

The RIGHT ROAD



"It Leads to Victory."

Dr W. C. Inghre

with

Alas Marshall's

Best wishes

Prestwick

Scotland

1921

THE HERO OF THE AISNE.



Private Bell, of 1st West Yorks Regiment, bringing the wounded sergeant to a place of safety.

Drawn by Ernest Prater from a description by the hero.

“He led them forth by the Right Way.”

Psalm 107. 7.

THE RIGHT ROAD

“It leads to Victory.”

TRUE INCIDENTS AND FORCIBLE FACTS
for
SOLDIERS, SAILORS, AND CIVILIANS.

EDITED BY

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THE RIGHT ROAD.

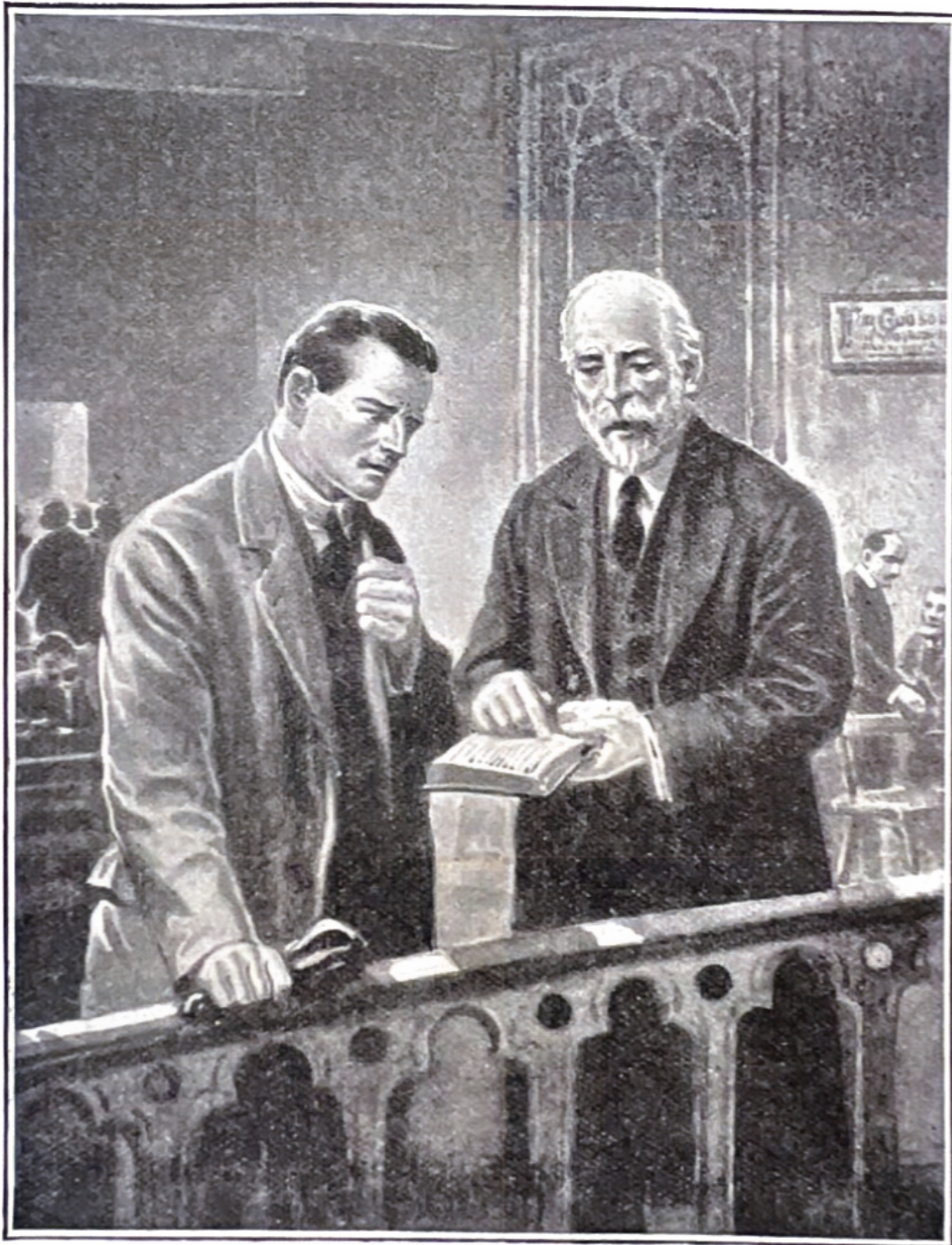
THEY stood at the cross roads uncertain as to which way to turn. One way meant capture, defeat, and probably death; the other way meant safety, deliverance, and victory. The choice had to be made. Which did they take?

Each of us—soldiers, sailors, or civilians—stand at the parting of the ways concerning Eternity. The two Roads clearly lie before us, they have been before our vision from childhood's days—the BROAD ROAD to death, gloom, and captivity, with no hope of deliverance; the NARROW WAY to life, liberty, and eternal freedom. Nay, more, the clear issues of DEFEAT or VICTORY are apparent and urgent. The choice must be made. Herein is set forth the way, the effect, and the results of the obeying of the Call—"CHOOSE YE THIS DAY."

HOW AN AMERICAN WAS PURCHASED, PARDONED, AND SET FREE;

— OR, —

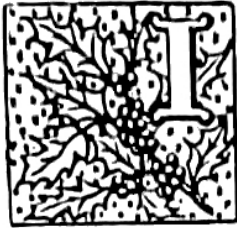
"I'M SAVED! I'M SAVED! THE LORD JESUS CHRIST HAS
PURCHASED ME!"



"WHERE DID YOU GET THAT?" HE INQUIRED.

Taking the New Testament into his hand, the seeking soul read aloud the precious words that have brought comfort and peace to multitudes of weary, sin-sick souls.

HOW AN AMERICAN WAS PURCHASED, PARDONED, AND SET FREE.



IN the outskirts of the city of Springfield, Missouri, United States of America, "Revival Services" were being conducted. At the close of the address an invitation was given to all who were desirous of "getting religion" to go forward to the "penitent bench." Amongst those to respond was a young man who was thoroughly aroused to an apprehension of his guilt and danger, and threw himself flat on the floor beside the "altar rail" in deep soul agony, weeping bitterly. A number of Christian workers gathered around him, and instead of pointing him to Christ the sinner's Saviour, prayed and pleaded with God to have mercy on him.

A well-known worker, who was a helper of D. L. Moody during the last five years of his life, knelt beside the seeking soul, and putting his hand on his shoulder said: "THE LORD JESUS DIED FOR YOU," and opening his New Testament slowly read 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." "LORD HAVE MERCY ON ME," was the only response. The worker read the "wonderful words of life" of John 3. 16 six times to the awakened soul, and six times over the man exclaimed: "LORD HAVE MERCY ON ME!" As he read the Scripture the sixth time he observed that the young man was manifesting more interest in what he read. Hence he continued, and as the glorious Gospel declaration was being repeated for the eighth time, the young man raised himself from the ground, and looking into the worker's face inquired: "WHERE DID YOU GET THAT?" Placing the open Book in front of him, the Christian worker asked the seeking soul to read God's royal Gospel declaration. Taking the New Testament into his hand, the seeking soul read aloud the precious words that have brought comfort and peace to multitudes of weary, sin-sick souls. The Holy Spirit applied the message in power to the conscience and heart of the "inquirer." Getting on his knees, he exclaimed: "I AM SAVED! I AM SAVED! JESUS HAS PURCHASED ME!" Then jumping to his feet, he cried: "JESUS HAS PURCHASED ME!"

Many awakened souls, through bad teaching, have been

How an American was Pardoned and Set Free.

led into by-paths. Instead of being directed to the Lord Jesus Christ some have been sent to pray for salvation, and others have been urged and entreated to *plead* with God for forgiveness, forgetting or ignoring the fact that God is beseeching them to accept of it as a free gift. "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" (2 Cor. 5. 19, 20). God is now beseeching the unsaved reader to be reconciled to Him. He waits to be gracious, and longs that you should accept of His pardoning mercy. Many a one goes on "praying" and "striving," "vowing" and "resolving" to lead a better life in the future, instead of believing on the Saviour.

John 3. 16 is a clear statement of God's way of Salvation. If the reader wishes to be saved in *God's way*, and on *God's terms*, and in *God's time*, he can be saved through believing the Gospel made known in that wonderful verse:

"For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

The passage reveals the astounding fact that in spite of your sins *God loves you*. Let that thought enter your heart, and allow it to simmer there. God hates sin, but loves the sinner. The proof and measure of His love was revealed at Calvary. If the reader has had any doubt of God's love to him, let him gaze by faith on that bleeding, suffering, dying Lamb of God, and ponder the agonising cry, "My God, My God, WHY HAST THOU FORSAKEN ME?" Why did God forsake Him who always pleased Him? Why did God forsake the only One who loved Him with all His heart, soul, strength, and mind? The only proper answer is this: He died that we might be delivered from the slavery, penalty, and bondage of sin. The work accomplished by Him on the cross has satisfied all God's claims. The Rock having been smitten, the water of life is flowing freely for you and me and every other sinner.

"Whosoever believeth in Him" is God's way of salvation. How simple! How grand! Note, it is not

How an American was Pardoned and Set Free.

“Whosoever believeth in Him,” *and acts up to it*, nor, “Whosoever believeth in Him,” *and does the best he can*, nor, “Whosoever believeth in Him,” *and holds on to the end*. It is simply, “Whosoever believeth in Him,” who was “wounded for our transgressions and bruised for our iniquities” (Isa. 53. 5), “shall not perish, but have everlasting life.” Every one who believes on Christ is at this very moment the present possessor of everlasting life. And this is obtained on the assurance of the testimony of the Lord Jesus Christ. Is there any safer testimony?

The moment that the seeking one ceased looking *within* and *around* and *down*, and laid hold of the soul-saving truth of the Gospel, he shouted: “I AM SAVED! I AM SAVED! JESUS HAS PURCHASED ME!” When he believed on the Saviour he saw that he was “redeemed with the precious Blood of Christ” (1 Peter 1. 18, 19). Christ bought “the field,” which is the world, for the sake of the “treasure.” Being “bought” is one thing and being “redeemed” is another. Redemption is actual deliverance, and atonement is the ground on which deliverance is obtained.

“There is one God, and one Mediator between God and men, the Man Christ Jesus; who gave Himself a ransom for all” (1 Tim. 2. 6). The ransom has been paid and accepted, and you are entreated to believe the “glad tidings” and enter into life and liberty. Don’t say that it is “too easy” a way of deliverance since it is obtained *through the sufferings and death of the Saviour*. He bore our sins in His own body on the tree (1 Peter 2. 24) that we might be delivered from the penalty and slavery of sin. His glorious atoning sacrifice is a perfect satisfaction to offended justice, and by believing on Him who did it all and paid it all, you will obtain eternal life as a free gift and present possession.

Can the reader say with the young convert: “I am saved?” If not, why not? “Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, *and thou shalt be saved*” (Acts 16. 31). When you do so you will be enabled to adopt the familiar lines as the expression of your deep cherished convictions:

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

INFIDELITY'S END, FAITH'S END, YOUR END.

WHEN Solon, the Athenian sage, at one time the political leader of the Greeks, was asked by the rich Eastern King of Lydia, whose capital was Sardis, and whose wealth was a proverb, "Who was the happiest man he had ever known?" Solon replied, "Call no man happy until you know the nature of his death."

When Croesus, the proud, wealthy King of Lydia was conquered by Cyrus, and reduced to nothing, it is said that in the hour of his misfortunes he remembered with regret the words of Solon, which in his prosperity he had despised. When he was stretched on the pile to be burned to death, he exclaimed, "Solon! Solon! Solon, let all who are proud, haughty, and prosperous learn from my end."

One of the ancient poets composed some striking lines upon what Solon said, which are well worthy of notice:

"Let mortals hence be taught to look beyond
The present time, nor dare to say a man
Is happy till the last decisive hour
Shall close his life without the taste of woe."

Illustrations are not wanting to prove how true this is.

Two men died in America the same year—Colonel INGER-SOL, the infidel, and D. L. MOODY, the evangelist. What a striking contrast between the latter end of these two famous men! Sadness and gloom characterises the former, gladness and triumph the latter.

The death of the infidel had not a ray of hope; his wife and daughter, who loved him passionately, could not bear to have the body removed from the house until corruption made it compulsory. A daily paper describes the scene at the crematory as "being enough to break the hardest heart with pity, however little you might sympathise with the views of him who had passed away."

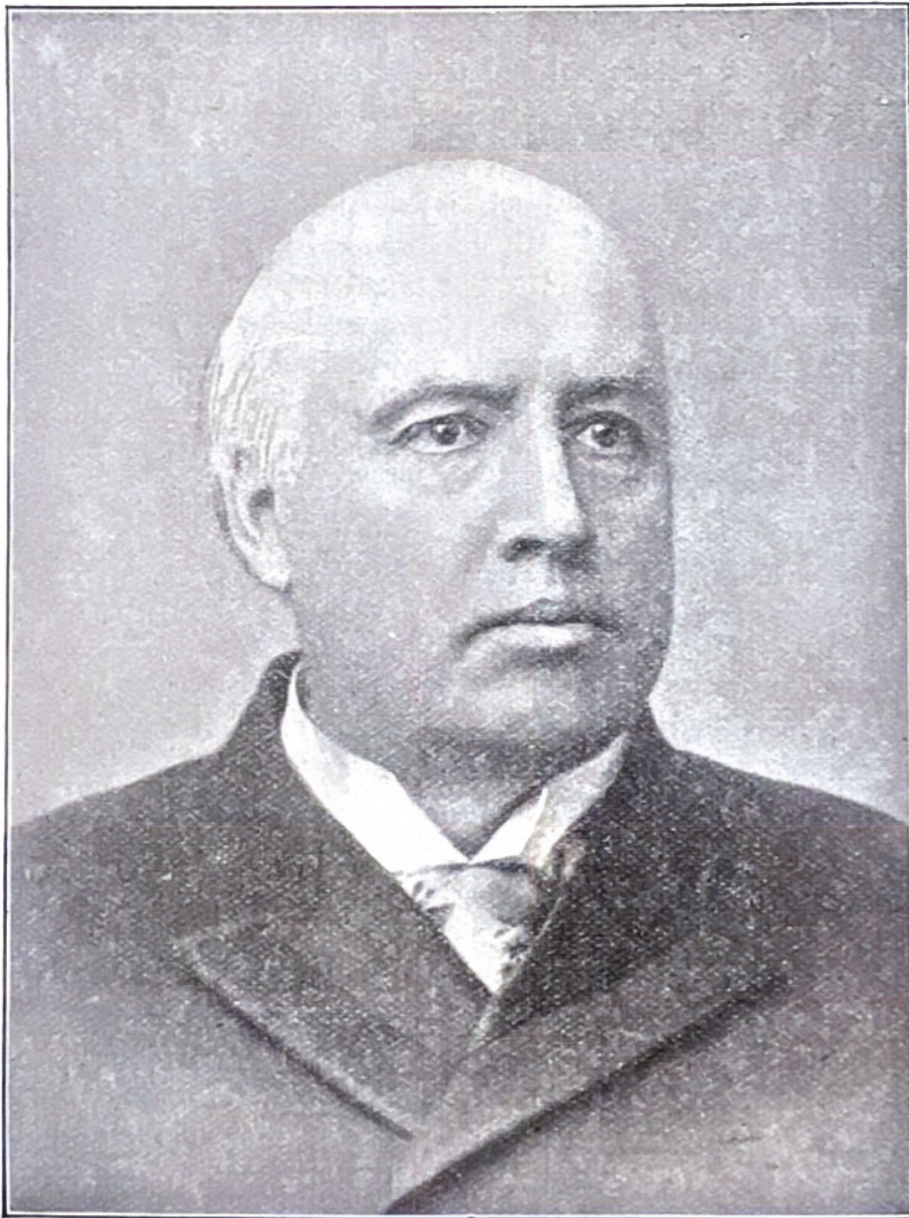
The death of D. L. Moody was one of the brightest ever witnessed. As the son sat beside his father he heard him speak in a low tone of voice. The words he heard were, "Earth is receding, Heaven is opening, God is calling." "You are dreaming, father," said the son. "No, Will, this is no dream. I have been within the gates. Is this death? This is not bad; there is no valley. This is bliss. This is glorious." Thus Moody, the great soul-winner, passed into the presence of his Lord and Master.

The tremendous contrast between infidelity and Chris-

Infidelity's End, Faith's End, Your End.

tianity as witnessed in the end of these two leaders must strike every thoughtful man. The one was inglorious and the other glorious, the one weakness the other victory.

Who ever heard of a true Christian on his death-bed repent that he had become a Christian? None! Many true



WHICH WOULD YOU PREFER TO BE LIKE IN LIFE?

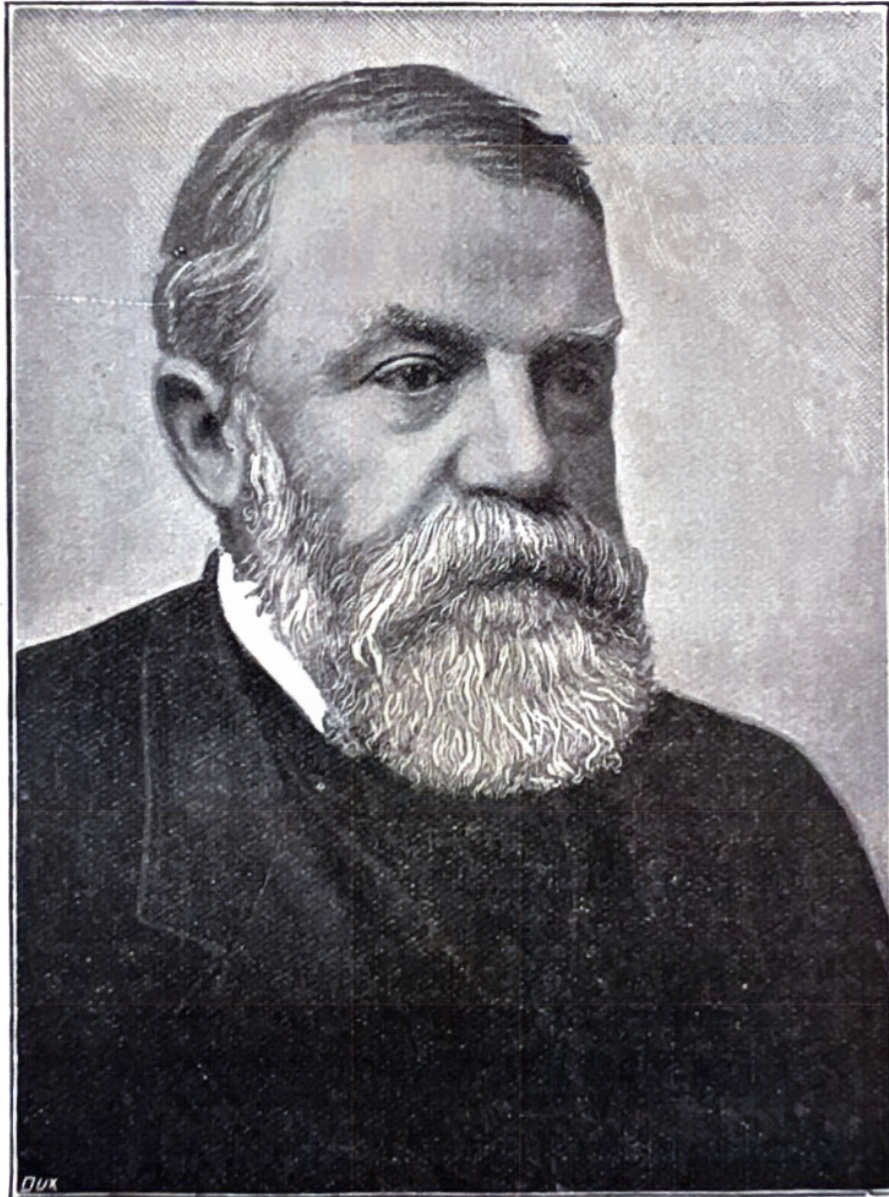
COLONEL INGERSOL, THE INFIDEL.

Christians have repented that they had not yielded themselves to Christ earlier in life, or that their lives had not been more truly Christ-like. But none ever repented that they had come to the Lord Jesus Christ and received Him as their Saviour and Lord, or served Him as Master and Lord.

Infidelity's End, Faith's End, Your End.

On the other hand, many infidels have been seized with remorse and died in the bitterest soul agony. Not one case of an infidel's death has ever been recorded who died in triumph like D. L. MOODY or AUGUSTUS TOPLADY, the celebrated writer of "Rock of Ages." Toplady said

AND WHICH LIKE WHEN YOU COME TO DIE?



D. L. MOODY, THE EVANGELIST.

to those at his bedside, from whom he was taking a last earthly farewell, "No mortal man could live in the body and see what he had seen and enjoy what he had enjoyed." Even the late Professor F. W. NEWMAN, the writer of "Phases of Faith," or rather, "Phases of Infidelity," repented, and a notice of his death in the *Times*

Infidelity's End, Faith's End, Your End.

stated, that "on his death-bed he drew nearer to Christ." If the truth were really known there are no *happy* infidels. Many who have been converted from infidelity have declared it, and they ought to know. Dare any infidel, from Bolingbroke to Charles Bradlaugh, or from Bradlaugh to the most blatant living infidel to-day, have his life exposed so before the eyes of God and men, that as the late C. H. SPURGEON said when challenged: "*You can write my life across the sky if you like.*"

"Conscience makes cowards of us all," said the keenest observer and most fascinating delineator of human nature. Instead of conscience driving men to God, who has revealed Himself in grace as a Saviour God, they fly to what is only like the deceptive mirage in the desert.

Every son of Adam's race requires to be cleansed from his sins before he can enter God's holy presence and be happy there. The death of Christ for our sins has met all the claims of justice upon us, and is therefore the basis of our clearance or justification from our sins. Faith in the testimony of God rendered in His holy Word is the instrumental means of our justification or eternal clearance. Three verses make it plain: "Much more then, being now justified by His Blood, we shall be saved from wrath through Him" (Rom. 10. 9); "By Him all that believe are justified from all things" (Acts 13. 39); "Therefore being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ" (Rom. 5. 1).

Peace with God is the result of justification, and it is the privilege of every believer to enjoy it; not to enjoy it is to dishonour the finished work of Christ that made it, and the testimony of the Word of God that proclaims it.

Has it ever struck you that there are seventy deaths a minute; four thousand two hundred every hour; one hundred thousand eight hundred every day; seven hundred and five thousand six hundred every week; thirty-six million six hundred and ninety-one thousand every year? Steady yourself for a minute and think! Stand still and look over your past. Bring the future into the present. Ask yourself this question: "If I were in this vast procession this day, this week, where would my soul be?"

"To-day thou livest yet, For ere to-morrow comes
To-day turn thee to God, Thou may'st be with the dead." p.w.

THE RELIEF OF LUCKNOW.

IN all English history there is no story more thrilling than one that comes to us as authentic in connection with the relief of Lucknow in the year 1857.

The Sepoys besieged Lucknow in the month of May, and until the end of September the siege lasted. Awful were the sufferings of the little garrison and their wives and children. Famine and pestilence thinned their ranks from within, and the fierce foe threatened them from without. Help, long looked for, was despaired of, and they almost gave up all hope of being saved. Forlorn indeed they must have been as day after day came and went only to find and leave them again in greater danger than ever.

In this death-beleagured city there was a corporal's



"THE HIGHLANDERS CAUGHT UP CHILDREN IN THEIR ARMS."

The Relief of Lucknow.

wife named Jessie Brown. Throughout the siege she was in a constant fever, but at length she had fallen asleep on the stones of the street. Suddenly, with a wild scream, she awoke, and after listening for a moment to some sound that had fallen upon her ear, she cried, "DINNA YE HEAR IT? DINNA YE HEAR IT? IT'S THE SLOGAN OF THE HIGHLANDERS. WE'RE SAVED! WE'RE SAVED!" Those around her were perfectly bewildered. For a moment their faces brightened, and they strained their ears to catch the welcome sound, but they only heard the cannons roar, and one and all sank into worse despair. But Jessie Brown persisted that she really heard deliverance at hand. "Courage! courage!" she cried. "Hark to the slogan—to the Macgregor, the grandest of them all. The Campbell's are coming! D'ye hear? Will ye no' believe it noo? They'll come through fire and water, never fear."

There could be no doubt about it now. The shrill blast of the Scottish bagpipes was heard by every ear above the cannonading. Through a veritable storm of bullets Havelock and his brave Highlanders forced their way, until with a loud and ringing shout of triumph they reached the streets of the city.

Touching it must have been to have seen the meeting between the delivered and the deliverers. Those Highlanders, with tears streaming down their rough cheeks, caught up the children in their arms and pressed them to their bosoms, while round them thronged the men and women of the garrison, eager to express their gratitude and to listen to the story of the amazing hardships they had passed through to save them.

Now, let me tell you that One has come to save you. He came from Heaven to meet the foes and overcome them that He might deliver you. Jesus could not fail in what He came to accomplish. Jessie Brown had great faith in the Campbells when she cried, "Never fear." Yet they might have failed, but Jesus could not. His love was great, and His power was great as well, and His love led Him to endure the fire of wrath against sin, and to pass through the waters of judgment. *Truly, Jesus went through fire and water that He might save sinners.* Now the news of salvation is brought to you, not of a salvation still to be accomplished, but of a glorious work already finished.

The Relief of Lucknow.

If you will accept the Lord Jesus Christ now, your many sins shall all be forgiven, Satan shall have no more power over you, Heaven shall be your home for ever.

The Saviour wants to press you to His heart of love, as

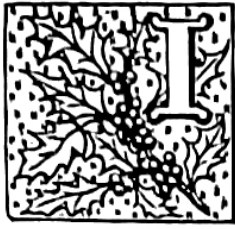


"DINNA YE HEAR IT? IT'S THE SLOGAN O' THE HIGHLANDERS."

those brave Highlanders embraced the delivered children of Lucknow. Oh! don't reject Him. Let Him save you. Think of all His wonderful love in coming down from Heaven, and as you think of all this put your confidence in Him. Then, like Jessie Brown, you will be able to say to those who have trusted Him too: "Never fear. We're saved! We're saved!"

J. T. M.

"FEELING IS NOT FAITH."



WAS returning from a short journey, and entering into conversation with a young lady travelling with me, at length said: "A real Christian never regrets yielding himself to Christ; do you think so?" "I cannot say," she replied; "I have no experience of such matters." "Then," I replied, "as you have already had no experience of such matters, I may be allowed to somewhat change the question from the third person to the second, and ask, *if* you were a real Christian, do you think *you* would regret being so?"

For a moment she paused as if to consider whether she might venture to trust me with what she was about to say; and, gaining confidence, as the tears filled her eyes, she said: "No, I should never regret it if I were a real Christian, but I am not. I wish I were. I want reality, and nothing else, but I am afraid it is not for me." "Why afraid?" I asked. "Because I have tried my very utmost, but to no purpose. I have prayed and agonised for salvation. I have attended mission services on purpose to find peace, and have frequently entered the inquiry-room with friends, but all to no good. They have been converted, and tell me how happy they are, and I believe it, but I can't feel happy; I always come away more miserable than before. I sometimes think I am too great a sinner to be saved, and that is why God won't hear me. I am as miserable as a person can be, and have been so for more than twelve months." "You say you have tried your best, and prayed, and agonised, and yet cannot feel happy?" "No, I cannot," she persisted; "I suppose I am not earnest enough. If I were more real, perhaps I should be happy, shouldn't I?"

"Well, really," said I, "I cannot see how being earnest and real would make you feel happy any more than being hungry and thirsty would make a person feel satisfied. But I think I see your mistake, and perhaps God may show it to you and put you right." "Oh, I hope so," she earnestly replied; "but where is my mistake?"

Without at once replying to her question, I asked her if she remembered the story of the brazen serpent. "Oh, yes; perfectly." "Then you will remember that when Moses put it on the pole all who were very earnest in their

Feeling Is Not Faith.

efforts and prayers (?) were healed, were they not?" "Oh, dear, no; it was nothing to do with their earnestness at all; they had to look." "But it was when they understood how very bad they were, and were quite satisfied they were real and earnest enough that they felt (?) healed, and so were happy, was it not?"

The light was dawning; her countenance brightened as she said: "Oh, I see where my mistake has been. I have



"WHAT MADE ANY BITTEN ISRAELITE LOCK TO THE SERPENT OF BRASS?"

been looking at myself all this time, and not at Jesus." Then using our Lord's own comment on the circumstance in John 3, I showed her the necessity of His death for sin, the perfect satisfaction of God's justice by the atonement, proved by His raising Him from the dead, and the consequent proclamation of the pardon "through this Man."

Then, turning again to the brazen serpent scene, I asked: "What made any bitten Israelite look to the serpent of

Feeling Is Not Faith.

brass at all?" "Because they were told so to do," she said. "And on what did they depend for healing?—on the serpent, or on their eyes, or on what?" "Oh, entirely on the promise of God." "So, then, it would have been very foolish for any dying man to be troubled about the condition of his eyes, fearing lest something should be the matter with them, and he not be able to look earnestly enough, and so perish." "Oh, I see it, I see it; I see it all as clear as noonday!" she exclaimed. "I must depend not on myself, but on what Christ has done for me, and God's promise to give eternal life and pardon to every one that believeth. I see it as clear as noonday!"

"Suppose an Israelite were to feel very unhappy after looking at the serpent, would his feeling happy or unhappy alter the work and word of God?" "No, certainly not. I don't see how he could feel unhappy if he depended on God's word." "But don't you feel very unhappy?" "Oh, dear no; I am happy indeed. I never anticipated such happiness. All seems new and bright and wonderful; for though till now I have been miserable, the burden is gone; for now I see that feeling is not faith, and faith is not feeling; and also that it is not faith that saves, but Christ Himself, and faith receives the gift from God."

Already several souls have been helped into liberty by the use of this incident, and I pray God to use it to many another doubting one.

W. H. BREALEY.

"HIS LIFE FOR OURS."

IT is not by incarnation, but by blood-shedding that we are saved. The Christ of God is no mere expounder of wisdom; no mere deliverer or gracious benefactor, and those who think they have told the whole Gospel when they have spoken of Jesus revealing the love of God do greatly err. If Christ is not the Substitute He is nothing to the sinner. If He did not die as the Sin-bearer He has died in vain. The very essence of Christ's deliverance is the substitution of Himself for us—His life for ours. He gave all He had, even His life, for us. This is the kind of deliverance that awakens the happy song: "Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood, to Him be glory and dominion for ever and ever." H. BONAR.

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

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.

SAVE THE SERGEANT;

— OR, —

"A RECORD OF HEROISM ON THE AISNE."



Drawn by Ernest Prater from a description by the hero.

THE HERO OF THE AISNE.

"I bandaged him as well as I could, and then we started for home, I crawling and he riding on my back. It was hard work, and the Germans were firing all the time."

SAVE THE SERGEANT.



NEVER before in the history of the world have the thundering tones of war sounded so loudly and reverberated over so wide an area of the earth's surface as during the awful European War.

A British Cabinet Minister, with full knowledge of all the facts—secret and uncensored—wrote thus at the close of 1914:

“WHAT A CHRISTMASTIDE! Nations with an aggregate population of nearly 1,000,000,000 are locked in deadly strife. 17,000,000 men are under arms, engaged in the ghastly strategy of human slaughter. In four months' warfare 2,500,000 men have fallen on the battlefields of Europe. The world has never witnessed such a Christmastide.”

Yet mid such scenes of unparalleled slaughter, stories of unequalled heroism are coming to hand from many quarters. These thrilling stories of human love faintly picture the Love Story of all Stories. To select is difficult, to cite a specific case may serve to interest and instruct. It relates to Private CHARLES BELL, of the 1st West Yorkshire Regiment, and recounts one of the many heroic acts during the Battle of the Aisne, in France. Although wounded himself, he succeeded in bringing his helpless Sergeant to a place of safety.

“It was,” he said, “after we'd been in that charge on the German trenches, in which most of our company was wiped out. As far as I could see there were only three of us left—the Sergeant, Bob Gee, and myself. Gee disappeared, and then the Sergeant dropped. I bandaged him as well as I could, and then we started for home, I crawling and he riding on my back. It was hard work, and the Germans were firing all the time. It took us about two hours to reach a wood, from where I was able to reach the field transport, which fetched the Sergeant all right.”

The One who knew the measure of love, from Heaven's heights to Ocean's depths, declared: “Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his *friends*” (John 15. 13). The Sergeant was in danger,

Save the Sergeant.

utterly unable to save himself, and must have perished, like many of his comrades, at the hands of the onrushing hordes of Huns. Private Bell had enough to think about in his own wounds and his own safety, but human love went out to his comrade in distress, and though there was every prospect of instant death, he bound up his wounds, got the Sergeant on to his back, and crawled through the danger zone to a place of safety. He risked his life for his comrade in distress. Wonderful love!

Yet this is but a feeble illustration of the One, who had enough in Heaven to engage His attention, and might have been the adored Lord of myriad hosts as they acclaimed, "From Everlasting to Everlasting Thou art God" (Psa. 19. 2). Yet out of love, not to superiors, not to comrades, not to the deserving, but to ungodly rebels, such as the writer and the reader, He "Who, being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God; but made Himself of no reputation, and took upon Him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men: and being found in fashion as a man, He humbled Himself and became obedient unto death, even the death of the Cross" (Phil. 2. 6-8).

Private Bell, with the usual gallantry of a British soldier, demonstrated his love by giving his life *in risk* for his comrade. The Prince of Glory proved His love to sinners of the Gentiles by giving His life *in reality* for His enemies. "Pilate marvelled if He were *dead* already" (Mark 15. 44). "I am He that liveth, and was *dead*" (Rev. 1. 18). "God commendeth His love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ *died* for us" (Rom. 5. 8). Most Wonderful Love!

The acceptance of Private Bell as a friend in need, the committing himself to his rescuer, getting on his back, and letting himself be carried to safety, meant the saving of his life to the wounded Sergeant. Virtually the Private became strength, power, friend, and saviour for the Sergeant. So the acceptance of the Lord Jesus Christ as the One "who died for our sins according to the Scriptures" (1 Cor. 15. 3), resting entirely in His finished work, and consenting to be saved by Grace alone, means that He becomes to the believing sinner the "Friend who loveth at all times" and "that sticketh closer than a brother"

Save the Sergeant.

(Prov. 17. 17; 18. 24), and, unlike the private, guarantees final safety from all danger and every foe. Fully trusting, we can join with the Chief of Sinners, and say, "I know Whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that Day" (2 Tim. 1. 12). If you have not up to this moment done so, even now

"Venture on Him, venture wholly,
Let no other trust intrude,"

and you will be "saved in the Lord, with an Everlasting Salvation" (Isa. 45. 17).

Private Bell landed the sergeant, as he said, "all right." If he has not been awarded the Victoria Cross we trust this record may come under the notice of those in Authority, and that he will get what he certainly deserves. Salvation and the Cross are linked together, but herein the story contrasts rather than confirms. The Saviour bore the curse, and endured the Cross of shame. The sinner who accepts His invitation, "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest" (Matt. 11. 28), obtains the rest here and the Glory hereafter.

Whether you be soldier, sailor, or civilian, remember you are in danger of perishing Eternally, yet through the Lord Jesus Christ, and the work accomplished for you on the Cross of Calvary, you may be immediately saved from wrath, and assured of the Inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away, through one act of faith. For "if thou shalt confess with thy mouth Jesus as Lord, and shalt *believe in thine heart* that God hath raised Him from the dead, THOU SHALT BE SAVED" (Rom. 10. 9, R.V.).

Then when the great European War is ended, and the greater battle of "Armageddon" (Rev. 16. 16) is fought, and "the Lamb shall overcome: for He is Lord of lords, and King of kings," you shall be amongst "those that are with Him—called, chosen, faithful" (Rev. 17. 14)—who as a great multitude, with loud voice proclaim, "Hallelujah! for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth."

" Soon shall eternal triumph yield
Repose from off the battlefield;
All power of evil trodden down,
The waving palm . . . the glittering crown . . .
Then, Blessed Lord, we'll shout to Thee
Of full and perfect Victory."

HYP.

CONFESSIONS OF PRINCE BISMARCK.



PRINCE BISMARCK, IMPERIAL CHANCELLOR OF GERMANY.

A NUMBER of years ago the *Standard*, one of the leading London newspapers had an interesting article from its Berlin correspondent about Prince Bismarck, "The Man of Iron and Blood," who changed the face of Europe. A party of gentlemen from Leipzig was invited to take luncheon with the Prince at Friedrichsruh on a certain Sunday. In the course of conversation one of the guests called Bismarck "a happy man," whereupon the

Confessions of Prince Bismarck.

Prince remarked, "But I have seldom been a happy man. If I reckon up the rare minutes of real happiness in my life, I do not believe that they would make more than *twenty-four hours in all*. In my political life I never had time to have the feeling of happiness. It was continuous fighting and wrestling, and when any success was achieved, then the anxiety not to lose it again, and to find out how to turn it to the best advantage, instantly cropped up. But in my private life there have been moments of happiness. I remember, for instance, a really happy moment in my youth, when I shot my first hare. In later years it gave me pleasure to see my irrigated meadows and plantations thriving, and at home I took pleasure in my wife and children."

What a confession from one of the great men of the world! In a long lifetime he could only reckon up the "rare minutes of real happiness" as amounting *in all to twenty-four hours*. How true are Solomon's words, "The eye is not satisfied with seeing, nor the ear filled with hearing" (Eccles. 1. 8). Here is a celebrated statesman, diplomatist, and prince, who declares that all that this world offers cannot bestow upon him true happiness. Millions are striving to obtain honour, wealth, power, and fame; the few that lead in the race and get what they so earnestly covet are not at all satisfied. Hear the words of King Solomon, the wisest and wealthiest of men, and note his experience: "And whatever mine eyes desired I kept not from them, I withheld not my heart from any joy; for my heart rejoiced in all my labour: and this was my portion of all my labour. Then I looked on all the works that my hands had wrought, and on the labour that I had laboured to do: and, behold, all was vanity and vexation of spirit, and there was no profit under the sun" (Eccles. 2. 10, 11). Solomon was not satisfied with earth's attractions. True, solid, lasting happiness cannot be found in the pleasures, honours, or glory of this world. One of Prince Bismarck's "really happy moments," he said, was when he shot his first hare. What a strange conception of happiness! Yet this is the sort of joy that the worldling has; and he is afraid of becoming a Christian lest he should have to bid good-bye to pleasure, and become melancholy and miserable! The fact of the matter is the Christian is the only one who can *afford* to be happy.

Confessions of Prince Bismarck.

Worldlings are only happy in forgetfulness of God and of their sad condition. To many such life is a protracted joke, and all the while deep down in their hearts they are restless and discontented. If the reader is longing for durable pleasure and eternal joys he can find them only in the Lord Jesus. Christ alone can satisfy.

Some time after this interview, Bismarck made this remarkable confession: "Nobody loves me for what I have done. I have never made anybody happy; not myself, nor my family, nor anybody else. But how many I have made unhappy. But for me three great wars would not have been fought. Eighty thousand men would not have perished. Parents, brothers, sisters, widows would not be bereaved and plunged into mourning. That matter, however, I have settled with God. But I have had little or no joy from all my achievements; nothing but vexation, care, and trouble."

As the renowned German statesman reviewed a long political life he confesses that he had "nothing but vexation and trouble." How sad the declaration that he never made anybody happy, that nobody loved him for what he had done, and he never made himself happy. At the age of eighty-three the veteran statesman was summoned into the presence of the Governor of the Universe to give an account of his stewardship. How true the poet's words:

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

HOW TO BE HAPPY FOR TIME AND ETERNITY.

God's Word reveals the secret. "Blessed [happy] is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered" (Psa. 32. 1). This is how real, lasting happiness commences. How can an unforgiven soul be truly happy? How can you be happy with the burden of unpardoned transgressions sinking you to the pit of woe? The believer can truly say, "In whom we have redemption through His Blood, even the forgiveness of sins" (Col. 1. 14). How blessed to be able to appropriate the words of the Psalmist: "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits; who forgiveth *all* thine iniquities, who healeth *all* thy

Confessions of Prince Bismarck.

diseases; . . . as far as the east is from the west, so *far hath He removed our transgressions from us*'' (Psa. 103. 3, 12). The believer can rest on the divine declaration, "I, even I, am He that blotteth out thy transgressions for Mine own sake, and *will not remember thy sins*'' (Isa. 43. 25). The world says it will forgive, but won't forget; but God forgives and never remembers our sins. He bestows forgiveness on those who accept of Christ as their personal Saviour. Does the reader desire to obtain genuine happiness? If so, ponder the words of Holy Writ: "To Him give all the prophets witness, that through His Name WHOSOEVER BELIEVETH IN HIM SHALL RECEIVE REMISSION OF SINS'' (Acts 10. 43). Why not, then, now believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and be forgiven? Sinners are saved *through* faith in the finished Work of Christ. It is no "presumption" for one to take God at His word and believe that his sins are forgiven. Believe on Him who died that you might be delivered from sin and wrath, for "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).

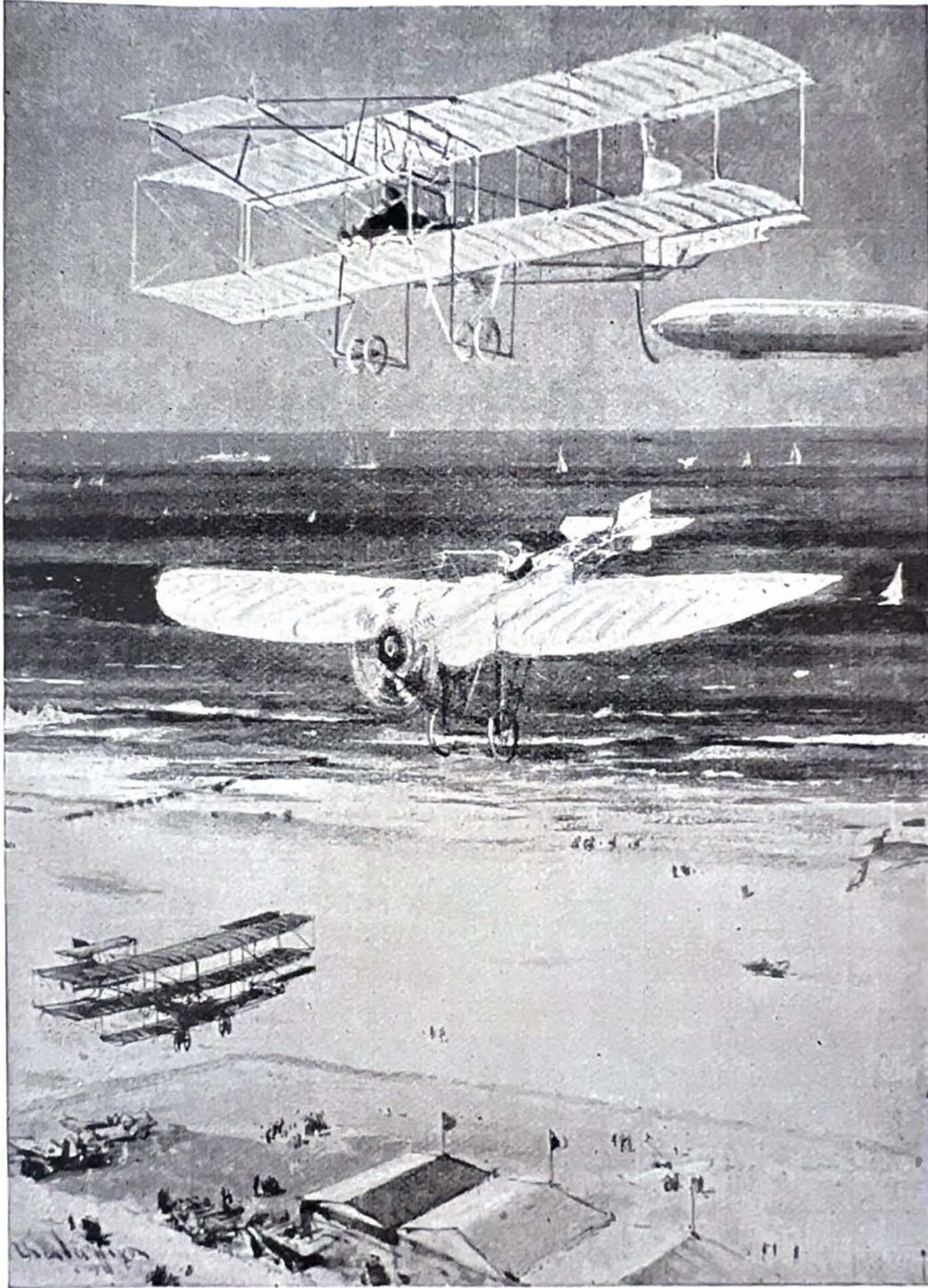
Man's ideas of enjoyment and God's are vastly different. "For My thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways My ways, saith the Lord'' (Isa. 55. 8). "That which is highly esteemed among men is abomination in the sight of God'' (Luke 16. 15). As you read these lines believe the "good news" regarding Christ and the work He accomplished for you on the Cross of Calvary, and you will be pardoned, saved, and justified. You will then be able to look forward to the future and sing from the heart the lines:

"None but Christ can satisfy,
None other Name for me
There's love, and life, and lasting joy,
Lord Jesus, found in Thee."

God gives forgiveness of sins to all who believe on the Lord Jesus Christ. Well might the Psalmist say, "Happy is that people whose God is the Lord'' (Psa. 144. 15). Let the reader, then, accept of Christ as his Saviour; let him renounce all efforts of his own to merit forgiveness, and believe on Him who bore sin's penalty, and he will be among God's happy people—happy in Time and happy in Eternity.

A. M.

THE AIRMAN'S ESCAPE;
OR,
"BETTER THAN A MILLION POUNDS."



Various Types of Aerial Craft.

THE COMMAND OF THE AIR.

The picture depicts a race in the air. At the top is a biplane, behind a huge Zeppelin, and underneath a monoplane, the most familiar of aircraft. At the foot a biplane is making for the hangars.

THE AIRMAN'S ESCAPE ;

OR, " BETTER THAN A MILLION POUNDS."



NOT long ago an airman left Hendon, in Middlesex, to fly to Paris. On his journey he was often enveloped in either fog or cloud. A heavy wind opposed his flight. These difficulties caused him to lose his bearings. He drifted a good deal out of his course, and to add to his anxieties his petrol was nearly exhausted. It seemed to him that he had taken his last flight. In his own words he summed up the situation: "It is finished now. It is all over." Unless he sighted land at once, there was nothing for him but to fall, machine and all, into the sea, and most probably perish.

Whilst in this terrible predicament his eager eyes caught sight of a dark patch, and to his relief he discovered it was the coast of France. In referring to this joyful discovery afterwards, he used the words: "I would rather have had that sight just then than seen a million in gold laid at my feet."

No attempt has been made to give an exact account of the flight in every detail, but care has been taken that in the above particulars no alteration of any material fact has been made. The incident is so striking, and is so full of instruction that surely no apology is needed for introducing it as an illustration. Men are being carried along in the flight of time. In a "sort of way" men pretend that they desire to reach a certain shore. They are bound to meet with many clouds and much fog. It is often difficult to see the way. It is a common complaint with men that many unexpected things occur to disarrange their plans. Schemes are worked out. Projects are devised. Contrivances are prepared. But unexpected hindrances arise, and much ends in failure. There is even more than this, for whilst all the preparations and projects are maturing the one most important necessity is being exhausted. Life—like the airman's petrol—is becoming exhausted, and no certain land is in sight. "It is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment" (Heb. 9. 27).

In the case before us the airman retained his senses, realised his danger, and was thankful beyond words for his escape. When he saw the land he did his utmost to

The Airman's Escape—Better than a Million Pounds.

reach it, and on landing he remarked, "Half an hour's delay, and I had been drowned." Think of this! Saved by half an hour It might even have been by minutes. In higher matters men seem often to lose their senses, and they drift hopelessly about until they fall into the woeful abyss and perish for ever. At this moment you may be saved from so great a death. To the ever-present question, "What must I do to be saved?" the Divine answer

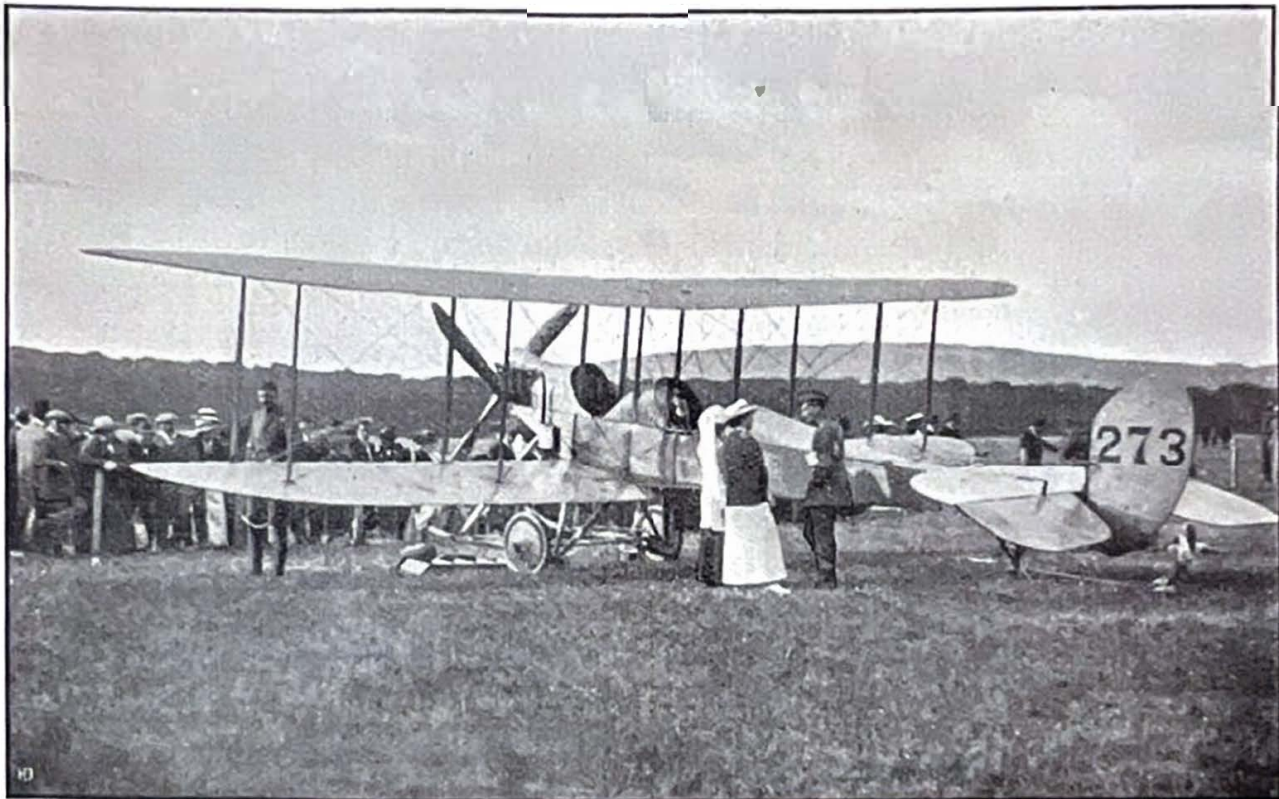


Photo: R. A. Henry.

A BIPLANE OF THE ROYAL FLYING CORPS.

is ever the same, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and *thou* shalt be saved" (Acts 16. 30, 31).

When the airman saw the place of safety it was more to him than the possession of untold gold! Had he fallen into the water no gold could have saved him. His life was at stake, and the shore meant everything to him at that moment. The airman hoped to get to land when he started his voyage, but believers *know* they shall, for the promise is sure and steadfast, and they are connected with Him, their Forerunner, who has entered into Heaven, whither He has prepared a place for them (see Heb. 6. 17-21; John 14. 1-14), and He will draw them safely to it.

The Airman's Escape—Better than a Million Pounds.

When the airman was in danger he knew that no golden sovereigns could help him; and when men come to realise that their soul is in imminent danger of destruction they learn that no money can buy salvation. They prove the truth of the Lord's words: "What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? Or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" (Mark 8. 36, 37). When a man is in earnest after salvation, when he wants to be certain that he will reach the heavenly shore, then the least sight of the Lord Jesus as the Saviour able and willing to save him is worth more to him than "a million of gold laid at his feet."

Let me ask are you resting alone on the Lord Jesus for salvation? Consider the question. Examine yourself and where your hopes are, and never rest until you can say in reality and truth, by the witnessing of the Holy Spirit, "The Son of God, who loved *me*, and gave Himself for *me*" (Gal. 2. 20), and He has prepared a place for me that I may be with Him for ever. Saved by grace alone. P. I. B.

LINGERING CALLS.

MOCKING sinner, son of wrath,
Walking in the devil's path,
STOP AND THINK.

Christ is not a painted face,
Hell is not a painted place;
All your sins are *real*, and so
Is the Lord you will not know.
You must part from sin, or go
With it to the depths below;
Ghastly dens of infamy,
Shades of dreary misery,
Black, and foul, and horrible,
And the awful name is —HELL.

Will you risk it? Are your sins
So delightful to your soul
That you *will not* be made whole?
Ere God's day of wrath begins

STOP AND THINK

Now, while yet but on the brink
Of appalling agony—
Of a lost ETERNITY!

E. S-W.

THE SOLDIER WHO PUZZLED THE DOCTOR.

THE doctor was puzzled. He hardly knew how to advise his patient. Noticing his serious look, the patient relieved him of his difficulty by inquiring: "What do you think of me, doctor? Will you kindly tell me honestly if you think I am going to die, as I wish to know?"

With some hesitation the doctor replied, "To tell you the honest truth, unless you take a decided turn for the better within an hour, I think you will probably be dead in two or three hours."

"Thank you," I answered; "then will you kindly leave me by myself, and come back to see me at the end of an hour?"



"THE DOCTOR WAS PUZZLED, HE HARDLY KNEW HOW TO ADVISE HIS PATIENT."

The Soldier who Puzzled the Doctor.

I was very ill. At that time I was with my regiment abroad. From an early age I had made up my mind to enjoy life in my own way; and, as for the soul and Eternity, I had resolved that I would *cry to God for mercy on my death-bed*. "And now," I said, after the doctor had left, "the time has come of which I have thought so often: I must *cry for mercy*."

After lying quiet for a few moments to compose myself, I found that a quarter of an hour had slipped away. My thoughts flew home to Britain, and I wondered how those I loved would hear of my death. I again looked at my watch. Only twenty minutes left! In vain I tried to think of words in which I should cry for mercy. Strength was failing. I could not collect my thoughts. Making a desperate effort I raised myself on to my knees, and said, "Our Father which art——." But I could go no further. I fell down upon my bed in anguish realising that on my death-bed it was *too late to cry for mercy*.

It pleased God to spare my life; and some time afterwards I heard the Gospel of free and full salvation. The preacher pointed out that "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners" (1 Tim. 1. 15), and that if any man came as a sinner to Christ, believing in Him and trusting in Him, that very moment Christ would receive him, however vile and sinful he might be, and would give him everlasting life. "Now," cried the preacher, "is the accepted time; Behold, *now* is the Day of Salvation" (2 Cor. 6. 2). There is no promise of salvation *to-morrow*.

It flashed across my mind, "What folly to delay!" Through grace I came to Christ, and since that moment I have been blessed with the knowledge of my perfect safety for time and for eternity. "There is therefore *now* no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus" (Rom. 8. 1).

You may take the water of life freely, "For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that *who-soever* believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life" (John 3. 16). Delay not, for to-morrow may be too late for ever. If God in His mercy had not spared this soldier his cry would have been too late. May His grace lead you to repentance, and may you now "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and be saved."

E. H. F.

NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE'S TESTIMONY.



THE GREAT NAPOLEON.

WHILST the "Great Napoleon" was talking one day at St. Helena to Count de McLonthon, he said: "Alexander, Cæsar, Charlemagne, and I myself have founded great empires but upon what did these erections of our genius depend? Upon force. Jesus alone founded His empire upon love, and to this very day millions would die for Him. . . I think I understand something of human nature, and I tell you all these were men, and I am a man. None else is like Him; Jesus Christ was more than man. . . In defiance of

time and space, the soul of man, with all its powers and faculties, becomes an annexation to the empire of Christ. All who believe in Him experience that remarkable supernatural love toward Him. This phenomenon is unaccountable; it is altogether beyond the reach of man's creative powers. Time, the great destroyer, is powerless to extinguish this sacred flame; time can neither exhaust its strength or put a limit to its range. This it is which proves to me quite convincingly the Divinity of Christ."

The reader may believe in the Divinity of Christ, and be firmly convinced that He is the only and all-sufficient Saviour of sinners, without accepting Him as his own Saviour! It is one thing for a sick man to believe that a certain physician is able to cure him of his malady, but it is quite a different thing for him to put his case into the doctor's hand and be restored to health! "None but Jesus can do helpless sinners good." He is the Son of God. He died on Calvary for "sinners," for the "ungodly," for you. By His precious blood He has *made peace*, and at this moment you may be saved from the eternal burnings by believing on Him who died that you might not perish but have everlasting life. Dost *thou* believe on the Son of God?

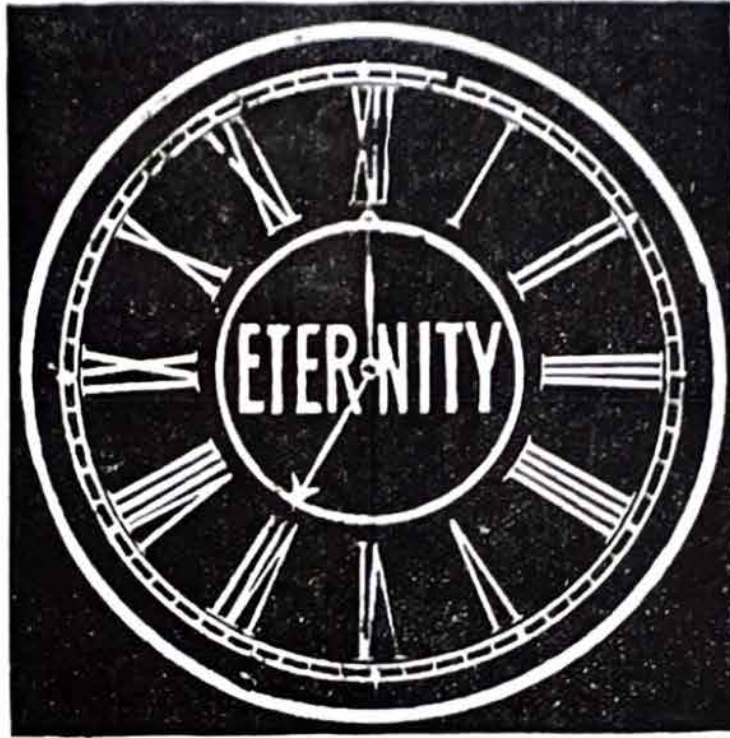
" 'It is finished,' yes, indeed,
Finished every jot;
Sinner, this is all you need—
Tell me, is it not? "

A STARTLING PIECE OF CALCULATING.

ETERNAL GOD—

Deut. 33. 27. ETERNAL SALVATION.

Heb. 5. 9.



Heb. 6. 2.

ETERNAL JUDGMENT.

ETERNAL GLORY—

1 Pet. 5. 10.

TAKE a slate and sit down and try to calculate ETERNITY. Begin with multiplying a unit, and when you have filled one side of the slate turn it over and begin the other side, and when you have reached the bottom of it your figures will show many millions. But what is that in comparison with ETERNITY? Suppose it were possible to count every blade of grass, millions of years must roll away before the task could be accomplished; and having counted all the blades of grass, begin to number the drops of the ocean; and the ocean counted, count the grains of sand that gird it; that done, count all the specks of air that by thousands of tons float in space; that done, begin upon the stars that stud the heavens. How many millions of years must pass away before the task could be performed: and when all the blades of grass, drops of ocean, grains of sand, atoms of air, and stars of the heavens have been numbered, eternity will still be in its infancy; it will still be only just begun, and, if unsaved, unpardoned, and unregenerated, you will have been all that time enduring the "eternal judgment" of God, and you will be no nearer the end of it than eternity is near its end! Flee to Christ at once ere it is too late! "Now is the accepted time; now is the day of salvation." Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and be saved for ETERNITY!

THE
SENTRY'S DISCOVERY ON GIBRALTAR;

— OR, —

"HOW EPHRAIM FORD GOT THE RIGHT PASSWORD."



"Ephraim Ford was doing sentry on the Rock of Gibraltar."

He immediately called out: "Who goes there? Advance, and give the countersign!" To his surprise, the soldier instantly replied, "BEHOLD THE LAMB OF GOD."

THE SENTRY'S DISCOVERY ON GIBRALTAR.



WHILE doing sentry work on the famous fortress of Gibraltar one beautiful starry night, a British soldier, named Ephraim Ford, made a remarkable discovery. It was "Good Friday," and the soldier was thinking on what he had heard at Church service that day. The truth spoken suggested to his memory scenes of bygone days when he was a scholar in a Sunday school in Old England. His mind reverted to the last anniversary that he had attended, which was

held on an Easter Sunday. Great changes had taken place since then. Ephraim was a "wild" boy, thoughtless and heedless of his best interests, and fond of company that he should have shunned. The course that he pursued proved disastrous to him, and eventually he was led to enlist in a regiment about to leave for foreign service. As he paced up and down that night he thought of his chequered career. No one needed to tell Ephraim Ford that he was a sinner; he knew it well, and what he dreaded most of all was the thought of receiving sin's "wages," which is eternal separation from God in conscious punishment. Ephraim had many privileges, and had misused them, and he knew that there was no one to blame but himself. Somehow or other a vision of that Sunday school anniversary had made an indelible impression on his mind and memory. He remembered that the text taken by the minister was Romans 4. 5: "Who was delivered for our offences, and was raised again for our justification."

As he reflected on the Scripture he did not at first see anything special in it. He thought over it carefully. "Offences!" "Delivered for our offences!" What a multitude of "offences" he had committed! Sins of omission and commission, sins of thought, word, and deed came before him like a panoramic view and made him un-

The Sentry's Discovery on Gibraltar.

comfortable and unhappy. And no wonder. When one takes time to think of his innumerable sins, and of the fact that Scripture declares that "It is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the Judgment" (Heb. 9. 27), he ought to be concerned.

The awful doom that awaits those who die rejecting or neglecting Christ ought to cause alarm. "These shall go away into *everlasting punishment*" (Matt. 25. 46) are the words of the Saviour, and must therefore be true. How terrible to contemplate! "Everlasting punishment!"

Have you accepted God's testimony regarding your guilt and danger? Or are you doing what you can to excuse yourself or banish from your mind thoughts of your peril and doom?

"Pshaw! I think I'm getting nervous," said Ephraim to himself. "I believe that the old folks at home are praying for their soldier son." God's message, "Delivered for our offences!" "Delivered for our offences!" burned itself into his inmost being, and do what he might he could not get rid of it. He began soliloquising as follows: "Delivered for our offences. This is the day—Good Friday—that Christ died for my offences. How numerous are my offences against God! How wicked I have been! God knows every one of my sins, and they deserve eternal death." What a mercy Ephraim accepted God's testimony regarding his condition as a lost, guilty, helpless, Hell-deserving sinner! And God says this to all who have not accepted of Christ as their Saviour. He says this of the unconverted reader. Do you really believe it? Or do you compare yourself with this, that, and the other professing Christian, and say you have as "good a chance of getting to Heaven" as *he*? Never mind others; think of what you are in God's sight. He declares that ALL have sinned, and come short of His glory, and you are among the "all."

As Ephraim Ford was thinking on his spiritual state he heard footsteps approaching. He immediately called out: "Who goes there? Advance, and give the countersign!" To his surprise, the soldier instantly replied, "BEHOLD THE LAMB OF GOD," and apologised by saying that the words were on his lips, and then gave the proper countersign, which was the word "Victory." When the man passed on Ephraim said to himself, "That is it. BEHOLD

The Sentry's Discovery on Gibraltar.

THE LAMB OF GOD.' The whole verse is: 'BEHOLD THE LAMB OF GOD, WHICH TAKETH AWAY THE SIN OF THE WORLD' (John 1. 29). That is what removes sin. He died for me.' The life-giving words of 1 John 1. 7 were recalled: "The Blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin." Ephraim Ford had learned that it was NECESSARY for Christ to be delivered for his offences and raised again for his justification, but as yet he did not know that it was SUFFICIENT. After being relieved by another he went to the barracks.

On that Easter Sunday morning the seeking soul went to Church, longing to know how forgiveness of his numberless offences was to be obtained. Strange to say, the minister's text was Romans 4. 25: "Who was delivered for our offences, and was raised again for our justification," and the servant of Christ preached the Gospel of the grace of God in a clear, simple, and convincing way. Ere leaving the building Ephraim Ford learned that Christ by His death on the Cross had satisfied the righteous claims of offended justice, and by believing on Him Who did it all and paid it all he was saved for Eternity.

If the reader is doing the best he can to merit God's pardoning mercy he is on the wrong track. Salvation is a free gift, and is not obtained through our merits or efforts. It has been procured at an infinite cost; it has been purchased by Him "who was delivered for our offences, and was raised again for our justification" at the cost of His precious blood. *Everything that was necessary was accomplished by Him at Calvary.* "He was wounded for our transgressions; He was bruised for our iniquities" (Isa. 53. 5). God is satisfied, God is glorified with Christ's sacrificial death on our behalf, and you are invited and commanded to believe the "good news" of the "glad and glorious Gospel" and obtain eternal life. The living Man at the right hand of the Majesty on high is God's receipt that the sin question has been eternally settled. If God is satisfied with what Christ did for you, surely you ought to be satisfied with that which satisfies Him. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

"For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life" (John 3. 16). A. M.

HOW A DOCTOR WAS SAVED.

I WAS thirty-five years old when I was saved. I had been an empty, hollow professor of religion fourteen years, fully deceived the while. The deception was instituted by him who acted then as my spiritual guide, as follows: "Johnnie, you have been



DR. LOCKWOOD, KANSAS CITY, MO., U.S.A.

brought up by good parents. Don't you think it's time you joined the Church?" Johnnie, who was filled with native conceit, readily consented to this programme. Occupied with so-called Church work, never disturbed all these years by the question, "Are you born again?" I passed for a Christian with all my associates.

How a Doctor was Saved.

But God had mercy on me, and His time came for me to be undeceived, and it happened in this wise: I was invited to a "conference for Bible study." Between sessions I was sitting back to back with a party of three and easily overheard their conversation, which proved to be an effort on the part of two of them to draw from the third "a reason of the hope that was in her" (1 Peter 3. 15), but every reason advanced was disallowed. One, in particular, that I remember was this. She said: "I was a Congregationalist, but seeing the scriptural mode of baptism was by immersion, I joined the Baptists." The reply to this was: "That is all right in its place, but how did you get Salvation?"

They stripped her of her profession, and likewise me at the same time. This effect upon me was deepened by other conversations that I heard. For example, one said: "When I was lost I used to say and do so-and-so, but since I have been saved everything is changed about. For instance, I was sure if I ever became saved I would never stand on the street with Gospel preachers—O, the sneer! the reproach!—but now I am willing to do anything of that kind to please Him who died for me." They displayed Salvation before me as such a definite, clean-cut affair.

The outcome of the matter was that when I left that conference I was telling God that I should pretend no longer. I said to Him: "I never have taken my place before Thee as lost, and I am not saved. These two states are opposites—antipodes—north and south poles."

I felt thrust out of what was heretofore a comfortable berth into the cold, cold world. I became anxious, exceedingly anxious. I had been permitted to live to this hour. Was there yet a chance left for me to get Salvation? These and kindred thoughts crowded upon me, and I was found begging God not to cut me off before saving me.

I did not know what move to make, so I took to reading the Bible, and soon God began to speak to me through His Word. The first Scripture that attracted my attention was John 3. 16, and from it I gathered this: If I do not get God's Salvation I will perish. What will cause me to perish? My sins. I consented mentally to this inference, and asked God to enable me to realise that it was a fact.

I now felt that I had taken a definite step. I also felt

How a Doctor was Saved.

that God was going to be gracious to me, and at the same time also my distress deepened, for night would come on and I would confess: "I am lost; I am not saved; I might go to sleep and not wake up in this world, and it would be all over with me for ever." Hell was open to receive me, and God had already told me plainly from His Word I deserved it. Might I not yet land there?

At this juncture I wondered if I realised sufficiently what I was by nature—my Adam make-up—enough to satisfy God so that He might save me. I passed on these, my thoughts, to one that I believed was surely saved, and he told me I had probably not yet seen myself as God sees me, and he recommended that I contemplate my photograph as found in Romans 3. 10-19. I went to my Bible and found the pen-picture, and I set to work to recognise my every lineament and confess each one true of me to God. This process ran smoothly till I reached the phrase in verse 13, "Their throat is an open sepulchre." Here I balked, yet promising God that if He would wait upon me I might soon be able to actually realise that all was true of me. I knew I must be real before God. I could not deceive Him, and, oh, I did not want to deceive Him nor myself.

But passing to the next phrase, or feature: "With their tongues they have used deceit." Didn't I recall how, as a schoolboy, I had to have the habit of lying beaten out of me with the rod. When I came to "Destruction and misery are in their ways," God recalled to my memory how, in my unsaved days, as an ambitious young practitioner of medicine, being repulsed at the front door of a patient's house, and without real cause, by an anxious parent with these words, "Doctor, we have another physician." What do I confess was my first thought? Here it is: "I hope that old man will not pull through." What? That the wage-earner of that family of seven small children might die? Yes, God had to bring me face to face with that long-forgotten event to make me realise and voice that realisation in the following terms: O God, call me anything, only You call it—characterise me as You please, only You do it, and it will be true of me."

All this process extended over a period of nearly two weeks, and the end found me, described by my wife, as looking as though I had been through a fit of sickness.

How a Doctor was Saved.

My aforementioned "saved" friend was again interrogated. "Ed., I've taken my place before God as lost, and I believe I have realised what that means, and yet I cannot get Salvation. What is standing in my way?" His reply was: "You don't believe." This remark laid me open to receive the Gospel, which is "the power of God unto Salvation to every one that believeth" (Rom. 1. 16). I recalled that wonderful statement in 1 Peter 2. 24, "Who His own self bare our sins in His own body on the tree," and for the first time in my life that Scripture had an intense personal interest to me. I discovered in it the substitutionary work of the Lord Jesus Christ, and I exclaimed, "That is how sinners get Salvation." "Who His own self bare our sins in His own body on the tree." Jesus takes our place, answering to God for us, meeting fully every claim of a just God against guilty sinners, and thus satisfying God about the sin question. A sin-hating God meets a sin-bearing Saviour at the Cross, enters into and settles fully the matter of sin (Isa. 53. 5, 6).

Now if it hadn't been for that little word "*our*" I might have closed in with God's gracious provision then and there, but that little word "our" held me off. How do I know that I am in the company included in the word "our"? The delay, however, was but momentary. A second Scripture entirely supplemented this (John 1. 12): "As many as received Him to them gave He power to become the sons of God." "What!" I exclaimed, "to take the Lord Jesus as my own personal Saviour will make me a child of God?"

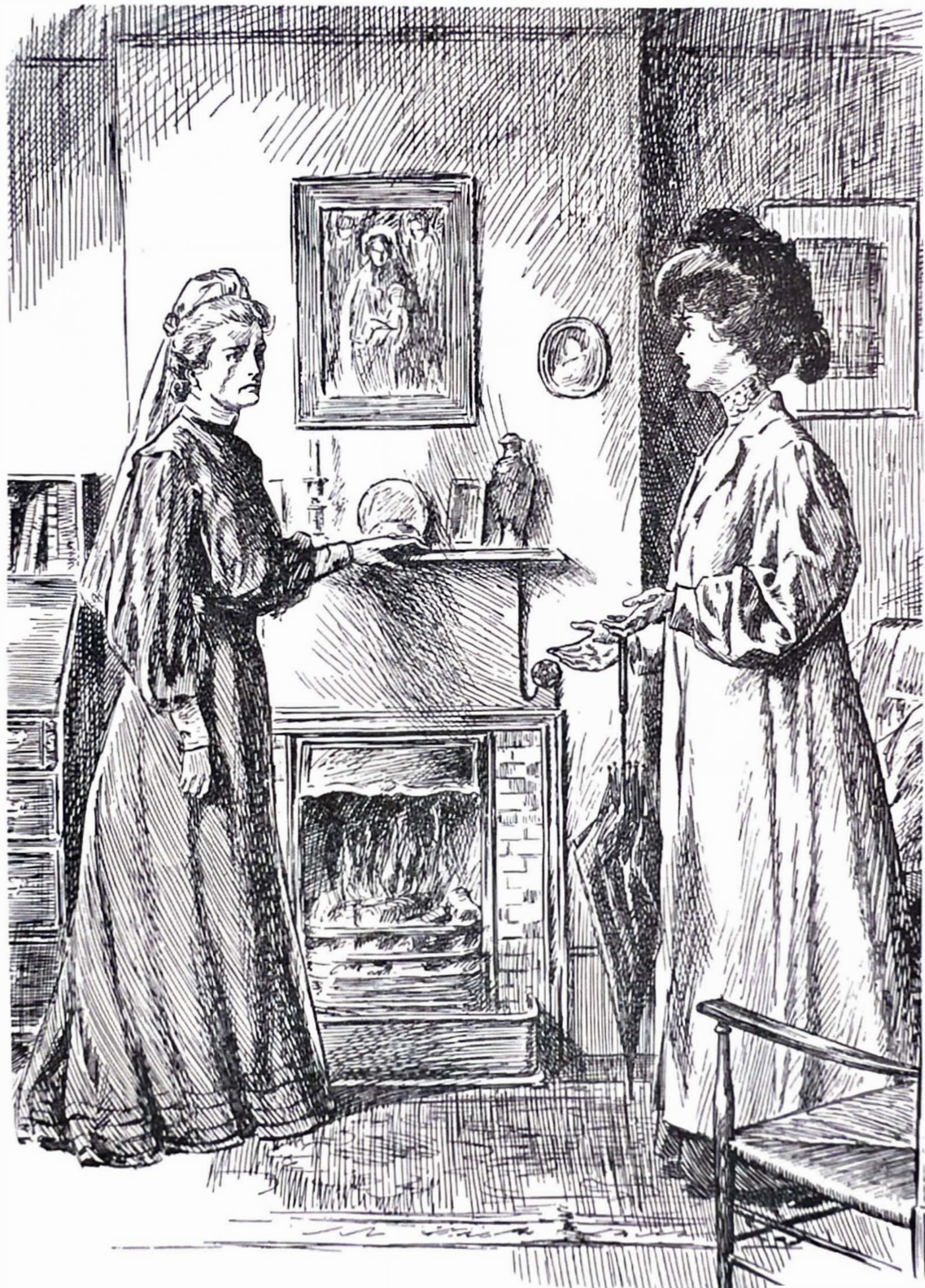
I repeated slowly the Scripture, "As—many—as received—Him—to them—gave He power—to become—the sons—of God." Again I exclaimed, "O God, I see it, I, a consciously lost sinner, discover in Jesus as having been on Calvary's tree the lost sinner's Saviour, and taking Him I enter God's family. O God, I am only too glad to take Jesus. I do take Him! I—am—saved!" J. L.

When can I be saved? "Behold, now is the Day of Salvation" (2 Cor. 6. 2).

How can I be saved? "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and THOU shalt be saved" (Acts 16. 31).

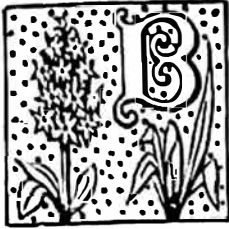
May I be sure that I am saved? "Ye may know that ye have Eternal Life" (1 John 5. 13).

THE GIPSY'S MESSAGE,
AND THE WONDERFUL RESULT THEREFROM.



“HER FIRST WORDS WHEN WE MET CAME TO ME AS A SURPRISE.”

THE GIPSY'S MESSAGE.



— was a gipsy by birth and a hawker by trade. Late in life he was converted, and was a bright and happy Christian to the end of his days. While selling his wares he would generally speak of Christ to his customers, and would lose no opportunity of bearing testimony to the grace that had saved him.

Lady Hope, who was the instrument used of God in his conversion, gives the following deeply interesting account of a visit that he paid to a certain house, and of its consequences:

Having sold some of his wares at the back door, he said, "My Master seemed to say to me, B——, go to the front door. So I went." There, as it happened, a lady passing in from the garden saw him, and was astonished by a most courteous salute from the old man. Coming up to her, he said: "Please, ma'am, what is that I see on your finger?" "On my finger!" she exclaimed, much surprised at being thus accosted, "do you mean my ring?" "Yes, ma'am," was the reply. "It is made of gold, -very precious, and it has been tried in the fire. It is *round*, too, and has neither beginning nor end. It is like the love of Christ, very precious. He passed through the furnace for us, and His great love reaches from eternity to eternity! It has no beginning and no end. O ma'am, is *your heart* in this circle, the love of Christ? If so, you are safe for ever and ever."

The lady, more surprised than she could tell, wished to detain him that she might ask him questions, but her pressing invitations were of no avail. "No, ma'am, I thank you," he said. "My Master wished me to give that message. I cannot stay. But there is a young lady who has a room in the town where she has classes; she is the one who told *me* about Jesus, my Saviour, and she will tell *you* if you ask her." And he gave her my name and address. Accordingly I received the next day a note worded thus: "Dear Madam,—I shall be much obliged if you will do me the kindness to call on me at the earliest opportunity. I shall be at home to-morrow morning. ———"

A few words of apology for troubling me followed, and then her name was signed. I knew the house perfectly, for I had often passed it in my drives. But as I knew

The Gipsy's Message.

nothing of what had occurred, her first words when we met came to me as a surprise.

"I must begin by telling you," she said, "that yesterday I had a very strange interview with a man who was selling pictures." Her simple narrative followed much as I have related it here. But she added, in a tone and with a look that I shall never forget, "God must have sent him to me as a messenger at *that very hour*, for I had just been told by the doctor that I have the disease of cancer!" After a few moments of silence she continued: "And so I know I must die! My home will be broken up; I must leave my family. And—and—*I am not ready*. When I heard this news it was like a dreadful blow to me. I went out into the garden in despair. As I turned towards the house I met this man, whom I looked upon as a tramp, and heard him say these words which I can never forget."

Clasping her hands together, she added: "Oh, is it true? Is it true that God loves me—*me*? And that Christ Jesus *cares* to save my soul? Tell me! Tell me anything you know that can help me and comfort me. You teach the poor; try to teach *me*. Will you begin at the very beginning? Is the love of Christ for *me*?"

I asked for a Bible. She rang the bell, and one was brought. Together we looked at one passage after another, which told us of the free Salvation provided for sinners by means of the perfect atonement made upon Calvary. The very invitations of mercy seemed sweet to her ear. The tidings of the "finished" work of Christ seemed absolute news to her; "too wonderful," as she said again and again.

These are two of the verses which arrested her attention so deeply: "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). "Jesus said unto them, I am the Bread of Life: he that cometh to Me shall never hunger; and he that believeth on Me shall never thirst" (John 6. 35).

We finished our conversation as the gong sounded for her luncheon, but only with the promise that we were to meet again the next day. After three or four close conversations over our open Bibles, the full light of atonement and

The Gipsy's Message.

pardon dawned upon her soul, and the most intense peace and joy became her portion, replacing the indifference of past years and the anxious fear of the previous week.

“Now,” she said one day, in her animated way, “we must tell this good news to everybody. I have never known this before, though I have often gone to Church, and thought I was very good; and I am quite sure my neighbours do not know it.” “Why do you think so?” I asked. “Because I have never heard them speak of it! They have never said a word on the subject. And I am certain that their lives would be quite different if they felt quite sure that Christ had died instead of them. No, they don’t know it! And the poor people in the village, too; they must hear this good news. Will you help me to make it known?”

She then proposed that she should open a charming room one evening in the week, and invite all her neighbours, rich and poor. For two years this meeting has been carried on, the results being a wonderful awakening in the neighbourhood, and very much blessing to many souls.

The lady herself was never once absent from it. As she grew weaker and weaker she was carried in and laid on the sofa. But her loving zeal grew still warmer as the end drew near, and her face quite glowed with the light of Heaven. The earnestness of the faces in that crowded room, and the sobs that were often heard, made an impression on me that I shall never forget. Nor shall I forget the kind, tender way she would speak to the hearers as they left the room, holding their hands and looking into their faces so earnestly, as she besought them to make their choice now for Christ and Eternity.

This narrative is presented with the earnest hope that *you* too may be led to feel your need of the Saviour, and that you may trust Him as simply and as fully as this lady did. And do not forget that He who made His message so effective through a poor gipsy hawker can speak through the humblest and feeblest instrument. Before you lay down this paper “Behold the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world” (John 1. 29), and you will join the Apostle and multitudes more in saying “The Son of God, who loved *me*, and gave Himself for *me*” (Gal. 2. 20). Now is the Accepted Time. H. P. B.

TRUE TESTIMONIES OF FAMOUS MEN.



THE SEVENTH EARL OF SHAFTESBURY.

UNTOLD thousands in mine and factory bless the name of Anthony Ashley-Cooper, Seventh **EARL OF SHAFTESBURY**, who wrought a peaceful social revolution in Britain. The source was a spiritual revolution wrought by a godly domestic in the aristocratic family. Before he was 7 years of age she grounded him in Bible truths, specially enforcing upon his young mind how the Saviour gave Himself "**the Just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God**"

(1 Peter 3. 18). Thus was the honoured friend and counsellor of Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort led into the light by Maria Mills, who bequeathed her gold watch to him, which he cherished as his dearest treasure, and carried till the day of his death,

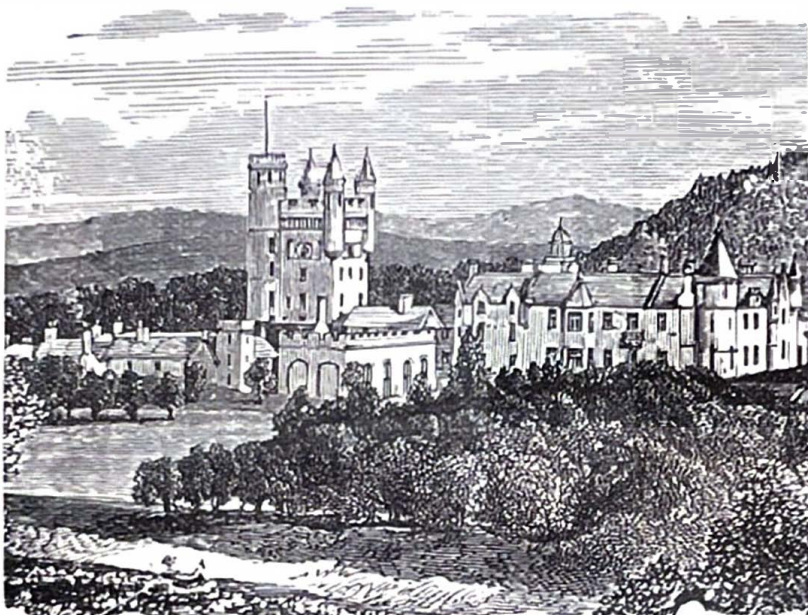
A draper's apprentice in the town of Bridgwater, Somerset, at the age of 16, had a wonderful experience. Years afterwards, when he had become **Sir GEORGE WILLIAMS**, founder of the Y.M.C.A., and head of the firm of Hitchcock, Williams & Co., St. Paul's Churchyard, London, he related this experience: "I first learned in Bridgwater to love my dear Lord and Saviour for what He had done for me. I saw in this town two roads, the downward and the upward road. I said to myself, 'If I continue along this downward road, where is the end of it; what will become of me?' Thank God, I had kept in the clean path; nevertheless I was on the downward road. I saw that this road would certainly lead me to spend my Eternity with the Devil and his angels, and I said, 'Cannot I escape? Is there no escape?' I cannot describe to you the joy and peace which flowed into my soul when I saw that the Lord Jesus had **DIED FOR MY SINS, AND THAT THEY WERE ALL FORGIVEN.**"

No man has done more to relieve the pain of the universe than Sir **JAMES SIMPSON**, of Edinburgh, by his discovery of chloroform as an anaesthetic. This is his story of how he made his greatest discovery: "When I was a student at the University I saw a sight which I never can forget, a man brought out to die. His arms were pinioned, his face was already pale as death—thousands of eager eyes were upon him as he came up from the jail in sight. Did any man ask to die in his room? Did any friend come and loose the rope, and say, 'Put it round my neck; I die instead'? No; he underwent the sentence of the law. For *many* offences? No; for one offence. He had stolen a money parcel from a stage-coach. It was the last instance of capital punishment for that offence.

"I saw another sight—it matters not when—myself a sinner standing on the brink of ruin, deserving nothing but Hell. For *one* sin? No; for many, many sins committed against the unchanging law of God. But again I looked, and saw *Jesus, my Substitute*, scourged in my stead, and dying on the Cross for me. I looked, and believed, and was forgiven. 'And **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). And it seems to be my duty to tell you of that Saviour, to see if you will not also **LOOK AND LIVE.**"

Walking along the Menai Straits, close to the tubular bridge, in 1855, is a young Liverpool merchant. His thoughts are not centred on buying and selling, but on the most momentous matter of his soul's salvation. He longs to obtain forgiveness. How can it be obtained? "**It is finished!**" (John 19. 30) was flashed into his mind "with as much force and distinctness as though he heard them spoken from Heaven." Then and there he saw what the work of Christ had accomplished, and by faith in Him **W. P. LOCKHART** obtained peace with God. He became "the prince of young men's preachers," and died saying, "The Bleeding Lamb; it's all the Bleeding Lamb!" Will you, resting in the "*finished work*" of Christ, join him and millions more in the heavenly chorus, "Thou art worthy, for Thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by *Thy Blood*?"

THE KING'S NEIGHBOUR.



BALMORAL CASTLE, THE KING'S HIGHLAND HOME.

IN a quiet, secluded glen not far from the King's Highland home lived Old Nancy, a rejoicing Christian. Close to her bed was a small table, on which lay her spectacles and well-thumbed Bible. God's precious Word was indeed to her the "joy and rejoic-

ing of her heart." Among those who called upon her was a young minister, who felt greatly helped by her simple trust in the Living God. One day he asked her the following startling question: "Supposing that after all your praying and trusting, God were to cast you off at last, what then?" Raising herself on her elbow, she looked the minister steadily in the face, and with sparkling eyes replied: "Eh, man, is that a the length ye hae got? Why, man, God wud be the greatest loser! Puir Nanny wud lose her soul, to be sure, and that wud be a sair loss indeed, but God wud lose His character! He knows I've just hung up my soul and all my hopes upon His ain precious promises, and if they wud be broken, the whole universe wud gang tae ruin, for God wud be a liar."

Nanny was right. She had built all her hopes on God's exceeding great and precious promises, and she knew it was impossible for Him to lie! She admitted that the loss of her soul would be a great loss, but she considered that the character of the Infinite and Eternal God would be at stake if He would allow her to perish. By taking God at His word, she had the assurance that she was safe for eternity.

Some doubtless considered her "presumptuous" when she told them that she was saved, and knew it. All the same, she was *honouring* God by building her hopes for eternity on the Blood of Christ, and resting her soul on his holy Word. Why should not you do the same?

A.M.

THE GREATEST OF ALL SECRETS.



THOMAS ALVA EDISON.

THERE is possibly no greater inventor on the face of the earth to-day than Edison, and possibly no greater genius has ever set foot on this planet. His discoveries and inventions have surpassed anything the world has ever known. The phonograph and telephone are sufficient in themselves to show his patient research and inventive power.

Questioned as to prayer, he said he wasn't able to believe that the Supreme Intelligence hears and answers prayer. "Law," he said, "holds everything in its grip like a vice. If we obey the laws that rule the world, we will be happy; and if we don't, we are liable to get hurt." Asked as to the future life, he replied: "I don't know anything about this life, to say nothing of the life hereafter. I know something about steam and electricity, but why we came here, and *where we are going to*, is beyond my ken."

If the great inventor is correctly reported, it shows afresh that "the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God, for they are foolishness unto him; neither can he know them, for they are spiritually discerned" (1 Cor. 2. 14). A man may be deeply versed in Nature, know a great deal about steam and electricity, understand the properties and combinations of chemicals, perceive clearly the reign of universal law, and have other secrets at his finger ends to which multitudes are strangers, but there is a secret called *the secret of the Lord* (Ps. 25. 14), to which many wise and learned men are strangers. With this secret many poor and uneducated people are happily acquainted, and full well they know that there is a God who hears and answers prayer; and full well also they know where they are going to when this life is over, for their faith is centred in Him who has said: "I go to prepare a place for you" (John 14. 3); "and where I am, there shall also My servant be" (John 12. 26). The knowledge of chemistry is good, but the knowledge of salvation is better. J.C.

THE MAJOR AND THE PRISONER;

— OR, —

HOW THOMAS HUTCHINS WAS RADICALLY CHANGED.



"Why, man, you see that you are free. Go!"

Hutchins, who seemed at first dazed, became visibly affected, and with tears rolling down his cheeks, tried to express regret for his conduct, promising to act differently in the future.

THE MAJOR AND THE PRISONER.



MAJOR GIBSON was a brave soldier and a remarkable man in many ways. Shortly after his conversion he was detached from his regiment and placed in command of a company of soldiers, some of whom were notoriously "hard" cases, the worst of them all being a man named Thomas Hutchins.

One day Hutchins was brought before Major Gibson on a serious charge. The evidence of his guilt was overwhelming, and he was asked what he had to say for himself. "Nothing," was the sullen reply. The "Defaulter's Book" was read, and it was shown that he had been tried frequently by court-martial, had been flogged, had suffered imprisonment with and without hard labour, and had been in solitary confinement, &c., &c. The sergeant volunteered the information that he was the worst man in the regiment.

Major Gibson asked the sergeant if the prisoner had ever been treated as a good soldier. "No, never," was the ready response. "Then he is always committing some crime against his fellowmen, his country, and his God?" "Certainly, sir." "Well, so am I," said the officer, "and my mode of treatment will be different from any other that he has ever had." Turning toward the prisoner, who appeared callous and unconcerned, Major Gibson said, "He shall go free this time. I will not pronounce sentence upon him or bring him before a court-martial. The prisoner is at liberty, and may return to his duty." Then addressing the sergeant, he said, "Sergeant, listen to me. Thomas Hutchins from now is to be considered and treated as if he had always been a good soldier and a well-behaved man. These are my orders, and must be obeyed. The duties that good soldiers are selected to perform he shall take his turn."

The sergeant and guard left the room bewildered at what had taken place, concluding that their officer had "gone crazy." To them it seemed the height of folly to pardon an undeserving criminal, who never asked for forgiveness nor made the slightest excuse for his misdeeds.

The others having left, Major Gibson said to Hutchins: "Why, man, you see that you are free. Go!" Hutchins, who seemed at first dazed, became visibly affected, and with tears rolling down his cheeks, tried to express regret for

The Major and the Prisoner.

his conduct, promising to act differently in the future. He was immediately stopped, and told that he was not to make any promises. "You are forgiven. Go, and sin no more," was the officer's parting word to the pardoned offender.

From that day onwards Hutchins became a changed man, and was reckoned to be the best soldier in the regiment. He became greatly attached to Major Gibson, and never forgot the kindness he had received at his hand.

In this incident we have a beautiful illustration of the transforming power of the grace of God. Hutchins was a hardened criminal, who had been frequently punished according to military law. Such punishment, however, did not affect his character or conduct. But love did what the prison and the lash, the hard labour and the solitary confinement failed to accomplish. It subdued, softened, melted the heart, and revolutionised the life of the criminal. The love of God to sinful man, as manifested in the gift of His only-begotten Son, accomplishes the same results.

The unsaved reader is afraid of meeting a holy and righteous God because of his sins. You know that you have not been what you should have been, and have not done what you should have done. In addition to this, you know that God says: "Cursed is every one that continueth not in all things which are written in the book of the law to do them" (Gal. 3. 10), and as you have not kept the whole law its curse rests upon you. In spite of it all God loves you, and is longing to imprint upon your cheek the kiss of forgiveness. Harken to His words of entreaty to you: "Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool" (Isa. 1. 18). Your heart may be as cold as death and as hard as granite, yet God loves you, and waits to cleanse away the crimson stains of your deliberate and persistent sin, and to remember them no more.

The sergeant was amazed that Major Gibson forgave the prisoner who had not asked for forgiveness or made the slightest excuse for his crimes. Too many in these days make excuses for their sins. When, however, they see themselves in the light of God's holiness they get a sight of their vileness and offensiveness, and have nothing good to say about themselves. Their mouths are stopped,

The Major and the Prisoner.

and they own up to their ruined and undone condition. Has the reader acknowledged in God's presence that he is lost and undone, and utterly unable to do anything to save himself? If so, hearken to the amazing declaration of 2 Corinthians 5. 20, 21: "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." Think of the Eternal God *beseeking* His rebellious creatures to be reconciled to Him! He is doing this even now. Sin is lawlessness, or insubjection to Divine authority. The essence of sin is self-pleasing, doing our will instead of His. Because of your sin you think you have to plead with God that He may be reconciled to you. The glorious and wondrous fact is this, that the One against whom you have sinned repeatedly and persistently is now beseeching you to be reconciled to Him. This message of reconciliation is proclaimed on a righteous basis. The Lord Jesus who knew no sin, did no sin, and in whom is no sin, was *made sin for us*, "that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him." Christ paid the ransom for our deliverance with His precious Blood (1 Tim. 2. 6). "He was delivered for our offences, and raised again for our justification" (Rom. 4. 25). Through His bearing sin's penalty, and dying in our room and stead, we obtain forgiveness and reconciliation. "Be it known unto you, 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). Every one who believes the Gospel of God's matchless grace is clothed with Divine righteousness, divinely glorious, divinely perfect, and divinely fair.

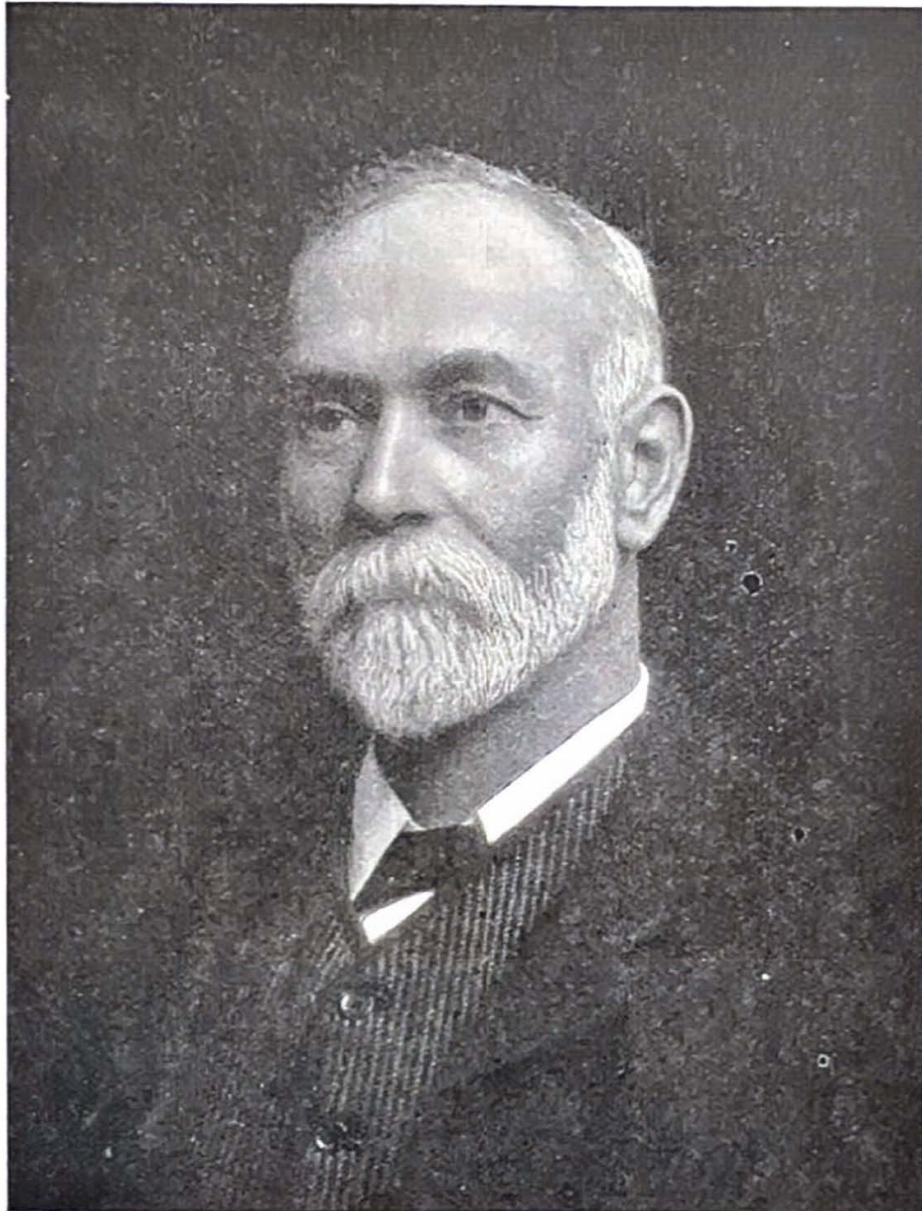
"BE YE RECONCILED TO GOD," for you may be suddenly called into eternity an unsaved, unforgiven, unsanctified soul. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved" (Acts 16. 31). Why not now believe on Him who died that you might live and be eternally saved? God's love melts the hardest and most obdurate heart.

"Law and terrors do but harden
All the while they work alone;
But a sense of blood-bought pardon
Soon dissolves a heart of stone."

A. M.

HOW GOD SAVED FRANCIS LOGG.

BORN in Paisley in 1853, converted in 1875, after devoting the whole of his time for 30 years in heralding the Good News in most parts of the British Isles, regularly visiting from door to door, distributing thousands of copies



FRANCIS LOGG, OF ABERDEEN.

of the *Herald of Salvation* and other Gospel messages, and being blessed of God to many souls, FRANCIS LOGG was suddenly called to his reward on 22nd January, 1915. The following was written with his own hand for this paper :

In the month of March, 1875, I was living in the city of Glasgow, a careless young man about the things of Eternity. I got word about my sister being very ill in a town

How God Saved Francis Logg.

7 miles from Glasgow. Hastening to her bedside I asked if she was happy. "Yes, I have Jesus." I did not know what she meant. Then she asked me to read that hymn, "Rock of Ages." I began to do so, but the tears came to my eyes, and I became very much troubled. It came home to me she was dying, and I was afraid to die. I wanted to get away from the house, but they told me to stay and see her die. During the night she died. Then I began to think: "If that had been me, where would my soul have been?" I knew I was not saved, and my soul would be lost for ever. The Spirit had done His work with me. For six weeks I was in trouble about my sin and about meeting a Holy God. I knew there was nothing but "the wrath of God" (John 3. 36) for me, for I was not "born again."

I got an address to read on "There is no difference: for all have sinned, and come short of the Glory of God" (Rom. 3. 22, 23). There was an illustration used about Queen Victoria wanting men for a regiment. Every man was to be 6 feet high. The first who tried was 5 ft. 6 in. He was put to one side. The next was 5 ft. 9 in.; he wouldn't do either. The third was 5 ft. 11 in. He could not pass, though taller than the others. All must be 6 feet or they could not be taken. Then it was brought home to my heart like this: Some were open profane sinners, murderers, adulterers, drunkards, swearers. Then there were some that got drunk, and swore, and told lies. Then there were moral, decent people, who did the best they could, but were not "born again." I saw that one of these fitted me, and in God's sight I was included in the verdict, "There is no difference," and I realised that I had come far short of the glory of God. I was next led to look at John 3. 16: "For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." I saw, by faith, that Christ gave Himself *for me* upon the Cross, and believing in Him I went free, and He gave me everlasting life. Then I thanked Him for it. I never was in a Gospel meeting till after I was saved.

Have you ever taken time to think seriously of death, and asked yourself the question: If I die to-night, where will my soul be? You have no promise for to-morrow. God says, "Now is the accepted time" (2 Cor. 6. 2). F. L.

WHAT AN ATHEIST ACKNOWLEDGED.

“ I CALL this my preaching stick,” remarked an elderly man a short time ago, holding out an ivory-handled walking-stick of ordinary appearance. “ It has been in my possession very many years,” he continued, “ and its previous owner was a relative of mine, but a professed infidel. He went for a short holiday to the Isle of Man, was suddenly taken ill, and after a brief illness he passed



“ He went for a holiday to the Isle of Man.”

DOUGLAS BAY, ISLE OF MAN.

into the great Eternity. When I knew of his decease, I was very anxious to know if he had left any testimony as to repentance towards the God whose being he denied, or manifested any sign of faith in the Saviour whose love was to him but a myth. As soon as an opportunity presented itself I closely questioned his broken-hearted widow as to his last words. For a time she was very reluctant to impart the desired information, but after some pressure she stated that the last audible words he uttered ere he passed away were : ‘ There is a God—there is a God.’ So, whenever I meet with an infidel, or a young man of infidel ten-

What an Atheist Acknowledged.

dencies, I show them this stick, and tell them the dying testimony of the late owner."

What an awakening! To be forced to acknowledge, when in the very throes of death, with his dying gasp the truth which should have been a motive power all through his life, and which should have caused him to make preparation for the supreme moment when he would be summoned to meet his God to render an account of the deeds done in the body. Listen to his words: "THERE IS A GOD." Harken to the dying infidel's last testimony, recorded that you, and others, may be warned to flee from the wrath to come.

"THERE IS A GOD." This beautiful world in which we live and move; the restless waves of the sea; the majestic sun in the heavens; yea, all created things unite in their testimony that "God is." And the new creation, a scriptural term employed to distinguish all believers in the Lord Jesus Christ, with their transformed lives, changed ideas, and their numerous acts of loving self-forgetfulness, are striking demonstrations to all who have eyes to see of the truth of the remaining portion of the text, which asserts, "that He is a rewarder of them that diligently seek Him." For marvellous as are the wonders of creation, the wonders of God's redeeming love transcend them as the light of the sun surpasses the feeble glimmer of the glow-worm. The love of God is infinite, for it baffles man's highest thought.

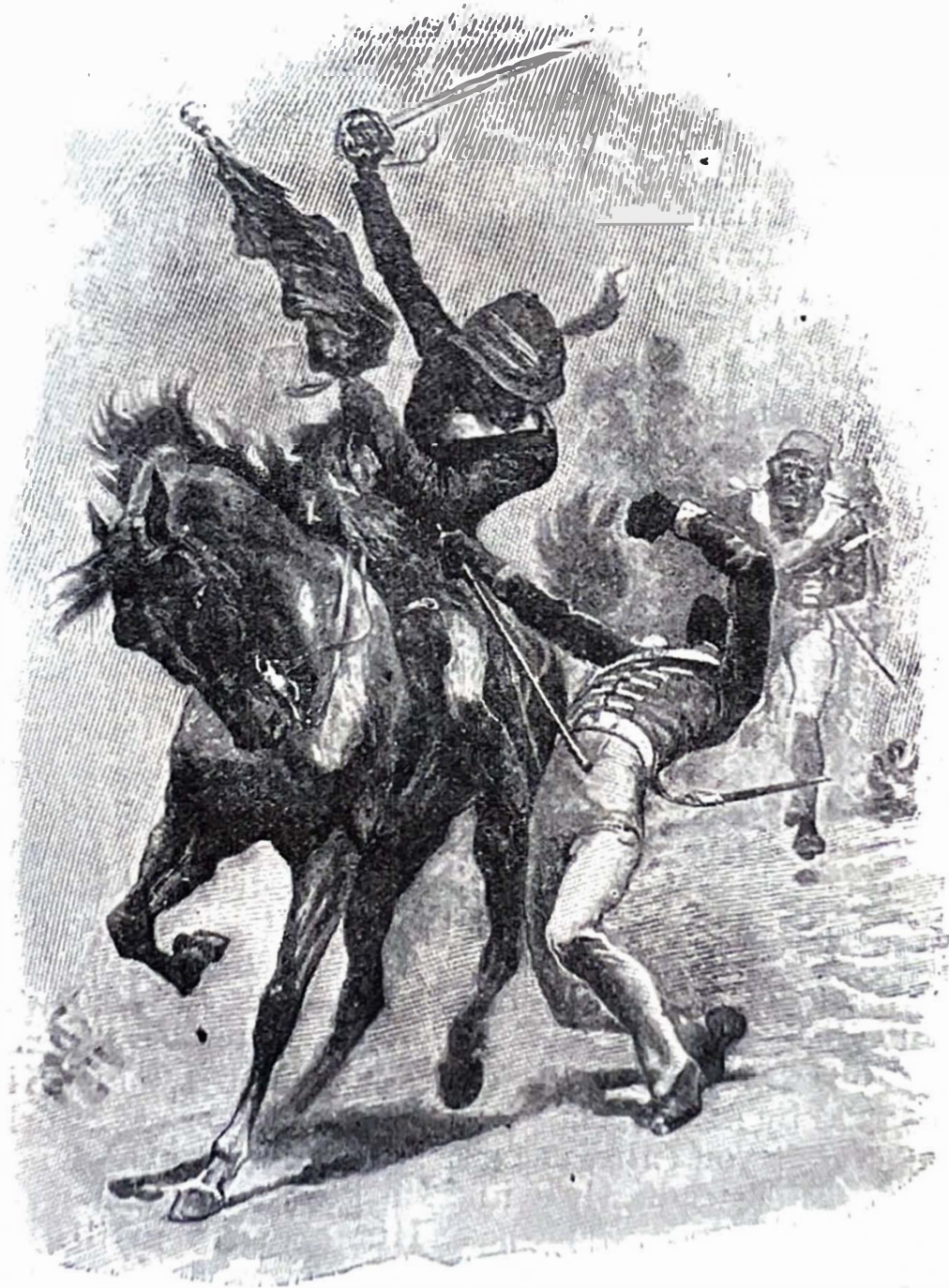
"But infidelity has never been a snare to me, for I have always believed in a God," some reader may say. But belief in the existence of God will never fit you for heaven—"the devils believe and tremble." You believe in God, but have you believed what He says as to His righteousness, His love, and your lost condition?

Naturally you are a poor, guilty, undone sinner, but the pardon of God is held out for your acceptance. It is offered to sinners of all grades. It may be yours now, although you may be a scoffer, drunkard, or infidel. It was purchased for you by God's only begotten Son. Therefore accept this blood-bought pardon, and live in the cloudless sunshine of eternal love until you pass from earth to heaven in virtue of the precious blood of Jesus Christ, which cleanseth from all sin. Settle the great question, and settle it NOW, for like this Atheist you know not what a day may bring forth and may *suddenly* be called into Eternity. A. G.

HOW LORD ROBERTS WON THE VICTORIA CROSS.

LORD ROBERTS, who died on 14th November, 1914, in his 82nd year, was a hero beloved by all. His name will go down to posterity as one of the bravest of British generals and be classed amongst the noblest of men.

In "Forty-One Years in India" it is related how he won the Victoria Cross on New Year's Day, 1858. In turning a strong force of the rebels out of Khuangang "a native trooper was hard beset by a Sepoy, whose bayonet



"HE CLUTCHED THE COLOURS AND WRESTED THEM FROM THE ENEMY."

How Lord Roberts Won the Victoria Cross.

lunges he was avoiding or parrying with difficulty. Roberts rode up, engaged the Sepoy, and saved the trooper. Immediately afterwards, seeing two more of the enemy getting clear away with a standard, he spurred after them, and, singlehanded, attacked them. He clutched the colours and wrested them from the man's grasp, felling the bearer with a clean cut of the sabre. His comrade rushed up, and to make an easy aim a certain one thrust his musket close to Roberts' body and fired. Happily for him, and happily for Britain, the weapon missed fire, and its owner, springing aside from the ready sword, incontinently fled." For these two exploits Lord Roberts was awarded the envied prize "FOR VALOUR."

It is well to know that such a brave soldier was also a true Christian. In the Guards' Chapel a preacher said that he knew the late Field-Marshal to be "a man who believed with all his heart that Jesus Christ was the Son of God." Herein, without doubt, lay the secret of his pure life, earnest devotion to his country and fellows, bravery in the moments of danger, and calmness in the hour of death. See that you also obey the Divine injunction, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved" (Acts 16. 31).

Lord Roberts witnessed a good confession. Speaking at Woolwich, he said: "He was proud to belong to the Army of Queen Victoria, but prouder still to belong to the Army of the King of kings." Like Paul of old he could say, "I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ, for it is the power of God unto Salvation to every one that believeth" (Rom. 1. 16). They were both "good soldiers of Jesus Christ."

That this was not a meaningless confession was witnessed by the fact mentioned in almost his last letter from the Front, in which he mentioned that for five and fifty years he had regular Bible reading and worship in his home. In his case, as in thousands more, bravery and believing went together. Bible reading produced a noble character, loyal to his God, honoured by his King, admired by his men, and respected throughout the world.

See that you enlist at once in the Army of the King of kings, and steadfastly witness a good confession for the One who loved you and gave Himself for you till called to lay down the cross and take up the Crown. ИИР.

THE MOST IMPORTANT QUESTION EVER ASKED.



“**WHAT** think ye of Christ?” In the chapter where this question occurs (Matt. 22) the Lord Jesus, having silenced the Pharisees and Sadducees, asks them “What think ye of Christ?” His object was not to call attention to Himself personally. He did not wish them to say whether He was the Christ or not. That was not the question. It was not their confidence He wanted; it was their opinion. The question is not the same as that in chapter 16. 13, “Whom do men say that I the Son of Man am?” Then the question was, Am I the Christ or not? Now it is, “What think ye of Christ?”

It was of great importance for them to know that Christ stood before them, but if they did not know what His mission to earth was their knowledge would not avail them much. The Jews were looking for a temporal king, one who would come with pomp and splendour, and occupy the throne of David, girding his sword upon his thigh and subduing their enemies. We know that Christ has come in the flesh, but will that knowledge save us?

We would ask the reader what he thinks of Christ? Have you an answer? Is your mind made up? It is a question for every class and sect and people. A question may interest one class of society and not another, but this question affects all. It is a question suited to *all times*.

Questions that once agitated the minds of people are of no interest to them now. This question is as fresh to-day as when it was asked by Christ nearly two thousand years ago. It is the *most important of all questions*. Many questions are discussed to-day in workshops, counting-houses, warehouses, and factories, but this question

The Most Important Question Ever Asked.

surpasses them all in importance and in vital results.

“What think ye of Christ?” is the test
To try both your state and your scheme
You cannot be right in the rest
Unless you think rightly of Him.”

“What think ye of Christ?” The question is NOT, What think ye of this or that preacher, this or that doctrine, this or that sect, but, “What think ye of CHRIST?” Has the reader taken time to consider the question, or have you sought to banish it from your consideration? Wrong thoughts about Christ produce wrong feelings, and wrong feelings produce wrong actions. One of the chief reasons why the broad way is trodden by so many is that men try to forget facts.

“Evil is wrought for want of thought
As well as for want of heart.”

I commend to you the *question*, not Christ, for He needs no commendation from men. The question must be answered. You may bury it in pleasures and amusements, in the cares or business of life, but it will force itself up before you at a sick-bed, a death-bed, or at the great White Throne. The consequences are inseparable from the question. As a man thinks of Christ, so is he. A man's character is decided by his thoughts of Christ.

“What think ye of Christ?” The question is not, What *will* ye think of Christ? nor, What *did* ye think of Christ? but, “What think ye of Christ?” Christ when on earth was “God manifest in the flesh;” “all things were made by Him,” and “He upholdeth all things by the word of His power.” He is very God and very man, the eternal, the uncreated, the self-existent One.

“There is one God and one Mediator between God and men, the Man Christ Jesus, who *gave Himself a ransom for all*” (1 Tim. 2. 6). On Calvary's cross He paid sin's penalty that we might not perish, but have everlasting life (John 3. 16). What means that heart-rending cry that escaped His blessed lips, “My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?” (Matt. 27. 46). Why did God forsake His beloved Son? There is but one answer to that question, and that is, He was bearing our sins in His own body on the tree that we might be saved from eternal misery, remorse, and despair. By His death the claims of justice and holiness have been met, and God can

The Most Important Question Ever Asked.

righteously pardon every one who believes on the Saviour. The Lord Jesus "*put away sin* by the sacrifice of Himself" (Heb. 9. 26). Sin has been so put away that God can be just and the justifier of him who believeth on Jesus.

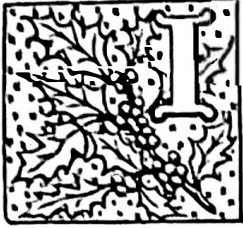
What Christ did is enough. Do you believe it? "I believe He did His part of the work, and we have to do ours," says one. "His part!" What do you mean? He did everything that was necessary, and ere He gave up His spirit He said "IT IS FINISHED." The work that saves was completed by Him. "He was wounded for our transgressions; He was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of [or with the view to] 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" (Isa. 53. 5, 6). "Who His own self bare our sins in His own body on the tree" (1 Peter 2. 24). "**It is Finished.**"

"What think ye of Christ?" Can you say "He is my Saviour and Lord?" If not, why not? The good news of the Gospel that "Christ died for our sins according to the Scriptures, was buried and rose again the third day according to the Scriptures" (1 Cor. 15. 1-4), is God's power to the salvation of the soul. Through faith in the finished work of Christ a child of wrath becomes a son of God, an heir of God, and a joint-heir with Christ. "What must I do to be saved?" inquired the Philippian jailer. The divine reply was this: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved" (Acts 16. 30, 31). Don't say that that is "too easy" a way. It is God's way, and God's only way of salvation. You can neither earn it nor merit it, for it is all of grace. "Not of works, lest any man should boast" (Eph. 2. 8, 9). Delay no longer. As you are, and where you are, gaze by faith on Christ bleeding, groaning, and dying that you might obtain forgiveness, life, and glory, and you will be able to sing:

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

"Be it known unto you, 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). Believe and be forgiven NOW. A. M.

PAYING DEAR FOR THEM.



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

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

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

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

Look at "the pleasures of sin." Think of what you will pay for them. Dear indeed will be the price if it means the Lake of Fire for all eternity, which, indeed, will be the portion of all who reject our Lord Jesus Christ. Are they worth paying dear for? Do they give more than passing gratification? Do they not leave an empty void? What comfort will they give on a death-bed? And, above all, WHAT OF ETERNITY? WHAT OF ETERNITY? A.J.P.

THE PARDONING of the "BLACK WATCH."



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

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

The soldiers awaiting their execution on Castle Hill, Edinburgh, illustrates the condition of the unsaved. The word of God declares that "all have sinned" (Rom. 3. 23), that "all have gone astray" (Isa. 53. 6), that "all have gone out of the way" (Rom. 3. 12), that "the wages of sin is death" (Rom. 6. 23). What, then, is to become of us? The "whole world" has been brought in guilty (Rom. 3. 19). *Must* all be cast into the abyss of woe? Is there no way of escape? Thank God, a full, free, and present forgiveness is proclaimed to all (Ps. 130. 4; Isa. 1. 18). On what righteous ground can a holy God forgive an ungodly sinner? The Highlanders were pardoned on account of

DEEDS OF BRAVERY DONE BY THE "BLACK WATCH"

Regiment. God longs to pardon and justify the vilest of sinners on the ground of Christ's finished work. "*Through this Man* is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins, and by Him ALL THAT BELIEVE are justified from all things" (Acts 13. 38, 39). Will you accept His pardoning mercy as a *free gift*? Through the Lord Jesus Christ's sacrificial death eternal life can now be obtained by you. "*All that believe*" on Christ, who paid the ransom price with His precious blood, and satis-

The Pardoning of the "Black Watch."

fied the claims of law and justice, "are justified from all things." However great a sinner you are, the moment that you cease trying to *merit* God's pardoning mercy and believe on Him who died that you might "not perish, but have everlasting life" (John 3. 16), you will obtain the forgiveness of all your sins and be clothed in divine righteousness (2 Cor. 5. 21). "If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and believe in thine heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved" (Rom. 10. 9).

Remember, however, that if you are not pardoned and justified, you are even now a "condemned" sinner, with the wrath of God resting upon you. "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). Believe on the Lord Jesus and be saved with an everlasting salvation. A. M.

THE TENTH MAN.

A REGIMENT of soldiers on foreign service had been in mutiny against their officers, and for this they were condemned to die. All were alike guilty, but by order of the general nine out of every ten were to be spared—every tenth man in the ranks was to die. The men were drawn up in line, and the counting began. One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, *ten*—and that last man stepped out, marked for death. What an anxious time it was, and how the men trembled, fearing their doom.

In that long line of soldiers stood a father and a son, side by side. As the counting proceeded, the son ran his eye up the line and found to his horror that his father was the next tenth man. THERE WAS NOT A MOMENT TO LOSE, so he resolved to become his father's substitute. On came the count—six, seven, eight, nine, and like a flash the son pushed himself into his father's place and said "*ten!*" The son died, the father was saved—saved by the death of a substitute.

Such is a faint picture of the love of the Lord Jesus, only it was for His *enemies* He died. "Christ died for the ungodly" (Rom. 5. 6). This is the Gospel, the glad news of God. The Just One died for the unjust; the Offended One died to set the offender free. Do you believe it? Can you say, "I live because Jesus, God's Son, died for me."

TESTIMONIES OF BRITISH GENERALS

WHOSE BRAVERY IS UNQUESTIONED AND WHOSE NAMES ARE
WORLD-FAMED.



"Defenders of the Empire," by Harry Payne.

By permission of Messrs. Raphael Tuck & Sons, who publish the picture
in aid of the National Relief Fund.

That many a "good soldier of Jesus Christ" has also been a good
soldier of the King is amply borne out by the witness of a few
British generals.

TESTIMONIES OF BRITISH GENERALS.



GENERAL TAYLOR, A WATERLOO VETERAN.

CHRISTIANITY produces neither "cowards" nor "cads," was the emphatic statement of a well-known newspaper. That many a "good soldier of Jesus Christ" (2 Tim. 2. 3) has also been a good soldier of the King is amply borne out by the witness of a few British generals whose names are known and whose

bravery is unquestioned. These can be multiplied, and similar cases in abundance from other lands be recorded if the following do not suffice:

General Taylor, a Waterloo veteran, whilst staying with Lord Roden was frequently observed gazing upon a verse fixed over the mantelpiece by his lordship. It was Dr. Valpy's confession of faith:

"In peace let me resign my breath
And Thy Salvation see ;
My sins deserve eternal death
But **Jesus died for me.**"

One day Earl Roden said, "I say, friend Taylor, I should think you know those lines by heart." "I do know them by heart," said the General, "indeed my very heart has grasped their meaning." Thus General Taylor became a soldier of the Cross, and thus may you "believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and be saved" (Acts 16. 31),

Testimonies of British Generals.

Sir Henry Havelock, whose ever memorable march to the relief of Lucknow in 1857 is one of the brightest pages in British history, even in his busiest times rose at five o'clock to have two hours' communion with the God of his Salvation ere facing the trials of each new day. None have ever dared to suggest that "Havelock's Saints" should not be enrolled among the brave here, and few have questioned but that many of them "by faith" attained the Crown hereafter. "Therefore being justified by faith we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ" (Rom. 5. 1); and through whom we are assured of final Victory.

Captain Hedley Vicars, who fell before Sebastopol leading his company of 200 against an opposing force of 2000, with the memorable cry, "Men of the 97th, follow me!" will long rank as the young man's hero. "It was in November, 1851, that, whilst awaiting the return of a brother officer to his room, he idly turned over the leaves of a Bible which lay on the table. The words caught his eye, 'The Blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin' (1 John 1. 7). Closing the Book, he said, 'If this be true, for me henceforth I will live, by the grace of God, as a man should live who has been washed in the Blood of Jesus Christ.'" A noble decision, nobly maintained till promoted higher. The Blood cleansed him; it will cleanse you.

General Gordon, the hero of Khartoum, had as kind and as brave a heart as ever beat in earthly warrior. His well-thumbed pocket Bible, presented to Queen Victoria, may be seen in the Grand Corridor of Windsor Castle. His favourite verse indicates his hope for Eternity, and declares the vicarious Sacrifice of Christ to be the ground thereof:

"We read Thee best in Him who came
To bear for us *the Cross of shame*;
Sent by the Father from on High,
Our life to live, our death to die."

In this faith he nobly lived, heroically died on December 26, 1885, and left an unblemished record behind. Rest where this hero rested, in the One who made "peace by the Blood of His Cross" (Col. 1. 20).

Lord Wolseley, whose exploits in Burma, the Crimea, China, Ashanti, Egypt, Africa, and elsewhere entitle him to respect, was ever a friend of General Gordon, and commanded the forces which reached Khartoum too late. In

Testimonies of British Generals.

his autobiography, entitled "The Story of a Soldier's Life," he writes: "I met Gordon first when we were both doing duty in the trenches before Sebastopol. He was one of the very few friends I ever had who came up to my estimate of the Christian hero. He absolutely ignored himself in all he did, and only took in hand what he conceived to be God's work. Life was to him a pilgrim's progress between the years of early manhood and the Heaven he now dwells in, the Home he always longed for." Doubtless these heroes are again united, "through faith in His Blood" (Rom. 2. 25), in the Heavenly Home.

Sir George White won the Victoria Cross in 1879. His noble defence of Ladysmith is one of the most heroic acts of modern times. During the 119 days of the siege, with the realities of death, judgment, and Eternity brought home to the besieged citizens, a revival spread, and many were converted to God. Prayer meetings were regularly held, attended by General White and a number of his officers, besides many of the rank and file. That praying band proved as effectual as the Naval Brigade, and when relieved on February 28, 1900, the General exclaimed, "Thank God, I have kept the flag flying." Accept Christ as your Saviour, then "fight the good fight of faith" (1 Tim. 6. 12), and keep the glorious Gospel flag flying.

Lord Roberts, of Kandahar, who gained the Victoria Cross in the Indian Mutiny, and whose fame was world wide, indicated his confidence in the Scriptures in his message to the British Army:

"I ask you to put your trust in God. He will watch over you and strengthen you. You will find in this little book guidance when you are in health, comfort when you are in sickness, and strength when you are in adversity. —ROBERTS, F.M." This true "guide-book" declares, "Neither is there Salvation in any other, for there is none other Name under Heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved" (Acts 4. 12).

Will you join this noble band by accepting the Lord Jesus Christ as your Saviour, enlisting under the Blood-stained banner, and fighting the good fight of faith until the assured Day of Victory? No limitations are imposed. "Whosoever will" (Rev. 22. 17) is the final Proclamation. Will you accept Christ now? Yes or No! WHICH? *нпр.*

PRODUCING A PERFECT MAN.

IN the States of America there lives a certain Dr. Schutz, who is engaged in the remarkable experiment of trying to produce a perfect human being. He has agents in various parts of the world, whose duty is to look out for the best specimens of orphan babies in those regions, and to forward them to America. The doctor has already a collection of Mexican, Portuguese, Japanese, Indian,



HERALD SQUARE, BROADWAY AND SIXTH AVENUE, BY NIGHT, NEW YORK CITY.

and American babies, and is expecting a consignment from Australia and the Fiji Islands. His idea is to give these children the best mental, moral, and physical training, and then try his theory of intermarriage. By this means he believes he will at length produce *a perfect man*.

Apart altogether from what we learn from the Bible, the hopelessness of Dr. Schutz's efforts are evident. For long centuries mankind has been deteriorating, physically if not mentally. Ancient human skeletons, discovered in various places, show that in the olden times men were taller and stronger than they are to-day. A comparison

Producing a Perfect Man.

of the size of the skulls proves that the ancients had an advantage over the moderns in brain capacity also.

But in matters such as these the teaching of Scripture is our only safe guide. Turning to its sacred, inspired pages we learn that God created man, good and perfect. This perfection was lost, however, when man listened to the tempter and fell. From that day onward man has been a fallen creature, corrupt morally, and carrying the seeds of decay and death in his body. "Who can bring a clean thing out of an unclean?" Can Dr. Schutz? Scripture replies: "Not one" (Job 14. 4).

Is God defeated then? Are His gracious designs for the blessing and happiness of His creatures doomed to ultimate disappointment? By no means. In due time, after Adam and all that sprang from his loins had been fully tested, and proved to be utterly corrupt and wicked, God brought upon the scene another Man, called in the Bible the "Second Man" (1 Cor. 15. 47). This Man was none other than the Eternal Son of God—"God over all, blessed for ever." In infinite grace He came into manhood, being born of a virgin at Bethlehem. In His life He showed what a man should be according to God's thoughts. In Him was perfection indeed. Perfect in every grace, both Godward and manward, His whole life, and every detail of it, was a sweet-smelling savour to God. But upon the Cross of shame this Man of God's delight was put to grief. The inveterate hatred of the heart of man found full vent against Him. But God turned the occasion into one for the display of His mighty love. He intervened and made the soul of that holy Sufferer an offering for sin (Isa. 53. 10). God's judgment against man, on account of sin, fell upon Him. In His death He ended for ever the history of man, regarded as on probation.

In raising Christ from the dead God has made a new beginning; not a fresh start on the old lines, not a re-commencement with the same sort of man. He has set Christ at His right hand, and in Him we read God's idea of a perfect man.

Is He *alone* in His perfection? Are there no others of the same kind? The answer to this question is marvellous. Yes; those who, through faith in Him, are His are "all of one" with Himself (Heb. 2. 11). They are His "bre-

Producing a Perfect Man.

thren," His "companions." By-and-bye, when transferred to Heaven, for ever freed from all taint of imperfection, they will be with Him, and like Him, who has loved them and given Himself for them. Then shall be seen, to the wonderment of the universe, the fulfilment of God's eternal thought as to a perfect man. Adam, besides living personally, has lived in the millions of his race. And Christ, besides living personally a true Man in Heaven will live in the myriads that are His; His life theirs; His place in glory theirs; His relationship to the Father theirs. This is perfection indeed, and nowhere else is it to be found. All dreams of perfect manhood apart from Christ are false and empty. Perfection is God's purpose for man, but it is in connection with *the Man* of His choice.

The vital question is: Have you any link with that Man, the Lord Jesus Christ? Or are all your links with the other man, Adam, and his race? Linked we all are to the creation that we see around us. But some of us, through God's grace, have links with God's new creation. For the Word says: "If any man be in Christ, he is new creation" (2 Cor. 5. 17). What about you? "Ye must be born again" (John 3. 7) else there is no seeing or entering the Kingdom of Heaven.

H. P. B.

IN THE GRIP OF TWO MONEY BAGS.

IT is a blessed fact that the grace of God brings salvation to poor lost sinners. It asks for nothing but an honest acknowledgment before God of poverty and helplessness, and a heart-belief of what He has done, and then bestows untold wealth and power upon every penitent who is willing to receive upon these simple terms.

Let your imagination lead you for a few moments into yonder room. There sits a man who has grown old in the service of his God, and he is seeking to lead the dying woman, to whom he speaks, to the Saviour of sinners. With voice quivering with love he pours into her ears the story of God's grace. He tells her of the Saviour's love in dying for sinners. He speaks solemnly and earnestly of her deep need of salvation. From the first she is interested; this gradually deepens to earnestness as she manifests her anxiety to know in the evening of her life the salvation of God.

In the Grip of Two Money Bags.

But there is something which hinders her from receiving the great salvation which a loving God is willing to bestow.

Truly hers was a pitiable condition. She felt her deep need ; she knew she was unsaved, and she realised that she was dying without Christ, and each hour drawing nearer to a hopeless eternity. Though so desirous of obtaining peace and salvation, there was nevertheless some hindrance. Whatever could it be? The venerable man bowed his knees in prayer. He thanked God for giving Christ to die for sinners ; he praised Him for the free pardon offered to all through a crucified Saviour. " O God," he concluded, " turn this soul to Thyself, remove the hindrance, break down the barrier." Thud went something on the floor. Still he pleaded : " O God, remove the hindrance and save this poor woman's soul." But ere he said " Amen " he heard another loud thud as though something very heavy had fallen. Wondering whatever it could be, he arose from his knees, when he immediately saw what had been the hindrance. There just beside him he saw two bags of money which the dying woman while he was praying had withdrawn from under the mattress and cast from her. She had looked to Christ, she had turned to God, and her miserly spell was once and for ever broken.

Yes, her idol was dethroned, her sins were forgiven, and she was eternally free. That turning to God meant that all the vain passing things had for ever lost their charm. For she afterwards confessed that her money bags had so enslaved her heart and occupied her thoughts that she could scarcely think of anything besides.

" Must I give up my money ? " cries the miserable miser. " And must I give up my pleasures ? " asks the man of the world. " And must I give up the drink ? " wails the poor drunkard. " And must I give up my —— ? " asks the reader. To be plain, it is not so much what you have to give up as what you receive by simply turning to a justifying God through Jesus Christ from you sins. For as you cannot face north and south at the same moment, you cannot turn to God and be occupied with your idol, or idols, at the same time. God is now calling you to Himself, saying, " Look unto Me, and be ye saved." Christ Jesus still calls.

" Look to Me, the sinner's Saviour ;
Look to Me, and you shall live."

A. G.

HUDSON TAYLOR'S CONVERSION.

HUDSON TAYLOR, the founder, and for many years the director, of the "China Inland Mission," which seeks to maintain 1000 missionaries in the land of Sinim,



and has brought life and liberty to multitudes of China's millions, was converted in the following remarkable way.

On the afternoon of a holiday, whilst looking over some booklets and tracts in his father's library, he came across one which appeared more attractive than the others. He glanced at it, and then sat down to read the story, resolving

Hudson Taylor's Conversion.

to omit the application. When he took up the tract, as he himself testifies, he was in an utterly unconcerned state, and had made up his mind to lay it down whenever it began to be "prosy."

As he was perusing the little Gospel message, his mother was on her knees in her bedroom, seventy miles distant, pleading with God for the conversion of her only boy. Whilst on a visit to some friends, at the time alluded to, she became so burdened and exercised about Hudson's spiritual and eternal welfare that she turned the key in her bedroom door, and on bended knees, resolved that she would not leave the room until the Lord had saved him. Hour after hour she continued in fervent, importunate, believing prayer. Suddenly she felt that she could no longer *pray* for his conversion. Thoroughly persuaded that God had answered her petition, and given her the desire of her heart, she poured out her soul in thanksgiving and praise to God for the salvation of her boy.

Strange as it may appear to some, at that very time, the lad had come to an expression in the tract which he could not at first understand. It is one which is often employed by preachers of the Gospel, and is full of deep meaning and significance:—"THE FINISHED WORK OF CHRIST." "Why did the author say 'the finished work' instead of the propitiatory work?" was the question that came before him. "What was finished?" he asked himself: "a full and perfect atonement and satisfaction for sin was made, and the debt was paid," he mentally replied. "Then," thought he, "if the work of atonement is finished, if the mighty debt of sin is paid, what is there left for me to do?" In a moment God's wondrous salvation was apprehended. He perceived that on account of what the Lord Jesus had done and suffered, Divine justice was satisfied, and by believing on Him who bore the wrath and curse due to sin he was saved and had eternal life (John 3. 15-36; 5. 24; 6. 47; Acts 13. 38, 39). From a heart filled to overflowing with love, he immediately knelt down and thanked God for delivering him from everlasting destruction.

On his mother's return he hastened to tell her the story of his conversion, and having done so, he was more than surprised when he heard her narrate what I have already written. Christian parents ought by this to take courage

Hudson Taylor's Conversion.

and "continue in prayer" for the conversion of their children. Though separated from your loved ones by land and sea, do not forget that He who saved you, and keeps you, "waits to be gracious," and anxiously longs to snatch your sons and daughters as brands from the eternal burning. Let Christian workers go on scattering Gospel papers, tracts, leaflets, and booklets. Thousands have been saved through the Gospel as found on the printed page. Sow beside all waters. Don't be discouraged although you may not see much apparent blessing from your service.

"God may the seedtime give thee,
Though another's hand may reap."

If the reader has learned that he is a lost, condemned sinner, and is willing to be saved in God's way, you may obtain salvation as you read these lines. Perhaps, like young Hudson Taylor, you have been "trying" to fit yourself for Heaven, by "giving up" this, that, and the other thing. You surely forget that "turning over new leaves" will not blot out the old ones.

Ponder the words of the Saviour: "IT IS FINISHED" (John 19. 30). They are the dying words of your dearest Friend. Dying words are deeply cherished and long remembered. The Lord Jesus uttered them as He offered His spotless soul a sacrifice for sin.

"IT." What? His life of humiliation is over. His public ministry on earth is completed. No longer will He walk through this scene of sorrow and suffering as a "homeless stranger in the world His hands had made." He has exchanged the carpenter's bench for the throne of glory; the crown of thorns for the royal diadem. The shadows and types of a past dispensation have been fulfilled. It is no longer necessary to present sin offerings or burnt offerings on Jewish altars. The antitype has appeared, and we don't need the shadow when we have the substance. His sacrifice for sin is completed. That which glorified God, which satisfied justice, which magnified the law, which vindicated the holiness of Jehovah, and which eternally settled the sin question is accomplished.

"IS." Not "may be," not "is going to be." "It is finished."

"FINISHED." It is settled; completed, done. The work that saves was fulfilled at Calvary. Christ is a per-

Hudson Taylor's Conversion.

fect workman, and His work is a perfect work. You cannot improve on it, neither can you add to it; and if you try to do so you are attempting the impossible. "But we must do our part." We have *done* our part thoroughly. Our "part" is to confess that we are sinners, lost and undone; our "part" is to cease thinking about our *doings* and believe that Christ's work has perfectly satisfied God's claims. God is fully and eternally satisfied with Christ's completed atonement. ARE YOU SATISFIED WITH THAT WHICH SATISFIES HIM? "The Lord is well pleased for His righteousness' sake; He will magnify the law and make it honourable" (Isa. 42. 21). If God is "well pleased" with what Christ did, are you? If so, why try by *your doings* to accomplish that which Christ has done?

If you imagine that your prayers or good works have anything to do with procuring the salvation of God you are thoroughly mistaken. It is not bestowed on those who "work" for it, or those who "pray" for it. Listen to God: "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). Why then talk of *your doings* or feelings when Christ has "finished" the work? Will you take God at His Word and believe that Christ has done it all?

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

"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved" (Acts 16. 31). Rest your weary, sin-laden soul on Christ's finished work! Or will you stick to your opinion that "if a man does the best he can he will reach Heaven at last?"

God has one way, and only one way, of saving sinners. His way of Salvation is utterly unlike man's. "My thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways My ways, saith the Lord" (Isa. 55. 8). Will you go by men's thoughts and opinions or by God's holy and blessed Word? Will you take God's way or man's way?

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

"THE LIVING MAN IS YOUR RECEIPT."

OVER thirty years ago a man who had been a confirmed drunkard was brought to know Christ as his Saviour. His changed life proved to those who knew him best that he had been truly "born again." J—— was a regular attender at Gospel meetings held in the place, and was well known to those who conducted them. One night he was absent from the service, and on inquiry being made it was found that he was in prison in a neighbouring town for a debt contracted in his unconverted days.

Several of the Christian friends, after looking into the matter, decided to pay the amount and secure his release. One of their number saw the Governor of the prison, and on his settling the score, instructions were given that the prisoner be brought from his cell. On his arrival he was told by the Governor that his debt was paid, and he was free to return to his home. Ere he departed, Mr.—— asked the Governor for a receipt for the amount that he had paid. The reply given was this: "YOU DON'T NEED ONE. THE LIVING MAN IS YOUR RECEIPT."

The incident is an illustration of what has been done for us by the Lord Jesus Christ. All of us owe to God a debt of obedience which we have failed to render. There are different degrees of indebtedness among us, but we are alike in this respect, we are debtors who have nothing to pay. There is no use in trying to forget or ignore the fact. The Word of the living God declares that "all have sinned," and come short of His glory (Rom. 3. 22, 23), and that "there is no difference" as to the fact of our indebtedness. It is needless to say, with one of old, "Have patience with me, and I will pay thee all" (Matt. 18. 29), as future obedience cannot blot out past disobedience.

At an infinite cost God has provided a remedy. A voice from on high is heard: "Deliver him (the sinner) from going down to the pit; I have found a Ransom" (Job 33. 24). What was the Ransom of God's provision? "There is one



“The Living Man Is Your Receipt.”

God and one Mediator between God and men, the Man Christ Jesus, who gave Himself a ransom for all” (1 Tim. 2. 6). Christ’s dying in our room and stead is the settling of the sin question. The Lord Jesus, by His atoning sacrifice, has perfectly satisfied all God’s holy and righteous claims. On the ground of what He did for us at Calvary a free, full, and present salvation is proclaimed to all who believe the Gospel of His grace. That Gospel is defined as follows by the apostle Paul: “I declare unto you the Gospel which I preached unto you, . . . how that Christ died for our sins according to the Scriptures, and that He was buried and rose again the third day according to the Scriptures” (1 Cor. 15. 1-4). What is God’s receipt to us for all we owe to Him as a righteous judge?

An old Canadian friend of mine asked this question of a professing Christian in a Canadian city. His reply was as follows: “I suppose it is the grace of God in the heart.” When told that he was wrong he appeared disappointed. Then he said: “The blood of Christ.” Mr. H—— replied: “It is quite true that the Blood of Christ paid the debt, but there is a difference between the payment of a debt and the *receipt*. Even though you saw the amount paid down you would not be at ease until you had the receipt, inasmuch as there would be no legal settlement of the transaction. THE RECEIPT IS A RISEN CHRIST AT THE RIGHT HAND OF THE MAJESTY IN THE HEAVENS. The death of Christ paid my debt; His resurrection is my receipt in full, signed and sealed by the hand of eternal justice.”

God now declares that “Christ was delivered for our offences, and was raised again for our justification” (Rom. 4. 25). It is not enough to know that Christ died for our crimson sins on the Cross of Calvary. “If Christ be not raised your faith is vain; ye are yet in your sins” (1 Cor. 15. 17). The living Man at God’s right hand is my receipt that what the Lord Jesus did is ENOUGH. God is satisfied with the work accomplished by the Lord Jesus, in proof of which He raised Him from the dead and seated Him at His own right hand. If God is satisfied with what Christ did and suffered on our behalf, surely we ought to be satisfied with that which satisfies Him? Why not now believe on the Son of God who loved you and gave Himself for you, and be eternally saved?

A. M.

SAVED ON THE BATTLEFIELD.

THE war was raging, and a regiment of soldiers was about to leave a certain town to join in the fray. Just before the men fell into rank, a colporteur took from his pack a number of Bibles, and offered one as a free gift to any soldier who wished to have one.

For some time there was no response to the offer, but at last a young man stepped forward and said that he would take a book. It was gladly handed to him, and the giver silently lifted up his heart in prayer that the gift might be blessed to the conversion of its new owner.

Hardly, however, had the young soldier received the Bible when he burst into a loud laugh, and, turning away, cried out that, though there was likely to be a scarcity of paper in camp, he would not be short of pipe lights for some time to come.

The careless men around joined in the laughter, and amidst their scoffs and jeers the colporteur walked sadly away. He felt as if his work and prayer had indeed been in vain.

The bugle sounded, the drums beat, and away went the mockers. With them went the Bible, safely stowed in the knapsack of its owner. The war raged on: many fell around our young soldier, and groaned in the agonies of death, but he was still unhurt, and as careless about his soul and the salvation of God as ever.

TRUE TO HIS WORD,

he had so often used the leaves of God's precious Book for pipe lights, as he sat smoking with his comrades, that but few of them remained. No doubt many a joke was made concerning the folly of the colporteur in giving away his books to serve such a purpose.

In an idle moment the young soldier noticed how rapidly the size of the book was decreasing. He lightly remarked that if he was to read it at all he must commence at once, and then proceeded to scan the first remaining page.

It contained part of the Gospel of John, and hardly had the man commenced to read when his eye fell upon the solemn words that speak of a time coming in the which "all that are in their graves shall hear His voice and come forth." As he read, "they that have done evil shall come forth unto the resurrection of damnation," the words seemed to speak to his heart and conscience as with a voice of thunder. He saw his sinfulness and his awful danger, and he trembled at the thought of meeting the rejected Son of God in his sins.

Saved on the Battlefield.

NO MORE LEAVES TORN FROM THE BIBLE.

Every one that remained was now most carefully read and pondered over, nor was their perusal without effect. The story of God's amazing love to men, of the death of Christ for the ungodly, and of pardon and eternal life for nothing, were all wondered over in turn, until at last the young soldier's heart of stone was melted within him, and he gladly rested his guilty soul upon the Saviour he had so long neglected and despised. Happy was it for him that he did so. Very soon after his new-found joy had commenced, he received a terrible wound, and was taken home to die.

The colporteur went to the house where he lay, but arrived only to see the shattered body, for the precious life had fled, and the ransomed soul had gone to be with Christ.

But the sower of the good seed learned from the mourning friends all that he had told them concerning his conversion, the change wrought in his life, and the joy that had flowed into his heart when, through reading the torn Bible, he had learned to trust Christ. There, too, was the Book itself,

THE ONLY BIBLE THAT THE SOLDIER HAD EVER POSSESSED.

Inscribed within the cover was the name of the owner, the date of receipt, and words telling of the use to which the lost leaves had been put, and the result of reading what remained.

Oh, the grace of God, how great it is! Sinners, the Book you have thought so little of not only contains solemn warnings of the awful doom that awaits you if you die in your sins, but contains the best news in the world. It tells of a full and free pardon for the worst of men; that you may receive this pardon now, become a child of God, a living monument of His grace, and be enabled to rejoice with a joy that is unspeakable and full of glory.

In Christ, God gives all this, and a thousand times more. Will you have Christ *now*? Receive Him just as you are, and be fitted both to live and to die.

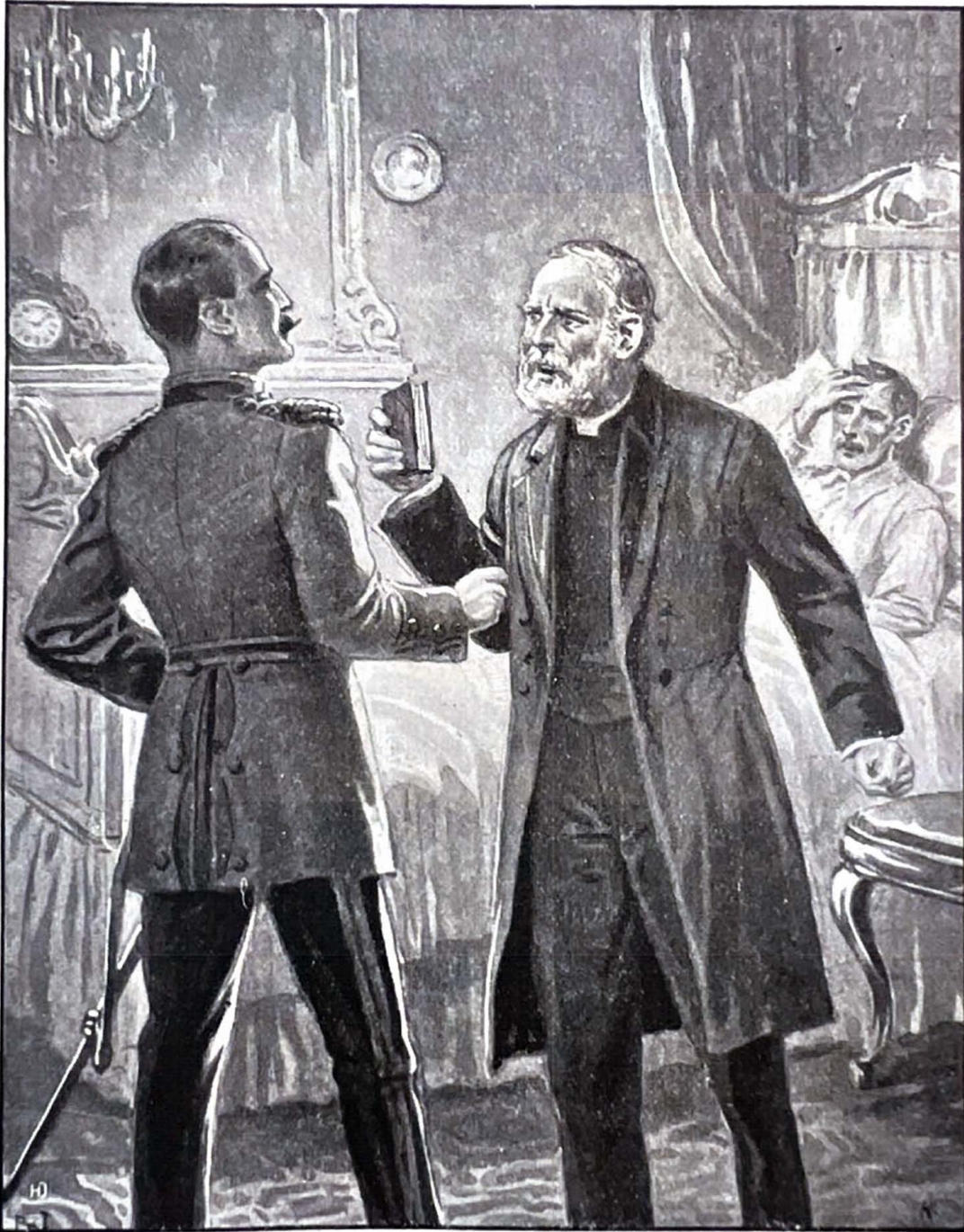
W. H. S.

“Eternity! Eternity!
How long art thou, Eternity?
Lo, I, Eternity, warn thee,
O, man, that oft thou think on me,
The sinner's punishment and pain;
To them who love their God, rich gain!
Ponder, O man, Eternity!”

“DO YOU KNOW THAT FOR CERTAIN?”

— OR, —

IS THERE ANYTHING AFTER DEATH?



“ Rising up, he approached the officer.”

Placed himself before him, and looking him straight in the face, said in earnest and searching tones, “DO YOU KNOW THAT FOR CERTAIN?”

"DO YOU KNOW THAT FOR CERTAIN?"



PREACHER of the name of M—— worked with much blessing for many years as garrison chaplain. Of energetic disposition, he knew how to wield the Word of God as a sharp two-edged sword, so that many who thought themselves invulnerable were reached. The fear of man he knew not, either in his daily intercourse with the officers or others in high position, or in the midst of the soldiers, when he lifted up his powerful voice, and with unwonted earnestness and energy spoke to them of their souls. For the light-minded and the hard-hearted he was a regular son of thunder.

One day he was sitting reading in his study when a knock came to the door, and upon his "Come in!" a richly liveried servant entered, who begged him to come to his master, who seemed to be approaching death.

"I will come directly," replied M——, and a few minutes later he stood by the bedside of the sick one, a man of high birth, in the midst of all kind of pomp and luxury of this world. He had drunk of the cup of sin to the dregs. He had mocked God and Eternity, spending his days in rioting and dissipation, and now, although only thirty-six years of age, was a decrepit old man. No wonder that his eyes did not look up with joy. He had always sought to delude himself that Eternity was a fable, and the existence of God a dream, and that Heaven and Hell only existed in the illusioned imagination of a fanatic. While in the midst of the noisy current of this world and its pleasures he had been tolerably at ease; now, however, it seemed that his fine-spun arguments had left him in an inextricable difficulty. At least he had for some days felt an inexplicable unrest, and this unrest had induced him to allow the earnest military chaplain to be called.

In the meantime the sick man took care that one of his light-hearted boon companions, who, like himself, for a long time had rejected all faith in God and Eternity, should be present during the preacher's visit. The sick man's friend was likewise a man of distinguished position in the army.

M—— greeted him with all the honour which was due to his position, but, without being further disturbed by his presence, immediately approached the sick one. Leaning over the dying man in a friendly manner, he commenced

“Do You Know That for Certain?”

to speak to him of the love of the Saviour, inviting him to come to Him while it is called to-day; also, he pictured the loss of a soul which passed without Him into Eternity.

He seemed, however, resolved not to listen to M——’s words. As he had one of his officer friends by him, he felt himself strong again, and was ashamed to confess in his presence that his rest had left him, and that he was so faint-hearted and pusillanimous as to think of Eternity. As soon as M—— perceived this indifference he began in a more serious tone to speak of the righteousness of God, which it is impossible to mock, and he pictured the terrible judgment of those who hardened their hearts, and seared their consciences as with a hot iron.

“Stop! stop!” cried the officer, in an angry tone; “go and display your wisdom where you please; go and make old women and children shudder with your tales. We have happily got rid of such follies long ago. We live and we die, and that is all; there is *nothing after death.*”

Now M——, rising up in all his strength, silently approached the officer, placed himself before him, and looking him straight in the face, said in earnest and searching tones, “DO YOU KNOW THAT FOR CERTAIN?” A thunder-clap coming suddenly from a cloudless sky on a sunny day could not have produced more fright and astonishment than this unexpected query appeared to do in the heart of the startled officer. For a moment he stood as one petrified; then he turned, seized his hat and gloves, and hastened out of the chamber without saying a word.

M—— turned again to the sick one, and spoke anew of repentance and conversion, announced to him forgiveness or eternal destruction, Heaven or Hell, and then returned home. Thy dying man was alone. And now all his peace had entirely gone. The question, “DO YOU KNOW THAT FOR CERTAIN?” rang again incessantly in his ears, and all that was in him answered, No! More and more he became assured that he was a lost sinner, and with fear and trembling he thought of God’s judgment-throne, which he had so often mocked at, and whose existence he had denied.

Early next morning he sent again for the garrison preacher to come and visit him. M—— came, and found the sick one in the greatest distress of soul, and bordering upon despair. “Oh, how I have longed for you to come,” he

“Do You Know That for Certain?”

cried to M—— as he entered. “Pardon me that I should have treated you yesterday in so rude a manner! You are right; your way is better than mine. I am not certain; no, I am lost, lost! You have certainty. I see it in your countenance; I perceive it in your words. Oh, tell me, how can I obtain this assurance? Where can I find rest?”

“By Jesus, and by Him alone,” replied M——, deeply moved. “‘He is the Way, the Truth, and the Life’ (John 14. 6). He assures you also of forgiveness and salvation through faith in His shed Blood.”

And now began the servant of the Lord to announce to this soul thirsting after peace the glad tidings of salvation, the blessed news of the Lord Jesus. And God blessed His Word. The fortress was conquered, the hard heart was broken; and the same man who yesterday had still done his best to harden himself against every word of exhortation and warning now rejoiced in Christ as his personal Saviour. He only lived a short time, and then went peacefully and joyfully to meet death. All anxiety had disappeared, for he went to his Saviour in the eternal Home above, where no shadow of care can enter.

May we ask you the question: Are you sure of the salvation of your soul? Perhaps you reply, “No, I do not know it for certain. No one can be quite sure of this matter.” Then we can assure you that many thousands are sure, thanks be to God, and that He not only gives certainty, but also forgives every one who comes to Him, and makes him fit for heavenly glory. And how have we obtained this assurance? The Word of God itself shows us the way. Listen to what the Lord Jesus says: “If any man will do His will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God, or whether I speak of myself” (John 7. 17). And the apostle John writes: “He that believeth on the Son of God hath the witness in himself; . . . and this is the witness, 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).

Hasten to the Lord Jesus Christ while it is called to-day! He is ready to give the fullest certainty, to deliver you from all judgment, and to fill your heart with peace and joy; yea, joy unspeakable and full of glory. A wise decision now means an eternal weight of Glory hereafter. FR. GN.

"MISSING."

IN the long list of Army Casualties reported in the newspapers from time to time, one heading, amongst the many, touches our heart with a special note of sadness. In reading of so many officers and so many more rank and file reported as (1) "Killed," we feel truly sad, yet we know, and were in measure prepared for the worst. (2) "Died of wounds." We think of hours or days of pain, then the closing scene and the sad message. (3) "Woun-



Copyright Photo.

LADY SARAH WILSON IN HER HOSPITAL AT BOULOGNE.

ded." Anxiety fills the heart, yet hope expects a speedy recovery. (4) "Prisoner." The fears as to fate are buoyed up with hope of release. (5) "Reported missing, now reported killed." Weary hours of wondering now give place to sad hours of weeping; yet, strange as it may seem, there is a measure of relief in the certainty of the message, and brave hearts bleed and bare. (6) "Reported missing, now rejoined." What a message of cheer. The enemy may be strong, the battle may be long, but doubt has

“Missing.”

fled, and hope can brave the darkest hour. Last comes (7) “MISSING,” the note of indefiniteness, sadness, and uncertainty, best illustrated by an actual case.

“Private THOMAS WOOTON, of the 2nd Batt. Royal Scots, was one of the 8000 Scotsmen who went out with the original Expeditionary Force. Just before the battle of Mons he wrote his wife at Penicuik that she would be unlikely to hear from him for some time. She never heard from him again. He took part in the battle which heralded the great retreat, and was last seen by a comrade sitting dazed but unwounded at the side of a ditch. No further trace was ever obtained of him, and the last frail hope, that of asking the assistance of Germany, brought back the response from the Prisoners’ Bureau that the missing man’s name was unknown to it.”

“Missing” to wife, “missing” to relatives, “missing” to comrades, “missing” when the roll of his battalion was called, “missing” to earth. Yet, sad as all this is, what will it all be compared with the pronouncement on the *unbeliever* of “missing” at last when the Roll Call of Heaven is made? (Rev. 20. 15). As you read the word in the news, as you hear of relatives, comrades, or others “missing” to-day, does the thought come home to your heart, What will it be if I am “missing” at the final Roll Call of the Ransomed? “Missing” from the family circle, “missing” from the company of the Ransomed, “missing” from the register of honourable names as Gordon, Havelock, Knox, Luther, M’Cheyne, Roberts, Rutherford, Spurgeon, Vicars, Wesley, and millions more. Sadder still, “missing” “from the presence of the Lord and from the Glory of His Power” (2 Thess. 1. 9), and that for ever and ever.

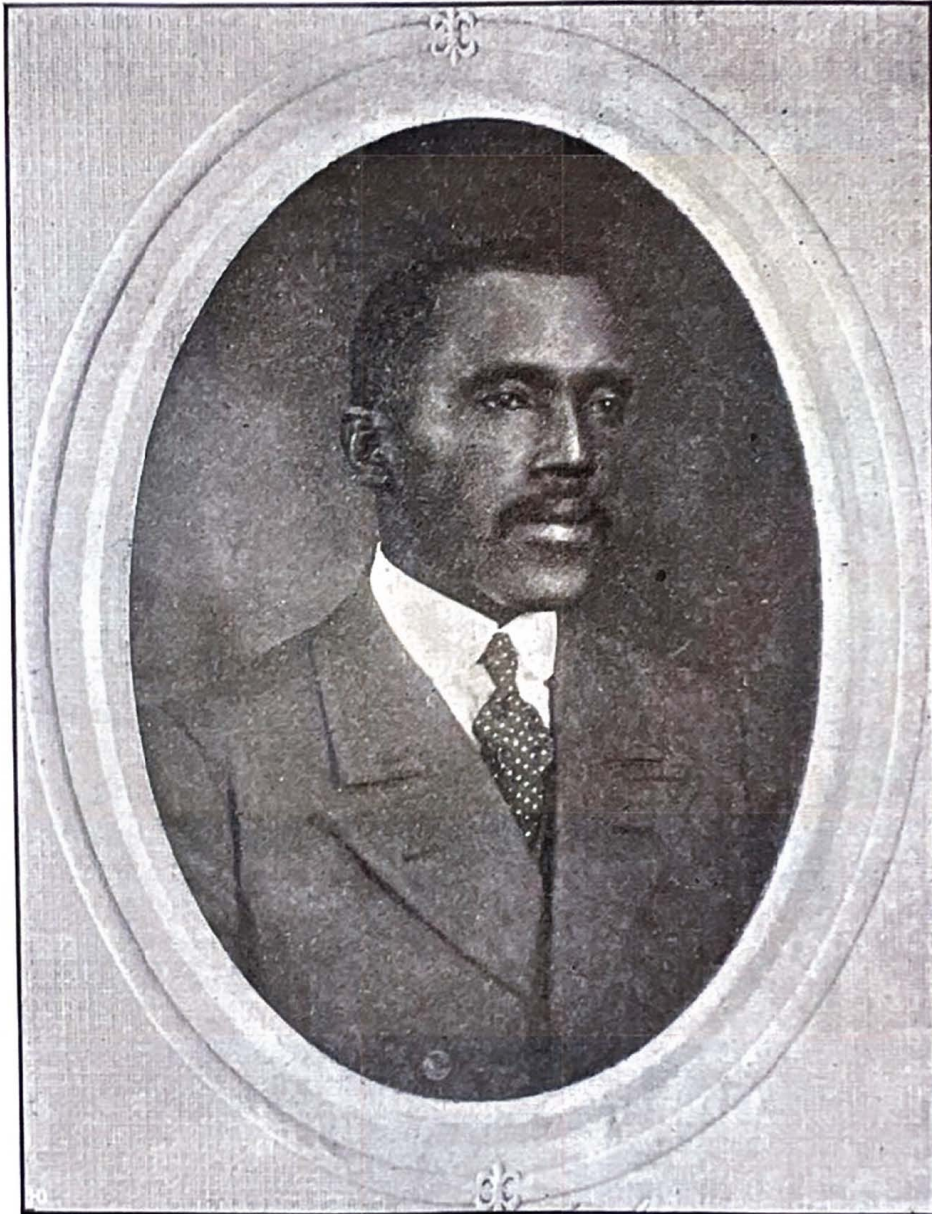
Avoid this doom by answering the Call now. Whilst the Saviour says, “Come unto Me, and I will give you rest” (Matt. 11. 28), respond. Whilst “the Holy Ghost saith, to-day,” respond. How? List to the Divine statement: “That if thou shalt *confess with thy mouth* the Lord Jesus, and shalt *believe in thine heart* that God hath raised Him from the dead, *thou shalt be saved*” (Rom. 10. 9) Do it now, then you will be able to rejoice that:

“When the Roll is called up yonder
I’ll be there.”

HYF.

HOW GOD SAVED A DEMERARA MAN.

WHEN quite a boy I remember listening to two gentlemen preaching in Bourda Market, Georgetown, Demerara, one Sunday morning, who I afterwards learned were Mr. Rymer and Mr. Martin. A remark from the latter made a lasting impression on my mind. He said if



GEORGE R. MURRAIN, Demerara, British Guiana.

his body were being carried to the burial ground in the hospital hearse (pointing to it as it passed at that moment) he knew his soul would be saved. As soon as I reached home I asked if any one could be assured of salvation, but I received no satisfactory answer.

Shortly after this I was brought low by trouble necessi-

How God Saved a Demerara Man.

tating a serious operation, which was successfully performed. During my weakness I resolved to be a good boy in order to fit myself for Heaven if I died; but, alas, with the return of health the resolution went. I knew not the truth that "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God" (John 3. 3). I had often heard the Gospel, but I did not understand God's way of salvation.

Going to live in a different part of the city a few years later I happened to locate near a Christian lady, a real soul-seeker, and one whom the Lord used in leading many to the light. Her special work was personal dealing with souls. By this time some of my friends were on the Lord's side. They wished me to have a talk with her about my soul, but I did not care to be spoken with. Anyhow, an invitation from herself was more than I could refuse, so I went and listened to what she had to say. She warned me faithfully of my danger if I continued neglecting salvation, and spoke to me of the Saviour's love, quoting John 3. 16. I was then invited to attend meetings held at Camp Street Mission Chapel, which I did regularly afterwards. One evening while returning from a Gospel meeting with a lady, she talked to me about what we heard in the hall, and the light of the Gospel of Christ shone into my soul. From then until now, about twenty-nine years ago, like the Ethiopian of old, I have gone on my "way rejoicing." "For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." I believe on Christ, God says I am saved, and gives me the assurance that I shall not perish.

G. R. M.

GOD LOVES THE SINNER.

HOWEVER friendless you may be on earth, do not forget that there is One who is interested in you; One who has thought upon you, planned for you, provided eternal Salvation for you. God loves you, I care not who you are, or what you are. It is because God loves you that He has given His Son to die for you. And He lays down no hard conditions. You are simply to "believe and live." Yet, in spite of all that love, remember this, that you shall perish eternally if you reject God's Son! Out of Christ there is no Salvation—no hope for eternity.

W. S.

EXCLUDED FROM THE ROYAL
PROCLAMATION.



STATUE AT THE MEMORIAL WELL CAWNPORE INDIA.

EXCLUDED FROM THE ROYAL PROCLAMATION.



NANA SAHIB.

AT the close of the terrible mutiny which shook the Indian Empire a general amnesty was proclaimed to all rebels who would lay down their arms within a prescribed period, excepting the blood-thirsty monster, Nana Sahib. His inhuman conduct in the horrible massacre at Cawnpore, when so many women and children were murdered in cold blood, could not be passed over, and he and his followers were exempted from the royal proclamation. No pardon, no mercy being

extended to them, they fled to the jungles and fastnesses of Nepaul, and fought dearly for their lives.

Every one of us has rebelled against God's sovereignty. Sin is lawlessness or insubjection to Divine authority. The essence of sin is pleasing self instead of pleasing God. All of us have sinned, all of us have gone astray from the path of obedience and taken our own way instead of God's. His testimony of man's state is as follows: "The Lord looked down from Heaven upon the children of men, to see if there were any that did understand and seek God." What is the Divine verdict? "They are ALL gone aside, they are ALL together become filthy; THERE IS NONE THAT DOETH GOOD AND SINNETH NOT" (Psa. 14. 2, 3). Judges and juries have given wrong verdicts, but God cannot be mistaken, and it is impossible for Him to lie. There is no use in any one attempting to explain away the truth of Scripture regarding man's guilt and ruin. God has brought in the whole world guilty, and it is even now under condemnation (John 3. 18). What, then, is to become of us? If we are all sinners, and "the wages of sin is death" (Rom. 6. 23), how can we escape that which is our due on account of our transgressions?

Excluded from the Royal Proclamation.

Future obedience to Divine requirements cannot atone for past failure, for "God requireth that which is past" (Eccles. 3. 15). The Scriptures reveal the amazing fact that in spite of our sins God loves us, and at an infinite cost has provided salvation for every son of Adam's race. A royal proclamation has been issued offering forgiveness to every one who will lay down his arms of rebellion and accept of God's pardoning mercy. **NONE ARE EXCLUDED.** This proclamation extends to every sinner on the face of the earth, and therefore extends to the reader. The vilest offender is encouraged and entreated to accept of His royal clemency. It matters not how wicked you are, or have been, He longs to imprint on your cheek the kiss of forgiveness. The love of His heart is expressed in the marvellous words of Isaiah 1. 18: "Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." Think of the Eternal God reasoning with those who have broken His laws and trampled His commands under their feet! The condition of obtaining the priceless blessings of pardon, peace, and eternal life is found in the familiar words spoken by Christ to Nicodemus in John 3. 14, 15: "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." How simple! How grand! How glorious! Anyone and every one who believes in the Saviour, who loved him and gave Himself for him, shall not perish, but have eternal life! This is God's way, **AND GOD'S ONLY WAY OF SALVATION.** Though "easy" for us, it was not easy for Christ to die in our stead and pay the ransom for our deliverance with His precious blood.

Satan does his utmost to keep men and women from accepting of God's pardoning mercy by putting difficulties in their way. The result is that many think that forgiveness is not for them.

"**I am too big a sinner,**" says one. That is no hindrance to salvation. The worse you are, the more you stand in need of the Saviour. If you but believe in His mighty love to you, you will obtain forgiveness to begin with, power to overcome sin to go on with, and glory to

Excluded from the Royal Proclamation.

end with. "The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin" (1 John 1. 7).

"I am not anxious enough," says a reader. Many have heard, or read, of some who were in great soul trouble ere they were saved, and as they have never had any "deep anxiety" they think that salvation is not for them. If you *know* your need of a Saviour, and believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, you will be saved on the spot. The Lord does not say: "*Whosoever is very anxious, and believes on Christ, shall be saved.*" His words are: "Who-soever believeth in Him should not perish, but have eternal life." Don't think of your anxiety, or lack of anxiety, your conviction of sin, or lack of conviction. Believe the good news regarding Him who died to save you from eternal perdition, and you will be saved and learn of His great anxiety for your soul's deliverance.

"I cannot feel saved" is the cry of many anxious inquirers. Neither do I. Thank God, I know that I am saved, because God says so, and I feel happy because of this. But I don't FEEL that I am saved. Don't think of your feelings toward God; think of His feelings toward you, and you will be able to say: "Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that He loved us, and sent His Son to be the propitiation for our sins" (1 John 4. 10). My feelings oftentimes change with the weather, but whether I feel miserable or happy, I am saved, because I believe on Christ. God says so, and it must be true. "Believing is the root, and feeling is the fruit."

Satan, the arch-enemy, suggests to some that they have sinned away their day of grace, and that there is no salvation for them. Satan is a liar, and you should not believe him. God's Holy Word says that "Now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of Salvation" (2 Cor. 6. 2). The present moment, just as you read these lines, is God's "accepted time" for you. Now is God's "day of salvation" for you. The day of grace is fast ebbing to its close, but you may now be eternally saved by believing on Him who loved you, and gave Himself for you. "Him that cometh to ME I will in no wise cast out."

"Whosoever cometh need not delay,
Now the door is open, enter while you may;
Jesus is the true, the only living way:
Whosoever will may come."

A. M.

SAVED BY A NEW TESTAMENT.

A WELL-KNOWN gentleman was visiting in a hospital in Paris, in which there were a number of wounded Highlanders brought from one of the battle-fields of France. One of the soldiers showed him his pay-book and Testament, which had, by deflecting a bullet, saved his life. Both books were fastened together in his breast pocket. The bullet struck the cover of the Testament, ripping up the cover and singeing his tunic, and thus his life was saved. The Highlander is likely to prize his Testament.

We trust he not only values the material part of the book, but that he also learned to love and obey its teaching, for the Scriptures are able to make us wise unto Salvation (2 Tim. 3. 15). They teach us, first of all, that everybody needs to be saved, for "all have sinned and come short of the glory of God" (Rom. 3. 23). They also

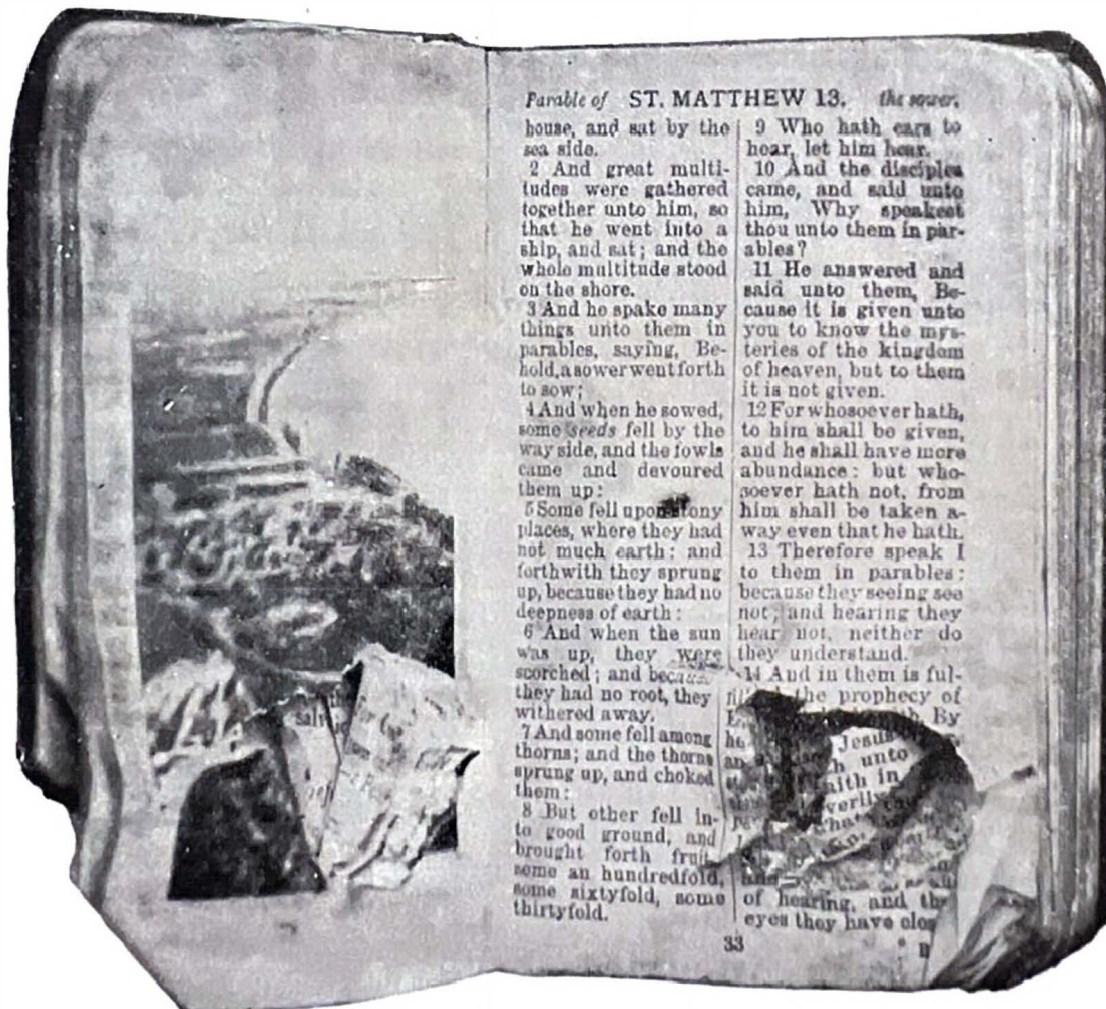


PHOTO OF TESTAMENT, SHOWING BULLET MARKS.

declare that "the wages of sin is death" (Rom. 6. 23). If it is true that everybody has sinned, it is equally clear that all, without exception, are under sin's penalty. But the Word of God also reveals the glorious fact that "God commendeth His love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us" (Rom. 5. 8). There is nothing to compare with God's love to man. Human love cannot express itself in a higher form than that "a man lay down his life for his friend" (John 15. 13).

Divine love is seen in the Lord Jesus Christ dying for His enemies. Having in His death satisfied all the righteous claims of Divine holiness against the sinner, God raised the Lord Jesus Christ from the dead and seated Him at His own right hand. By His death on the Cross He saves from sin's penalty, and by His present life at the right hand He delivers from sin's power.

This wondrous Salvation, which is fully recorded in the pages of the New Testament, may be yours by simple faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, for we read: "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).

The Book that declares such glad tidings is surely invaluable. The material part of the Highland soldier's Testament saved his natural life, but the truth contained in its pages if believed will save his soul and yours from eternal death. Trust Him even at this moment. J. G.

GREAT FOLLY.

THERE are those who care not to think of Eternity, they love the things of this world so well.

Mirabeau, the atheist, said when dying: "Give me laudanum, that I may not think of Eternity." And many are in this state of mind. Give us pleasure, they say. Give us self-gratification, money, fame; anything, in fact, that will crowd out the thought of the future; an opiate that will deaden the conscience and help us to forget Eternity. And thus bewitched by the trifles of time they pass onward and downward to eternity—without God—without Christ—lost! LOST! LOST! Oh, pitiable sight! What strange infatuation can have seized them that they thus throw away their chances of Heaven! J. T. M.

PROFESSOR OR POSSESSOR—WHICH?



YOU are religious—at least once a week. You attend some place of worship. You sit at the communion table, and “pay your vows to the Lord,” and take heaven and earth to witness that you are His. *But have you been born again yet? Have you been converted unto God?* If not, do you not see clearly that your religion is a Christless religion—a lifeless thing—a solemn mockery before God? On Sunday you profess that you are Christ’s; but when Monday comes, you and the world are on the best of terms! You enjoy the conversation of the unconverted; you are quite at home in their company; you are at ease in that evening party. What is the subject of conversation? Is it Christ? O no! There is no room for *Him* in the company! *His* name must not be mentioned! Yet you go to worship *Him* on Sundays, and you “pay your vows” to *Him* at the communion table, and you intend to spend eternity with *Him*! Why then can you not talk about *Him*? *The secret of it all is that you have never been converted unto God!* You have got a certain amount of religion; but you have not got *Christ*. You have never even started on the way to heaven. You have to be born again yet. How terrible your condition! Look at the matter honestly, and see if we do not speak the words of truth and soberness. Your inconsistency is only too apparent. You profess to worship God on Sunday; but for six days you can live for the world, which is enmity against God. It matters not who may speak “smooth” words to you, and say “you are all right,” the word of God declares, “Ye must be born again” (John 3. 7). The great change must take place. Better find out that now, than go into eternity with a lie in your right hand. Beware of the delusion that you can live here as you like, and that a little religion will carry you to heaven at last. You must have Christ. THE GREAT EVENT OF A LIFE-TIME IS CONVERSION TO GOD. If you are converted, you know something about it. If you are converted, you belong to the praying company. The Book of God plainly declares it. Then if you are going to be for Christ, *be for Christ*. If not, make no pretence of being His. Whatever you are, be real. “If the Lord be God, follow Him; but if Baal, then follow him” (1 Kings 18. 21). And remember that, “If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature; *old things* are passed away; behold, *all things are become new*.” (2 Cor. 5. 17).

"TOO LATE! TOO LATE!"



WAS called to the bedside of a young man. The hectic flush and racking cough told me that another victim was being hurried to the grave. I asked him if he were prepared to meet his God. "No, I am not," he sadly answered. "When I was in health, I never thought of God. My one desire was to secure as much pleasure as possible. I never thought death would come so soon. It seemed as if I had a long time to live, and so I gave no heed to anything but enjoying myself. Now I am lying on my deathbed, and can do nothing but cough! cough! cough! Day and night it is the same thing."

"I am so glad, my dear young friend," I said, "that God has given you time to think. Let the goodness of God lead you to repentance. Think of His love." "Think! I cannot think. When I ought to have thought about these things, I did not; and now I have not the power to put two thoughts together. No, I did not do it when I ought to have done it, and now it is too late! too late!" I tried to point him to Christ, but it was of no use. To all my pleading there was but one answer—"too late! too late!" With a breaking heart, I knelt by his side, and opening my Bible, I read to him the story of the "prodigal son." I said that the prodigal, like himself, had wandered and squandered his all, but at last feeling his position and thinking of the father's home, he determined to arise and go to his father, and how, when he did come home, the one against whom he had sinned did not refuse to receive him. Although he had spent all and had disgraced himself, he was met with open arms and freely forgiven. I urged him to come with the same language on his lips—"Father, I have sinned"—and if he came thus, the God whom he had sinned against would not cast him off because he had been long in coming. He looked up with a strange expression on his face, and spoke words that chill my soul as I think of them now. Fixing his eyes upon me, he said, "*It is all very well for you to talk like that, but you forget he had strength to come back with, and I have not got that.*" I tell you I did not think of these things when I ought, and now it is too late! too late!" and he passed away into the eternal world.

Reader, will you be wise and come home while you have strength, or will you refuse to think of these things until you find yourself on the borders of the eternal world, wailing as so many have done before you—"too late! too late?" W. J. W.

THE BELGIAN SAILOR'S CONVERSION;

— OR, —

THE MESSAGE WHICH HAS BROUGHT JOY TO MILLIONS.



The Colporteur going from door to door.

He seized the opportunity to visit his colporteur friend, who had first pointed him to Christ, to tell him what the Lord had done for him.

H

THE BELGIAN SAILOR'S CONVERSION.



A YOUNG Belgian sailor whose ship had called at an English port had come ashore, and was strolling in a leisurely way around the market in a Devonshire town. It was a Saturday night, and among the many well-furnished stalls, with their tempting wares, was that of a colporteur. Bibles, various books of a helpful kind, Scripture text cards, and such-like things were tastefully arranged upon this stall. In passing it the young sailor's eye lighted upon a little book called "How About your Salvation?"

The colporteur, seeing him regard it with interest, presented him with a copy of the book, and began to talk to him about its subject. He pointed out the supreme importance of attending to the matter of one's salvation. All other things, however right and necessary, take a secondary place beside this. He spoke to him, too, about God's great goodness and love, in being willing to give His own Son to suffer as the Sin-bearer rather than leave us without hope. In return the Belgian related some of his history.

At the age of thirteen he had gone on his first voyage. He had sailed in many different ships, and had picked up a very fair knowledge of the English language. He acknowledged that he had wandered far in the paths of sin, and that drink had obtained a great hold upon him.

It is good when an acknowledgment of this kind is made with some realisation of the seriousness and loathsomeness of sin. Many are prepared to admit to their fellowmen that they are sinners, without apparently being much concerned as to it. But confession of sin should be made to *God*, and we should remember that in His sight it is so terrible a thing that He could find no way of forgiving it, and cleansing the guilt of it away, but by the shedding of the precious Blood of His own dear Son. Let us not think lightly of that which is so grievous an offence in the eyes of God.

The young Belgian also told his colporteur friend that

The Belgian Sailor's Conversion.

he, like most of his fellow-countrymen, had been brought up a Roman Catholic, but that he had come to think it was all "bosh." He believed, however, in the existence of a God, but confessed that he knew nothing of Him. The colporteur explained how a sinner might get to *know God*, and with a few kindly words bade him good-night, asking him to come to his house the next day (Sunday) and have tea.

The sailor gladly accepted the invitation, and again the two friends talked together over the Word of God and the wonderful things of which it speaks. After tea they went to a place where the Gospel was to be preached, and the visitor had the opportunity of hearing, probably for the first time in his life, the sweet story of the grace of God. He heard how God's holiness made it impossible for Him to overlook sin, as if it were of no account; but how His love found a way of forgiveness and blessing for the sinner without in the least degree compromising the claims of justice. This way was the provision of a substitute, One to suffer the penalty due to us, and to die in our stead. On the ground of this substitutionary, atoning work, done by Christ upon the Cross, God can righteously forgive the sinner who believes. Blessed news! What joy and peace it has brought to millions of sin-burdened consciences!

Something seemed to be holding the young sailor back. He listened with attention and interest, but did not arrive at the point of personally accepting Christ as his surety. On the Monday evening he again visited the colporteur, who pointed out the danger of trifling with the warnings of God, and pleaded with him earnestly to take the decisive step of putting his soul's confidence in the Saviour. Still he hung back. His ship left for London early on the Wednesday. He was then in great distress of soul, anxious to be saved, but seemingly unable to grasp the grand simplicity of salvation, just through faith in Christ, as the Scripture clearly says: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved" (Acts 16. 31).

God in mercy spoke once again, very distinctly, to this Belgian sailor. Before his very eyes one of his shipmates was killed on the boat. This had the effect of increasing his fears, and, as he afterwards said, he felt as if he would go mad. He took to the drink again, but he could not

The Belgian Sailor's Conversion.

drown his anxiety. His sins weighed upon his mind like a heavy burden night and day. At last he could stand it no longer. He dropped upon his knees and poured out his heart in an earnest cry for salvation. Feeling that there was no hope for him but in Christ, he unreservedly put his trust in Him. With what result? The result that always follows when this step is taken. The Scriptures say: "Blessed are all they that put their trust in Him" (Psa. 2. 12), and so, in the case of the young sailor, his trust in the Saviour placed him within the circle of those who are "blessed"—blessed with God's forgiveness. "Blessed are they whose iniquities are forgiven, and whose sins are covered" (Rom. 4. 7).

It was not long before he let others know of the change that had taken place in his life—a change from darkness to light, from the power of Satan to God, from the dominion of sin to the love of holiness and truth. This change is called, in Bible language, conversion. Now that our friend was converted, he gladly bore testimony to others of the grace that had reached him and saved him. The last that we heard of him was when a few weeks ago his ship was again in the Devonshire port, and he seized the opportunity to visit his colporteur friend, who had first pointed him to Christ, to tell him what the Lord had done for him.

Does not the reading of this simple narrative awaken within *your* heart a desire to know the joy of God's salvation? Do you not feel the burden of your sins, and the accumulated guilt of past years pressing upon your mind? How will it fare with you, if, with all these sins raising their accusing voice, you have to stand in the presence of God? "For it is written, As I live, saith the Lord, every knee shall bow to Me, and every tongue shall confess to God. So then every one of us shall give account of himself to God" (Rom. 14. 11, 12).

What you urgently need is salvation, pardon, and cleansing. And, thank God, what has availed for the multitudes now in Heaven is available for you—the atoning work of Christ upon the Cross. For "the Blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from ALL sin" (1 John 1. 7). Like the Belgian Sailor, believe on the Lord Jesus, and you will be saved.

H. P. B.

DO THEY REALLY SATISFY YOUR HEART?

“WE are having grand times now,” said a wealthy merchant’s only daughter to her cousin, who had come in for a few days from the country—“a concert to-night, a fancy ball next week, and our annual festival the week after. I am so glad that you have come at the right time to have a share in all these; I am sure it will be a pleasant change from the monotony of country life to be in town at this festive season.”

“Does it satisfy, Alice?” was the question asked in return.



“HE HAS BOTH SAVED AND SATISFIED ME.”

“Whatever makes you ask that?” said Alice. “I thought everybody knew what a grand time we had last year, and this year promises to be better still.”

“No doubt, Alice dear. I am not questioning that a bit; but I was wondering if they really satisfied your heart. I know full well that they never satisfied mine when I went to them. There was always an aching void left, and I sought in many ways to have it filled and get true rest and peace. I never found these until I came as a poor, lost sinner to

Do They Really Satisfy Your Heart?

the Saviour, and now I can say He has both saved and satisfied me."

Poor Alice ! her face flushed with anger as she heard these words, but she regained her composure, and drawing close to her cousin's side, whom she had known since childhood, and who up to a few months previous to this had been as careless and worldly as herself, she said : "Tell me, Jennie, what you mean by being born again. I never heard of such things before." Poor girl ! her family were religious professors, with only a dead form for Sunday, but no Christ to satisfy their hearts.

Jennie told Alice the story of her conversion tenderly and earnestly, to which she listened with great interest, and before she slept that night she, too, received Christ as her Saviour. Her new ball-dress was never worn, for she had something infinitely better than the pleasures of sin for a season. She, too, had passed from death unto life at the Saviour's call, and "alive from the dead" was therefore a true description of her.

"Lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God" is God's description which applies to very many, their aims in life being the sights they can see ; the music they can hear ; the garments wherewith they can adorn themselves ; the means they can possess ; and the places to which they can travel. But, alas ! all is vanity, as many could testify ; for while they are living in pleasure they are dead to God, dead in trespasses and sins.

Unsaved sinner, you are living in your religion of external forms and ceremonies, but are dead to God. Pleasure-seeker, you are living in your pleasures, which are but for a season ; but you are also dead to God. Prodigal, you are alive in your prodigality ; but, alas ! you, too, are dead, dead to God. God's gracious and only remedy is the Lord Jesus Christ, who loves you, who came to seek you, who died to save you. Receive Him as your own personal Saviour, and the instant you do so, you, too, will pass from death unto life. He will receive you, save you, cleanse you, keep you, and enable you to live as one of His redeemed ones "alive from the dead" (Rom. 6. 11).

"Ye must be born again,
O solemn word for all !
Spoken by Jesus' lips,

Who came the lost to call ;
Message of truth so plain :
Ye must be born again." A. G.

"PLENTY OF TIME."

SOME years ago, on a beautiful autumn day, I was travelling by rail from Montreal to Boston. It was getting towards dinner-time when we reached White River Junction. A number of passengers availed themselves of the opportunity afforded them of obtaining refreshments at the station restaurant, myself among the number. Not knowing exactly when the train was timed to leave, I felt rather uncomfortable, even whilst attending



Copyright Photo Canadian Pacific Railway.

MONTREAL FROM MOUNT ROYAL.

to the creature wants of the outer (or inner) man. Now and again I felt impelled to look, with an anxious eye, to see if there were any indications of the departure of my train. Happening to raise my head, I noticed a board on which was inscribed in bold letters the words: "PLENTY OF TIME."

This announcement was doubtless the work of the enterprising "Yankee" lessee. He had an eye to business in getting such a notice painted, his object clearly being to quieten the fears of his patrons as to the time of departure, so as to enable them to partake liberally of his fare.

‘Plenty of Time.’

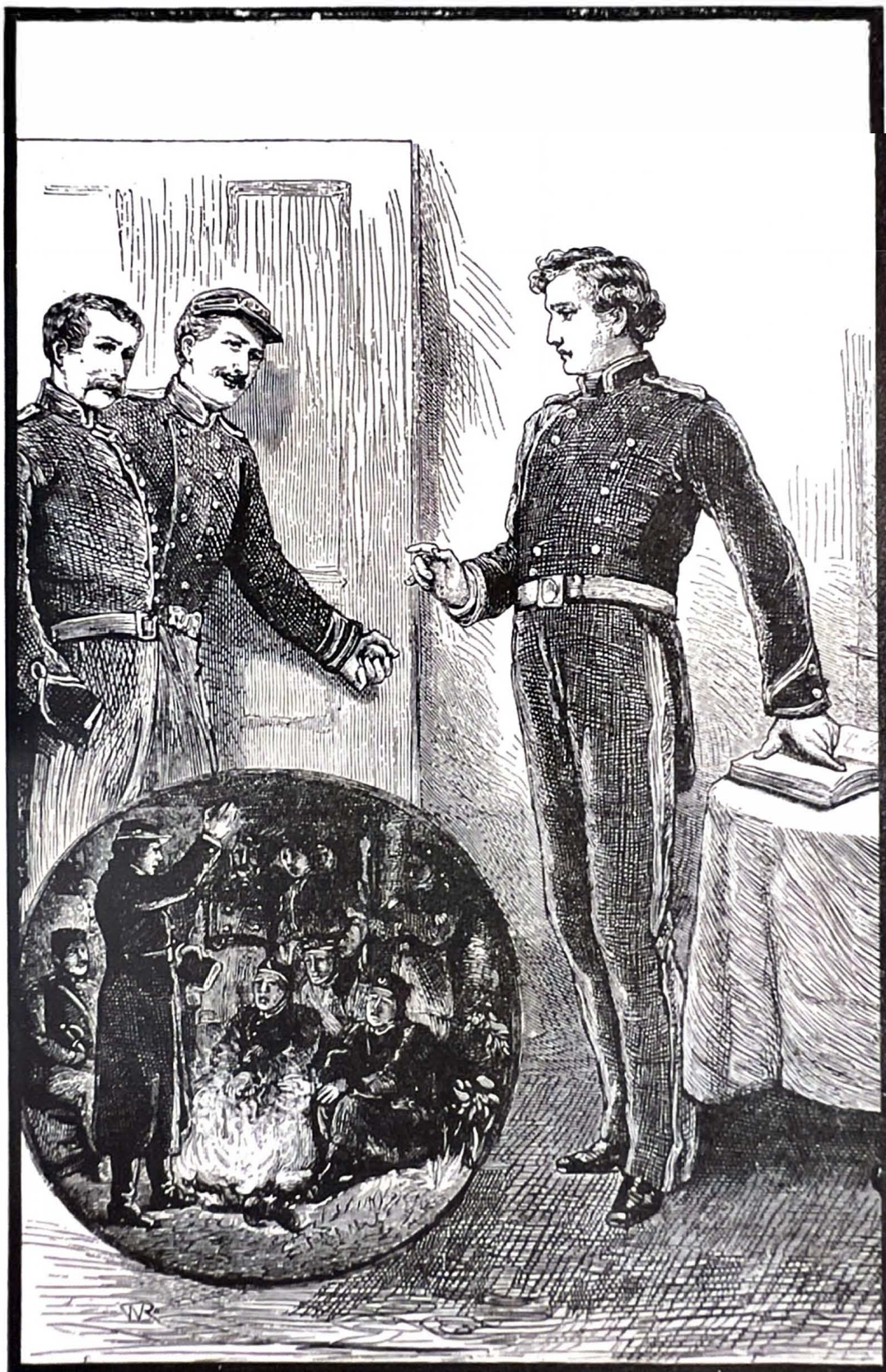
The words were familiar to me. I had heard them used by many persons in various parts of the world, though in a different connection, and for a vastly different purpose. ‘PLENTY OF TIME’ is one of Satan’s master-strokes of business, by which he deludes and deceives multitudes.

How dreadful the contemplation of the thought that the arch-deceiver is putting veils on the minds of the unconverted lest they should gaze by faith on the Lord Jesus bleeding and dying for them on Calvary! On one of his veils he has inscribed in golden letters the words, ‘PLENTY OF TIME.’ Through believing this Satanic lie multitudes are deluded by the thought that they can go on in their sins until a few minutes before they die, and by crying to God for mercy obtain forgiveness. Balaam the false prophet’s desire is theirs: ‘Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his’ (Num. 23. 10). Ere you can ‘*die the death* of the righteous’ you must *live* the righteous *life*. But you cannot *live* that life until you *obtain* it.

Without doubt the unsaved reader expects to become a Christian some time. You have not the remotest thought that you will be shut up for ever in the prison-house of Hell, though you are conscious that if you were now summoned into God’s presence you would be irretrievably and eternally lost. You desire to ‘see life;’ you wish to enjoy the world’s pleasures and amusements, and when you have given Satan the best of your days you purpose giving God the remainder. The world is to have the ‘juice’ of the ‘orange’ and God is to get the ‘rind!’ Satan, your bitterest enemy, is to have the choicest part of your life, and the Lord Jesus, the One who shed His precious Blood to save you from the ‘everlasting burnings,’ is to have the ‘fag-end’ of it! You are counting on seeing ‘many days,’ and deluding yourself by the thought that there is ‘PLENTY OF TIME’ to become a Christian.

We beseech you, don’t trifle with a holy and righteous God. No longer say there is ‘PLENTY OF TIME,’ but at once flee to Christ for Salvation. Accept the Lord Jesus now, and be saved with an Everlasting Salvation. The Devil says, ‘PLENTY OF TIME.’ God’s Holy Word says, ‘BEHOLD, NOW IS THE ACCEPTED TIME; BEHOLD, NOW IS THE DAY OF SALVATION.’ What sayest thou? A. M.

CAPTAIN HEDLEY VICARS.
A GOOD SOLDIER OF JESUS CHRIST.



Inset—PREACHING TO THE 97TH.

HEDLEY VICARS' NOBLE DECISION.

CAPTAIN HEDLEY VICARS.

HEDLEY S. J. VICARS was born in the Mauritius, 7th December, 1826. His father was an officer in the Royal Engineers, the family estate being at Levally in Queen's Co., Ireland. The poet Willis aptly describes him in the lines:

“ A NOBLE BOY,
A brave, freehearted, careless one,
Full of unchecked, unbidden joy,
Of dread of books, and love of fun;
And with a clear and ready smile
Unshadowed by a thought of guile.”

When the boy was twelve years old his father's dying hand was laid upon his head, with the earnest wish “that he might be a good soldier of Jesus Christ, and so fight manfully under His banner as to glorify His Name.”

On Christmas Day, 1843, his mother received a letter announcing that Hedley had received a commission in the Army. Early in the following spring he joined the depot of the 97th Regiment in the Isle of Wight, and from first to last devoted himself to his duties.

In 1844 he went to Corfu with his regiment, and so entered into excesses in sin that he afterwards wrote: “You will be spared sore remorse in after years by remembering your Creator in the days of your youth (Eccles. 12. 1). I would give worlds if I had them to undo what I have done.” He was afterwards stationed at or visited Jamaica, Nova Scotia, and other parts of Canada. Sometimes he was convicted of sin for a time; then again he would neglect his Bible and his God.

When stationed in Halifax in the month of November, 1851, he was awaiting the return of a brother officer to his room, and idly turned over the leaves of a Bible which lay on the table. The words of the 1st Epistle of John, chapter 1, verse 7, caught his eye: “THE BLOOD OF JESUS CHRIST HIS SON CLEANSETH US FROM ALL SIN.” Closing the Book, he said, “If this be true for me, henceforth I will live, by the grace of God, as a man shall live who has been washed in the Blood of Jesus Christ.”

A noble decision! If the Lord Jesus Christ had so loved him as to shed His precious Blood on the Cross of Calvary; if that Blood was so powerful as to cleanse him from every stain of sin, then he would accept Him as Saviour, own Him as Master and Lord, and be His for evermore.

Captain Hedley Vicars.

That night he scarcely slept, pondering in his heart if these wondrous words were really meant for him. In the morning he arose calm in the assurance that they were "true for him," and "a faithful saying, worthy of all acceptation" (1 Tim. 1. 15). "The past," he assured himself, "is blotted out. What I have to do is to go forward. I cannot return to the sins from which my Saviour has cleansed me with His own Blood."

On the morning succeeding that memorable night he bought a large Bible, placed it open on the table of his sitting-room, determined that for the future "an open Bible" should be his colours. Some called him names, others shrugged their shoulders, one remarked, "Bad as you were, I never thought you would come to this, old fellow." But he never faltered, and much grace was given him to confess Christ before others.

Busy years of service and happy months at home with his mother and sisters quickly flew past. The 97th was ordered out to the Crimea in 1854. He endeared himself by his unceasing care of the sick and suffering during that eventful winter before Sevastopol, the horrors of which are historic. The night of the 22nd of March was dark and dreary, the wind swept in wild gusts across the Crimca. Soon after ten o'clock firing commenced in the direction of the Victoria Redoubt. In the murky darkness a Russian force of 15,000 men crept out of Sevastopol, surprised the French, and passed on to the British lines. Vicars was the first to discover the enemy so near. He ordered his men to lie down until the Russians came within twenty paces, then leaping on the parapet, he cried, "THIS WAY, 97th," and led his company of 200 against an advancing force of 2000. The next moment the strong arm fell helpless, and he dropped among his foes. His men fought their way through the ranks of the retreating Russians to defend the leader they loved, and bore him back to safety. As they laid his body down at his tent door his spirit winged its flight to the Land of unending peace. A good soldier of Jesus Christ, he had "fought a good fight, and finished his course; henceforth the crown" (2 Tim. 4. 7, 8).

By the Grace of God, like this Hero, shelter beneath the Precious Blood of Christ, serve Him loyally here, and share the Glory Eternal hereafter. WILL YOU? ИЛИ.

HOW, WHEN, AND WHERE I BECAME A CHRISTIAN.

I DESIRE to relate how, when, and where I became a Christian, and God's providential ways in leading me to know the Lord Jesus Christ as my Saviour and Lord.

I was born on the second day of January, 1834, in the town of Stirling. My parents were Christians, and sought to train me up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. My father died when I was quite young, leaving me entirely under the care of my mother, who watched over me with tender, prayerful interest.

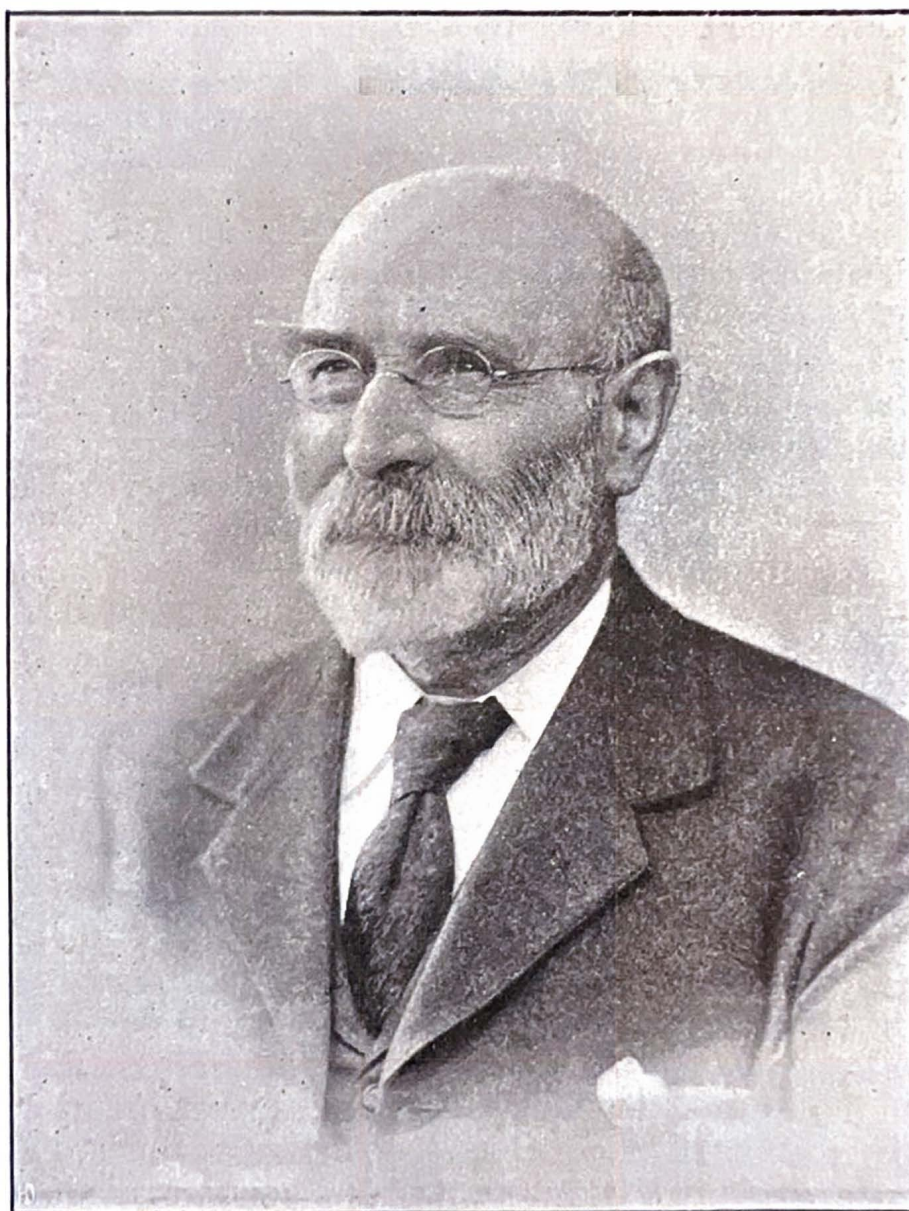
The first Sunday school that I attended was one conducted by the late Peter Drummond, the founder of the Stirling Tract Enterprise. I was also in a Sunday school connected with the Congregational Church, my teacher being an elder of this church. Through the godly example and training of my parents, and the instruction received in the Sunday school, the Word of God which was sown in my young heart was blest to me, restraining me in after years from excesses in sinful ways, and contributed in leading me to the Saviour.

After having served my apprenticeship to the book-selling and bookbinding trade I removed to Glasgow to pursue my calling. In course of time I became united in marriage to my present wife, who is of one mind with me in the Lord. Shortly after our marriage we removed to the town of Oban, in the West Highlands, having obtained a situation to take charge of a bookselling and printing business there. We remained there about three years, after which we returned to Glasgow.

About this time I became a member of a Mission in Port-Dundas, connected with the Park Church, in the west end of the city, the minister being the late Principal John Caird, an eminent preacher. I was a deacon, Sunday school teacher, conducted meetings, and visited the sick and dying, but still uncertain of being saved. I knew the letter of the Word of God, but not its saving power. In the providence of God I was led to attend Gospel services held in a canvas tent pitched in Pitt Street, in the west end of the city. Mr. Harrison Ord, a well-known and able minister of the Word was the preacher. Some time before this, whilst on a visit to my native town, he was holding services in connection with the Congregational Church.

How, When, and Where I Became a Christian.

I was much impressed by his preaching, and when I attended his services in the tent my interest was increased. Every week evening and on the Sundays I was there listening attentively to the preacher. I was much exercised concerning my spiritual condition before God,



WILLIAM KYLE, GLASGOW.

and felt dissatisfied with all my religious profession.

In course of time the tent was taken down, or blown down by a storm. Many souls had been saved, and were eager to know more of the Word of God. The services were transferred to the Marble Hall, Dumbarton Road, where the young converts were taught from the Word of

How, When, and Where I Became a Christian.

God concerning their Christian walk and service. A Christian business gentleman, an able teacher of the Word, conducted these meetings.

One Thursday evening in September, 1869, I was listening eagerly to all that was spoken. At the close of the service I left the meeting in deep, serious exercise of soul, determined to have my soul's salvation settled once for all. I wended my way along St. Vincent Street, thinking over all I heard. When I reached the upper part of the street I stood at a lamp-post and there and then accepted the Lord Jesus Christ as my Saviour, surrendering myself to Him, spirit, soul, and body. At once my soul was filled with joy and peace in believing.

That is how, when, and where I became a Christian. After confessing the Lord I joined with them in service and worship. Many years have passed since then, and I have found God to be faithful in all He has spoken.

And now, my fellow-traveller to Eternity, what think ye of Christ? To the believer in Him "He is the chiefest among ten thousand and the altogether lovely One." I invite you now to receive Him as your own Saviour. He has waited long; He waiteth still. You use no other friend so ill. Take him at His Word, as He says, "Whosoever believeth in Him shall not perish, but have everlasting life" (John 3. 16). Look and live even NOW. W. K.

THE SIGN IN THE CELLAR.

LET your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in Heaven" (Matt. 5. 16). How much needed is this exhortation to-day, for on every hand there are *professed* Christians whose works are hidden. They remind one of a certain inn in a South Lancashire town, the name of which is "The sign is in the cellar." In like manner, hidden away out of sight, is the practical Christianity of these professors. They say they have faith, but they do not produce works, and their religion, at the best, is one of talk and not of walk, of profession and not possession.

God grant that the reader may be truly "born again" (John 3. 3), then be a real out-and-out Christian; proving it from day to day by "good works" consistent with the profession made, to the glory of God.

J. T. M.

A SAILOR'S PHOTOGRAPH.



JIM was a fine stalwart young man, very much liked by his mates, who enjoyed his songs, jokes, and even his foul blasphemy, as they caroused together, when ashore, or tried to pass away time in the fore-castle.

A friend once persuaded him to go to a Gospel meeting. Scarcely was he seated, when the preacher read Romans ch. 3. As this terribly true portrait of man's total depravity passed in review before the little congregation of sailors, Jim turned to his companion and said; "Hi! Jack, why did you tell that man about me?"

The truth of God's Word as to man's throat being as an open sepulchre, his mouth full of cursing and bitterness, destruction and misery being in his ways, etc., was all so true, that he really believed the preacher was talking directly to him; so he vowed he would never enter the meeting again.

However, when the next Lord's-day came round, Jim was again persuaded to accompany his friend to the Gospel meeting, and this time he felt more inclined to listen than he did before.

After being reminded of the fact, that "All have sinned and come short of the glory of God;" that all are guilty and condemned already, the preacher declared God's glad tidings, that His grace had brought "salvation to every man," according to Titus 2. 12, and 1 Tim. 1. 15, and although that "My sins deserve eternal death, yet Jesus died for me."

Jim felt very sobered by this second meeting, and resolved to "turn over a new leaf," and become religious. But he declared that it was harder than sailing a boat against a running tide and a head wind, and that with all his good resolutions to lead a reformed life, he found oaths were still coming from his lips.

Happily God showed him his mistake, and taught him that Christ can save His people from the power, as well as from the penalty of their sins, through the Holy Spirit working in them, to will and to do of God's good pleasure.

Therefore, he came to God, saying—

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

He then heard God's voice speaking to his soul, "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." E. H. H.

“ONE MUST BE CHARITABLE, YOU KNOW.”



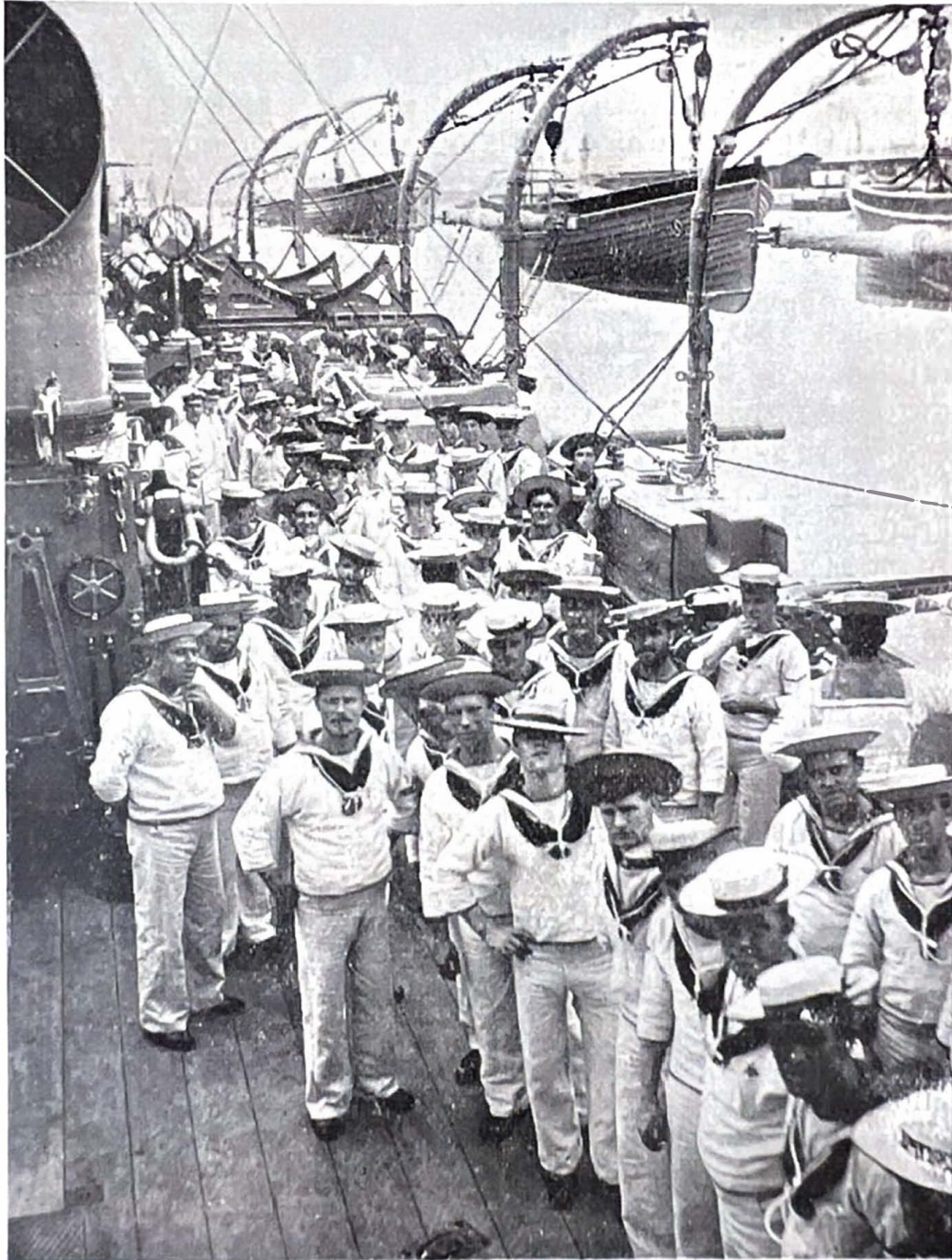
“ONE must be charitable, you know—one must be charitable!” Certainly. We believe in charity as much as anybody; but we do not believe in a good deal that goes by the name of “charity.” Of course, we are not speaking now of the charity that has to do with the pocket, but with the charity that has to do with the heart and with our dealings with perishing souls around us. Those who are saved would do well to keep a sharp eye on what goes by the name of “charity” now-a-days. It is by many considered best to be “cautious” in our judgment of other people, and on no account to conclude that a man is unconverted and going to hell; in support of which we are referred to the verse which says, “Judge not that ye be not judged,” and here the young Christian feels pressed into a corner. But there is no need for it whatever. Even the devil, as we know, can quote Scripture.

Harsh and uncharitable judgment is condemned in Scripture; but Scripture never tells us to shut our eyes and call black white. Indeed, in the matter of whether the people around us are converted or not, we are saved the trouble of judging; for God tells us, “By their fruits *ye shall* know them.” That is, by the fruits of a man’s life you shall know whether he is converted or not. But supposing we put the question beyond a doubt, by asking some people we meet “if they are converted.” They say “No.” We immediately tell them their danger, and point them to Christ the Refuge. Here again the modern charity comes in and says, “Don’t be harsh; there’s no danger.” What! No danger, when Christ says, “Except ye be converted, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven!” But why mince matters? The charity of the present day is the charity that sits at its ease saying, “Oh yes! don’t put yourself about; we are all God’s children; everybody is going to heaven.” This is *Satanic* “charity!” Let God’s people neither be frightened nor deceived by this so-called charity. Let us remember that if a man is not converted *to and by* God—if he is not “born again” of the Holy Spirit, he is rushing strait to eternal perdition. Warn, entreat, beseech sinners to be reconciled to God. Be honest with them; find out if they are building their hopes for eternity on a foundation of sand or upon the “Rock of Ages.” If a man is really saved, he knows it; and if asked how the great change came about, he ought to be able to give an answer to every man that asketh him the reason of his hope. W, S.

"AN OLD SHIP;"

— OR, —

"FROM THAT TIME I HAVE HAD NO INCLINATION FOR THE
OLD THINGS."



Waiting for Captain's Inspection on a British Battleship.

The common idea that to be a Christian in the R. N. means a hard time is simply foolishness.

"AN OLD SHIP."

AN "old ship" is a common phrase used among seamen to denote one with whom they have at some time been shipmates, and it usually means a great deal more than the average landsman can understand. This is especially so in the Royal Navy where men for a commission of two or three years have lived and gone through fair and foul weather together, and whatever the differences, if any, during the commission, there is invariably a warm welcome for an old ship, and the memory is always fresh.

During this time of trouble and sorrow among nations, many have been deeply grieved on seeing the name of some old ship in the list of those gone, and many incidents concerning them have then been brought afresh to the mind. Shortly after the commencement of hostilities a great calamity occurred off the Dutch coast, three large cruisers being torpedoed by enemy's submarines and going down with over 1500 officers and men. One who went down in the "Cressy" was a late shipmate of the writer's, of the first commission of H.M.S. "Lancaster," in the Mediterranean, who would like to record an incident brought to mind relating to his old shipmate and its result.

Soon after commissioning he was observed one evening by a petty officer of the next mess to be reading the Bible. Such a thing is certainly not very common, but beyond asking what he had there, and receiving a reply that it was the Bible, nothing more was said that evening.

Let me say, in passing, that the common idea that to be a Christian in the R.N. means a hard time is simply foolishness. With a fairly long experience the writer has never seen what is so often put forth, that the man who reads his Bible is mocked at, or the one who kneels to pray becomes a target for boots and things. That is not the way of the Navy. A hypocrite certainly gets a rough time, but, with all his failings, the one who can kneel under his hammock is no hypocrite, he has got something real and is respected.

The next evening, however, the Bible was again being read, when the following characteristic conversation took place: "Hullo! So-and-so," said the P.O., "see you are at that old Book again." "Yes," was the reply. "H'm, when are you going to burn it?" In answer, the question was asked, "Would you care to have it, it may interest you." "Yes, all right," came the reply; "pass it along,"

“An Old Ship.”—Lost in the “Cressy.”

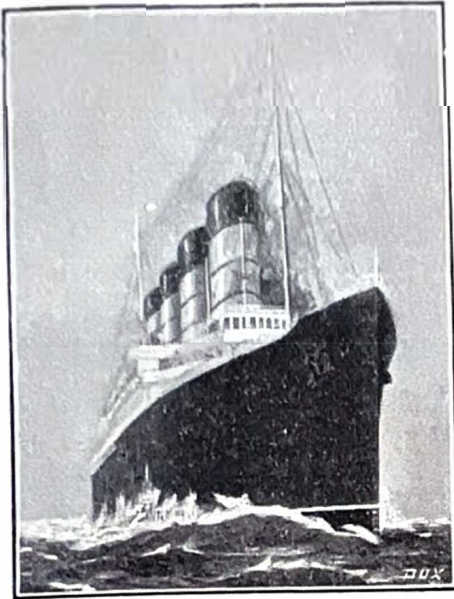
and the Bible changed hands. There was not much sin that P.O. could not glory in, but to the wonder of many, from that night there was a great change in him; old things passed away, all things became new (2 Cor. 5. 17).

About eighteen months after this the writer inquired of his messmate, this P.O., about the power that was so evident in his life. Referring back to the incident of when in bravado he took the Bible, he said, “I took the Bible to where I could read it. It was the first time I had read the Bible since I was a lad in an Edinburgh Sunday school. I knew it was right, and as sure as Hell was ahead I was on a steady course to reach it. I read, however, that Christ died for the ungodly, for the sinner, and I was indeed a sinner. Going up to the spar deck, I got under the quarter of a picket boat stowed near, and kneeling down told God I was a sinner, but the Lord Jesus Christ died as the Saviour of sinners, I believed it, and accepted Him as my own Saviour. From that time,” said he, “I have had no inclination for the old things.”

Let me ask: Can you explain this? Not only the remission of sins (Acts 10. 43), but power, liberty for the present (Rom. 6. 14), and should a believer go under, like my late shipmate of the “Cressy,” then freedom from the very presence of sin for the future (1 John 3. 2). You cannot explain this any more than you can from whence the wind cometh, or whither it goeth (John 3. 8). The one, however, is as real as the other. It is a simple case of conversion (Matt. 18. 3), or new birth (John 3. 3), not a fable, but something very real. There is nothing about it calculated to make a man less smart or to make him a miserable messmate. To have the past, which God requires (Eccles. 3. 15), remitted is a magnificent thing.

While we may not fear it or be downhearted, in all probability many of us, like my old shipmate, will soon be in Eternity, and in view of this let me say provision has been made for that journey in the person and work of the Lord Jesus Christ, and in Him alone. Nothing could be more simple than the conversion of the petty officer referred to, but in whatever simple way we go about it, this is a personal matter between God and the sinner, and must be settled here, for unless a man be born again he can neither enter nor see the kingdom of God. J. R—S.

TESTIMONY OF A "LUSITANIA" VICTIM.



ONE of the 1134 lost in the diabolical torpedoing of the "Lusitania," off Kinsale Head, on Friday, May 7, 1915, was Miss BESSIE C. MACLAY, of Kuala Lumpor, Straits Settlements. Mr. T. Baird, a former co-worker in Singapore, who saw her off from New York on May 1, writes: "We saw Miss Maclay off in the 'Lusitania.' Her last signal was her finger pointing skyward. She has now followed the direction of her own finger."

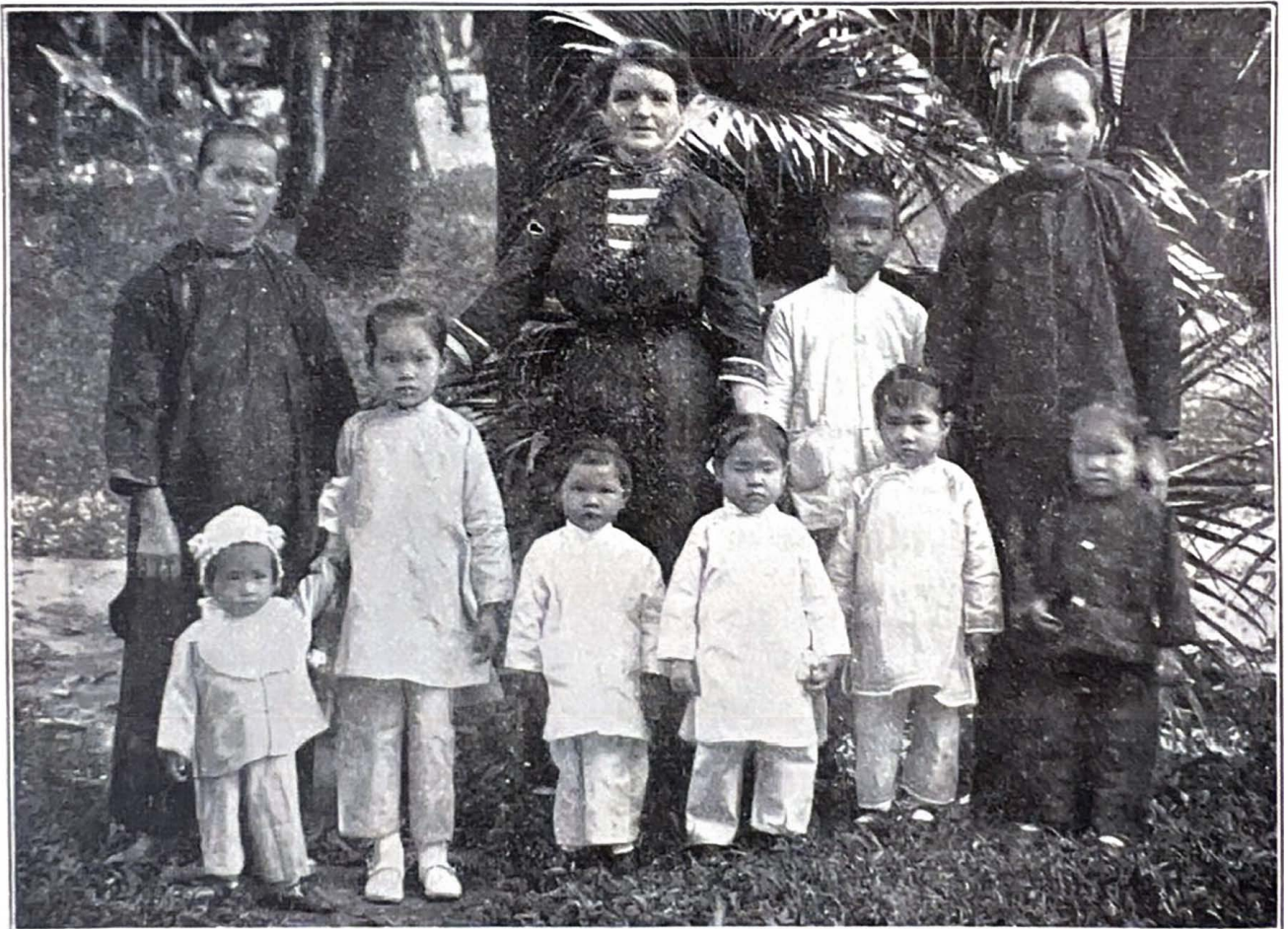
Here is her testimony, specially written for the *Herald of Salvation*:

"'I am found of them that sought me not,' was specially true in my case, for the time I was brought face to face with my condition as a lost, guilty, and hell-deserving sinner before God, my whole heart was bent on making the best of life, as I thought. It happened in this way: One Sunday evening, when I was 16 years of age, I left the house with the purpose of visiting a bosom friend I had then, for I had much to tell her and arrange about. My thoughts were full of a certain ball I expected to attend on the following Thursday night, and, young as I was, I had seen a great deal of the world, for dancing parties, theatre-going, and concerts were the chief aim of my existence. I was a giddy, foolish girl. Religion had little place in my life, although often in the midst of my gaiety the thought would flash across my mind, What about Eternity? Then the Devil was always ready with his 'Time enough yet, you are still young, be happy while you may, religion is good enough for old people.' So with the merry laugh and the cheerful song I was lulled to sleep. But God, who is rich in mercy, caused me that night to go past the Cross Hall (it derived its name by being near the Glasgow Cross, though in it many found their way to Calvary's Cross), where a Gospel meeting was held every Lord's day evening. I had never been in before, but somehow that night I felt impelled to go. I tried to reason

Testimony of a "Lusitania" Victim.

myself out of it; but no, it was no use, and I decided to go for a short time only. I remember the place was packed, so I only got standing room, but there I stood riveted to the spot throughout the whole of the evening.

"I well remember the text; it was that grand and comprehensive one in 2 Samuel 14. 14: 'For we must needs die, and are as water spilt on the ground, which cannot be



MISS MACLAY, Kuala Lumpor, Straits, in the midst of a class of native children, helpers, and others. (About the last photo taken.)

gathered up again; neither doth God respect any person: yet doth He devise means that His banished be not expelled from Him.' Death, Judgment, and Eternity were stamped upon every word the speaker uttered, and with much touching pathos and power he warned and entreated the sinner to flee from the wrath to come. I thought that he had singled me out from the beginning, and that all the thoughts and intents of my heart were laid bare before that vast audience. After the meeting I hurried away in case

Testimony of a "Lusitania" Victim.

any one should speak to me; but the Word was 'as a nail fastened in a sure place.' I could not shake myself free from it. I went home, but had no rest. The Devil was busy with his alluring words, 'All these will I give thee;' but Eternity seemed stamped upon my eyeballs. All that week I was as one deranged. Christian friends sought to lead me to Jesus, telling me that by simply believing in Him I would have everlasting life; they only seemed to mock me. What must I do? If they would only tell me that, I would gladly do anything to know my sins forgiven.

"The following Sunday came. Much prayer had gone up to God on my behalf throughout the week. After the meeting one and another tried to make the way of salvation plain to me. I told them I could not believe that salvation was so simple as they made it out to be. I thought I must feel something. How would I know I had eternal life, or that I would not fall away, and perhaps be lost at last? Wisely and patiently they sought to show me God's own Word, 'which cannot be broken,' how that He had provided a salvation worthy of Himself, and that the sinner had nothing to do to merit it, nothing to pay to get it, but 'set to his seal that God is true,' by believing His testimony concerning His Son, 'who His own self bare our sins in His own body on the tree.'

"Swifter than a flash of lightning came the thought, THEN HE DIED FOR ME. Shall I ever forget the joy that flooded my heart as I saw by faith my sins all put away 'by the sacrifice of Himself,' and realised that 'the Son of God loved *me*, and gave Himself for *me*'? (Gal. 2. 20).

"I tell this to the praise of the glory of His grace, and the grace that reached me can reach and save you. Death, Judgment, and Eternity no longer alarm me. He passed through death to open the gates of life to me. He bore the just judgment of a holy God on my account, and I am 'accepted in Him,' saved, happy, and free. E. C. M."

Why should the reader not believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and be eternally saved? Why perish in your sins, seeing that Christ paid the ransom with His precious blood to set you free? "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).

HOW THE GUNNER GAINED THE VICTORY.

HOMES without number in many parts of the British Empire and in other lands engaged in the great European War have received letters from the Front which will be retained as family treasures in years to come. Not always from a son, a brother, a husband, or a father, but always relating to one or the other, and often telling the worst and last news concerning one of these heroes at the Front. I treasure a copy of a pathetic letter sent



GROUP OF BRITISH NURSES BY STATUE OF JOAN OF ARC AT LE HAVRE, FRANCE.

by an Army Chaplain from No. 10 General Hospital in France to the mother of a gunner of the R.F.A. He says:

“I write to tell you all I know of the last hours of your son, who died in hospital here on October 1. His was rather a sad experience most patiently borne. He had received a gun shot wound in the right arm during the battle of the Marne on September 20, and arrived in hospital here on September 24. He was wonderfully patient and brave, and lay very quietly in the corner bed of his

How the Gunner Gained the Victory.

hospital tent. There was always a smile from him whenever I came to see him, and I do not think anyone realised how bad he was—through his bravery. He told me once that he never forgot his prayers, and was *trusting in our Lord Jesus Christ*. He ought to have gone home on a hospital ship on the 30th, but another operation was necessary and prevented this. This was a sad disappointment to him, but again no one could have been braver or more patient, and then on the 1st came the sudden collapse.

“I was suddenly fetched to his side in the morning, and had just time to whisper a prayer in his ear and to feel him squeeze my hand when he became unconscious, and very peacefully passed away at 2.15 p.m. He was buried the next day in the cemetery here, in a special spot called the Sepulchre-des-Militaires, a place reserved for soldiers fallen in the war, and the number of his grave is 58. As his coffin was being borne up the path with the firing party behind, a French lady was weeping beside a grave, but when she saw us coming she picked every rose off the tree which grew upon it, and stepping forward placed them on your Frank’s coffin. This is only an illustration of the great emotion the French always display over an English funeral. They followed your son weeping in hundreds, and have kept his grave bright with flowers since. I hope to forward to you soon a photo of the place where he lies.”

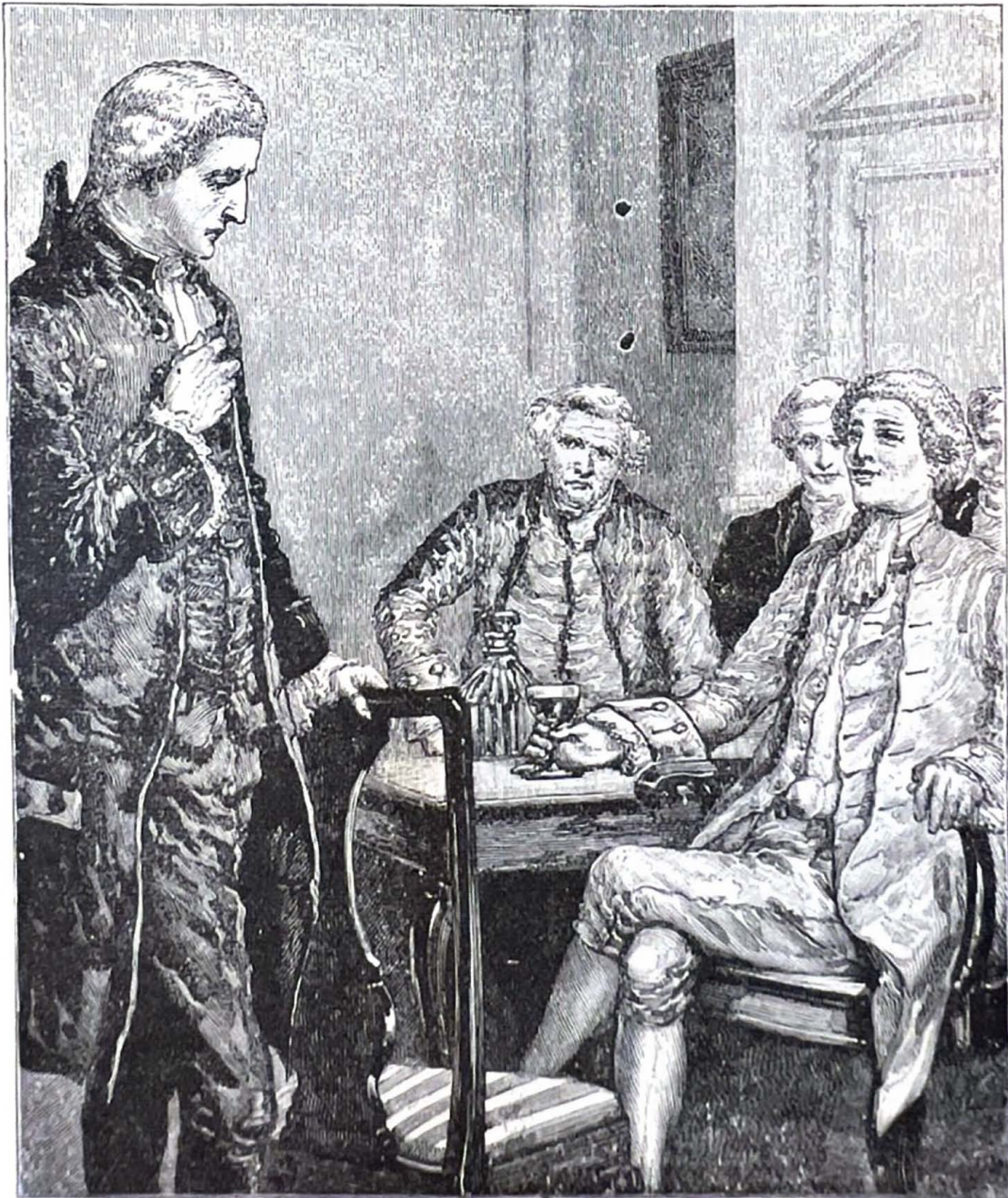
Heroic in life, brave in time of suffering, patient in time of trial, and certain in the hour of death. The secret of his calmness in view of Eternity, victory in the hour when faced with the grim monster death, and the spring of the words of comfort to a broken-hearted mother lay in the words, “*He was trusting in our Lord Jesus Christ.*” No other trust, no other confidence will stand the test of suffering, trial, death, and the Judgment Bar.

What the R.F.A. gunner learned, hundreds of others have realised, that “Not by *works* of righteousness which we have done, but according to His mercy He saved us” (Titus 3. 5). By trusting in the Lord Jesus Christ, who “once suffered for sins, the Just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God” (1 Peter 3. 18), every soldier, sailor, or civilian, “whoever he may be,” can rejoice in the fact that “being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ.” CAN YOU? ИИР.

A SURPRISING STORY OF THE LAST CENTURY.

IN one of the populous coal-mining and iron-working districts of the north of England is a busy, smoky, yet picturesque town of some forty thousand inhabitants. On elevated ground in the middle of the town, approached by hilly streets and steps, stands the interesting old church, while in the graveyard around lies the mouldering dust of the ancestors of many of the town's present residents.

On one occasion George Whitefield was announced to



"NOT A WORD WAS SAID ABOUT THE WAGER."

A Surprising Story of the Last Century.

preach in this town. He had preached there before, but met with so much opposition that he almost decided never to go again. Learning, however, that some had profited by his ministry there, he decided to visit the town once more. When it became known he was coming some one sent the town-crier round to announce a *bear-baiting*, intending to make Whitefield the bear.

One of the ringleaders in this discreditable business was a man of considerable talent and wit, and his conviction of sin and conversion to God were most remarkable. The night after the "baiting" of Whitefield, this ringleader, with three of his companions in evil deeds, undertook, in one of the public-houses in the town, to make sport for the assembled company by mimicking Whitefield's preaching. It was agreed that these four should mount the table in turn, and, opening a Bible which had been procured, "preach a sermon" from the first text the eye fell upon. This impious arrangement evoked much unholy enthusiasm, and wagers were made as to he who would best perform the self-imposed task. The mock preaching was commenced; three of them vied with each other in the wicked sport, and it came to the turn of the fourth to do his part.

Conscious of his powers of speech, he, the ringleader, sprang lightly upon the table, saying he would beat them all. The Bible was handed to him, and opening it to see what was to be the subject of his banter, his eyes fell upon those words of the Lord in Luke 13. 5, "Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish." Those words immediately entered his heart like an arrow from the bow of God. The Spirit of God drove them right home, and there he stood before his companions in guilt with an awakened conscience as to his sinful state, the sharpest pangs of conviction seizing upon his soul. But as he looked at his text the subject seemed to open itself out before his mind and fill his heart; and who could tell the extent of the operation of the Holy Ghost his awakened soul experienced during those few moments?

After a brief pause his tongue was loosened, and, out of the abundance of what he felt, he *preached* before his hearers—preached, not mockingly, but full of reality, finding no difficulty from lack of either matter or utterance. Some of his hearers at first thought it was a splendid per-

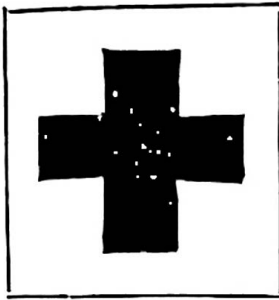
A Surprising Story of the Last Century.

formance, and showed signs of approval; but soon became amazed to find that he was terribly in earnest as he went on to show how they were all in danger of perishing unless they repented of their sins. All signs of merriment were cast aside, and none dare attempt to stop his discourse. The pointedness and earnestness of his remarks awed them, while this change in them only seemed to deepen the conviction in the speaker's own heart. As he afterwards said of himself: "If ever I preached in my life by the assistance of the Spirit of God it was at that time."

When he had ended his discourse, and come off the table, not a word was said about the wager, no one was inclined to go back to the subject, and he now hurried home in the deepest distress imaginable. His repentance was deep, for his sin was great; but God is rich in mercy, and "where sin abounded grace did *much more* abound" (Rom. 5. 20), and so by faith in Christ Jesus forgiveness and peace were obtained and enjoyed by him. Some time afterwards, this ringleader in wickedness became the pastor over a congregation in the same part of the town as that in which he was converted in so remarkable a manner, and many owed their conversion and spiritual growth to the faithful ministry of this earnest pastor, which he continued until he was called home some twenty years later.

This story is not written here merely to amuse or interest the reader, but to show God's marvellous grace in saving sinners of the deepest dye; in the hope that this little bit of local history may come home to the reader's heart and conscience if still unsaved. For whether you revel in wickedness, like those in that alehouse that night, or whether you are making a cloak of religion, as many do to-day, let me remind you that it is still true: "He that believeth not is condemned already" (John 3. 18); and warn you in the words of that text of nearly one hundred and fifty years ago, that, "Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish." But if you turn to God and believe on the Lord Jesus Christ yours shall be a "remarkable conversion" too, for surely it ever will be *remarkable* that a sinner dead in trespasses and in sins should be quickened and brought into resurrection life, through our Lord Jesus Christ. Remember it is still true: "Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish." Believe and live now. H. W. P.

COLONEL ROOSEVELT'S MISTAKE.



DURING the Spanish War Theodore Roosevelt, much attached to his men, was greatly concerned when a number of them fell ill. Hearing that Clara Barton (the lady who devoted herself to the work of nursing the wounded soldiers) had received a supply of delicacies for the invalids under her care, Colonel Roosevelt requested her to sell a portion of them to him for the sick men of his regiment.

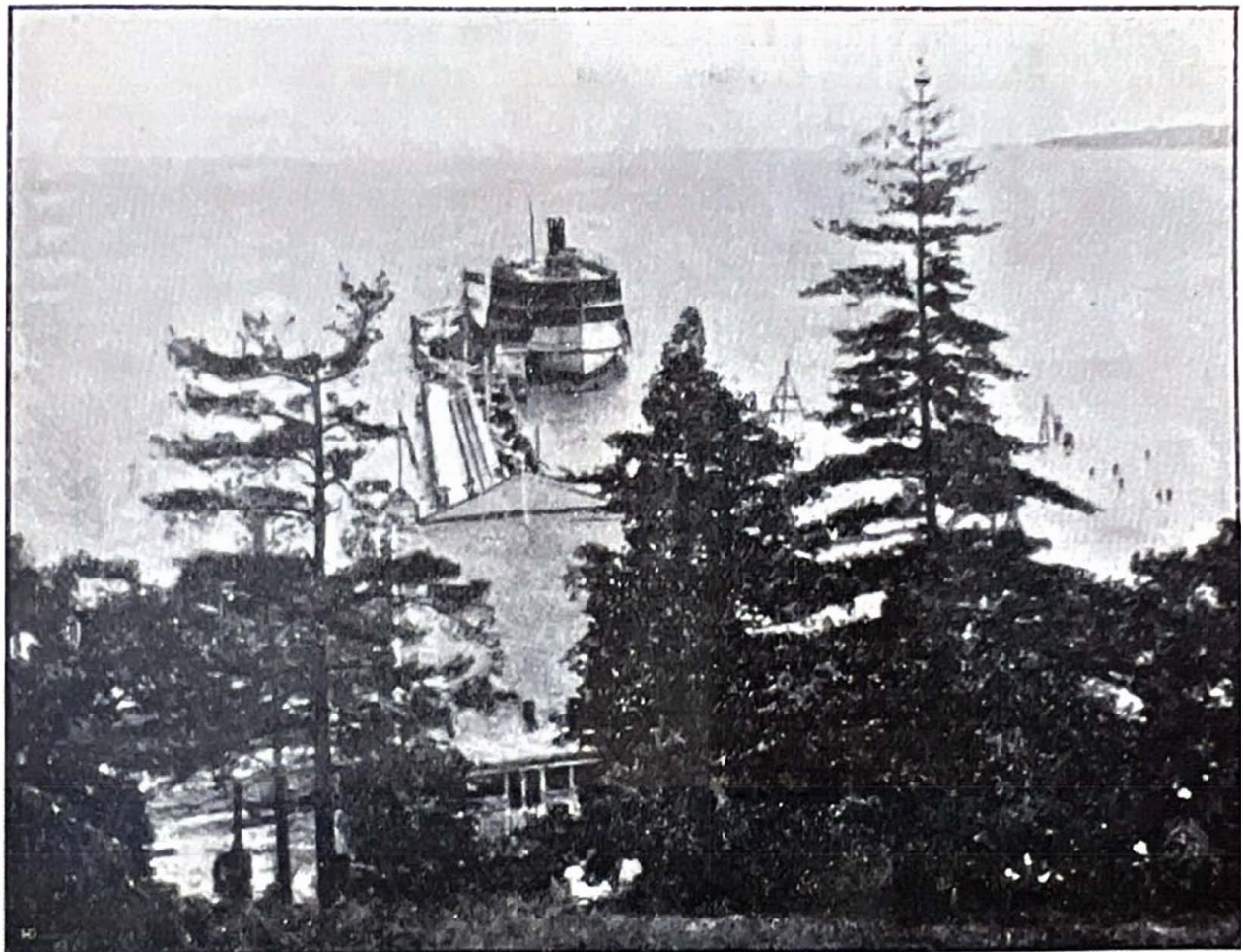
His request was refused. The colonel was very troubled; he cared for his men, and was willing to pay for the supplies out of his own pocket. "How can I get these things?" he said. "I must have proper food for my sick men." "Just ask for them," Colonel, said the surgeon in charge of the Red Cross headquarters. "Oh," said Roosevelt, his face breaking into a smile, "that is the way, is it?" Then I do ask for them." And he got them at once.

How often the Colonel's mistake is repeated in connection with the matter of salvation. People seem to expect to receive it *in exchange* for something that they can offer. One brings an earnest prayer; a second brings a vow or promise to turn over a new leaf; a third brings an inwardly-made resolution to live a better and purer life; a fourth thinks that before he can receive salvation he must produce some evidence of his sincerity in the shape of an improvement in his conduct; a fifth imagines that he can obtain it by adherence to an orthodox creed and conformity to certain religious observances.

Now the truth is that God's salvation can only be had as a *free gift*. Why should there be any difficulty in understanding this? The words of Scripture are very plain. "I will *give* unto him that is athirst of the fountain of the water of life *freely*" (Rev. 21. 6). "The *gift* of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord" (Rom. 6. 23). Pride rebels against such terms. It would rather *pay*, however small the price. But God is too great to sell His blessing, nor could any man merit salvation in the smallest degree, however long he might try. God is prepared to meet the sinner with His hands full of the richest blessings, if only the sinner will come with empty hands to *receive* it as a free gift. Will you? H. P. B.

THE LAST OPPORTUNITY LOST.

A NUMBER of years ago a woman who lived in the province of Ontario, Canada, was taken sick and brought near to the gates of death. She knew that she was not a Christian, and was greatly afraid of meeting God. As she looked forward to the day of reckoning, when all her sins would be manifested and made known to others, she became greatly terrified. Earnestly she besought God to give her another opportunity of accepting Salvation, and



“ON THE SHORES OF A CANADIAN LAKE.”

CRYSTAL BEACH, ONTARIO.

she solemnly vowed if He would spare her and raise her again in health and strength she would become a Christian, and devote her time, strength, and influence to His service. In His wondrous grace and mercy her request was granted; but with the prospect of a new lease of life eternal concerns occupied less and less of her time and attention, and finally vanished. God had not forgotten her, nor has He forgotten *you*, oh, unsaved fellow-traveller to Eternity! We are told that “The wicked, through the pride of his

The Last Opportunity Lost.

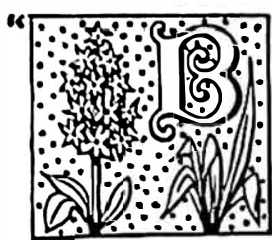
countenance, will not seek after God; God is not in all his thoughts'' (Psa. 10. 4). How like the unconverted to-day!

God's eye had rested on the Canadian. He had given her another opportunity of accepting of His "great Salvation," which He had long pleaded with her to accept. She had procrastinated, and said, with one of old, "Go Thy way for this time; when I have a convenient season I will call for Thee." But the "convenient season" never arrived. Some weeks after her recovery she was seized with a sudden ailment. As she lay on what proved to be her death-bed, her broken vows and resolutions, her ingratitude and rebellion, overwhelmed her with bitter anguish, and as she gazed into the future in deep soul agony she exclaimed, "Lost! lost! my day of grace is gone; I am lost, eternally lost!" and died.

May every neglecter of Christ who reads these lines take warning from the solemn end of the Canadian. At this very moment *you* are "lost," but, thank God, not irrecoverably lost. There are only two classes of persons in Heaven's reckoning—*sinner saved* by grace journeying to glory, and *lost sinner* hastening to the abode of misery. "The Son of Man," the Lord Jesus Christ, "is come to seek and to save that which was lost" (Luke 19. 10). He seeks you now. He seeks to save, not to punish you. Are you willing to be saved in His way? "Now is the accepted time; now is the day of Salvation." Why not be saved as you read these lines? If you will you may. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved" (Acts 16. 31). If, however, you have decided to go on as you are going, despising, rejecting, or neglecting the Salvation of God for the sake of a few years of this world's pleasures, let me assure you that if you are suddenly cut down as a "cumberer of the ground," and waken up in the abyss of despair, you will never be able to forgive yourself. Ere it is too late I entreat, beseech, and implore you to procrastinate no longer. Don't delay another moment. Accept of eternal life as a free gift through faith in the finished work of Christ. "He that believeth on the Son hath Everlasting Life" (John 3. 36). If tempted to put off the settling of the all-important question, ponder the words of the dying Canadian: "My day of grace is gone. I am lost, eternally lost!"

A. M.

FOR JESUS' SAKE.



“**B**ROUGHT up in a home where God and the Bible were held in the deepest reverence, and where all religious duties were most strictly enforced and performed, I had acquired a thorough distaste for the whole thing, and hated my sham piety with my whole heart. When I was about sixteen years of age, I was told that it was now time for me to ‘join the church.’ Not wishing to appear different from the other young people around me, I went to the minister, was asked a few questions, which I answered correctly, and I was admitted as a member. Never shall I forget the fear and shame with which I sat down for the first time to partake of the Lord’s Supper. I trembled as I raised the cup to my lips, and was filled with a nameless dread. I had a lingering hope that I might get some after benefit from the ordinance. How thankful I was when the ordeal was over, and not to be repeated for six months! I plunged again into gaieties of every description, and tried to forget all about God and His claims upon me. This went on for some years, during which I had times of trouble about my condition, and was often haunted with the thought, that time was passing, death was coming—and what then? Often during the night after some scene of pleasure and excitement, would come the thought, with awful distinctness, ‘What would become of you if you died now?’ My only answer was a shudder and a groan, as I drove the fearful thought from my mind. But the Spirit of God was even there working with me, and would not let me alone. I longed for something that I had not got. I heard of the wonderful conversion of a friend, and soon after there came a letter from her, telling us of her new-found peace and joy. Openly I sneered at it, but nevertheless I felt an inward satisfaction in the thought that soon she was coming on a visit to us, and I would hear from her own lips what this great change really was. A few days later, I received a letter from my brother, who was then in London, telling me that God had saved his soul, and that now he knew the peace and rest of sins forgiven. This letter had a strange effect upon me. I read it; then I crushed it up, and in bitterness of soul, I felt as if every one was being saved except *me*! I carried the letter about in my pocket all day, feeling as if I dare not read it again. It made me feel so wretched. The thought which was uppermost in my heart was, there is nothing before me but hell. At last I took the letter and read it again with many bitter tears,

For Jesus' Sake.

realising as I read it, that I was lost indeed! Oh, the awfulness of awaking to the thought that an eternity of despair is the end of those who have not known the forgiving love of God! For two days and two nights my distress was very great. I prayed and cried to God to have mercy on me. When my darkness was at its densest, my blessed Saviour spoke to me Himself; and even yet the remembrance of His voice in my desolation fills me with joy. So great was my distress that I was unable to join the family at meals, and was about to take some food, which had been brought to my own room. I was in the act of saying a 'grace,' which I had used from my childhood, 'God bless these mercies for my use, and pardon my sins, for Christ's sake,' when, as I uttered the closing words, I heard, as it were, His voice speaking to my troubled soul, 'Your sins are pardoned for Christ's sake.' Oh, the blessed light which flooded my poor heart! How I praised Him, as with tears of joy I bathed my new-born soul in His wondrous love! I felt as if my heart would break when I thought of the years I had turned my back upon such a Friend, and of the marvellous grace and love with which He had followed me, and brought me to Himself. The sun seemed to shine on me more brightly, and my joy overflowed as I dwelt on what I was to Him, and on what He was to me. How I drank in the blessed milk of His Word, and rejoiced in my new-found treasure! How simple it all seemed to me now! I had nothing to do! The work was done for me! My peace with God was made by Him! He had paid my debt with His own most precious blood, and I was free!

Dear reader, the Saviour who saved me can save you. Come to Him now, just as you are, and rest your weary soul on what He has done for you. Working and weeping will not save you, but a simple trust in what He suffered as *your* Substitute on Calvary's Cross, is all that God requires—His righteous claims having been fully and forever satisfied by the death of His Son. Believing on Him, you will rejoice in such Scriptures as—'I write unto you, little children, because your sins are forgiven you, for His Name's sake' (1 John 2. 12); 'God, for Christ's sake, HATH forgiven you'" (Eph. 4. 32).
M. C.

"Do you pray for salvation, Johnnie?" said a lad to his companion. "No, Jim, I've got it; I *praise* God for it."

Now, do you *pray* or *praise*? God *offers* salvation to whosoever will, and praise is the fruit of a thankful heart.

A SHEPHERD AND HIS DOG;

— OR, —

“IF YOU WANT TO BE SAVED YOU MUST LOOK AWAY
FROM YOURSELVES.”



“He put his dog in a shed near the house.”

The shepherd, seeing no possibility of sleep with such a noise, got up and went to see what was amiss,

A SHEPHERD AND HIS DOG.



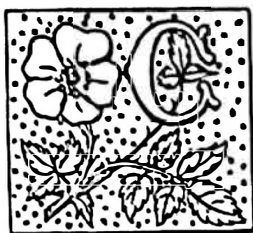
SHEPHERD one night, instead of tying up his dog indoors as usual, put him in a shed near his house, and went to bed. After a while the dog began barking loudly. The shepherd, seeing no possibility of sleep with such a noise, got up and went to see what was amiss, and let him out. No sooner had he opened the shed door than the dog, possibly in his fury not knowing his master, flew at him and bit his hand. What horror in a moment filled the shepherd's mind! He remembered all the terrible stories he had read in newspapers of people dying from dog-bites, and thought he should die thus, and he was unprepared. Wholly overcome he went indoors, and lay down on his bed, almost stunned at the thought that shortly he might have to meet God. This was the turning point in his life. He realised fully what it was to be a sinner in the presence of a holy God, and began crying to Him to be saved. After this, when alone with the sheep, he would pray till he was really exhausted. For two long weary years this went on, and sometimes he would think he was saved, and then again he would be plunged into the depths of despair.

After this time a Gospel meeting was held in a cottage two miles off, and the young man went to it to see if he could get any help for his soul. He sat eagerly listening while the speaker said: "Now, friends, if you want to be saved you must look away from yourselves entirely. Jesus has accomplished on the Cross all that is needed that sinners might be saved. Look not inside at your feelings, but look to Jesus and at what He has done." The shepherd's eyes followed the speaker's upraised hand, and the truth flashed into his mind directly: "Jesus has finished the work, and by my believing on Him God says I have eternal life." There and then he believed on the Lord Jesus Christ and received Everlasting Life (John 5. 24). And you should have heard him putting such stress on that word "hath" when telling his neighbours what the Lord had done for him in saving him with this wonderful Salvation.

Many months have passed away since this happened; and he is still so full of joy that those who, like him, know the Saviour's love can but rejoice with him. Do you understand anything of this joy?

W. G.

MARCUS BERGMANN'S CONFESSION.



CHRISTIAN work amongst the Jews, though most important, is very disheartening and discouraging, yet numbers belonging to Judaism have been led to accept of Christ as their Messiah and Lord, and have become burning and shining lights for Him in this ungodly world. Amongst modern converts to the Christian faith may be mentioned the name of MARCUS BERGMANN, who translated the Scriptures into the Yiddish language, which is understood by most European Jews. Mr. Bergmann's conversion, as told by himself, is exceedingly interesting.

Born in Germany, his father belonging to the strictest sect of Jews, the Chasidim, and died when Marcus was but a year old. Six years after his father's decease his mother and he went to reside with an uncle, the lad being brought up strictly.

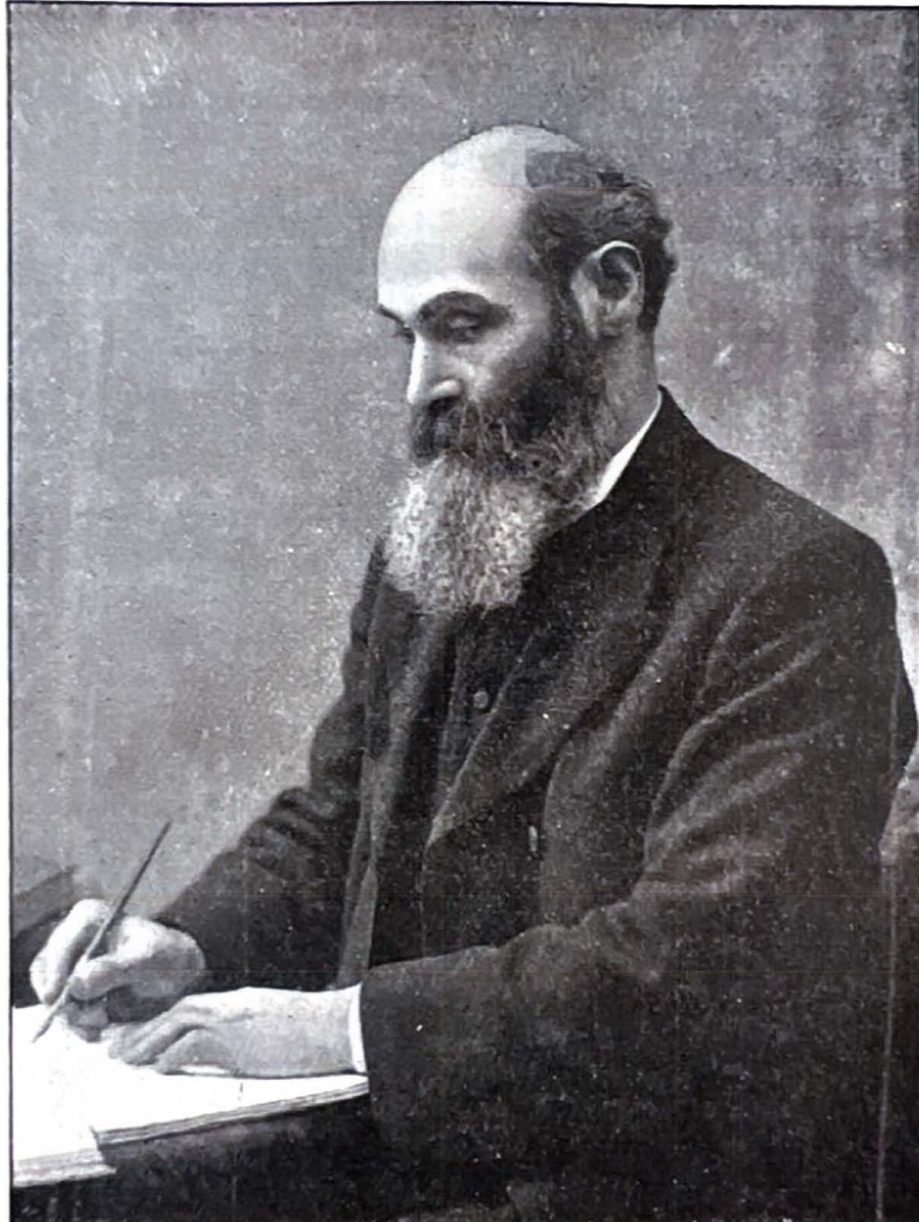
At the age of twenty Mr. Bergmann arrived in England and established a small synagogue in the city of London, where he officiated for a time. Owing to an attack of illness he went to the German hospital to be treated. One day he found a Hebrew Bible in the ward, and commenced to study it. Whilst reading the ninth chapter of the book of Daniel his eye caught the prophecy contained in verse twenty-six: "And after three score and two weeks shall *Messiah be cut off, but not for Himself.*"

He had never noticed that expression, as the Rabbis discourage the reading of the Messianic prophecies, the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah not being read in the synagogues.

Mr. Bergmann threw down the Book, saying to himself, "Oh, this is one of the mission Bibles." But do what he might he could not get rid of the words, "*Messiah shall be cut off, but not for Himself.*" Why, then, would He be "cut off?" Why should He die if not for Himself? And the thought was suggested by the Holy Spirit: "Might not Jesus of Nazareth be the Messiah?" He did his utmost to get rid of the words, "*Messiah shall be cut off, but not for Himself,*" but they would not be buried. One morning he took up the Bible, and as he read part of the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah his eye fell on the words, "For He was *cut off* out of the land of the living; *for the transgression of My people was He stricken*" (v. 8). The soul-

Marcus Bergmann's Confession.

saving truth of the Gospel was laid hold of, and for the first time he understood that the Lord Jesus Christ was the promised Messiah; that "He was wounded for *his* transgressions and bruised for *his* iniquities, that the chastisement of (or with the view to) his peace was *upon Him*, and



MARCUS BERGMANN, TRANSLATOR OF THE YIDDISH BIBLE.

with His stripes he was healed" (Isa. 53. 5). That day Marcus Bergmann could adopt the words of Thomas regarding Him whom he had despised and rejected, "My Lord, and my God" (John 20. 28).

The young convert confessed Christ as his Saviour and Lord, and made known to others his glorious discovery.

Marcus Bergmann's Confession.

Since then he has been labouring among the Jews with pen and voice, and has had marked tokens of blessing.

What does the unconverted Gentile reader think of the sufferings and death of the Lord Jesus? Christ was "cut off out of the land of the living; for the transgression of My people was He stricken," says God. He was "cut off" not only for His earthly people Israel, but for mankind—sinners as such. "He tasted death for *every man*" (Heb. 2. 9), and "gave Himself a *Ransom for all*" (1 Tim. 2. 6). That "Ransom" has been accepted, and has eternally settled the "sin question." The atonement made by Christ nearly 1900 years ago has satisfied all the claims of offended law and justice. "The Lord is well pleased for His righteousness' sake; He will magnify the law, and make it honourable" (Isa. 42. 21). "Christ is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth" (Rom. 10. 4). God is satisfied, God is glorified through Christ dying in our room and stead. HIS DEATH IS ENOUGH. The good news regarding His atoning sacrifice and resurrection are to be made known to every human being, the assurance being given that "The Gospel is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth" (Rom. 1. 16). Why not, then, believe "the Gospel" and be saved? "Whosoever believeth that Jesus is the Christ is born of God" (1 John 5. 1). You may think that you believe *the Gospel*, and say you believe it, but if you are unsaved, unconverted, unforgiven, you never really believed it. It is impossible to believe it without being saved: "*All that believe are justified* from all things" (Acts 13. 39).

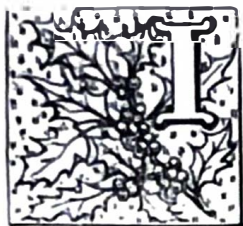
"I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ," says the great apostle of the Gentiles, "for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth. For therein is revealed the righteousness of God" (Rom. 1. 16, 17). God's righteousness as well as His love is revealed in the Gospel of His grace.

"There is plenty of time," says one. Time to lose there is none. God says, "Behold, now is the accepted time" (2 Cor. 6. 2). Why not now accept of everlasting life as a free gift from the outstretched hand of the Saviour and rejoice in the forgiveness of sins?

"But if you still His call refuse,
And all His wondrous love abuse,
Soon will He sadly from you turn,

Your bitter prayer for pardon spurn.
'Too late! too late!' will be the cry—
'Jesus of Nazareth hath passed by.' A.M.

"ONE VOLUNTEER IS WORTH TEN PRESSED MEN."



If you read the notices posted at all Government offices, calling upon men to enlist in His Majesty's Army, you will find a long list of advantages set forth, while little is said of the risks. Now we could fill volumes with the story of the great and eternal advantages gained by those who enlist beneath the banner of the "Lord of all," but we must also acquaint you with the fact that the path will not always be easy, and the Christian needs more than a little courage.

I have heard of a man who, at the sound of martial music and the sight of the gaily clad soldiers, said: "I'd be a soldier but for those horrid guns." And many are like him; they would be Christians but for the guns of derision and mockery. The advantages are great, and Heaven at last is much to be desired, but they dare not face the jeers and scorn of their fellows. If we took a piece of chalk and inscribed upon their backs those six letters, C-O-W-A-R-D, we should but brand them with their true name.

But an empty sack cannot stand, neither is it possible for any to truly stand for Jesus who have not trusted Him as their Saviour. You must know His love to you, and have His grace in your heart, then you will be able and delighted to take a stand for Him even though His cause is unpopular, and only such service is pleasing to Him. Pressed men He does not want, except they are pressed by His love, and in that case they will be willing volunteers.

The Son of God looked down upon us, He volunteered to come and secure for us salvation and forgiveness. *It cost Him His life*. He had to die upon the Cross, and this He did for—whom? The sixth verse of Romans 5 shall supply the answer: "Christ died for the ungodly." We make a call for volunteers, for those who will gladly surrender themselves to Him, own Him as their Lord, and offer themselves for His service.

During the American-Spanish War, Lieutenant Hobson was chosen to sink the "Merrimac" at the mouth of the Santiago harbour so as to imprison the Spanish fleet within it. In his thrilling story of that great deed he says: "Six men were wanted to man the 'Merrimac,' and a call for volunteers was made by signal. Hundreds of names

"One Volunteer is Worth Ten Pressed Men."

came pouring in, and it may be proudly said that the bulk of the fleet was anxious to go. One junior officer was wanted, and the whole responded. It was as though they were asking a great favour, and every means must be taken to have it granted. All kinds of arguments were used to persuade me to take them." That proved the high courage and patriotism of the American Navy, but then the cause was a popular one, and that counts for much.



"Men in His Majesty's Army."

TUMMIES COOKING FOOD AT LE HAVRE.

During the Ashantee campaign the Commander approached a regiment on parade, and told them that he wanted a certain number of men for a very hazardous undertaking. It might be the death of all, but it was for their Queen and country. "Every man who cares to volunteer let him step one pace forward," he cried. He turned on his heel for a moment; then swinging round again, found the line unbroken, "What!" he cried, "will no one volunteer?" "The whole line has volunteered, sir,"

“One Volunteer is Worth Ten Pressed Men.”

was the quick reply. Well, no one doubts the courage of the British soldier, but again the cause was popular, and it is an easier matter to face the gun's mouth upon the battlefield than the laughter of the godless companions in the shop, office, or home.

Now higher courage than was needed by these brave volunteers is needed by those who confess Christ, and such courage I saw displayed the other day. It was at the close of a Gospel meeting. Putting my hand on the shoulder of one who had listened attentively, I said, “Is it not time you decided for Christ?” He replied that it was, but there were several companions with him, and they began to jeer, and say, “Come away home, Jimmy.” A great struggle went on in his breast as he stood on the threshold of the hall amid a regular fusillade of jests and scoffs and laughter. Presently throwing back his shoulders, he wheeled right about and walked back into the hall. “Thank God,” I said; “this means that you take Christ as your Lord and Saviour to-night, does it not?” “It does,” he replied. That was a decision that made Heaven rejoice. It was a stand taken in the teeth of derision, and will not be forgotten when the Lord confesses before His Father those who have confessed Him before men. One such bold confessor is worth more than a gross of half-hearted and unstable people, who are in and out like a dog at a fair, and round and round like the weathercock.

No greater favour could be bestowed upon any one of us than that of serving the Lord; how high and glorious is such a calling; how blessed is the cause and how glorious the results. It is strange that young and old the world over do not flock to the standard of the Lord, using all kinds of arguments to persuade Him to take them, as did Hobson's volunteers, but, alas! this is not the case. As in the past, so in the present, thousands are refusing the Lord as their Saviour, and, as a consequence, can never know the sweetness and glory of His service. We may be saddened by such folly, but let us be wise, and make the language of the old seer ours:

“I will not work my soul to save,
For Christ that work has done;
But I will work like any slave,
In love to God's dear Son.”

J. T. M.

THE TURNING POINT.

“AND he arose, and came to his father” (Luke 15. 20).
In this act there was a measure of faith in **his father's power**. He said, “In my father's house there is bread enough and to spare.” Dost thou not believe that God is able to save thee; that through Jesus Christ He is able to supply thy soul's needs? Canst thou not get as far as this: “Lord, if Thou wilt, Thou canst make me clean?”



THE FATHER'S KINDLY FACE SAID, "COME HOME."

The Turning Point.

The prodigal had also some faith in his father's readiness to pardon; for if he had not so hoped, he would never have returned to his father at all; if he had been sure that his father would never smile upon him he would never have returned to him. Do believe that God is merciful, for so He is. Believe, through Jesus Christ, that He willeth not the death of the sinner, but had rather that he should turn to Him and live; for as surely as God liveth, this is truth, and do not thou believe a lie concerning thy God. The Lord is not hard or harsh, but He rejoices to pardon great transgressions. Ah, dost thou not believe that God will have mercy on thee if He can do so consistently with His justice? If thou believest that, I have good news to tell thee. Jesus Christ, His Son, has offered such an atonement that God can be just, and yet "the Justifier of him that believeth" (Rom. 3. 26). He has mercy upon the vilest, and justifieth the ungodly, and accepteth the very chief of sinners through His dear Son (1 Tim. 1. 15). Oh, the atonement made by the personal sacrifice of the Son of God must be infinitely precious; believe thou that there is efficacy enough in it for thee.

Believe in the teeth of thy feelings and in spite of thy conscience. Believe in God, though everything within thee seems to say, "He cannot save thee; He will not save thee." Believe in God over the tops of mountain sins. Do as John Bunyan says he did, for he was so afraid of his sins and of the punishment thereof that he could not but run into God's arms, and he said, "Though He had held a drawn sword in His hands I would have run on the very point of it rather than have kept away from Him."

In the next place, this act of coming into contact with God is performed by the sinner just as he is. I do not know how wretched the prodigal's appearance may have been, but I will be bound to say he had grown none the sweeter by having fed swine, nor do I suppose his garments had been very sumptuously embroidered by gathering husks for them from the trees. Yet, just as he was, he came. Surely he might have spent an hour profitably in cleansing his flesh and his clothes. But no, he said, "I will arise," and no sooner said than done! He did arise, and he came to his father. Every moment that a sinner stops away from God in order to get better he is but adding

The Turning Point.

to his sin, for the radical sin of all is his being away from God, and the longer he stays in it the more he sins.

The attempt to perform good works apart from God is like the effort of a thief to set his stolen goods in order. His sole duty is to return them at once. A sinner is never so well arrayed for pleading as when he comes in rags. At his worst, the sinner, for making an appeal to mercy, is at his best. And so there is no need for you to linger; come just as you are.

The last point of all is this: That act wrought the **greatest conceivable change in the man**. He was a new man after that. Harlots, winebibbers, you have lost your old companion now! He has gone to his father, and his father's company and yours will never agree. A man's return to his God means his leaving the chambers of vice and the tables of riot.

Now, too, the penitent has done with all degrading works to support himself. You will not find him feeding swine any more. He has got away from that bondage. No more pig-feeding for him! There is a change in him in all ways. Now he has come to his father, his pride is broken down. He no longer glories in that which he calls his own; all his glory is in his father's free pardoning love. He never boasts of what he has, for he owns that he has nothing but what his father gives him; and though he is far better off than ever he was in his spendthrift days, yet he is as unassuming as a little child. He is a gentleman-commoner upon the bounty of his God, and lives from day to day by a royal grant from the table of the King of kings. Pride is gone, but content fills its room. He would have been contented to be one of the servants of the house, much more satisfied is he to be a child. He loves his father with a new love; he cannot even mention his name without saying: "And he forgave me, he forgave me freely, he forgave me all, and he said, 'Bring forth the best robe and put it on him; put a ring on his hand and shoes on his feet.'" "

Perhaps you are saying, "May I now go to God just as I am, and through Jesus Christ yield myself up; and will He forgive me?" Wherever you may be, *do it*. That is the best thing to do, *do it*. The worst thing I dread about you is lest you should say, "I will think of it." Don't

The Turning Point.

think of it. DO IT. Concerning this no more thinking is needed, but to do it. Get away to God. Is it not according to nature that the creature should be at peace with his Creator? Is it not according to your conscience? Is there not something within you which cries, "Go to God in Christ Jesus?" In the case of that poor prodigal, the famine said to him, "Go home!" Bread was dear, meat was scarce, he was hungry, and every pang of want said, "Go home! Go home!" When he went to his old friend the citizen, and he asked him for help, his scowling looks said, "Why don't you go home?" There is a time with sinners when even their old companions seem to say, "We do not want you. You are too miserable and melancholy. Why don't you go home?" They sent him to feed swine, and the very hogs grunted, "Go home!" When he picked up those carob husks and tried to eat them they crackled, "Go home!" He looked upon his rags, and they gaped at him, "Go home!" His hunger and his faintness cried, "Go home!" Then he thought of his father's face, and how kindly it had looked on him, and it seemed to say, "Come home!" He remembered the bread enough and to spare, and every morsel seemed to say, "Come home!" He pictured the servants sitting down to dinner and feasting to the full, and every one of them seemed to look right away over the wilderness to him and to say, "Come home! Thy father feeds us well. Come home!" Everything said, "Come home!"

Only the Devil whispered, "Never go back! Fight it out! Better starve than yield! Die game!" But then he had got away from the Devil this once, for he had come to himself, and he said: "No; I will arise and go to my father." Oh, that you would be equally wise! What is the use of being lost for ever for the sake of a little pride? Yield, man! Down with your pride! You will not find it so hard to submit if you remember that mighty God who so loved us and gave for us His own dear Son. You will find it sweet to yield to such a Friend. And when you get your head in His bosom, and feel His warm kisses on your cheek, you will soon feel that it is sweet to weep for sin, sweet to confess your wrong-doing, and sweeter still to hear Him say: "I have blotted out, as a thick cloud, thy transgressions, and, as a cloud, thy sins." C. H. SPURGEON.

THE WHEELWRIGHT AND HIS WORK.

“WELL, wheelwright, are those wheels ready yet that I asked you to make for me?” “Oh, yes, sir, quite ready. Come here and I will show them to you, and I can assure you, sir, a better pair of wheels never left my workshop. Now, look for yourself, there’s a finish for you, is it not?” “Yes, I must confess they look well indeed. But if you will give me your tools for a few minutes I will



A WHEELWRIGHT'S SHOP IN THE COUNTRY.

put a small piece on here, and add a larger piece over there.” “Oh, my dear sir, I couldn't do that, you would spoil the wheels.” “What! spoil the wheels by adding a little to them?” “Yes, completely spoil them. I tell you straight there is not a man in or outside this parish could improve upon my work, and I'm sure you couldn't.”

“Well, I didn't think I could, but I thought I would try and teach you a lesson. When I spoke to you a few days ago about the importance and necessity of being saved and knowing your sins forgiven through the atoning

finished work of our Lord Jesus, do you remember you said you were doing the best you could, and when I told you that Salvation was a finished work, and that all our doing and trying was only an insult to the Saviour and a practical denial, that the work of Christ was perfectly done, you got into a temper, and said quite rudely, 'We must do our part,' and now to-day you feel quite insulted at my proposal to take the tools and improve upon the wheels. Don't you see you are exactly treating the Lord Jesus in a way you would not allow me to treat you. Oh, just think what you are doing. You are practically denying that Jesus finished the work of atonement, for surely if you believe that it was finished you would rest upon it and thank the Lord Jesus for dying for you upon the Cross.

"His dying words, 'IT IS FINISHED' (John 19. 31), are enough for me. Here I rest, and millions more besides, and why not you? Oh, to-day give up all your trying and doing, and trust His FINISHED WORK. If you do, you will be saved. If you don't, you will be lost eternally. Oh, what will you do with Jesus and His perfect finished work? Will you still try what you can 'do,' or will you thank the Lord it is done?"

J. M'K.

THE QUESTION OF QUESTIONS.

SUPPOSE I want to rent a house. I see a notice in the window of a likely house to the effect that it is for sale or to let. I knock at the door, and inquire of the man who opens it, "Have you the letting of this house?"

"Yes, sir," he replies. "Very well, then, I would like to rent it; but before I do I want to know how many bricks there are in the chimney, who built the cellar, and how many pounds of nails there are in the whole building."

What would you think of such questions? Yet there are foolish men who ask such questions about the Bible. They want to know who was Cain's wife? Who was Melchizedek's father? And forty thousand or more similar questions of no earthly concern whatever.

If men and women will come to this Book, and ask "What must I do to be saved?" they will obtain a simple and Divine answer: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved" (Acts 16. 31).

H. P. R.

“ STOCK-TAKING.”



T has become an almost universal custom with people in business at certain seasons of the year to take stock of their goods, examine and balance their accounts, in order to ascertain as near as possible how matters stand between themselves and others. This is done in many places during March or April, to prepare for spring and summer business. Would it not be well, reader, to adopt this plan with regard to another account, namely,

Your life account with God.

In the Scriptures, sins are called debts, God is the creditor, every sinner is a debtor, yet thousands live as if no debt had been contracted, and take no pains to ascertain how much they owe. Is this your case? If so, I implore you—

“ Stop to think before you further go,
Because you stand *upon the brink* of everlasting woe.”

Think of it or not, the sins of your life have been seen and recorded on high, no single one overlooked, omitted, or forgotten. What an account! Sins of omission and commission. Mercies abused, warnings slighted, goods squandered, time wasted, opportunities misimproved, the soul and all its eternal interests forgotten. God, instead of being loved, honoured, obeyed, and worshipped, has been robbed, insulted, provoked, rebelled against, opposed, hated, defied; Christ, the Son of His love, His gift to the world, has been despised, disbelieved, neglected, rejected, crucified afresh. The Holy Spirit resisted, His loving entreaties set at nought, convictions wrought by Him stifled, impressions made drowned in frivolity and sin; while every day, every hour, and every moment are adding their items to the already fearful list.

Who can number his transgressions?

As well attempt to count the stars, the leaves of forests, the blades of grass, the drops of ocean, or the grains of sand upon its shores. Tremble, oh! unforgiven soul. Thy guilt is clear as noon-day. See it, own it, and haste to escape ere justice arrest thee, and thou be cast into that prison from which there is no release.

Do you enquire, Whither must I flee? How can I escape?
Has Satan suggested

Death, Suicide,
as the only way relief may be obtained? He often does, and alas! alas! many duped by him rush madly into the presence of

"Stock-Taking."

a Holy, Holy God before realizing the consequences of their guilty act. Be not thus deceived. Great as is your indebtedness, the God against whom you have sinned waits to forgive. His own beloved Son came to earth, took the place of bankrupt debtors, became their surety. By His obedience, sufferings, and death, He met the law's demands, satisfied justice on their behalf. In proof of this, God raised Him from the dead, and seated Him on the throne. Acknowledging your insolvency, accepting Christ as your surety, going to God by Him, the handwriting that stood against you shall be blotted out, your debts all cancelled, and you may joyfully, truthfully

" Sing, 'tis done, from heaven's own treasure,
All the fearful debt is paid,
All transgressions perfect measure
God has on one surely laid,
And for ever is the sacrifice He made."

What gratitude should this produce! Matt, a poor half-witted boy, had learned enough to know he owed a debt to God he could never pay, and was weeping for fear he should be shut up in prison. A Christian lady took his trembling hand in hers, and gently said, "Matt, *you* need not go to prison. God's Son, the Lord Jesus Christ, has paid the debt." Down into his darkened mind the soft light of the Gospel shone, and as he saw the wondrous truth that Jesus died on the cross in his stead, he lifted his streaming eyes to heaven, uttering from his heart, "Man, that paid; man, that paid."

"Matt says, Thank you."

Surely, reader, *you* will not do less, but more. Thanksgiving is good, but thanks-living is better. Walk before the Lord, come out from the world, be separate, put on the whole armour of God, fight the good fight of faith, act valiantly—only so will your crown be bright.

Are you still unforgiven?

Pause, now. Do not commit soul suicide. You have sinned against God, against Christ, against the Holy Spirit, but mercy still cries, Come. "Now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation." Still, God loves you, and Christ invites you.

" But if you still His call refuse,
And all His wondrous love abuse,
Soon will He sadly from you turn,
Your bitter prayer for pardon spurn.
Too late! too late! will be your cry,
Jesus of Nazareth has passed by."

G. HEFFORD.

HOW ONE SAILOR DIED FOR ANOTHER;

—OR,—

“YOU HOLD ON TO THE SPAR; I’LL LET GO.”



A Modern Battle at Sea

“We were about to give up we saw a piece of spar, we made for it, and took hold. But, alas, it was not big enough to keep us both afloat.”

HOW ONE SAILOR DIED FOR ANOTHER.



IN "Deeds of Love and Courage," the social report published recently by the Salvation Army, a sailor tells the following story: "I was on the — (one of the cruisers torpedoed in the North Sea) when she sank. Another member of the crew, a Salvationist, and I had been swimming in the water for two hours or more, and we were almost exhausted, when just as we were about to give up we saw a piece of spar, we made for it, and took hold. But, alas, it was not big enough to keep us both afloat. We looked at each other. For a time one took hold while the other swam, and then we changed over.

"We kept this up for a bit, but it was evident we were getting weaker. Neither of us spoke for a while, and then presently the Salvationist said: 'Mate, death means life to me; you are not converted, YOU HOLD ON TO THE SPAR AND SAVE YOURSELF; I'LL LET GO. Good-bye!' And he let go and went down into the depths beneath."

Such a heroic act is but a feeble illustration of the love of God to sinners. Both of the sailors were exposed to fearful peril. Death by drowning stared them in the face, and they could not help themselves. Every voyager o'er life's stormy and tempestuous sea who has not yet fled to Christ, the sinner's Refuge, is in far worse peril. He is under the curse of a broken law, and God's holy Word declares that "The wages of sin is death" (Rom. 6. 23), which is eternal separation from God in conscious punishment. What, then, is to become of us? We cannot save ourselves nor do anything to save our fellows. "None of them by any means can redeem his brother, nor give to God a ransom for him" (Psa. 49. 7), is the testimony of Scripture.

By the sailor's letting go the floating spar, and allowing his comrade to have it, he made it possible for him to be saved from a watery grave. In other words, the Salvationist *risked* his life to save his fellow. How wondrous is the manifestation of God's love to us, as told in

How One Sailor Died for Another.

Romans 5. 7 and 8: "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." Christ knew what He would endure at the hands of man for righteousness' sake, and what He would suffer at the hands of God as the sinner's Substitute, and yet He voluntarily gave up His life to save us from going down to eternal woe. All the waves and billows of God's wrath against sin rolled over Him instead of us. "He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities: . . . and with His stripes we are healed" (Isa. 53. 5).

The member of the Salvation Army said to his comrade: "Mate, death means life to me; you are not converted, you hold on to the spar and save yourself; I'll let go." Though death is the entrance to the bar of a holy God to the unbeliever it is the gate of life to the believer. The Salvationist was not afraid of death because his sins were under the Blood. "The sting of death is sin" (1 Cor. 15. 56), but the believer's sins are pardoned (Acts 10. 43), and the fear of death and judgment is removed. Because the sailor was not "converted" to God he had good reason to be afraid of death. The Lord Jesus distinctly declares, "Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter the kingdom of Heaven" (Matt. 18. 3).

Have *you* experienced this great change? Have *you* been "born again?" "Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God" (John 3. 3), is Christ's declaration. If not, have the matter settled *at once*. By holding on to the spar till help arrived the sailor was saved. By believing on the Lord Jesus Christ a child of wrath becomes a son of God and a joint-heir with Christ. Why not then believe "the Gospel," the good news regarding Christ bleeding and dying on the Cross for you? The moment you believe you are "converted," "saved," "born again." "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). Believe, then, on Him who bore sin's penalty, and you will be eternally saved.

A. M.

A "LUSITANIA" HERO.

THE whole world was horrified when the news was received on Friday, 7th May, 1915, that the "LUSITANIA" had been torpedoed by a German submarine and had gone to the bottom.

On her first westward voyage, in 1907, she managed, without reaching the limits of her steaming power, to break all previous records, and so to bring back to Britain what is known as "The Blue Ribbon of the Atlantic." Germany, from whom the honour was wrested, doubtless had a grudge against the vessel, and this, coupled with other reasons, was probably responsible for that nation committing an outrage against humanity that will never be blotted from the page of human history.

Close on 1200 innocent persons perished. The scenes on board after the explosion were indescribable. Women were panic stricken, and commenced to cry piteously, while little children clung tenaciously to their parents. There were many cases of heroism on board after the ship was struck, and in the sea, when the innocent victims were thrown into the water.

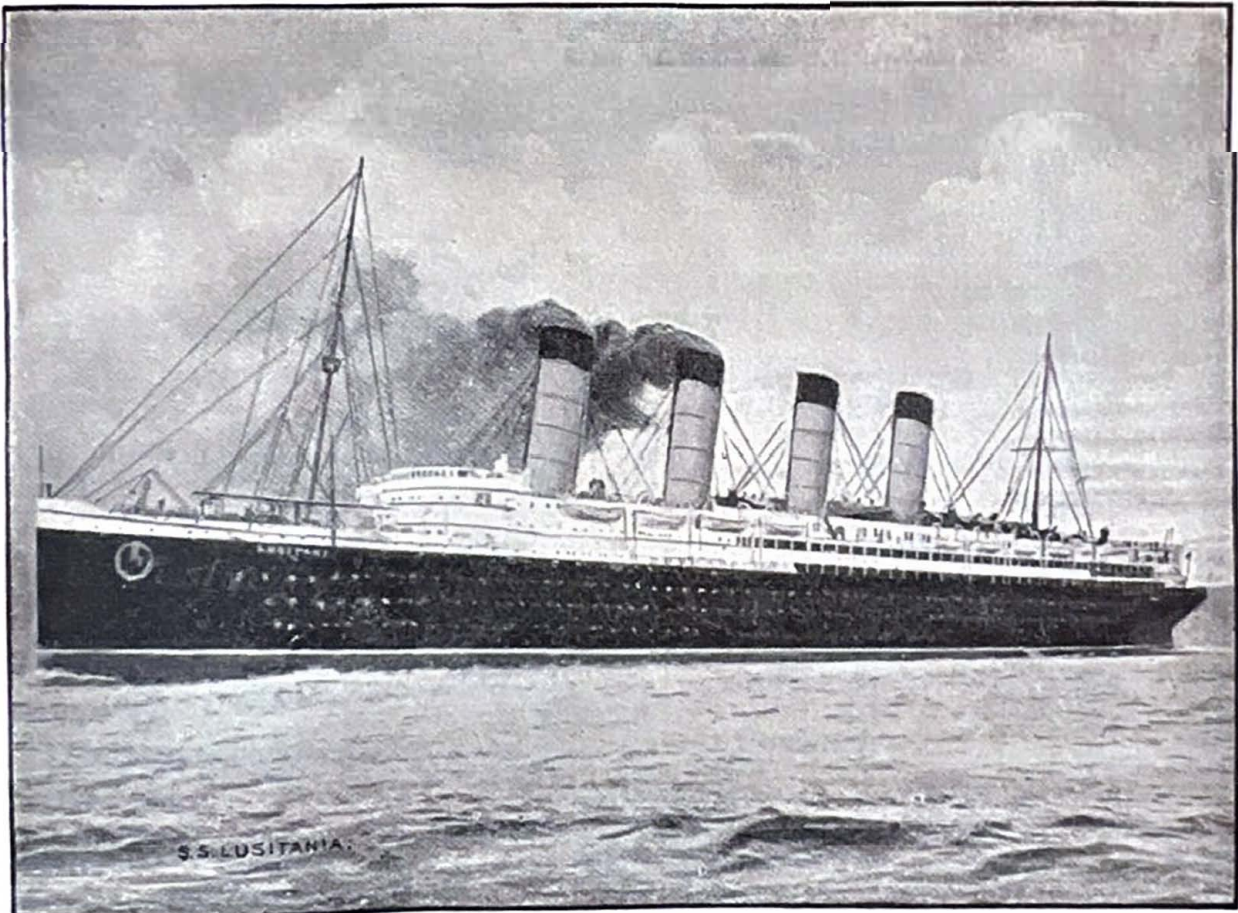
Amongst the passengers was ALFRED VANDERBILT, the great American millionaire. One of the stewards said of him that the last time he saw Mr. Vanderbilt he was in the act of giving his lifebelt to a lady passenger. Probably the lady was saved, but certainly Mr. Vanderbilt went down to a watery grave.

One admires such an act of self-sacrifice, and more especially on the part of one in such an exalted station of life. Mr. Vanderbilt parted with what, humanly speaking, stood between him and death for a lady friend. The Bible says: "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends" (John 15. 13). Mr. Vanderbilt did this. He risked his life for a friend. This is the highest expression of human love. Divine love, however, towers infinitely higher still. Think of such words as these: "God commendeth His love towards us in that while we were yet *sinner*s (enemies), Christ died for us"

Suppose that the Commander of the submarine responsible for the torpedoing of the "Lusitania" had been in danger of his life, by no possible flight of imagination can we conceive of Mr. Vanderbilt making such an offer to him. That would have been dying for an enemy.

A "Lusitania" Hero.

The Lord Jesus Christ on the Cross prayed for His enemies. He did more, He died for His enemies. The city of Jerusalem, outside the walls of which He was crucified, was the first city in which His Gospel was preached, and the people who put Him to death were the first to listen to the message of forgiveness through His atoning Blood. "Where sin abounded, grace did much more abound" (Rom. 5. 20). It has been pointed out that sin reached its



From a Photograph.

THE FAMED CUNARD STEAMER "LUSITANIA."

worst when the Roman soldier took the spear and thrust it into the side of the Saviour, and yet

"The very spear that pierced His side
Drew forth the Blood to save."

How have you treated this love? God's Word declares: "Cursed is every one that continueth not in all things which are written in the book of the law to do them" (Gal. 3. 10). You know that you have not come up to this standard. In other words, that the curse of a broken law rests upon your guilty head. In the riches of His

grace God has sent His only and well beloved Son to bear the penalty due to your sin (John 3. 16), and as a proof that the Lord Jesus Christ has done this to the entire satisfaction of Divine holiness, God has raised Him from the dead (Rom. 1. 4). GOD IS SATISFIED WITH THE WORK OF HIS SON, ARE YOU? If so, accept by faith the gift of Eternal Life which is offered to you in the Gospel. "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). If you accept Christ as your own Saviour you will be able with Paul to say: "He loved me, He gave Himself for me" (Gal. 2. 20).
J. G.

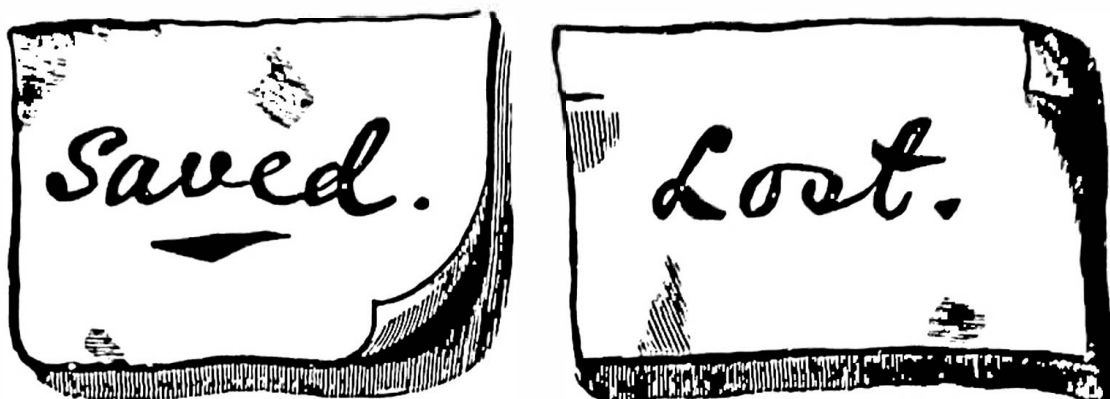
THE END OF TWO GREAT MONARCHS.

THE glittering crown is laid aside. The applause of the wondering multitude dies away. The king is alone. He had reached the very pinnacle of human greatness. His coffers were bursting with gold. He was the wisest of wisdom's sons. He was the most powerful of all earth-born monarchs, and swayed the sceptre of the greatest nation of the day. But now he is alone, and with aching heart and bitter disappointment he tells how he had tried all this world's boasted store, and sums it up with these words, which have a message for all, "ALL IS VANITY AND VEXATION OF SPIRIT" (Eccles. 2. 17).

The last battle had been fought. Emperor Alexander is again victorious, and as conqueror of the known world he retires amid the plaudits of his legions from the field of blood. The coronation day arrives. Mighty kings bite the dust at his feet and own him as their lord. Amid the blare of trumpets and the beating of drums Alexander is crowned emperor of the world. Is he satisfied? Nay! the brilliant pageantry is at an end. The sun goes down behind the western hills. Night steals over the camp and finds the man who had subdued kingdoms weeping in his tent because there were no more worlds that he could conquer. "THIS IS ALSO VANITY" (Eccles. 2. 23).

Jesus said, "What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul? Or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" (Mark 8. 36, 37). What is *your* answer now?
J. T. M.

TWO SCRAPS OF PAPER.



TWO scraps of paper with the two words upon them. Yet what two important words to indicate the two classes—**Saved** or **Lost**? Though very short, yet the importance of this question cannot be overestimated. Under one or other of the terms you must certainly find yourself, and your eternal happiness or misery depends on which it is. Either you are **saved**, and therefore waiting for that moment which shall usher you into a state of eternal happiness; or, dreadful alternative! you are in the condition of those who are **lost**, and are fast hurrying on to that moment which must settle for ever your destiny, and consign you beyond the reach of hope.

Blessed be God, the day of grace still lingers. "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). In the Cross we see God's perfect love to the sinner displayed; and how perfectly He has through the sacrifice of Christ eternally settled the whole question of sin for the believer, and fully met every divine requirement, and that according to His infinite holiness and justice. Such is God's great salvation which He freely offers to you. If you simply believe in Jesus as your Saviour, and His blood as having made a complete atonement for sin, you are warranted in knowing that you are, through faith, justified by Him from all things (whether you feel it or not) just because God has said you are. Hear His Word, and have peace with God, "for by Him all that believe are justified from all things" (Acts 13. 39).

It is difficult, more than difficult, for either writer or reader fully to realise the force of these two words, "**Saved—Lost.**" All that is solemn, weighty, important—all that

is blessed or miserable, both for Time and Eternity, is included in those words. Were every reader of these pages and every hearer of the Gospel to be described according to truth, these two words would suffice for all. There is no third class; no middle ground in Scripture. Hence we read that "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). God's salvation is for lost man, but the difficulty lies in this that man will not believe or own he is lost. As one has forcibly said, "Young, brave, polite, intelligent, but lost! Beautiful, amiable, honoured, beloved, but lost! Wealthy, idolised, caressed, flattered, but lost! Serious, courteous, moral, affectionate, but lost! Discreet, benevolent, educated, a church goer, but lost!"

In the study of the Bible we see there are but two classes of people in the world before God:

1. Those who are saved—"He that hath the Son hath life; *and* he that hath not the Son of God hath not life" (1 John 5. 12).

2. Those who are not—"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).

We find one class spoken of as having "passed from death unto life" (John 5. 24; 1 John 3. 14); as having "everlasting life" (John 5. 24); as having "forgiveness of sins" (Eph. 1. 7). And we see another class spoken of as being "children of wrath" (Eph. 2. 3); "without Christ, having no hope, and without God in the world" (Eph. 2. 12). We see in fact mankind divided into two great classes of forgiven and unforgiven—**Saved** or **Lost**.

Be assured God is not against you, though He hates your sins; Jesus did not come to make God love us, but to express the compassion that was already in His heart toward us.

God did not require to be reconciled to us, as some in the darkness of their minds suppose, but we, as rebel sinners against His righteous throne, needed to be reconciled to Him. "For if, when we were enemies, we were reconciled to God by the death of His Son, much more, being reconciled, we shall be saved by His life" (Rom. 5. 10). Why not just now, BELIEVE and be SAVED?

C. H. M.

THE CONVERSION OF A RUSSIAN PRINCESS.

DO you understand the meaning of the word "conversion?" If I were to ask you if *you* were converted would my question be intelligible to you?

To those who read their Bibles the word is familiar enough. As long ago as the time of King David, 1040 B.C., we read of "sinners being converted" (Psa. 51. 13). Now the Bible clearly stated that ALL are sinners. There is not



CATHEDRAL OF THE RESURRECTION, PETROGRAD.

The Conversion of a Russian Princess.

a solitary exception to this sweeping statement. "Every man at his best state is altogether vanity." "There is none that doeth good, no, not one" (Psa. 39. 5; 53. 3).

Therefore *all* need to be converted. To every one the words of our Lord Jesus Christ have application. "Except ye be converted . . . ye shall not enter into the kingdom of Heaven" (Matt. 18. 3).

So when I speak of the *conversion* of a Russian Princess I do not imply that she was an extraordinarily wicked person who needed to undergo a change which is not so necessary in the case of others. On the contrary, she was a lady of blameless life and of religious upbringing. Such persons need to be *converted* as truly as the sinner whose sins are outrageous and unrestrained. It was to *religious* people, frequenters of the temple, that the apostle Peter said: "Repent ye therefore, and be converted" (Acts 3. 19).

But PRINCESS KATHERINE GALITZIN shall tell her own story. She writes: "Having been brought up by very God-fearing parents, my orthodox creed was a real joy and support to me. It was just after a week of our devotions and Holy Communion that I went to see my cousin, Princess Lieven, whose piety linked us in peculiar sympathy. There, the very day of our common joy in Communion, I met Lord Radstock, who had just arrived in Petersburg. Before speaking, he listened; and we, eager to speak, told him of our hearts being so full of the happiness obtained. 'Would you like to possess it for ever?' he asked. 'Impossible!' said we. And thereupon commenced the message of grace offered us, without the least pressure on our most precious feelings. Henceforth all the addresses, the meetings to which we hastened, became as seeds which the Lord brought forth to life.

"At length one day in the American chapel, after a most blessed address, when the never-to-be-forgotten hymn:

' I do believe, I will believe,
That Jesus died for me '

was sung, I remained for a special conversation; and there we were, both on our knees, before MY OWN SAVIOUR FOR EVER!"

Here, as stated by the Princess in very simple words lies the secret of every true conversion. The sinner, con-

The Conversion of a Russian Princess.

vinced of his need and guilt, comes to the Saviour and claims His saving grace and power, accepts Him as *his own Saviour for ever*.

Of course behind all this there stands the solemn hour of Calvary. There the great *sin* question was taken up between a God of infinite holiness and Him who in tender love had become the sinner's surety. The question was solved, not by the *discharge* of our surety, but by sin's full penalty being paid by Him. In virtue of this He can and



A WELL-KNOWN VIEW IN THE CAPITAL OF THE RUSSIAN EMPIRE.

does offer Himself as Saviour to any and every sinner who feels his need of Him. God Himself delights to honour His Son by justifying freely and blessing abundantly those who trust in Christ.

Thus there remained nothing for the Princess to do but to raise the eye of faith to the Saviour. That look of faith made Him *her own Saviour for ever*.

Why not now look to Christ and be saved with an everlasting Salvation?

H. P. B.

DOING OR TAKING?

WHILST D. L. Moody at a meeting was explaining the freeness of salvation a man jumped to his feet, and oblivious to his surroundings, exclaimed, "Oh, it is beautiful! I always thought I had something to do, but now I see I have something TO TAKE."

It is to be feared that many are the victims of the delusion that it is by "doing our best" that salvation is obtained. Salvation is represented in Scripture as a FREE GIFT that cannot be earned or merited. "The free gift of God is eternal life" (Rom. 6. 23, R.V.), and therefore cannot be purchased by vows, prayers, "good works," or religious observances. When the Jews asked what they had to do to work the works of God, the Lord replied: "This is the work of God, that ye *believe* on Him whom He hath sent" (John 6. 29). Faith is an act, but there is no merit in it. Faith is but the empty hand that accepts the gift, the eye of the soul that gazes on the Saviour. "By grace are ye saved, through faith: . . . *not of works*, lest any man should boast" (Eph. 2. 8, 9). If a single prayer, vow, or tear had anything whatever to do with securing our deliverance from the penalty of sin it would not be *all of grace*, and salvation is all of grace (Rom. 11. 6).

When the Philippian jailer asked "What must I *do* to be saved?" the apostle replied, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved" (Acts 16. 30, 31). The "work" that the Jews were told to do was to believe on the Saviour. Thank God, sinners are invited to "take" His free gift at this very moment. "The Spirit and the bride say, Come; and let him that heareth say, Come; and let him that is athirst come; and whosoever will, let him *take* the water of life freely" (Rev. 22. 17).

"Whosoever will" includes you. You may say that you "don't feel your need sufficiently," that you are "not thirsty enough," or "not anxious enough." We would not seek to deny it, but in spite of your unfitness, and because of it, you are included in the word "whosoever." Whosoever believeth in Him *who did it all and paid it all* shall not perish, but have eternal life (John 3. 14, 15). If, however, you procrastinate and die unsaved, ponder another "whosoever." "And whosoever was not found written in the book of life was cast into the lake of fire" (Rev. 20. 15). Believe and have—NOW. A. M.

THE TRAGEDY OF "A LITTLE WHILE."

IT is lovely scenery through which the River Meuse flows, and many a charming Belgian town and village nestles on its banks. Only a little while ago did I sail along that river and enjoy the tranquillity of its surroundings. And who would have believed me had I announced to the people of Belgium that in a little while the waters of the Meuse would be mixed with the blood of their fathers, their friends, and their foes?



A STREET IN LOUVAIN AFTER THE BOMBARDMENT.

The mighty forts at NAMUR were all intact and peaceful as a sleeping lion. Which of the inhabitants expected to hear the roar of those guns and to see the power of those forts shattered within such "a little while?"

There stood LOUVAIN, one of the art spots of Belgium, beautiful within and without. "A little while" and its beauty is turned to ashes.

What memories we have, too, of BRUSSELS! Gay, prosperous, merry-making Brussels, with palatial buildings and hundreds of thousands of inhabitants. How


The Tragedy of "A Little While."

much we saw in Brussels, the proud capital of that little country Belgium. Through those streets we walked "a little while" ago. Then an air of ease, of freedom, pervaded the city. To-day those streets are filled with the armies of a foreign foe. The freedom, the liberty has gone, and those thousands of people act to-day at the dictates of others than their own countrymen. The King has fled, and the Royal Palace is now occupied by others. Oh, that it had been possible for us to have told these people what was about to happen! And suppose we had warned them, would they have believed us? Would they have taken any steps to have saved their homes, their lives, their all? Certainly every man who believed such a warning would have acted without hesitation, and to-day he and all his would have been transferred to a place of safety.

Do you believe that in such a "little while" and within a few hours' journey of your own home these drastic changes have taken place? Of course you do; you must. But do you believe that "yet a little while, and He that shall come will come, and will not tarry?" (Heb. 10. 37). That the One who left Heaven "once in the end of the age to put away sin by the Sacrifice of Himself" (Heb. 9. 26) is about to leave His Father's side again to take to Himself every one that has *believed* in Him? "A little while," and not only will a nation, a continent be changed, but the whole world will present a spectacle totally different from that of to-day. To believe that is to act upon it, and to act upon it *now*, for no sane person would deliberately choose the consequences of rejecting God's mercy. Not one who truly believes that the Lord is about to come for His own (1 Thess. 4. 16), that the door of Heaven is about to be closed for ever (Luke 13. 25), that the Day of Salvation has almost run its course (2 Cor. 6. 2), that God's voice of mercy will not much longer be heard (2 Peter 3. 10), not one, I say, who realises this would persist in a course of rejection, of neglect, of indifference.

Seeing, then, that God has given His best for earth's worst, that "Christ died for the ungodly" (Rom. 5. 6), therefore for *you*, that "whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life" (John 3. 16), surely you are without excuse if you do not now close in with such grace ere the "little while" runs its course. S. W. B.

A SURE FOUNDATION to Commence with.

“OBERT, how do you know you are a Christian?”
“Well,” was the reply, “you know what a drunkard I used to be. I earned good wages, but it all went for liquor; my family was in destitution, and I was miserable. I saw it would not do, so I made a business of reforming myself, gave up drinking, joined the church, began to hold family worship, and have since tried to do my duty; so I begin to feel confident that if I continue faithful to the grace already given, I shall be saved at last.”

Such, dear reader, was Robert's conversion, as he called it, and you will notice there is nothing about Christ or His precious Blood in it all. The foundation of all his hopes was that he had “done his duty in turning over a new leaf,” and becoming a better man to his family than when he was a drunkard, &c.; things commendable in themselves, if looked at from a *moral* standpoint, but ensuring certain destruction when rested upon for salvation. In short, this man was actually being cheated by Satan, for the Lord Jesus says, “*That which is born of the flesh is flesh; and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit. Marvel not that I said unto thee, Ye must be born again* (John iii. 6, 7). His experience was “*reformation*,” not “*regeneration*,” and Jesus says such “cannot see the kingdom of God” (John iii. 3).

I remember conversing, some time ago, with a woman whose husband owned a saw-mill. They had just erected a new mill, and I asked what was the matter with the old building. She informed me that it had been swept away by a sudden flood of water coming upon it; but added, “there is no danger of this one falling, for we had the men dig till they reached the rock, and *there* we had a sure foundation to commence with.”

That's it. The old one was on the *sand*; hence its downfall. The other was built upon the *rock*; hence its safety. The man referred to above *thought* he was on the way to heaven, but his hopes were founded on what he had done, was doing, and intended to do—a foundation of sand that will not stand the storm of judgment. It was no doubt right in his own eyes; but God says, “There is a way that *seemeth right* unto a man, but the *end thereof* are the ways of death” (Prov. xvi. 25).

The present period is very opportune for you to stop and think. On what are you resting for eternity? Is it yourself, your past experience, present feelings, and future intentions? Or is it Christ, and His finished work at Calvary's Cross? To rest on self in any form is to be deceived and *lost* for ever; to rest in Christ alone is to be *saved* for ever.

I beseech you to see that you have a sure foundation to commence with. If you have a shadow of a doubt concerning your salvation, do not trifle about it; give your soul the benefit of every honest conviction, and beware lest, through self-deception or neglect, you perish eternally.

T. D. W. M.

THE HERO OF THORNTON SCHOOL.



SCHOOLBOY story! Who does not like to hear one, full of touching incidents as they often are? Grey and Aldridge were boys at the same school—Thornton Endowed School. Grey was neither quick nor clever, only a poor little plodding aspirant for the Latin prize, the only son of his mother, and she was a widow with small means. Aldridge was bright faced, and could triumph and win in all and everything he did, and his father was rich. He always meant to win the Latin prize. The morning for the great decision arrived; but the night before, Aldridge, in conveying the papers to the head-master, was tempted to open Grey's and read it. Finding it better than his own, he wickedly destroyed it, and so won for himself the coveted prize.

That afternoon, being half-holiday, all the scholars went down to the seaside, and soon were scattered all along the sea-beach, many of them enjoying a dip in the water. Grey, gloomy and sad, was walking alone over the cliffs, when he was startled to hear the cry of "Grey, Grey!" as from one in dire peril. This aroused him, and then he saw Aldridge battling with the waves, which had carried him out of his depth. "Grey, Grey!" Again that piercing cry rang out over the waters and reached him. Should he venture his life, his all, to save him? A boat lay high and dry on the beach below. He scrambled down the cliff and launched it; no fear but that he would keep it afloat if it could be done. A few minutes only, and the poor drowning lad was pulled into Grey's little ark of safety—a mere toy, a nothing on the tossing waves.

"Grey, you would hate me if you knew all," was Aldridge's conscience-stricken cry, the fear of death having awakened him.

"Oh, don't talk of hating with death so near," replied Grey, as he toiled against wind and tide, while the sea clamoured and clutched at them in vain, as the poor drowning Aldridge was pulled unto Grey's little ark of safety. They landed at last safe, safe!

"While we were yet sinners" and in danger of being drowned in sin and misery for ever, who came to our aid? None other than Jesus, the only begotten Son of God; and He laid down His very life in order to save us and bring us to Himself. Did we *deserve* it? Nay, we were His "enemies" and "hated Him without a cause." Oh, that boys and girls may know the *danger* of living or dying without Jesus, and accept the gift of God, which is "eternal life," and be saved now. P.

"JUST AS I AM;"

— OR, —

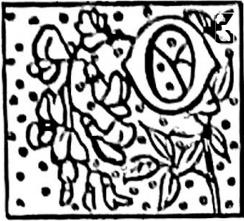
HOW SIR HENRY NORMAN WAS SURPRISED.



"On reaching the street Sir Henry said to his sister——."

"That is the most extraordinary thing I ever heard. The idea of giving out a hymn and asking some to sing it and others not to sing it."

"JUST AS I AM."



ONE of the finest Gospel hymns in the English language is Miss Charlotte Elliott's "Just as I am." In Mr. Ira D. Sankey's interesting volume, "My Life and Sacred Songs," it is said that Dr. Cæsar Malan, the devoted and gifted French pastor, met Miss Elliott at a friend's house in London. In the course of conversation Dr. Malan expressed the hope that Miss Elliott was a Christian. The young lady felt offended, and said she preferred not to discuss that question. Some time afterwards they met again at the home of a mutual friend. Miss Elliott confessed to Dr. Malan that ever since he had spoken to her she had been "seeking Christ," and expressed the hope that he would tell her how to come to Him. "JUST AS YOU ARE," was the preacher's reply. This she did, and returned to her home rejoicing in the Lord Jesus. Shortly afterwards she wrote the familiar lines which have been blessed of God to multitudes of troubled souls. It is said that after her death a thousand letters were found which she had received from persons telling of blessing received through the hymn.

A friend of mine told me a striking story of a conversion which took place through it over forty years ago. Gospel services were being held in an iron room in the village of Milton, near Weston-super-Mare, in the West of England. Sir Henry Norman, military secretary to the Indian Government, then on a visit to his sister, attended one of the meetings. The speaker on that occasion was Lord Radstock, who gave a stirring, and searching Gospel address. At the close of the discourse Miss Elliott's hymn was given out, Lord Radstock making the following announcement, "Those who can sing the hymn truthfully let them sing it heartily; those who are unable to sing it truthfully ought not to sing it at all, for it is better not to sing than to sing a lie."

Sir Henry was surprised and annoyed by Lord Radstock's remarks about singing, and said to himself, "That is the most extraordinary thing I ever heard. The idea of giving out a hymn and asking some to sing it and others not to sing it." If he had been able to leave the building he would have done so at once, but the crowd being so great he was unable to move, and the congregation sang the familiar lines:—

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

"Just as I am."

"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!"

On reaching the street Sir Henry said to his sister, "You won't find me at any more of your irregular services listening to unauthorised preachers, even though they should be lords. To-night I'll go to a Church of England service and hear an authorised clergyman."

In the evening he went to Trinity Church, Weston-super-Mare, Mr. Hunt, afterwards Prebendary Hunt, being the minister. At the close of the service, Mr. Hunt, who was doubtless divinely guided, gave out "Just as I am," to be sung by the congregation. Sir Henry Norman mentally exclaimed, "This is exceedingly strange. I fled from one place in the afternoon from that hymn, and now it is given out here: God is evidently following me." As he pondered what had been spoken and what had been sung, he said to himself, "Why should the question of my soul's salvation not be settled here and now?" That night Sir Henry Norman responded to the Saviour's request, and was able to sing with the *heart*:—

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

By believing on Christ who bore *his* sins in His own body on the tree (1 Peter 2. 24), and died that he might not perish but have eternal life, Sir Henry Norman became a humble and devoted follower of the Lord Jesus. On returning to India, at the close of his furlough, he confessed Christ as his Saviour and Lord. Afterwards he became successively Governor of Jamaica and Governor of Chelsea Military Hospital, and sought to serve his heavenly Master till the end of his earthly pilgrimage.

We know of no hymn that presents the Gospel of the grace of God so fully and so clearly as "Just as I am." To troubled souls who are perplexed and bewildered by the conflicting theories that are proclaimed from pulpit, platform, and press in these days, how delightful it is for them to know that they are invited to come to Christ for rest, pardon, and peace without any preparation on their part. Difficulties that are met by seekers after the truth, such as that they are not "anxious enough," not "sorry enough,"

“*Just as I am.*”

or not “convicted enough,” are removed by the comforting words:—

“Just as I am, *without one plea,*
But that Thy blood was shed for me.”

The unsaved are invited and entreated to come to Christ *in* their sins that they may be delivered *from* them. Their only, yet all-sufficient, plea, is this—*Christ's blood was shed for them* that they might obtain deliverance from the penalty, power, and thralldom of sin. How delightfully suggestive are the 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!”

Many have been stumbled by hearing it said that there is no use preaching the Gospel to people until they “feel themselves lost, guilty, helpless, and undone.” And as they have no such feelings they think that they ought to wait until they obtain them. God says to careless souls, “Hearken unto Me, ye stouthearted, that are far from righteousness: I bring near My righteousness” (Isa. 46. 12). Men and women are invited to come to Christ just as they are, and where they are, without any other qualification than that they are sinners. Their need is their claim, and if they “tarry till they're better they will never come at all.”

If these lines should meet the gaze of an unbeliever who is inquiring *how* he is to come to Christ, we would reply, come by faith. Come in thought to Calvary, and believe on Him, who loved you and gave Himself for you, and you will obtain eternal life (Gal. 2. 20, 21; John 3. 16). Don't think about your coming, but about Him who invites you to come.

“It is only to COME, not coming,
And bringing a goodly gift;
Not coming in mended garments,
That tell of reforming thrift.
Not coming with holy motives,
Not coming a certain way,
But coming, coming to JESUS,
Because He has said I may.
For it is not gifts nor garments,
Nor motives, nor pleas, nor how;
It is coming to Jesus, who saves me,
Coming to Jesus NOW.”

THE SHIP CAPTAIN'S HOPE.

IN answer to my question as to whether he would be in the Safe Harbour at last, he said, "Yes, I hope to be in Heaven." Fearing that his hopes were ill-founded, I ventured to ask why he hoped to be in Heaven. He replied, "I am nearly eighty years of age, and I am not aware that I have injured a person in any way all my life; and there is not a person to whom I owe a penny; and I have always tried my best to help and befriend people in need according to the best of my ability. Being a sea-



By R. W. Allan, Esq., in Glasgow Art Galleries.

THE SHELTERED HARBOUR.

(Printed in full colours as centre-piece of The Bible Almanac.)

faring man almost all my lifetime, I have never been able to attend regularly a place of worship, but I always read my Bible and said my prayers at sea, and ever since I became master of a ship I have always had reading of the Bible and prayers when the weather would permit of it."

When he had finished, I said, "I am glad indeed you have been so good. But are you sure your good life will take you to Heaven?" "No, I'm not sure; but I hope so." "But having read the Bible so much, haven't you read: 'EXCEPT A MAN BE BORN AGAIN HE CANNOT SEE THE KING-

The Ship Captain's Hope.

DOM OF GOD?' (John 3. 3). "Oh, yes, I have often read that." "Well, then, have you been born again by your kindness to others?" "No, I can't say I have." "Well, have you been born again by the respectable life you have lived, or by reading the Bible and saying prayers?" He shook his head, and said, "No, I don't think I am born again yet."

It was now very evident that God by His Holy Spirit was giving the poor old man to see that his hopes of Heaven were built upon a false foundation; for by this time the tears were trickling down his withered, weather-beaten face. I began to point out to him that he had fallen into the common error of the present day, by building his hopes of Heaven upon the life he had lived, instead of trusting only to the death that Christ died. I took the Bible and began to read the following verses, asking him to carefully note how they all spoke of Christ's death and precious Blood, and in no case did they speak of anything we have done: "While we were yet sinners Christ DIED for us" (Rom. 5. 8). "We were reconciled to God by the DEATH of His Son" (Rom. 5. 10). "We are justified by His BLOOD. We have redemption through His BLOOD, the forgiveness of sins" (Col. 1. 14). "Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own BLOOD" (Rev. 1. 5).

God, by the Holy Spirit, was using the Word as we read to him, and now he clearly saw that his only hope of Heaven must be through the atoning death and suffering of our Lord Jesus Christ, and he cried out: "I see my mistake, I see my mistake. I'm glad I've seen it, oh, I'm glad!" I said, "What is your hope of Heaven now?" "Oh, Jesus' BLOOD, Jesus' BLOOD."

For several years after we occasionally met, and he always made grateful reference to the fact that he saw his mistake ere it was too late. He loved to read and dwell with joy upon the verses that showed so plainly that the only hope of Heaven is the precious Blood of Christ. He spent much time in reading the Bible and in prayer, and was often found thus engaged. One day they entered his room and found him on his knees, kneeling at his chair, and the Bible open, but his spirit had passed away, he had gone to be for ever with the Lord.

Should God as suddenly call you, what is your hope of Heaven? Is it the Precious Blood of Christ alone? J. M'K.

BETTER THAN MOST CHRISTIANS.

"HAVE you heard the new preachers, John?" said a woman to her husband in one of the farming districts of Canada. "No," was the emphatic reply, "and what's more, I don't intend to bother myself going. I have my own opinion of religion and religious people, and my conclusion is, I am as good as many Christians, and better than the most of them."

"Well, these men are different from most preachers that come round here. They claim they were sinners worthy of



Photo: Canadian Pacific Railway.

MAIN STREET, EDMONTON, ALBERTA.

Hell, but God has saved them by grace, which means mercy to those who have no merit, and now they say they are going to Heaven, having the assurance of sins forgiven."

"Worse and worse," said John. "I think that is the greatest presumption I've heard. Now, I do think there is some sense and humility in a man saying that he'll do the best he can, and that's as far as most of them go; but to say you are saved *now*, and know your sins are forgiven *now*, and that you are sure of Heaven *now*, that's more than

Better Than Most Christians.

I can take in. However, I think I'll go and hear them for myself." And so it came to pass that John Steel, one of the "best farmers" of the county in which he lived, came to attend the Gospel meetings which were being held by two evangelists in the district school-house. They were young men, evidently in deep earnest, speaking plain words about sin, and loving, gracious words about Salvation, and how to be sure of Heaven at last.

Mr. Steel was struck with the fact that they based their remarks, whatever subject they chose, on the Bible, quoting largely and aptly the Word of God. Conviction settled down upon him. His fancied righteousness, he saw, was, to use the language of Isaiah 64. 6, but "filthy rags," and thus, though he could measure himself favourably with his neighbours, yet he was *vile* in the presence of a holy God. Weeks passed by, Mr. Steel not missing one of the meetings, yet he was not saved. Satan frequently suggested the thought that he might better stay at home, but the anxiety of soul forced him on, and he felt he must know the certainty of his sins being forgiven. One night he drove several miles to a new district to which the meetings had been transferred, and almost hopelessly settled himself to listen, as he had done so often of late. Suddenly he aroused himself. What was that? "God loves you just as you are," said the preacher; "for 'God, who is rich in mercy, for His great love wherewith He loved us, even when we were dead in sins, hath quickened us together with Christ, by grace ye are saved' " (Eph. 2. 4, 5).

He may have heard, and doubtless had heard, the same truth expounded before, but this night it came home to him as a new revelation—God loved him *now*, and was willing and able to save him *now*. Christ had died for him, and without an effort he found himself looking away unto Jesus who had borne his sins on the tree, but who is now on the throne of God, a Prince and a Saviour for lost sinners. His soul was filled with the joy of God and his mouth with singing at every remembrance of the grace that had saved him from a moralist's Hell.

This is the salvation with which God saves His people, and with which He would save *you*, where you are, and as you are, if, as a guilty sinner, you receive God's Son, the Lord Jesus Christ, as your own Saviour. T. D. W. M.

IF A SOLDIER DIES FOR HIS COUNTRY
WILL THAT SAVE HIS SOUL?

THE "Casualty Lists" appearing in the newspapers of the dear fellows who have sacrificed their lives in the field of battle while defending our homes, lives, and liberties tell a heart-rending tale. Tens of thousands of



"DEPENDING OUR HOMES, LIVES, AND LIBERTIES."

If a Soldier Dies for His Country—

grief-stricken fathers and mothers, wives and children are mourning the loss of their loved ones through this cruel war. Innumerable tales of bravery and heroism have been told of sailors on the deep and soldiers in the trenches which have stirred and thrilled our inmost being.

Some strange and misleading remarks have been made by preachers and others about the dead meriting Heaven because they have bled and died for their country. Mohammedans believe that if they die on the field of battle while fighting for their country they go straight to Paradise. We are not surprised at anything the followers of the false prophet may believe, but we confess that we are amazed to hear of so-called "Protestants" stating such a theory.

In the *London Times* there is a report of a speech made by General —, of — Canadian Division, on 28th May, 1915, which is as follows: "General — visited the — Canadian Cavalry Brigade on its return to billets from the trenches: He congratulated it on the splendid character of its work. 'Let us pause and give a thought,' said he, 'to those dead comrades who have gone. My faith in the Almighty is such that I am perfectly sure He takes to Himself, and looks after men like they, *whatever their past lives may have been*, who, doing their duty nobly, have died fighting for their country and the Empire. Let us leave them at that; we could not leave them better.'"

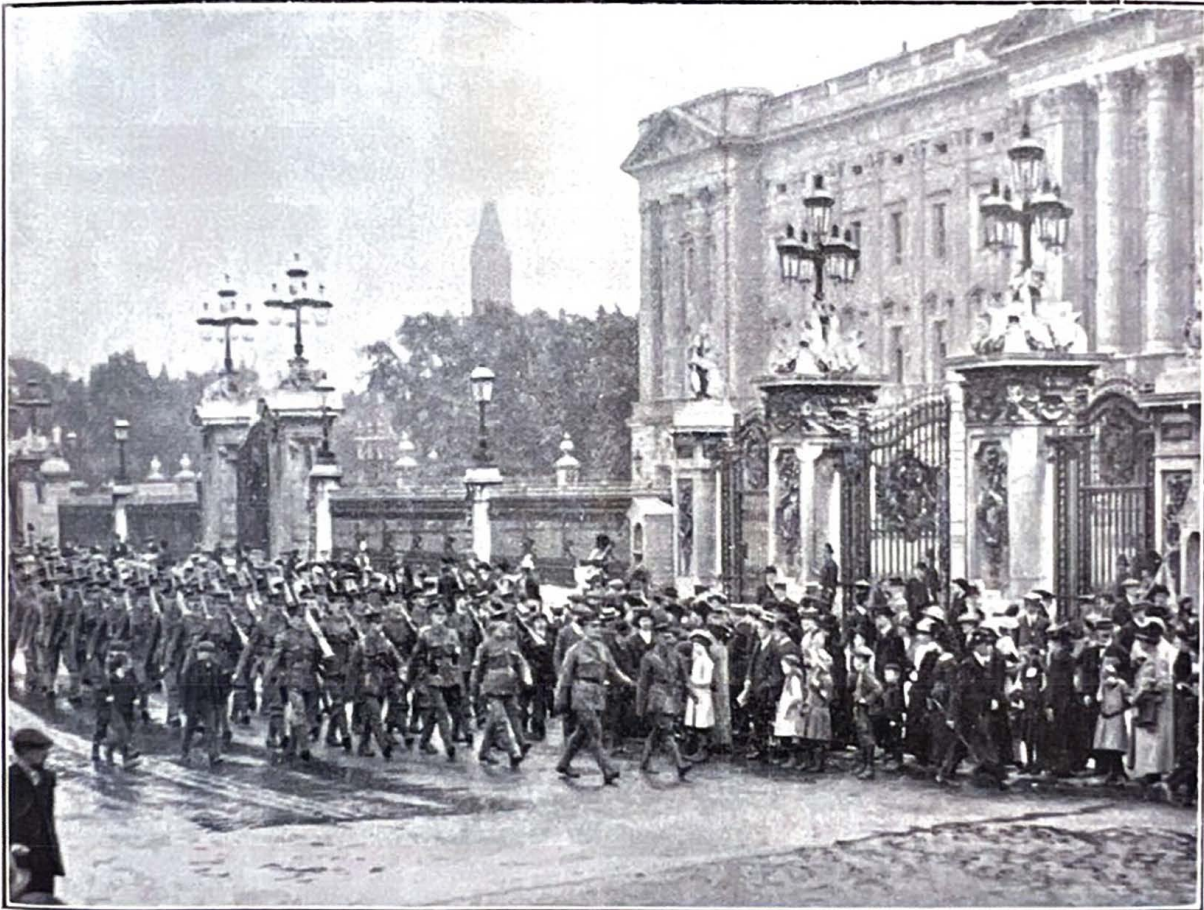
It is right and proper that a British General should congratulate the King's soldiers on their courage and success on the field of conflict. It is also becoming that the survivors should remember their comrades who were slain in battle; but the General goes far beyond the truth when he asserts that God takes to Himself and looks after those who have died fighting for their country *irrespective of their past conduct*. Such teaching as that of General — is dangerous and unscriptural.

It is exceedingly dangerous, as it will lead men to continue in sin. Hitherto many have excused themselves for their unbelief by saying that they meant to be saved *some time*. Now their consciences can be soothed and their fears banished when they are assured that Heaven will be their portion if they fall on the field of battle whilst fighting

Will that Save His Soul?

for their country and Empire, whatever their past lives have been.

Such a doctrine is utterly opposed to the teaching of God's Holy Word. Protestants profess to glory in Bishop Chillingworth's oft-repeated saying that "The Bible and the Bible alone is the religion of Protestants." What, then, saith the Scripture? Let us appeal to its authority. "The wicked shall be turned into Hell, and all the nations



SOLDIERS FOR THE FRONT MARCHING PAST BUCKINGHAM PALACE, LONDON.

that forget God" (Psa. 9. 17). The openly ungodly will be sent to the place of woe, and all who forget God. The Bible teaches that no one can see the Kingdom of God unless he is "born again." "Verily, verily, I say unto thee, except a man be born again he cannot see the Kingdom of God" (John 3. 3). And when Nicodemus, the learned Jewish Rabbi, marvelled at Christ's declaration, the Saviour emphasised the fact by saying: "Marvel not that I said unto thee, YE MUST BE BORN AGAIN" (v. 7).

If a Soldier Dies for His Country—What?

If the new birth is an *absolute necessity*, what becomes of the General's theory? His statement is a mere assertion. "My faith in the Almighty is such that *I am perfectly sure* —," says General —. But God has already spoken in His Word on the subject, yet strange to say, General — does not appeal to it. God has one, and only one way of deliverance from sin's penalty, and that is by believing on the Lord Jesus Christ. "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).

One very serious objection to the officer's theory is this: If what he affirms is true, then there are two ways of escape from the judgment due to sin, one by faith in the Blood of Christ, and the other—the General's—by dying on the field of battle for country and Empire. Such teaching tarnishes the lustre of the Cross.

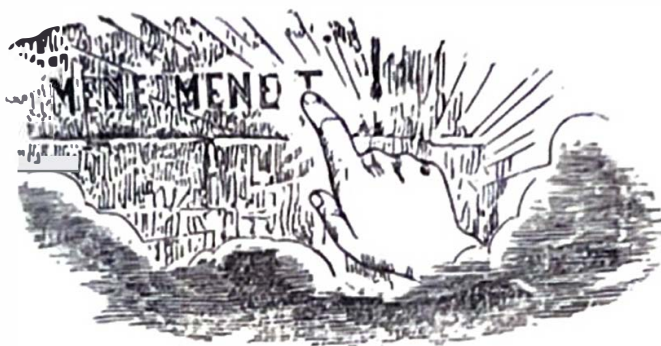
Whilst believing that deliverance from sin, and wrath, and woe is solely through faith in the finished work of Christ, we do not limit the operations of the Holy Spirit. A soul may apprehend in one brief moment "Heaven's easy, artless, unencumbered plan," as the poet Cowper spoke of the Gospel, and be eternally saved. One who is faced with death may gaze by faith on the Saviour dying for him and obtain forgiveness in a moment apart from any human instrumentality. A mother's prayers, a Sunday school teacher's Gospel message, a preacher's tender, earnest entreaty may bear fruit, and no one on earth may ever know. Let Christian workers continue sowing the good seed of the Gospel, let soul-winners toil and labour and pray, and the harvest will be gathered in time or eternity. Let not any unsaved one, however, think that Salvation can be procured through *our own merits*; it is solely through the merits of Christ's atoning blood that peace with God is obtained. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved" (Acts 16. 31). "Flee from the wrath to come." Tarry no longer! Remember the great fact that

"As the tree falls so it shall lie,
As the man lives so shall he die,
As the man dies so shall he be
All through the years of Eternity."

A. M.

THE HANDWRITING ON THE WALL.

THERE was a sound of wild revelry in the banqueting house of Belshazzar, king of Babylon, the night he made a feast for a thousand nobles of his realm. What



gorgeous splendour must have been displayed in that hall. The guests were dressed in garments of the richest Eastern shades, adorned with wonderful embroideries and costly jewels, the flowing folds of their robes adding grace and dignity to the wearers. The sparkling wine had brought a flush to their faces and a brighter gleam to their eyes. The sound of revelry rose higher and higher whilst they extolled the senseless images of wood and stone which they worshipped as gods. To do honour to these the impious king commanded his servants to bring the sacred cups of gold and silver which Nebuchadnezzar had carried away from the temple of God at Jerusalem. With fearful profanity these heathen feasters drank wine out of the consecrated vessels, and triumphantly flaunted the praises of their gods.

Whilst the revelry was at its height the whole scene was suddenly changed. A deathlike stillness fell upon the guests, and deepest consternation overspread each countenance as every eye was turned to a spot on the wall, where, over against the candlestick, appeared the fingers of a man's hand slowly tracing mysterious characters upon the plaster.

The king, ashy pale, and trembling with fear, sent in haste for his astrologers and soothsayers to tell him what this terrifying omen foreboded. A magnificent reward was offered to the man who could interpret the characters inscribed upon the wall. But with all their magical arts none of the Chaldeans could even decipher the writing.

Then the queen remembered Daniel, a man in whom was the wisdom of God. He was brought before Belshazzar, and by Divine inspiration declared the vision. He told the king that the fingers were sent from God, the Lord of Heaven, against whom he had exalted himself, but in

Th' Handwriting on the Wall.

whose hand his life was. This was God's message to him:

"MENE: God hath numbered thy kingdom and finished it.

"TEKEL: Thou art weighed in the balances, and art found wanting.

"PERES: Thy kingdom is divided, and given to the Medes and Persians."

That night the Persians entered the city through an unguarded gate. Belshazzar was slain, and the kingdom was taken by Darius the Mede. God had required that Belshazzar should humble himself before Him. This he refused to do, and had ignored God's claims upon him. Thus he entered Eternity stamped with those significant words, "FOUND WANTING."

Reader, if God were now to weigh thee in His scales of equity, upon all the years of thy life, would there be stamped the same sentence, "Found Wanting"?

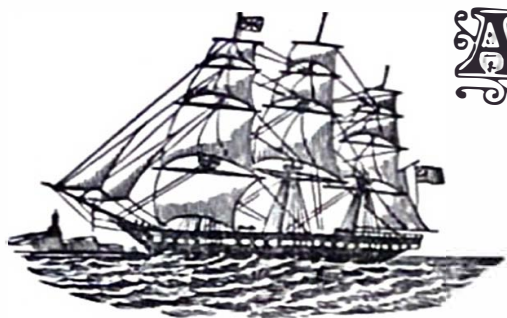
God as Creator rightly requires of man a lifetime of obedience, but this man has failed to render. Does this solemn fact cause no anxiety? Canst thou offer anything to God to atone for thy failure to meet His demands?

As God is righteous, it is evident that none "found wanting" can be admitted into Heaven to stand in His presence. Art thou conscious that thou hast sinned and come short of the glory of God? And dost thou inquire: "What must I do to be saved?" (Acts 16. 30). Then I have good tidings for thee. God has found a Ransom. Christ died, the Just for the unjust. Through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus, God can remit thy sins and bring thee into favour. Turn then to Christ. He is able to cleanse thy soul from all its guilt. Christ shall be made unto thee wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and Redemption, and thou shalt stand complete in Him.

But turn to Christ now, lest, like Belshazzar, thy days, nay thy very hours already numbered, thou dost slip from Time into Eternity "FOUND WANTING." L. M. B.

"The Word is nigh THEE, even in THY mouth, and in THY heart: that is, the word of faith, which we preach;—
That if THOU shalt confess with THY mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in THINE heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, THOU shalt be saved" (Romans 10. 8, 9).

"THE BEST OF INTENTIONS."



A SMART young sailor was such a favourite with his ship owners, that they gave him the command of a clipper barque at an early age. But one sad thing about this skipper was, that he put off the great question of his soul's salvation for "a more convenient season"

and therefore did not make sure of his passage to eternal glory.

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

I well remember that evening, because it was the last that I had with him. During the conversation, I took an opportunity of broaching the subject of salvation, and "the one thing needful," and had ready assents to all my remarks.

He was quite willing to endorse every *doctrine* of our Christian faith—man's ruin, God's redemption, and salvation through Jesus only, but when I asked if *he* had *believed* on "HIM, who died, the Just for the unjust, to bring us to God," he frankly admitted that he had not.

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

I remember his sailing from the docks, in a craft that looked smart, trim, and in good order.

"The south wind blew softly," as she cleared the Bristol channel, and they had a fair voyage across the Atlantic, and anchored safely in the outer roads at their port of destination.

Having to go ashore to report, the jollyboat was manned, and my friend took his seat in her stern, with tiller in hand.

How fair all looked! A few minutes later, a sea capsized the boat as she crossed the bar, and our friend *the well intentioned skipper*, was thrown into the water and drowned.

I never heard anything to assure me that he had "fled to Jesus for refuge," and been saved.

Jesus said: "If ye believe not that I am He, ye shall die in your sins" (John 8. 24).

E. H. B.

A GOOD FOUNDATION.



ON Monday night, March 9th, 1891 (the date of the recent storm), the steamer *Victoria* left Dover for Calais. The weather was very thick, the wind a perfect hurricane, whilst the snow was so thick that the captain and crew could not see anything. Several times they were obliged to stop for the purpose of sounding, being unable to tell their whereabouts except by this means. At length they thought that they were near their destination, but were compelled to anchor until the darkness lifted sufficiently for them to proceed. Having two anchors, the captain resolved to use only one, in order to attach both cables, therefore he let the anchor go with both cables shackled to the length of 140 fathoms. The *Victoria* then rode head to the sea, the engines being kept revolving slowly to prevent, as much as possible, the drag on the anchor, "which," said the captain, "*fortunately held on a sandy bottom, or I don't know where we should have been.*" Some hours afterwards, they were able to enter the harbour and land the passengers. A gentleman publicly thanked the captain, chief officer, and the engineer, for having saved their lives.

How very important it was to all on board to have a good bottom or foundation for their anchor. It was *the* means of their safety. The captain realised the immense importance of it, and so have many other mariners, while some have found a watery grave owing to the anchor having nothing firm enough to take hold of. Anchors and chains, however strong they may be, are useless without a firm bottom, and equally so the bottom would have been useless had they not made use of their strong chains and anchor. Many persons have, so to speak, a chain and anchor, but they have not dropped it into THE FIRM BOTTOM, or the right foundation. In other words, they have faith (it may be strong faith), in their own righteousness, but "have not submitted themselves unto the righteousness of God." They have not anchored their faith on the Lord Jesus Christ, the only true foundation. For other foundation can no man lay than *that is laid*, which is Christ.

John Knox, the Scottish Reformer, just before he died, said to his wife, "*Go read where I first cast anchor,*" and she read the 17th chapter of John's Gospel. His anchor was on the firm word of the eternal God. Dear friend, your anchor—your faith—must be on *the only foundation*; all else—self, good works, &c.—will all fail, but *He abideth ever.*

W. F.

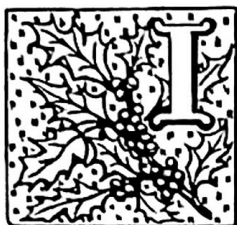
THE STRANGE MAN IN BLACK,

AND THE QUESTION WHICH PUZZLED THE LADY AND HER
FRIENDS.



"And who had them killed?" "Why, I suppose it was done by order of the Church; *they were heretics.*" "And did our holy Church have these poor people massacred for no other reason than for believing Jesus Christ could save them without the help of our Church?"

THE STRANGE MAN IN BLACK.



—
WAS spending the day at one of the most delightful country houses in Scotland. The conversation turned upon the wonders of God's grace in connection with a recent revival in a neighbouring city.

There was present one of the best known and best beloved ministers in Scotland; a man whom God has called to do very special work among the upper classes of society; a man of rare and wide learning and culture, with charming manners, and that easy and graceful address which makes him as welcome in the drawing-room as in the cottage.

After listening to the details of some remarkable conversions which had recently come under my own observation, he said, with his face brightening up, "Well now, I will tell you a story that will interest you. I can vouch for its truthfulness in every particular." He then related the following:

M. was the daughter of a very distinguished and wealthy family. When she was quite young, about twenty, I believe, she was married to a young man of equal wealth and high social position. As was common, these young-people were worldly and gay, given to everything going on in the fashionable world, and had nothing to do but to amuse themselves and gratify every whim and fancy which an idle fancy suggested. Of course they were utterly destitute of any spiritual knowledge of God and Christ, though, in their way, devout Roman Catholics.

Shortly after their marriage they went one night to the theatre and witnessed a play, in which, in one of the scenes, there was enacted the slaughter of the Huguenots. The scene was so vivid and life-like that it greatly distressed the mind of the lady. She asked her husband, with bated breath and strained eyes, what it meant. The reply was, "It is a representation of the killing of the Huguenots." "Why were they killed?" asked his young wife. "Oh, they were killed for their heretical religion." "And was it for no other reason than for their religion?" "For no other reason: they were heretics." "And who had them killed?" "Why, I suppose it was done by order of the Church; *they were heretics.*" "And did our holy Church have these poor people massacred for no other reason than

The Strange Man in Black.

for believing Jesus Christ could save them without the help of our Church?" "For no other reason, so far as I know," was the reply. "They were not criminals, but heretics." And as far as he was able to do so the young husband related the story of the massacre, without either justifying or condemning it—speaking of it rather as a matter of course.

This scene, and the story of the slaughter of the Huguenots, with which she had not been familiar, so wrought upon the young wife that she begged her husband to take her home. For days she could not shake off the impression of that scene and the story. It continued to weigh upon her mind until she fell into a deep state of melancholy and profound conviction of sin. There was none to help or instruct her, and she was as utterly ignorant of the Bible as she was destitute of the possession of one.

The husband became so distressed and alarmed at his wife's condition that he called in medical advice. After hearing from the husband the occasion of his wife's mental distress, and from the lady herself the story of her horror—"that these poor people should be killed for their religion"—and being plied by her with questions concerning religion which he was utterly unable to answer, the physician withdrew and reported the case to the husband. "It is a case of religious monomania—a very bad one. You must act at once and promptly, or your wife will fall into hopeless melancholia, and perhaps end in permanent insanity. Do anything and everything that will divert her mind from the terrible subject that possesses her."

Acting upon this advice the husband began a round of pleasure and fashionable dissipation, such as even they had never before indulged in. Night after night they were out at the theatre, at concerts, at balls, and entertainments; the wife going reluctantly but obediently. One night they were at a great ball in the city. Of a sudden, like an apparition, there darted out before them a strange man dressed in black, and apparently a clergyman, though not a priest. This little man stepped up to the lady, and without a word of introduction or apology for speaking, said, with great eagerness, "Madam, do you know 'the Blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth us from all sin?'" To this startling and unheard-of proclamation the

The Strange Man in Black.

lady replied, "What did you say, sir? Will you repeat those words?" At which the peculiar man in black again declared without note or comment, but with intense eagerness and pathos, "The Blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth us from all sin," and then disappeared as suddenly as he had appeared.

The lady stood still for a moment dumbfounded, and then remarked to her husband, "Did you ever hear that before? That is the most extraordinary statement I ever heard. What can it mean?" But as she spoke and mused on these words, and climbed the broad and lofty stairway, there fell upon her a peace so sweet and ecstatic that her whole face seemed lit up with unearthly gladness.

She went at once into the crowded salon, and approaching the first lady whom she saw, she said to her, "I have just heard the most extraordinary statement. I wonder if you ever heard it, and what does it mean, 'The Blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth us from all sin?'"

In a few minutes the words were whispered from lip to ear, "M. has gone mad." But, like Paul, she was not mad, only filled with the gladness of God's blessed peace. Noting the excited (or what seemed to him the excited) state of mind in which his wife had been thrown, and the real excitement into which she was throwing the fashionable people in the salon, her husband took her home. For days she simply dwelt in a paradise of joy, repeating over and over again the words, "The Blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth us from all sin."

She found out finally where the saying came from. For the first time she got hold of a Bible, and soon, devouring the New Testament, she learned the whole glad truth. It became the inspiration of a new life to her and to all about her. The Bible was now her daily companion, and she became a noble witness for Christ. Again and again she besought her husband to accept the Lord Jesus as his Saviour. She broke away from Rome, and took up with the few scattered Protestants whom she could find, and in her own circle continued to speak of the Saviour and His precious Blood, and His resurrection from the dead.

Some months after her husband gave a dinner party to a number of artists and other friends. At the table the conversation turned on religion, which was ridiculed as

The Strange Man in Black.

superstition; and presently blasphemous sneers were levelled at Jesus Christ and the Bible. After this conversation had gone on for a few minutes, Mr. M. arose at the head of the table, and said: "Gentlemen, I cannot have the Name and religion of Jesus Christ taken in vain and made the subject of ridicule at my table. Jesus Christ is the Son of God and our Saviour, and His Blood cleanseth



"OF A SUDDEN, LIKE AN APPARITION. THERE DARTED
OUT BEFORE THEM A STRANGE MAN IN BLACK."

The Strange Man in Black.

us from all sin.” The effect of this speech may be more easily imagined than described. Mr. M. had never before articulated his faith, and his happy wife for the first time knew that her testimony and her life of peace had been blessed of God to his soul also.

Some months after the husband joined his wife in her new faith, and himself parted from the superstition of Rome. This lady lived on for sixty years, only dying a few months ago. She never ceased to carry her joy and testimony wherever she went, and became the leader of the Protestant faith among her class in the district.

The singular thing about the whole matter is the sudden appearance of the man in black in that great house on the night of a great ball, and his apparently mad approach into the ball-room. The explanation is simply this: He was a Protestant minister who had some occasion to visit the master of the house that night on business, and as he was about to leave he was seized with an irresistible impulse to tell the first person he met that “the Blood of Jesus Christ, God’s Son, cleanseth us from all sin” (1 John 1. 7).

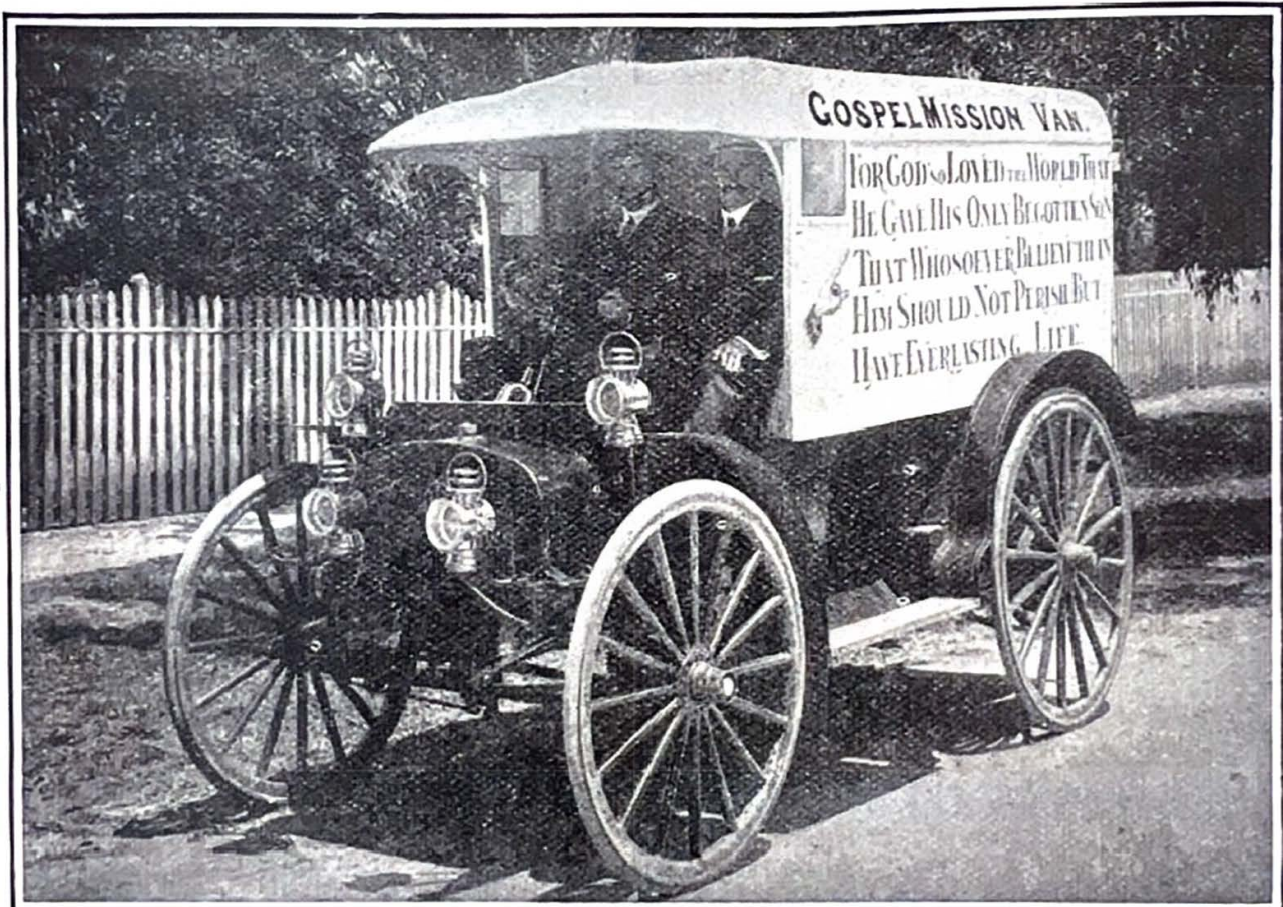
Let us ask, what is the Blood of Christ to you? What about your sins? We read, “And without *shedding of blood* is no remission” (Heb. 9. 22). “It is the *blood* that maketh an atonement for the soul” (Lev. 17. 11). If unsaved, cease all efforts of your own to purchase the pardoning mercy of God. It has been procured at the cost of the precious blood of His beloved Son, and is pressed on your acceptance as a free gift. “Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world” (John 1. 29).

Who shall say that God, the Holy Spirit, who took Philip from Samaria to preach Jesus to the eunuch, is not still doing these wonders of grace? God has not forgotten to be gracious, and the Spirit of God has not ceased to “convince men of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment,” nor to take extraordinary means to lead souls to God through Christ when extraordinary means of grace are necessary. “Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and *thou* shalt be saved” (Acts 16. 31), and swell the eternal song “unto Him that loved us and loosed us from our sins in His own Blood, . . . unto Him be glory and dominion for ever and ever.”

DR. G. F. PENTECOST.

IN THE AUSTRALIAN BACKBLOCKS.

THE motor Gospel carriage shown in the photo is put to good use in Queensland, where settlers and others are in many cases hundreds of miles from a railway, and are often only visited once a year by a minister. The two evangelists, who can be seen sitting on the seat, visit as many as possible, and as often as opportunity offers they hold Gospel meetings. As an evidence that this backblocks work is not unavailing, we give the following account, in



From a Photograph.

▲ MOTOR GOSPEL CARRIAGE IN QUEENSLAND.

his own words, of one who was awakened to see his need through the visit of these evangelists, and afterwards led into the light of the Gospel and into assurance of Salvation.

"Almost ever since you left here I have been walking in darkness. I began to look within for something good, but could find nothing. Then I began making a saviour out of my own faith. Messrs. — and — tried hard to put me right. They showed me various passages of Scripture to prove that Christ had died for sinners. 'Yes,' I would

In the Australian Backblocks.

reply to their assurances, 'I know that, but I can't believe it.'

"I thought that my salvation depended on my faith. The impression on my mind was that the great Physician would heal the sinner, but He must receive faith as His fee, and, of course, I was trying to manufacture it. Many a night I tossed about, unable to rest, with a wet towel round my head to cool my fevered brain.

"This sort of thing went on for some months, when Mr. — lent me a little book to read by the late Donald Ross. His experience seemed to fit me very nicely. It said that after his conversion he had to pass through dark and distressing times. 'Well,' I thought, 'there is hope for me.'

"One Saturday evening Isaiah 53. 6 ran through my mind with unusual force. I went and got the Bible and read it : '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.' I reasoned thus : If the iniquity of us all was laid on Jesus by God, then mine must have been laid on Him ; and if mine was laid on Him, then I MAY BE SAVED. I believed that He died *for me*, and knew that I was saved.'"

The way of salvation always becomes clear and simple when we are content to hear what God says in His Word. It is against God we have sinned, and consequently it is God's forgiveness and salvation we need.

If the reader is one who knows in any measure his or her guilt before God, then we pray you to ponder the testimony of His grace :

"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).

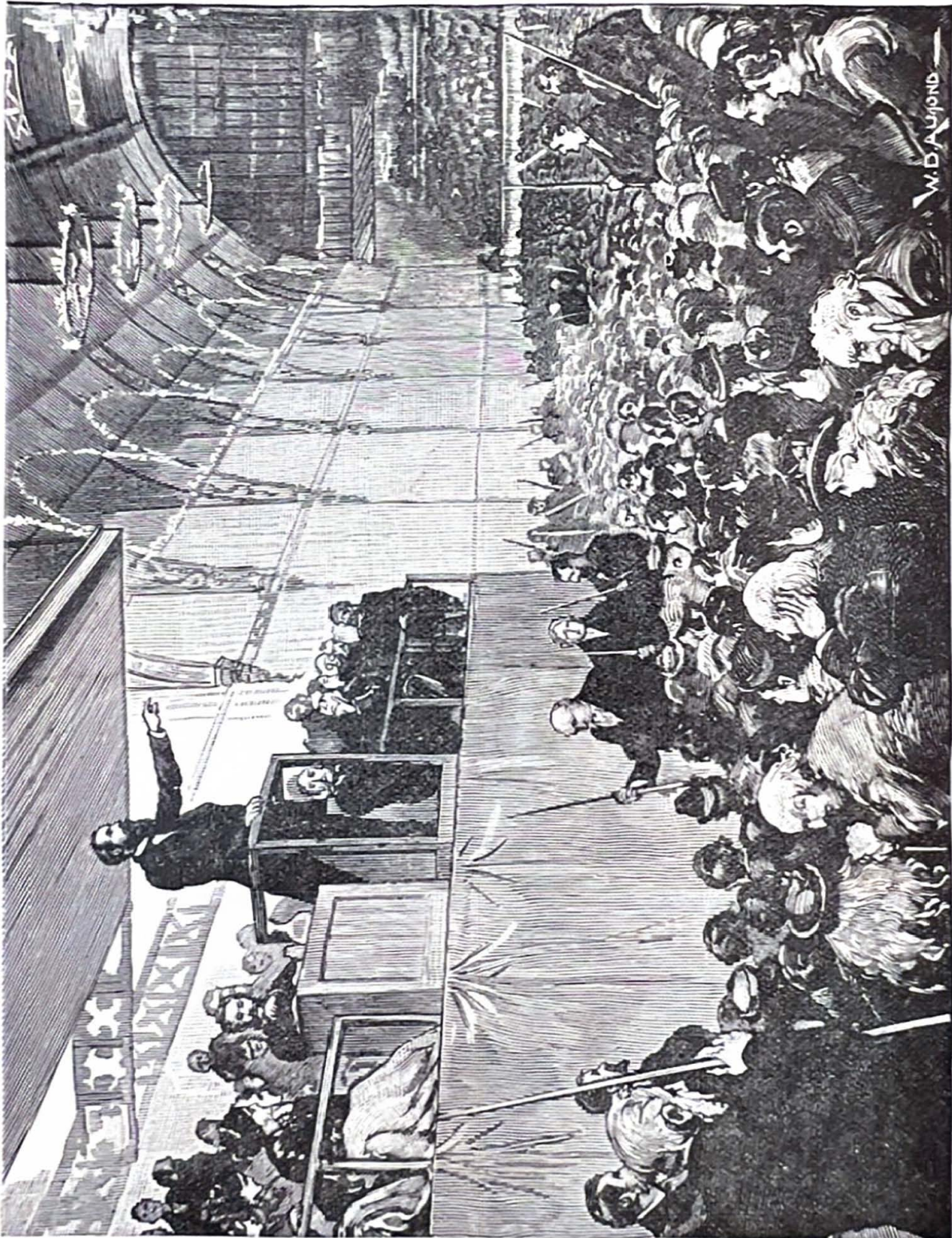
"This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners" (1 Tim. 1. 15).

"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).

Oh, trifle not with God ! Trifle not with your soul ! Trifle not with the powers of darkness ! God's love is real, His salvation is real, and His wrath will be as real. Trifle not with His grace, or you will certainly be a partaker of His wrath. As you are, and where you are, believe on the Son of God who loved you and gave Himself for you, and you will be eternally saved. "Come NOW." J. G. H.

D. L. MOODY'S DISCOVERY IN CHICAGO

THROUGH THE PREACHING OF HARRY MOORHOUSE.



D. L. MOODY PREACHING TO ONE OF THE LARGE AUDIENCES.

D. L. Moody preached the Gospel to about ten million people in many lands.
His companion, IRA D. SANKEY, is seen sitting by his side.

D. L. MOODY'S DISCOVERY IN CHICAGO THROUGH HARRY MOORHOUSE'S PREACHING.



FEW weeks ago I visited the grave of HARRY MOORHOUSE in Ardwick Cemetery, Manchester. His remains lie close to those of his old friend, RICHARD WEAVER. As I read the simple epitaph on the tombstone, with the life-giving words of John 3. 16, I remembered how his preaching from that Scripture was so much blessed of God to Mr. D. L. MOODY, the American evangelist.

Mr. Moody met Moorhouse at the Dublin Believers' Meetings, and in the course of conversation the Englishman announced to the American his intention of visiting America. A few weeks after Mr. Moody's arrival at his home he received a letter from Moorhouse, in which he said he had reached America and would come to Chicago and preach for him if he would like it. Mr. Moody, not knowing very much of Moorhouse, wrote him somewhat coldly as follows: "If you come west, call on me." Shortly afterwards Mr. Moody received a letter from Moorhouse stating that he would be in Chicago on a certain Thursday, and would preach for him if he desired it. As Mr. Moody was to be away from the city on that Thursday and Friday, he said to some of his office-bearers: "There is an Englishman who is coming here on Thursday and desires to preach. I don't know whether he can or not."

It was eventually decided that Moorhouse should take the Thursday night service, and if they were pleased with his preaching he was to take the Friday night meeting also. On Mr. Moody's return on the Saturday he asked his wife how the young Englishman had got on. "The people like him very much," said Mrs. Moody. "He has preached two sermons from that verse of John, '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,' and I think you will like him, although he preaches a little differently from you." "How is that?" "Well, he tells the worst sinners that God loves them." "Then," said I, "he is wrong." "I think you will agree with him when you hear him," said she, "because he backs up everything he says with the Bible."

"Sunday came," to continue Mr. Moody's narrative, "and as I went to the Church I noticed that every one

D. L. Moody's Discovery in Chicago.

brought his Bible. The morning address was to Christians. I had never heard anything quite like it. He gave chapter and verse to prove every statement he made. When night came the Church was packed. 'Now, beloved friends,' said the preacher, 'if you will turn to the third



HARRY MOORHOUSE, THE ENGLISH EVANGELIST.

chapter of John, sixteenth verse, you will find my text.' He preached the most extraordinary sermon from that verse. He did not divide the verse into secondly, thirdly, and fourthly; he just took the whole verse and went through the Bible from Genesis to Revelation to prove that in all ages God loved the world. God had sent pro-

D. L. Moody's Discovery in Chicago.

phets and patriarchs and holy men to warn us, and then He sent His Son, and after they had killed Him, He sent the Holy Ghost. I never knew up till that time that God loved us so much. This heart of mine began to thaw out. I could not keep back the tears. It was like news from a far country. I just drank it in. So did the crowded congregation. I tell you there is one thing that draws above everything else in this world, and that is love. I used to preach that God was behind the sinner with a double-edged sword, ready to hew him down. I have done with that. I preach now that God is behind him with love, and he is running away from the God of love.

“For six nights he preached on this one text. The seventh night came and he went into the pulpit. Every eye was upon him. He said, ‘Beloved friends, I have been hunting all day for a new text, but I cannot find anything so good as the old one; so we will go back to the third chapter of John and the sixteenth verse,’ and he preached the seventh sermon from these wonderful words, ‘God so loved the world.’ I remember the end of that sermon: ‘My friends,’ he said, ‘for a whole week I have been trying to tell you how much God loves you, but I cannot do it with this poor stammering tongue. If I could borrow Jacob’s ladder and climb up into Heaven, and ask Gabriel, who stands in the presence of the Almighty, to tell how much love the Father has for the world, all he could say would be, God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.’”

About thirty-five years ago the writer said to Moorhouse: “I believe you preached seven times in succession in Mr. Moody’s Tabernacle from John 3. 16.” “Yes,” was his reply, “and I pity the preacher that could not do so.” Thousands and tens of thousands of ransomed souls will praise God eternally for John 3. 16.

“I used to preach that God was behind the sinner with a double-edged sword, ready to hew him down,” was Mr. Moody’s confession regarding his preaching previous to Harry Moorhouse’s visit to Chicago. In after years the seed then sown brought forth a rich harvest of blessing.

It is to be feared that there are others besides D. L. Moody who are victims of the satanic delusion that “God is

D. L. Moody's Discovery in Chicago.

behind the sinner with a two-edged sword, ready to hew him down." What a caricature of the character and ways of God! It is perfectly amazing that any one in the face of John 3. 16 could believe that God does not love him. Satan, the god of this age, does his utmost to deceive the perishing. It is perfectly true that God is holy and righteous, but it is just as true that He is merciful and gracious. Hearken to His solemn declaration: "As I live, saith the Lord God, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked, but that the wicked turn from his way and live. Turn ye, turn ye from your evil ways, for *why will ye die?*"

The proof that God loves you is the glorious fact that He gave His only begotten Son to suffer and die in your room and stead! "He was wounded for our transgressions; He was bruised for our iniquities" (Isa. 53. 5). The sin question was eternally settled at the Cross. God is perfectly satisfied with the "finished" work of Christ, and He desires that you should be satisfied with that which satisfies Him.

There is one, and only one, way of escape, and it is contained in the blessed words: "Whosoever believeth in Him." It is not believing anything about yourself, good, bad, or indifferent, that saves. By believing ON HIM who did it all, and paid it all, a child of wrath becomes a son and heir of God, and a joint-heir with Christ. Notice that the Lord did not say, "Whosoever believeth in Him, and acts up to it," nor, "Whosoever believeth in Him, and does the best he can," nor, "Whosoever believeth in Him with the right believing," but, "*Whosoever believeth in Him* should not perish, but have everlasting life." "I am not anxious enough," says one; "I am not sorry enough for my sins," says another. We don't question that for one single moment. It is not by believing in yourself, or anything about yourself, that procures deliverance; it is by believing ON CHRIST that salvation is obtained. We are no more saved *for* our faith than for our works. We are saved *through believing on Him* who paid the ransom with His precious blood and satisfied God's righteous and holy claims. The word "whosoever" takes in every class and condition of men, and therefore takes in you.

May you be enabled to say truthfully: "I am only a poor sinner; Jesus died for me. I believe in Him. God says I am saved, and so I know I am." A. M.

SAVED FROM THE "CRESSY."

U.S.—This Form must accompany any telegraph sent by this Telegraph.

POST OFFICE TELEGRAPHS.

If the Receiver of an Inland Telegram doubts its accuracy, he may have it repeated on payment of half the amount necessary paid for its transmission, any fraction of 1d. less than 1d. being reckoned as 1d.; and if it be found that there was any error, the amount paid for repetition will be refunded. Special conditions are applicable to the transmission of Foreign Telegrams.

Office of Origin and service instructions.

Shotley Gate
of last night

Handed in at 30/14 Received 6/14

TO { Gray 785 Levenshall Rd
Dinnieston Glasgow

Saved James

NEVER was a telegram more welcome than the one which bore the two simple words, "SAVED, JAMES," indicating that James Gray had been saved from the "Cressy" after she had been torpedoed in the North Sea on 22nd September, 1914.

He was in danger of being LOST, else he could not have wired "saved." All are "lost" now (Matt. 18. 11), and in danger of being "lost eternally" (2 Thess. 1. 9).

He was SAVED from the doomed ship and a watery grave. All may be saved from "the wrath to come" by simple faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. "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).

He KNEW he was saved. "Ye may know that ye have Eternal Life" (1 John 5. 13) are the startling words of Holy Writ. If it is possible for anyone to know, why should you not be certain concerning the most important point—the knowledge of sins forgiven? *Are you?*

He DELIGHTED TO LET IT BE KNOWN. Rescued from a watery grave he wired home at once—"saved." Delivered from "so great a death" (2 Cor. 1. 10) and eternal doom, saved and kept unto Eternal Glory. Should not each one saved exclaim with the Apostle, "I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ, for it is the Power of God unto Salvation to every one that believeth?" ИУР.

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.”

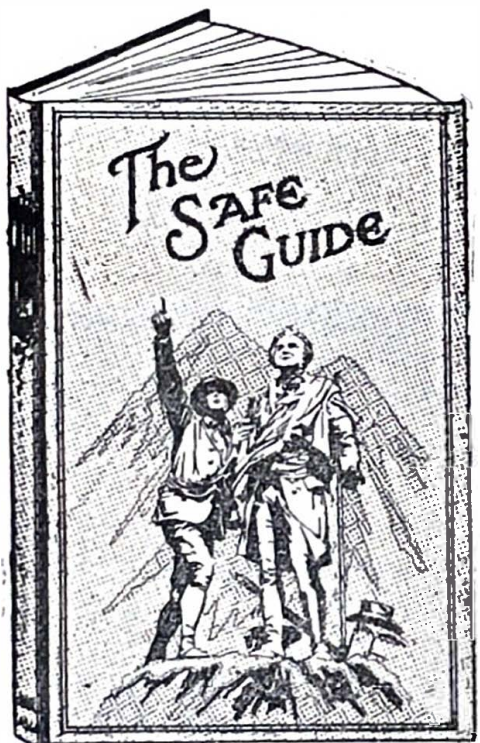
“ ‘It is finished,’ yes, indeed,
Finished every jot;
Sinner, this is all you need,
Tell me, is it not? ”

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

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