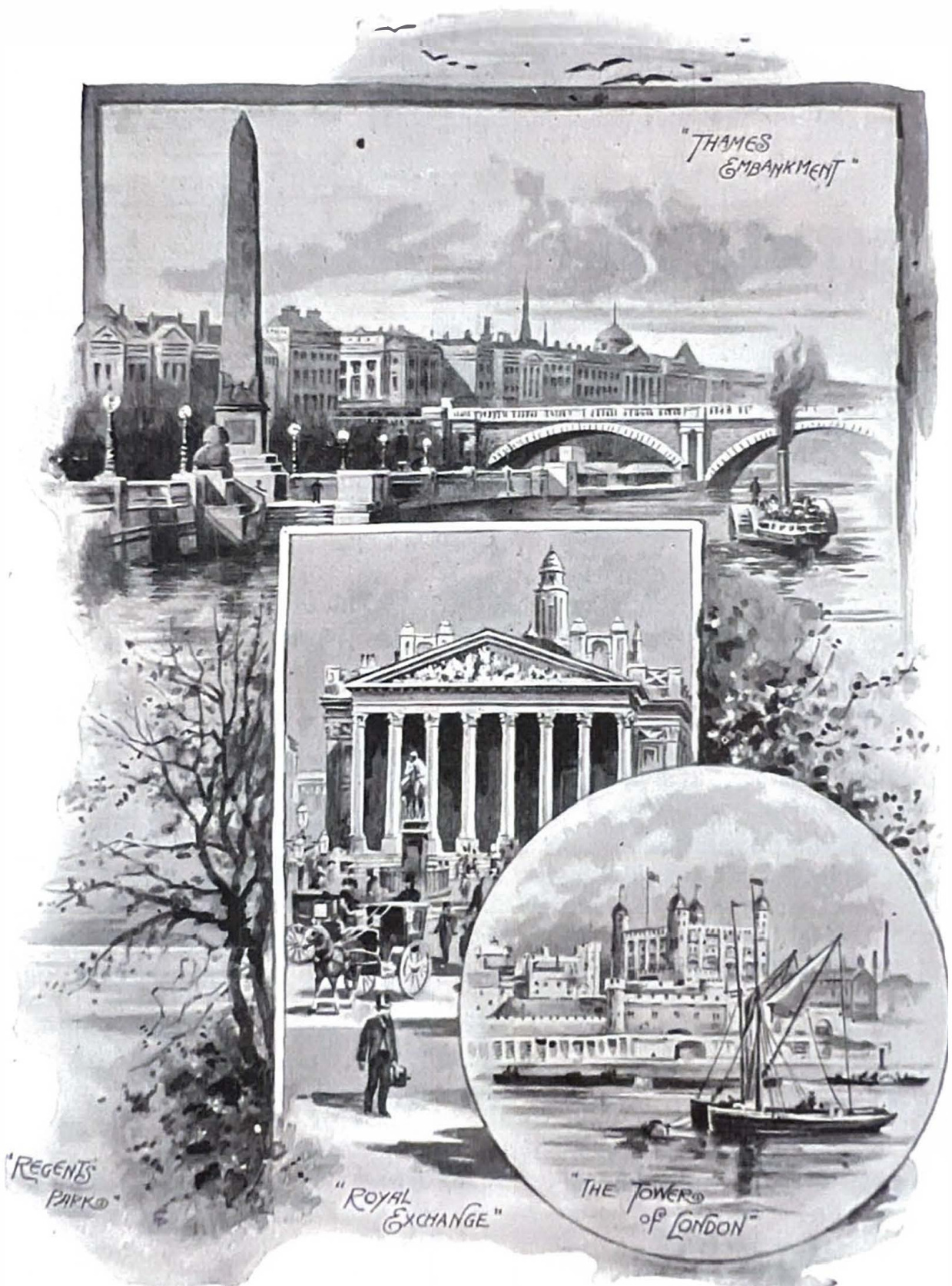
is the eye of the soul that looks off unto Jesus, and sees Him dying in our room and stead. It is to be feared that numbers are resting *on their faith* instead of *on Christ*—faith's object. "Look unto Me and be ye saved" (Isaiah 45. 22). It is not Look to your looking, or Believe in your believing. Look to Christ, believe on Christ, receive Christ by faith, and eternal life is yours. Make sure that you are really converted to, and by God. Many are *white washed* with religion, instead of being *washed white* in the blood of Christ. They talk of churches, ministers, sermons, meetings, &c., &c., and all the time they are under condemnation! What is the use of telling God what you are going to do in the future? You speak of turning over a new leaf, of giving up this, that, or the other thing. It is too late in the day for that. The trial is over. God has brought in the whole world guilty. "For all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God" (Rom. 3. 23). When you tell God what you are going to be, or do, it is tantamount to saying that you desire a new trial.

Hearken to the "glad and glorious Gospel" as proclaimed to Nicodemus by the Lord Jesus Christ: "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). Thousands have been eternally saved through the proclamation of this simple yet sublime message.

Whatever you are, or have been, GOD LOVES YOU. The proof of this is the wondrous fact that He gave His only begotten Son to bleed and die on your behalf. Why was it necessary that He should die? "Without shedding of blood is no remission." God gave Christ as a sacrifice for our sins, that we might not perish, but have everlasting life. Everlasting life can *now* be obtained by believing on Christ. "WHOSOEVER BELIEVETH IN HIM." Oh, the simplicity of God's way of salvation! It is not "whosoever believeth in Jesus, *and gives up his sins*"; nor "whosoever believeth in Jesus, *and acts up to it*"; nor "whosoever believeth in Jesus, *and holds on to the end*"; nor "whosoever believes *that he believes in Jesus.*" Thank God, it is "whosoever believeth in Jesus." Scripture teaches that salvation is by grace, through faith, "not of works, lest any man should boast" (Eph. 2. 8, 9). "To him that *worketh not*, but believeth on Him that *justifieth the ungodly*, his faith is counted for righteousness" (Rom. 4. 5). "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and THOU SHALT BE SAVED "

A. M.

THE GREATEST WONDER IN LONDON;
OR, WORTH MORE THAN WEALTH OR FAME



FAVOURITE VIEWS OF THE LARGEST CITY IN THE WORLD.

THE GREATEST WONDER IN LONDON.



THE sights of London! Who can describe them? We had spent several days, and seen the most of them. St. Paul's, the magnificent Gothic structure designed by Sir Christopher Wren; the historic Tower, with its "beefeaters" and attractive armoury; Westminster Abbey, the coronation church of sovereigns and resting-place of the great; Thames Embankment, with Cleopatra's Needle, 70 feet high and 180 tons weight, brought from Egypt at a cost of £10,000; Nelson's Monument, with its lions; British Museum, with three million works; National Gallery of 1400 masterpieces of art; the Bank, with its reserve of £20,000,000; the Exchange, with the tessellated pavement of the original building; Buckingham Palace, the Royal residence; Houses of Parliament, with a debate on education in progress; the parks, palaces, mansions, streets, stations, and other sights innumerable.

But the greatest wonder of all was a young girl lying in a poor part off Carlisle Street, Edgware Road. Her earthly career was drawing to a close. As the end approached she distinctly said, "I die rejoicing in the Blood of Jesus Christ, which 'cleanseth from all sin'" (1 John 1. 7), and gently closed her weary eyes in a slum of the greatest city on earth, to open them in the "city which had no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it, for the glory of God did lighten it and the Lamb is the light thereof" (Rev. 21. 23).

Journeying home, we could not but be impressed by the thought that greater than power, pomp, wealth, antiquity, or splendour was the *reality* of a soul passing into the great Eternity, resting on the Finished Work of Christ (John 19. 30), and rejoicing in the cleansing efficacy of His precious Blood. For what, after all, is London's greatness and glory to those whose names are enshrined therein, if "an entrance" was not "ministered unto them abundantly into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ" (2 Peter 1. 11)? Nay, more important still is the question for *me*, when "the elements shall melt with fervent heat, and the earth and the works that are therein [London included] shall be burned up," which shall I be amongst:

"These shall go away into
EVERLASTING
PUNISHMENT;

"but the righteous into
LIFE ETERNAL"
(Matt. 25. 46). HYP.

LIFE WITHOUT LIFE.

RICHARD GERMAN H— was a promising young man, possessed of high moral sentiments, quick understanding, deep religious feelings, and an intensely affectionate nature. He was the model of his younger brothers, the pride of his sisters, and the comfort of both father and mother. Successful also in his newly-established business, to which he applied his energies with wisdom



" THIS WAS THE TRIAL ALLOWED TO TEST THE REALITY OF HIS PROFESSION "

beyond his years. Being a nominal believer in the Bible, he did not question its teaching nor its divine authority. He had a great respect for all good men and things, appeared to love the place of prayer, and joined with musical fervour in all the hymns of praise. Being a skilful musician, he formed one of the choir of the chapel of which his father was the minister.

Such was Richard at the age of 23. But there was one thing lacking. He lived a religious life, but did not possess *the life*. He had not the Son of God who is *the Life*—the

Life without Life.

life of every true believer. Like the stony-ground hearer, the word he had heard so often fell into his heart and produced an effect of some sort, but it was not *the* fruitful life: in a word, he had not been born of God. He was like the young man in the Gospel—not far from the Kingdom, but not *in* the Kingdom of God. He had the *religion* of Christianity, but did not possess the *Christ* of Christianity. He was in the habit of hearing the Word, nor did he question its truth. But he had not the Son of God, and this nominal belief was soon to be shaken to its foundation.

A young lady in the choir to whom he had become devotedly attached, capriciously disappointed his hopes by breaking off their engagement to be married. This conduct from a professing Christian was the trial allowed to test the reality of his profession. It proved he did not really love Christ. The root of the matter was not in him. He hastily gave up his business and left the town, filled with bitter feelings and ready to listen to the specious arguments of his new infidel shopmates. In a short time their poison had done its work, and Richard became an avowed unbeliever of that Word that shall judge all men at the last day.

In the great Exhibition year he went to London. Working at high pressure in crowded rooms by day, and careless of his health at night, he caught a severe cold which ended in rapid consumption. The doctor gave him but a few months to live, and urged the necessity of going home to his friends. On his arrival, his father and he had a long and serious talk, but Richard announced his intention, although death stared him in the face, of dying an infidel.

The agony of that father can never be told. He decided to set aside a day for fasting and prayer. Toward the evening of that very day the mother, when crossing the room, saw her son with his face turned to the wall, and heard him quietly whispering, "None but Jesus, none but Jesus, can do helpless sinners good." He had realized his guilt, accepted the Lord Jesus Christ as his own Saviour, and was saved (Rom. 10. 9, 10). Christ was now his, and he had Eternal Life. Oh! the wonders of grace. Snatched as a brand from the fire! Are you the happy and real possessor of the salvation of God? Anything short of a real and personal faith in Christ Jesus leaves the soul in a lost condition, whatever may be the appearance before men.

W. C. H.

"BECAUSE HE CHOSE IT."

AFTER the conclusion of one of Brownlow North's addresses in Edinburgh a young man came into the room where he was receiving persons anxious for private conversation, and said to him, "I have heard you preach three times, sir, and I neither care for you nor your preaching, unless you can tell me, Why did God permit sin?"



THE MOUND AND PRINCES STREET, EDINBURGH.

"I will do that with pleasure," was the immediate reply: "BECAUSE HE CHOSE IT."

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

"Because He Chose It."

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

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

This conversation took place on Sunday evening. On the following Friday Mr. North was sitting in Moody Stuart's drawing-room, when the servant announced that a young man wanted to speak to him. On being shown up stairs he said: "Do you remember me?" "No." "Do you not remember the young man who on Sunday night asked you to tell him, 'Why did God permit sin?'" "Yes, perfectly." "Well, sir, I am that young man; and you said that God permitted sin BECAUSE HE CHOSE IT, and you told me to go home and read the ninth chapter of Romans, and also that *God chose to send Jesus* to die for such a sinner as me. I did, sir, what you told me, and under the guidance of the Word of God, and Spirit of God, I took the guilty sinner's place and accepted Him whom God chose to send (John 3. 17) as my Saviour, and now I am happy—oh! so happy, sir; and though the devil still comes sometimes to tempt me with my old thoughts, and to ask me what *reason* I have to think God has forgiven me, I have always managed to get him away by telling him that I do not want to judge things by my own reason, but by God's Word, and that the only reason why I know I am forgiven is that *for Christ's sake God chooses to pardon me.*"

ARCHIBALD BOYLE;

OR, THE HELL CLUB.

THIS scene occurred in Glas-
gow land—

A thrilling tale, 'tis true—
Oh! ponder ere you turn away
Its warning voice to you.

Some met together in a club;
It had a dreadful name:
'Twas said it was the "Hell Club,"
They seemed to know no shame.

But one outshone his friends in
vice,
His name my title bears;
Take warning at his solemn end—
Be not among the "tares."

An annual festival they held;
Each member then would try
In every daring, dreadful feat
His comrade to outvie.

And when the time came round
again

In slumbers of
the night,
'Twas in a dream
God showed to
him
A very dreadful
sight.

THE DREAM.

He thought he rode
his own black
steed
Towards his
country seat,
And in the gloom
of that dread
night
A stranger he
did meet.

Impeding now his
onward march,
He took the reins
in hand,
And plainly showed
that he was one
Accustomed to
command.

"It is with me that you must go."
"And who are you?" reply
From frightened Boyle. The
answer came,
"You'll see that by-and-by."

The horse he urged to speed
away,
But vainly forward flew
Faster than wind the dreadful
guide—
Was on before him too.

And then he lost his seat and fell;
He fell, and fell, but where?
Alas! that I must also add,
To regions of despair.

To hell itself they hurried on
'Mid darkness black as night,
And he was told the dreadful
truth,
And heard in wild affright.



Archibald Boyle; or, The Hell Club.

A light was in the distance too;
They saw at once a flame,
With groans and yells of agony
Too terrible to name.

But yet another sound was heard
Of frantic revelry,
Could mortal man now tell the tale
How such a thing could be?

And then there was an archway
More gorgeous to behold
Than all the precious things of
earth—
Its lustre can't be told.

He saw some whom on earth he
knew;
A lady sojourned there,
And for a moment's space alone
He rose from dark despair.

He said that he beheld her form,
To meet her he was glad,
And something very strange in-
deed
His lips were going to add.

"Now will you rest awhile?" he
said.
He wanted pleasure too;
He could not speak to say the
last,
The record tells us true.

Now mark the answer that she
gave—
With solemn thoughts I tell—
Said she, "There is *no resting-
place—
No resting-place in hell.*"

He wanted from that dreadful
place
At once to get away.
"Go," said the guide; "you're
here again
In just a year and day."

He woke; and for a time he
seemed
His former life to shun,

"Behold, NOW is the accepted time; behold, NOW is the Day
of Salvation" (2 Cor. 6. 2, 3).

Yet did not trust the cleansing
blood,
So pardon there was none.

He vowed a thousand thousand
times
To quit the scenes of guilt;
The blood of Christ could shelter
him,
That blood so freely spilt.

He did not take Christ in his
heart, (1 John 1. 11-14)
'Tis therefore sad to say,
He found that he was back again
In just a year and day.

* * * *

He left the scene with dark de-
spair
Writ on his fevered brow;
Of what avail God's warning
voice,
No help awaits him now.

A horse stood by the lone roadside
Of rider he was free;
Lying a little distance off,
A stiffened corpse was he.

Oh! leave the scenes of open guilt
Or moral deeds alone (John 6.
2, 7, 29);
'Tis Jesus and His precious blood
That can for all atone (1 Peter
1. 18-21).

Haste you to hide within the cleft,
The Riven Rock so true;
His love is now the resting-place,
The resting-place for you.

I say farewell. The Judgment
Day (Rev. 20. 11-15)
Is hast'ning on apace;
But ere it comes, oh! don't delay,
Accept the proffered grace.

And then in heaven bright above
Shall be your happy lot;
His love your portion evermore,
The love that changes not. A C.

THE PASSENGER'S PLUNGE;

— OR, —

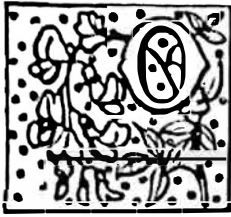
"NO POLICEMAN WILL PUT HANDCUFFS ON ME."



THE "TEUTONIC" BETTING OUT ON THE VOYAGE.

"Lifebuoys were immediately thrown out, but it was some time ere the *Teutonic* could be stopped. A boat was lowered, manned by officers, and, though diligent search was made, no traces of the self-destroyer could be found."

THE PASSENGER'S PLUNGE.



ON "May-Day," 1907, the s.s. *Teutonic*, of the White Star Line, sailed from New York for Liverpool with a complement of passengers and a valuable cargo. Our pilot was dropped at Sandy Hook, and we were soon ploughing the Atlantic at twenty miles an hour, when an incident occurred which caused a sensation.

A middle-aged man, wearing a dress coat and heavy gold chain, was observed pacing the deck, evidently labouring under excitement. He was overheard saying that no policeman would put handcuffs on him. Suddenly, without any warning, he made a dash for the side of the steamer, with the evident intention of jumping overboard, when two passengers seized his arms. He struggled violently, and eventually slipped out of his coat, leaving it with them, and plunged into the sea.

The cry, "A MAN OVERBOARD!" "A MAN OVERBOARD!" resounded through the steamer. Passengers rushed forward and saw the would-be suicide in the distance swimming vigorously. Lifebuoys were immediately thrown out, but it was some time ere the *Teutonic* could be stopped. A boat was lowered, manned by officers, and though diligent search was made, no traces of the self-destroyer could be found.

"How awfully sad," says one, "for a man to commit suicide!" Yes, indeed, but it is a sadder sight for one to commit *soul* suicide. God charged Israel with this terrible sin in the familiar words: "O Israel, thou hast *destroyed thyself*" (Hosea 13. 9), and He charges many to-day with the same crime. Does He charge you? The Scriptures represent the race as perishing on account of sin. All of us have sinned against God, and therefore every one of us deserves sin's wages, which is eternal separation from God in conscious punishment. "The wages of sin is death" (Rom. 6. 23), but God has provided salvation for sinners as such. Many, however, neglect, despise, or refuse it.

If a condemned murderer rejected a free pardon from his Sovereign, we would say he richly deserves to die; and yet millions of condemned sinners are to-day rejecting or neglecting God's "great salvation." "He that believeth on Him [the Lord Jesus Christ] is not condemned; but he that believeth not is CONDEMNED ALREADY, because he hath not believed in the name of the only begotten Son of God" (John 3. 18). Every unsaved person is under the con-

The Passenger's Plunge.

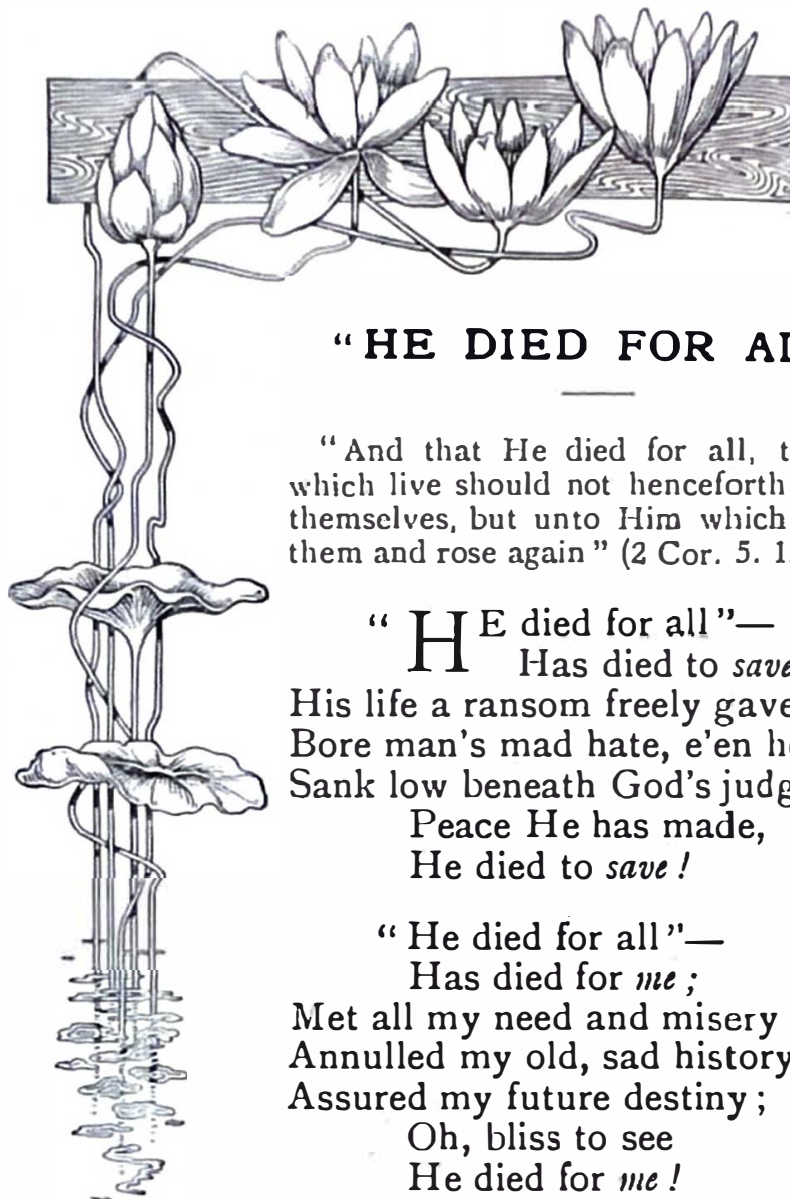
demnation of God—"condemned already," because he does not believe in Christ. Is the reader justified or condemned?

The crowning, the damning sin of the sinner is the fact that though God, at the cost of the life's blood of His only begotten Son, has provided salvation for him, and presses it upon his acceptance as a free gift, he won't accept it on God's terms, viz., without money and without price; without prayers, tears, good works, penance, or penitence. "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).

The great question is, Are you a believer or an unbeliever? Are you, or are you not, in possession of everlasting life? If you *really* believe on the Son of God who loved you and gave Himself for you, you have the assurance of God's Word for it that you are saved for eternity. If, however, you do not believe on Him, at this very moment you are in God's sight guilty and condemned. Ponder the terrible words descriptive of the unbeliever's condition: "The wrath of God *abideth on him.*" Every moment you live in unbelief, every day you neglect the acceptance of Christ, the wrath of a holy God rests upon you. Go where you may, do what you may, you are "condemned already," and may be cut down as a cumberer of the ground.

Why, then, continue in your present state? "How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?" (Heb. 2. 3). You have no thought or intention of being eternally lost; you "intend" to be saved *some time*. You "expect" to spend eternity in heaven. Remember, however, you cannot escape the condemnation of hell if you *neglect* the salvation of God. There is one and only one way of salvation, and that is *God's way*. Harken to that way as told out by the Lord Jesus Christ: "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up: that *whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have eternal life*" (John 3. 14, 15). He is now pressing on your acceptance salvation, free, full, present, and eternal, as a free gift. Accept it as you read these lines. He won't force you to do so. To the Jews He said: "I would, but *ye would not.*" He did not compel them, nor will He compel you. Time is flying, eternity is nearing. "The coming of the Lord draweth nigh." As you are, and where you are, believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and be saved for eternity.

A. M.



“HE DIED FOR ALL.”

“And that He died for all, that they which live should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto Him which died for them and rose again” (2 Cor. 5. 15).

“HE died for all”—
Has died to *save* ;
His life a ransom freely gave ;
Bore man’s mad hate, e’en hell did brave ;
Sank low beneath God’s judgment wave ;
Peace He has made,
He died to *save* !

“He died for all”—
Has died for *me* ;
Met all my need and misery ;
Annulled my old, sad history ;
Assured my future destiny ;
Oh, bliss to see
He died for *me* !

“He died for all”—
Has died for *you* !
Endured sin’s just and awful due ;
Brought thus God’s love and light to view ;
From high now wafts the message true !
Your soul to woo—
He died for *you* !

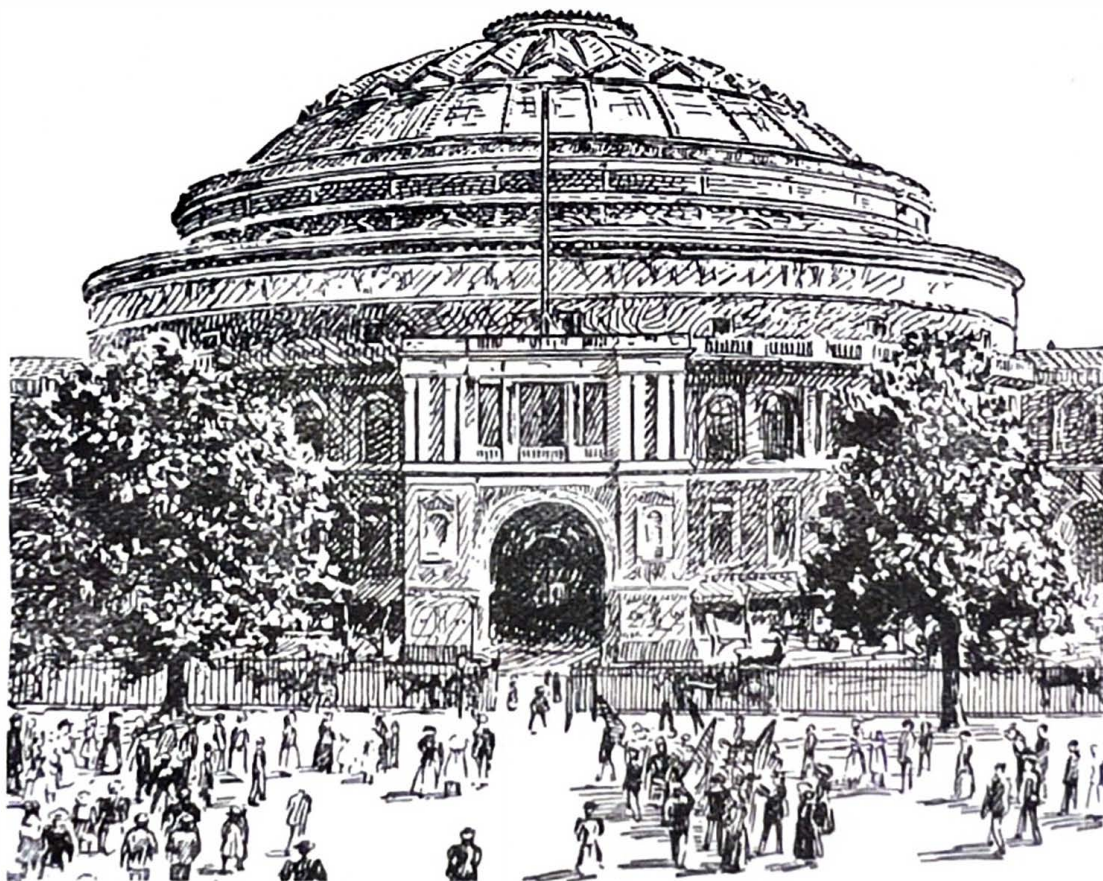
“He died for all”—
The great the small ;
But *only* saves from sin’s dark thrall
Those who in faith before Him fall !
The rest His wrath shall soon appal.
Heed, then, the call—

“He died for all !”

S J. B. C.

JOYLESS INFIDELITY.

WHO ever saw a really happy infidel? Jolly infidels—jolly on occasions in public—you have seen, but who ever saw an infidel that had joy in the deepest depths of his heart, the deep overflowing joy that the Christian knows? I was once preaching in Chicago, and I asked everyone in the building who had found deep heart satisfaction, rest and joy in Jesus Christ, who had found every deepest longing of their soul satisfied in Christ, and hundreds of men and women immediately rose to their feet. I said, "That will do; now, sit down." I said, "I want to be fair. There are a good many infidels here to-night. I would like to ask every infidel in the building who can honestly say in the presence of this congregation that he has found in infidelity satisfaction for the deepest longings of his soul and real heart rest, and is satisfied with infidelity, to-night to stand up." Just one man arose. I said, "I am glad there is one man who has the courage of his convictions, and I would like to ask him to meet me downstairs after the meeting is over."



ROYAL ALBERT HALL, LONDON, WHERE DR. TORREY PREACHED.
It seats 10,000 persons, and was often filled to overflowing.

Joyless Infidelity.

He accepted my invitation. We sat down and talked. "Mr. S.," calling him by name, "you publicly proclaimed at the meeting that you had found satisfaction for the deepest longings of your soul, that your soul was at rest, and that you were fully satisfied with infidelity. Is that really true?"

"Well," he said, "Mr. Torrey, that will have to be qualified."

"I think it will. You cannot find an infidel on earth, the deepest longings of whose soul are at rest, and satisfied in infidelity. Who ever saw a happy old infidel? Jolly old infidels, that is jolly on occasions, you have seen, but who ever saw an aged infidel with that deep-abiding, overflowing joy that is so characteristic of the aged Christian?"

I happened to be with a friend of Robert Ingersoll's on the day that Robert Ingersoll died so suddenly. We had been talking about Ingersoll that very day. He said to me, "Every time I call on Colonel Ingersoll nowadays, Mrs. Ingersoll meets me and says, 'Don't say anything to the colonel about his growing old; it makes him very angry.'" Why should it? It does not make a true Christian angry to be told he is growing old. They tell me I am growing old. I am certainly getting white, but if I am getting old I am simply ripening for the better life and eternal youth. You cannot find a happy old infidel. DR. R. A. TORREY.

WHERE THE JOY CAME IN.

"AND rejoiced, believing in God with all his house" (Acts 16. 34). Now, that was a man who got aroused about his soul, and, whenever he believed, he commenced to *rejoice*. And why did he rejoice? There must have been a cause for his rejoicing. He rejoiced because he was *saved*. He *knew* he was saved, and that is why he rejoiced. If he had been *uncertain*, as to his salvation, he could not have rejoiced. There can be no rejoicing in the terrible uncertainty as to whether it is to be heaven or hell. But whenever the jailor trusted the Lord Jesus, he was at rest, and rejoiced that same night. So if you wish to know whether you have believed or not, let me ask if you have rejoiced in God? Have you praised God for saving your soul? Such is a very simple test whereby to know if you have believed *unto the saving of the soul*. Rejoicing and believing go together; as it is written, "The Kingdom of God is righteousness and peace and *joy in the Holy Ghost*." w. s.

THE ARRAN PREACHER'S MISTAKE.

A FRIEND was telling me of a sermon he heard in a Presbyterian Church in the Island of Arran. The preacher was a Glasgow minister, and he took for his text the Philippian jailor's question, "What must I do to be saved?" (Acts 16. 30), but instead of quoting the apostle's reply, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved" (verse 31), he gave a most unscriptural answer.



LOOKING TO ARRAN, GOATFELL IN THE DISTANCE.

This was *his* "way" of salvation: "I answer simply, I answer broadly, DO YOUR DUTY TO ALL, DO YOUR DUTY ALL ROUND." Why did the minister ignore the apostolic reply to the question? Did he not consider it better than his own? According to the Glasgow "divine," salvation from sin and death and hell is obtained by *doing our duty* "all round"! That would be salvation by *character*, and not salvation by *the Blood of Christ*.

"If a man does his duty he has nothing to fear," is a common excuse of careless sinners who seek to justify

The Arran Preacher's Mistake.

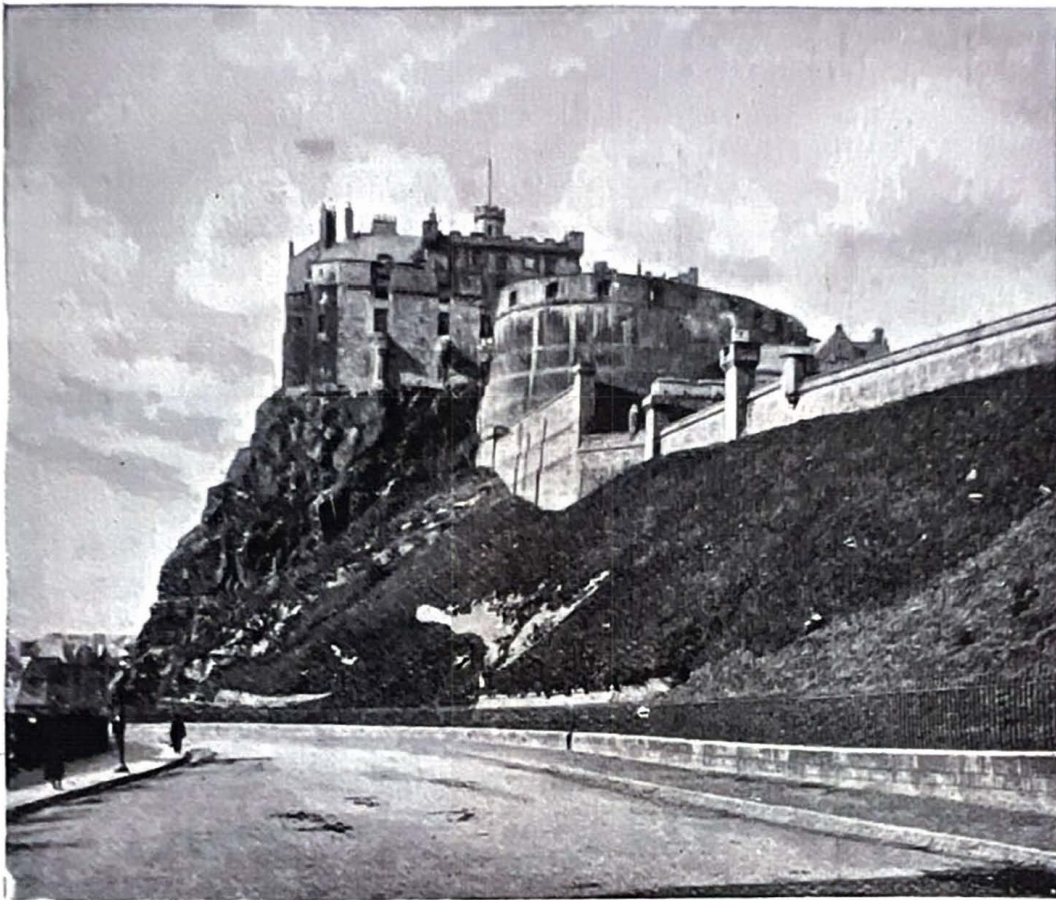
themselves in neglecting God's "great salvation." Who among the sons of men has done his duty? "Fear God, and keep His commandments: for this is the whole duty of man" (Eccles. 12. 13). Who has kept "the commandments"? The "Catechism" of the church which the Glasgow clergyman represents, says: "No mere man since the fall is able in this life perfectly to keep the commandments of God, but doth daily break them in thought, word, and deed." It is absolutely certain that no "mere man" has loved God with "all his heart, soul, strength, and mind, and his neighbour as himself."

What, then, is to become of us? God's Word declares that "whosoever shall keep the whole law, and yet offend in *one* point, he is *guilty of all*" (James 2. 10). No "mere man" has always been what he should have been, or always done what he should have done. "What saith the Scripture?" Harken to the searching words—"There is *none* righteous, no, *not one*; there is *none* that understandeth, there is *none* that seeketh after God. They are *all* gone out of the way, they are *together* become unprofitable; there is *none* that doeth good, no, *not one*" (Rom. 3. 9-12). If, then, ALL have sinned and broken God's holy law, ALL are sinners—sinners not only by nature, but sinners by practice. "There is no difference [distinction, see R.V.], for ALL have sinned and come short of the glory of God." If, then, "*all* have sinned and come short of the glory of God," what about the Glasgow minister's gospel? If salvation can only be obtained by those who have *done their duty*, there is little chance of the Glasgow minister or anybody else being saved.

The apostle's answer to the question is quite opposed to that of the Arran preacher. His answer is contained in the blessed words: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." The apostle did *not* tell him to do his duty and he would have a "good chance" of heaven. Paul's "gospel" was a different one from that of the minister.

"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou *shalt be saved.*" There is no uncertainty about it. The words are clear and definite—"Thou *shalt be saved.*" If any tell you that it is "presumption" for a feeble, failing creature like you to say that you know you are saved, you can point such to Acts 16. 30, 31, and show them the ground of your confidence, and tell them to "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ," and they will immediately obtain the same blessing. A. M.

COLIN CAMPBELL'S CONVERSION.



The Landmark of "Auld Reekie."

EDINBURGH CASTLE.

"I DIDN'T think you needed to be converted," was the exclamation of a friend to whom I had been telling what God had done for my soul. Indeed, there was a time when I did not think I required such a change myself, as, like many others, I was religious, temperate, and outwardly moral. From early boyhood I was the subject of religious impressions. Between church, Sunday school, and young men's meetings, I was brought up in a religious atmosphere. My inclination led that way, no doubt mingled with the usual fun and frolic of youth. Although for many years under Sunday-school teachers, I do not remember one of them ever speaking to me about my soul. Amid all the Bible teaching, I do not remember CONVERSION spoken of as a personal experience, or pressed home on the conscience.

As I grew up to manhood I entered fully into all church work, such as teaching in the Sunday School, attending the minister's Bible Class, Mutual Improvement Association, even going the length of helping the congregational mis-

Colin Campbell's Conversion.

sionary in his district meetings, taking part publicly in prayer, and leading the psalmody. How solemn that one could do all this while still a stranger to grace. Sadder still, a stranger to the *need* of it.

But conscience was neither dead nor dormant. Religiousness did not give rest. There was ever present the sense of something lacking, and, like many others, I vainly thought this something could be attained by greater earnestness. To some it may seem inconsistent with this state of mind to say I was a frequent attender of the theatre, of which I was very fond; but while reason approved, conscience rebuked. Oft did I wish some one would convince me that it was wrong. Deep and distracting questions also assailed me. If there is a devil, why, if God is all powerful, does He not stop him? Why is this sinful state of things allowed to go on? What is to become of the heathen? Happily the time was nearing when the question was not what about the heathen, but what about myself. I trembled at the thought of meeting God, and was afraid of Him. I thought God "an austere master," who was frowning down on me, threatening that if I did not behave He would put me in hell. I wished there was no God. If anyone could have proved to my satisfaction that there was no God, he would have removed a burden from my life. Yet you say, "You were religious." Yes, however strange it may seem, but deep is the heart of man—"desparately wicked" (Jer. 17.9).

Amongst the Sunday-school teachers—of which I was one—there were a few truly converted young men, earnest and full of the Spirit. There was a something about them I could not fathom. Their prayers were different, they could speak with assurance of having eternal life, of going to heaven. They knew and possessed something of which I was ignorant; they were rejoicing in the Redeemer. I envied them, yet knew not what made the difference. I attended the same church, believed, as I thought, the same things; I even became a member of the church, thinking it was a step in the right direction. I remember one of the circle putting this question to me as we walked late one night: "Have you ever felt that love in your heart to the Lord Jesus you hear some people speak of?" "No, David, I have not," I frankly replied; "but I believe I shall yet attain to it." Alas! I thought I was on the ladder; I had only to climb higher, when somehow, and at some time, I

Colin Campbell's Conversion.

would grasp the prize my soul was seeking. But I had to climb down ere that was found.

Urged by these earnest young men, I attended the evangelistic meetings then held in the Assembly Hall, Edinburgh. I was struck by the directness of the preaching. You must be converted. You were pressed to decision now. Mentally I said: "These people speak as if EVERYBODY SHOULD BE CONVERTED, and at once." I was under the impression that conversion was a high attainment, for which you must labour long and hard. I was deeply impressed by Dr. Donald Fraser one night, who preached on "Ye must be born again" (John 3. 7).

He was beyond my depth. I knew about ministers, churches, sermons, religious service, and teetotalism, but felt dark as a heathen about "the new birth." There was a strange power with the word. All my religion was taken from me. If I wasn't born again I had nothing. I went out into the street "LOST," as a man in a mist is lost. I knew not where I was; I knew not where to go. Still I struggled on, giving up questionable things, doubling my earnest quest, "If heaven is to be gained I must gain it."

A tract I read showed that the majority of people were saved before they were twenty. The cold sweat broke on me as I remembered I was some years beyond the likely time. "What if I am never saved?" "What can I do in the future that I have not done in the past?" I thought I had done all I could do.

Thus I laboured and prayed, but telling no one of the struggle. I would sometimes say to myself, "Perhaps I am a Christian, and don't know it; I am making a fuss about nothing." Then I would take myself to task thus—"Colin, can you say you have been born again?" Honestly Colin had to say, "I know nothing about it." "Then heaven you'll



Colin Campbell's Conversion.

never enter till you are." "Well, then, I'm done for. God must do it; I can't regenerate myself." Thus I was brought to the end of myself. "Man's extremity is God's opportunity."

On a Friday night, about half-past nine o'clock, I was nearing my home pondering the question above all questions, "Why is it I cannot say I am saved? What do these saved people do that I don't do? What do they believe that I don't believe? I am as moral, as religious, as earnest as they are. And yet, for the life of me, I cannot say that I am saved." To bring the matter to a point I said, "HOW IS A MAN SAVED?" The answer came, "BELIEVE ON THE LORD JESUS CHRIST, AND THOU SHALT BE SAVED" (Acts 16. 31). I stood transfixed to the pavement. God spoke to me. I looked up and said, "BELIEVE! I DO believe." "Then you are saved." "Saved!" I said. "And have I nothing to do?" "Nothing! all was done long ago." For the first time in my life I saw the meaning of the Cross. I saw that when the Lord Jesus died on that Cross He died to save me. I was saved by what He did when "He appeared to put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself" (Heb. 9. 26). I again repeated, "Then I have nothing to do? Nothing! Then I am SAVED FOR EVER?" "Saved for ever!" came the assuring word. I could only exclaim—"Oh, what love! what fulness! what freeness! God has been loving me all the time, and I did not know it. What a stupid I've been!" I was struggling, striving, praying; and God had said, "It is finished" (John 19. 30).

Thus was salvation revealed to me as I stood at that lamp post in Morrison Street, Edinburgh. I believed on the Lord Jesus Christ, and "passed from death unto life" (John 5. 24).

"Is this conversion?" I said; "am I now born again? Perhaps I'm mistaken; surely it is not so easy; there must be *something* to do. What if it be only a new idea that has struck me, soon to vanish, and leave me as before?" In answer to these fears and questionings there came the blessed assurance of the unchanging word of God. Text after text came to my mind, showing clearly that salvation was always connected with believing. I see my mistake. I've been praying and trying. God has been saying, "Believe! believe!" The gist of the Scripture on this important question is summed up in that glorious, simple, yet profound announcement, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved" (Acts 16 31). c. c.

"OH! TELL THEM BOTH SIDES."

I WAS visiting among some cottages in Shetland one afternoon previous to holding a gospel service, and came upon an aged Christian woman who was nearing the end of her pilgrimage. Her poor body was swollen and suffering, but the joy of the Lord filled her heart. Before leaving I sang her one of the believer's Hallelujah songs:

" Blessed Lord, for Thee I'm waiting
With my lamp outside the door;
Come, oh come, then precious Saviour,
Take me home for evermore.



"I CAME UPON AN AGED CHRISTIAN WOMAN."

Glory, glory, Jesus saved me,
Glory, glory, to the Lamb;
Oh, the cleansing blood has reached me,
Glory, glory, to the Lamb.'

The dear soul could scarcely contain herself with joy, and kept shouting, "Glory, glory, Jesus saved me," for some time, and then added, "Oh! what wad auld Ebbie dae noo if she hadna Jesus?" But auld Ebbie *had* Jesus, and He made her happy in prospect of soon entering eternity. How would it be with you in similar circumstances?

"Oh! Tell Them Both Sides."

But what impressed me most was her message to me on leaving. She turned towards a large peat fire burning in the cottage, and said, "You are going to preach to the unsaved; oh! BE SURE AND TELL THEM BOTH SIDES. Tell them Christ is willing and waiting to save them; but tell them also that if they will not have Christ and His salvation, they will have to make their bed in hell." Then, as if to give force to her words, she added, pointing with her finger to the fire, "What an awful thing it would be to be forced to lie down for ever so short a time in that fire, and to think that Christless souls *must* make their bed in *the lake of fire* for ever! Oh! tell them both sides."

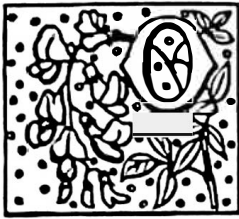
The meeting that night was held in an Independent chapel, and when I got there with the words of auld Ebbie burning in my soul, I found the place crowded and many unable to get in, so I stood in the doorway and delivered the Lord's message and auld Ebbie's message to the people within and the people without. It was a night of decision for some souls, and led to several such meetings.

If still unsaved, did you but realise in the faintest measure the awful reality of "*the wrath to come*," of what it will be for *you* to *dwell* with the devouring flame in "the everlasting burnings" (Isa. 33. 14), you would be on your knees before God asking the question, "What must I do to be saved?" (Acts 16. 31). You, no doubt, sincerely hope that such a condition will never be yours. Then you must have Christ. "There is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved" (Acts 4. 12). Why delay longer? God waits to save you. He "so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life" (John 3. 16). What, then, are you going to do? There are two great possibilities imminent. *Death* is on your track, and you may be cut down in your sins, or *the Lord Himself may return* to raise the dead saints and change the living ones in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, and together **THEY** will be caught up to meet the Lord in the air to be forever with Him (1 Thess. 4. 15-18).

What a destiny for saved sinners! Glory, glory, glory! What about the Gospel hearers and Christ rejecters who are left? Judgment, judgment, judgment! Oh! flee from the wrath to come.

A. S. R.

THE MESSAGE FROM THE MINE.



ON Wednesday night, 4th March, 1908, just as the men were about to begin work, a fire broke out near the bottom of the down shaft at Hamstead Colliery, Birmingham, by which a number of colliers were cut off. Two managed to get through, and were brought up at ten o'clock next morning in a semi-conscious condition. What a blessing to thus escape from the burning pit of sin! Happy miner Doulan to escape from the fire! May you also be delivered from the lake of fire!

The rest were beyond reach; but not, it was thought, beyond hope. A search party, wearing a special oxygen apparatus, tried to penetrate the dense smoke, but one of them, George Welsby, was overcome. Eager to reach the entombed men, he went too far, and, his oxygen being exhausted, he died practically the same death as those he sought to save. He who came into this sin-cursed world to save sinners was "made a curse for us" (Gal. 3. 13). "As it is appointed unto men once to die . . . so Christ was once offered to bear the sins of many" (Heb. 9. 27, 28). "He died a noble death," said Welsby's widow of her loved husband, and many sent wreaths to decorate his coffin. Would that men honoured Christ as readily. There is a day coming when "at the Name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in heaven, and things in earth, and things under the earth; and that every tongue should confess that He is Lord" (Phil. 2. 10, 11). Be wise and bow to Him now.

The fire below burned so furiously that it was impossible to reach the entrapped men until the air current was reversed. This necessitated the erection of a more powerful fan, which meant some days continuous work for hundreds of willing hands. In the meantime, anxious wives refused to leave the pit's mouth, while, from the King downward, thousands watched for news of the men below. "His Majesty is deeply anxious as to the fate of the imprisoned miners," such was King Edward's telegram to the mine; but what words can tell the yearning of the King of kings over sinners entrapped in the pit of sin? His cry was, "*I would, but ye would not.*"

Just a week after the accident all was ready for a renewed exploration, which resulted in fourteen bodies being found. Eleven of these were within a few yards of safety, near to doors leading into the return airway. Had they got through

The Message from the Mine.

these, the officials thought they might have escaped. Near a door of salvation may be a place of death.

“So near to the Kingdom! yet what dost thou lack?
So near to the Kingdom! what keepeth thee back?
Renounce ev’ry idol, though dear it may be,
And come to the Saviour now pleading with thee!”

Next day further search was made, resulting in a group of six more bodies being found, face downward, as if to avoid breathing the foul air. By the side of them was a board, and written in chalk:—“THE LORD PRESERVE US,” followed by the names of the six, and this message—“FOR WE ARE ALL TRUSTING CHRIST.” What a message from such a place under such circumstances! There was light in the darkness; the true light, the only light that could illuminate their gloom—“WE ARE ALL TRUSTING CHRIST.” This is what we above ground need to do.

“The salvation of the righteous is of the Lord: He is their strength in the time of trouble. And the Lord shall help them, and deliver them: He shall deliver them from the wicked and save them, because they *trust* in Him” (Psa. 37. 39, 40). Paul “trusted in Christ,” and said of the Ephesians: “In Whom ye also trusted, after that ye heard the word of truth, the gospel of your salvation: in Whom also after that ye *believed*, ye were sealed with that Holy Spirit of promise” (Eph. 1. 13).

One of the helpers conveyed to the wives the news of finding the six bodies, and the message—“WE ARE ALL TRUSTING CHRIST.” “That’s my husband,” said one woman; “it’s just what he would write.” And together they knelt in prayer. Can my friend, reading this, put his or her name in that “ALL”? If not, you are in another “all,” which says, “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). Go in low at the first “ALL” as a guilty sinner; “Behold the Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world” (John 1. 29), and walk out rejoicing at the last “ALL” saying, “The Blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from ALL sin” (1 John 1. 7). Do it *now*!

When I read the chalk message from the miners to my wife the morning it was published, she said: “That message is worth a hundred guineas,” and tears filled our eyes. Blessed are those who can truly say: “I AM TRUSTING CHRIST.” W. L.

SAVED AT PRESTWICK CROSS;

— OR, —

"SALVATION IS JUST TAKING GOD AT HIS WORD."



THE CROSS, PRESTWICK, AYRSHIRE.

"When the meeting was over, and an invitation given to an open-air meeting at the Cross, I went there with a Christian lady, for whose ministry and prayers I shall ever be debtor."

SAVED AT PRESTWICK CROSS.



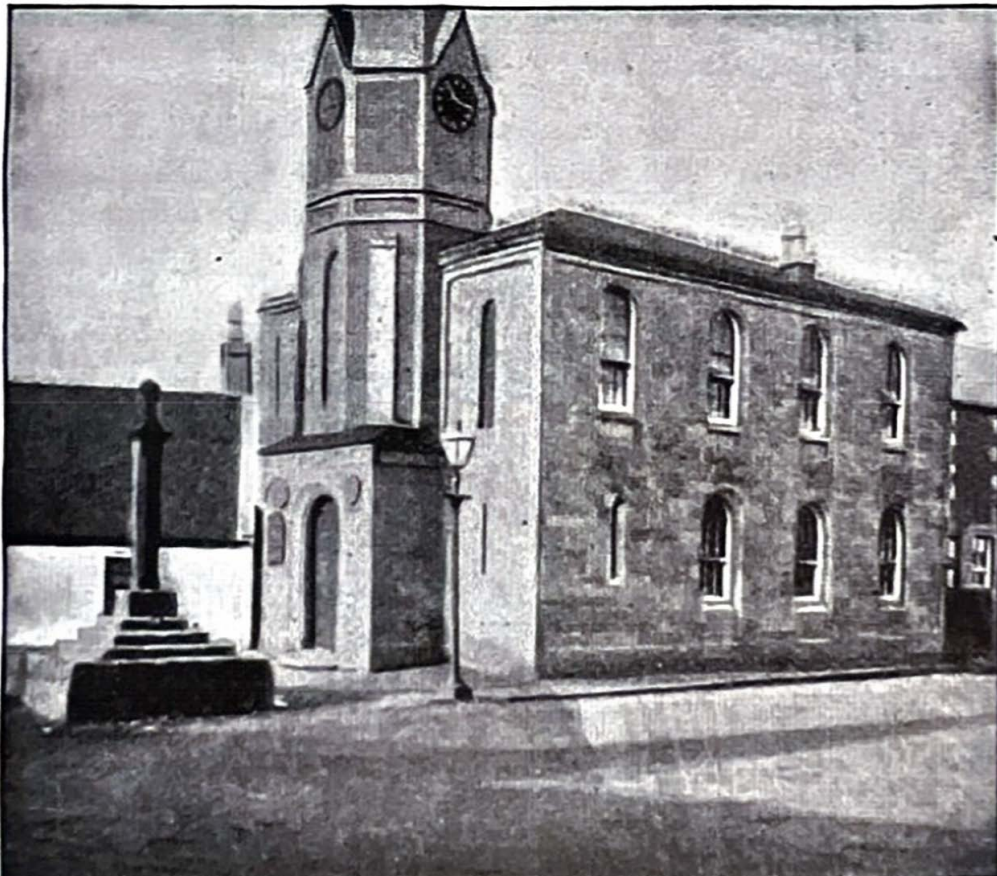
AT Prestwick Cross one night I made a great discovery. It was that I was heir to a kingdom, and I will tell you how I found it out, because more heirs are wanted, and you may be one of them. It was the first Sunday evening in September. I had been to the Gospel meeting in the Bute Hall, where I had heard the offer of a free and full salvation made to *all*, and had heard verse after verse quoted from God's Word to show that this is so. Four years before this the Spirit of God had made me feel that I was a sinner, and such a very great sinner did I see myself to be that I believed that there could be no heaven for me, that I should never again see my loved ones who had left me, saying that they were going to be with Jesus, and I was in darkness and deep despair. As the verses rang out from the speaker's lips—"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), "Come unto Me, *all* ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest" (Matt. 11. 28), "By Him *all* that believe are justified from all things" (Acts 13. 39), "Look unto Me, and be ye saved, *all* the ends of the earth: for I am God" (Isa. 45. 22), "He died for *all*" (2 Cor. 5. 15), "Who gave Himself a ransom for *all*" (1 Tim. 2. 6)—my despair began to give way to hope, and when the meeting was over, and an invitation given to an open-air meeting at the Cross, I went there with a Christian lady, for whose ministry and prayers I shall ever be debtor.

The speaker at the Cross said there might be someone present who was hoping to feel saved, and he warned his hearers that "feelings" had nothing to do with it, and that belief in God's Word was all-sufficient. In his address he told how Napoleon was one day reviewing his troops, when his horse became restive and might have unseated him, had not a young private stepped out from the ranks, seized the bridle, and quietened the animal. "Thanks, captain!" said the Emperor. Taking Napoleon at his word, the soldier questioned, "Of what regiment, sire?" Napoleon answered, "Of my own guards." "Salvation is like that," said he, "just taking God at His word." I heard no more. With one glad heart-cry, known only to God, I, with no merit, no works to plead, claimed salvation as offered in God's

Saved at Prestwick Cross.

Word, freely to *all*. There and then I said, "Yes," to Jesus. But my heart questioned me: "How shall I know that I am saved—that I am really a child of God?" Like an angel's whisper in my soul I heard the words: "As many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on His name: which were born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God" (John 1. 12, 13). Enough. I knew then that I was born again by simply believing God's Word, and a peace passing knowledge stole over my mind and heart as I left the open-air meeting, an heir to the kingdom of glory. I had received Jesus, and He had filled me with His love and joy unspeakable. He had made peace for me by His death on Calvary's tree, and I had obtained that peace by believing on Him (Rom. 5. 1).

Although sleep had been a stranger to me for long, that night I slept like a babe on its mother's bosom. I knew now that God loved me, and that I was safe. I had before



PRESTWICK CROSS, BURGH HALL, AND STEEPLE

Saved at Prestwick Cross.

believed that He hated me for my sinfulness, but now the terrors of the law had no dread for me. My Saviour's obedience unto death had covered all my transgressions. Next morning I awoke with His praises on my lips and His peace in my heart, and on the following day I confessed Christ as my own personal Saviour in my home circle. Although many times sorely tried and tested, searched out and tempted, His peace is with me still, and I know that He is faithful that promised. He cannot deny Himself.

The prince of this world is a hard master. He binds with chains and blinds his slaves. My Saviour comes to open the blind eyes and set the captives free. He is at your door now! Won't you let Him in? He waits to give you joy and blessing. Harken to His life-giving 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).

I. B. C.

THE CHRIST REJECTER'S END.



A MAN was dying in the town of Dunfermline. His agony was almost insupportable. Conscience was now sinking its scorpion sting into his soul, while memory was recalling sins he had committed. His obstinacy and guilt, his folly and rebellion, seemed to overwhelm him. Earnestly did my friend speak to him of the love of the Lord Jesus, urging him to neglect salvation no longer. Suddenly his eyes stared wildly in their sockets, and he shrieked, "When shall I meet God? When shall I meet God?" "James," was the reply, "if you don't meet Him now as a loving Father you will soon meet Him as an angry Judge. We are about to part never again to meet in Time, and I want to ask you solemnly this question, Have you accepted or rejected God's salvation?" He paused, and then screamed out, "I HAVE REJECTED! I HAVE REJECTED CHRIST!" An hour after this he passed into eternity without giving any evidence that he was saved. Unsaved reader, no longer despise God's pardon: no longer resist the Holy Spirit; no longer neglect the great salvation. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved" (Acts 16. 31). "Now is the accepted time; now is the day of salvation." A. M.

AMONG THE HOP PICKERS.

ONE Sunday morning two Christian men visited a company of hop pickers at their camp. The background of the scene was formed by sheds, at the doors of which many were washing. Curling smoke was rising from the



A FAMILY OF HOP PICKERS AT WORK.

fires kindled upon the ground for cooking purposes, and preparations for dinner seemed pretty general; some were cutting potatoes, and others making puddings, or getting ready the joints.

Choosing a spot where a number of felled trees would form seats for the congregation, and where the smoke would

Among the Hop Pickers.

not drive into the throats and eyes, the two visitors started an old Gospel song :

“ Behold ! behold the Lamb of God !
On the cross !
For us He shed His precious blood,
On the cross.”

Many drew near, and took their seats upon the logs as the singers continued—

“ Come, sinners, see Him lifted up,
On the cross.
He drinks for you the bitter cup,
On the cross.
The rocks do rend, the mountains quake,
While Jesus doth atonement make,
While Jesus suffers for our sake,
On the cross.”

This “ bell-ringing ” for service was evidently understood, for the stragglers gathered up, while many of the busy ones put down their work. Then came the last verse, which fully showed the singers' intention in coming there—

“ Where'er I go I'll tell the story
Of the cross ;
In nothing else my soul shall glory,
Save the cross.
Yes, this my constant theme shall be,
Through time and in eternity,
THAT JESUS TASTED DEATH FOR ME,
On the cross.”

There was silence for a moment, and then the younger man said: “ ‘ Jesus tasted death for me. ’ Not only can I sing these beautiful words, but I believe them. ‘ Jesus tasted death for me. ’ The Bible says, ‘ We see Jesus, who was made a little lower than the angels for the suffering of death, crowned with glory and honour ; that He by the grace of God should taste death for every man ’ (Heb. 2. 9). He died for sinners, and I know He died for me. None are left out ; God loves sinners. Now suppose,” he added, “ I saw some preparing dinner, others getting ready potatoes, others their meat, but none for me, how unhappy I should be ! But God's word of grace is for all. He says, ‘ Behold, I have prepared My dinner : My oxen and My fatlings are killed, and all things are ready : come ’ (Matt. 22. 4). ”

Such is the joyful message which has made glad the heart of many hop pickers. Has it made *you* glad ? W. L.

TRUSTING TO HIS OWN MERITS.

IN the summer of 1878 there was a blessed work of grace in the town of Kilmarnock. Many professed to accept of the Lord Jesus Christ as their Saviour from sin and death and hell. Amongst such was a respectable, upright, religious man of the name of Alexander Milligan. At the close of one of the meetings he was observed weeping. On being asked the cause of his grief, he replied: "Excuse me, sir, I never wept before in public." "What is the matter?"



DEAN CASTLE, KILMARNOCK.

inquired my fellow labourer. "Oh," said he, "I was a church member for twenty-five years, and have been *trusting to my own merits*. I was never saved till to-night. I NOW SEE THAT SALVATION IS OBTAINED THROUGH THE BLOOD OF JESUS."

"I am surprised," says one, "that any intelligent person should imagine that salvation is obtained in any other way." Most people in this country would contend for the scripture doctrine of salvation through the blood of Christ. Whilst doing so, they do not believe that the work which Christ accomplished is ENOUGH. It is one thing to believe that it

Trusting to His Own Merits.

was *necessary* for Christ to die on account of our sins, and it is another thing to believe that it was *sufficient*. God's Word reveals the fact that sinners are justified by faith *apart from works*. "To him that worketh is the reward not reckoned of grace, but of debt; but to him that **WORKETH NOT**, but believeth on Him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness" (Rom. 4. 4, 5). From this, and many other passages of Scripture, it is evident that salvation cannot be had on the ground of our deservings. The blood of Christ is sufficient on which to rest for eternity, and to add anything to it is to despise the grace of God. Multitudes to-day are endeavouring to *merit* His pardoning mercy—members of churches and chapels, earnest and sincere Sunday-school workers, but not regenerated.

For twenty-five long years Mr. Milligan expected to merit admission into the gloryland because of *his own merits*. Year after year he sat at the communion table, not knowing Him whom He professed to "remember" in the broken bread and outpoured wine. And during that quarter of a century he was eating and drinking judgment to his soul!

It is "by grace" that men are saved. And "grace" is God's free, unmerited favour. If our prayers, works, money, vows, or resolutions had anything whatever to do with procuring the favour of God, salvation would not be *all* of grace. "And if by grace, then is it no more of works; otherwise grace is no more grace: but if it be of works, then is it no more grace: otherwise work is no more work" (Rom. 11. 6).

Mr. Milligan was saved through faith in Him who paid the ransom for his deliverance with His precious blood. As you read these lines you may obtain like blessing. Because of the "finished" work of Christ, God's holy claims have been fully met, and now in perfect consistency with His character He is enabled to pardon righteously all who believe on His Son. The blood *secures*, and the word *assures*. "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin" (1 John 1. 7). May the language of your heart be that of the familiar lines:

"Nothing in my hand I bring;
Simply to Thy cross I cling;
Naked come to Thee for dress;
Helpless look to Thee for grace:
Vile, I to the fountain fly,
Wash me, Saviour, or I die."

"NEXT SUNDAY WEEK."

The daughter said: "NEXT SUNDAY WEEK I WILL GIVE MY HEART TO GOD."

The mother said: "IS MY DAUGHTER GONE TO HEAVEN?" What was the answer?



"ONE OF THE BEAUTY SPOTS OF WARWICKSHIRE."

"NEXT SUNDAY WEEK."



VER thirty years ago a friend of mine was preaching the gospel near one of the beauty spots of Warwickshire. One Sunday evening he took for his text the familiar yet little understood words of Christ, as contained in John 5. 24: "Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that heareth My Word, and believeth on Him that sent Me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation; but is passed from death unto life." As a result of the address a young woman was deeply convicted of sin, and remained for personal conversation. The evangelist sought to lead her into the light and liberty of the gospel by pointing her to the "Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world" (John 1. 29).

There seemed to be some hindrance to her accepting of Christ as her Saviour. The evangelist urged her to close with God's proffered mercy, but she seemed unwilling to yield to the strivings of the Holy Spirit. The gospeller besought her to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and she replied: "NOT TO-NIGHT. NOT TO-NIGHT." On leaving the meeting-room she said to Mr. A—: "NEXT SUNDAY WEEK I WILL GIVE MY HEART TO GOD." Seeing that she was bent on procrastinating, the preacher quietly replied: "By next Sunday week you may be dead and damned." Something seemed to be standing between the young woman and God, which she was unwilling to renounce. Perhaps that is the reason why the reader is unsaved. If so, how dreadful it is to allow anything to intervene between you and your eternal interests!

On the Saturday preceding the Sunday the young woman referred to, Mr. A— was asked to call at a cottage near to the Crown Hotel. The evangelist reached the place, and, on entering the house, found a number of young men dressed in black, and smoking tobacco pipes. As he gazed around the room he asked, "Why am I wanted here?" A grief-stricken woman, sobbing bitterly, sprang forward and exclaimed, "Is my daughter gone to heaven?" "Who is your daughter?" inquired Mr. A—. He was told that she was the young woman whom he had spoken to a few days previously. She had been suddenly seized with violent internal pains, and in great agony screamed, "LORD HAVE MERCY ON ME," and in less than five minutes she was called into eternity.

"Next Sunday Week."

The young men assembled in the room had been attending her funeral. "How sad!" says one. "How awfully sudden!" says another. Yes, indeed, it was sad and sudden. Little did the young woman imagine when she delayed the settling of the question of her soul's salvation on the Sunday night that she was so near eternity. Oh, the multitudes who are excusing themselves out of heaven, and perish in their sins through procrastination! They have no thought or intention of going to hell. They "intend" and "expect" to be saved sometime. The "god of this world"—Satan—is blinding them to their true condition.

The Word of God reveals the fact that every unsaved person is now *under condemnation*. "He that believeth on Him is not condemned, but he that believeth not is CONDEMNED ALREADY, because he hath not believed in the name of the only begotten Son of God" (John 3. 18). Unsaved reader, ponder the terrible fact that now, as you read these lines, you are "condemned already." The ground of your condemnation is the fact, that, though Christ died on Calvary to save you from unending woe, you do not believe on Him. You may think and say that you believe on the Lord Jesus, but if you are still unsaved you never *really* believed on Him. "*All that believe are justified from all things*" (Acts 13. 38, 39).

Delay no longer, for delays are dangerous. You may be *suddenly* cut down in your sins as a cumberer of the ground, and when you awake in an undone eternity you will never be able to forgive yourself. Then you will know that God loved you, that Christ died for you, that the Holy Spirit strove with you, that there was not a hairbreadth between you and salvation, and that no one was to blame but yourself! Why not *now* believe on the Lord Jesus and be saved for eternity? (Acts 16. 30, 31). Why not *now* believe on the Son of God, Who loved you and gave Himself for you, and obtain eternal life as a free gift and a present possession? "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). So long as you continue an unbeliever, the wrath of a holy God rests upon you. So long as you don't believe on Christ, you are guilty of the dreadful sin of calling God a *liar* (1 John 5. 10, 11).

"To-day, if ye will hear His voice harden not your hearts" (Heb. 3. 15). Look and live NOW. A. M.

"I CAN GO IN WITH THEM."



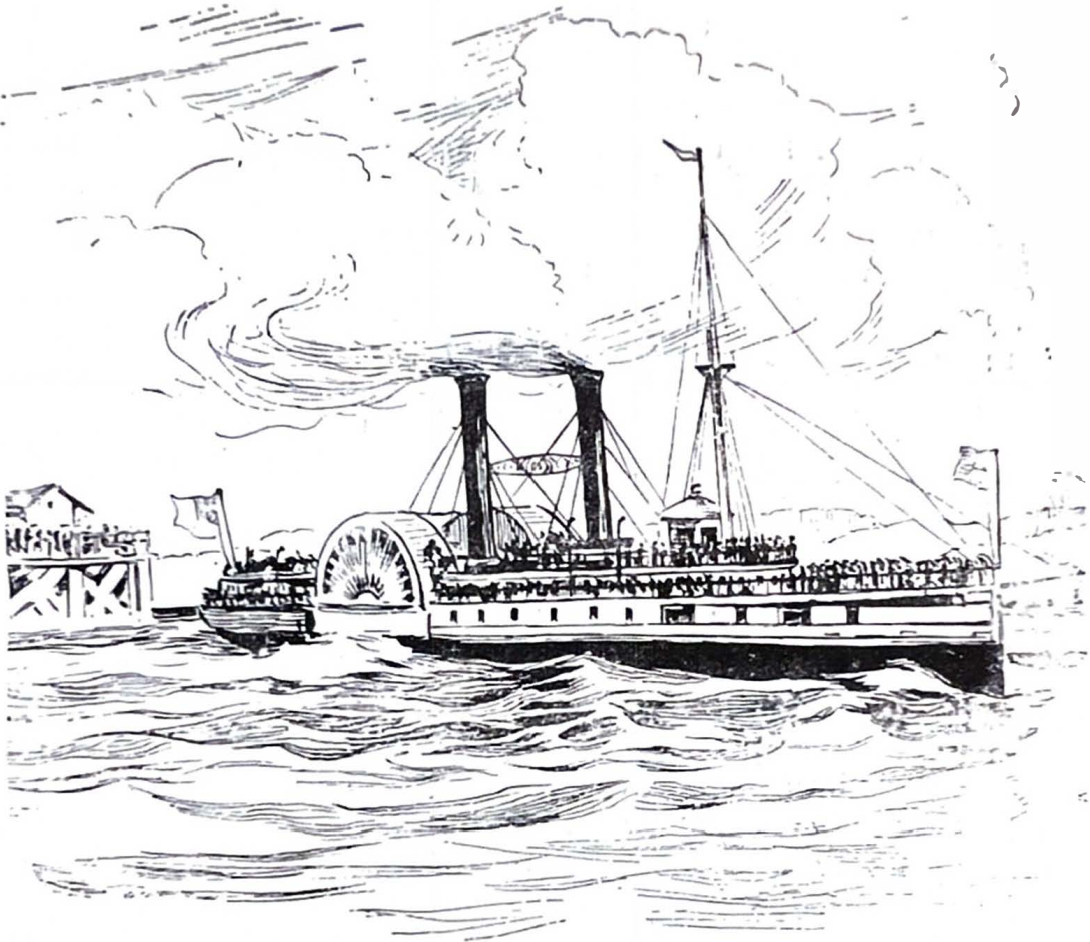
I HAVE read, said Mr. Spurgeon, of one who dreamed a dream when in great distress of mind about religion. He thought he stood in the outer court of heaven, and he saw a glorious host marching up, singing sweet hymns, and bearing the banners of victory. They passed by him through the gate, and he heard in the distance sweet strains of music.

"Who are they?" he asked. "They are the goodly fellowship of the *Prophets*, who have gone to be with God." He heaved a deep sigh, as he

said, "Alas! I am not one of them, and never shall be, and I cannot enter there." By-and-by there came another band, equally lovely in appearance, and equally triumphant, robed in white. They passed within the portals, and again were shouts of welcome heard. "Who are they?" "They are the goodly fellowship of the *Apostles*." "Alas!" he said, "I belong not to that fellowship, and I cannot enter there." He still waited, but the next multitude did not encourage him, for they were the noble army of *Martyrs*. He could not go with them, nor wave their palm branches. He waited still, and saw a company of *Preachers*, but he felt he could not go in with them.

At last, as he walked, he saw a larger host than all the rest put together, marching and singing most melodiously, and in front walked the woman that was a sinner, and the thief that died upon the cross. He looked long, and saw there Manasseh, and the like; and when they entered, he could see who they were, and he thought, "There will be no shouting about them." But to his astonishment, it seemed as if all heaven was rent with sevenfold shouts as they passed in. And the angels said to him, "These are they that are MIGHTY SINNERS, SAVED BY MIGHTY GRACE." And then he said, "Blessed be God! *I can go in with them.*" And so he awoke. Will you enter the portals as "a sinner saved by grace"?

SHORT-LIVED PLEASURES.



THE yearly return of the 24th of May brings to not a few of the residents of London, Ontario, and vicinity, sad recollections of a dreadful calamity that befell them in the year 1881, whereby many of their loved ones were swept into eternity. It was the anniversary of Queen Victoria's birthday, and as the sun rose warm and clear that morning, many looked forward with bright anticipation to a day of unmixed pleasure. To some the city had its attractions, others took the early trains in order that they might spend the day with friends in some of the neighbouring towns and villages, and, again, others found an attraction in the pure fresh air of a little summer resort a few miles down the River Thames.

A small steamer, the *Victoria*, plied up and down the river, carrying pleasure seekers, and did that day a busy trade. About 5 o'clock the boat that was to take them home reached the wharf, the gangway was laid, and the surging mass began to crowd on board, each one eager to get a place. The protests of the captain and the crew were

Short-lived Pleasures.

in vain, and soon the little vessel was overcrowded, the gangway withdrawn, and the homeward trip began. It was a heavy load, and the boat swayed considerably as the people moved from side to side to escape the water that from time to time laved over the edge of the lower deck.

The orders of the captain that they should be quiet were unheeded, the excitement rose higher, and the swaying of the boat became more perceptible, until with a sudden lurch it rolled over, the stanchions supporting the upper deck gave way, and the panic-stricken multitude were CAST INTO THE RIVER. Wounded and insensible, many of them sank at once to the bottom; others made desperate efforts to escape to the shore, some of them succeeding; others, becoming exhausted, sank, in many cases dragged down by drowning ones, thus multiplying the number of the dead.

Later on there might have been seen stretched out on the grass that lined the river's bank nearly two hundred men, women and children, called from the midst of holiday pleasure into the presence of a holy and heart-searching God.

What a picture of earthly pleasure! And how solemn it is! Had you been one of the number, where would your soul be now? "Be not deceived, God is not mocked, for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap" (Gal. 6. 7). Many are going on in a haphazard way, waiting for a "convenient season," which, alas! never comes, and hoping for an indefinite "*something*," which they trust will happen in order to take them safely through the ordeal of meeting God when they die, forgetting the Lord Jesus has said: "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God" (John 3. 3.) Listen to those words that came from His blessed lips when down here: "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). Then we have His own loving invitation: "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest" (Matt. 11. 28); and His assurance, "Him that cometh to Me, I will in no wise cast out" (John 6. 37). Come, then, as you are! Come now! but *come to Jesus!* It may be your last opportunity. To-morrow the day of grace may be closed forever, and you be shut out. Myriads will be praising the Lamb, but multitudes will be shut out from that glory and shut up in "the blackness of darkness forever." Soon Time will be no more, and Eternity begun. T. D. W. M.

ARE YOU A CHRISTIAN?



"OF course I'm a Christian as much as you. I'm not a Jew, a Turk, or an infidel."

"But, my friend, there are two kind of Christians—real Christians and nominal Christians, true and false, professors and possessors, dead formalists, and those who have 'passed from death unto life,' and 'have believed to the saving of the soul.' Which are *you*?—(1) A SHAM, A COUNTERFEIT, OR (2) A REAL, TRUE CHRISTIAN?"

"Well, I daresay I am as good as most, though I don't set up to be over pious; and I tell you what it is, I don't believe in canting humbugs, and those folks who make such a parade of their religion. Many of those who *talk* so much and make such a loud profession are the biggest scoundrels on earth. For my

part, I believe in doing as you would be done by, and I keep my religion to myself. In my opinion, a man can be just as good at home as in a place of worship, and if he does his best, and says his prayers, he can't be far wrong, and will turn up all right at last."

"Well, my friend, I agree with you in hating cant and hypocrisy; but I tell you plainly that, if you have no better idea of what it is to be a Christian than you have just expressed, *you are no true believer on the Lord Jesus at all.*"

"I tell you I *am* a Christian. I am a church member, I have been baptised and confirmed, I take the sacrament regularly, am a Sunday-school teacher, and a teetotaler. I pay my way, and do all the good I can. What more do you want?"

"It is no matter what *I* want; but *God* says that 'except your righteousness shall exceed the righteousness of the Scribes and Pharisees, ye shall in no case enter into the kingdom of heaven' (Matt. 5. 20). Have you ever seen yourself a LOST SINNER?"

"No; I hope I am not lost."

"Then Christ is not *your* Saviour; for He came 'to seek

Are You a Christian?

and to save that which was *lost*' (Luke 19. 10). Have you kept the whole law?"

"I've done the best I can, but of course no one is perfect."

"But the Word of God says: 'Whosoever shall keep the whole law, and yet offend in *one* point, he is guilty of *all*' (James 2. 10). 'By the law is the knowledge of sin.'"

"Well, according to that, every one must be lost."

"Exactly so! That is just what I want you to see—all the world is 'become guilty before God,' and 'by the deeds of the law there shall no flesh be justified in His sight' (Rom. 3. 19, 20). Your church-membership, sacrament-taking, teetotalism, honesty, charity, and all your good works go for *nothing* as far as meriting salvation is concerned; they are only '*filthy rags*' in God's sight. So you see you are no Christian at all, except outwardly and in name."

"But I believe in Christ."

"So do the devils; for it says, 'The devils also believe and tremble'" (James 2. 19).

"Well, what more can one do? What must I do to be saved?"

"Is that *your* question? Are you really anxious? Do you see that you are guilty, ruined, helpless, LOST?"

"I do see that I want something which I haven't got; for I must confess I should not be satisfied to die as I am. I know I am not what I ought to be; and yet I try hard to be good."

"Let me advise you then, instead of trying any more, just to give up, and own to God that you *are lost*. For if you do not want to be LOST FOR EVER, you must own that you are lost now; and if you do, you will find that Christ is a Saviour for you, because He came to save the *lost* (Matt. 18. 11). If you are really anxious to be saved, and cry out, like the Philippian jailer, 'What must I do to be saved?'—receive the answer God sent to him, as God's answer to *you*: 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and *thou* shalt be saved, and thy house' (Acts 16 31). Come now to Him. Believe on Him and He *will* save you. Hear His promise: '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). But do not call yourself a Christian until you can truthfully say, 'CHRIST IS MINE, AND I AM HIS!'" E.B.C

THE BANK MANAGER'S DELIVERANCE ;

— OR, —

"IS IT POSSIBLE THAT ETERNAL LIFE IS A FREE GIFT ?
AND I HAVE BEEN WORKING SO HARD TO PROCURE IT !"



"MR. CARSON READ IT SLOWLY AND DELIBERATELY."

"The lad said to him, 'Uncle Willie, let us cross the street.' On doing so, they halted in front of the text. Mr. Carson read it slowly and deliberately."

THE BANK MANAGER'S DELIVERANCE.



R. CARSON was a bank manager in a country town, on the shores of Lake Ontario, Canada. Although a good-hearted man of the world, and a nominal member of the Church of England, Mr. Carson was a stranger to grace and to God. During a visit to Montreal he was the guest of his sister, whose husband was an official in the same Banking Institution as himself. On a wall on the opposite side of the road from the Ritualistic Church, which Mr. Carson's relations attended, a text of Scripture was placarded. A Christian merchant, desirous that God's Word should be brought before the Roman Catholic citizens of that commercial centre, had portions of Scripture printed in large bold type, and posted in the leading thoroughfares. One word of the poster caught Mr. Carson's eye, and troubled him greatly. It was the word "DEATH" occurring in Romans 6. 23. The text was printed very distinctly in bold black letters, and was about three feet long, and two feet wide, with a deep black border, as follows:—

**THE WAGES OF SIN IS DEATH,
BUT THE GIFT OF GOD IS ETERNAL LIFE
THROUGH JESUS CHRIST OUR LORD.**

Death to Mr. Carson at that time was the "King of Terrors." He tried to banish the thought, but was unable to do so. "The wages of sin is *death*"; "The wages of sin is *death*," rang in his ear, and pierced his soul. He instinctively felt that the words were the voice of the living God to him, and he had to listen. He knew that he was a sinner, but did not know till then the magnitude of his guilt. He saw that he was lost and helpless, hurrying to the bar of a holy and righteous God, and feared lest he might be cut down in his sins, and be ushered into a Christless eternity. Ofttimes he has said, "If ever a man had a glimpse of hell, it was I."

Mr. Carson knew that "all have sinned and come short of the glory of God" (Rom. 3. 23); that, "the soul that sinneth it shall die" (Ezek. 18. 20). Conscious of the fact, that he had sinned against light and love, he trembled at the

The Bank Manager's Deliverance.

terrible doom that awaited him. Immediately he commenced trying to save himself. Earnestly and fervently he sought to work himself into the favour of God by extra church-going, alms-giving, praying, and religious observances. Supposing that forgiveness of sins was obtained by good works, he strove to merit God's pardoning mercy. Perhaps it will be better to describe in his own words his experience at that time, by giving an extract from a letter received by me. "I fasted," he says, "till I could barely walk. Day after day during the 'Lenten' season of the church of England, I walked early in the morning, without breakfast, to a Ritualistic church to take the morning sacrament, thinking that by so doing I would obtain peace. I fasted the rest of the day, and prayed so earnestly and so long that I am surprised I did not break down. I gave away my money, and did everything a deceitful heart and a false system suggested, until, worn out and discouraged, I almost gave up in despair. I wonder how I stood the agony and pain, both of mind and body, which I endured day after day. and week after week. I feel certain that it was the Holy Spirit who sustained me during that severe ordeal. He was teaching me the plague of my own heart, and for some wise purpose was showing me the utter futility of forms, sacraments, and religious ordinances in obtaining God's favour."

The more Mr. Carson toiled to save himself, the more miserable and wretched he became. He did not then know that God desired him to cease his struggles and efforts, and accept eternal life as a "free gift." "To him that worketh is the reward not reckoned of grace, but of debt; but to HIM THAT WORKETH NOT, BUT BELIEVETH ON HIM THAT JUSTIFIETH THE UNGODLY, HIS FAITH IS COUNTED FOR RIGHTEOUSNESS" (Rom. 4. 4, 5).

On a lovely spring morning Mr. Carson, with a sad and weary heart, was returning from church in company with his little nephew. The lad said to him, "Uncle Willie, let us cross the street." On doing so, they halted in front of the text to which reference has already been made. Mr. Carson read it slowly and deliberately: "THE WAGES OF SIN IS DEATH, BUT THE GIFT OF GOD IS ETERNAL LIFE, THROUGH JESUS CHRIST OUR LORD."

As his eye caught the latter part of the Scripture: "But the gift of God is eternal life, through Jesus Christ our Lord," the soul-saving truth of the Gospel shone into his darkened soul. Throwing up his hands, he exclaimed, "My God, is it possible

The Bank Manager's Deliverance.

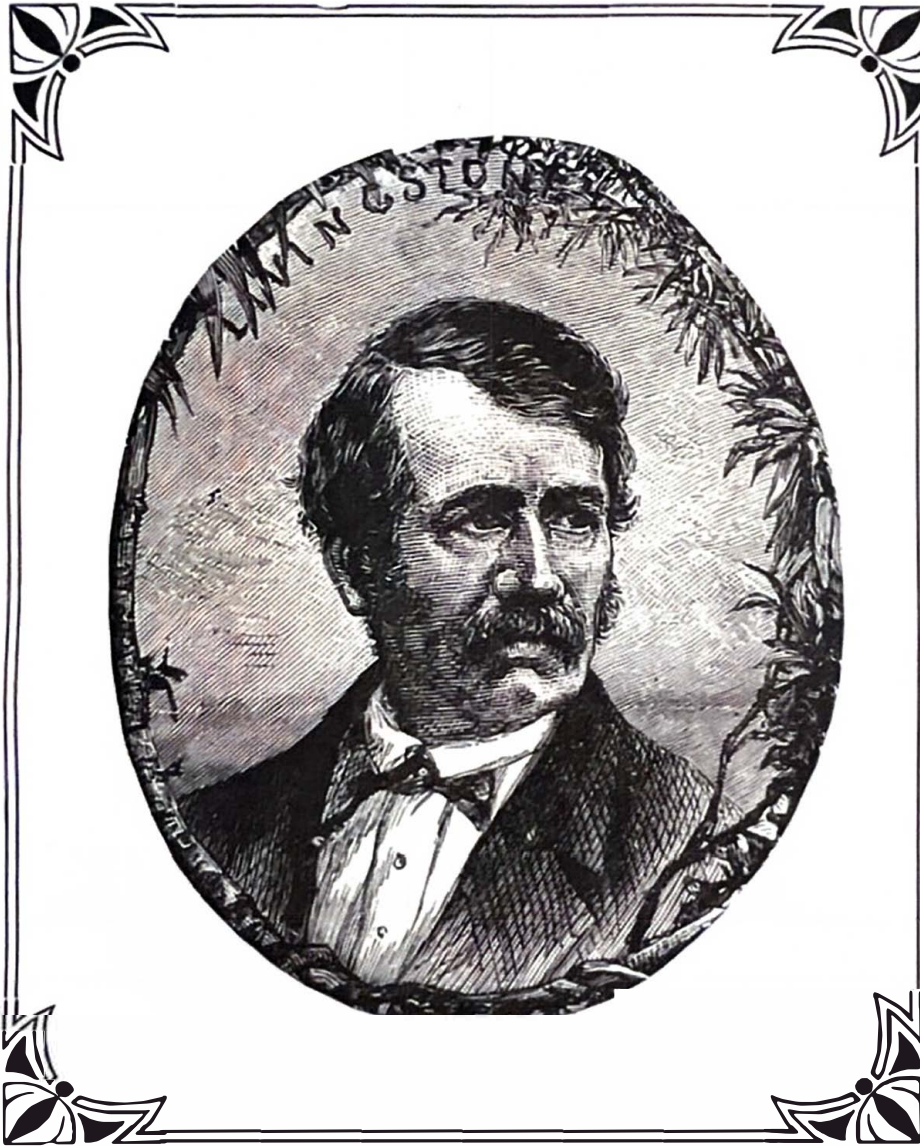
that eternal life is a free gift? and I have been working so hard to procure it!" In a moment he perceived that Christ by His sin-atonement sacrifice, had settled the sin question, and procured for him eternal life; and by believing on Him who did it all and paid it all, he was saved.

When Mr. Carson discovered that God had given to him eternal life, and saved him with an everlasting salvation, he immediately hastened to his sister's house, pulling his nephew behind him. On reaching his room he fell on his knees, and gave thanks to God for plucking him as a brand from the everlasting burnings. At the contemplation of his life of sin and folly, ingratitude, and rebellion; of God's amazing love in giving Christ to die in his room and stead, his heart overflowed in praise and thanksgiving. In the freshness and joyousness of "first love," he made the following resolution: "Henceforth, I shall devote my life, my heart, my strength, my all, to the proclamation of the gospel, which has been God's power to the salvation of my soul." And sitting down at the table, he wrote out his resignation as Manager of the — Bank, at —, and forwarded it a few days later to the head office. Constrained by divine love, he commenced to tell to others the "glad and glorious Gospel." For more than thirty years Mr. Carson has been engaged in this blessed work, and we have heard him in England, Canada, and the United States telling the story of his conversion to God.

Whatever you are, or have been, you may now obtain eternal life as a "free gift" from God. Don't try to purchase it, for it cannot be earned by good works, prayers, penitence, penance, or sacraments. Perfect satisfaction has been made by the Lord Jesus to the injured honour of the divine character and government. Because of His glorious atonement, you are now invited and entreated to be reconciled to God (2 Cor. 5. 20, 21). What the Lord Jesus Christ did at Calvary's cross is ENOUGH. God is satisfied with His finished work, and He desires that you should be satisfied with that which satisfies Him. Cease looking within or around. Look to Jesus, "Who His own self bare our sins in His own body on the tree . . . by whose stripes ye were healed" (1 Peter 2. 24). Believe in His mighty love to you, and you will be able to say, "GOD LOVED, GOD GAVE, I BELIEVE, AND I HAVE EVERLASTING LIFE." Then you will join Mr. Carson in praise to the God of all grace, in words which he frequently quotes: "THANKS BE UNTO GOD FOR HIS UNSPEAKABLE GIFT." A. M.

DAVID LIVINGSTONE'S CONVERSION.

IN the year 1813, two years before the memorable Battle of Waterloo, there was born in Blantyre, Lanarkshire, Scotland, one who was destined in after years to become distinguished, wherever the English language is spoken.



DR. LIVINGSTONE, AFRICAN EXPLORER AND MISSIONARY.

It was when he was in or about his twentieth year that there took place the important spiritual crisis in the heart and life of David Livingstone, which gave birth to the experience which lay at the foundation of the distinguished missionary career that afterwards made him famous the wide world over. Before reaching that point in his life he

David Livingstone's Conversion.

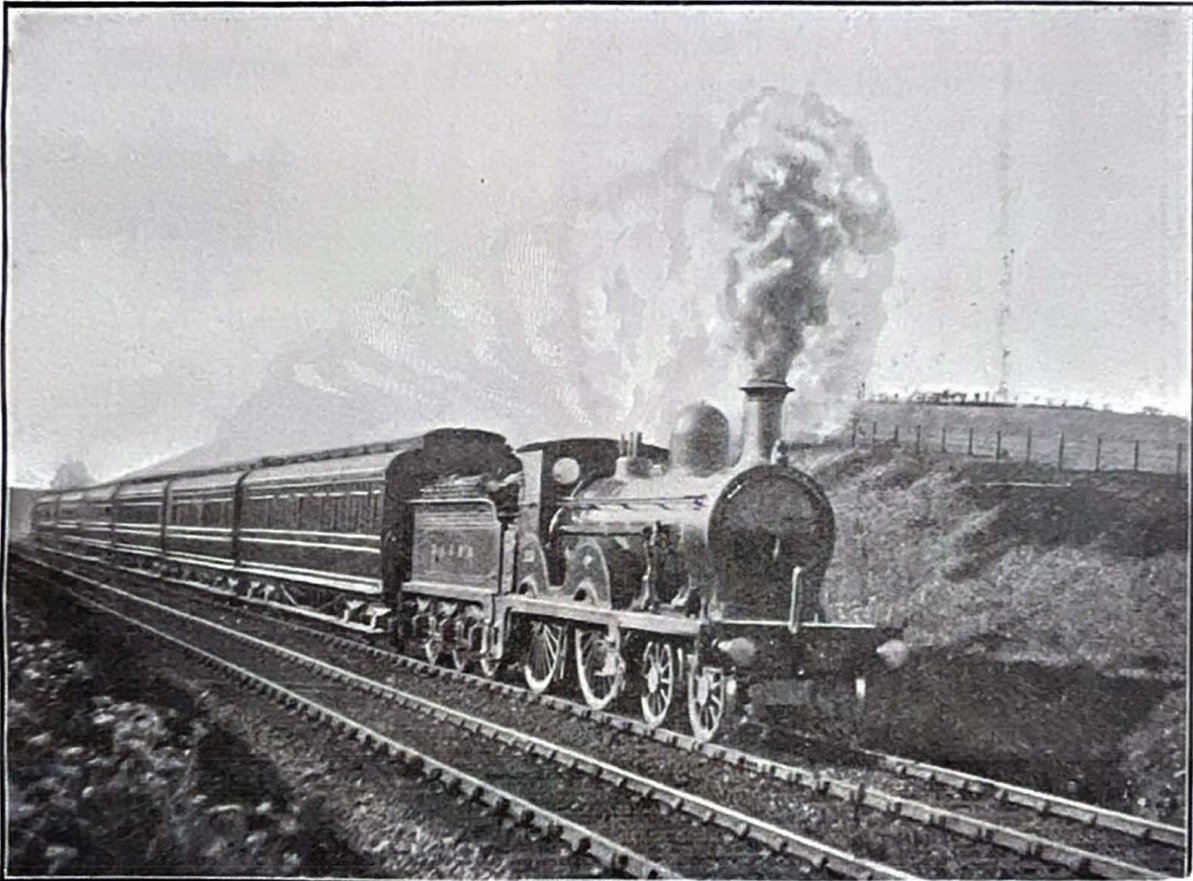
had often had times of serious thought as to his spiritual welfare, which he could scarcely escape having had, in view of the fact that he had been brought up in a godly home and "in the nurture and admonition of the Lord." Very much care had been taken by his parents in regard to his Scriptural instruction. They had been at great pains to set before him the doctrines of the Christian faith, so that with his mind full of Gospel precepts and promises, the idea of a full, free, and present salvation through the atoning work of our Lord Jesus Christ was, in theory at least, easily enough received by him. It came quite natural to him to give assent to the things he had learned from a child up, but when the years of his young manhood began to gather round him he was led very urgently to feel the need of a personal and vital interest in the salvation which had been provided through Christ's atoning death. A sense of unworthiness, however, stood in his way, as it has stood in the way of many another seeking soul. He looked within for some ground of hope, but all such research only added to his despair, for in the flesh there dwelleth no good thing. Instead of looking off unto Jesus the Author and Finisher of salvation, in whom all merit is to be found, he looked for merit within, where it never can be found, and in consequence met with nothing but disappointment.

But after a time his fruitless endeavours ceased, and gave place to saving faith; he "believed on the Lord Jesus Christ" and was "saved" (Acts 16. 31). Discovering his error of trying to obtain salvation on any other ground than that of free grace, and finding the rest of soul that he had longed for in Calvary's ransom price, the desire from thenceforth possessed him to show his gratitude and love to the Saviour who had done so much for him by enlisting his energies in His service.

On receiving a revelation from Christ, the great missionary of apostolic times said: "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" So with Dr. Livingstone, whose long, useful career as a missionary is a matter of public knowledge, and need not be rehearsed even in the briefest form here. He rests from his labours and his works do follow him. His remains repose in Westminster Abbey, where rest the remains of many of the great, but among them all there is not one greater than David Livingstone, the B'antyre factory lad, Africa's truest friend—a sinner saved by grace. J. C.

"NO ONE CAN BE CERTAIN OF THAT."

WHILE travelling in a railway carriage in the south of Scotland, I began to distribute some Gospel books amongst my fellow-passengers. A tall, stout man, sitting opposite me, while reading the one I had given him, shouted aloud: "And he was quite right." I asked what he meant. Holding the book in his hand he replied: "The man spoken of here, when asked if his sins were forgiven, replied that no one could be certain of that, and I believe he was right."



A GLASGOW AND SOUTH-WESTERN RAILWAY EXPRESS.

I remarked that that was only his opinion, and he might be wrong. "Oh! but," said he, "no man living knows that he is saved, and I don't care how good he is, he cannot be certain of it on this side of the grave." "Surely you don't believe God's Word." "Oh, yes, I believe every verse of it, from Genesis to Revelation."

Opening my Bible I read: "These things have I written unto you that believe on the Name of the Son of God, that YE MAY KNOW that ye have eternal life" (1 John 5. 13). "You say, 'No one can know,' and God plainly says in His

"No one can be certain of that."

Word, 'Ye may know,' whether should I believe you or God?" Immediately he burst out saying, "I don't care what you say, we can never be certain about it till we die; we must just do what we can, and hope for the best." "Friend," I replied, "I am sorry that you don't believe what God has said." "But I do believe the Bible." "Does K-N-O-W read H-O-P-E in your version?" To this he made no remark, excepting that no one could *know*, and that it was "great presumption" in any one "going the length" of saying he was saved. I replied that if what he said was correct, he would require to get a pair of scissors and cut out the following scriptures—(1) "I write unto you, little children, *because your sins are forgiven you* for His Name's sake" (1 John 2. 12). The Apostle John states that the sins of those to whom he was writing were forgiven. If the apostle knew this, they surely knew it themselves. (2) "*We know* that we have passed from death unto life" (1 John 3. 14). John does not say, "I who have attained to such holiness know," but "*We know.*" They knew it. They did not hope that this great change would take place. They knew it had taken place. (3) "*We are always confident*" (2 Cor. 5. 6). Paul did not say, "It is great presumption in any one to be confident"; nor did he say, "I who am so nearly perfect am confident," but, "*We are always confident.*" My fellow-traveller listened to the scriptures and my remarks on them, but declared that he would still hold to his opinion that "No one could be certain."

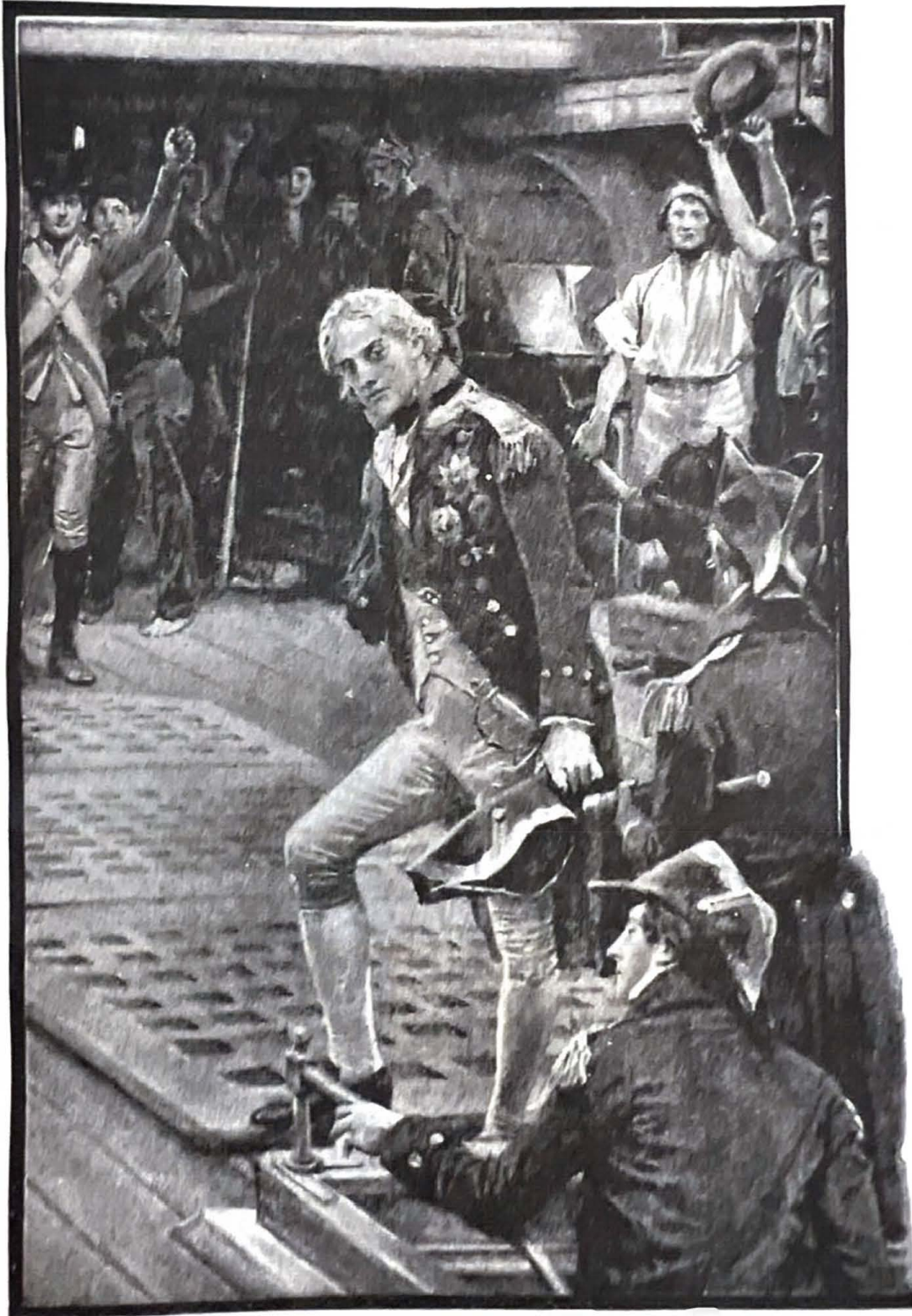
Have you hitherto imagined that no one could be sure of his sins being forgiven while here on earth? If so, lay aside your "thoughts" and "opinions," and believe God's Word. Whether will you believe God or man? "Tell me how I can be sure of it," I hear one ask. You can only know it through believing what God has said in His Word. You can *know* it, and *know it now*, as you read these lines. You and I deserved to die eternally on account of our sins, but Christ died for us. The punishment that we merited He took. "He was wounded for our transgressions; He was bruised for our iniquities"; and now Jehovah declares, "By Him *all that believe* are justified" (Acts 13. 39). "He that believeth on the Son *hath* everlasting life" (John 3. 36). Don't wait for any "experience" or "feeling," but rest your soul on the bare Word of God, and you will *know* (not "feel") that you are saved and be certain about it.

A. M.

A TRUE FRIEND:

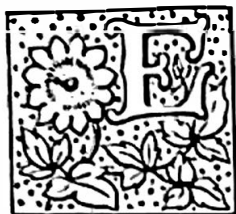
OR,

"IT WAS A DARING THING TO DO, BUT IT PROVED THE REALITY
OF HIS FRIENDSHIP"



NELSON AND HARDY AT TRAFALGAR.

A TRUE FRIEND.



EVERYONE will agree that it is a downright good thing to have a real and true friend—one in whom you may always trust, who will stand by you at all times, and never play you false. Such a friend is well worth having. Now, I can introduce you to a Friend of this kind. He will never deceive you, and upon Him you may always safely depend. The Book which never lies says: "He sticketh closer than a brother" and "loveth at all times," and those who know Him best are the readiest to bear witness to the fact that all the Bible says of Him is true. His name is JESUS. This is the Friend in whom I glory, and it would be well if He were the boast of every one who reads this page. Yes, Jesus is the Friend of whom I write, and the Friend whom you need; in every walk of life you need Him, whether, so to speak, you ship behind the mast or walk the quarter-deck, whether your responsibilities are great or small, your trials heavy or light, you cannot get on aright without Him.

The most successful life is a stupendous failure, when judged in the light of Eternity, if it is lived without the Lord Jesus Christ. But He is not only indispensable to you, He is all-sufficient—fully equal to every emergency in which you may find yourself.

Now, do not turn away as though He were not worthy of your notice, or the time will come when you will heartily wish you knew Him. When will that be? When the hollow shams that please you now have ceased to be, and you are confronted with the tremendous realities of the vast Forever, and the reason why it would be well for you to know Him at that supreme moment is because He is greater than all that could make you afraid then.

He is greater than your sins, greater than the judgment they deserve, greater than the power of death, the grave, and Satan; in short, we who know Him proclaim Him to be the greatest and most blessed Person in God's universe. Well, if He is greater than all these terrible things, He is surely greater than this world, more glorious than its greatest glory, more powerful than its utmost might; He is greater than your foes and trials, and, being so, is the very Saviour and Friend you need.

How happy is the portion of those who belong to the Lord Jesus! He is sufficient in every time of need. His

A True Friend.

power and grace are ever put forth on their behalf, for He is at all times true to them.

An incident from the life of Lord Nelson may in some sort of a way illustrate for us the unfailing love and friendship of the Saviour. It is well known that Nelson had a strong and life-long affection for his lieutenant, Hardy. On one occasion this affection was put severely to the test. Nelson was then Commodore, and his flag flew from the mast of the frigate *Minerve*. On Feb. 11, 1797, he left Gibraltar to join the fleet under the command of Sir John Jervis.

Nelson had no sooner weighed anchor than he perceived two Spanish battleships moving in pursuit of him, the foremost of which was gaining upon him. As the *Minerve* was inferior in size and equipment to the Spanish vessels, all sails were set to get out of their reach. At this moment a sailor fell overboard, and Hardy, who had just been released from Spanish captivity, leaped into a boat with a party of men to attempt a rescue. Their efforts proved useless, and they sought to regain their ship, but the current was against them, and then to their consternation they found that the foremost Spanish ship was now within gun-shot. It was also evident that if Nelson waited to pick them up his ship would be overtaken, and run the risk of being destroyed or captured. He took in the situation at a glance, and at once decided to take the risk of saving his friend. "I will not lose Hardy," he exclaimed; "back the mizzen topsail." At once the *Minerve's* course was changed, and she began to drift towards Hardy, and in the direction of the Spanish ship *Terrible*. Now was the Spaniards' opportunity to avenge themselves upon Nelson, and he fully expected an engagement, and prepared his ship for action.

But the Dons feared his prowess, and were utterly taken by surprise at this daring manœuvre, so much so that the *Terrible* shortened sail in order to allow her companion to come up before commencing an attack. This gave Nelson the time he desired. He was able to save Hardy from falling into the hands of the Spaniards again, and, setting his studding sails, he got clear away from the foe. It was a daring thing to do, but it proved the reality of his friendship. He risked his ship, his reputation, his liberty, and his life in order to stand by his friend and save him from his perilous surroundings, and I am sure that Hardy would never doubt the sincerity of Nelson's love to him after such a test.

A True Friend.

But let us think for a moment of the constancy and love of the Lord Jesus Christ. It was said of Him, when here on earth, He is the friend of publicans and sinners; and verily, though this was said in bitter derision, He has gained for Himself this title—gained it by proving the reality of His love. It was written in olden days: "If a man would have friends he must show himself friendly"; and truly the Son of God has shown Himself to be friendly, in order that He might gain friends. He could say, "Greater love hath no man than this—that a man lay down his life for his friends." This is what He did, and, having done it, He offers Himself to all. You—yes, even you—may accept Him, you may trust in Him as your Saviour; then you will prove how great a Friend He is. You will be able to sing:

"I have found a Friend in Jesus,
Oh, how He loves!"

And His love will never change. Having saved you, He will care for you all the way home. It is true that Christians have many foes in this world. Satan desires to harm them, and hates them bitterly because they belong to Christ; but he cannot destroy them, for Jesus has said of them: "They shall never perish; neither shall any pluck them out of My hand." Nor need we fear the foe, for our Lord Jesus Christ has also said, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." And He is greater than all our foes. He proved His greatness by overcoming them all upon the cross.

He did not merely risk the conflict with the foes in order to save sinners. He met them in stern battle, and, by dying Himself, has gained the victory, and He has now risen triumphantly from the grave. He is the conqueror, His right hand has gotten Him the victory, and the Christian can say, "I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me." His name and glory and word are all pledged to bring you to the harbour of heaven in perfect safety. The foe shall not again enslave you, because you belong to Him; but if you are not His, if you cannot say, "I am His and He is mine for ever and for ever," your danger is most terrible. Oh, that your eyes may be opened to see it, that you may discover your sinfulness and the need of this Saviour; then you will turn to Him, and turning to Him, you will prove Him to be a present and eternal Saviour, "a Friend that loveth at all times, a Brother born for adversity." J. T. M.

"GOD LOVES YOU."



AT the close of a Gospel address I went up and spoke to a young man whom I thought seemed to be impressed by the preaching, but I soon found out that he had not heard a word, for he was deaf and dumb. However, I was not hindered by that difficulty, for knowing a little of their language, I just told him the words at the head of this paper, "God loves you." He looked at me with a vacant stare, and shaking his head, he replied in the same manner, "No, no! I don't believe it; I know He hates me." "However can you say so?" I asked. "I went to church, and the minister gave an address, which was interpreted to us, and he said that 'God would forever cast us into hell if we did not live holy lives and keep His holy commandments,' and ever since then I have not opened a Bible, I was so afraid, and of course I never went again."

"What did you come here for; you could not hear anything?" "I don't know why I came." "Shall I tell you," I asked. "If you know, you can." "Well, doubtless you were drawn by an unseen influence, that you might *know* that God's love is world-wide, therefore *God loves you!*" "I wish I did know it," he said. Taking up a Bible I turned him to John 3. 16, that grand old verse which has

"God Loves You."

brought peace to thousands—"For *God so loved the world*, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." The light seemed to shine in little by little, but still there was a kind of dread, and so turning to many other scriptures which spoke of God's love, I at last pointed him to 1 John 4. 17, 19: "Herein is our love made perfect, that we may have boldness in the day of judgment: because as He is, so are we in this world." "We love Him, because *He first loved us.*"

Again and again he read them, and the change in his countenance was wonderful, and taking his note-book out he wrote all the passages, and after bidding "good-bye," he said: "I see it all now, and although dumb, I can praise God for loving *me*, and Jesus for dying *for me.*"

God loves you, and has shown that love in giving His Son to die for you. He delights *not* in the death of the sinner (1 Tim. 2. 4). If He did, there would have been no need for the Lord Jesus to die. I want *you* to understand this, and to make no mistake about it, that *God loves you*. Now, give Him credit for it by just owning yourself as a sinner unworthy of such wondrous love, and let that draw you to Himself, and then you can thank and praise Him, for He will fill your heart with love to Him.

"Best of blessings He'll provide you,
Nought but good shall e'er betide you,
Safe to glory He will guide you—
Oh, how He loves!"

F. H. D.

"AS GOOD AS MY NEIGHBOURS."

WHENEVER I hear anyone say, "I am as good as my neighbours," I at once conclude that something is materially wrong. Those who think themselves "as good as their neighbours" have never got a sight of themselves, else they would have discovered their own heart to be "deceitful above all things and desperately wicked" (Jer. 17. 9). I never heard a truly converted person say, "I am as good as my neighbours."

Job said, "Behold I am vile" (Job 40. 4). Isaiah cried, "Woe is me! for I am undone, because I am a man of unclean lips" (Isa. 6. 5). Peter confessed, "I am a sinful man" (Luke 5. 8). While Paul, so far from thinking himself as good as his neighbours, considered himself the "chief of sinners" (1 Tim. 1. 15). Where do you stand?

CAN WE HAVE THE ASSURANCE OF SALVATION?



IT is surprising how many intelligent persons there are who imagine that it is impossible to be assured of salvation. Again and again we have been told that "no one can know" that he is saved until the "great day." When testifying to the grace of God in saving we have been charged with "presumption."

As most who read these lines accept the authority of Scripture, it will be well for us to turn away from men's "opinions," and see what God's Word says on the subject. "To the law and to the testimony: if they speak not according to this word, it is because there is no light in them" (Isaiah 8. 20). (1) THE WAY OF SALVATION. "What must I do to be saved? And they said, *Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved*" (Acts 16. 30, 31). "If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt *believe in thine heart* that God hath raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved" (Rom. 10. 9). "Whosoever *believeth in Him* shall receive remission of sins" (Acts 10. 43). "*All that believe* are justified from all things" (Acts 13. 39). "Verily, verily, I say unto thee, *he that believeth on Me* hath everlasting life" (John 6. 47).

From these and many other passages of Scripture it is manifest that salvation from the penalty of sin is obtained by *faith in the Lord Jesus Christ*, and by *faith alone* (Rom. 3. 28). (2) THE ASSURANCE OF SALVATION. How, then, can one have the assurance of salvation? The answer is, *through God's Holy Word*. The Blood *secures*, and the Word *assures*. It is affirmed that it is "presumption" for anyone to say

Can we have the Assurance of Salvation?

that he is saved. If, however, God says I am saved, which would be the greater "presumption"—to believe or to disbelieve Him? Think on this important fact, that the early Christians evidently enjoyed the assurance of salvation.

"What saith the Scripture?" "By grace *are ye saved*" (Eph. 2. 8, 9). "*We know that we have passed from death unto life*" (1 John 3. 14). "Being justified by faith, we *have peace with God*" (Rom. 5. 1). "*We know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands*" (2 Cor. 5. 1). "Therefore we are *always confident*" (2 Cor. 5. 6). "By which *ye are saved*" (1 Cor. 15. 2). "I write unto you, little children, *because your sins are forgiven you for His Name's sake*" (1 John 2. 12). "These things have I written unto you that believe on the Name of the Son of God; **THAT YE MAY KNOW THAT YE HAVE ETERNAL LIFE**" (1 John 5. 13).

From such Scriptures it is abundantly evident to any unprejudiced person that believers in the early days of Christianity had assurance of salvation, forgiveness, and eternal life. How did they obtain it? THROUGH GOD'S PRECIOUS WORD. They did not "feel" that they were saved; they *knew* it on the authority of Scripture. Think on the last passage quoted: "*These things have I written*"—not these happy feelings have I given unto you—"THAT YE MAY KNOW THAT YE HAVE ETERNAL LIFE." If the Scriptures were written that believers might have the assurance of eternal life, why should not we claim the blessing? "He that believeth on the Son *HATH everlasting life*" (John 3. 36). I believe on the Son of God, that He died for MY SINS, and rose again from the dead, and God says *I have* "everlasting life." I don't "feel" that I have "everlasting life." I *know* I have it *on the authority of God's Word*, and I *feel happy* because of it. Could I have any better ground of confidence? May the Scripture I am about to quote be burned into your soul. "He that believeth on the Son of God hath the witness in himself: *he that believeth not God hath made Him a liar; because he believeth not the record that God gave of His Son.* And this is the record, that GOD **HATH GIVEN TO US ETERNAL LIFE**, and this life is in His Son. He that hath the Son hath life; and he that hath not the Son of God hath not life" (1 John 5. 10-12). Why continue calling God a liar? Why not now believe on Christ, and obtain eternal life as a free gift?

A. M.

THE MOTORIST AND HIS MOTHER;

OR,

THE MAN WHO WENT IN FOR MONEYMAKING AND LOST HIS SOUL.



" SOME OF HIS MOTORING FRIENDS GAVE HIM AN INVITATION "

" Some of his motoring friends occasionally gave him an invitation to join them in an automobile ride. One trip through the upper part of the city necessitated the crossing of a railroad track."

THE MOTORIST AND HIS MOTHER.



FRANK THOMSON was a bright, business man, who lived in the neighbourhood of New York city. He was the eldest of a large family, his mother being a decided Christian. From his earliest days he had been taught to reverence the Scriptures, and had been shown God's thoughts regarding sin and its penalty, as well as His provision to meet the need for all. Like many other young men, Thomson was much more concerned about "getting on" in the world than in "getting on" in the glory. He lived for Time instead of Eternity.

Some of his motoring friends occasionally gave him an invitation to join them in an automobile ride. One trip through the upper part of the city necessitated the crossing of a railroad track. As the party were doing so a train dashed into the automobile, immediately killing Thomson and seriously injuring several others. A man was despatched to convey the news to the bereaved parents. The father attended to the bell-call. The mother was upstairs when the messenger arrived, and on hearing of the sudden and unexpected death of her firstborn, she in piteous accents exclaimed, "AND HE WAS NOT SAVED!"

Frank Thomson went in for money-making and self-pleasing, and lost his soul. How terrible! Yet multitudes to-day are doing the same. Are you one of them?

Jeremiah, who has appropriately been called "the weeping prophet," in his lamentation over the sins and follies of God's earthly people, Israel, exclaimed, "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are *not saved*" (Jer. 8. 20). The door of hope was not then closed for Israel. Though they had neglected salvation, their day of grace had not closed. They could still accept of the pardoning mercy of God. The moment Frank Thomson's soul left the body his doom was fixed and his fate was sealed.

Perhaps, like the motorist, you may have determined to go in for the world and "risk" the loss of your soul. If so, you are running a terrible "risk." If you are a young man, God warns you in the words: "Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth; and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thine heart, and in the sight of thine eyes: but know thou, that *for all these things God will bring thee into judgment*" (Eccles. 11. 9). Though often warned of the Christ despiser's doom you close your

The Motorist and his Mother.

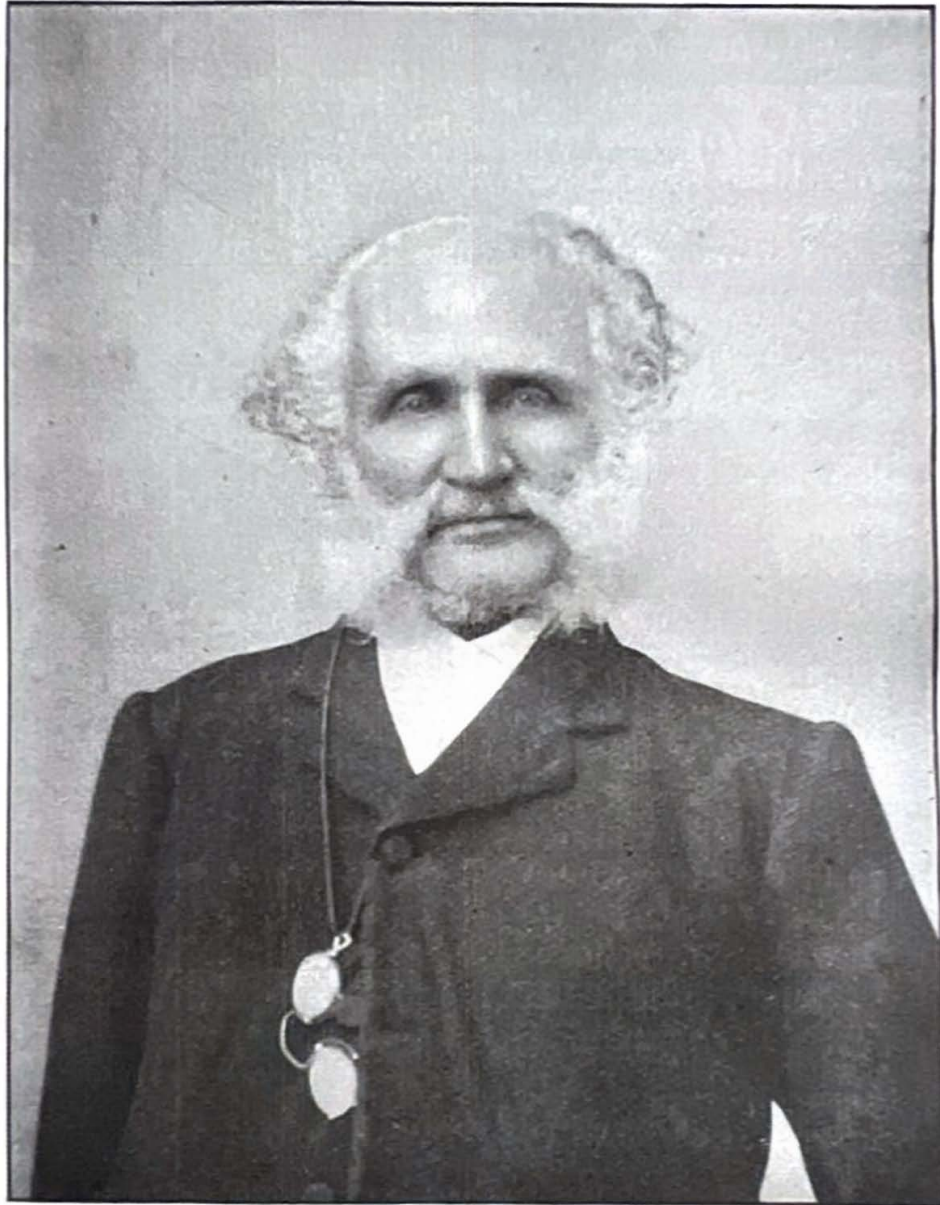
ear to God's voice of entreaty. Once again He speaks to you. Harken to His solemn remonstrance: "As I live, saith the Lord God, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked; . . . turn ye, turn ye from your evil ways, for WHY WILL YE DIE?" (Ezekiel 33. 11). Without any warning whatever you may be suddenly cut down in your sins and be doomed for eternity. Why, oh! why trifle with your soul? Why delay a moment longer? God has declared that "he that being often reprov'd hardeneth his neck shall *suddenly be destroyed*, and that without remedy" (Prov. 29. 1). You may be killed in an accident, be cut off by an act of judgment, or be suddenly taken away by natural causes. You may be at business, or in your home reading, talking, or writing, and without any special warning whatever, cease to breathe, and if you die unsaved you will be hopelessly, irretrievably, and eternally lost.

Don't imagine that because your mother is a Christian God is bound to answer her prayers and save you from hell. God won't *force* you to be reconciled to Him. He won't *compel* you to believe on His Son. Absalom might think that God would answer his father's prayers and save his soul. Harken to the bitter wail of King David when the news reached him of his son's sad end: "O my son Absalom, my son, my son Absalom! would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son!" (2 Sam. 18. 33).

"God now commandeth all men everywhere to repent" (Acts 17. 30). He commands *you* at *this moment* to "repent," to change your mind about self, about God, sin, and salvation, and believe on the Lord Jesus Christ. "Now the door is open, enter while you may." "Strive to enter in at the strait gate, for many, I say unto you, will seek to enter in, and shall not be able. When once the Master of the house is risen up, and hath shut to the door, and ye begin to stand without and knock" (Luke 13. 24, 25). The urgency here spoken of is based on the fact that the Lord Jesus, who is now seated at God's right hand, will "rise up." Then be in haste. "Now the door is open, enter while you may." Christ is the door of entrance into God's presence. He loves you, and poured out His precious blood to save you from the lake of fire. "If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved" (Rom. 10. 9). "Time ends, and then—Eternity." A. M.

A BARRISTER'S CONVERSION.

IN the winter of 1901 I spent ten days in the city of Wanganui, New Zealand, and saw a good deal of my old friend Mr. Gordon Forlong. I had not seen him for more than thirty years, and was delighted to hear him talking



THE LATE GORDON FORLONG, WANGANUI, NEW ZEALAND.

of the wondrous revival times in Scotland in the sixties.

The story of his conversion to God was an exceedingly interesting one. He was a barrister by profession. Whilst in London on business he had occasion to call on the Honourable Arthur Kinnaird. Mr. Kinnaird suggested that he might see Mr. Hitchcock, of Hitchcock, Williams

A Barrister's Conversion.

& Co., St. Paul's Churchyard. He visited the warehouse and had an interview with him regarding a business matter. On leaving, Mr. Hitchcock said to him: "Mr. Forlong, what a pity you are not a Christian!" Unwilling to be drawn into a discussion on religion he parried Mr. Hitchcock's thrust by saying, "We Scotch people are well up in the Bible." "What a pity you are not a Christian!" was repeated by Mr. Hitchcock. The Scotsman hummed and hawed for a moment, and then said that he did not understand Mr. Hitchcock. "If you think you are a Christian," said the earnest soul-winner, "sit down on that chair and talk to me about Christ." "I cannot do that," replied Mr. Forlong. "No; I knew you could not," said the Christian merchant. "Now, Mr. Forlong, I would be very pleased if you would be kind enough to read a small book that I have." Mr. Forlong remarked that he read a good deal, and would gladly look over the book that he purposed giving him. The book he received was a copy of a treatise entitled, "The Philosophy of the Plan of Salvation," by an American citizen, and is an able vindication of the Christian faith. He took it home and read it carefully. On perusing it he said to himself, "This book is wrong, but I cannot tell where." He became greatly interested in the position taken by the writer, and began re-reading it. As he studied it carefully, he was arrested by the words of Leviticus 17. 11: "For the life of the flesh is in the blood: and I have given it to you upon the altar to make an atonement for your souls: for IT IS THE BLOOD THAT MAKETH AN ATONEMENT FOR THE SOUL." Whilst reading these words the light of the glorious Gospel of God's wondrous grace burst into his soul's vision, and he said to himself, "That explains how the whole Bible streams with blood." He perceived *how* the blood made atonement, because the life is in the blood, and to pour out the blood signifies death. "He poured out His soul unto death" (Isa. 53. 12). And by believing that Christ died and made a full and perfect atonement for all his sins, he found rest to his sin-sick soul. He saw he was safe—not because of what he did for Christ, but because of what Christ did for him.

He hastened to tell Mr. Hitchcock that through reading the book he gave him he was saved. "Thank God for that," was the Christian merchant's response. "I cannot go on with that business matter now," said the young

A Barrister's Conversion.

convert. "And what are you going to do?" inquired Mr. Hitchcock. "I must preach the gospel," was the characteristic reply. He felt he had a call from God to make known the unsearchable riches of Christ, and he commenced to preach Christ and Him crucified with remarkable fervency and power. Multitudes of sinners were saved, and many Christians were helped through his faithful ministry. For more than half a century he was privileged to be an ambassador of the cross, until called to his eternal reward in September, 1908.

The writer can never forget the words spoken by Mr. Forlong in a circus in the city of Glasgow on a Sunday evening in January, 1865. I don't remember if he had any text, but I know he repeated again and again the following words: "IT'S THE BLOOD THAT SAVES! IT'S THE BLOOD THAT SAVES! IT'S THE BLOOD THAT SAVES!" He explained that Christ's blood-shedding had made a perfect atonement to the injured honour of the divine character and government, and all who believed on Him had eternal life. Dealing with the widespread difficulty of waiting for feelings, instead of TAKING GOD AT HIS WORD, he repeated again and again the words: "BELIEVING IS THE ROOT; FEELING IS THE FRUIT!" "BELIEVING IS THE ROOT; FEELING IS THE FRUIT!" I thank God that His servant was led to speak as he did. I had been waiting to *feel*. I ceased looking within, and looked to Christ dying for my crimson sins, and found life in a look at the crucified One.

Where is the reader looking? To Christ or self? To faith or feelings? Christ's atonement is *enough* to meet your deepest need. Is God not *fully satisfied* with what Christ did and suffered for you? "It is the blood that maketh an atonement for the soul." The blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, has made an atonement for all sin. Don't try to atone for the offences of the past. It is too late in the day to attempt that. Christ has done everything that was necessary. The blood in its "solitary dignity" has eternally satisfied the demands of law and justice. Don't wait to *feel* that what God says is true. Believe the "glad tidings" regarding Christ and His finished work, and the feelings will follow. May you be enabled truthfully to lay hold of the meaning of the familiar lines:—

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

A. M.

THE TWO MOUNTS.

A GROUP of Christian men were conversing at the close of a meeting in the Gospel Tent regarding many popular ideas among them as to the way of salvation, when one of them suggested that those who thought that salvation was to be had for *doing* something meritorious, might "know God as He is revealed at Mount Sinai, but they did not know Him as the One manifested at Mount Calvary." And what is the difference? There are two special places



"AT THE CLOSE OF A MEETING IN THE GOSPEL TENT"

spoken of in the Word of God, where Jehovah is manifested—the one is at SINAI, the other is at CALVARY.

Of SINAI we read in Exodus 20, where the "Ten Commandments" are made known to the people. Their character was not symbolized by a descending *dove*, but by thunderings and lightnings—fit symbol of the judgment that would be visited upon the disobedient ones. Exodus 20. 18 shows the effect upon the people: "And *all* the people saw the thunderings, and the lightnings, and the noise of the trumpet, and the mountain smoking: and when the people saw it, they removed, and stood *afar off*."

The Two Mounts.

Here is the giving of the law, of which it is written in Romans 10. 5: "That the man who doeth these things shall live by them." Notice, it is not he that *tryeth* to do them, but "*doeth*" them; and if he fails—and who does not?—the Word is plain in Galatians 3. 10: "*Cursed is every one* that continueth not in *all* things that are written in the book of the law to do them." It is only when the holiness of God is *not* seen, and His claims *not* understood, that the sinner *dares* to approach Him on the ground of his fancied good works or faithfulness. But the position is perilous in the extreme, for God has already said concerning the sinner's best endeavours, that "*all his righteousnesses are as filthy rags*" (Isaiah 64. 6); and none will argue that such will be fit for the presence of Him, before whom the seraphim veil their faces, crying, "Holy! holy! holy is the Lord of Hosts!"

But, oh, when God is seen at CALVARY, and His dealings there with His Anointed One understood, how different the attitude of God! How different the result on the sinner! No need for trembling here, for God is on the side of the sinner in the person of His Son. Don't misunderstand me. *A holy God never can and never will be on the side of sin*; but here, at Calvary, He has taken up the desperate case of the sinner, for there was no eye to pity and no arm to save, therefore His own eye pitied, and His own arm brought salvation; so that those who by nature and practice were "afar off" from God are now "*made nigh by the blood of Christ*," and justly so, for here that Scripture is fulfilled which says: "Mercy and truth are met together; righteousness and peace have kissed each other" (Psa 85. 10)—not mercy at the expense of justice, for justice is satisfied: therefore God is now just, and "the Justifier of him that believeth on Jesus" (Rom. 3. 26). Let me ask how is it with you to-day? Do you know God as the One revealed at SINAI, where holiness demands what you never had, and never can give? Or do you know Him as the One revealing Himself at CALVARY as "the God of all grace," where the claims of holiness are all divinely met in the person of Christ, and a channel, broad and deep, made for His grace to flow out to you? *The LAW can only curse you, because you are a transgressor. GRACE can save you where you are, and as you are, if you, a guilty sinner, will believe on Jesus as your Saviour. "Believe and be saved" now.* T. D. W. M.

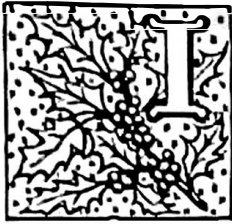
A WONDERFUL REDEMPTION.

A message by "C.S.," which has been blessed to many.



SPRINKLING THE BLOOD ON THE DOORPOSTS IN EGYPT.

A WONDERFUL REDEMPTION.



LKNEW a person who had, for some years, been deeply anxious about her soul. She longed to know, for certain, that *she* had redemption through the blood of Christ, even the forgiveness of her sins. She felt that if she died without redemption, she was lost for ever. She went from place to place to hear the preaching of the word. Her anxiety became very great; yet nothing that she heard gave her peace. She was constantly thinking that she had something to do, in order to obtain redemption. She tried to lay hold of the promises; but they gave her no relief. She tried to serve God and keep His commandments; she found she failed at every step. She tried forms and ceremonies; but all in vain. She then thought she must have stronger faith, and sought to understand more clearly the value of the blood of Jesus; still all was darkness. God would not even have her faith, as the price of her redemption. Her heart sank within her; she could do no more. It was when she was in that state of self-despair, she heard these words, "WHEN I SEE THE BLOOD, I WILL PASS OVER YOU" (Exodus 12. 13.) The Holy Ghost spoke in her soul. in that moment, and said to her, "It was God who spoke these words." In a moment she felt the vast difference between her seeing the blood of Jesus, and God seeing it. She thought, "Yes, God sees such value in the blood of Jesus, that He will pass over me; and the destroyer will not touch me." From that moment, she believed what God hath said about the blood of Jesus, and had peace with God. Now she knows, with certainty, that she has redemption through the blood of Christ, even the forgiveness of her sins (Eph. 1. 7).

Concerning these wonderful words, "When I see the blood," let me remind you of the condition of the people, as described in the previous chapters. They were slaves under Pharaoh, in bitter bondage. "They sighed by reason of the bondage, and they cried, and their cry came up unto God." (Exodus 2. 23.) God heard and pitied them. Man has sold himself, a bond-slave, to Satan. There is no denying it. Oh! what a cry of misery ascends from this world of sin! How bitter is the slavery of sin, even if there were no future punishment! What bitterness and anguish sin has brought! Every

A Wonderful Redemption.

heart knows its own bitterness. God heard their sighs; and has He not heard yours again and again?

God is love! He heard their sighs, He knew their sorrows, and He came to save. The people heard that God had looked upon their affliction (Ex. 4. 31), and they desired to go forth and worship Him. Like the woman referred to, they anxiously desired to go forth and serve God; but, as it was with her, this only made their burdens the heavier. Their affliction and sorrow were now very great. How often is this the case, when the soul is awakened to thirst after God. Then Satan brings all his force to crush the sin-burdened soul. The promises of God in chapter 6 entirely fail to give the least comfort. "They hearkened not for anguish of spirit, and for cruel bondage." In chapters 7 to 12 we see by the conduct of Pharaoh, in suggesting various schemes to detain his slaves, how loth Satan is to give up his victims.

Many who read these lines will say, "How like me all this is! The more I have desired to serve God, the heavier has been my burden. I have tried to get comfort from the promises; but all in vain. Still anguish of spirit; still the burden of sin; still uncertain as to *my* interest in Christ." If this is your condition, look at this redemption chapter, and God grant that this may be the beginning of months to you. The Lamb was slain, and the blood was sprinkled on the doorposts. Every soul, young or old, that took refuge in the blood-sprinkled house, *had an interest* in that blood. God said, "And the blood shall be to you for a token upon the houses where ye are; and when I see the blood I will pass over you." He did not say, When I see how good you are; or, When I see that you deserve My favour; or, When you have repented enough or believed enough. No; the blood is first and uppermost in God's thoughts. It was His token of love to them. He did not even say, When *you* see the blood; but, "When *I* see the blood." Every firstborn that trusted in what God said about that blood was saved.

We all know that redemption from Egypt was a type of redemption through "the precious blood of Christ, as of a Lamb without blemish and without spot" (1 Pet. 1. 19). And, in the very same way, is not the blood of Christ God's token of love to lost, burdened sinners? Jesus did not die that God might love us: He died *because* He loved us. "In

A Wonderful Redemption.

this was manifested the love of God toward us." God did so love the world, that "He gave His only-begotten Son." "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 4.9, 10). The gift of His Son was the proof of His love.

Mark, it is not what *you* see, but what *God* sees, in the blood of Christ. He knows all your sins; and yet He sees the blood of Christ. He sees that the sufferings and atoning death of His beloved Son justify Him in passing over all your sins, however deep their crimson dye. He says so, plainly; and is righteous in "justifying freely" every sinner who believes in Him, "through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus" (Rom. 3. 24). Do you say, How am I to know that I have an interest in that atoning blood? Every Israelite who believed God had an interest in the sprinkled blood. And if you search the New Testament through, you will find not one sinner who trusted God about that precious blood shed on the cross but knew, with the utmost certainty, that he had redemption through the blood of Christ. Mark, you have not to trust in a promise. Redemption is no longer a promise, but an accomplished fact—a finished work. If you were dying of thirst, and a person promised to bring you water, you might trust his promise, but when he *has* brought the water *to you*, you have not then to trust in his promise, but to drink the water. God has fulfilled His promise: He has sent His Son. The blood has flowed through His pierced wounds. It is all finished. Peace through that blood is come to you. Oh! how strange that men should forget this, and go back to the promises, as though God had still to do something to save sinners.

The blood has been freely shed. God sees that blood. Have you been brought to take your last refuge in that blood? Can you say that the blood of Jesus is your only trust? Then it is most certain that *you* have an everlasting interest in that atoning blood. *You have* redemption through that blood, according to the infinite value that God sees in the death of Christ. Up, then, arise, and away from Egypt! With girded loins, and staff in hand, as the redeemed of the Lord, away, away! Adieu, adieu, to Satan's bonds and Satan's world! You are no longer your own, but bought with a price—and such a price. Christ died, the Just for the unjust, *to bring you to God*—and to such a God. What a wonderful Redemption! c. s.

THE OLD SAILOR AND GOD'S GIFT.



The "Scotia" in Troon Harbour

I WAS scattering the good seed in the quiet little harbour of Troon, Ayrshire, when I got into conversation with an old seaman aboard a fair-sized fishing smack. After asking him to take a tract, which he did readily, I endeavoured to get in a word about the Lord Jesus, who died that we might live, and that we might not be eternally lost. The old man informed me that he was brought up to do the best he could, live a good life, and if ever he was to get to heaven, that was his way. I told him kindly that the Word of God said no such thing, and that Jesus died for men and women who could do nothing to save themselves. Looking straight at me he said, "You must be preaching a new gospel, as I never heard of that before."

I asked him to sit down and we would let the Word of God speak for itself, to which he said, "Certainly. I was brought up to reverence that Word, and whatever it says must be correct." He confessed he had read little of it, always leaving that to some one else more able. Uplifting my heart to God I endeavoured to put before him those passages which would be most helpful to him, such as: "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). "For God sent not His Son into the world to condemn the world; but that the world through Him might be saved" (John 3. 17). "Who His own

The Old Sailor and God's Gift.

self bare our sins in His own body on the tree" (1 Peter 2. 24).
"Therefore being justified *by faith*, we have peace with God."

Verse after verse was read, which told of forgiveness of sins and peace with God through the death of the Lord Jesus, and by our receiving Him as our own and only Saviour the whole value of that death was put to our account. As I read I could not help watching the expression of his face. He seemed to be drinking in the Word, as a thirsty man would drink a refreshing draught. Ultimately I read Romans 6. 23, which says: "The wages of sin is death; but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord." "Read that again," he eagerly exclaimed, which I did, and then handed him the Book to read it for himself. "Certainly, this is something new to me," he said. "I don't need to work, pray, or do anything; SALVATION IS A GIFT." I said, "That is exactly what the Book says. Are you going to take that gift? that is the question." This gift is held out to all men, but all men are not saved. "Why would'nt I take it?" was his prompt response. We read further, and talked further, anent this wonderful gift, and then I said, "If you have really taken Christ as your Saviour, it is the greatest transaction that has or ever will take place in your life, and it becomes us to thank God that He has saved you at such an advanced age. A few more years and you would have been in a lost eternity." Pause and consider! What about your soul? Where are you going to be in eternity? We are getting near its shores. Some day very soon we will enter in, either to the "very far better state," like Paul, or the other state to be "tormented day and night." The old man said, "Get down on your knees and thank God for saving me, as I have certainly taken the gift." Together we knelt down on the deck, and thanked God for His great and wonderful love in plucking this aged seaman from the very jaws of hell. May the reader follow the sailor's example, and go on the way that leads to heaven and home.

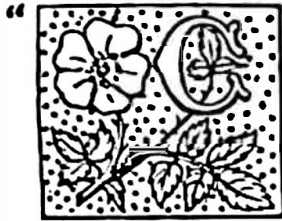
S. A.

A TRUMPET CALL.

"**N**OTHING to *do*, sinner, only believe.
God *gives* salvation, come now and receive;
Jesus has suffered for sin on the tree:
There is the way, sinner, open for thee."

THE THREE-FOLD REASON;

OR, WHY HE WAS NOT SAVED BEFORE.



“GOOD evening! Mr. D——. It is really a grand thing to be saved! Have *you* been saved yet?” said a preacher to a farmer at the close of a Gospel meeting.

“Yes, thank God, I have!” was the hearty reply.

“Is it long since you were saved?” said the preacher.

“No, sir; it is but a few days; in fact, it has taken place since the meetings began. I might have been saved, however, long ago, had I heard the way of salvation from God’s Word, as it has been preached here lately.”

“Indeed! what did you hear before? The Gospel is plain in God’s Word.”

“I am aware of that,” he said; “and I for a long time wished I were a Christian, but I was told that while

CHRIST HAD DONE HIS PART,

I also had a *part* to do; and I heard them say that religion was *a hard thing to get, and a harder thing to keep, and if you lost it, you were worse off than if you never had it.*

“Well, I saw so many who professed to get religion, and then lost it, and became as bad as ever again, that I made up my mind I would wait until I was about to die, and then when there would be no danger of losing it, I would get religion if I could.

“I was strengthened in my determination also, by hearing our minister say from the pulpit that he never doubted he was converted twenty-five years ago, but he often doubted if he would be able to prove faithful to the end.”

“AND WHAT HAVE YOU NOW

that enables you to say you are saved?” asked the preacher.

“Oh, I have Christ! and God says, ‘He that hath the Son hath life’” (1 John 5. 12).

“But are you not afraid you may yet be lost? Or do you think you will succeed in proving faithful?”

“I know,” he replied “that the Lord Jesus will prove faithful, and He says, ‘I give unto them eternal life, and they shall never perish, neither shall any pluck them out of My hand’ (John 10. 28). Jesus has saved me, and is going to bring me through.” Such was the substance of a conversation which took place some years ago. I need not say that Mr. D—— is still a Christian; for

The Three-Fold Reason.

WHATSOEVER GOD DOETH,

it shall be for ever ; nothing can be put to it, nor anything taken from it ; and God doeth it that man should fear before Him" (Eccles. 3. 14). But it may be that you are hindered in the same way as he was.

Now, salvation is a *gift from God*, and it is not a hard thing to get, for you have but to *receive* it—"Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely." "The *gift of God* is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord" (Rom. 6. 23). God does not ask you to *work* for it, or *pray* for it, or *weep* for it, but bids you *take it as a gift from Himself*. Again,

IT IS NOT HARD TO KEEP ;

for the fact is, all who have received God's salvation, which is Christ, are *kept by the power of God* (1 Peter 1. 5). He is "*able to keep you from falling*, and to present you faultless before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy" (Jude 24.). *Get religion*, and you will probably lose it. *Get Christ*, and He will hold you fast for ever in His gracious omnipotent hand. Many have *religion* who have not *Christ*.

Do you say that is too easy a way of being saved? Then, tell God He has made a mistake, for it is *God's way*. It was not easy for the Son of God, who from the deep darkness of Calvary cried out, "My God! My God! why hast Thou forsaken Me?" But it was *easy* for the Philippian jailor who was told, in answer to his anxious enquiry, "What must I do to be saved?" "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved" (Acts 16. 30, 31).

Friend, be advised. Take Christ now, and be saved ; for He has said, "Him that cometh to Me, I will in no wise cast out" (John 6. 37).

"Then haste, sinner, haste, there is mercy for thee,
And wrath is preparing—flee, lingerer, flee."

T. D. W. M.

You may be a princess or an empress, but one word expresses God's estimate of you, and that word is "SINNER." A rich lady one day, when she heard a person speaking of all as sinners, said with great surprise—"But ladies are not sinners!" "Then who are?" she was asked. "Young men in their foolish days." I have not the slightest doubt that this is a very common idea, though seldom expressed.

W. P. M.

THE OLD PENSIONER'S PARCHMENT:

OR,

HOW THE LION WAS TRANSFORMED INTO A LAMB.



"HIS WIFE EVENTUALLY PERSUADED HIM TO——"

"Anthony was used of God in the conversion of his wife, and they loved to read the Scriptures together and talk of God's amazing grace to them."

THE OLD PENSIONER'S PARCHMENT.



ANTHONY HARROLD, an old pensioner, was a slave to drink. His wife, who was unconverted, became greatly troubled about his ways, and eventually persuaded him to attend some Gospel services. The Holy Spirit convicted him of sin, and led him to see that he was lost and condemned. John Lawson, an earnest Christian worker, and an ex-sergeant in the Royal Artillery, hearing of Anthony's condition, visited him and sought to lead him to Christ. Taking his Bible from his pocket, Lawson slowly read the words: "For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him"—here he stopped, and, looking Anthony in the face, said, "and that means *you*"—"should not perish, but have everlasting life"—"*and that means you.*" Anthony was amazed at what he heard. He had no idea that God loved him—a drinking, swearing sinner. In fact he believed it to be impossible that a holy God could love a wretch like him; and for God to give His only begotten Son to bleed and suffer and die to save him from hell and wrath and woe; was beyond the range of his comprehension! Bringing his big fist down on the table, he exclaimed, "I DON'T BELIEVE IT." Taking no note of the interruption, Lawson again read the Scripture—"For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever"—and stopping, gazed at Anthony, and said, "*and that means you*"—"believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." Again Anthony struck the table, and shouted, "I DON'T BELIEVE IT." Three times over the glorious declaration of God's love to sinners was read, and three times over Anthony struck the table with his fist, declaring, "I don't believe it."

Lawson was a man of sound sense and good judgment. Instead of blaming Anthony for discrediting the words of Holy Scripture, he inquired how long he was in the army. "Twenty-one years and fourteen days," was Anthony's response. When he said so, Lawson struck the chair with his fist and said, "I DON'T BELIEVE IT." "Do you think I would tell you a lie?" retorted the old man. "It was twenty-one years and fourteen days." "I DON'T BELIEVE IT," said Lawson quietly. "Bring me the parchment," said Anthony to his wife. The parchment being produced, Lawson took the document in his hand, and, having glanced

The Old Pensioner's Parchment.

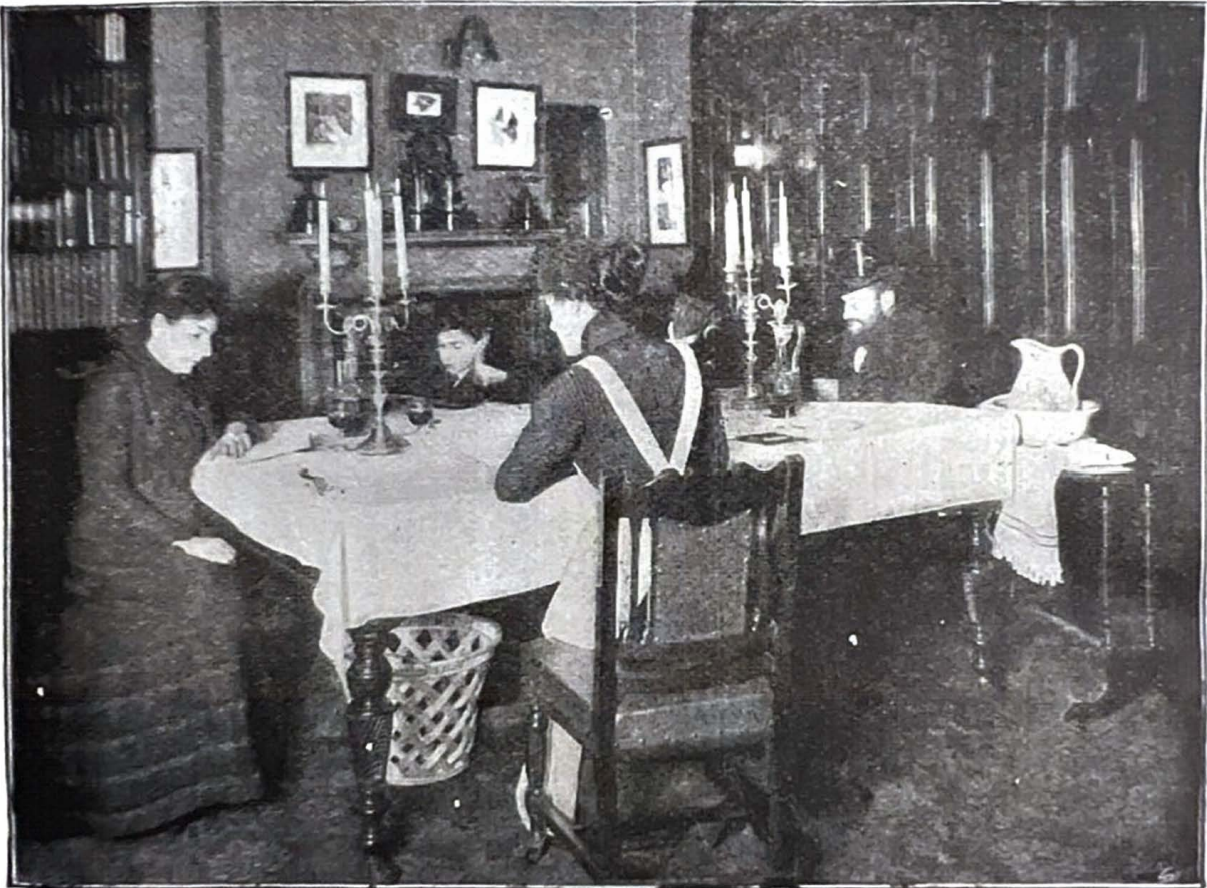
at it, inquired if he had read it, and if he believed it. Anthony replied that, though he was unable to read, others had done so, and he believed what they told him. "How can you expect me to believe you when you refuse to believe the Word of God?" and for the fourth time Lawson read the life-giving words of John 3. 16, adding, "*and that means you.*" The scales from the old pensioner's eyes were removed, the light of the Gospel of Christ streamed into his soul, and he exclaimed: "I SEE IT ALL! I BELIEVE IT! I BELIEVE IT! THANK GOD!" Anthony became a new creature. The lion was transformed into a lamb, the drink was given up, and his home was changed completely. He resolved to learn to read. His first spelling book was the Bible, and his first lesson was from John 3. 16. Anthony was used of God in the conversion of his wife, and they loved to read the Scriptures together and talk of God's amazing grace to them. May the reader believe on the Lord Jesus Christ as he reads these lines (Acts 16. 31). When you do so, you will be able to say: "GOD LOVED, GOD GAVE, I BELIEVE, AND I AM SAVED." A. M.

HOW TO GET FAITH.

SOME say faith is the gift of God. So is the air; but you have to breath it. So is bread; but you have to eat it. So is water; but you have to drink it. Some are wanting a miraculous kind of feeling. That is not faith. "Faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the Word of God" (Rom. 10. 17). That is whence faith comes. It is not for me to sit down and wait for faith to come stealing over me with a strange sensation; but it is for me to take God at His Word. And you cannot believe unless you have something to believe. So take the Word as it is written, and appropriate it, and lay hold of it. In John 6. 47, 48 we read: "Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that believeth on Me hath everlasting life. I am that bread of life." There is the bread right at hand. Partake of it. I might have thousands of loaves within my home, and as many hungry men in waiting. They might assent to the fact that the bread was there; but unless they each took a loaf and commenced eating, their hunger would not be satisfied. So Christ is the bread of heaven; and as the body feeds on natural food, so the soul must feed on Christ. "Therefore being justified by faith, we have peace with God through Jesus Christ our Lord." Believe and live. D. L. MOODY.

THE JEW'S SEARCH FOR THE BLOOD.

IN the spring of 1898 I was holding some Gospel meetings in San Francisco, the great metropolis of the Pacific States, and on several occasions was able to address the Jews attending a "Mission to Israel." On one occasion, the meeting was thrown open for discussion with any Hebrews who desired to ask questions, also for any who had been brought to Christ to relate their conversions.



KEEPING THE PASSOVER IN A JEWISH HOME OF TO-DAY.

The experience of one old Jew interested me greatly, and as nearly as I can I give his remarks in his own words, though not attempting to preserve the inimitable Hebrew-English dialect. He said: "This is Passover week among you, my Jewish brethren, and as I sat here I was thinking how you will be observing it. You will have put away all leaven from your houses; you will eat the 'motsah' (unleavened wafers) and the roasted lamb. You will attend the synagogue services, and carry out the ritual and directions of the Talmud; but you forget, my brethren, that you have everything but that which Jehovah required first of all.

The Jew's Search for the Blood.

He did not say, 'When I see the *leaven* put away,' or 'When I see you eat the *motsah* or the lamb, or go to the synagogue'; but His word was, 'When I see the *blood* I will pass over you.' Ah, my brethren, you can substitute nothing for this. You must have blood, BLOOD, BLOOD!" As he reiterated this word with ever-increasing emphasis, his eyes flashed warningly, and his Jewish hearers quailed before him.

"Blood!" It is an awful word that for one who reveres the ancient oracles, and yet has no sacrifice. Turn where he will in the Book, the blood meets him, but let him seek as he may, he cannot find it in the Judaism of the present.

After a moment's pause, the patriarchal old man went on somewhat as follows: "I was born in Palestine, nearly seventy years ago. As a child I was taught to read the Law, the Psalms, and the Prophets. I early attended the synagogue, and learned Hebrew from the Rabbis. At first I believed what I was told, that ours was the true and only religion, but as I grew older, and studied the law more intently, I was struck by the place the *blood* had in all the ceremonies outlined there, and equally struck by its utter absence in the ritual to which I was brought up. Again and again I read Exodus 12. and Leviticus 16 and 17, and the latter chapters especially made me tremble, as I thought of the great Day of Atonement and the place the blood had there. Day and night one verse would ring in my ears, 'It is the *blood* that maketh an atonement for the soul!' I knew I had broken the law. I needed atonement. Year after year, on that day, I beat my breast as I confessed my need of it; but it was to be made by blood, and there *was no blood!* In my distress, at last I opened my heart to a learned and venerable Rabbi. He told me that God was angry with His people. Jerusalem was in the hands of the Gentiles, the temple was destroyed, and a Mohammedan mosque was reared up in its place. The only spot on earth where we dare shed the blood of sacrifice, in accordance with Deuteronomy 12. and Leviticus 17., was desecrated, and our nation scattered. That was *why* there was no blood. God had Himself closed the way to carry out the solemn service of the great Day of Atonement. Now, we must turn to the Talmud, and rest on its instructions, and trust in the mercy of God and the merits of the fathers. I tried to be satisfied but could not. Something seemed to say that the law was unaltered, even though our temple was

The Jew's Search for the Blood.

destroyed. Nothing else but blood could atone for the soul. We dared not shed blood for atonement elsewhere than in the place the Lord had chosen. Then we were left without an atonement at all? This thought filled me with horror. In my distress I consulted many other Rabbis. I had but one great question—'Where can I find the blood of atonement?' Some time after leaving Palestine, I was walking down one of the narrow streets of a city, when I saw a sign telling of a meeting for Jews. Curiosity led me to open the door and go in. Just as I took a seat I heard a man say, 'The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin' (1 John 1. 7). It was my first introduction to Christianity, but I listened breathlessly as the speaker told how God had declared that 'without shedding of blood is no remission,' but that He had given His only begotten Son, the Lamb of God, to die, and all who trusted in His blood were forgiven all their iniquities. This was the Messiah of the fifty-third of Isaiah; this was the Sufferer of Psalm 22. Ah, my brethren, I had found the blood of atonement at last. I trusted it, and now I love to read the New Testament and see how all the shadows of the law are fulfilled in Jesus. His blood has been shed for sinners. It has satisfied God, and it is the only means of salvation for either Jew or Gentile." H. A. I.



THE AUSTRALIAN FREETHINKERS.

IN the winter of 1901 I was travelling with a comrade in the Queensland bush. The arrival of our van with its lettered canvas hood caused quite a stir in a country village. We pitched our camp at the river side. Making things comfortable, we began to make known our business.

Taking our stand on an open piece of ground in front of a German blacksmith's smithy we began to preach.



BIBLE VAN IN THE QUEENSLAND BUSH.

Naturally in the country the attention of the countryside was aroused. After a few days people flocked in from miles round, no doubt interested in the business of these odd men. As our meetings went on, the German blacksmith pumped his bellows discontentedly. This "new religion" was opposed to his views. Things became stormy, still we were undaunted.

While going "the rounds" one day I called at a roadside cottage. The mistress answered my call, and, as is usual in sunny Queensland, invited me in. I had just seated myself when the customary cup of tea was suggested, without any inquiry as to my business. After lingering

The Australian Freethinkers.

some time over the refreshing cup, and chatting freely about the farm, the cattle, the weather, &c., I ventured to state my errand. On learning that I was a preacher, she informed me that she was a *Freethinker*, and was bringing up her family as *sceptics*. "I, too, am a freethinker," I replied. "I think freely with God's thoughts."

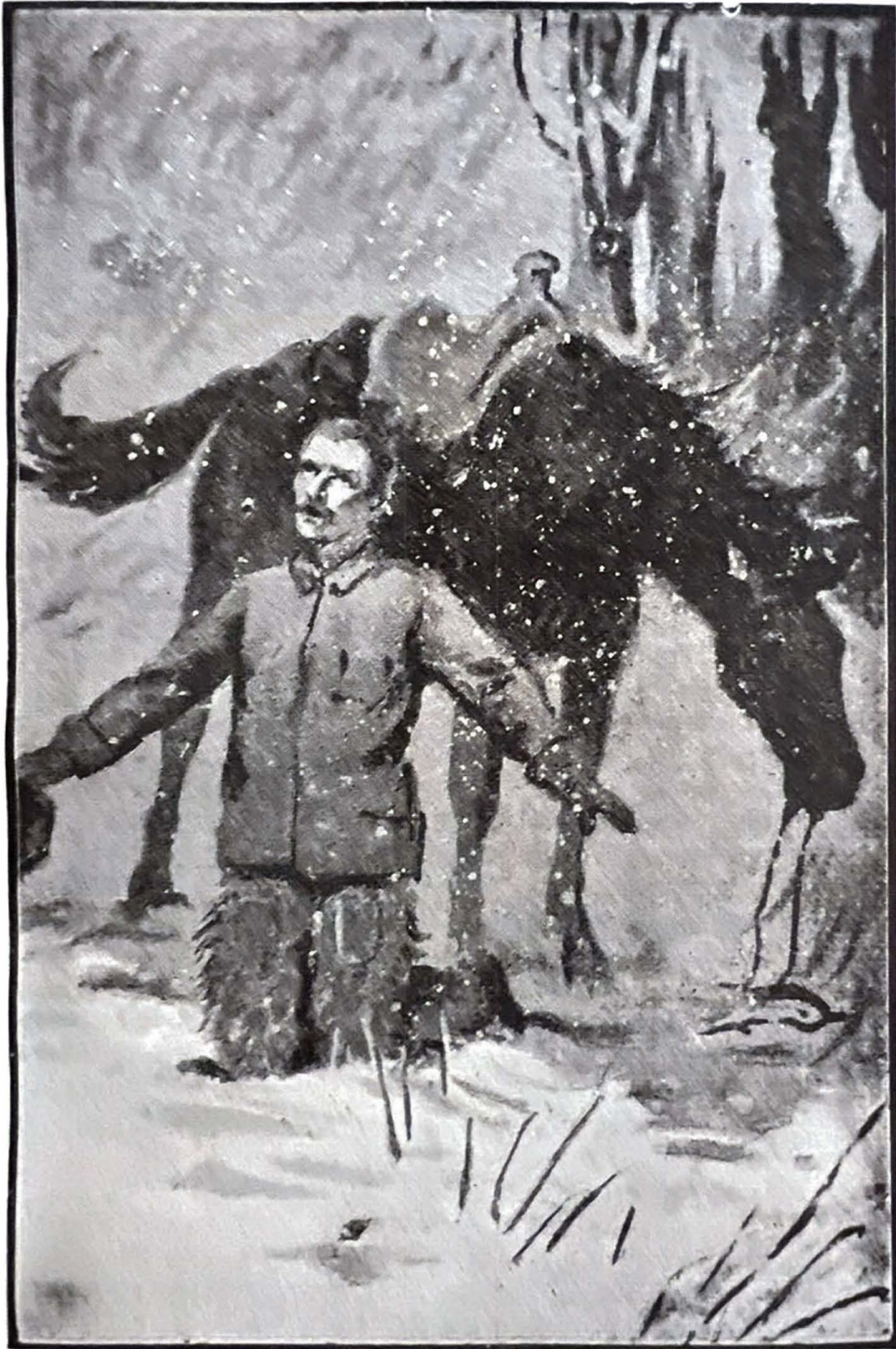
That evening found her with her two daughters in the village square. For two weeks we stormed the fort. At the end of that time it was evident that the sword of God was piercing the hearts of His people, amongst them the two daughters of the lady Freethinker. Such news they had not before heard. Our message was of sin and its consequences. A storm of unrest burst upon them. Conscience began to probe. Past life records were scanned. Past deeds were "weighed in the balances and *found wanting*." Conscience pleaded guilty, Eternity and the Judgment loomed ahead. Their home was turned into Weeping Castle. Their eyelids refused to close in sleep. Their hearts were like ships tossed on a raging sea, unable to rest. The teachings of the school of Freethought offered no refuge from the wrath to come. Every evening they listened with wrapt attention to startling messages of love and justice.

The master of the house returned in the meantime, and on learning the cause of the trouble began to pronounce "anathemas." He sent one daughter to the city, and forbade the other to attend the meetings. He was too late. The Word of God had wounded, and now began to heal the wounds. Christ was revealed as the Saviour. His gracious invitation, "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest," was *accepted*. The glorious message of salvation, through faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, was received, and "peace with God" was theirs.

The mother went on for some time. But a few weeks afterwards she sent me word to say she was "resting sweetly in Jesus." Surely the Gospel which could so change a sceptic's home is of divine origin?

Am I speaking to a parent? What of your children? Are they to be lost because of your neglect? Has this Gospel of Christ ever been received by you? Life eternal is offered you! Everlasting joy can be yours! Accept Christ now, for "as many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on His name" (John 1. 12). Make HIM yours. W. L.

CONVERTED ON A CANADIAN PRAIRIE.



A PICTURE OF WHAT IT MEANS TO BE LOST ON THE PRAIRIE.

CONVERTED ON A CANADIAN PRAIRIE.



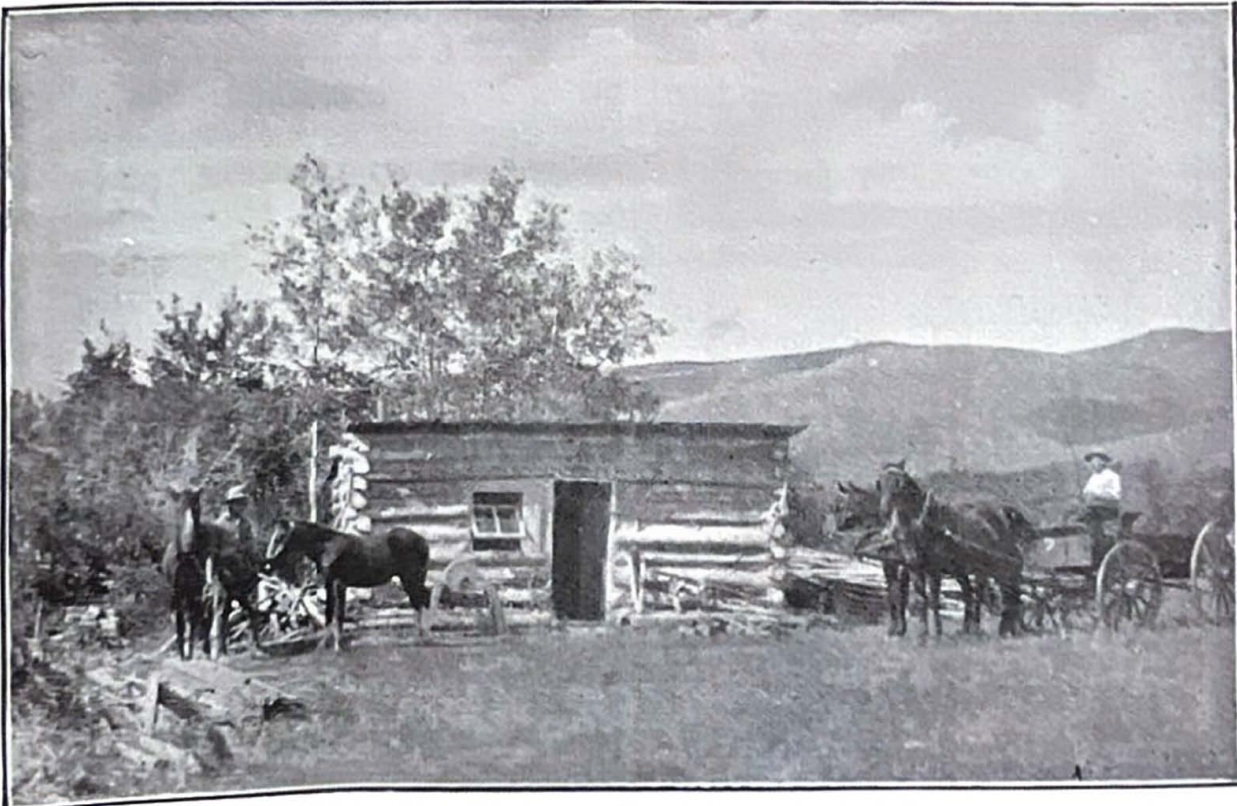
MORE than a quarter of a century ago a young Englishman named Nelson, the son of a clergyman, went to the Canadian North-west, and took up land on the plains, several hundred miles west of Winnipeg. The party was a thoughtless, pleasure-seeking lot of young fellows, who were not particularly successful farmers. A good deal of their time was spent in shooting, hunting, and other sports, their evenings being filled up with card-playing, draughts, and novel reading. If they had any "religion" in England it could not have troubled them much. Perhaps, however, they "lost" it on the voyage across the Atlantic! It is well to remember that it is one thing to have a Sunday "religion" and another thing to have Christ as a personal Saviour and Friend. Finding the solitude somewhat irksome, they paid occasional visits to the settlers in the district.

Several young Canadians, from Ontario, friends of mine, were accustomed to hold gospel services in the farmhouses around. Nelson now and then put in an appearance, and was a severe critic of the preachers and preaching. One evening in a spirit of bravado he asserted that there was no hell. The Canadians showed from Scripture God's declaration regarding the doom and destiny of the wicked, giving chapter and verse for their statements. When the young fellow was cornered he boldly asserted that he would not believe in a place of eternal punishment even though the Bible said so.

One day Nelson left for the post office, which was twelve miles distant. On returning homeward the sun set, and he had some miles to traverse without a road, track, trail, or landmark of any kind. The night was dark, and after travelling for a considerable time he concluded he had lost his reckoning. He knew that people had been lost on the prairie, perishing through cold and hunger. If he missed his way he might travel northwards towards Hudson Bay without meeting a solitary person. It is one thing for a person to express his disbelief in eternal verities when surrounded by a circle of admirers; but it is a very different matter when one is alone, conscious that the searching eye of a holy and sin-hating God is looking into the deepest recesses of his soul. As Nelson began to realise the fact that he was lost on the prairie, without a

Converted on a Canadian Prairie.

soul to comfort or help him in his extremity, he became dejected and depressed. In spirit he crossed the Atlantic to the loved ones in England whom he might never see again. His memory reverted to scenes of bygone days, and he saw what a fool he had been to neglect his soul's salvation. As he thought on the day of reckoning he trembled. God's Word declared: "Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth; and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thine heart, and in the



"TOOK UP LAND ON THE PLAINS WEST OF WINNIPEG."

sight of thine eyes; but know thou, that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment" (Eccles. 11. 9). And he was not prepared for such a meeting. The outlook was anything but encouraging. He always believed in hell—as most, if not all, so-called sceptics and scoffers do. Now he felt convinced that he was within a short distance from it. Opportunities unimproved, warnings despised, mercies slighted, resolutions formed and broken, crowded in upon his soul. All the infidel books that had ever been written, and all the assertions, arguments, and sophistry of sceptics, "agnostics," or scoffers had not a particle of

Converted on a Canadian Prairie.

influence with him then. The thought that overpowered him was the conviction that he was in the conscious presence of the Almighty God against whom he had so persistently and so grievously sinned. After travelling until he was thoroughly exhausted he lay down on the prairie and tried to sleep. But sleep forsook his eyelids. The recollection of his past life afforded him no comfort, nor did the future shed any light upon his troubled spirit. More and more clearly did he perceive that he was not only lost on the prairie, but that he was a lost, guilty, helpless sinner on the way to hell. "Is salvation possible to me?" "Will God save me?" "What must I do to be saved?" were the questions that filled his mind. That night, when conscious of God's presence, scriptures that he had learned when a child in far-off England came before him, and amongst them 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." As he meditated on the glorious declaration he perceived that in spite of his innumerable sins *God loved him*, so loving him as to give the Lord Jesus to die as an atoning sacrifice that he might not perish. The joy of the Lord filled his soul, and the peace of God took possession of his heart. When the morning dawned, to his surprise and delight, he discovered that he was close to the settlement. With a heart full of love and gratitude to God for his two-fold deliverance he called at Mr. B——'s house, and on his appearing said to him: "Mr. B——, I was lost on the prairie last night, and I also discovered I was a lost sinner, but thank God I am now saved."

Have you taken the *lost sinner's* place and claimed the lost sinner's Saviour? "The Son of Man is come to seek and to *save* that which was *lost*" (Luke 19. 10). If you are among the lost ones whom Christ is seeking to save, remember He died on Calvary that you might not perish, but have everlasting life. "Behold, *now* is the accepted time."

"O worldling, give ear while the saints are near,
Soon must the tie be riven;
And men side by side God's hand shall divide,
As far as hell's depths from heaven;
The children of day are summoned away,
Left are the children of night;
Sealed is their doom, for there is no room,
Filled are the mansions of light."

A.M.

THE DYING SOLDIER.

"**H**OW am I to be saved?" I will tell you; Scripture will tell you—that is better. Take the illustration Christ used to Nicodemus; you could not have a better. He took him to the remedy: "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up: that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have eternal life" (John 3. 14, 15). Now, there is the remedy. How am I to be saved? By looking to Christ; just by looking. You might say the whole plan of salvation is in two words—Giving; Receiving. God gives; I receive.

I remember, after one of the terrible battles in the American Civil War—I was in the army tending soldiers—and I had just laid down one night, past midnight, to get a little rest, when a man came and told me that a wounded soldier



The Dying Soldier.

wanted to see me. I went to the dying man. He said: "I wish you to help me to die." I said: "I would help you to die if I could. I would take you on my shoulders and carry you into the kingdom of God if I could; but I cannot. I can tell you of One that can." And I told him of Christ being willing to save him, and how Christ left heaven and came into the world to seek and to save that which was lost. I just quoted promise after promise, but all was dark, and it almost seemed as if the shades of eternal death were gathering around his soul. I could not leave him, and at last I thought of the third chapter of John, and I said to him: "Look here, I am going to read to you now a conversation that Christ had with a man that went to Him when he was in your state of mind, and inquired what he was to do to be saved." I just read that conversation to the dying man, and he lay there with his eyes rivetted upon me, and every word seemed to be going home to his heart, which was open to receive the truth. When I came to the verse where it says, "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up: that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have eternal life," the dying man cried, "Stop, sir; is that there?" "Yes; it is all here." Then he said, "Won't you please read it to me again?" I read it the second time. The dying man brought his hands together, and he said, "Bless God for that. Won't you please read it to me again?" I read through the whole chapter, but long before the end of it he had closed his eyes. He seemed to lose all interest in the rest of the chapter, and when I got through it his arms were folded on his breast, he had a sweet smile on his face, and remorse and despair had fled away. His lips were quivering, and I leant over him, and heard him faintly whisper from his dying lips, "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up: that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have eternal life." He opened his eyes, and fixed his calm, deathly look on me, and he said, "Oh, that is enough; that is all I want!" and in a few hours he pillowed his dying head upon the truth of those two verses, and rode away on one of the Saviour's chariots, and took his seat in the kingdom of God.

May God help every lost one to look on the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world. D. L. MOODY.

THE CURATE'S SERMON.



CHRISTIAN worker was asked to visit an old man who was very ill, and speak to him about his soul. He was well received by the sick one who listened patiently and attentively to what he had to say. His wife, however, full of self-righteousness, broke forth as follows:—

“ You talk about ‘after death the judgment.’ I have no more idea of going to the place of destruction than I have of swallowing that bedstead. I have always lived a good life, and I have believed in Jesus ever since I was three years old, and what more could I do? I believe if people do the best they can, they will go to heaven. That’s always been my creed; it’s what I have been taught, and what I shall keep to.” The visitor succeeded in getting a word in edge-ways, and pointed out that Scripture stated that “There is none righteous, no not one.” But her tongue went like a sewing machine, and she said, “I’ll tell you what I think about it. Nearly a hundred years ago now, my poor dear mother went to church one Sunday in the village of Cardington in Berkshire. It so happened that the curate who was to preach that day had had great trouble in his house all the previous week from sickness, and he was obliged to appear before his congregation with an apology instead of a sermon, because he could not prepare one. ‘However,’ said he, ‘I will not disappoint you altogether, but will give you a short discourse, which you may find full of meaning and easy to remember. The text is in Job 5. 7, “Man is born unto trouble, as the sparks fly upward,” and the curate proceeded thus:—

“Man’s ingress to this world is naked and bare;
His progress through this world is trouble and care;
His egress from the world is, nobody knows where;
If you do well here, you will do well there;
I can tell you no more if I preach for a year.”

She affirmed her full belief in the sermon. The visitor, instead of arguing with the poor old formalist, read God’s description of man in his natural state, as contained in Romans 3. She would not, however, believe it. “Why,” she exclaimed, “I have listened to bishops, and canons, and deans, and ministers of all sorts, and to some of the most celebrated preachers of the time, and I never heard any speak like you. Numbers of good and learned men have approved of the old curate’s sermon, and you are the first I ever heard find fault with it.”

And yet, after all, the theology of the curate’s “sermon,” or

The Curate's Sermon.

rhyme as we would call it, is widely believed by multitudes of professors of religion. One could not well find fault with the two first lines, and we would not dispute the correctness of the last one, "I can tell you no more if I preach for a year." The curate was evidently a "stranger to grace and to God," and was utterly ignorant of the Gospel of God's grace.

"Man's egress from the world is, nobody knows where." What a contradiction to the words of Scripture! "The wicked shall be turned into hell, and all the nations that forget God" (Ps. 9. 17). "The rich man died and was buried, and in hell he lifted up his eyes, being in torments" (Luke 16. 22, 23). Of those who have accepted of Christ as their Saviour, we read that, "To depart and to be with Christ is far better" (Phil. 1. 23). It is a very popular doctrine with the unconverted, that "no one can tell where he is to go when he dies." We have seen that Scripture reveals the condition of the saved and the lost—the converted and unconverted.

The fourth line contains man's way of salvation as opposed to God's. "If you do well here, you will do well there." Scripture shows that the "whole world" is "guilty" before God. "If you do well here!" Who has done this? "There is none righteous, no not one" (Rom. 3. 10). "There is no difference; for all have sinned and come short of the glory of God" (Rom. 3. 22, 23). Men talk about doing their duty, and assert like the old woman, that "if people do the best they can, they will go to heaven." Alas! alas! no one has done his "best," and "Whosoever shall keep the whole law, and yet *offend* in one point, he is GUILTY OF ALL" (James 2. 10). It is not a question of how many times you have broken the law of God, but have you broken it at all? All have done so, and you among the rest; and if salvation is only to be had by our doings, no one can be saved. God has declared that men are saved *by grace* through faith; "not of works, lest any man should boast" (Eph. 2. 8, 9). "To him that worketh is the reward not reckoned of grace, but of debt; but to him that WORKETH NOT but BELIEVETH ON HIM that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness" (Rom. 4. 4, 5). Salvation is provided for; and pressed on the acceptance of, sinners who have *done their worst*; not on those who imagine that they have "done their best."

"Your fairest pretensions must wholly be waived,
Your best resolutions be crossed:
Nor can you expect to be perfectly saved,
Till you find yourself utterly lost."

MARY B——, THE POACHER'S WIFE;

— OR, —

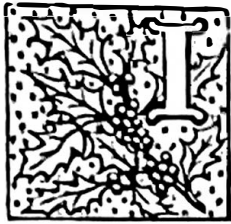
"I KNOW I AM A SINNER, BUT —
JESUS DIED FOR THE LIKES O' ME."



"WHICH SHE WAS VAINLY ENDEAVOURING TO STIR INTO LIFE."

"I saw the emaciated form of a young woman, crouching on a low wooden stool by a few embers of a fire just dying out, and which she was vainly endeavouring to stir into life."

MARY B——, THE POACHER'S WIFE.



T was a heavy fall of snow; I had watched it from the window for some time, as it shrouded the earth, and mantled the trees and shrubs in the garden; everything outside seemed to make me thankful for the comforts within, and I gladly drew my chair very close to the blazing fire to enjoy its cheering warmth. My thoughts turned to the many who knew no such comfort, and who could see no attraction in the fast falling snow, or the feathery, fantastic outlines it was giving to everything outside. My reverie was interrupted by a knock at the door, and, "some one wishes to see you in the kitchen." I went at once and found there a girl from the village I had known for some time. She had come to ask my husband to go and see a poor woman who was dying, and refused to let any of her neighbours go in to see her; "and *you* could not go," said the girl, "for her room is never cleaned, and never has any air in it. She is a poacher's wife, and her husband is a drunkard and neglects her." "I will see her to-morrow," I said, "if my husband has not returned home." But I was restless and uneasy; the burden of that soul was upon me. I repeated again and again, "To-morrow she might be in hell."

In a few minutes I had drawn my waterproof closely round me and was making my way through the storm, praying all the way that the Lord would indeed give me a message from Himself, and also that I might be guided to the right door, as it was getting dark, and the snow falling faster each step I took. It was a poor place I had been directed to, a dirty court surrounded by very poor houses. At the last house on the left side I stood before a closed door, and, asking the Lord to open it for me, I gently knocked and waited. Slowly the heavy wooden bolt was drawn back, and I found myself inside, and the bolt replaced.

I had to lean upon the wall for a few moments in silence to recover the overpowering pressure of bad air that met me; and by the feeble light of a small lamp, I saw the emaciated form of a young woman, crouching on a low wooden stool by a few embers of a fire just dying out, and which she was vainly endeavouring to stir into life.

Poor woman, I longed after her soul; in poverty, and sickness, and sorrow, and "without Christ." How terrible! And yet the moment seemed not to have come for me to

Mary B——, the Poacher's Wife.

give God's message. I drew my stool near her, and taking one of her wasted hands in mine, I asked a few questions as to "How long she had been ill?" &c. And as I pointed to little Johnnie, I said, "You can trust me, can't you? Tell me all your troubles, for I want to help you." "Well," she said, "you're kind to face the storm in sic a nicht, and sit doon here to speak to me, and there's no mony cares for Mary B——, the poacher's wife." "Your husband is a poacher," I said; "tell me how you came to marry him."

"Ah, well, I was but a bairn when I married, and I thought ae trade was as guid as anither, and he promised I should want for naething; but he and his mither drink all he makes by the game; and it's seldom a feather o' it I see, or a penny that it brings me. And then I daurna let ae body into the house, for fear they take the dog and guns, or catch himself; and mony a day the bairn and me never sees food or fire, and I'm that weak that I'm ill."

I saw by the dim lamp-light it was a bed of shavings, with nothing over it but a cotton patch quilt and a piece of old carpet. "Well," I said, "and what of your child who died." I had touched a chord in that weary mother's tearless heart; a few great tears rolled down her sallow cheeks, and she tried to steady her feeble voice and answer my question. "It is five month syne she was born; I was very ill. After the doctor and women that was with me had left, nane came to see after me, and John was out all day, and often all nicht, after the game; and I lo'ed the wean, but I'd naething to gie her, and I saw her dwine and dwine by my side, till ae day she geed a wee short breath and deed, and syne I couldna look after, or care for onything, for my bairn deed o' want, and I kent it weel, and it gid sae sair to my heart that I didna greet, and I didna sleep, and I didna eat, and then the cough came, and John brought the doctor, and he said it was the decline, and I wouldna mend; and it was true, for every day I seem waur and waur, and some days I canna rise ava."

And then the fragile form was racked by a terrible fit of coughing. I silently prayed that the Lord would now give me the right word. As the paroxysm of coughing a little subsided I took her hand and said: "Mary, the message I bring you to-night is from the Son of God, the One who died to save sinners like you and me; and His message to you is this, 'Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are

Mary B——, the Poacher's Wife.

heavy laden, and I will give you rest' (Matt 11. 28). Dear soul, you are in great need of rest. Will you come to Him to-night?" "I would fain have the rest," she said, "but I'm no fit to come; and I've no strength left to gae to the kirk or the meeting, so I canna come." "Well, Mary, you're very weak and very sinful, but Christ has made provision for just such as you! Have you strength to look at me, Mary?" "Yes," she said, raising her heavy sad eyes to mine, "Well Mary," I said, "the Lord bids you look unto Him and live." "Does He? Oh, but I'm a poor, weak thing; and I know I'm a sinner, for I was taught that years ago at the school, and I feel it every day. But, there's none to care for me now, and I'm dying and going I don't know where! Oh, what will become of poor Mary B——, the poacher's wife?" And in an agony of soul she rocked herself to and fro, and tears rolled down her cheeks.

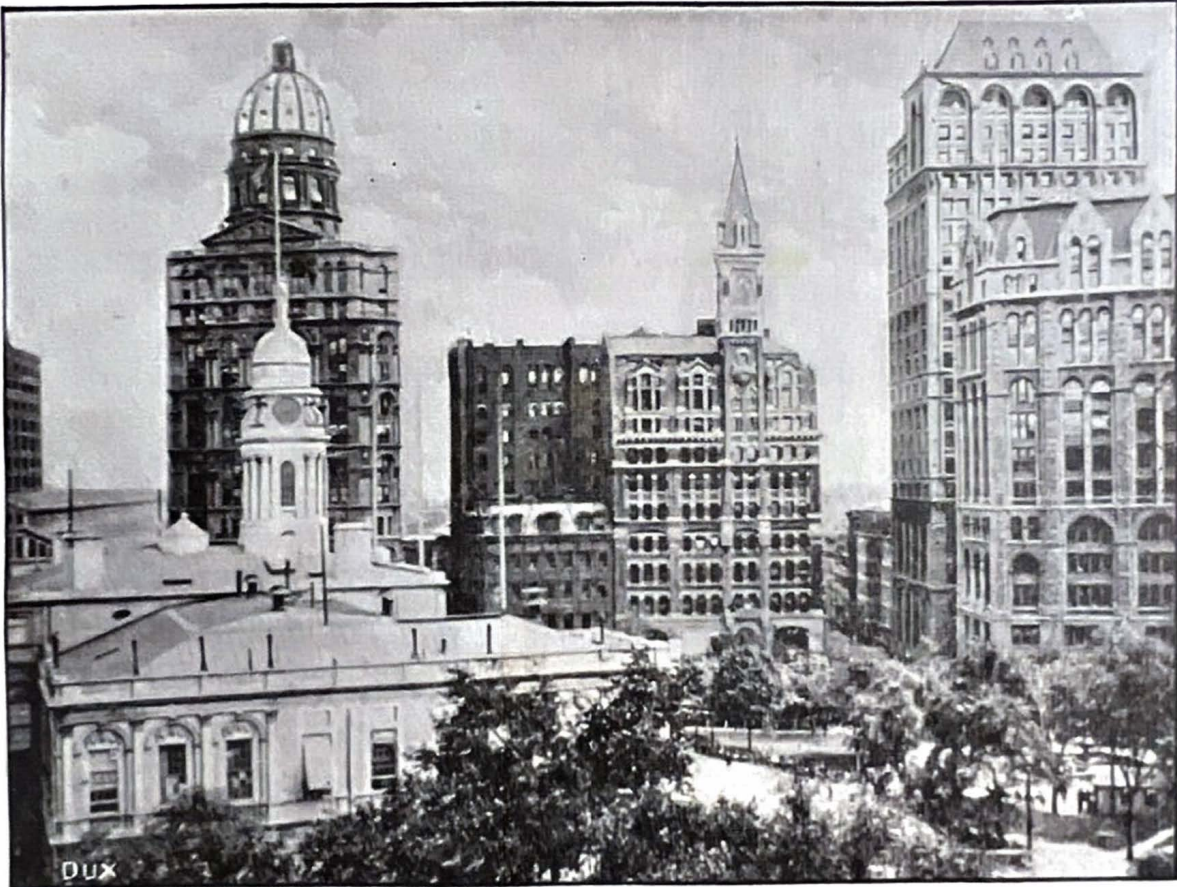
I wept too; for I saw she had judged herself a sinner, and that the Lord's time for blessing had come. I opened my Bible, and read from Numbers 21. 9: "And Moses made a serpent of brass, and put it upon a pole, and it came to pass, if a serpent had bitten any man, when he beheld the serpent of brass, he lived." After reading this I said nothing, but waited upon God to apply His own word to that sin-stricken one, so near the end of her wilderness journey. A faint smile stole over her lips, and she whispered, "I'm just like one o' them. I've spoken against God, and said hard things of Him many a day when I was starving here and when my baby died; but there's nae serpent o' brass for me to look to now, and there's naething but hell for me"; and again she wept.

I opened my Bible, and read John 3. 14-17. "Oh!" she said, clasping her hands together in intense relief, "is it true, is it true? Then I can die happy. He gave His Son for me, and I shall never perish! I know I am a sinner, but Jesus died just for the like o' me! Oh, thank ye, thank ye, for coming to me wi' sic a message!" and she clasped my hand and kissed it again and again.

Reader, I know not who you are, old or young, rich or poor; but this I know; if you have not accepted Christ you are a lost sinner going to endless woe, but there is salvation for you now, if you will have it, and, like poor Mary, take God at His word. You too, can be saved this moment, if you rest upon the finished work of Him who gave His life for you. K.

THE NEW YORKER'S SUDDEN CALL.

MR. ANDREW FRASER, an Irish evangelist, known to the writer, during a visit to New York city, felt impelled to speak to his landlady about her soul's salvation. Mrs. Stoddart was a busy bustling housewife, and was kept fully occupied in attending to the interests of her guests. The Lord Jesus exhorts men and women "to seek first the kingdom of God, and His righteousness: and all these



CITY HALL AND NEWSPAPER ROW, NEW YORK CITY.

things shall be added unto you" (Matt. 6. 33). But Mrs. Stoddart, like many Americans and Britishers, failed to put *first things first*. She supposed that her *first* duty was to attend to her house and family, and care for the things that are seen and temporal. Looking to the Lord for a message the evangelist sought to reach Mrs. Stoddart's heart and conscience, and dwelt on the importance and necessity of being prepared to meet a holy God. To all his entreaties and warnings Mrs. Stoddart replied, "I REALLY HAVE NO TIME TO THINK ON SPIRITUAL MATTERS; I AM SO BUSY."

On retiring to his room the earnest soul-winner supplicated

The New Yorker's Sudden Call.

the blessing of God on the word spoken. Many alas! like the American, are so immersed in business and family concerns that eternal verities are completely overlooked or ignored. Oh! that men and women would *take time* to consider the solemn question asked by the Lord Jesus nearly nineteen centuries ago: "For what is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" (Matt. 16. 26). Most people act as if money, earthly comforts, pleasure, honour, and fame were of more importance than the soul's salvation, and when spoken to about Eternity they assert that they are "too busy," and have "no time" to think about it, yet they may die suddenly and lose their souls! They are, however, prepared to run all such "risks," and put off the settling of the great question until a more "convenient season." It was so with the American landlady. Shortly after the conversation with Mr. Fraser her coloured man-servant knocked at the front door, which she opened. Whilst they were conversing Mrs. Stoddart suddenly exclaimed: "Oh, Charlie!" and with the words on her lip, blood gushed from her mouth, and she fell back dead on the floor. The diligent soul-winner had no idea that he would never have another opportunity of speaking to his landlady, and when he heard of her death he was doubtless glad that he had spoken to her about her soul's salvation. Little did the American imagine that she had received her last "call" to accept of Christ as her Saviour, and that ere the morning sun rose she would be beyond the reach of hope. IS THE READER PREPARED TO MEET GOD? Dying as you are, where, oh! where would you spend eternity? You know you are a sinner; that "the wages of sin is death" (Rom. 6. 23), and that if you received what your sins merit, hell would be your portion. You cannot by any efforts of your own save yourself.

Hearken to the words of holy writ: "Now then we are ambassadors for Christ, as though God did beseech you by us: we pray you in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God" (2 Cor. 5. 20); God *beseeches* you to be reconciled to Him! Why turn your back on His entreaty and refuse His mercy? Why continue neglecting His "great salvation"? "Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation" (2 Cor. 6. 2). You may, without a moment's warning, be suddenly cut down in your sins, like the American, and where, oh! where would you spend Eternity? A. M.

THE LORD CHANCELLOR'S TESTIMONY.



EARL CAIRNS, LORD CHANCELLOR OF ENGLAND.

EARL CAIRNS, Lord Chancellor of England, whom Lord Macnaughton spoke of as the greatest lawyer that ever sat upon the wool-sack, was a most decided and consistent Christian. Addressing a company of working men, among whom were a number of infidels and agnostics, he said: "As I am a stranger among you, I do not know that I have any right to obtrude my opinion. All I can do is to tell you how this question affects me personally.

If I could take you to my home you would think it a luxurious one, and the food on my table is abundant. You would say that with all this I ought to be a happy man. I am, indeed, a happy man, but I don't think my furniture and food have much to do with it. Every day I rise with the sweet consciousness that **GOD LOVES ME AND CARES FOR ME.** He has pardoned all my sins for Christ's sake, and I look forward to the future with no dread. His Spirit proves to me that all this which is, is only the beginning of joy which is to last throughout eternity.

Suppose it were possible for some one to convince me that this happiness was all a delusion on my part, my house would give me little repose, and the food would often remain on the table untasted. I should wake in the morning with the feeling that it was scarcely worth while to get up, so little there would be to live for. The sun might rise, or it might not—all would be dark to me. You see, my friends, I could not honestly advise you to do what some of you say you wish to do—to live without God in the world when all the time my heart is crying out: 'Without Thee I cannot live.' It is a pleasure to me to know that the costly things in my house, which you cannot share with me, **are not the things out of which my happiness is made.**

The Lord Chancellor's Testimony.

Were they necessary to happiness, I should look around with a sigh and wonder why they are given to so few. Had I to leave them all to-morrow and betake myself to a humble home, I should still take my joy with me. My most earnest desire and prayer for you is that Christ may reveal Himself to you, satisfying, as I know He only can, every desire of your hearts."

Lord Cairn's testimony is most valuable. It shows that honour, fame, learning, social position, and wealth cannot satisfy the human heart. The Lord Chancellor of England did not derive his peace and joy from his affluent circumstances. The knowledge that his sins were pardoned through faith in Christ's atoning blood, and that God loved and cared for him, made him supremely happy. He had no fear of the future, because his sins were blotted out never to be brought against him (Isa. 43. 25). He could not be an agnostic or a sceptic. If it were possible for him to be convinced that his happiness was a delusion, all would be dark for him. How true it is that none but Christ can satisfy the yearnings of an immortal spirit. The reader, if unsaved, cannot be satisfied with all that this world can afford. Perfect satisfaction can alone be found at the cross of Calvary. Gaze upon that holy suffering One. Why did He suffer? Why did He die? Because of your sin and my sin. "Without shedding of blood there is no remission" (Heb. 9. 22). But Christ's precious blood has been shed, and God's righteous claims have been perfectly met. The "Gospel" is the good news regarding this glorious fact (1 Cor. 15. 1-4), and it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believes (Rom. 1. 16).

Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and with the Lord Chancellor of England you will obtain love, and life, and lasting joy now, and everlasting glory by-and-by. Why not now believe and be saved?

A. M.

INFIDELITY versus CHRISTIANITY.

"DID you ever know an uproar to be made because an infidel went astray from the paths of morality?" said Dr. Mason to a young scoffer. The infidel was forced to admit that he could not mention such an instance. "Then, don't you see," said Dr. Mason, "that by expecting the professors of Christianity to be holy, you admit it to be a holy religion, and thus pay it the highest compliment in your power."

THE FROZEN MOTHER AND HER CHILD.

A TOUCHING TALE OF THE ALPINE HEIGHTS, INDICATING
WHAT IS GREATER THAN A MOTHER'S LOVE?



ST. BERNARDS FINDING A FAMILY LOST ON THE ALPS.

When found by the noble St. Bernard's the parents were frozen and dead; the little one had evidently been still alive, but ere the monks reached the spot, and had the family removed to the hospice, they were all united in death.

THE FROZEN MOTHER AND HER CHILD.



THE GREAT St. Bernard Pass, the easiest pass over the Pennine Alps, towering 8111 feet high, leads from Martigny in the Swiss canton of Valais to the Italian valley of Aosta, and has been the scene of many a stirring event. Napoleon led his army across in 1800, and a carriage way was made across a few years ago. Despite the easier methods of travel afforded by the tunnelling of the Alps, considerable numbers still cross by the famous St. Bernard, and signal rescues from death continue to be recorded. The *News* of November 9 contained the story of the first rescue of the season. Three Italian workmen, losing their way, wandered for hours near the summit, and at last fell down exhausted. A St. Bernard dog from the monastery discovered two of them, gave timely warning, and they were rescued by the monks, who then set out in search of their unfortunate companion. He was found buried in a drift under several feet of snow. All three recovered from their terrible experience.

One of the most touching of these Alpine tales was related to us by a personal friend who, in his extended tour of Europe visited many of the monasteries and hospices situated mid eternal snows in the Alpine heights, including the famous St. Bernard, known to all since the reading in our boyhood days of the rescues by the noble St. Bernard dog BARRY and his equally noble companions.

In one of the monasteries, after being conducted over most of the other parts of the building, he was led to a peculiar chamber down in the basement of the structure. It was the temporary graveyard of deceased monks, or persons found dead in the snow! During certain months of the year the ground around the monastery is frozen as hard as the solid rock on which the building stands, and it is impossible to dig graves in the usual way, hence the bodies are laid in this vault till the summer's sun prepares the ground to receive the "earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust," till the resurrection morning.

After glancing round the lifeless bodies, his attention was fixed on a remarkable object in a corner. What could it be? A closer inspection revealed a poor mother almost naked, and clasped tightly in her arms a bundle of clothes from which there peeped the tiny face of her frozen child. The tragedy was self-evident. The family, consisting of father,

The Frozen Mother and her Child.

mother, and child, had attempted to cross one of the steep and narrow Alpine passes. There are snow-storms on these mountains even in summer, but in the long winter season they are extremely violent, and the passes are then very dangerous. These storms sometimes come on very suddenly—often after a bright and pleasant morning—and the travellers lose their way, or are buried beneath the drifts. Thus it happened to this family. Benumbed on the mountain-side, left alone to die, the mother's love had taken first one article of her clothing and then another, and wrapping it round her darling child, hoped that the little one would be rescued alive. When found by the noble St. Bernards the parents were frozen and dead; the little one had evidently been still alive, but ere the monks reached the spot, and had the family removed to the hospice, they were all united in death. There lay the father, stiff and cold, and close beside him the naked mother and the bundle child, a touching tribute to the oft-repeated theme—**THE STRENGTH OF A MOTHER'S LOVE.**

Yet this is but a faint picture of that wondrous theme—**THE LOVE OF GOD.** "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). Your heart is touched as you hear this love of a mother unfolded, but has it ever been moved as you thought of the mighty love of the Eternal God in giving His only begotten Son from the Glory Throne to the gory Cross on Calvary. His Holy One suffered agonies untold, and shed His precious blood in order that a poor, unworthy sinner like you might not perish, but have everlasting life. How have you responded to such mighty love? Have you acknowledged this "same Jesus" as your Lord?

This noble mother died for her own child; but the Lord Jesus Christ died for His enemies (Rom. 5. 6, 10), for sinners, for *you*. The mother died because she could not prevent it, but Jesus *voluntarily* gave Himself a ransom for all. He had power to lay down His life, and power to take it again. No man took it from Him (John 10. 18).

Oh, wondrous love! Jesus, the eternal Son of God, loved me and gave Himself *for me*. Realising this, and believing on Him, may the overflow of gratitude in your bosom lead you to exclaim, "Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us!"

HYP.

HOW THE PARDON WAS RECEIVED.



MANY years ago, a man who had been mate of a ship trading to New Zealand, was in prison in that colony, under sentence of penal servitude for life. He had so cruelly treated a cabin boy as to cause the lad's death. After the man had served five years of his sentence the Governor of the colony decided to grant a free pardon to the prisoner. As I wished to visit the prison, and this was an exceptional case, I took the document to the jailor. He was a Christian man, and expressed his pleasure at the grant of the pardon. Asking me to follow him, he led the way to a small balcony overlooking a yard in which a number of prisoners were exercising. Holding up the document in the envelope, he called out to a young man who was walking by himself and coming towards us, "S—, here is your pardon." Evidently it was unexpected good news, for, clasping his hands and springing into the air, the prisoner exclaimed, "Thank you, sir," and immediately walked out of the yard through a door which a warder held open for him, a pardoned, free, and happy man.

He did not say, as many practically do who are offered pardon of their sins (Micah 7. 8) and everlasting life (John 5. 24), that he preferred the companionship of his fellow-prisoners, or that he doubted the validity of the pardon—that he must satisfy himself that it really bore his name, and was signed by the Governor and sealed with the seal of the colony before he could believe and accept the good news. Nor did he decline it on the ground that others might laugh at him for accepting his freedom. Nor did he say that he was not really a guilty man, and therefore did not need a pardon. No, he was wise; he accepted the jailor's statement in simple faith, and without waiting even to consult or say farewell to his fellow-convicts, he walked out a free and a happy man. Soon the prison garb was exchanged for suitable clothes which had been provided for him—a type of the robe of righteousness and garment of salvation (Isa. 61. 10) provided by Jesus Christ for all who will accept them. Will you accept of a free pardon now and be led to exclaim: "Who is a God like unto Thee that pardoneth iniquity?" Be wise and accept of it now, for "now is the accepted time!" To-morrow may be too late! C. J. A. H.

THE END OF THE VOYAGE.

AS the mist uplifted from the distant horizon our eyes beheld our destination. There, rearing its rugged head against the sky, stood the Table Mountain, and Cape Town lay beneath it as though seeking its protection from some dreaded foe.

All on board were more or less excited, but my attention was particularly directed to two passengers who stood on the deck straining their eyes in the direction of the jetty, which we could plainly see was crowded with people.

One was a bride; in a little while she hoped to meet the

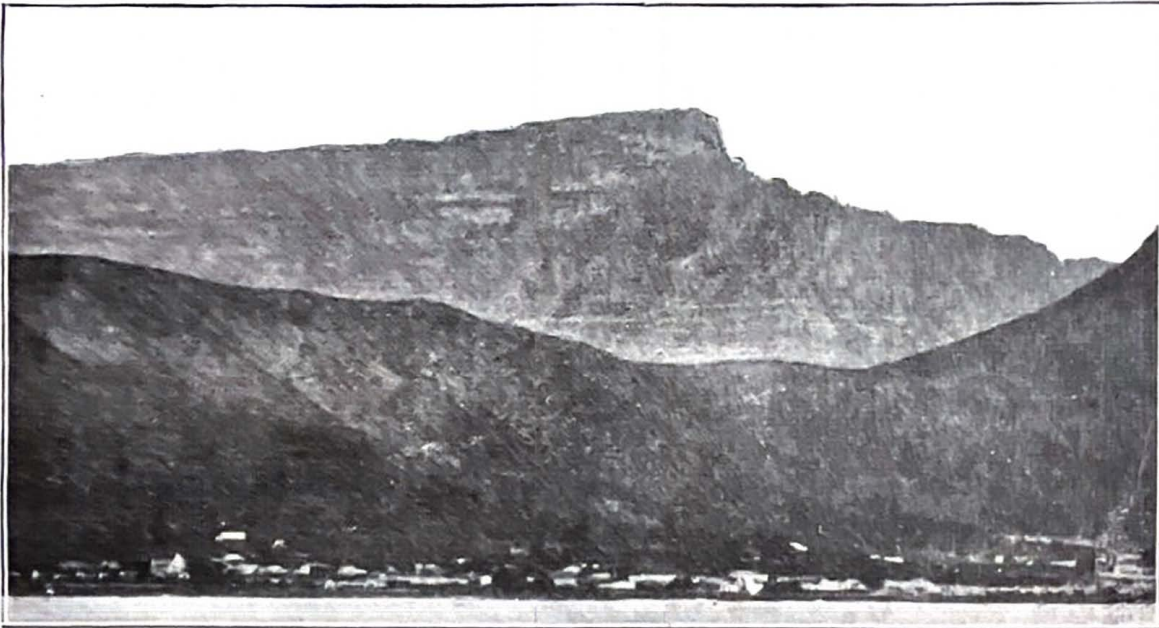


TABLE MOUNTAIN WITH CAPE TOWN LYING AT ITS FOOT.

one who on the day to follow was to make her his wife. The other was a criminal in charge of a detective, and on the morrow he had to face a serious charge and meet a judge. I watched the faces of the two, the one lighted up with hope and joy; the other downcast and despondent. No greater contrast could have been found.

But my thoughts wandered from my fellow-passengers on board the *Walmer Castle* to my fellow-passengers the wide world over who are voyaging with me to eternity. I divided them into two classes, and in doing this I did but do what God Himself has done. How different will be the end of the voyage for these two classes. One class will meet the Bridegroom, the other will meet the Judge. The one company as the Bride of the Lamb will be led forth

The End of the Voyage.

amid the joy and song of heaven; the other, alas, amid darkness and woe, must face the Judge. I ask my reader, To which of these two companies do you belong to-day? You know that you cannot stand still; upon the waters of Time your bark is sailing onward, and no dead calm impedes its way.

Have you thought of the end of the voyage? The prisoner on the *Walmer Castle*, though taking part in sport and ball and song and joke, often thought of what lay ahead, but then, nought that he could do could change his unhappy lot; but with you it is different. You deserve to meet the Lord as Judge; yea, so did we all, for all have sinned and come short of God's glory, but if now in this bright gospel day you but come to Christ and trust Him as your Saviour; if you seek the cleansing that His precious blood affords, then you shall never know His condemnation; instead, the joy of meeting Him as the Bridegroom—the One who loved His Church and gave Himself for it—will be before you. Oh! how shall the voyage end? Shall it find you unforgiven, laden with sin, guilty and vile, or spotless and pure, made clean for ever by the cleansing blood of the Lamb once slain? Think well on this matter, and decide for Christ to-day!

THE BELIEVER'S DESTINY.

When you accept the Lord Jesus by simple faith as your Saviour, you have God's testimony to the fact that you are justified—for ever cleared of every charge of guilt. Then your destiny will be the Lamb's glory. You will be able to sing truthfully—

"I have a home above,
From sin and sorrow free;
A mansion which eternal love
Designed and formed for me."

This is the destiny of every truly saved soul, and nothing can change it. The blessing comes on the ground of the precious blood of Jesus, and His blood can never lose its value. The source of the blessing is the free grace of the blessed God, and His grace can never change.

Christ Himself will be the centre of all the redeemed in God's many-mansioned home, and to dwell in the sunlight of His presence will be the blessed portion of all His blood-purchased ones. Oh, can you say that this prospect is yours? If not, even now "believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved."

J. T. M.

THE CAPTAIN'S HEROIC ACT.



NUMBER of years ago, a steamer was wrecked on the west coast of Scotland. A terrific storm was raging, and there were on board the vessel, in addition to the captain and crew, the captain's wife and sister-in-law. The attention of a number of persons on the shore had been directed to the ship. They saw from her peculiar movements that something was seriously wrong, and as they watched they became convinced that she was not going to weather the storm. Boats were

immediately launched, and brave, hardy fellows pulled with might and main, in the face of wind and tide, toward the fast sinking vessel. They succeeded in rescuing the crew and landing them safely, but the captain declared it was his intention to remain by the steamer as long as she would float; while his wife and sister-in-law stated that they would not leave him. Ere the rescuers returned, they fastened a rope to the wreck, and placed the "cradle" where it could be easily entered when the survivors left the steamer. The "cradle" is an apparatus into which men, women, and children get, and are then dragged along the connecting rope from the doomed vessel to the shore.

On the captain seeing that he could do nothing to save the vessel and her cargo, he decided to abandon her. Placing the ladies in the cradle, which was large enough to hold two persons, he signalled to those on the shore, while he accompanied them hand-over-hand on the rope. On and on they go. The noble fellow, feeling that the rope was straining, and fearing that his additional weight was imperilling the lives of his dear ones, shouted "good-bye," and letting go his hold, fell into the raging sea, and was drowned. The ladies reached the shore, but were terribly grieved and disappointed on learning of the captain's fate.

This incident illustrates danger and salvation of another kind. It could not be said that the captain died instead of

The Captain's Heroic Act.

his wife and sister-in-law. It is true that if he had chosen he could have been rescued by the boats. A strong sense of duty, however, prevented him from availing himself of such an offer. He could have entered the cradle with one of the ladies, and left the other behind. In such ways could he have saved himself, but he was too manly for that. He knew when he attempted to reach the shore hand-over-hand, that he ran a great risk; and when he thought that his extra weight on the rope was endangering the lives of those in the cradle, he preferred risking his own to theirs.

There is an "old story" oftentimes told—but not too often—of One who did not *risk* His life, but who voluntarily gave it up that we might not perish but have everlasting life. Perhaps you think but little of the "old, old story of Jesus and His love." It may be "stale" with you; and when you hear anyone singing or telling it out on a week-night, at a street corner, or by the sea side, you declare that "there is a time and a place for everything," and that it is your belief that "religion ought to be kept in its own place." It tells of a love stronger than death, and mightier than the grave—of a love that is unmerited and unsought—free, changeless and eternal. It is a wonderful story, the story of Calvary. "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*" (Romans 5. 7, 8). We were perishing in our sins and hurrying on to hell, and yet, wonder of wonders, He died to save us from everlasting woe. He bore the judgment due to us. He did not merely *risk* His life; He gave it up to rescue us from eternal misery. "I am the Good Shepherd: the Good Shepherd *giveth His life for the sheep*" (John 10. 11). On account of what He did and suffered, God can be a just God, and the Justifier of him who believes on Jesus. Well may we sing—

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

Believe on Him who settled the sin question, who suffered sin's penalty, who paid sin's debt, and you will immediately pass from darkness into light, from death unto life, and become a son of God, an heir of God, and a joint-heir with Jesus Christ.

A. M.

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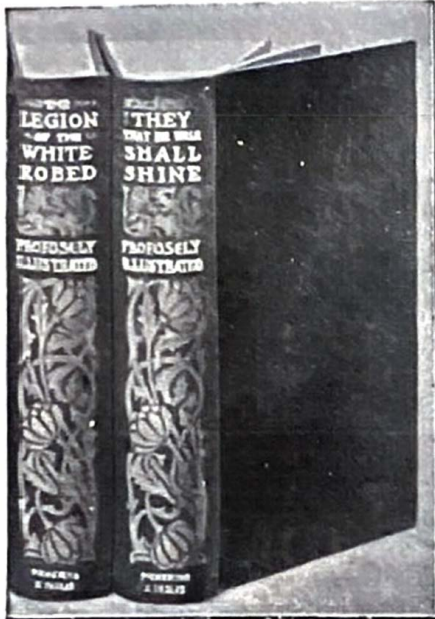


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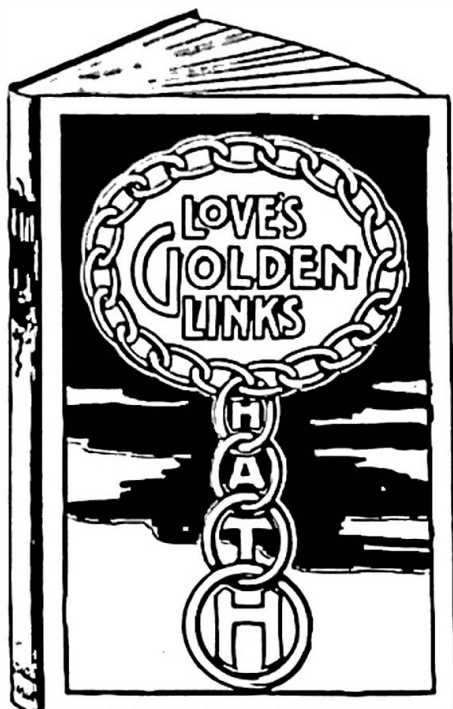


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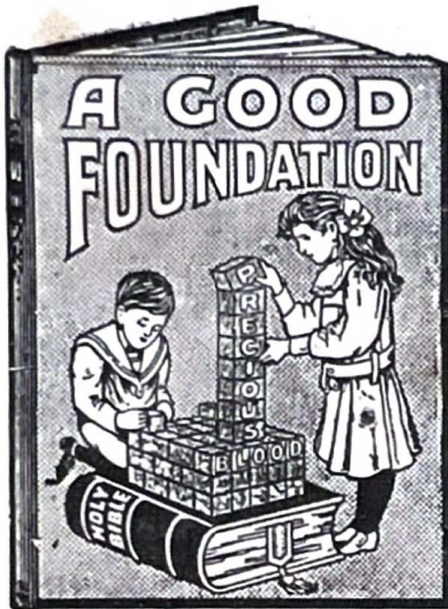
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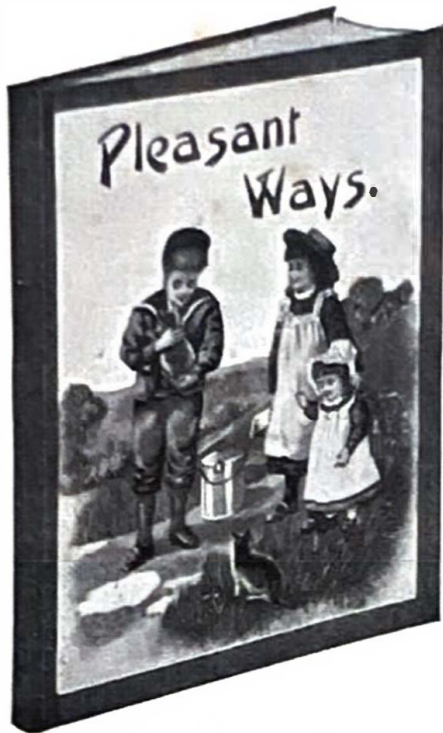
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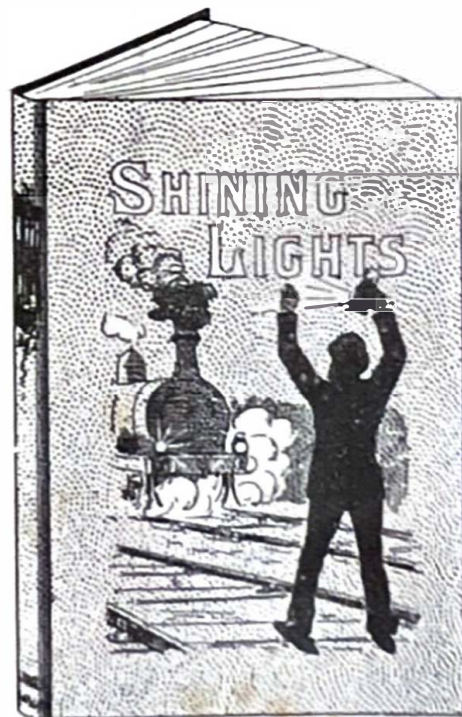
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