

A MESSAGE FROM GOD 1935

by Unknown

A collection of articles and writings from A Message From God 1935, covering various biblical topics and Christian teaching.

94 Chapters

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A Message From God 1935

Another Year

ANOTHER year! Oh! how the moments fly,
The rush of ages to eternity!
The passing stream towards the ocean vast,
The glowing present to the shadowed past.
Another year of striving and of toil,
Of energy misplaced—of gathered spoil;
Of tears and sadness, and hope's cheering ray,
The night of darkness, and the break of day.
Another year gone with its memories stored;
Its acts, and thoughts, and words, a garnered hoard.
Naught can be now unsaid, and naught undone,
The hour has struck—another year's begun.
Another year! I face the future now,
The weight of Time is heavier on my brow;
The vista lengthens as I backward look,
And Memory writes fresh pages in her book.
Another year! How many more shall come?
What milestones yet before the gates are won?
The shadows fall from off the hills of time:
Those mighty hills that guard the eternal shrine.
Another year! The feet must tire at last,
And the bright "now" be numbered with the past;
The living "I" be soon the absent one—
The streams of life all to the ocean run.
Another year I My God, I owe to Thee
The gift of being and the power to be;

And in Thy universe, that speaks Thy power,
I have my place, my duty, and my hour.

H.W.

The Glory Of Eternal Love

By Heyman Wreford.

“I have loved thee with an everlasting love; therefore with loving kindness have I drawn thee.”—
Jeremiah 31:3.

WE are surrounded, as we face this New Year, by the mysteries of Omnipotence, by a power Whose unerring wisdom has filled heaven and earth with the glory of great things for our good. For us are sun and moon, and stars, and daybreak and sunset; for us the ordered seasons and the teeming wealth of earth and sea; for us the arching heavens are blue, and the pleasant earth is green; for us the world is carpeted with flowers and beautified by song. And God has given us the power to assimilate His great gifts for our good. We have eyes to see and ears to hear, and a heart to throb with the divine rapture of the passing hours. But sights, and sounds, and thoughts are passing with the passing world, and what we enjoy here today we lose tomorrow, for death shadows every landscape, and clouds every pleasant sight.

But the soul of a man in a dying world can never die. When all the splendor of Omnipotence that greets us every day has passed away, the immortal soul within us will be living still. Oh! the solemnity of it all. I must live when the world is gone. You must live when time shall be no more. Before the dread significance of it all, my spirit seems to sink, awed by the unspeakable power and majesty of God.

But this mighty God is love, and while His judgments terrify my soul, His boundless mercy makes me glad. The heavens are defiled by Satan's sin, and the earth by man's, and so a holy God must cleanse them with the fires of destruction. But He willeth not the death of the sinner. He saves to the uttermost; and in these last days He is speaking to the world by His Son; and faith in Him, and His atoning work, will cleanse my soul from my life's sin, and give me a place amid “the inheritance of the saints in light.” God has prepared a Home in another world for those who trust in Him. Redeeming love has opened the gates of heaven for all believers, and the passing away of the world is as nothing to those who seek a City yet to come, “whose builder and maker is God.” “For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved we have a building of God; a house not made with hands eternal in the heavens.” (2 Cor. 5:1.)

What Will the New Year Bring?

Like a weary pilgrim who halts upon his way, I would look back and trace the pathway I have trodden. The sunset hour of life is coming, and the shadows fall around me—but behind, the years are golden with the light of God—and the steady light gleams on the distant hills.

Ah! the value of passing time, the march of the passing years! It seems to me so solemn to think that ever' moment is taking me from time to God.

And what is a second compared to a century? But it is the passing of these seconds that makes the vistas of the ages.

The gray hairs, the wrinkled brow, the faded cheek, the weary gait, are all the work of seconds; the mystery of change that tells so eloquently of our humanity, is wrought by the busy moments which are held so lightly. They spend their tiny force against the proudest, strongest works of man, and the victory is always theirs. No stronghold and no life can resist the persistent pressure of these tiny giants, for the vitality of eternity is theirs and they are strong with the strength of God.

No one can put back the hands of Time one second—we must go onward—ever onward—BUT TO WHAT GOAL? When life here is done—what is there beyond?

THANK GOD, THERE'S HEAVEN!

The Biography of a Christian

A Gospel Address, delivered at the Victoria Hall, Exeter, by Heyman Wreford.

“For God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, Math shined in our hearts, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ... For we which live are always delivered unto death for Jesus’ sake, that the life also of Jesus might be made manifest in our mortal, flesh.”—2 Cor. 4:6, 11.

There is joy and sorrow in every heart; shadow and sunlight are woven into the web of every life. The bee sucks honey from the bitterest flowers, so God by afflictions teaches us the sweets of obedience to His will and way. Untold blessing comes to us oftentimes after seasons of suffering and trial, and the thorny pathways of affliction lead to “green pastures and still waters,” and the hush of God, from all the discord and tumult of a world that knows Him not.

In this beautiful chapter we get the gospel of the glory of Christ, and the wonderful effect, upon the daily life of a Christian, of occupation with Christ in glory. The transforming power of this attitude of soul gives a “light,” and a “knowledge,” and a “glory” to the life that makes practical Christianity not only a possibility, but a positive delight. It magnifies the grace of the eternal God on the one hand, and causes the chastened heart to say in the deepest experiences of trouble and sorrow, “Out of the depths will I praise Thee.” Saints now, by God’s calling, we shall be glorified as such by and by; but the life that is ours between the calling and the glory, belongs to God, and along pathways of trouble and sorrow He leads us to the rest above, making nothing of the flesh, but judging it in us day by day, so that the earthen vessel that holds the treasure may be broken by the discipline of God, and the light of His divine purpose in our life shine out brightly to a world in darkness.

We shall see this tonight as we consider for a little the biography of Saul of Tarsus, who became Paul the apostle. We will look at his life in three aspects: —

—THE MAN AND HIS FAITH.

—THE MAN AND HIS LIFE.

—THE MAN AND HIS FUTURE.

1. The man and his faith. — The apostle Paul was a man with a striking personality, and a marked individuality. As a sinner, and as a saint he acted up to his belief, and was filled with a consuming zeal.

As a sinner “he was the chief of sinners”; as a saint “he was the chiefest of the apostles.” His striking figure looms largely in the New Testament. He had never seen or known the Lord on earth, but the marvelous experiences of his Christian life are recorded in his writings. He fathomed profound depths of sorrow, and he rose to great heights of love and faith and peace.

Listen to the grandeur of these words, like deep chords of Christian experience sounding out from a heart full of the music of heaven: “For we preach not ourselves, but Christ Jesus the Lord; and

ourselves your servants for Jesus' sake. For God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in our hearts, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ."

A man who had passed through such soul experiences as Saul of Tarsus did, was, trained in the school of God for work of the highest character. His faith was founded: upon—

(a) WHAT HE HAD SEEN.

(b) WHAT HE HAD HEARD.

(c) WHAT HE HAD KNOWN.

He could never preach himself, for he had seen Christ in the glory of God; he had heard His voice; and he had known His power and love. Out of the ashes of the dead past of Saul of Tarsus, arose in glorious life and liberty the man in Christ, Paul the apostle. Oh, this marvelous change that only the Spirit of God can bring about! God shining in the dark heart, and changing all the failure of a human nature into a monument for Himself for all eternity. Ah! if man would only learn that God will save him in his sins. It is the sinner God loves, not the religious ape decked out in his self-righteousness, who comes chanting to God in scriptural phrases of which he knows little and cares less. Think of the church and chapel parades before the majesty of heaven! What must the angels think, who veil their faces before the sanctity of God's presence, of the awful mummeries of lost souls? The moral reformers of these days get hold of a sinner in his sins, and seek with human energy to ameliorate his condition. "Come with us," they say, and "we will do thee good." And they take him to church or chapel, and they tell him he must give up drink, and blasphemy, and immorality. And they tell him of the obligations of his life. He must be a good citizen, and husband, and father; he must turn over a new leaf, and must not scandalize them any more with his terrible sins. And the devil laughs, for he knows that vain is the help of man. Reformation of a human sort never saved a soul yet. Turning over a new leaf is simply walking to hell backwards. Satan will say "Amen" to your prayers unless you repent of your sins into the devil's march is woven the music of a thousand litanies. You may carry the cross upon your bosom into the lake of fire with you. Man may write your philanthropies in marble, and God shall thunder in your unsaved ears, "Depart from, Me."

As a sinner you are dead and afar from God. As a sinner you are going to hell, and nothing can save you from the everlasting woe but a complete surrender to your Saviour. No creed, or dogma, or sacrament can save you; no one but the Lord Jesus Christ, the Son of God, the Saviour of the world.

I remember in the early days of my preaching how I tried to be a moral reformer to one of the worst drunkards I knew. He had so often ill-used his poor wife that in her despair she ran away from him. She came to me in her trouble and told me the wretched story of her life. He heard that I had seen his wife, and so he called to see me.

He demanded to know where his wife was. I refused to tell him; I spoke very plainly to him of his drunkenness, and how he had treated her. As I spoke he wept, and said he would never do it again. And he begged and implored me to tell him where his wife was. His grief seemed so real that I told him I would ask his wife to take him back again if he would promise to give up drink. He

promised eagerly. I saw the poor wife, and she consented to come back again to her ruined home. I appointed a time for him to come to his home, and sent the wife upstairs while I met her husband. Before he saw her, I made him go on his knees with me and sign the most solemn pledge in the presence of God that he would never drink again. He signed it and I witnessed it. I then prayed with him, and the wife coming downstairs, I left them both together. Before three weeks had passed he was as bad a drunkard as ever. This, thank God! was the first and last time I tried to be a moral reformer. Only the power of the Spirit of God can cast the devil of drink or any other devil out of a man or woman. Nothing but complete salvation, through faith in the finished work of Christ, can bring blessing to the life. There will be plenty of man-reformed sinners in hell, but not one who has trusted in the power of Christ to save them.

How was Saul of Tarsus saved? — he who was the chief of sinners? His was a salvation of sight, and hearing, and knowledge. He saw the glory of God, he heard the Voice of Christ, he knew he was a sinner and that Christ had saved him. Let us see how these wonderful things came to him. For there is but one salvation for all the human race. What saved Saul will save you.

(To be continued)

Do Not Forget that you will be saved forever, if as a needy, guilty sinner, you receive Christ by faith as your personal Saviour. — John 3:16.

“After Christmas.”

It was a bright, clear night in December, and the good ship “Harriet,” under reeled top-sails, was coming up the channel before a stiff breeze. Every heart on board was glad, for, after a long and perilous voyage, she was “homeward bound.” On the quarter-deck, Captain Harrison and Edward Locksley, his first mate, were standing talking together.

“We shall be in dock before Christmas if this wind holds,” Locksley said. “It is not well for a sailor to set his mind too much on anything, but I have set mine on being in the dear old home at Christmas this year. It is four years since we all met at home, and father and mother say it hasn’t been half a Christmas without me.”

Captain Harrison listened to the young sailor’s eager words; then laying his hand kindly on his shoulder, said gravely, “I do not wonder at your wish, Edward. It is a great pleasure to get home, especially to such a happy home as yours is at Christmas time. But there is something I should like you to wish for still more than that. I want you to be sure that when the voyage of life is past, there remaineth for you a rest in the glorious home above■

“ ‘There all the ship’s company meet,

Who sailed with the Saviour below.’”

Locksley was silent for a moment. At length he turned and grasped the captain’s hand in his. “Captain Harrison, you have been a kind friend to me ever since. I can remember. If all Christians were like you, I can only say I wish there were more of them. And more than that, what you have so often said to me about Christ has made me think very seriously, and I really intend to serve Him, too, but not just yet.”

“And why not now, Locksley?” asked his friend.

“I am afraid you will think me cowardly if I tell you, Captain. The truth is that our people always give a ball at Christmas, and it would be a terrible disappointment to them all if I were to hold aloof. They would say I had turned Puritan and lost all my spirits, and I don’t know what else; and it would seem hard to give them pain just on first going home. So I have made up my mind to keep on as usual till after that. Besides,” he added, with the frankness of a true British sailor, “I expect it will be a right down jolly time, and I’m not inclined to give it up on my own account. But after Christmas, Captain, I will turn over a new leaf—see if I don’t.”

The Captain feared that human pleading would have little power to overturn the young man’s purpose. Standing with uncovered head on the heaving deck, he prayed earnestly though silently to his Father in heaven, Who could convince his young friend that now was the only certain “day of salvation.” Locksley understood and felt the unspoken prayer, the words of which he could not hear. His head was bowed, too, and his spirit deeply moved; but the tempter was at hand with the deadly suggestion that it was quite as safe, and far better, to wait awhile. As Captain Harrison bade him “good-night,” before turning in, he said, gaily, “Now don’t get anxious about me, Captain,

Christmas will soon be here, and you have my promise after that.”

The Captain went below and left the brave young fellow on deck bright and mirthful, and ready to quench every feeling of misgiving that the Captain’s prayer had caused by lively anticipations of his return home.

Not ten minutes had passed when the Captain heard hurried footsteps on the deck; then the sharp, clear cry, “Man overboard!” and in another instant he had dashed up the companion ladder and looking round, he scarcely needed to ask, “Who is it?” for had it not been Locksley he would have seen him at once, foremost among the gallant fellows who were lowering the boats, ready to peril their own lives to rescue the man in danger. Yes, it was Locksley! Reaching over the quarter to clear an entangled log-line he lost his foothold and fell overboard, and the ship went on her rapid way without him. Everything was done which stout arms and brave hearts could do. But all was vain. The men strained at the oars only to see him throw up his arms and sink.

Christmas, with its mirth and festivity, came to others but not to him; and as he went down in the cold waters, leaving hope and life behind him forever, it would add a terrible keenness to his agony to remember that not many minutes before, eternal life had been offered to him through Jesus, and he had refused it.

And Edward Locksley’s is far from a solitary case. “Oh!” said a poor woman, whose death-bed was made miserable by the memory of lost opportunities, “when God says, ‘Today,’ it is awful madness to say tomorrow!” And yet how many are saying it. Dear reader, are you? Have you not often been invited to accept salvation through the quiet voice of a tract, or the earnest words of a Christian; or it may be, by the lips of a mother, whose last words on earth were a prayer for you? Oh, in how many ways does a loving God beseech you to be reconciled! And you have never yet trusted in Him, but are quite intending to do so, but just like Edward Locksley, “not just yet.” You have some plan of pleasure or gain in the future, and it shall be “after that,” that you will serve Him Whose ways are all pleasantness, and whose service is “profitable unto all things.”

Ah! my reader, perhaps you think to gain the world, and then afterward to get your soul saved, but such speculations very often turn out a dead loss in both respects. I cannot tell what “more convenient season” you are looking forward to, but I can tell you that it is a soul-ruining delusion to think that it will ever come. Procrastination is the recruiting officer of hell. “Now is the accepted time now is the day of salvation.” “Today” is what God says; “tomorrow” is what the devil says.

“He that being often reproveth hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy.”— Prov. 29:1.

“No Hand Like Yours, Mother!”

“All through the long and trying illness had he been cared for and nursed by all in that humble home—a soldier brother even spending his furlough for the purpose of attending to the poor invalid, who was suffering from the dire disease of cancer, and sent home from a London hospital as incurable. Yet there was one hand, tender and true—a mother’s—which beyond all others, soothed the sufferer, and attended best to his terrible wounds.

But there was the Hand of One which surpassed even that of the fond mother—as you shall hear, my reader.

It was not long before the end, the sentence above quoted was feebly whispered, with the following addition.

“No hand like yours, Mother, no hand like yours”—a pause— “Barring the Hand of Jesus!”

“Ah! yes, God in His loving grace had reached the soul of the dying man. Not many weeks before a sister (an invalid for many years) had passed away rejoicing in the sense of sins forgiven, and longing to be with the Lord Jesus; so that two out of that house are “forever with the Lord.”

“Barring the Hand of Jesus!”

Well, dear reader, do you know what that Hand has done for such as you and me?

“Nailed to the accursed tree”

when bearing our sins. Yes, “the Hand our many sins have pierced,” He then and there made atonement for sin. Only to think those Hands which delighted to dispense blessings to the needy, healing to the sick, cleansing to the leper, pierced by the cruel nails when man set Him upon the Cross between the two malefactors! Can you look back to that scene and say, ‘That was done for me—He bore my sins in His own body on the tree—He suffered, the just One for me the unjust?’ Yes, it must be “barring the Hand of Jesus.”

That very Hand, too, which brake the loaves and divided the fishes when He fed the hungry multitude. That Hand which raised Peter’s wife’s mother (Mark 2:31), and put it forth to touch the poor leper (verse 41) to heal him, and on another special occasion, the reading of which always carries me back over thirty years, to a place thousands of miles distant from Old England—Dinapore, in Bengal, when stationed there shortly after the Indian mutiny. I allude to the account in Matthew 14 of Peter’s walking upon the waves■for he did walk—only instead of looking at Christ, he considered “the wind boisterous, he was afraid, and beginning to sink, he cried, saying, Lord, save me! and immediately Jesus stretched forth His hand, and caught him, and said unto him, O thou of little faith, wherefore Midst thou doubt?” That very Hand which ‘ere long was to be nailed to the Cross.

What gave me such joy was the fact that the Lord not only stretched forth His Hand, but did so “immediately”: and, further, caught hold of poor sinking Peter. Thank God! He did not tell Peter to

catch hold of His outstretched Hand and hold on. No, no; that would not do. Peter, or you, or I would soon have got tired and let go. He laid hold of Peter, and kept him up. What a mercy, dear reader. Do you see the point? Not your holding on even to the outstretched Hand of Jesus, but He, with the Hand of power—the very Hand “our many sins have pierced”— guided by the heart of love, holding you up right on to the end?

Is it not then “barring the Hand of Jesus?” You may have needed and received all the attention and skillful training which a hospital could bestow, and lovingly and unselfishly tendered; but there is no Hand like His to make a downy pillow soft to an aching head and an anxious heart. If you have not experienced this up to now, may you do so, and at once, for “NOW is the accepted time, NOW is the day of salvation.”

S. V. H.

Evening Praise

“Praise the Lord from the earth... mountains and all hills; fruitful trees, and all cedars.”— Psalms 148:7, 9.

If anyone has produced some masterpiece of art or science, men say of him that his masterpiece will stand for all time as a monument to him. In the same way God’s works stand for all time as a monument to His greatness and wisdom, and silently praise Him by their grandeur or delicate beauty, their wisdom and perfection.

The sun was setting behind me one evening, as I followed a road which led over the moors and through pine-covered hills. Everything was bathed in a mellow golden light, and all things seemed to be singing to the Praise of God.

On each side stretched moors, covered with bracken, tufts of golden gorse, purple heather and the lighter magenta of ling; trails of blackberry vine, covered with fruit, overran the grassy bank by the roadside, and encroached upon the road itself.

Here and there small groups of pines stood out sharply against the pale blue green of the sky, the stems in the center of the groups straight and tall, those on the outside bent by the rough winds, twisted and bare. The trees were roofed with a dense mass of green, below which the stems glowed a rich reddish sepia where the sun touched them.

As the road led higher amongst the hills, the pines became thicker, until they stood so close together that the sun could only penetrate a short way between the tall straight stems, flecking those near the road with patches of rich red, which gleamed brightly against the sombre mysteries of the deeper woods. The ground under the trees was soft with a springy carpet of pine needles, and was decked with scanty patches of light green bracken.

Somewhere, out of sight, a fire was burning, which filled the wood in its neighborhood with a bluish smoky haze through which the sun made long bars of light and shadow. The fragrance from the burning wood was a fitting incense offered at the time of evening sacrifice.

Here an old oak tree grew at the edge of the road, and there a bright berried ash, their colors glowing in the light of the setting sun made splashes of gold and crimson against the sombre woods.

The tall lines of pine trees diminished with the perspective, until they and the road became blended in the shadowy blue of the distant hills; that mysterious dreamland of gathering darkness.

It grew darker as I reached the further end, and looking back towards the place when the sun had set, the woods seemed more mysterious than ever, with the golden light filtering through the tree trunks and trembling on the rising mists.

“And they heard the voice of God walking in the garden in the cool of the day.” I think that the followers of Jesus still often hear His Voice in the cool and quiet of such places, away from the din

of the cities; where the evening lights flicker and change, and the shadows throw their quiet fingers across road and landscape, as they quietly draw together the curtains of night.

Praise ye the Lord!

Unitus.

Able to Save and Able to Keep

“Trust ye in, the Lord Forever, for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength.”— Isaiah 26:4.

In the Highlands of Scotland there is a mountain gorge twenty feet in width and two hundred feet in depth. Its perpendicular walls are bare of vegetation, save in their crevices, in which grow numerous wild flowers of rare beauty. Desirous of obtaining specimens of these mountain beauties, some scientific tourists once offered a Highland boy a handsome gift if he would consent to be lowered down the cliff by a rope, and would gather a little basketful of them. The boy looked wistfully at the money, for his parents were poor, but when he gazed at the yawning chasm, he shuddered, shrank back, and declined.

But filial love was strong within him, and after another glance at the gift and at the terrible fissure, his heart grew strong, his eyes flashed, and he said, “I’ll go, if my father will hold the rope!” And then with unshrinking nerves, cheek unblenched, and heart stout and strong, he suffered his father to put the rope about him, lower him into the abyss, and to suspend him there while he filled his little basket with the coveted flowers. It was a daring deed, but his faith in the strength of his father’s arm gave him power and courage to perform it.

This is just an illustration of the power of our God and Father exercised on our behalf. There is not only power to save us, to deliver us from the penalty of sin, “from the wrath that is coming,” but after we are saved, to keep us from falling, to uphold us, and strengthen us in every time of weakness and difficulty. All that we have to do is to trust this power; just as the brave lad trusted his father’s strong arm, and all is well. The promises of God in His Word as to His keeping power are very precious; “He is able to keep us from falling”; He has promised to “keep the feet of His saints”; and, lastly, this one, where the Lord’s people are compared to a vineyard, “I the Lord do keep it, I will water it every moment, lest any hurt it, I will keep it night and day.”

A New Year Without Peace

“There is no peace saith my God to the wicked.” No peace to those who are unsaved. And you are unsaved and you have not peace. It would be an awful thing for you to die at war with God. A great Cardinal cried when dying, “Oh, my poor soul, what will become of thee? Whither wilt thou go?” And a young lady, asked about her condition on her death-bed, cried, “Not prepared.” Would you like to be at peace with God? I am sure you would. Then believe in Jesus, and you will be at peace for, “He has made peace by the blood of His Cross,” and “He is our peace.”

It is with deep regret we have to announce the passing away of our revered friend, the Editor Dr. Heyman Wreford was called Home in the early hours of New Year’s Day.

A fuller notice will appear (D.V.)

In Memoriam

Heyman Wreford

Born 11th August, 1850

Fell asleep 1st January, 1935

“Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord.... Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them.”— Revelation 14:13.

“He being dead, yet speaketh.”— Hebrews 11:4.

Rest for the Weary

“There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God.” Hebrews 4:9.

TO rest at last!

The peace of God receiving.

No more to sin, no more the Spirit grieving;

To rest at last!

To be at home!

The peace of God around us;

And in our hearts the love that sought and found us.

To be at home!

Thank God for rest.

For weary eyes the dawning;

For longing hearts the light of that glad morning.

Thank God for rest.

A little while

And He that shall come will come:

And heaven’s glad shout shall be our voice of welcome.

A little while.

But rest at last,

With Thee Lord Jesus dwelling,

And at Thy feet the love of ages telling.

Yes, rest at last.

Heyman Wreford.

When we think of him, we can truly add the words of the great Apostle Paul who could say. “I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith.”

A Glorious Sunset

January 4, 1935.

DEAR FRIENDS, — The news of the passing of my dear father, Dr. Heyman Wreford, will come as a shock to many of you. We had so hoped he might be spared to us a little longer to carry on the great work on which his heart was set, but God in His infinite wisdom willed it otherwise, and has taken His servant home to rest, after a life of devoted service to suffering souls and bodies.

We cannot grieve for him, knowing what a wonderful home-coming his must have been, but the loss to us who remain is very great, and but for the inspiration of his life and example, it would be almost impossible to face.

I feel sure that you who knew him either personally, or through his work and writings, will like to know something of his last few days on earth—days clouded by suffering, but with the light of Heaven ever breaking through the clouds.

On Thursday, December 27th my father, who had been very weak for some days, seemed to gain strength a little. He said “good-bye” individually to those of us who were gathered round him, even to my little dog, of whom he was very fond. To each one he gave a message of love that will never be forgotten.

We sent for the Depot workers to come and sing to him, for their singing was always one of his greatest pleasures. They sang three of his favorite hymns, “How sweet the Name of Jesus sounds,” “There is a land mine eyes have seen.” and “Abide with me.” At the close of the singing, my father repeated the verse his own father had spoken before his passing:

“Glory, glory everlasting

Be to Him who bore the Cross,

Who redeemed our souls by tasting

Death, the death deserved by us.”

He then said “good-bye” to each one.

All that day he kept uttering loving farewells to us at intervals, and that night we thought he was leaving us, but he rallied. The next day he was much weaker, and continued to fail, until on New Year’s Eve he sank into the sleep from which he awakened in Heaven on New Year’s morning. His last conscious act before falling asleep was to point to someone invisible to us, and beckon them nearer, and his last thought was for the meeting with which he had been connected for so many years.

It was a beautiful passing, and it left behind a peace which it is impossible to describe. All of us who were bound to him by ties of love and service have been conscious of it, and upheld by it ever

since. It is all around me as I write, sitting in my father's chair in the Depot he loved so well. It seems like a legacy to us, "the peace of God that passeth all understanding."

I want to thank you all for the fellowship and interest that sustained my dear father in all he sought to do for a sad and suffering world. I know how he valued your prayers for him. Please pray for us, that we may be guided as to the future of his great work.

Yours very sincerely,

Christabel E. C. Gladwell.

Reminiscences of the Life and Work of Heyman Wreford

SINCE the Home-call of God's beloved servant, so many have expressed their desire to know something of his Life and work that we have felt constrained to write a little of what we know, with the heartfelt prayer that God will bless this little narrative to many of His own, as well as to those who are still unsaved.

What a wonderful warrior of the Cross Dr. Wreford was! His greatest joy was in making known the unsearchable riches of His grace, who had "called him out of darkness into His marvelous light." It is, indeed, impossible to give you but a very small estimate of what his life was, but when we think of his untiring energy, and the fervor of tireless days and nights spent in the work of the Lord; of the editing of "A Message from God" year after year for fifty years; of the numbers of Gospel booklets he wrote and circulated; of his enormous correspondence; besides the years of his public preaching, and the spiritual help he gave in private, we stand in the shadow of this great loss, and feel that it is irreparable. But he will still live in his works, and thousands, we trust, will yet find the Saviour through them.

Dr. Wreford's Early Conversion

(The story given in his own words.)

I REMEMBER when a boy I was very often anxious about my soul. It was not the fear of death so much that haunted me—the bounding life of a healthy boy does not tend to thoughts of death—but the fear of the second coming of the Lord Jesus Christ used to terrify me beyond all telling. I knew that He might come at any moment, night or day, when I was asleep, or when I was awake. This truth of the second coming of Christ had fastened itself upon my heart; I could not get away from it, and the awful horror of being left behind, when He came to call His people into heaven, was often more than I could bear. Many an hour have I spent, as a child, upon my knees begging the Lord to save me, so that I should not be left on earth when Christians rose to glory.

Let me repeat to you, dear friends, one of my experiences: —

The Devil's Whisper.

It was midnight. There was no sound in the quiet house; all was silence and darkness.

A little boy lay sleeping in his bed, alone in the room. Suddenly he awoke in an agony of fear, shaking in every limb, while the perspiration trickled down his cheeks. He slipped out of bed, went trembling to the door of the room, opened it, went out on to the landing, and then down the stairs. He stopped outside the bedroom door of the landing below his room, and eagerly listened. After a while he went upstairs to his own room again; and going down upon his knees, burst into tears, praying to God to save him.

What had happened? Why did he do this? I will tell you.

His parents were Christians, and he was still unsaved. Often had he felt the Spirit striving with him, and he desired salvation. This night as he lay asleep, it seemed as if Satan had come to his bedside and whispered in his ear, "The Lord has come, and you are left behind; you'll never be saved now." He heard the words quite plainly, and awoke in great fear. He gazed fearfully around the room, but there was nothing to be seen.

Again the tempter seemed to speak, and now he said, "You cannot hear anything, it is all quiet; they are all gone, and you are left. You will never see your father and mother again."

An awful terror now seized him. He knew Christ was coming, and he believed now He had come. His heart was throbbing wildly, as if it would burst from his bosom. What should he do? Where should he go? All at once it struck him that he would go downstairs, and listen outside his parents' door, and find out whether they were really there or not. He did so; and when he heard them breathing it seemed as if an awful load had been taken off his heart. He crept slowly back to his room, and knelt down to pray, his heart almost breaking with emotion.

Thank God, he is saved now, and waiting for Christ to come; but he will never forget the awful horror that came upon his soul when he thought he was left behind.

H. W.

A Review of the Past

WHILE looking through some of Dr. Wreford's manuscripts and papers today I came across the following Interesting report of the meetings that were held in bygone days, written by one who has been "with Christ" for many years.

"In 1880 Mr. Heyman Wreford engaged the 'Assembly Rooms,' Fore Street, Exeter, and preached there to largely overflowing congregations every Sunday evening until November, 1882. Finding the accommodation inadequate the Royal Public Rooms were taken. Here the people largely increased, numbers continued to flock, and long before the commencement of the service the large hall was generally packed to its utmost capacity, and often it was with the greatest difficulty that Mr. Wreford could get to the platform. The pressure not being removed by the removal, it was decided to engage the 'Victoria Hall.' This was done in 1884 and the meetings continued to be attended by a large concourse of people—often more than 2,000... On the first Sunday afternoon in the month there is a Children's Service; on the second Mr. Wreford delivers an Address to Anxious Souls; on the third to converts; and on the fourth to workers. At the Sunday evening services his Addresses are on special subjects, previously announced by hand-bills. Mr. Heyman Wreford is undoubtedly a most popular preacher. He is about thirty years of age, and of prepossessing appearance.

"As a medical student at St. Bartholomew's Hospital it may be imagined that his time is pretty fully occupied in studying for entry to the profession he has chosen, but nevertheless he finds time to prepare his Addresses, and comes down weekly from London to engage in the Gospel work, so close to his heart."...

Another Review, and How the Blessing Came.

"This afternoon we were all exceedingly pleased by the arrival of our brother Heyman Wreford, from Exeter...Consequently it was with real interest that we settled down to hear our brother's account of the Lord's work in Exeter. He began by telling us that about five years ago (October 10th 1880) many of the dear saints got together for prayer the fruit thereof being, that a room was engaged that would hold about 300 persons. For more than two years the services were conducted there, many being converted, and the blessing in general was marked and large. But the place became too strait, and after more prayer, larger accommodation was obtained (for the first month by contributions of the class of elder girls, who deeply interested themselves in the gospel). But more space was required to hold the increasing numbers that came to the simple Gospel testimony. Eventually the 'Victoria Hall' was engaged, where thousands now, Lord's Day after Lord's Day, fill the spacious Hall. Many instances of blessing our dear brother related with thrilling power—blessings which have proved lasting and effectual.

" 'The secret of it all is prayer,' exclaimed the evangelist. 'I tremble when prayer is stayed,' He then continued by giving us many instances of wonderful answers to prayer.

“ ‘One dear brother,’ he said, ‘feeling ill at the close of the week, took it as an indication of God’s will that he should retire to his room and spend the time in prayer to God on behalf of the meetings. This he did, continuing in prayer until late on the following Lord’s Day evening. On Monday morning, a brother, having noticed his absence on the Lord’s Day, visited him, when he was received by the salutation, ‘You had blessing last night, had you not?’ The secret was out. I could not account for such a wave of blessing rolling over us. Now, I saw it was prayer again! Oh, beloved brethren, pray! pray! I pray!!!

“Could we resist such an appeal? We could not, and from the very spot where we were, much earnest prayer arose to the throne of God on behalf of our young brother and his work in the Gospel.”

Sheaves from the Harvest Fields.

For lack of room we are only able to give you one out of thousands of instances of the most wonderful blessing in connection with the preaching of the Gospel recorded above. Eternity alone will reveal the full results—but, thank God, the result is sure. The instance we give was feelingly recalled at Dr. Wreford’s funeral on Saturday, January 5th at the Higher Cemetery, Exeter.

The Exeter Newsman

IT was in the days of the early eighties, when God was giving us very great blessing at all our meetings, that I was asked by an Inspector of the Exeter Police, who had been converted at the meetings, to go and see this dying man. The Inspector told me that he had threatened to kill any clergyman or minister who came to see him, and one who was asked to go said he would as soon put his foot in hell as in his house.

When I was asked to go and see him I made it a matter of earnest prayer, and then I went. He lived in one of the cobbled back streets of our ancient City, and, when I reached his home and knocked at the door, his wife opened it. I said, "Can I see your husband?" For answer she put her finger to her lips, enjoining silence on me. I said, "Where is he?" She did not answer, but pointed to an inner room, beyond the front room, which was kitchen and sitting-room combined. I walked through the outer room and went into the bedroom. I found Hurl lying on his bed, staring at me with great surprise and resentment in his eyes. I simply said, as I drew nearer to the bed, "I heard you were ill, and I came to ask how you were." All the time I was praying to God to show me how to reach this sinner's heart. I felt entirely dependent, knowing the character of the man. He had had "delirium tremens" seven times, and had often pursued his wife through the streets at night, threatening to kill her.

As he lay watching me, my constant prayer was, "O God, what shall I say; what shall I do?" Clearly and distinctly a voice answered to my soul, "Speak to him about Guppy." The voice was the voice of the Spirit of God, and I obeyed it. Guppy had been converted at our meetings, and had been buried a few days before. I had no knowledge of this man's acquaintance with Guppy. I did not know whether they were acquainted or not, but I at once said, "Did you know Guppy?" He looked at me in surprise, and replied, "I knew him well; we were boys together." As I sat down by the bedside I answered, "Yes, he was a friend of mine as well, and I was with him just before he died." I then told him all about Guppy, his conversion, what he had said to me, and what I said to him. Guppy dead and gone to Heaven was speaking through me to this poor soul. He could not refuse to listen, because I constantly said, "Guppy said this to me, and I said this to Guppy." And, as I went on preaching the Gospel of God's Grace to him through Guppy, he grew more and more interested, and I could see the Spirit of God was doing a work in that soul that would end in his being saved. At last I looked him straight in the face, and said, as I stood over him, "And what of you? You must believe on the Lord Jesus Christ for Salvation. Do you know you are a sinner?" Slowly he answered, "Yes." I said, "God sent His Son to die for sinners." And then, referring to his present condition, I said, "Do you think you are going to die, or going to get better?" He replied. "I think I shall die." "Would you like to go to Heaven?" "Yes." "You must repent of your sins and believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, who died for sinners. I then told him the story of the penitent thief, saved at the eleventh hour. I spoke of his condition—a vile sinner—of his position hanging over hell—of his cry to the Lord Jesus, "Lord, remember me"; and, as I told this wonderful story of redeeming love, he listened absorbed. I then said to him, "Will you pray the thief's prayer to Jesus now?" And he said with trembling lips, "Lord, remember me." And then I told him of the man who

remembered he was a sinner, and because he knew it, could not lift up his face to Heaven, but cried in his need: "God be merciful to me a sinner"; and I said to him, "Now will you say— 'God be merciful to me a sinner?'" And he said, as he lay there facing eternity, "God be merciful to me a sinner." And then I told him of Peter sinking beneath the waves, and how he prayed to Jesus, "Lord save me"; and I told the poor sinner before me that he was sinking down to hell, and only One could save him, and that was the Lord Jesus Christ. And I said, "Hurl, will you say, Lord save me?" And he said earnestly, "Lord save me." And once again I spoke to him, and this time of the Jailer at Philippi, who, anxious about his soul, cried out to God's servants, "What must I do to be saved?" And I said, "Do you ask that question now?" By the grace of God he did. Then I repeated text after text to him. He told me he wanted to go to Heaven. I asked him if I might pray with him and he said, "Yes." On leaving, I asked him to think of Christ, and he promised he would. I said, as I shook hands with him, "Do you want me to come again? I shall not come unless you ask me." He told me he wished me to come.

When I got outside the neighbors told me a little about his life. They said he was a drunkard, and had had "delirium tremens" several times. They told me he had kicked a woman to death, and had cursed and sworn all through his illness, and would let no one come near him.

He had often kicked his wife into the gutter, and many other things. However, I felt sure that God was going to save his precious soul.

The next day—February 27th 1884—I called to see him again, bringing with me a text on a card to put on the bottom of his bed, so that he could always see it. The text was■

"He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life."

He told me that he had thought much about me during the night, that he had prayed to the Lord a good deal, and that he wanted to be saved. His wife told me that he had not sworn at her since I was there.

We had a happy time together, reading the Bible and praying to God, and when I left him he was earnestly seeking the Saviour. I gave him a Bible, which he read for himself. I had the joy at length of hearing him confess Christ. He was very happy as he lay talking to me of God's goodness to him and of his past guilty life. He asked me to pray for his wife that she might be saved. His end was perfect peace, calmly trusting in his Saviour. I was not with him when he died, but I know where he is now, and look forward to meeting him soon in the presence of the Lord.

Heyman Wreford.

Work Amongst the Children

CHILDREN always held a very large place in Dr. Wreford's heart. He loved them dearly, and ever sought to win them for the Saviour, Who, when He was on earth, took them in His Arms, and blessed them.

At the age of sixteen Dr. Wreford was the superintendent of a ragged school. He has often told me about the children's meetings that he held; and of the children's rapt attention to the Gospel. Yea, so great was their interest that only the ticking of the clock upon the wall could be heard, and the sobs of children who wanted to be saved. And great numbers were saved among them.

One little girl who loved the Saviour was very ill, and day by day grew worse. As she was dying she got out of bed and knelt down and prayed, "Lord Jesus, please take me Home: I am so tired." Then, still upon her knees, she laid her little head upon the counterpane and passed away. So the Lord Jesus folded the little tired lamb to His tender bosom, and gathered her in His arms of love. Another instance I remember Dr. Wreford telling me not very long ago. He said, a little girl who had given her young heart to the Lord Jesus, was once taken ill. When visiting her one day he felt he wanted to be sure of her faith in Christ, and asked, "Do you love the Lord Jesus Christ?" Whereupon she replied, with a beaming countenance (and pointing to her bedroom door), "If Jesus were to come in at that door I should throw my arms around His neck, and kiss Him." Real love indeed.

In our present work for God the children have a large place. Hundreds, and hundreds, and hundreds of Testaments have been sent to children. We also constantly receive requests for Testaments from Sunday School teachers and workers, from ministers and day-school teachers, and others who work amongst the children. Many we know have been saved through receiving, and believing in their hearts, the Word of God that has been sent to them from our Depot.

1914■1918

THIS is a most touching part of Dr. Wreford's lifework for God. We can only give you a glimpse into that work here—but we know that the record of it all is kept in heaven, and we shall see it by and by.

Dr. Wreford, with his whole heart filled with love to God, and for the precious souls for whom Christ died, longed, with the intensity of his being, for the souls of the soldiers and sailors facing death. He, therefore, commenced a work at the beginning of the War, with the object of giving a New Testament (pocket size), to every soldier and sailor, that they might be brought to the knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ. Besides sending parcels of Testaments and booklets for distribution among the soldiers and sailors, at home and abroad, Dr. Wreford commenced what proved to be a most successful branch of our war work, and that was the sending out of postcards to workers, for distribution among the men, which enabled any soldier or sailor to apply for a New Testament, and receive it for himself. This work was greatly blessed. Thousands and thousands of these cards were printed and circulated, and Dr. Wreford often received back as many as 500 of these cards in one day—and a Testament was sent to every man who asked for one. Men of all ranks sent to him—and all received the Word of God. Below is a facsimile of the post-card that was sent out. At the back of the card was Dr. Wreford's name and address.

I remember once our postman calling for three large bales to take to the Post Office. He said to Dr. Wreford, who was standing in the doorway, "You are sending some large parcels to the soldiers!" Dr. Wreford replied, "There are fifty thousand post-cards there to be sent away." He looked astonished, and then said, "Are they all coming back?" Dr. Wreford answered, "I hope so—and I pray they may.

Dr. Wreford always kept the post-cards that came back to him from the dear men who were fighting on land and sea—and we have them still. Many a time I have seen his eyes fill with tears at the recollection of those days, and the work God enabled him to do. And often he has remarked to me, when speaking together about the work, past and present, "We shall know all by and by."

We have records of hundreds and hundreds of cases of blessing through this work. We reprint just one instance, deeply regretting that limited space will not allow us to tell you more.

Give Me a Word to Speak to God.”

A young soldier, who was not a Christian, received a fatal wound in the head, and as he fell back, he said to his comrade: “I have got my ticket; I am going west; give me a word to speak to God.” His comrade, not being a Christian, passed the word down the trench to a Christian mate, who took out his New Testament and marked it at John 3:16 He read to the dying man— “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 man listened eagerly, then gasped out: “That’s it; it is His own Word. He cannot go back on that. I trust Him.” He was saved at the last moment, through faith—he went “west” with a word to speak to God.

Work After the War

WHEN the Great War was over, and there was no need of our continued efforts to send Testaments to tilt soldiers and the sailors, Dr. Wreford felt that God's Work, must go on, and wrote an article in which he said, "... We have signed no Armistice with the devil. We are still at open war with this great enemy of mankind.... He is the foe of God and man—he hates the Lord Jesus, and he hates the book that speaks of Him.... Earth's Christless millions need His Word, and they must have it. We must still continue to sow the good seed of the Word all over the world..." And, dear friends, from all parts of the world have come requests to us for the Word of God which it has been our joy and privilege to send until this day—some of our Testaments often going into parts of the world where no missionary has ever been.

In the pages of "In His Harvest Fields" we have given you every month the story of our work, and the growth of our work. And when we think of the wonderful blessing God has given us, it seems hard indeed to give this blessed service up; and we feel, all the more deeply, at this solemn crisis in our work, what we have lost by the departure of this faithful servant of the living God. None can tell the sorrow of our hearts.

So many of our friends have made anxious inquiries as to the future of our work, and almost without exception have expressed the hope that the work will be continued. We hope so, too, if it is God's will. Our earnest prayer at the Depot is, "Lord, what wilt Thou have us to do?" And we beg the prayers of all our Christian friends that we may know the will of God, and do it. Shall the work cease? Or shall the work continue? "Lord, what wilt Thou have us to do?" Meanwhile, we shall continue as long as our friends help us, and God will see to it that they do, we are sure, if the work is to be permanently continued. So, dear friends, will you, above all, give us your prayers, and sympathy, and help. We ask it for Christ's sake.

At the Grave

IN June, 1932, Mrs. Heyman Wreford was laid to rest in the Higher Cemetery, Exeter. On January 5th 1935, the precious dust of our beloved Doctor was laid in the same grave, until “the Lord Himself shall come.” The cemetery chapel was full to overflowing, and a large congregation stood around the open grave. Many eyes were filled with tears, and every heart was filled with grief.

Addresses were given by Mr. W. J. Hocking, of London (in the chapel), who spoke from John 9; and Mr. Theo. Davis, also of London, who spoke from 1 Corinthians 15 at the graveside. The hymns sung were, “Asleep through Jesus, blessed sleep” and “Christ is risen, sound His praise,” while “How sweet the Name of Jesus sounds” was sung at the close of that solemn, blessed service. Then, after the closing prayer, we could but say, “Good-bye, dear, dear Doctor, for a little while, when we shall meet again to part no more.”

“We shall see thee ‘in the morning,’ when our tears are wiped away

We shall dwell with Christ Forever, in that Resurrection Day.”

Farewell!

Farewell! Awhile dear servant of the Lord

Thy work on earth is done;

The Master calls thee Home■His blest reward.

Thy faithful heart has won.

Thy pathway to the skies was rough and long

Reproach for Christ was thine.

But, lo! at eventide God gave thee song—

And light■His light divine.

His mercy and His truth, sustained thee where

Thy fields of service lay,

And up the shining heights of faith and prayer,

To rest and endless day.

Sorrow’s Diadem.

“For the Lord Himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God: and the dead in Christ shall rise first: then we which are alive and remain shall be brought up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air: and so shall we ever

be with the Lord. Wherefore comfort one another with these' words."■1 Thessalonians 4:16, 17, 18.

A Voice From Heaven

I SHINE in the light of God,
His likeness stamps my brow;
Through the shadows of death my feet have trod,
And I reign in glory now.
No breaking heart is here,
No keen and thrilling pain;
No wasted cheek, where the frequent tear
Hath rolled and left its stain.
No sin, no grief, no pain;
Safe in my happy home,
My fears are fled, my doubts all plain,
My hour of triumph come.
O! friends of mortal years!
The trusted and the true,
Ye are walking still in the vale of tears
But I wait to welcome you.
Do I forget? Oh, no!
For memory's golden chain
Shall bind my heart to the hearts below,
Till they meet and touch again.
Do you mourn when another star
Shines out from the glittering sky?
Do you weep when the raging voice of war
And the storms of conflict die?
Then why should your tears run down,
And your heart be sorely riven,

For another gem in the Saviour's crown,

And another soul in heaven?

(Selected)

“Going Home”

ONE is so often struck by the fact that even many true Christians have a very real fear of death, that I feel compelled to pass on two little incidents connected with the closing days of the life of my dear Father, Dr. Heyman Wreford, on earth.

One morning, after a very bad night, he said to his Secretary, Miss Newton, “I have been nearly Home — but I have a right there, it’s my Home! There’s nothing to be afraid of in going Home.” He dwelt on this thought, and the beautiful comfort it gave him, for some time.

On another occasion, only a few days before the end, he was speaking to some of us who were gathered round him, and after giving an unforgettable individual message to each one, he looked round on us all, with a smile, and murmured, as his own father had done before him on his death-bed, “For ever ■ all together!” It was exquisitely beautiful, and very, very touching.

It made one realize that, to God’s children, there need be no fear of death — to them it is only the opening of the gale-way, beyond which lie the “green pastures and the still waters”—where there is “no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain for the former things are passed away.”

The realization of this, in my Father’s home-going was, and is so strong, that we who are left seem to have been lifted by it above the normal realization of our loss, into a wonderful sense of peace and triumph.

I feel sure that my Father, whose whole life was spent in devoted service to others, would wish those to whom he can no longer speak himself, to have the comfort of knowing that the One to Whom he went so peacefully, and with such perfect assurance, will be there to comfort and receive all who trust Him, when their time comes. C. E. C. G.

A friend who visited Dr. Wreford frequently in his last illness has sent the following: ■

“I shall never forget last Thursday night, as taking Doctor’s hand in mine, I asked, ‘Well, Doctor, how are you now?’ With an effort, and in a voice not much more than a whisper, he replied: ‘Home, S ■, Home’; and with the utterance of these three little words, the ‘peace of God which passeth all understanding’ — that peace which the blessed Lord left to His own when He said, Peace I leave with you,’ seemed to fill his heart and soul, and was reflected in the radiance of his peaceful countenance. I said: ‘And you have no fear, have you, dear Doctor?’ ‘Oh, no!’ came the joyful response, ‘I am perfectly happy — there is no fear.’”

Quietness

“When He giveth quietness, who then can make trouble?” —Job 34:29.

“HE giveth quietness.” O! blessed Saviour,
Whose homeless feet have pressed our paths of pain,
Whose hands have borne the burden of our sorrow,
That in our losses we might find our gain.

“Of all Thy gifts and infinite consoling’s,
I ask but this: in every troubled hour
To hear Thy voice through all the tumults stealing,
And rest serene beneath its tranquil power.

“Cares cannot fret me if my soul be dwelling
In the still air of faith’s untroubled day;
Grief cannot shake me if I walk beside Thee,
My hand in Thine along the darkening way.

“Content to know there comes a radiant morning
When from all shadows I shall find release;
Serene to wait the rapture of its dawning —
Who can make trouble, when Thou sendest peace?”

(SEL.)

A Dream of the Holy City

A DEAR Christian told me of a dream he had, and I repeat it as he told it me: ■ “I dreamed I stood on the top of a high mountain, and across the valley was another mountain. As I gazed I saw before my eyes, shining in wondrous brightness, the Heavenly City. I could not describe it, but there it shone in all its glory — a light, not of earth surrounding it, and coming from it.

“I cried aloud as I stretched my hands towards it: ‘This is the Holy City, the City of God.’ And as I cried, it seemed to me as if voices around me said: Hush! hush!” but I shouted again as I gazed upon it shining there: ‘This is the Holy City — the City of God,’ and the more the voices tried to stop me, the more I cried.

“I looked down into the valley between the mountains, and there I saw P—standing by Mr. ■, who was preaching the Gospel. They were standing in a beautiful place, and when I saw them I bent down, and said in my dream: ‘P ■, P ■ come up here at once, and tell Mr.— to come; here is the Holy City.’ I saw them begin to climb the mountain, coming nearer and nearer to where I stood; but before they came to the top, the light of the City faded, and I saw before me the mountain top alone, with the light of early morning gilding it. I awoke, and lo! it Was a dream; but I seemed to have been in glory. It is on my soul now: I shall never forget it.”

This was my dear friend’s dream — his dream of heaven. But if thus in dreams it comes to us sometimes, What will the waking reality be?

“Dreams cannot picture a world so fair.” No! “Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him.”

Are you bound for heaven? Are you nearing the pearly gates that lead to the mansions beyond? Are you, by faith, seated in heavenly places in Christ Jesus? Shall you dwell amid the light of God Forever, and rest in the place prepared by Christ, the Home of His love?

“What will it be to dwell above

And with the Lord of Glory reign?”

Oh! are you sure of heaven? If you were to die today, should you fear death? A Christian told me, that in a dream one day, he saw the “valley of the shadow of death” before him, and as he entered it, he saw Jesus standing at the far end, inviting him to come through; and on either side, right through the valley, he saw shining ranks of angels keeping guard throughout its whole length. “He giveth His angels charge concerning thee.” The Christian’s home is where the angels are; where Saints redeemed are worshipping. The Christian’s home is with Jesus forever and ever.

Before the adoring eyes of John in Patmos, the Heavenly City shone; “And I, John, saw the holy city, new Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband.” Before my eyes its light shall one day shine. Can you say, “Beyond the shadows I am gazing at, I am waiting for my Saviour to take me to Himself? He is coming, coming soon, and I am

waiting at His gates. He will take me to glory, to His Father and to mine, to an eternity of gladness, of glory without end.” Oh, sinner, what is this to thee? Would’st thou not like to go to heaven, and to behold it, not alone in dreams, but with eyes beaming with rapture? John says again, “He carried me away in the spirit to a great and high mountain, and showed me the holy city, Jerusalem, descending out of heaven from God, having the glory of God; and its light was like unto a stone most precious, even like a jasper stone, clear as crystal.” My friend dreamed of it; but oh! the blessed reality — that even now as I write, Christ may come, and as you read this, Christ may come; and when He comes, all the hidden glories of the better land will be revealed to us in a moment. Are you ready? Look to Jesus. Trust in Jesus. Follow Jesus. Wait for Jesus. “Surely I come quickly. Amen. Even so, come Lord Jesus.”

H. W.

The Inhabitants of Heaven

WHO are those that dwell in heaven forever and forever? Sinners saved by grace. There is not a man or woman there who was not a sinner not one, but whose heart “was deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked.”

I stand upon those golden streets, I walk amid the brightness of the city; I hear a man singing, and I say to him; “And what were you on earth?” He answers: “I am the thief who died by the side of Christ. I said: ‘Lord, remember me when Thou comest into Thy Kingdom,’ and He said: ‘This day shalt thou be with Me in Paradise,’ and I have been here praising Him ever since.” I pass on, and I say to another: “Who are you with the light upon your brow?” She answers: “I am the one who broke the alabaster box of ointment over the Saviour’s feet. I washed His feet with tears and wiped them with the hairs of my head; and now He has wiped all my tears away, and I am happy in His presence.” “And who are you so radiant with happiness?” “I am the man who had the legion of demons. Jesus cast them out and healed me; and now I am praising Him forever and forever.” I pause to listen to tie endless song: “Unto Him that loveth us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and His Father; to Him be glory and dominion forever and ever. Amen.” Amen rings loud over all the scene; Amen, and Amen.

Again I pass on and I ask: “Who are you with face adoring?” “I was a drunkard, a vile, wretched drunkard; but Jesus loved me, and saved my soul.” “And who are you?” “A blasphemer.” “And you?” “A murderer.” “And you?” “A harlot; but Jesus bought me with His precious blood.” Yes, these are the inhabitants of this glorious city. And it may be when you and I get to glory, and stand amid the redeemed, worshipping, we shall hear one saying, pointing to Jesus, “Do you see those marks upon His blessed brow? Those scars? It was I who plaited the crown of thorns and pressed it on His brow.” “You?” “Yes, and after having done it, I heard Him say: Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do!” I never forgot those words.” And another might say: “Do you see those marks in His hands and feet? I took the hammer and the nails and drove them in. I was the one who nailed Him to the cross.” “You in heaven, you here clad in white, and with His Name on your forehead?” “Yes, He loved me, and gave Himself for me.” And why not, reader? Why should not these sinners be in glory? The blood of Christ availed as much for them, as for you and me. I should not be surprised, such is the amazing love of God, at seeing any of these in glory. The greatest surprise to me will be to find myself there. Yes, when we get there and mix along with the glorified inhabitants, we may hear voices say: “I was converted when Peter preached at Pentecost”; and “I heard Paul on Mars’ Hill”; and “I heard Philip in Samaria”; and “I heard Whitefield in the open air”; and “I heard John Wesley.”

And they will come from all parts — from north, south, east and west. The dark face and the pale face are alike now.

Neither creed, nor heterodoxy is heard there. Oh! are you going to this city? We shall see soon, above the pearly gates the banner waving, and upon its glorious folds the words: “Welcome Home.” The crusaders wept when first they caught a sight of Jerusalem. And when we see the

gates appear and the light shining from afar, when we behold the angel porters, clad in the livery of God at the gates of the holy city, if we weep for joy and gladness, they will be the last tears we shall ever shed. We shall go in with uplifted foreheads, to wear the crown; with eager feet, to tread those golden streets; with longing eyes, to gaze upon the face of Christ; with overflowing hearts, to Worship God and the Lamb. Then, as the wide expanse of heaven comes into view, as we behold the splendor of the city, its streets, its walls, its thrones, its mansions, its angelic hosts, and its redeemed millions; as we gaze with clear eyes on God's throne, and on the face of Christ, as we hear the sound of innumerable voices praising, methinks, we shall cry aloud so that all shall hear, "The half hath not been told." Then, with eyes of joy gazing around, shall we say, "This is mine forever; these shining streets, these hills of God, these robes of white, this diadem of glory, this endless song — mine forever and forever!"

— Extract from "A Glorious City."

H. W.

The Biography of a Christian

A Gospel Address, delivered at the Victoria Hall, Exeter,

by Heyman Wreford.

“For God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in our hearts, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ... For we which live are always delivered unto death for Jesus’ sake, that the life also of Jesus might be made manifest in our mortal flesh.” (2 Cor. 4:6, 11.)

IN the ninth chapter of Acts we read how the “chief of sinners” obtained mercy, and we will dwell a little on it now.

See the “blasphemer and injurious” on the road to Damascus! The willing servant and accredited agent of the high priest and the Sanhedrin, to wreak their unholy hatred on the followers of Jesus. He was a man of iron will and inflexible determination, and all the strength of his powerful personality was to be used against these faithful followers of the crucified Saviour. He has persecuted them in Jerusalem, and now as he journeys onward he carries with him letters from the high priest to the synagogues of Damascus, empowering him to bring any men or women, who believed in Jesus, bound to Jerusalem.

I see his eager eyes bent upon Damascus as he approaches the city.

But suddenly a blaze of light from heaven shines around him, and he is enveloped in its overwhelming radiance. As he falls to the earth he hears a voice saying to him, “Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?” Prostrate in the dust, he realizes that no mortal hand has placed him there. The hand of God has been laid upon him; the strong man has been laid low, the imperious will has been broken; the self-centered persecutor has found his Master, and broken and subdued he says, “Who art Thou, Lord?”

Like a high-mettled steed, who has taken the bit in his mouth, and in full career is suddenly thrown upon his haunches by the challenge of the curb held by a strength beyond his own, so Saul is conscious of the power and authority of the One who speaks to him from heaven. The answer comes, “I am Jesus, whom thou persecutest.” The power of the Sanhedrin was shattered by those words; they were the enemies not of a poor, despised people, but — of the Lord Himself. Saul had powers delegated to him to bring these followers of Jesus to Jerusalem, but the Lord speaks of them as being Himself.

“Why persecutest thou Me?” The whole Jewish nation was in arms against the God of heaven, and Saul, their agent, is fighting against God. These poor people were His; they were one with the Lord of glory. The effect of this revelation was overwhelming. Jesus of Nazareth was the Lord; the Crucified was in heaven; the strength of His love for His people was evidenced by the fallen idols in the temple of his being. The awful significance of his terrible sin, and the dreadful falseness of his life leave him without a shadow of excuse. The hour of doom is striking within his trembling

soul; the false foundations of religiousness, and blameless righteousness according to law; the moral elements that had made him the conscientious, religious man he had been, made the wreck of his whole life manifest. There was nothing left in the whole universe for this broken man but the consciousness that he had been at war with his God. Watch his trembling form! See the astonishment written on his face! Listen to his cry in the wild night of his awful despair! "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?"

"And the Lord said unto him, Arise and go into the city, and it shall be told thee what thou must do.... And Saul arose from the earth; and when his eyes were opened, he saw no man; but they led him by the hand, and brought him into Damascus. And he was three days without sight, and neither did eat nor drink." And so in darkness he is led into Damascus, blind for three days and nights, neither eating nor drinking, but realizing in his darkness the truth of all that he had experienced. And so this soul is born again. He, who had never known Jesus on earth, knew Him now in the glory of God. What rapture must have filled his soul when he realized that he was saved: the awful darkness of three days and nights passed, and heaven on earth begun!

Do you remember when you were converted? What happiness filled your soul! The angels of God seemed to be your companions, and heaven seemed to shine about your pathway. To know for a certainty that your sins were forgiven, and that you were saved from hell and sure of heaven. You seemed too happy for earth and you longed to be with Christ.

The Man and His Life

And now this terrible sinner is saved, and his life for God begins. The life has to be lived; the life that was useless without Christ has now immense possibilities before it. God had revealed His Son in him so that he might preach Him among the heathen. His only glory now was in the cross of his Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world was crucified unto him, and he unto the world. He was to bear witness to all men of what he had seen and heard and known. He was to go far hence to the Gentiles, their great apostle, to make known the unsearchable riches of His grace, Who had called him out of darkness into His marvelous light. He was the earthen vessel to be filled with heaven's light. He was always to bear about in his body the dying of the Lord Jesus, that the life also of Jesus might be made manifest in his body. He was a living man, to be always delivered unto death for Jesus' sake, that the life also of Jesus might be manifest in his mortal flesh.

Such was to be his life. Before his conversion he had been like a beautiful statue, fair in the eyes of men, but lifeless. Now the Spirit of God had given him eternal life, and all the powers of his mind and body were working for the good of man and the glory of God. The aspirations of his life were all heavenward — "That I may know him." The love that had saved him filled him with unspeakable rapture, and found expression in some of the loftiest thoughts that ever filled the heart of man. Listen to his wondrous words, "For I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord." Would you not rather be able to say this than be the King of England? No angel could ever enter into these deep things of God. He knew what no angelic being could ever know — the rapture of a soul forgiven. The glory of his salvation gave depth and purpose to his life, "For to me to live is Christ." And the transforming power of this heavenly life made Christ so real to him, that he could "with open face behold as in a glass the glory of the Lord, and be changed into the same image

from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord,” What marvelous realities are these! A man on earth, by faith, sees the man Christ Jesus in the glory of God, and knows that before He ascended into heaven, He had borne his sins on the cross, and that it needed this atoning work of the Lord Jesus, for the putting of them away, before He entered into that glory.

Paul lived for eternity and not for time, and while all men sought their own, he sought the things which are Jesus Christ's. The world had no hold upon him at all; he was passing through it, but ever as he went he was “pressing towards the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus.” That was his goal, and the world would call in vain to him. The earthly honors that were once so dear to him, he “counted dung that he might win Christ.” He weighed everything by the Cross of Christ. He would have all men gaze upon that cross, and estimate there the real value of earthly and heavenly things. The effect of that cross is to minimize man and magnify God. There the world is judged, and although the haughty Jew might stumble there, and the philosophic Gentile sneer, yet still Christ crucified is the power of God, and the wisdom of God. With his back to the world and his face to the cross, and the power of the salvation of his crucified Saviour filling his soul, his challenge rings through all the universe — the challenge of a man in Christ, “I determined not to know anything among you [Corinthians], save Jesus Christ, and Him crucified.” And had he not chosen the “good part”? Had the world any better thing to offer? “Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for those that love Him. But God hath revealed them unto us by His Spirit.” He knew these things; he had seen the Saviour and heard His voice, and his heart was beating with the infinite certainties and possibilities of everlasting life. What did it matter to him that five times his poor body was beaten with thirty-nine stripes, or that he was scourged with rods three times, and once stoned, and three times shipwrecked, and that he had passed through perils on land and sea; that he had suffered weariness and pain, and hunger and thirst: that he had been cold and naked. It was all for Christ, it was all for Christ! He could glory in his sufferings and he could glory in the fact that God had so signally honored him as to take him up into the third heaven, and let him hear unspeakable things it is not lawful for man to utter. Yes, whether on earth upon the thorny paths of Christian life and experience, or whether in Paradise listening to the unspeakable things of God, he learned the lesson that God would teach him, “My grace is sufficient for thee: for my strength is made perfect in weakness.”

Ah! you may say we cannot all be like Paul; we may not all know Christ as he did. If you have Paul's faith you will have Paul's happiness. If you live Paul's life you will have his triumphs. “For me to live is Christ” is real today in the history of God's people.

(To be concluded next month D.V.)

Father and Son

Charles H. Spurgeon wrote in the album of a friend, evidently when he was feeling a presentiment of the approaching end: —

“When broken, tuneless, still, O Lord,
This voice shall yet Thy blood record,
Its virtue tried so long;
‘Till sinking low with calm decay,
Its feeble accents melt away,
Into a seraph’s song:
And then along the eternal tide
I’ll chant the praise of Him Who died
To all the blood-washed throng.”

And Thomas Spurgeon wrote underneath: —

“Sweet in old age that voice had proved,
Which in its youth the thousands moved
With love from Calvary.
We hoped to hear that bell for years
Ring out the tale of blood and tears,
But it was not to be!

Why mourn we though what might have been —

He chants above the self-same theme
In Heaven’s own happy key!”

Now they chant together “the self-same theme in Heaven’s own happy key.” What a meeting!
What a greeting! What music of redeeming grace.

Spurgeon’s Dying Pillow.

When near his end a minister came to visit the dying preacher. He found Charles Spurgeon very weak and low, but he was able to whisper, “Brother, my creed has become very short. Only four words! Not long enough for a sermon, but I can die on them, ‘Jesus died for me.’”

Our Unfading Inheritance

Many in this world are eagerly anticipating the moment when they shall reach the age of twenty-one. Some expect to succeed to a fine estate which they inherit from their parents; others are looking forward to the possession of a large fortune which they imagine will bring them untold happiness. The one, of whom I am about to tell you had no such expectations. But her hopes were fixed on high, and she had an "inheritance incorruptible and undefiled," reserved in heaven for her; and into these eternal and unfading joys she entered at the age of twenty-one. When I saw her first, looking so pale and fragile, I read to her of the heavenly land, where there is no pain or sorrow or death, and where God shall wipe all tears from their eyes. I asked her if she was happy, and she told me she was. I said, "You are not afraid to die?" "No, no, I know my Jesus too well for that," was the ready reply. The next time I called to see her she said, "Read to me about the tears being wiped away." I was glad to do it, and to know as I read how easy it is to face the future in the light of the truth of God. She was calm and peaceful, resting on the finished work of the Son of God. She used to say, "I am so glad that Jesus loves me." The love of Jesus was so real to her. Often when her mother was downstairs she would hear her singing to herself as she lay alone upstairs. One day the mother went up and said, "You are very happy, my dear." "Yes, mother, I am so happy, I cannot tell how to stop singing." "This is what she was singing: —"

O Paradise! O Paradise!

Who cloth not crave for rest?

Who would not seek the happy land

Where they that loved are blest;

Where loyal hearts and true

Stand ever in the light,

All rapture through and through,

In God's most holy sight!"

"O Paradise! O Paradise!

'Tis weary waiting here;

I long to be where Jesus is,

To feel, to see Him near;

Where loyal hearts and true

Stand ever in the light,

All rapture through and through,

In God's most holy sight!"

"O Paradise! O Paradise!

I greatly long to see

The special place my dearest Lord

In love prepares for me;

Where loyal hearts and true

Stand ever in the light,

All rapture through and through,

In God's most holy sight!"

This was doing "one thing." Thinking of Christ and heaven. This was forgetting what was behind, and reaching on. This was having a mark and pressing on. Do you long for rest and home, my reader? The rest of God in the home of heaven.

On one occasion she was gazing up and smiling sweetly, and her watching mother said, "My darling, do you see Jesus?" "No, I do not see Jesus, but I shall," was the answer. She would often exclaim, "My blessed Jesus, what should I do without Him now?" And yet you, reader, may have clone without Him for years; perhaps you are trying to do without Him now. She said with deep earnestness when near her end, "Oh! Mother, do pray from your heart that Jesus will come quickly for me; and that He will give me patience. I did not think I could be so weak and live." A friend said to her, "You will be in heaven first, to welcome Mother when she comes." "Yes," was the answer, "that will be best." Very shortly before she passed away she said to her mother, "Mother, dear, don't you be frightened if you see I'm dying; say, Mother, 'Thy will be done.' God knows what is best. It is better for me to be taken from you, than for you to be taken from me; what should I do without you? There's no one like a mother." Right up to the close she was happy. "I am so sorry I have done so little for Jesus," she would say. She passed away very peacefully at last.

I have related to you this chapter in an earthly life to show you how easy it is to face the future when you have Christ. This dear one could forget all on earth, and leave all for her love to her Saviour. This is "pressing on," having Christ and His heaven in view. God is reaping for eternity; calling His people one by one from this world of sin and sorrow. Let me say to you, my reader, if you are not as yet saved, you have not to work for Salvation. The work was done for you by your Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ. He said to God, "I have glorified Thee on the earth; I have finished the work which Thou gavest Me to do." That work, finished by Christ, was the salvation of your soul. Are you saved? If not, it is because you have not trusted in Christ's finished work. Will you do it now?

God is Love

Engraved on the metal of an old country weathercock are these words, "God is Love," and often people who notice it go to the owner of the house and ask him why he had such a text engraved upon a weathercock.

"Surely," they exclaim, "a weathercock is not the place for such a text. Do you want us to believe that the love of God is as fickle and uncertain as the wind?"

"No," replied the owner quietly, "that is not at all what I mean. I had the text put on my weathercock just to remind me that whichever way the wind may blow God is Love, If the wind veers found to the north, and comes laden with frost and snow, or from the biting east, God is love just as much to me then, as when His wind breathes softly and gently from the south."

God is Light

To scatter the darkness of nature, God gave light: to scatter the darkness of sin, He sent the Light of the world.

“O, the glory of the graces

Shining in the Saviour’s face’

Telling sinners from above

‘God is light,’ and God is love.”

Sunlight on the Resurrection Morn

SHE, weeping, stood before His empty grave,
And through her tears she sought to find her Lord;
She stooped and looked within the sacred cave,
And sought Him Whom her stricken heart adored.
What trancing vision met her longing eyes?
Whose glory lit the dwelling of the slain?
Two visitants were there from Paradise
To guard the rock-tomb where the Lord had lain.
One at the head, the other at the feet,
And none beside; the tomb was empty now;
They hailed her with heaven's blest compassion sweet
And questioning lips of love, "Why weepest thou?"
She answer gives, "Because my Lord has gone,
I know not where they laid Him when He died."
Then turns away to where One stands alone,
One Whom she knows not yet — the Crucified.
"Why weepest thou? Whom seekest thou?" again
The question comes. Again the soul's request
Gives answer, "Tell me where my Lord is laid,
For I would bear Him hence and give Him rest."
One word alone in answer, but it gives
The hidden meaning to a thousand fears■
"Mary!" Behold her at His feet. He lives;
"Rabboni!" Heaven has shone upon her tears.
So shall it be to other hearts than thine
Who seek the Saviour in love's glowing dawn;

For He will call thee with His lips divine,
And glory crown thy resurrection morn.

R. W.

The Love of Christ Constraineth us

“GOD so loved... that He gave His only begotten Son.” In the wonderful chapter in the Corinthian letter, the Holy Spirit shows to us through the Apostle Paul that love is absolutely indispensable to Christian service. We read in the opening verse of this “Love” chapter that whatever our gifts or abilities may be, without love we are nothing. It is possible to have eloquent speech (vs. 1), to be equipped with all knowledge (vs. 2), to have the mighty faith which removes mountains (vs. 2), to be sacrificial in giving to the poor, and to offer our bodies for burning (vs. 3), and yet without love. God grant us a soul-stirring and glorious vision of God’s love, revealed in the Lord Jesus Christ. May He bring us anew the experience of the constraining, overmastering love of Christ. Constrained by the love of Christ, we shall have a real compassion for the lost, perishing souls for whom Christ agonized and bled on Calvary’s cruel cross. We lament the coldness of our hearts, and the cry of our souls is for more perfect love — more devotion to Christ and more love for precious souls.

There are just three things about the love of Christ I have space to mention in this opening message.

1. It is a love that never calculates.

“He steadfastly set His face to go up to Jerusalem.” —Luke 9:51.

How great was the cost, and yet Christ moved forward to the great conflict with a love which was stronger than death. We do not know what lies before us in His call to service, but God grant us the love which never calculates. The early disciples “loved not their lives unto the death.”

2. It is a love that never changes.

“Having loved His own which were in the world, He loved them unto the end.” —John 13:1.

The love of Christ never changes. “While we were yet sinners, Christ died for us.” We are often changing in our love and faith, but the love of Christ remains the same.

Nearly two thousand years have passed since Christ died on Calvary’s Cross, but His love is the same today. We need this unchanging love!

3. It is a love that never ceases.

“I have loved thee with an everlasting love.”— Jer. 31:3.

Praise God for the eternal love of His great heart! It will roll on, increasing in power and wonder when the oceans have passed away, and the empires of this world have crumbled to the dust. The love of Christ will never cease. God grant us a fresh experience of the constraining love of Christ, so that we may “go forward” and be a blessing to the great multitudes of precious souls without Him. (By permission)

W. S. H.

The Everlasting Word

“Peace unto you.” —John 20:19.

The Everlasting Word is Christ.

THE Lamb, “fore-ordained before the foundation of the world,” the Word that was “made flesh and dwelt among us.” He Who always dwelt in eternity, the Word, “Who was with God, and Who was God.” He was here on earth, “God made manifest in the flesh.” He was the expression of God’s love upon this earth, the Son of God, “For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son; that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.”

Hark! I hear angelic praises. Listen! “Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, goodwill towards men.” They are praising God over Christ, the Son of God, a dependent babe in Mary’s arms. He lived on earth a life of love to sinners; He died upon the Cross, the “Just for the unjust to bring us to God.” He is a Saviour — God. He is from everlasting to everlasting. And the word of Him Who is the everlasting Word is, “Peace unto you.”

Christ has had a tomb prepared for Him.

Joseph of Arimathea and Nicodemus go to the Cross and take down the body of Jesus. I stand beside them and watch their reverent hands. They gently draw the nails from His hands, and feet, and lay the Saviour down. They gaze with tearful eyes upon the dead face of Christ, and I can hear them saying, “Look at the scars made by the crown of thorns upon His brow! See how the nails have pierced His hands and feet! Do you see this spear-wound in His side?” I look upon the body of Christ and I say, “That brow was scarred for me, those hands and feet were pierced for me, His side was riven for my sins. His death gave me life.”

And can the believer ever forget what Christ has done for him? No, as he watches Joseph and Nicodemus carrying the body of the Lord along, every scar, and wound seems to have a voice to say, “Surely He hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows; yet we did esteem Him stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted. But He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon Him; and with His stripes we are healed.” Yes, He has saved the soul from hell, He has, in His infinite love, redeemed us with His own precious blood. Have you accepted His sacrifice on your behalf? If not, why not now?

Joseph and Nicodemus left the body of the Saviour in the tomb, and went away. The last fond offices of love had been performed by them; and they went to their homes to meditate upon all the stupendous realities of that eventful day.

Three days afterward, a woman comes in the darkness, and stands before the tomb of Christ. It is Mary Magdalene. The stone is removed, “They have taken away the Lord out of the sepulcher, and we know not where they have laid Him!” Peter and John run to the sepulcher, and John outruns Peter, and, stooping, looks into the tomb. Peter comes, and goes into the tomb, and then John follows. Everything is strange. The napkin is there that had been wrapped about His head,

and the linen cloth that was around His body; but He is not there. They gather from the evidence of facts that He has risen. They do not know it from scripture; and with hearts filled with commingling feelings they go unto their own homes. And Mary stands alone, and weeps.

The angels in the sepulcher see her weeping, and they question her: "Woman, why weepest thou?" She says "Because they have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him." Thus speaking, she turns around and sees One standing by her Whom she knows not, although He should have been no stranger to her. He speaks to her. His questions are: "Woman, why weepest thou? Whom seekest thou?" Her heart is overwhelmed with grief, and she repeats her artless words: "Sir, if Thou hast borne Him hence, tell me where Thou hast laid Him, and I will take Him away."

"Jesus saith unto her, 'Mary.' She turned herself, and saith unto Him, 'Rabboni,' which is to say, 'Master.'" How beautiful! Mary — Master. I hear those words now. I see her glad eyes fixed upon the Lord, the light of recognition spreading over her face — like the sun over a clouded sky. Mary — it set all the joy-bells in her heart ringing. Master — she has found her Lord. And I hear that Voice today, and it says, "Sinner!" Jesus speaks. Do you hear? Are you a sinner? Are you conscious of sin? Answer, "Saviour!" The Saviour speaks to the sinner now. He came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance. You are called now. Will you come to Christ? His peace will be yours, if, by faith in Him, you know Him risen from among the dead. Yes, faith can feel the Saviour nigh — can hear Him saying now, "Peace unto you. Peace unto you."

The Everlasting Word is Peace.

The Lord's first word in resurrection is Peace; and why is this? Because He has passed through all the storm, and made peace. "We have peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ."

He passed through the storm of rejection. "He came unto His own, and His own received Him not." He passed through the storm of Gethsemane, when His head was bent beneath the fury of the tempest and His voice was heard amid the storm, saying, "My Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from Me, nevertheless, not as I will, but as Thou wilt." He passed through the storm of the betrayal, when He felt, like the hot breath of the simoon, the foul breath of the traitor as his base lips touched His cheek, and heard the words, "Hail, Master." The shock of the denial He bore, when, like the thunders crash, the curses of Peter rolled around the Saviour where He stood. It was His to endure, when "all forsook Him and fled," the storm of the mocking, the deriding, the scourging, the buffeting the spitting, and the crowning. The tempest fury, and darkness of the Cross, when they nailed Him there between two robbers to die. He hung 'twixt earth and heaven; and above His head what dark clouds gathered! He was there alone in that pitiless storm. Hark! the cry of the lonely One, forsaken by man, forsaken by God. "My God, My God, why halt Thou forsaken Me?" How furious the tempest now! The vials of wrath poured out in the darkness upon His defenseless head. The thunderbolts are crashing down upon Him now. The lightning plays around the Cross — the waves of a sea of wrath come surging higher and higher. He says, "All Thy waves and billows have passed over Me. My feet sink in deep waters where there is no standing." But, hark! "It is finished." The storm is over. He is risen now, and the word is peace, "Peace unto you." "He made peace by the blood of His Cross." No more storms, but an eternal calm for those who trust in Him for Him, in the desert solitudes of sin, the awful tempest; for us who believe, the "green pastures, and the still waters" of His love. Have you peace? Oh! loving

Saviour, risen from among the dead, breathe Thy peace upon every one who believes.

“May the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus.” [Extract from “The Everlasting Word,” by H. W.]

The Lord Jesus Retried by a Court of Jewish Judges

Jerusalem. July 25th 1932.

The Prosecutor, Dr. Blandeisler, sought to uphold the judgment of the Sanhedrin 2,000 years ago.

The appeal to confirm the earlier judgment lasted four hours.

The defense, by Dr. Reichswehr, lasted five hours, and provided that the judgment was unjust, and that, therefore, the Lord Jesus was the object of a judicial murder.

The judges' verdict declared by 4 votes to 1 — "Jesus innocent."

"The complaint against Him was based on a regrettable mistake, and the Divine judgment would fall on the Jewish people until they freed themselves from this sin, and accepted Him as their Saviour (atonement) for sin."

The Lord is Risen

THE Lord is risen: now death's dark judgment flood
Is passed, in Him Who bought us with His blood.
The Lord is risen: we stand beyond the doom
Of all our sin, through Jesus' empty tomb.
The Lord is risen with Him we also rose,
And in His grave see vanquished all our foes,
The Lord is risen: beyond the judgment land
In Him, in resurrection-life we stand.
The Lord is risen: the Lord is gone before,
We long to see Him, and to sin no more.
The Lord is risen: our trumpet shout shall be
"Thou hast prevailed! Thy people, Lord, are free!"

The Power of the Cross

“We preach Christ crucified... the power of God, and the wisdom of God. “ —1 Cor. 1:23, 24.

“SWING shut the city gates; run and tell the sentinels to stand guard, and let no one pass in or out till we have made away with these preachers of other gods.”

It was in the walled city of some twenty thousand inhabitants in the kingdom of Hyderabad, within twenty miles of its capital, as we were on a gospel preaching tour, the first ever made through the kingdom of the Nizam, years ago.

We had been traveling since early morning, preaching in all the towns and villages on our way, and arrived before the gates of the city during the heat of the day, and camped outside its walls.

About 3 p.m. my four native assistants went into the city to offer Scriptures and tracts for sale, I promising to join them when the heat should be a little less.

Just after entering the gate, I met my native assistants returning, with a hooting rabble following them. Speaking to them in the Tamil language, not understood by those people, they told me that it was not safe to attempt to do any work within the city. They had sold a few Gospels and tracts to both Mohammedans and Hindus. Some of the Gospels were bound in yellowish buff book-binder's muslin. The Mohammedans sent messengers running through the streets saying that they were bound in hog-skin, and warning the faithful not to touch them. The Brahmins sent messengers to tell the Hindus that they were bound in calf-skin, the skin of the sacred cow, and telling them not to be polluted by them. They had not only prevented the people from buying, but had incited the rabble to drive the preachers out of the city.

“Have you preached to the people?” said I. “Have you proclaimed the Gospel message?”

“No, we have only sold a few books and tracts.”

“Then we must do so now. I, at least, must go to the market-place and preach. You need not accompany me unless you think it best.”

“We will go with you,” said they.

The rabble had halted and quieted as they heard the foreigner talking in a strange tongue, waiting to see what would come of it. We walked with slow and firm step up the street to the market. The crowd followed, increasing by the way. Seeing a foreigner boldly walking up the street, the Brahmin and Mohammedan zealots joined the throng. We reached the center of the town where the main streets crossed, and where was the market-place, with a roof supported upon large masonry pillars. Stepping up the steps, I said in Tamil to my assistants, “Place your backs against these pillars, so that no one can attack you from behind, and keep a sharp watch on all, but show no signs of fear. The Master is with us; His promise is good.” As we stood there we could see three of the four city gates open, with the armed gate-keepers sitting under the arch of the gateway. Turning, I spoke politely to the people in Telegu, which was understood by all.

“Leave this place at once,” was the angry response.

“Friends,” said I, “I have come from afar to tell you some good news. I will tell that to you, and then will go immediately.”

“No,” said some, who were evidently leaders, “we will not hear you.”

We had seen the angry mob tearing up the cobble paving-stones and gathering them in the skirts of their garments to stone us with.

“We have no desire to abuse your gods,” said I, “but have come to deliver a message.”

Then came the order, “Swing shut the gates; make away with the preachers of other gods.”

I saw one nudge another, saying, “You throw the first stone and I will throw the second.” But all who had stones to throw were in my vision, and they quailed a little under my keen glance, and hesitated. I seemed to feel the presence of the Lord, as though He were standing by my side with His Hand on my shoulder, saying, “I am with you: I will tell you what to say.” I was not conscious of any anxiety about my personal safety. My whole soul was wrapped in the thought, “How shall I get God’s offer of salvation before this people?”

“Brothers,” said I, “it is not to revile your gods that I have come this long way; far from it. I have come to you with a royal message from a King far higher than your Nizam; I have come to tell a story sweeter than mortal ear has ever heard. But it is evident that this multitude does not wish to hear it.” They thought that I was weakening, and quieted down to see what was going to happen.

“But,” said I, “I see five men before me who do wish to hear my story. Will you all please step back a little? I will tell these five men, who want to know, why I have come here, and what is my message, and then you may stone me. I will make no resistance then.” I had been carefully scanning the crowd, and had selected my men, for I had seen five honest countenances who had shown no sympathy with the abuse that had been heaped upon us.

“Brother with the red-bordered turban,” said I, addressing a venerable Brahmin who stood among the people at the right, “you would like to hear what my wonderful story is before they stone me, would you not? Be frank, and say so, for there are four others like you who wish to hear.”

“I would like to hear what your story is,” said he, speaking up courageously and kindly.

“Brother with the gold-bordered turban at my left, you, too, would like to hear; and you with the yellow turban, and you with the brown-bordered, and you with the pink?” I had rightly judged these men, for each assented. They were curious to know what I had to say.

“Now will you five men please come forward, and I will tell you alone. All you others step back! Step back! As soon as I have told these five the story you may come forward and throw your stones.”

The five came forward, the rest reluctantly stepped back a little. I had purposely chosen Brahmins, as I thought I could win them the better.

“Brothers,” said I, in a subdued tone, “what is it you chant as you go to the river for your daily ablutions? Is it not this?”

“ ‘Papohan, papakarmahan, papatma papa sambhavaha. Trahi mam, Krupaya Deva, Sharana gata vatsala,’ said I, chanting it in Sanskrit; “and is not this its meaning?” said I in Telegu:

“I am a sinner, my actions are sinful. My soul is sinful. All that pertains to me is polluted with sin. Do Thou, O God, that hast mercy on those who seek Thy refuge, do Thou take away my sin.”

These five Brahmins at once became my friends. One who correctly chants their Vedas and their Mantras they always look up to with respect.

“Now do you know how God can do what you ask? how He can take away the burden of our sin, and give us relief?” “We do not know. Would that we knew.”

“I know; I have learned the secret. Shall I tell you?” “Yes, tell us.”

The multitude seeing the Brahmins conversing with the foreigner with evident respect, quieted still more and pressed forward to listen.

“Step back! Step back!” said I, “it is only these five to whom I am to tell my story. If the rest of you listen it is on your own responsibility. Step back! and let me tell these five alone.”

This only increased their desire to hear, as I went on: “Brothers, is it possible for us by our own acts to expiate our sins? Can we, by painful journeys to the holiest of all your holy places, change those sinful natures that you bemoan? Does not your own Telegu poet, Vemana say: —

‘The Muslim who to Tirupati goes, on pilgrimage,

Does not thereby become a Saint of Siva’s house.

Becomes a dog, a lion, when he bathes in Ganges stream?

Benares turns not harlot into pure and trusted wife.”

Hearing their own language chanted, the people pressed forward still more intently.

“Nay, brothers, it is not by these outward acts, even to the utmost austerity, that we can attain to harmony with God. Does not your beloved Vemana again say: —

‘Tis not by roaming deserts wild, nor gazing at the sky:

‘Tis not by bathing in the stream, nor pilgrimage to shrine;

But thine own heart must thou make pure, and then, and then alone,

Shalt thou see Him no eve hath kenned, that thou behold thy King.’

“Now how can your hearts be made pure so that we may see God? I have learned the secret; I will tell it you.”

Then I told the story of stories; the story of redeeming love. Gradually and imperceptibly I had raised my voice until, as I spoke in the clear resonant Telegu, all down those three streets the multitudes could hear. And as I told them of His rejection by those He had come to save, and told them that it was for them, too, far away here in India, that He had suffered this agony on the Cross, I saw tears coursing and dropping upon the pavements that they had torn up to stone us with. Far

earlier in the story I had seen them stealthily dropping their armfuls of stones into the gutter, and press back to listen.

How they listened as I went on to tell them further of the love of God in Christ!

“Now,” said I, folding my arms and standing before them, “I have finished my story. You may stone me now. I will make no resistance.”

“No, no,” said they. “We don’t want to stone you now. We did not know whose messenger you were, nor what you had come to tell us. Do those books tell more about this wonderful Redeemer?”

“Yes,” said I, “this is the history of His life on earth — His death and resurrection glory.”

With this their wallets were produced, and they purchased all we had of the Gospel of Luke. They purchased all the Gospels and tracts we had with us, and appointed a deputation of their best men to escort us to our camp.

Verily, the story of the Cross has not lost its power. Preach it, brother, anywhere, everywhere!

Preach it in regions beyond and in your own homes, with a tongue of fire and a heart burning with the mighty, melting love of God!

(From a Missionary’s Diary.)

“Deeds alone beget deeds, and only life kindles life. The one who would successfully teach must be the great lesson and spirit of all lessons: he can teach love only by loving.”

The Dying Indian

A missionary in India found a native dying. Anxious to speak to him God's glad tidings, he knelt down, and putting his mouth to his ear he whispered, "What is your hope for eternity?" The dying eyes were opened, and his parched lips whispered the words, "The Blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin," After death there was found, tightly clasped in his cold hand, a single leaf of a Bengalee Testament with the above version upon it.

Behold, now is the accepted time,

Behold, now is the day of salvation.

(2. Cor. 6:2.)

“Couple Heaven With it.”

Several years ago, one hot summer day, on the old road leading from Rochdale to Bury, near the Oaken road, a tall, thin old man had just laid down a heavy burden on a low stone wall at the roadside. His burden was a large skip, full of coarse cotton “crops,” which he was fetching from Spodden Mill. As I neared the man, he was wiping the sweat from his bald head and face with a coarse cotton rag he had taken out of his pocket. Many times had I held the most delightful conversation with this old Christian; having had much forgiven, he loved much. Till nearly sixty he had lived without God and without hope. When the change came, it was a change indeed; God’s providence, grace, and goodness were his daily themes.

The moment I saw him I determined to put his faith to the test.

“Well, how are you today, James?” I inquired.

“Very well, John, I am happy to say. How are you?”

Just then a very costly carriage, drawn by two valuable horses, was passing. The only occupant of the carriage was a stout, red-faced gentleman. With arms folded, he was leaning back at his ease. “Do you know that gorgeous equipage, and the fat gentleman?” I inquired.

“Yes, and so do you,” was James’ answer, “Well, and what do you think of the providence of which you sometimes speak? You see yonder man, you know he is an ungodly man, yet he spreadeth himself like a green bay tree, his eyes stand out with fatness, he is not plagued as other men; while you, believing that all the silver and the gold are the Lord’s, serving Him and trusting in His providence, are toiling and sweating in your old age for about seven shillings a week, getting little more than bread and water. How can you reconcile this with a just providence?”

James looked at me with amazement, and with the greatest earnestness replied: “Are you trying me, John? Are you trying me? Couple heaven with it! —couple heaven with it!”

Never shall I forget the old man’s answer. Amidst the many sorrows through which I have had to pass from that moment to this, “Couple heaven with it” has sweetened many a bitter cup.

Passing his house about three months after seeing him rest his burden on Bury Road, I, as usual, called to see him. Strangers were there, and on inquiring what had become of old James, the answer was: “He is dead, sir, and buried in Bamford Chapel Yard.” In that burying ground lay my own parents, and I went to visit this, to me, interesting locality. On the grave of James the stone was laid, and, in letters newly engraved, I read: “Here resteth the body of James Lord, aged seventy-three.” As I stood over the grave the hot summer day, the heavy burden, the sweating old Christian, the rolling carriage and fat squire (since dead), all came fresh to memory; and from that grave the voice again sounded, “Couple heaven with it!”

The sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed in us.

MY VISITOR.

I give below the dream of an aged and much beloved believer in Christ, whose bodily feebleness has for many years laid her aside from ordinary Christian privileges. It is given in her own words as related to me by herself; and I shall not soon forget the savor of that moment to my own spirit: —

“I sat in my little room, quiet and alone, when my door was opened and a visitor entered, with a most heavenly countenance, and took his seat at my little table. I looked at him and said to myself, ‘He looks like one who knows the presence of God.’ After we had sat a few moments, and exchanged some words of spiritual intercourse together, I said: ‘Excuse me, but I have not the pleasure of knowing you,’ when he replied, with emphasis and feeling, ‘Oh, yes, you do.’ Again we sat a little longer, and again I said, ‘I do not know you.’ He replied as before, ‘Yes, you do.’ He then rose to leave me, and raised his hands, as if to bless me, and lo! they were pierced hands! I instantly exclaimed, ‘My Lord, and my God!’ and my Visitor was gone.”

Walking by Faith, and not by Sight

“NOT by sight” can we guide our feet,
Safe through the perils we each day meet:
Easy and smooth as the path may seem,
Dangers lurk where we least should dream;
The snare is not spread in sight of the bird,
‘Mid Eden’s flowers was the Tempter heard,
And great is the need, when life looks fair,
That we closely cling to our Father’s care,
O keep us, Lord, when the world seems bright,
Walking by faith, and not by sight.

“Not by sight,” when, a few steps on,
All the brightness of life seems gone:
Our earthly sunshine is clouded o’er,
We see the joy of our hearts no more.
Shall we sit desolate? Nay, but rise
By faith to the good that beyond this lies:
God is preparing in cloud and gloom
Showers of blessing whence grace shall bloom,
So keep us Lord, through Thy Spirit’s might,
Walking by faith, and not by sight.

“Not by sight,” it is best to lean
On the Hand that is guiding us, though unseen;
Best in suspense to linger, till
God’s time is come to reveal His will.
Best in perplexities to wait
Till He shall the “crooked things make straight,”

Best for the honor of His great name,
Best for the blessing we then may claim.
So keep us Lord, through Thy Spirit's might,
Walking by faith, and not by sight,
O foolish those who would walk by sight!
What will ye do in death's dark night?
It is faith alone can triumph then,
Faith in the Saviour of sinful men.
Thousands have told with their last faint breath,
How He Whom they trusted was near in death:
He has brought them safe where they see at last
The meaning of all the mysterious past.
O keep us Lord, till we meet in light,
Walking by faith, and not by sight.
(Selected) G. M. T.

The Peace of God

“In quietness and in confidence shall be your strength.” —Isaiah 30:15.

LET us picture to ourselves three scenes in the history of the people of Israel.

First: A nation born in a day, rejoicing in the Lord. (Ex. 14, 15).

It is the eve of their birthday as a nation. Hitherto, though increased to a nation's stature, they have only been like an overgrown family. At their first coming to Egypt they were honored guests; later they were oppressed, and eventually became slaves, toiling in the execution of Pharaoh's building projects. God came down to deliver them at long last, sending Moses His servant to bid Pharaoh let His people go. How Pharaoh resisted, how God compelled his stubbornness to break after the tenth of His sore inflictions has occupied the preceding chapters of Exodus, till now, in this fourteenth, Israel is well away from the taskmasters. And yet not away at all. Pharaoh with his chosen chariots is in pursuit; the Red Sea on the one hand, and the mountains on the other cut off escape. Hemmed in, cornered, trapped. They are sore afraid, and cry to the Lord, and reproach Moses. Listen to his message to them: “Fear ye not, stand still, and see the salvation of the Lord.... The Lord shall fight for you, and ye shall hold your peace” (vs. 13. 14). As was the word, so the deed. The pillar of His presence came between them and their foes, the blast of His nostrils divided the waters of the sea, and silent, with awed spirits, His people passed over. He blew with His wind; the sea covered their enemies, and drowned Pharaoh and his host. Listen again to Israel's song on their birthday morning: “The Lord is my strength and song, and He is become my salvation,”

Second: This same nation, grown old, scheming under the fear of man. (Isa. 30)

Again this very people of God, centuries later, in a comparable peril and, alas! the same fear. Not the whole of the noble Israel that had David for its head, but the surviving kingdom of Judah. The days are those of King Hezekiah. The Assyrian king had subdued the separate sister kingdom of Israel and transplanted its inhabitants. The leaders and people of Judah were agitated by fear of the like happening in their own case. Pressed from the north, they look for help from the south, from Egypt. They did more; they sent ambassadors. Doubtless they received promises of help. They secured horses. If the worst came to the worst they had these swift means of retreat, falling back on allies who had horses many, chariots many, and horsemen strong. Help from Egypt! It had been the house of their bondage long ago. If ever its history read a lesson to a people, Israel's did. Out of Egypt God had brought them. And they who sang, “The Lord is my strength,” now seek to strengthen themselves in the strength of Pharaoh. The prophet warned them that the Egyptians should help in vain (Isa. 30:7). If only they had responded in loyal faith like David (Psa. 108:12), “Give us help from trouble, for vain is the help of man!” Then He would have comforted them with the words of our text, “In quietness and in confidence shall be your strength.” But, “ye would not.” Alas! now therefore the prophet's utterance is a reproach: its rich comfort a memorial only of what might have been, but was not. Though exhorted to depend on the living Jehovah alone, they

refused. Can this be the people that sang at the Red Sea, "The Lord is my strength," having seen its proof with their own eyes?

Third: The Lord's deliverance and the faith of their king. (Isa. 37).

Only a few short years have elapsed, and what they feared seems to have come. The Assyrian host, having laid waste the country, is at the gates of Jerusalem. The enemy ridicules the idea of their Jehovah's strength being able to deliver them out of his hand. But whatever the feeling of certain leaders may be, Hezekiah their king found his refuge in the Lord. He humbled himself, went to the house of the Lord, spread out there the blasphemous letter of the foe with its daring reproach of the living God, praying. "Now therefore, O Lord our God, save us from his hand." (vs. 20). Promptly the answer came (vs. 33), "I will defend this city to save it." Neighboring countries might worship idols, quail before Sennacherib and fall, but, "the virgin, the daughter of Zion, hath despised thee and laughed thee (Sennacherib) to scorn." (vs. 22.) For, "the angel of the Lord went forth and smote in the camp of the Assyrians... early in the morning, behold, they were all dead corpses." (vs. 36.) Hezekiah reigned on for fifteen years in peace. One wonders whether some of his "wise" advisers used their horses and fled, before the Assyrian host beleaguered the city; if so, we may be sure they were pursued and overtaken according to Isa. 30:16. But Hezekiah found his strength, according to the word of the Lord in remaining at Jerusalem "in quietness and in confidence."

How often the first two of those scenes are re-enacted in individual lives! Many who remember the "happy day that fixed" their choice, lose heart long afterward in the campaign of life. Fear possesses those who once boasted in God. Often since, indeed, have they celebrated that first happy day in song; they have gone on singing through good days■

"When He His people's cause defends

Who then shall stay His hand?"

But now trouble has beset them round, and they are afraid. They spend days in feverish activity and nights in anxious thought; where is the blessedness of which they sang?"

Or, in the course of a work for God a crisis comes, as came recently in the case of this magazine and its associated activities. Death seems to demand that everything should cease which began long years ago in faith, and was led on to blessing in the goodness of God. The honored servant of God is gone, and what are we?

The king's faith in the prophet's despised message depicted in the third scene will help us all. "In quietness and in confidence shall be your strength." The danger could not be closer, nor more serious. Humanly speaking, it was the end. This enemy had swept away all resistance before him; reason seemed on the side of his scorn of weak Jerusalem. But really he reproached the living God. This was what Hezekiah felt. It was a setting at defiance of Jehovah of the Red Sea. He was the God of Jerusalem and the temple, where sang the worshippers, "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. Therefore will not we fear though the earth be removed.... God is in the midst of her, she shall not be moved.... Be still and know that I am God" (Psa. 46) Ah, that is it. When things are "hopeless," then is the time for Him to work, and for us to be still. The Saviour of our first love is our Helper all the days. How well we know Him already, surely! For us,

oh, wonder of wonders, in the great sin question, the Justifier of him that believes in Jesus. For us in the maze of life, weaving its tangled threads into a secret pattern of His own, making "all things work together for good to them that love Him." For us against ourselves, against the indwelling sin within us, by His Spirit, working in us both to will and to do of His good pleasure. The future goal is, through His grace, as sure as on the happy starting day of long ago. Is the present trouble precisely where He is going to fail us? Never. The Psalm does not say He is a very doubtful help in present trouble. This is what my unbelieving fears are whispering. No: let trouble assail, me, real, overwhelming trouble, and the pledge is given; He is a very present help, just there and then. Therefore let me, like Hezekiah, leave it to Him to take my part against them that are, or whatever is, against me. "In quietness and in confidence shall be my strength."

How difficult it is to be still when danger threatens. The very realization of peril quickens the pulse. And this even to physical distress, if the horror overhangs our helplessness, as many know who have passed through an air raid. Every instinct urges to flight if the onset is sudden and irresistible; every power of mind and resource of material is mobilized, if there exists the possibility of overcoming it. The heart cries out. We cannot sit still and do nothing. The very beasts, often afraid without cause, respond to the same elementary impulses. Not long ago the newspapers reported how a herd of chamois fleeing on the snow-covered mountains of Switzerland started an avalanche, which resulted in the death of two of the party of climbers that alarmed them. Just such a moment of panic fear might overwhelm the believer's trust, suggesting flight or resort to the help of those who have not like precious faith, and filling him with dismay because no help seems to be at hand. But, again, "In quietness and in confidence shall be your strength." Clearly, only the certainty that God will be our defender can justify such an attitude. He never fails. "So that we may boldly say, The Lord is my helper, and I will not fear what man shall do unto me" (Heb. 13:6). The living God, whose power subdues kings and clothes lilies cares for me. Though He seem to sleep, He will rise up at the right moment and bid the storm "Be still."

"Lo, through the pathless midnight

The fiery pillar leads,

And onward goes the Shepherd

Before the flock He feeds.

Unquestioning, unfearing,

The lambs may follow on

In quietness and confidence,

Their eyes on Him alone."

(G. Tersteegen, tr. by Mrs. Frances Bevan.)

T.D.

Shining Light

“For God who commanded the light to shine out of darkness hath shined in our hearts, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ.” ■ 2 Corinthians 4:6.

THESE are glorious words. They seem like music sounding, or as the song of a bird, in a clear sky. They are the outcome of a heart that knew what it was to bask in the light of which it speaks. May the divine “Shining Light” be manifest to every eye that reads these lines.

You have watched the day break; you have seen the trembling light shine across the wide expanse of heaven, and illuminate the earth beneath. You have seen it, like the smile of God, gild the lofty hills, the spreading trees and the verdant landscape. It shines to give light and warmth, to beautify and fructify. The voice of God commanded it first to shine out of the darkness — “Let there be light.” And at His Word the bright beams of light, children of the day, came forth from the womb of night. Sun and moon and starry radiance have told the story of their birth to every age since then,

“Forever singing as they shine,

‘The hand that made us is divine.’”

And the same God Almighty, Who thus wrought in creation, and maintains it by ever acting power and unchanging laws, is He “that hath shined in our hearts, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ.”

Our hearts were abodes of darkness; the natural heart is but darkness; every sinner is in darkness, and walks in darkness. So it is with you, sinner, as you now read these lines.

The Light came as a revelation. It revealed God in Christ. It shone upon the darkness of earth, and into the dark hearts of those whose eyes of faith gazed upon the face of the Son of God. “In Him was life, and the life was the light of men” (John 1:4). The words of Christ are, “I am come a light into the world, that whosoever believeth on Me should not abide in darkness.” (John 12:46.) He came the “Light of the world,” shining in grace, and revealing in every ray the love of God. God Himself shone on earth, veiled in the humanity of the Lord Jesus Christ. He is in heaven now; but the light of the gospel of His glory shines — the gospel of Christ, who is the image of God. It was seen by Saul himself when on the road to Damascus: the glory of God shone around him from Christ at the right hand of God.

It has shone for more than twenty centuries, and it is shining now. Have you seen it? Has your weary eye been gladdened with a sight of Him who is the image of God, seated in the glory of God? Has your heart got the life and the light that comes from Christ in heaven? Oh! it shines, it shines! “to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ.”

“In the face of Jesus Christ.” Yes, of that face once marred more than any man’s. But the beloved apostle John, who gazed upon the face of the Master, says: “And we beheld His glory, the glory as

of the only-begotten of the Father.” He could see, not only “the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ,” but His divine glory as the Son of the Father. Have you ever seen beauty in Christ the Redeemer? The world, and His ancient people even, saw none in Him: “there was no beauty in Him that we should desire Him.” And you, sinner, belong to that world that lies in darkness still.

Stephen, gazing up to heaven, beyond the hate of men, saw with rapt and earnest eyes, “the glory of God, and Jesus standing on the right hand of God.” It was “this same Jesus,” the face of the Master looked down upon him from the glory. It lit up all the darkness of human hatred and unbelief around him, as he thus stood in the presence of eternal realities. His heart and face were radiant, shining with “the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ.”

Does it not shine from Heaven today? The Shining Light, even if little understood, has given joy and gladness to untold hearts; and where it shines the darkness of sin fades away. Its blessed beams have divine power to light up the vistas of eternity; and faith, gazing from afar, can see beyond earthly shadows and above the world’s sin “the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ.”

O, ye unsaved, children of darkness, still “sitting in darkness and the shadow of death,” God loves you — so loved you as to give His only-begotten Son. How fearful is the gloom where you are dwelling; and do you never think of the blackness of darkness forever?

Ages ago light shone out of darkness; and so, after the darkness of desertion — Christ’s on the Cross — “the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ” shone from heaven. Yes, in the Face that once looked from Calvary — in the Face with the blood trickling down from the thorn-encircled brow. When the dark folds of judgment rolled aside, which had shrouded the sinless One made sin for us, hiding in impenetrable gloom for three long hours, “the Light of the world”; when, emerging from that dread eclipse, the Saviour cried: “My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?” then, rising above the clouds of divine judgment of sin, in resurrection splendor the Light shines down from above.

We should never have known the glory of God in salvation had we not seen it in the face of Christ. No sinner can gaze on glory, or stand before God, but through Christ. As a lowly Man, the Man Christ Jesus comes near to us; and now that redemption is accomplished, we can gaze upon God’s glory shining in the face of Christ. O blessed, blessed God! thus to reveal Thyself in a once humbled and now glorified Christ, as our Saviour.

O, sinner! Lift up your eyes and gaze on Jesus. He beheld you from Calvary. He has been in the darkness for you, and called you to Himself, the Light. He has died for sinners, and God has raised Him from the dead. The light of His love is shining now in glory. God invites you to come to Him: and Christ’s prayer for His people is: “Father I will that they also, whom Thou hast given Me, be with Me where I am: that they may behold My glory which Thou hast given Me.” (John 17:24.)

All for Me! All for Me!

The following is a remarkable instance of the way in which God will at times visit a soul, independently of all the ordinary means of conversion. A poor idiot in Scotland who, up to the day of his death, had never uttered a rational word, in his dying hour opened his eyes in amazement at what was revealed to his soul by the Spirit of God, and spake as follows: —

“I see! I see!

What do I see?

Three in One — and One in Three,

And all the Three are all for me,

All for me!”

The Biography of a Christian

A Gospel Address, delivered at the Victoria Hall, Exeter,

by Heyman Wreford.

“For God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in our hearts, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ.... For we which live are always delivered unto death for Jesus’ sake, that the life also of Jesus might be made manifest in our mortal flesh.”■2 Cor. 4:6, 11.

The Man and His Future.

WE have seen a little what manner of man Paul was, and the manner of his life. We may be sure he never had a doubt as to his salvation. There was always the “longing to depart and to be with Christ.” From the day of his conversion to the day of his passing into heaven, the vision of his glorified Saviour was before him. And he who keeps Christ in view has heaven in sight. And he who has heaven in sight must soon be there. Enoch had his translation, “he was not, for God took him.” Moses had his Pisgah, and Elijah his chariot of fire. Paul’s coronation day was in view. When near the end of his faithful life he writes to Timothy, “I have fought the good fight.” He had been true to God and to his Saviour. His life had been one long battle with the enemies of his Lord; but for the gospel of God he had fought to the end. It was a good fight. Others had fallen out from the ranks of God and left the battle-field for the world, but his undaunted heart had never failed him. His battle-cry was, “I can do all things through Christ, which strengtheneth me.” And “in all these things we are more than conquerors through Him that loved us.” He wore the armor of God, and stood fast in the Lord. And now, as he nears the gates of heaven, old and worn and gray, scarred with conflict and longing for rest, he looks back upon the battle-fields of his strenuous life. He can see the print of his knees upon the desert sands where he knelt to pray; he can view the places where he raised his Ebenezers, and his strong heart realized the faithfulness of God. He has no

fear of death or the grave. "Death is swallowed up in victory." His triumph song from victorious fields of service is, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin, and the strength of sin is the law. But thanks be to God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

I must pause for a moment to tell you of one I visited some years ago, whose triumphant departure I shall never forget.

"I've Got the Victory."

I was requested one day to visit a dying man in one of the courts of Exeter. I found him lying injured, reading a well-worn Testament. He held out his hand, with a glad smile of welcome, but how thin his face was! What ravages disease had made in his poor wasted body! and how brightly his eyes shone, as if the lamp of life were flickering up before going out! As I stood in the room near him, his wife, with soft words of love, was doing what she could to ease him. The cough seemed to tear him to pieces, and left him well-nigh breathless. She went and sat by the window, through which the spring sun shone into the room, and I took her place by the bed.

"Are you happy?" I put the question, looking straight into his eyes. He returned my glance and answered.

"Yes."

"How long have you known the Lord?"

"Since I have been here," he replied.

"And how did you find salvation?"

"Through reading this little book"; and as he spoke he pointed to a Testament on his pillow. "It has been my companion here. Before I was ill, I used to read the newspaper and nothing else. I never thought about my soul, but since I've been here I've been thinking and reading, and I have found the Lord."

Here the cough stopped him. After a while he continued: "I was afraid to give up my work, afraid to take to my bed (I thought of the wife and children), but I had to. And I think now how good He was to me, not to cut me off in my sins, but to give me a chance."

I said, "He is ever good."

"Yes," he replied, "I can say now, 'Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no evil, for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.'"

"You are not afraid of death?" I said. "No, the sting is gone."

"The sting of death is sin," I added.

"Yes," he said, lifting his hands and clasping them, and shouting till the room rang, while his face shone, and his eyes filled with rapture. "Yes, sin is gone, and I've got the victory, sir, the victory, thanks be to God who giveth me the victory. Praise Him, praise Him for it!

"Yes," I said, "we will thank Him."

He cried again, "Bless Him! bless Him!" and then we were silent for awhile. I knelt and thanked God for the peace he had — asked that he might be kept peaceful — prayed, at his desire, for his wife and children; and while I prayed they wept.

Next time I saw him we talked together of heaven. It seemed as we spoke as if it came nearer and nearer to us, and the reality of it deepened upon the heart.

"You will soon see His face," I said.

"Yes," he softly answered, "and I shall wait for you."

I read, "And they shall see his face, and his name shall be in their foreheads. And there shall be no night there, and they need no candle, neither light of the sun; for the Lord God giveth them light, and they shall reign forever and ever."

It was sweet to see his face as he heard those glorious words, and the look in his eyes as he gazed, seemingly, at the heaven I was reading about. I have seen many pass away peacefully, but he was wonderfully happy.

He felt in his heart the throbbing joy of a conqueror. "I've got the victory," seemed to shine out in every lineament of his face. "Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors, through Him that loved us." I saw the truth of that text before me, as I gazed upon him. He was happy because he knew what Christ had done for him, and how completely he was identified with Christ in the glory where He is gone. I do not know if you, my hearer, catch the idea I want to convey. He had such implicit confidence and undaunted faith that Christ had died for him — saved him, and that he was going to be with Christ.

It was all plain and intensely real. Can you say that? "He died for me." "He loved me and gave himself for me."

I saw him several times before he died.

One day he said, "I used to go and hear you preach very often. I used to like to listen, and I wish — I wish had done something for Christ. It's my only regret now. I've wasted my life. I should like to work for Christ." Then, turning directly to me, he raised his hands and placed them on my shoulders and said, "But go on, sir, go on with your work. 'Tis glorious work, and God will bless you in it." I was deeply moved at his earnest face and glowing words. He died a few days after. I was not with him when he died, but his wife told me how happy he was, I shall see him in heaven, I know. Oh, think, sinner, of the happiness he had. Come to the Saviour, who gave him rest and peace, and come now. You shall have the victory, if you believe in Him who fought the fight for sinners. He knew that his sins were gone. Do you? "Jehovah hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all." Do you believe that? "But now, once in the end of the age, hath He appeared to put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself." To put it away! Think of that. Can you rest upon the finished work of Jesus and rejoice because your sins are "borne away"? The one you have been hearing of could say his sins were gone. God says to the believer, "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool," and "your sins and your iniquities will I remember no more." When you know by faith in Christ your sins are gone, you will be able to say with Him, "I've got the victory." Yes, "thanks be to God who giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ."

“His be the Victor’s name,
Who fought the fight alone;
Triumphant saints no honor claim,
His conquest was their own.”

Deathbeds such as these prove the reality of Christ’s salvation. The Christ that Paul knew and loved and served was known and loved by one poor and obscure in our city, but in his measure he was as happy in Christ as Paul was.

“I have finished my course, I have kept the faith.” The warrior of Christ was going in to see the Captain of his salvation; to ground his arms of warfare at his Master’s feet. With weakening physical powers, he felt the strength of God upon him. He could testify in Caesar’s household of the truth of God. He feared no earthly tyrant. The manner of his death was nothing to him. To be with Christ was everything. There were no clouds as his sun set; no shadows as he passed from earth to heaven. The “light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ,” lit up with surpassing splendor his pathway to the skies.

So pass away the saints of God. They triumph in the triumphs of their risen Lord. They fight the good fight, they finish their course, they keep the faith. And now, in closing, let us thank God for the life-work of this great apostle; and although no earthly monument marks the place where his body lies, and no stately mausoleum rises over his remains, yet he lives in the inspired Word, and millions have rejoiced in the glory of his life for God. In every age Christians have sat at his feet and listened to his glowing words. The Christ of God was his theme, and he never tired in telling out the splendor of His love. His true heart was filled with unswerving loyalty to Christ. He passed through every experience of christian living, and found Christ all-sufficient. He was troubled on every side, yet not distressed; he was perplexed, but not in despair; he was persecuted, but not forsaken; he was cast clown, but not destroyed. His marvelous intellect was consecrated to God’s service, and in that service he had perfect freedom. No shackles of bondage restrained his soaring soul. There were no limitations in his world-wide sphere of service. He went from land to land, the accredited ambassador of Christ. Free, he preached the gospel; in bonds he preached it still.

And in eternity with the “One who loved, him and gave Himself for him,” he will meet with millions who have learned the truth through him. And in that eternity, the perfect love that filled his soul on earth will be the theme of his undying praise.

“What Then?”

WHEN Philip De Neri, who, in the sixteenth century, renounced the hereditary honors of Florentine nobility for the service of the living God, was living in an Italian University, a young man ran to him with a face full of delight, and told him he had come to the law-school of that place on account of its great fame, and that he intended to spare no pains or labor to get through his studies as soon as possible.

Philip waited for his conclusion with great patience, and then said: —

“Well, and when you are through your course of studies, what do you mean to do?”

“Then I shall take my Doctor’s degree.”

“And then?” asked Philip again.

“And then,” continued the youth, “I shall have a number of difficult questions to manage, shall catch people’s notice by my eloquence, my zeal, my learning, and my acuteness, and shall gain a great reputation.”

“And then?” repeated the holy man.

“And then,” replied the youth, “why, there can’t be a question I shall be promoted to some high office or other. Besides, I shall make money and grow rich.”

“And then?” repeated Philip.

“And then,” said the young man, “then I shall be comfortably and honorably situated in wealth and dignity.” “And then?” asked the holy man.

“And then, and then — then — then I shall die.” Here Philip raised his voice: “And what then?”

Whereupon the young man made no answer, but cast down his head and went away. The last “And then?” had, like lightning, pierced his soul, and he could not get rid of it. Soon after he forsook the law, and gave himself to the ministry of Christ, and spent the remainder of his days in godly words and works.

“For what shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?” (Mark 8:36.)

How? When? Where? Why?

YOU ask me how I gave my heart to Christ?

I do not know.

There came a yearning for Him in my soul

So long ago.

I found earth's flowers would fade and die,

I wept for something that could satisfy;

And then — and then, somehow I seemed to dare

To lift my broken heart to Him in prayer.

I do not know — I cannot tell you how;

I only know He is my Saviour now.

You ask me when I gave my heart to Christ?

I cannot tell;

The day, or just the hour, I do not now

Remember well.

It must have been when I was all alone

The light of His forgiving Spirit shone

Into my heart, so clouded o'er with sin;

I think — I think 'twas then I let Him in.

I do not know — I cannot tell you when;

I only know He is so dear since then.

You ask me where I gave my heart to Christ?

I cannot say;

That sacred place has faded from my sight

As yesterday.

Perhaps He thought it better I should not

Remember where. How I should love that spot!

I think I could not tear myself away,
For I should want Forever there to stay.
I do not know — I cannot tell you where;
I only know He came and blessed me there.
You ask me why I gave my heart to Christ?
I can reply;
It is a wondrous story; listen, while
I tell you why
My heart was drawn, at length, to seek His face:
I was alone, I had no resting place,
I heard of how He loved me, with a love
Of depth so great — of height so far above
All human ken, I longed such love to share,
And sought it then, upon my knees in prayer.
You ask me why I thought this living Christ
Would heed my prayer?
I knew He died upon the Cross for me —
I nailed Him there!
I heard His dying cry: "Father, forgive!"
I saw Him drink death's cup that I might live.
My head was bowed upon my breast in shame,
He called me — and in penitence I came.
He heard my prayer, I cannot tell you how,
Nor when, nor where; why, I have told you now.
—Selected.

Peace with God

“Stand still and see the salvation of the Lord.” —Ex. 14:13.

LAST month we, as believers in God and in His care for His own, took heart in dwelling on the text “In quietness and in confidence shall be your strength” (Isa. 30:15). But what has a sinner to do with quietness? Are you offended at this word “sinner”? Are you hurt that you are not as a matter of course considered as a Christian? Are you a saint? Oh, no, you are quick to reply. Well, consider then that the Bible, the Word of God, knows only two gates and two ways, one wide and the other narrow. It teaches only two divisions of mankind in the sight of God, the sinner and the saint. A saint, in the language of God’s Word means a sinner saved by His grace and fitted for heaven by the Saviour’s sacrifice. You are only a nominal Christian, one only in empty name, and according to divine classification a sinner, a needy sinner, one of the lost whom Jesus came to save. Once more — what has a sinner to do with peace and quietness?

According to his deserts, he can only expect the wages of sin as the due reward of his deeds, and that is death. Death and the lake of fire — the second death; banishment from God forever, with all those whose names are not found written in the Lamb’s book of life, and whose unremitted sins, recorded in those other books, remain an indelible reproach to all eternity. In this life a fair appearance may be preserved; wrongdoing may be hidden and punishment escaped, ill speeches excused, and evil thoughts defile the sinner’s heart in secret; yet can his conscience rest? He would be relieved to think of death as the end of all, but he cannot. Within him a warning whisper disturbs: You have sown, what will you reap? Yes, the reaping is sure: “God is not mocked; for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap” Galatians 6:7. There is to be a resurrection of the unjust as well as of the just, and what has a sinner to look forward to that can set him at rest? Judgment — only holy, unerring, eternal judgment according to his deeds, and that is nothing to pacify him. No, he has no right to be quiet, no ground for confidence. There is One, his Creator, ever-living and all-knowing, who nevertheless has withdrawn Himself, leaving the sinner with faculties and possessions. These, the sinner boasts, are his own to do as he likes with them. Yet when he reflects what he has made of it all, quietness and confidence desert him. The inward reminder about having to render an account is there, an account of what he was so proud to think, so glib to speak, in such haste to do — how can he be happy?

Oh, that he might escape! He resolves to do so. And here Exodus 14 may help to an understanding how to be saved indeed. The children of Israel, so far as their foes could see were entangled in the land, shut in by the wilderness. They themselves saw nothing but death as the outcome of their predicament. Better, they said, that we had not aspired to freedom, and had rested content with our old slavery. So obvious it was that the net enclosed them. They were caught in a trap, so they thought. They had made a start for liberty, but now they were worse off than ever. Their old oppressors who were once satisfied with their bond-service, now thirsted for their blood. At least this military array seemed to promise nothing better, for Pharaoh pursued with horses and chariots.

Satan knows how to beset the way of escape with mighty fears. He is trying now to intimidate you, is he not? You have gone too far, is his whispered lie to you: you cannot change now. If you attempt it, you will break down. Thank God, it is a lie, for it takes account only of the tempter's power, your weakness and sin, and the pass to which you are come. But it leaves out God. God is for you. It is true you cannot change yourself, but He can. Fear not, "stand still, and see the salvation of the Lord." He can both save you today, and keep you tomorrow. He Who that night led Israel dryshod through the sea which otherwise would have drowned them, rained down daily manna to sustain them in the wilderness till the promised land was reached. "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).

Who dies on yonder middle cross of Calvary? A crucified thief by His side has recognized Him — the King, Who though now rejected and cut off with nothing is still to come into His kingdom. This could mean only One — the Hope of Israel, not to be lost through death, but to be more than gained when He rose again — the ever-abiding Messiah on Whose favor all blessing for sinful men depended. Against what difficulties the recognition came — the dying thief's own present pain with its distraction, his own past with its blinding of all right perception, and added to these, that the Other was in the same condemnation, crucified. How came he to see that the mocking inscription was truth, and count on the dying Sufferer's remembrance of him as everything to him, as salvation, in a word, and at such a time? Ah! he looked to Jesus, the Son of Man lifted up. Bitten by that old serpent, the devil, and in the very death-throes of his poison, the dying man looked to Jesus as the serpent-bitten Israelite looked to the brazen serpent lifted up by Moses in the wilderness — he looked and lived. Lived in the paradise of God though he died a felon's death.

Ready to acknowledge his own sin and the sinlessness of One crucified by his side, the recognition came; God said, "Let there be light," and there was light in that dark soul. Cornered, even as was Israel at the Red Sea, he stood still perforce, yet still longing for a real escape, and saw in Jesus the salvation of God, as Simeon had done at the beginning. His limbs affixed to the wood of the cross he could not move; his plight as pursued by his sins and faced with death he could not alter or avoid. Yet cornered and held as he was, this condition was only the providence that put him in the presence of Jesus. But also, he was now truly at a standstill within: he longed for the life he had done everything to forfeit, for the salvation he could do nothing to obtain. And the blessed illumination came as he looked thus on Jesus. Indeed, "There is life in a look at the Crucified One."

Why does Jesus die there? Because "God so loved the world that He gave His only Begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." (John 3:16.) He could not leave the sinner to his sin and its doom. As Israel's unseen Champion and Defender, He met Pharaoh at the Red Sea as a "Man of War" and overthrew him, causing Israel to pass over to life and liberty. And now as true Man, a "Man of sorrows and acquainted with grief," the Son of God becomes surety for all those who believe in Him, bearing their sins in His own body on the tree. Behold Him the Holy and Righteous Son of God, truly the Lamb of God without blemish, but on the cross "in the same condemnation." Or rather, under the judgment due to you, dying the just for the unjust, to bring you to God. Does He not claim your confidence? Is not His atoning suffering a resting place for your faith?

Oh, sinner, what can you do in face of these eternal issues? Can you avoid “the harvest”? Can you hope to justify yourself to God? Or escape His wrath? Or bear its terrors? Now, with the inevitable wages of sin hemming you in, will you “stand still and see the salvation of God” while looking to the cross where died He Who is your Creator, the Holy One? And died, that giving His life a ransom for you, you might be redeemed from sin and death. Do you not see by the very immensity of this salvation, by the eternal dignity and majesty of the Saviour, how hopeless is any contribution or effort of your own? “Thou hast destroyed thyself, but in ME is thine help” (Hos. 13:9). Consider Who has become the Mediator between God and man, and then ask yourself if you dare have doubts of the atonement He made. Does not your look to the crucified Son of God make clear that what He suffered you deserved, and He who was holy bore it that by faith in Him you might live? Can it be a half-faith in such conditions. Read. Romans 4:20 to 25, and may you also, and at once, be “fully persuaded.”

T.D.

The Golden Opportunity

JEAN INGELow has a sweet little story about opportunity — the golden, the silver, and the copper — as they came to a child. I have a few words to say about the golden opportunities that come to all.

A man rose in a prayer meeting one night, and told how for long years he had never bent his knee in supplication, when the question of a little Sunday scholar, his daughter, made him think and turn to God. “Papa, do you pray?” the darling had said, her blue eyes looking straight into his own. It was her golden opportunity, and God blessed it to her father, and to many more, for he is now an active worker for the Master, and a teacher whose efforts have been crowned with success.

“I want to speak to you about your soul,” said a student to his classmate, putting his arm through his, as they sauntered over the campus. He had been days gathering courage to speak in just that frank, cordial way, to his friend, whose brilliant talents were not consecrated. “I have been wishing you would, and wondering why you did not,” was the reply, “I am in trouble about my soul.”

Here was a golden opportunity that he had not even suspected. Servant of Christ, there may be some one near you, in trouble, longing for you to say a word, amazed that you are silent. Be up and doing! “The King’s business requireth haste.”

“Won’t you say a word to my husband about Jesus?” said a wife to the lady who had come in a friendly way to look after the little son, a Sunday-school boy. “How can I?” thought the lady, dreading to intrude upon a stranger, uncertain of the treatment she might receive. She prayed over it, and then said earnestly, after a few words about the children, “Don’t think I am taking too much upon myself, but I want to know why you don’t follow the dear Saviour?” She was surprised to see the horny hand dash away the tears, while the man, with a faltering voice, replied, “It is over twenty years since I’ve entered a church, till last Sunday, and then my boy took me to yours. I thank you for coming to talk to me.”

Fellow teachers, we are not doing all we might for Christ. The harvest is plenteous. The laborers are few. Opportunities are around us all the time. Do we seize the golden ones?

M.E.S.

Stephen Holloway's Strong Box

"DOMINE, if you have a little time to spare, I wish you'd look over the papers in my strong box."

The words were low, for the voice was weak from old age and long illness. Room F, in the Home for Aged Men, was about to lose the peaceful face that had greeted the minister time and again with a smile of heavenly cheer.

Stephen Holloway had lost almost everything in life, except his good name, his memory, and faith in God. His dear ones had died, his money was lost, his eyesight had failed, and his legs had long refused to support his trembling body. Nevertheless, when the minister was in need of special stimulus, he would drop in to have a talk with Uncle Stephen. This low-spoken allusion to a "strong box" startled him. It could not be that this venerable saint, so long an object of charity, had been hoarding unsuspected resources. Or was his keen, alert brain at last failing him?

The minister, Mr. Alton, bent tenderly over his old friend. "You know I'm rich, Domine," went on his feeble voice. The minister thought, "Ah, his mind has suddenly given way."

"As rich! as rich!" continued Uncle Stephen, his tones growing clearer and clearer, "As rich as the Lord Jesus Christ!"

His patient old face was suddenly illuminated. Mr. Alton said kindly, "You have all of my time you need; where is your strong box?"

"Why, there," replied the old man, smiling and pointing to the large leather-bound Bible on the stand. "Please take it and sit down a few minutes. When I was in business years ago, and making money, I had a strong box for my valuable documents and specie. There were no safe deposit vaults then, and I kept, the box in my closet, and was much worried about burglars. But since I had this box the Lord gave me, I have no trouble with it — the key is faith — and it is hidden so deep in my heart, the enemy cannot find it."

The minister had seated himself, with the great time-worn book on his knee.

"Now," said Uncle Stephen, "we'll look over

The Documents

a little. I cannot see them with my eyes, but I know them by heart. The first in the bundle I never tire thinking about. You see, Domine, many years ago I lived under a good King that I did not love, but rebelled against Him, trying to hinder His cause and hurt His kingdom. I was very rebellious. Finally, I was arrested, and put into a dark dungeon, and while there I found I was under the sentence of death. I wept and repented, but the dungeon was just as dark as ever, and death staring in my eyes, when a messenger from the King came up, bringing

A Paper Signed and Sealed

with my name on it. It was my pardon! Just read it over, will you? It is marked John 3:16.”

Mr. Alton read the familiar words: “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.”

“Then,” said the old man, “after I was a free man, and had promised to serve the King, He accepted me in His own glorious family, and

The Paper was Drawn Up

and made me as sure as eternity. I love that paper. It is labelled Romans 8:15. Please read it.”

The minister turned the leaves with a glow in his soul, and read: “Ye have received the Spirit of Adoption, whereby we cry, ‘Abba, Father.’”

“Now the next papers are wonderfully comforting to look over, the Three Insurance Policies — Accident, Life, Fire Insurance. There’s Romans 8:28.”

“And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God,” read Mr. Alton.

“That’s the

Accident Policy,”

said Uncle Stephen, with the simple joyousness of a carefree child in his voice. “John 11:26 is the Life Assurance.”

“Whosoever liveth and believeth in Me shall never die.” Mr. Alton’s voice had caught the ring of triumph of the aged conqueror on the bed.

“Bless the Lord!” cried Uncle Stephen. “Now let me hear the third. It’s marked 2 Peter 3:12, 13.” Somehow the solemn words had never seemed so real to Mr. Alton before, as he read slowly to his friend: “Looking for and hastening unto the coming of the day of God, wherein the heavens being on fire shall be dissolved, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat? Nevertheless, we, according to His promise, look for new heavens and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness.”

“I hope I am not keeping you too long,” said Uncle Stephen, “but I must have you glance at

The Will

there. You can see that the King’s Son died, and made a will in my favor. Oh, glory to God! Just think of it, Domine. You may glance over the items — ‘Peace I leave with you,’ and ‘I will send a Comforter.’ Oh, Parson Alton, do you think I am so foolish as to have all that and far more left to me, and not claim it and rejoice in it? Then there’s

A Deed goes with the Will.

It is John 14:2.” With eyes full of tears the minister repeated, “In my Father’s house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you.”

“For me! For me!! Oh, bless His glorious Name forever!” There was an eloquent silence. “And now there are a lot of blessed shares in the box.

I'm a big Stockholder.

Some are marked 'Partakers of Christ's suffering,' 'of the inheritance of the Saints in light.' Just lay that treasure box, on the bed with me. Too heavy? No, it's heavy only with the 'eternal weight of glory.' It is not much matter about the eyes, is it? Nor the old bones, nor lying awake nights. Millionaires do not care when they are away for a night if things are not just as they are at home. Goodbye, Domine. Come again."

Uncle Stephen sank back on his pillows, weary but radiant, and the minister went down the street singing to himself■

"O child of God. O glory's heir. How rich a lot is thine."

Divine Photography

A Gospel Address, delivered at the Victoria Hall, Exeter,

by Heyman Wreford.

“As it is written, There is none righteous, no, not one. There is none that understandeth, there is none that seeketh after God. They are all gone out of the way, they are together become unprofitable; there is none that doeth good, no, not one. Their throat is an open sepulcher; with their tongues they have used deceit; the poison of asps is under their lips. Whose mouth is full of cursing and bitterness. Their feet are swift to shed blood. Destruction and misery are in their ways. And the way of peace have they not known. There is no fear of God before their eyes. Now we know that what things soever the law saith, it saith to them who are under the law: that every mouth may be stopped, and all the world may become guilty before God.” —Romans 3:10-19.

MANY of my readers have a camera of their own; well nigh all have had their photograph taken, some standing, some sitting, some with the head and shoulders only, while others prefer a full-length photograph. We have been taken to please ourselves, and to please our friends. Some of our photographs are more priceless to us than gold. There is a child's empty chair in the corner of the room in a home; the little one who used to sit there has gone to heaven; upstairs are the little garments and the broken toys, and the empty cot. The little voice that made such music in the home will be heard on earth no more — there is a little grave in the cemetery, flower-decked by loving hands, and the epitaph, “Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.” And at home when they talk of the babe in Paradise, the photograph is brought out. There are marks of tears upon it; and the sunny eyes look out from the cloud of curly hair about the brow, and the half-opened lips seem almost speaking, and the mother cries, “My little boy! My little boy!” She would not part with the likeness of her child for anything, and she thanks God that she can still see her baby as he was.

Yes, the family album is a cherished possession. There the wife can gaze upon the husband she has lost, and the husband see again the wife whom God has taken; and children can view the loved faces of their parents.

Well do I remember, after twenty years and more, the awful grief that swept across my soul when my father died. He was a man of God, and when the summons came he could say to us, “I have not a doubt, I have not a fear.” I never saw such radiant happiness as was his in speaking of the Lord Jesus. “Is it not wonderful?” he said to me, “ ‘Though He was rich, yet for our sakes He became poor, that we through His poverty might be rich.’” Sing, he cried:—

“Glory, glory everlasting

Be to Him Who bore the cross,

Who redeemed our souls by tasting

Death, the death deserved by us.

Spread His glory,

Who redeemed His people thus.”

We sang the verse, his voice joining in the hymn of praise. When the verse was done we paused, but the feeble voice went on:

“His is love, ‘tis love unbounded,

Without measure, without end;

Human thought is here confounded,

‘Tis too vast to comprehend.

Praise the Saviour!

Magnify the sinners’ Friend.”

With rapt face turned to heaven, he communed with the Lord in wonderful and exalted communion. He passed from us with the light of heaven on his face, leaving his blessing to every one of his children, and the memory of his godly life and triumphant departure. And now, often and often, I thank God for the lineaments of the dear loved face left us in his likeness.

My Convert’s Album.

I have an album filled with the faces of those who have been brought to God at our meetings. Many have gone to be with Christ, but it is a pleasure to gaze upon them, and remember their coming to the Saviour, and their words of prayer and sympathy; “though they are dead, yet they speak,” and I love to listen to the silent voices of my departed friends.

One photo I especially love. It is of a Christian whose prayers helped on our work mightily. A man poor and uneducated, yet rich in faith and full of understanding of God’s love to sinners. I remember one Sunday evening we had wonderful blessing; nearly every unsaved one seemed to have been converted. Next day I saw this dear Christian and I said to him, “Last night, ■, God gave us marvelous blessing, and I cannot understand it.” “I can, sir,” he answered, “on Friday evening God told me to pray for the gospel and you, and I was on my knees nearly all the time from Friday until Sunday, praying. I knew you would have the power and the blessing.” And often when cast down because of coldness and deadness in the meetings, I look upon his photograph and remember his words — the words of a man of prayer — and I am comforted. He used to show me the elbows of his coat and the knees of his trousers, worn out by kneeling in prayer.

But I must not linger on these themes, pleasant as they are, but come more directly to my subject.

Let me ask you a question first. Have you been to God for your likeness? Have you seen yourselves upon the sensitive plate of the Word of God?

God has taken everyone’s photograph. We get a full-length portrait of the sinner in the third chapter of Romans. From head to foot, inside and out, the sinner is exposed ■ his outward expression, his innermost thoughts, his motives and his actions are all plainly shown. And a terrible picture it is. Not at all the sort of portrait we should expect of ourselves if we went to a

photographer. But the truth of God deals with things as they are, and the portraits and biographies of the Bible are the only true records of humanity we possess.

God is no respecter of persons, and therefore we have this comprehensive statement given about all the human race: "There is none righteous, no not one; they are all gone out of the way, they are together become unprofitable; there is none that doeth good, no, not one."

This stern condemnation of man in his natural condition has been sought to be set aside in all the ages. The absolute depravity of man, his total departure from God, his profitless existence, and his utter inability to be good or to do good in his natural condition has called forth all the sophistry of hell to palliate this sweeping denunciation. Man believes in his fellow man, but God will not allow that there is anything but evil in him. Man has many names for all his chosen heroes. God has one name for the human race — sinner. It is the portrait of a sinner that God has given us here; and divine photography with infinite exactitude has portrayed the sinner as he is before his God. Man has sinned under law, and he has sinned under grace. He is "born in sin and shapen in iniquity." Jew and Gentile, "all under sin." "Every mouth stopped"; —all the world guilty before God.

It is not a question of degrees of guilt, for sin is sin in God's sight. We measure men by our standards of right and wrong; we say, "he is a good man," or "he is a bad man," but God says, "all have sinned." There is

"None righteous — No, NOT ONE,

None that understandeth,

None that seeketh after God,

None that doeth good — NO, NOT ONE."

Do you begin to see your likeness now? in what manner you appear before a holy God?

Your throat "is an open sepulcher," and from that place of death come forth these foul emanations recorded here—deceit, the poison of asps, words like drops of deadly poison distilled in hell, cursing and bitterness; everything that speaks of death as regards holiness and righteousness, nothing for God can come forth from an open sepulcher. And, furthermore, we have other characteristics of the sinner■

Their feet swift to shed blood,

Destruction and misery in their way;

The way of peace have they not known,

No fear of God before their eyes.

From Cain to Caiaphas, and onwards to the present, the feet of the sinner have been "swift to shed blood." Ten thousand battlefields testify to the truth of this: the blood of millions of martyrs attest the justice of these words. Judas was swift to shed the "innocent blood" when he took the thirty pieces of silver. And in Gethsemane they came to take the Saviour to His death. And at Calvary the multitudes cry, "Crucify! Crucify!" "His blood be upon us and upon our children." "Swift to shed blood." And in your heart, sinner, these same evil passions reign, and if you have been

kept from shedding blood, it is because of the restraint of a nation's law upon your life, and the fear of the punishment that would be meted to your crime. But your sins have crucified the Lord; and that holy blood, shed on Calvary on account of you, will either be your salvation or damnation. Think of this in the presence of God now.

(To be continued, D. V.)

“Never Man Spake Like This Man.”

AND never book spake like the Word of God. “It measures all states and conditions of life; it is acquainted with every grief; it touches every chord of sympathy; it contains the spiritual biography of every heart; it is suited to every class of society, and can be read with the same interest by the king and the beggar, the philosopher and the child”; and “it has a comfort for every sorrow and a balm for every wound.” (Psa. 19:7-10; 119:162; Rom. 15:4; Eph. 5:26; 2 Tim. 3:15-17; 1 Peter 1:23.)

Christ's Sympathy

THEY tell us that, in some trackless lands, when one friend passes through the pathless forests, he breaks a twig ever and anon as he goes, that those who come after may see the traces of his having been there, and may know that they are not out of the road. Oh, when we are journeying through the murky night and the dark woods of affliction and sorrow, it is something to find here and there a spray broken, or a leafy stem bent down with the tread of Christ's foot and the brush of His Hand as He passed, and to remember that the path He trod He has hallowed, and that there are lingering fragrances and hidden strengths in the remembrance, "In all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin," bearing grief for us, bearing grief with us, bearing grief like us. McC.

Reading the Bible

DR. Duncan says: — “In the Old Testament there are 931 chapters; but by distributing the 150 Psalms into 60 equal parts, they will then be reduced to 841; add to these 260, which is the number contained in the New Testament, they will then be 1,101. Divide this by 3, and you will find each part contains 365 chapters, and 6 over; so that by reading three chapters every day you will read the whole over in one year, except 6 chapters. The most profitable method is to begin with the first chapter of Genesis, the first Psalm, and the first chapter of Matthew, and to proceed regularly.

Everlasting Love

“I have loved thee with an everlasting love.” — Jer. 31:3

GOD’S everlasting love! What wouldst thou more?

O true and tender friend, well hast thou spoken.

My heart was restless, weary, sad and sore,

And longed and listened for some heaven-sent token:

And like a child that knows not why it cried,

‘Mid God’s full promises it moaned—unsatisfied!

Yet there it stands. O love, surpassing thought,

So bright, so grand, so clear, so true, so glorious;

Love infinite, love tender, love unsought,

Love changeless, love rejoicing, love victorious!

And this great love for us in boundless store:

God’s everlasting love! What would we more?

Yes, one thing more! To know it ours indeed,

To add the conscious joy of full possession.

O tender grace that stoops to every need!

This everlasting love hath found expression

In loving-kindness, which hath gently drawn

The heart that else astray too willingly had gone.

We thirst for God, our treasure is above;

Earth has no gift our one desire to meet,

And that desire is pledge of His own love.

Sweet question; with no answer! Oh, how sweet!

My heart in chiming gladness o’er and o’er

Sings on — “God’s everlasting love! What wouldst thou
more?”

Frances Ridley Havergal.

A Shadowed Land

(Abridged from)

An Address delivered by Dr. Heyman Wreford, at the Victoria Hall. Exeter. Sunday Evening. December 4th 1892.

(Hitherto Unpublished.)

“The people which sat in darkness saw great light; and to them which sat in the region and shadow of death light is sprung up.” —Matt. 4:16.

IF we pass from the twilight into the light we do not notice the difference so much as if, out of absolute darkness, we pass immediately into full and glorious light; and I was thinking as I read the verse I have taken for my text, how God said: “Let there be light,” and of the darkness flying at His voice, and Eden being at once irradiated by His glory. When the breath of life was breathed into man, and he stood in the image of God, he could walk up and down the beautiful aisles of Eden and gaze without fear, upon his Maker. But as soon as sin entered the world by disobedience, it fell like an eclipse on the creation. In a moment the light of God’s presence was withdrawn, and man, trying to hide his shame, only got into deeper darkness still. One sin canopied Eden with gloom, and when the second Adam suffered on the Cross, the Son of God broke His loving heart for what man had done.

That sin of disobedience rests upon you tonight—that shadow rests North, and South, and East, and West, on every continent and on every sea. And how soon the shadow of that sin of Adam’s disobedience was followed by the awful shadow of the sin of murder, and as Abel was murdered by Cain, so Christ was murdered on the hill of Calvary. You know, reading the Old Testament, how terribly the sins of the world increased till God in His fierce anger swept man away, and rained fire upon the cities of the plain.

When we were in the East our guide took us to the shores of the Dead Sea, and I could not help thinking vividly of the terrible judgment that overtook those guilty cities. Their inhabitants could not believe the peril in which they stood till the dark skies opened and they learned too late that God could be mocked no longer. Men and women may go on defying God for a time, but the shadow of sin follows them till the day of repentance is past, and out of the dark shadow of wrath resting on them the thunderbolt suddenly falls. And death is not the end — if so, how many would like to die, to lay their weary heads down on the pillow of oblivion and wake no more! But there is the judgment after death. Many a man has said: “Cursed be the hour that I was born and a living soul given me.”

The world is full of those shadowed lives. Full of rich men going to bed with their coffers full of gold, and men envying them for their splendid houses and their servants and their great position in life, but all their riches will not avert their day of doom. The rich man dies, with the shadow of his sins resting on him and “in hell he lift up his eyes” for all his gold is powerless to purchase him an

entrance into the peace and joy of Heaven. We may listen to the golden words of a man of intellect and wonder at his knowledge, but he may be a fool for all that.

“The world by wisdom knew not God,” and if, with all his wisdom, a man never learns that he must come to Christ, and if his name, however great in the eyes of men, is not written in the Lamb’s Book of Life, he is still a fool in the greatest thing of all. The angels, looking down from heaven, must see some strange and sad sights — wives clad in the glory of redemption, and husbands with the shadow of God’s wrath resting on them, in the same home; or the husband saved and the wife unsaved. To all the world they may seem alike, but the eye of God sees them differently. There may be a husband and wife here tonight, the one in the light of Christ and the other in the shadow of unbelief. It reminds me of a wreck we saw when we got to Victoria, Vancouver Island, a large steamer with her funnels sticking up out of the water. So there are men and women wrecked, whose lives are useless either to God or man. God’s purpose in creating you was that you should live for His glory. Those who built that steamer expected that it would travel across the waters in safety and fulfill its work, but the time of wreck came, and so it is with the lives of men and women.

Have you ever seen an eagle in a cage, an eagle that was made to soar upwards towards heaven and gaze upon the sun? Yet there it is, powerless to fly, and an unconverted man is like the eagle in the cage: there is the whole world to work in, but the devil has him in a cage. He likes to keep the best men captive so that they cannot work for the living God. God has given you great powers of intellect perhaps, great talents of one kind or another, but they cannot be used for Him unless you are a Christian.

Have you ever seen a harp without strings? There is the form and the framework of the harp, but it is useless; no music can be got out of the instrument by the very best musician, and not even an angel’s hand can get any melody out of your life till you are converted to Christ. Till then you are like a statue without life. I helped to unpack one the other day which was considered to be a very beautiful work of art, but there was no sight in its eyes or hearing in its ears. You are like that statue if, with all the open doors of salvation, and all the glorious promises shining before you, you have never listened to the voice of God or the blessed accents of a Saviour’s love. Oh! if your lips have been closed, and you have never lifted up a voice of entreaty to the Most High asking for pardon and salvation, you had better have been a statue. If you are deaf and blind in spirit and your hands and feet are useless to your Maker, what are you but a lifeless statue in God’s world?

When we were in the Holy Land we went to Bethlehem and we saw a field supposed to be the same field where the shepherds saw the angel and heard the multitude of the heavenly host, it is called “the Field of the Shepherds” now, and we saw the field where it is said David used to keep his father’s sheep, and I thought of the shadow resting on the Lord when He lay in the village inn. The heaven of heavens could not contain Him, yet there was no room for Him in the village inn, and they put the Lord of Glory in a stable. We saw the place where it is said Christ was born. I thought, as I stood there, of Him Who was content to be the “Babe of Bethlehem” for my sake, and for yours, We stayed a fortnight in the quiet village where He spent His first days on earth, and there was the same well from which Mary the Mother of Jesus used to draw water, and to tills day women go to that well, as they have done for thousands of years, and as I watched them doing evening after evening. I cannot tell you what memories crowded on me there. I looked on the very hill over which they wished to thrust Him, for He was hated and homeless through His long

journeyings till He got to the Garden of Gethsemane, and how dark a shadow rested on him there! Oh, blessed be God that He suffered this for you and me. Think what sin must be to cause the Lord of Life to suffer thus. We encamped one night upon the Mount of Olives and saw the moon shining down upon Jerusalem, and there I walked in an Olive garden which might have been Gethsemane, and I could not help but think of the mighty agony that rested on His soul nineteen centuries ago, when He Who knew no sin Himself was made sin for us. I would not have missed those quiet hours of communion with Him Who loved me for any mortal consideration. Has the tale of His sorrow never stirred your hearts? As I looked on those trees, and gazed on the city He wept over, my eyes were filled with tears. I thought of the city full of men and women He came to save stretching out their hands to thrust Him from them — haughty Pharisees, Roman soldiers and the rest, and that solitary woman leaving the city and going to the brook Kedron in the Valley of Jehoshaphat—where I have often been — it was all brought so vividly before my eyes. There were the priests plotting against the Saviour's life; there was the man who would betray Him for thirty pieces of silver, and lead them across Kedron to the garden where Jesus was agonizing, and give Him the traitor's kiss. Have you ever kissed Christ with the kiss of a traitor; used Him for your own ends? Judas used Jesus to get those thirty pieces; have you or I ever used Christ to get money or fame? Let us see to it, for there are people betraying Him every day, selling Him for any paltry advantage this poor world can give. So Judas betrayed Him, and He was taken to the hall of judgment and condemned to death, and then taken again outside the city walls, and crucified. Oh, that shadowed life, shadowed for you and me. There we saw the place, a few hundred yards outside the Damascus Gate, within sight of the city wall so that those who passed by could wag their heads. When Mr. Moody was there he preached on the crucifixion upon the very spot where the Cross was supposed to have stood, and as I stood there it seemed to me as if I was close by the Cross of Jesus, and upon holy ground, and I want you to feel each one of you that what went on there was for you. I want you to feel He bore your sins in His Own Body there upon the tree. Blessed be God, the door of mercy is open still, and the beams of glory are shining through. I want you to go to the cross and to ask for pardon now, before the door is shut.

“Behold, Now is the accepted time. Behold, Now is the day of Salvation.

Forgiveness

FORGIVENESS! God is its blessed source. The man, Christ Jesus, its divinely appointed channel. All manner of sin and blasphemy indicates its extent. The unerring Word of God is its assurance, and every poor guilty sinner under the wide canopy of heaven may be, if he will, its subject.

“Why, and how is it,” you exclaim, “that I am not in possession of it?”

It may be that you have up to now been following David’s example in keeping silence. That is, not telling God the truth about yourself.

If so, let me entreat you to follow his example when he says “I acknowledged my sin unto thee, and mine iniquity have I not hid.” He adds, “I said I will confess my transgressions unto the Lord.” And it shall be true of you — as it was of him — without a moment’s delay,

Without any Ifs or Buts.

“Thou forgavest the iniquity of my sin.” (See Psalm 32).

An incident culled from a friend’s letter will serve as an illustration of this. It runs as follows:—

“Just as we were leaving Oxford, a gentleman, whom I had met before, got into the same compartment.

“We had previously conversed on eternal realities, but the only effect produced upon him was a determination to resist the truth, saying: ‘He did not wish to have his mind disturbed.’

“I longed to embrace this opportunity of again presenting to him the grand truths of pardon, peace, and eternal life through, and in, Christ.

“Whilst we were conversing together, he showed me a letter he had received from his son in America; and in order that I might understand its meaning he explained that his son, when quite a lad, was discovered robbing a shopkeeper’s till.

“The owner was told of the theft, and, upon examination, it came out that the boy had stolen a pound.

“In terror as to the consequences of his act, he immediately left home and friends, and fled the country.

“Years rolled by, and the prodigal was still a wanderer from his father’s house.

“One morning the postman brought the letter I now hold in my hand. It told of the deep sorrow of the young man for the past act, and was full of contrition. The letter concluded by the writer subscribing himself, ‘Your repenting son.’

“The father wept at the acknowledgment of his son’s guilt, and, with the impulse of a love he had ever borne to the boy, hastened to telegraph a reply.

“The telegram contained one word only.

“I was asked to guess what the word was, but on my failing to do so, he told me it was the word■

“Forgiven.”

“ ‘Oh,’ said I, ‘what an illustration this affords of the way God receives a sinner!’

“I there and then besought him to take the place before God which his son had taken before him, confessing his guilt, and owning his sin, assuring him that if he did so the telegram from heaven would be the word— ‘Forgiven’.”

Will you do so, my reader?

If you plead “guilty,” and own yourself to be what God knows you to be, it is of the deepest importance to your soul’s peace that you should understand the channel through which the forgiveness of sins flows to you. God is the source; Christ the channel, through which the river of forgiving love reaches the heart-broken, conscience-stricken, repentant sinner.

“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).

Repentance, prayers, hopes, fears, doings and strivings, reformations and resolutions, are not the divinely-appointed channel through which forgiveness flows to a guilty sinner.

Ask that captain how he will get his ship, laden with bales, to Manchester. He will tell you there is only one way — a channel has been made connecting the mighty ocean with that city, and it would be an impossible, as well as an insane act to attempt to convey the heavily-laden vessel overland. The ship canal — waterway, the suited and only way for a ship to travel — is provided.

So to attempt to obtain forgiveness by any other means, or through any other channel than the blood-bought, new, and living way opened at Calvary’s Cross — is an act of the maddest folly, “for

There is None Other Name

under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved.”

Let me add one scripture as to the ground of forgiveness. This we find in Romans 3:25: “God hath set forth a propitiation through faith in His blood, to declare His righteousness for the remission of sins that are past, through the forbearance of God; to declare, I say, at this time His righteousness; that He might be just, and the justifier of him which believeth in Jesus.” Also, “Therefore being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ.” (Rom. 5:1.)

Divine Photography

A Gospel Address, delivered at the Victoria Hall, Exeter, by Heyman Wreford.

“As it is written, There is none righteous, no, not one. There is none that understandeth, there is none that seeketh after God. They are all gone out of the way, they are together become unprofitable; there is none that doeth good, no, not one. Their throat is an open sepulcher; with

their tongues they have used deceit; the poison of asps is under their lips. Whose mouth is full of cursing and bitterness. Their feet are swift to shed blood. Destruction and misery are in their ways. And the way of peace have they not known. There is no fear of God before their eyes. Now we know that what things soever the law saith, it said to them who are under the law: that every mouth may be stopped; and all the world may become guilty before God.” —Rom. 3:10-19.

AND destruction and misery are, in their ways. The daily destruction of the sinner’s life goes on; the breaking up of God’s commandments, day by day, and hour by hour; the mental and physical deterioration caused by natural and Satanic influence swaying the life; the barque of life with the devil at the helm, churning the billows of sin and shame straight for the tempest that broods upon the deep; and the awful shipwreck of a lost life. “The destruction that wasteth at noonday.” The awful expenditure of human life, millions perishing in the ways of death, other millions treading in their footsteps, “hell enlarging herself,” stern laws scarcely restraining the unhallowed impulses of sinners on every hand. Oh, God! what shipwrecks strew the sands of time! What a ghastly hecatomb of death this poor world is! Oh! the misery of it all! Destruction and misery the terrible companions of the sinner in his sins. Poor lost sinner, think of it. “There is a way that seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death.” The heavens are bending over you as if to woo you to your God. The flowers bloom fair upon a thousand fields. The birds sing out the happiness of rejoicing hours, and forests wave their leafy banners out to catch the winds of God. The cattle on a thousand hills are His, but you are the devil’s plaything, and the way that seems right to you in your fatal self-will is the way Satan has chosen for you. And yet God is calling, Christ is waiting to save you; angels watch your wandering feet. Come home tonight. Come home tonight. Then the misery of ill-spent hours shall pass, and the building up of a life for God begin.

Let me repeat an experience that swept across my life, and may you from it learn how darkness can be changed to light, and how despair can turn to joy.

Then and Now.

I was a poor, lost, weary, miserable and guilty sinner, afar from God, and alien from my fellows. I stood in utter darkness, with the shadow of death hanging over me, and the pit of hell close to my sliding feet.

Deeper and deeper I sank in the quicksands of despair. Rudderless, tempest-tossed, and wretched, I drifted on the sea of life to an everlasting eternity. Eternity! the word burned into my brain. Where should I spend eternity? And then voices of the damned seemed to answer me (I was so near then to my ruin), crying out, “With us in hell! With us in hell!”

“O God,” I cried, weary with the strife, and with the burden of my sins crushing me down deeper and deeper, “O God, where art Thou? Is there not mercy? From Thy eternity look down and help, and save. I am a sinner, and I know not what to do, or where to go.” And then, methought I heard, beyond the darkness, a voice which said, in accents softer than the sweetest breathings of an earthly love, “Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.” And again I cried, “Where art Thou, Lord? I cannot see Thee. Rest? Thy rest and peace I want. What must I do to be saved from this horrible hell, this lake of fire?” And lo! I deemed a great light shone about me, and a vision swept before my wondering sense. I saw One nailed upon a tree, with the thorn crown on His brow, the nail-prints in His hands and feet, and the spear wound in His side. I

saw Him there, and, weeping, I fell down before His blessed feet, the hardness of my nature softening as I wept and prayed there, beneath the shadow of His unutterable love. And as I gazed upon the cross, methought it was whispered in, my ear, echoing through every chamber of my heart, "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

With untold gladness flooding all my being, I cried aloud, "He died for me! He died for me! Lord, Lord, I believe, help Thou mine unbelief." And again the message came, and thus it spake, "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out."

And then there was joy in the presence of the holy angels that stand about the throne, for a brand had been plucked from the quenchless flame, a wandering sheep had found the fold at last, and a lost and ruined soul had found a Saviour's hand to guide him from darkness into light; had found that all the sinner wants to light him up to heaven is the lamp of a dying Saviour's love, and that the blood of a crucified Redeemer is the only passport to glory, to the golden gates beyond which are the many mansions round about the throne. And now the pen of gladness wrote the promise on my heart, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." And I thought that when I gazed again I saw a vacant cross, while from the heaven of heavens I heard the sound, "Take up thy cross, and follow me." And I knew that He Who died there for my sins, was now at the right Hand of the Majesty on high, for my security.

And I am treading the narrow road that leads to Him; the road marked by His blessed footprints, feeling that "underneath me are the everlasting arms," and before me the white robe of His love, and the eternal happiness of His presence forever and forever.

"The way of peace they have not known," There can be no peace apart from a knowledge of God in Christ. "He is our Peace," and apart from Him there can be none. The belittling of the Lord Jesus is going on all over Christendom today. God is speaking to the world in these last days by His Son, and the devil is seeking to close men's ears to that heavenly voice. From the blasphemer in the City Temple to the newly-fledged minister who oftentimes thinks more of his white tie than he does of his Saviour, this denial of Christ goes on. The Redeemer is patronized by some, and denied by others.

The exponents of modern thought can never worship with the angels over Bethlehem; they have no "gold or frankincense or myrrh" to lay before the feet of the infant Saviour. The splendor of the life of Jesus that shone in the world for thirty-three years has never been seen by them. "To him give all the prophets witness," but Who, say they, believes in the prophets nowadays? And "Moses wrote of him," but Moses made mistakes and is unreliable! Moses and the prophets must be swept aside! The marvelous poetry of Isaiah, and the deep pathos of Jeremiah; the wondrous melody of the Psalms, and Ezekiel's imagery must all be given up, as far as their witness to Christ is concerned, because these poor creatures of a day have so decreed! The wisdom of the schools is against Christ, and so Christ must go! But He is my peace, the Christian says, and I will not let Him go. Not one of these men who are thus humanizing Christ have ever known the way of peace, and they never will without Him. We cannot do without our Saviour, can we?

"Who is on the Lord's side?" Let the answer come from every heart tonight, "Christ for me, Christ for me." You children cannot do without Him, for He took the children in His arms and blessed

them. You mothers cannot do without Him, for some of your children are in heaven, and you want to meet them again. You poor anxious sinners cannot do without Him, because He alone can save your souls from hell. And you, my dear old Christian friends, you cannot do without Him, for He has been your stay and comfort for many years now. You have proved His goodness, you know His love; He has been with you in hours of sorrow and of joy. You have tasted that the Lord is gracious.

When these arrogant blasphemers stand before the Great White Throne to be judged by Him they denied on earth, you will be with Him in the glory.

Let me give you the record of the conversion of a saint of God, Mr. Wig-ram, written by himself. He says:

“Good instruction as to the contents of the Bible were mine at school, at seventeen, under a John the Baptist ministry; but I never knew the gospel till, at nineteen, I went abroad, full of the animal pleasure of a military life. I and my comrade spent a long and tiring day on the field of Waterloo in June, 1824. Arriving late at night at ■, I soon went to my bedroom. It struck me, ‘I will say my prayers.’ It was the habit of childhood, neglected in youth. I knelt down by my bedside, but I found I had forgotten what to say. I looked up as if trying to remember, when suddenly there came on my soul a something I had never known before. It was as if some One, Infinite and Almighty, knowing everything, full of the deepest, tenderest interest in myself, though utterly and entirely abhorring everything in and connected with me, made known to me that He pitied and loved myself. My eye saw no one; but I assuredly knew that the One Whom I knew not and never had met, had met me for the first time, and made me to know we were together. There was a light, no sense or faculty my own human nature ever knew; there was a presence of what seemed infinite in greatness, something altogether of a class that was apart and supreme, and yet at the same time making itself known to me in a way that I, as a man, could thoroughly feel, and taste, and enjoy. The light made all light, Himself withal; but it did not destroy, for it was love itself, and I was loved individually by Him. The exquisite tenderness and fullness of that love, it appropriated me myself for Him, in Whom it all was, while the light from which it was inseparable in Him, discovered to me the contrast I had been to all that was light and love. I wept for awhile on my knees, said nothing, then got into bed. The next morning’s thought was, ‘Get a Bible.’ I got one, and it was thenceforth my handbook. My clergyman companion noticed this, and also my entire change of life and thought.

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

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

“Christ, the Father’s rest eternal,

Jesus once looked down on me;

Called me by my name external,

And revealed Himself to me.

With His whisper, light, life-giving,
Glowed in me, the dark and dead;
Made me live, Himself receiving,
Who once died for me and bled.”

This is how this young officer found the way of peace, and after fifty years of living for Christ he could testify with all his heart to the abiding love of Christ. Yes, the way of peace is to walk with Him on earth, but “there is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked.” No peace on earth, no peace in hell.

(To be concluded, D.V.)

On Heaven

THE following piece on heaven was repeated by an aged Christian not long before she passed away. One of her daughters copied the thoughts down; her mother had learned them as a child, and when she came to die, her memory recalled the beautiful thoughts., "The rose is sweet, but surrounded with thorns. The lily of the valley is fragrant, but it springs up amongst the brambles. The spring is pleasant, but it soon passes away. The rainbow is very glorious, but it soon vanishes. Life is good, but it is quickly swallowed up in death.

"There is a land where the rose is without thorns. Flowers are not mixed with brambles in that eternal spring. Life without a cloud, Rivers of pleasure are there, and flowers that never fade. Myriads of happy spirits are there surrounding the Throne of God with a perpetual hymn. The angels with their golden harps sing praises continually. The cherubims fly on wings of fire.

"This country is the country that is good, and nothing that defileth can enter in. The toad must not spit its venom among the turtle doves; or poisonous henbane bloom among sweet flowers. Neither shall anyone that doeth evil enter into this good land.

"This earth is pleasant, but it is God's earth, and is filled with many delightful things. But in that country it is far better. There we shall not grieve any more, or be sick any more, or do wrong any more.

"There the cold shall not wither us, or the heat of the summer scorch us.

"When our parents and friends die they are laid in the cold ground. Here we shall see them no more. But there we shall embrace them and be separated no more. There we shall see all good men, of whom we read in the holy Book. Abraham, called of God, the father of the faithful Moses after his long wanderings in the Arabian deserts. Elijah, the prophet of God. Daniel who escaped the lions' den, and then the son of Jesse, the shepherd king, the sweet singer of Israel. They loved God on earth, and praised Him on earth, but in that country they will praise Him much better, and love Him more. There we shall see Jesus who has gone to that happy land. There we shall behold the glory of the High God. Although we cannot see Him here, we love Him here, and we often think of heaven, that happy land that is to be our home.

"We are here for a little while, but there for eternal ages."

THE heart where peace abides is like the heaven,

The limpid dome where clouds in sullen might

May come and go; but through each rift appearing

The blue shines forth the same, serene and bright.

Oh, send our hearts this blessed peace, Great Father!

That, thus endowed and cheered through Thy dear love,
This life become to us, Thy faulty children,
A foretaste of the better life above.

I Have Seen the Sea

“To know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge.” (Eph. 3:19.)

A LITTLE child was playing by the shore
Of the broad blue sea,
And oft he looked away across the waves,
So wonderingly.
It was a new, entrancing sight to him,
That watery waste;
The tossing billows breaking on the sand,
With foam wreaths graced.
And often in his distant inland home,
With childish glee,
The boy would say to young and older friends,
“I’ve seen the sea!”
And so he had, the child made no mistake
His words were true;
But yet how much of ocean’s vast expanse
Had met his view?
Only the waves that rippled on the shore,
While far away,
The broad Atlantic in its depth and strength
Beyond him lay!
And thus we say we know the love of Christ;
And so we do.
‘Tis no exaggeration or mistake,
But sweetly true.
But, ah! How much of that unfathomed love

Do we yet know?

Only the ripples on the shores of time

The nearer flow!

Sunset

HEAVEN seems nearer at the sunset hour than at any other time. A hush is coming over the earth. Its activities are ceasing. Men's thoughts are getting off from their work. They are unstrapping their cares as a soldier will his knapsack at the close of the day's march. There is leisure for spiritual occupations, time for the evening prayer, time to fold the children's hands together at the feet of Jesus, time to think of things that are unworldly and spiritual.

And God seems to suggest this as He hints of another and better world in the glories of the sky. How the colors and details shift! There are rivers of crystal flowing; gates, each of one pearl, opening; foundations garnished with all manner of precious stones. It may all change, and a flood of glory come, so suggestive of the city that hath no need of the sun.

We do not wonder that men think of spiritual things at such a time. A Traveler in Algiers speaks of seeing some Arabs on a promontory watching the setting sun. The light about them fades, but "the sun still shines through some unseen valley, and lights up the figures as they kneel in prayer." It is a scene no one wonders at. Men's thoughts at sunset naturally fly heavenward, like birds to their nests.

Old age is a kind of sunset hour. The activities of life are over. The burdens unstrapped will never be lifted to the shoulders again. There is leisure for prayer. It is the aged father and mother's Bible that is found lying so often on the table. You talk with them, and find that spiritual things are engaging their attention more fully. They know they are not far from home. There are lights in the sky beckoning them, glories drawing and winning them. Some of the light to come gets into their prayers and testimonies. Their supplications for their fellows are very precious. How we long to hold on to these fathers and mothers in Israel, when we see that the end has come, and that their faces are set as though they would go to Jerusalem! In the midst of light they pass away "from glory to glory." Blessed is the church that has many aged Simeons and Annas in its fellowship.

Consider the world as a sea: the wind is strong, the tempest mighty: to every man his own desire is the storm. If thou lovest God, thou walkest like Peter on the water; the surge of the world is under thy feet. ■Augustine.

The Boatman's Message

"DON'T tempt me," Father Gynn would say, grasping his staff and bundle. "So long as the Master gives me strength, I must bear His message. I am the one to preach the Glad Tidings; I have no family, and am welcome to any craft. I can sit with the sailors in the forecastle and tell them about Him Who holds the waters in His hand. And on shore there's many a house that will never have the Bible, except I go there. I'm grateful to you, friend, but I must be moving on. When my work is done, the good Lord will give this body rest till the bright morning!"

Everybody on the coast knew Father Gynn, who for long years traveled on foot from house to house, a self-appointed missionary. He was quite old before his step faltered or his energy abated. But still he refused a home, although more than one fisher's hut on the coast offered him a shelter for his declining years. In the burning heat of summer, as well as in the bleak winter, the pilgrim was ever seeking to give the word of cheer to those who lived remote from other laborers. He met the fisherfolk by the fireside, or on the seashore as they mended their nets; his self-sacrificing life and cordial interest in their welfare giving wonderful power to his words. To many a rude son of the sea he had been indeed a father, often helping them in sudden poverty and distress from his own scanty pittance.

On one occasion the good man felt impelled to make an excursion farther inland, and, continuing his journey in the early dawn, found himself on the bank of a river. It could be crossed only by a ferry. The boat was moored on the opposite bank, near the ferryman's hut. Father Gynn, familiar with the customs of the region, summoned him with a horn which he found suspended from a tree. At last the man of the ferry came, and gazed listlessly across the stream as if he cared not for a passenger, gruffly asking:

"What's wanted at this early hour?"

"A friend to take me over," said Father Gynn.

The tiny craft came slowly over. Then, as the rower scanned the stately figure of the preacher, he said, apologetically:

"It isn't often I'm roused up at daybreak."

Father Gynn made no reply until he had entered the boat, when he said gently:

"Friend, I'm sorry to trouble you at this unreasonable hour, but I had urgent business."

The boatman, who had scarcely taken his troubled eyes off this striking passenger, made no remark; yet it did not seem as if his close scrutiny was prompted by that idle curiosity that Father Gynn often found among those who are isolated from large centers. To the practiced eye of the evangelist he seemed no ordinary man, despite his abrupt way. Father Gynn opened the conversation in his quaint manner: "I bear a message, and must not rest until it be delivered."

"Not bad news?" said the other, with a touch of interest.

“That depends upon the way it is received,” was the grave reply. “My word is from a good Father to a wayward child. If that child will return, he shall be as a prince before a king. If he refuses, he will be an outcast; the inheritance will go to another. It all lies with the child,” added Father Gynn, searching the face of the ferryman, who evidently had not comprehended; for he said:

“You may be after Ike Stevens. He hasn’t written or spoken to his father since he moved into these parts, and that’s near fifteen years.”

Father Gynn bent upon him a still more intense look, as if he would know whether he was feigning ignorance.

“You’re old to travel on such an errand,” added the man; “and if it’s Ike Stevens, we might as well turn about, for he’s a hard case”; but seeing that his passenger was watching him with an expression of painful interest, “It is none of my concern,” he added.

“Indeed, it is,” said the evangelist, with sudden earnestness. “I know not the man of whom you speak, but if he be such as you describe, you can present the message as well as I, if you love the Father.”

His meaning flashed upon the mind of the ferryman.

“So you’ve been preaching to me on the sly!” he cried, his voice thick with emotion. “I warn ye, it won’t do any good. Your talk about the Father and the message won’t move me. Look here,” he asked abruptly, “if He were my Father, would He rob me of my wife and children in one hour? They were drowned before my eyes; I could not lift a finger to save them.” The veins of his forehead knotted with the agony of that hour. “The water closed over them; they were lost to me Forever.” He bent to his oars in silence a moment till they had passed the swift current, then burst forth again; “I vowed then that I’d done with churches and religion — my wife was great in those things — and came here that I might be let alone!”

“God sent me this way, then,” said the Evangelist, “for till this moment I knew not your urgent need. It was for you I was compelled to come into this region. Don’t fret against it, my friend, for the Spirit of God is striving with you.” For in Father Gynn’s experience this depth of despair was often the prelude to peace in believing.

“I want to be let alone,” repeated the man, avoiding the keen glance that seemed to read his thoughts. “Why should you care what I believe?”

Father Gynn leaned on his staff in silence till they reached the shore, then said, with touching humility:

“Friend, I had no wish to offend you. Be patient with an old man whose time is short. Very soon I shall cross another river, deep and wide. I shall not have to summon the boatman as I did you this morning; the boatman of that river will summon me.”

His melodious voice alone broke the silence of the early morning; as he finished, the east became radiant with the dawn. Father Gynn gazed into the glory-crowned clouds for an instant as if he beheld a beatific vision. The ferryman regarded him in silence, a curious blending of emotion on his face.

On reaching the shore the good man was distressed to find, after searching his pockets, that he had not a penny to pay the fare. He had emptied his purse for the relief of a poor wanderer the day before, and with his usual preoccupation had forgotten that he was moneyless.

"Never mind," said the ferryman, with grim humor, "we'll call it square, since you brought me a message for nothing!"

"It was poorly delivered, or you would not trifle with me," said Father Gynn, sorrowfully, adding with the simplicity of a child; "But I have a little change in my other coat pocket. I will get it and return and pay what I owe."

And so, feeling that to discharge his debt was the first duty, he recrossed the river and started for the coast. Several weeks had elapsed when he again summoned the ferryman.

"I did not forget," said Father Gynn. "Here is what I owe you. Now let me rest awhile before I return. The days that were given me to bear the message are numbered."

He seated himself on the gnarled roots of a tree, leaning his head upon his staff in a weary way unusual to him. He did not note the new light on the ferryman's face, that softened his sombre features like the rift in a cloud.

"I'm glad you came," was the broken response. "The message was for me! I was that child, and He was my Father! It was right for Him to take my family; they are at rest." He knelt beside the aged saint overcome with joy. His heart of stone had been softened, but with what a struggle!

"It was what you said about being summoned by the boatman," he added, "that was in my mind whenever they blew the signal for me. I could not rest for thinking, 'Was I fit to cross the dark, fearful river?' I knew that though the Boatman came sudden to my wife and children, they were ready. "They," he paused to control himself, "they went over the riving smiling; I saw the peace on their faces when they were buried. He took them, and left me because I wasn't ready."

Father Gynn could find no words to express his joy. When he did speak, he placed his trembling hand upon the head of the man at the ferry.

" 'The Lord bless thee, and cause His face to shine upon thee'; the Lord comfort thee, and make thee 'mighty in the Scriptures,' and one to draw many to Him! Let us pray."

So, on the bank beside the murmuring water, Father Gynn consecrated the young disciple to the work which he was soon to lay aside.

"Don't leave me," whispered the young ferryman, as they rose; "live with me and teach me more about Him!"

This came to Father Gynn as a call to duty.

"If the Lord permit, I will shortly return to you. There are men on the seashore, and women and children in their homes, waiting for my last words to them. Then, if strength be given, I will come to you."

After that last visit to the fishermen of the coast, the man of God went to dwell beside the river. Many who crossed the ferry will remember him who sat daily in the door of the cottage, like a

prophet of old, with his long, silvery beard, and heaven's peace upon his face. And the ferryman, in daily converse with him, and study of the Scriptures, somehow grew wondrously like him in spirit. And when, soon after the change, Father Gynn was summoned by the Boatman, he trustingly crossed the river, and "his mantle fell from him," and the spirit of the pilgrim preacher "rested on" the ferryman!

O Comforter of God's redeemed,

Whom the world does not see,

What hand should pluck me from the love

That stays my soul on Thee?

Who would not suffer grief like mine,

To be consoled like me?

— A. L. Waring.

Divine Photography

A Gospel Address, delivered at the Victoria Hall, Exeter,

by Heyman Wreford.

"As it is written, There is none righteous, no, not one. There is none that understandeth, there is none that seeketh after God. They are all gone out of the way, they are together become unprofitable; there is none that doeth good, no, not one. Their throat is an open sepulcher; with their tongues they have used deceit; the poison of asps is under their lips. Whose mouth is full of cursing and bitterness.

Their feet are swift to shed blood. Destruction and misery are in their ways. And the way of peace have they not known. There is no fear of God before their eyes. Now we know that what things soever the law saith, it said to them who are under the law: that every mouth may be stopped, and all the world may become guilty before God." —Rom. 3:10-19.

There is no fear of God before their eyes. It is a fearfully solemn reality, and as inconceivable as it is solemn, that men have "no fear of God before their eyes." Within the limits of his human life man fears a thousand things, but the fear of God never troubles him. He will fear the darkness of the night, and fly from peril in the day, but the overwhelming thought of God never troubles him at all. In his anger he will curse his God, and blaspheme the Saviour, and call on God to damn him. He will make a mock of the most sacred mysteries of salvation, and challenge the very devils in his unbelief.

I well remember, when a lad, teaching in a Sunday School. Living near the school was an infidel. One day he sent for me to come and see him. I went to his house, and he began complaining of the noise the children made when coming out of school. He then began to blaspheme God and the Lord Jesus, and before his children, said the most awful things about Christ that I ever heard. I could not tell you what he said about the blessed Saviour. I was so horrified that I looked him in the face and said, "You ought to be ashamed of yourself to speak in this manner before your children."

I then spoke of what Christ was to me. He became almost livid with rage, and seizing a knife that was on the table, threatened to kill me if I did not leave the room. His hatred of the Lord was blazing from his eyes. I left him with words of warning on my lips, which I emphasized in a letter I wrote to him next day. I never saw him again, but I shall never forget the awful passion that possessed him when I spoke of Christ.

Three young men were seated together the last night of the year. Two were saved and one was not. The two Christians were pleading with their companion to come to Christ. He listened impatiently for awhile, and then said, "I don't want to be saved; and if there is a hell I am willing to go to it." There was silence for a while, and then one of his companions took his watch from his pocket and said, "Do you decide here, in the presence of God, on this last night of December at fifteen minutes past eleven, to reject Christ as your Saviour, and to choose hell as your eternal portion?" He answered, "I do."

Ah! Christ of Calvary! Thou avast made sin for the sinner there. Let these sinners before Thee realize that Thou art "the Lamb of God that bearest away the sin of the world." Thou didst keep God's holy law Thyself, and Thou hast died for those who could not keep it. Bear with these unbelievers a little longer, gracious Saviour; perchance tight the fear of God will come upon them, and they will come to Thee for salvation. And Thou wilt not cast them out; Thou wilt receive them even now.

God destroys the negative when we believe in Christ.

As long as the photographer has the negative, so long can he reproduce the photographs. When the negative is destroyed there is an end to it.

Now, as long as you are a sinner in your sins, so long are those sins reproduced day by day in your godless life. And if you die in your sins and stand before the Great White Throne, you will find that divine photography has kept a record of all your sins in the books that will be opened there. The faithfulness of God's portraiture of you that we have been looking at this evening will be manifest then. You will have to admit what perchance you will deny now, that the likeness of the third of Romans is a good one of you. But if you believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and accept Him as your Saviour, then it becomes true of you what the apostle says in Rom. 6:5, 6, 7, "For if we have been planted together in the likeness of his death, we shall be also in the likeness of his resurrection knowing this, that our old man is crucified with him, that the body of sin might be destroyed, that henceforth we should not serve sin. For he that is dead is freed from sin."

We are, as believers, identified with Christ in the likeness of His death, and we shall be also in the likeness of His resurrection. And then the knowledge comes to us that our old man is crucified with Him, so that the whole body of sin should be destroyed.

We are no longer identified with the old world that crucified our Lord, but through faith in His death we are dead with Christ and have Him for our life, Who died for us; we now belong to the sphere where He lives in resurrection life. He has conquered death for us, and because of this we are sure of resurrection. We are crucified with Christ, nevertheless we live: yet not we, but Christ liveth in us; and the life which we now live in the flesh, we live by the faith of the Son of God, Who loved us and gave Himself for us.

I have no time to enter into the fullness of this great theme, but it is a fact that I have a part in His death, and in His resurrection.

Would to God that all my hearers could enter into this, that “he that is dead is justified from sin.” And sin can no longer be laid to my charge if I am dead with Christ, and have Him for my life.

It is thus that the body of sin is destroyed. “Old things have passed away, and all things have become new.”

Listen to what a well-known saint of God wrote as to this:—

“The ‘I’ that was crucified together with Christ, and died together with Him, is what I was — a creature made for its Creator’s glory and praise, but in its lapsed condition living from itself, and by its own power, and to itself — this I reckon dead; the I, yet not I, is myself as part of the new creation...

“But Rom. 6 goes further, because it not only makes an appeal to our heart’s affections, but shows God’s thoughts and counsels, and His view of Christ’s death; that He, occupied with Christ’s death, counts me dead who believe in Him; and that I am bound to count or reckon myself so, too. Now, this meets the difficulties of the greatest and of the least of us. We that believe have been brought out of that system in which self is looked at as everything, into another, in which Christ is looked at by God, and we too, in Him, the alive One. He only is the fountain, stream, end of all God’s good pleasure, but we get our place both in Him before God, and with God in His thoughts about Him: for the Spirit is in us.”

It takes some a long time to realize these things. A poor woman had lived without Christ for seventy-eight years. She was saved, and the magnitude of the love that had saved her overwhelmed her. “Just think of it,” she would say. “I lived seventy-eight years in the dark, and now I’m saved, and Jesus has done it all.” And then in her simple way she illustrated her salvation on the cottage table. She began at one end of the table, and drew a line with her finger to within half-an-inch of the edge on the other side; then she stopped and said, “I went that far in my sins, nearly over, but there I trusted Jesus, and so I am saved by grace.”

Yes, planted together in the likeness of His death.

“Because we thus judge, that if one died for all, then were all dead: and that he died for all, that they which live should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto Him who died for them and rose again.” Planted also in the likeness of His resurrection.

And now my time has gone. What mysteries of eternal love and grace have passed before us! We have seen our portrait as sinners taken by God Himself. And God has given us our portraits as saints in Christ. Let us look at one or two of these portraits as we conclude: — “Ye are complete in Him.” Nothing wanting in that picture. “Old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new.” The devil’s negative destroyed, and the heavenly photograph preserved forever.

“And hath made us kings and priests unto His God and Father.” What a change! From the filthy rags of sin, to be arrayed in royal raiment, and to be clothed in priestly beauty, and thus arrayed to stand before a holy God. “Made meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light” —we who once “sat in darkness and the shadow of death.” What a wondrous transforming through the

operation of the Holy Spirit in us! Praise and glory to His Name Forever and forever.

(John 1:14.)

IF the portrait of one who serves us — as one of Christ's deputies — be valued by us, how much more are the traits of the Master Himself to be admired and enjoyed? To my soul it is a wonderful thing that not only I may see what I am learning to admire so much, but that in the power of His Spirit I may be transformed into what I so admire!

I can behold His glory! contemplate Him until I get like Him! The glass of the photographer is detained under the action of the light playing on the face until it has caught the features. So, looking at Christ, we are the glass, and it is His image that is inscribed by the light of the glory on the fleshy tables of our hearts. You must not look at the glass until you get into a dark room, and it is to be looked at in order to find — not that His image is not there, but that it is there — and if not you must only sit again, and yet again! Our whole business is to get a full and good portrait in our hearts of Him Who is altogether lovely, not only to hang up there, but to be inscribed there. Stephen's was the face of an angel. What was that? A face looking on God — not on man.

J. B. S.

O fix our earnest gaze,

So wholly Lord on Thee,

That with Thy beauty occupied

We may transformed be.

The Force of Prayer

“PRAYER does not directly take away a trial or its pain, any more than a sense of duty directly takes away the danger of infection, but it preserves the strength of the whole spiritual fiber, so that the trial does not pass into the temptation to sin. A sorrow comes upon you. Omit prayer, and you fall out of God’s testing into the devil’s temptation; you get angry, hard of heart, reckless. But meet the dreadful hour with prayer, cast your care on God, claim Him as your Father, though He seem cruel — and the degrading, paralyzing, embittering effects of pain and sorrow pass away; a stream of sanctifying and softening thought pours into the soul; and that which might have wrought your fall but works in you the peaceful fruit of righteousness. You pass from bitterness into the courage of endurance; and from endurance into battle; and from battle into victory; till at last the trial dignifies and blesses your life.

The force of prayer is not altogether effective at once. Its action is cumulative. At first there seems no answer to your exceeding bitter cry. But there has been an answer. God has heard. A little grain of strength, not enough to be conscious of, has been given in one way or another. A friend has come in and grasped your hand — you have heard the lark sprinkle his notes like raindrops on the earth — a text has stolen into your mind, you know not how. Next morning you awake with the old aching at the heart, but the grain of strength has kept you alive — and so it goes on; hour by hour, day by day, prayer brings its tiny sparks of light till they orb into a star; its grains of strength till they grow into an anchor of the soul, sure and steadfast. The answer to prayer is slow; the force of prayer is cumulative. Not till life is over is the whole answer given, the whole strength it has brought understood.

Father, Take My Hand

THE way is dark, my Father! Cloud on cloud
Is gathering thickly o'er my head, and loud
The thunders roar above me. See, I stand
Like one bewildered! Father, take my hand,
And through the gloom
Lead, safely home,
Thy child!

The day goes fast, my Father! and the night
Is drawing darkly down. My faithless sight
Sees ghostly visions: fears, a spectral band,
Encompass me. O Father! take my hand,
And from the night
Lead up to light
Thy child!

The way is long, my Father! And my soul
Longs for the rest and quiet of the goal.
While yet I journey through this weary land,
Keep me from wandering. Father, take my hand;
Quickly and straight
Lead to heaven's gate
Thy child!

The path is rough, my Father! Many a thorn
Has pierced me; and my weary feet, all torn
And bleeding, mark the way. Yet Thy command
Bids me press forward. Father, take my hand;
Then, safe and blest,

Lead up to rest

Thy child!

The throng is great, my Father! Many a doubt

And fear and danger compass me about,

And foes oppress me sore. I cannot stand

Or go alone. O Father! take my hand,

And through the throng

Lead safe along

Thy child!

The cross is heavy, Father! I have borne

It long, and still do bear it. Let my worn

And fainting spirit rise to that blest land

Where crowns are given. Father, take my hand.

And, reaching down,

Lead to the crown

Thy child!

Hidden Presence

“I will never leave thee.” —Heb. 13:5.

“Lo, I am with you always.” —Matt. 28:20.

“Whom having not seen, ye love.” —1 Peter 1:8.

STILL Thou art near when fades the glowing daylight,

And night is brooding over land and sea,

Father of lights, unwearied Thou art watching,

For, dark or light, it matters not to Thee.

So near Thine Own, when, wrapped in peaceful slumbers,

They lie secure beneath Thy sheltering wing,

Unconscious as the forest-bird of danger,

While angel-guards methinks do sweetly sing.

Nearer than Angels when in pain we languish,

And sleep has spread her wings and flown afar,

Then may we hear Thy whispers in the stillness,

And glimpse the radiance of the Morning Star.

Lord, even here, the sweetness of Thy Presence

Brings rest and comfort to our weary hearts.

Though faith is feeble, and our eyes are holden,

Yet will we trust Thee till the clouds depart.

O gracious Father keep our hearts from wandering;

These wayward hearts so prone to go astray.

Be Thou our Light and let Thy radiant Presence

Illume our path, and chase the mists away.

Nearer and nearer dawns the fadeless morning

That ushers in the long eternal day,

When we shall see Thee, in unclouded glory,

In that fair land beyond the shadows gray.

A.W.

The Presence of God

A HEATHEN philosopher once asked, "Where is God?" A Christian answered, "Let me first ask you, Where is He not?" This latter question the Psalmist set himself to answer, only to acknowledge his failure. It is impossible to find a place where God is not, and therefore impossible to escape from His presence. In the course of this 139th Psalm not only the Omnipresence, but the Omniscience and the Omnipotence of God are extolled. To all of these we assent, but often without working out their implications. We believe God is Omniscient, but often imagine ourselves to be forgotten; we believe Him to be Omnipresent, but frequently forget He marks all we do; we believe Him to be Omnipotent, but fancy ourselves out of reach of His power. It is good sometimes to sit down and see what manner of men we ought to be, since we have such a God.

Consider, then His Omnipresence. There was a Hebrew prophet who forgot this, and imagined he could elude God. If he had only read this Psalm before starting he would never have been fool enough to pay his fare. Long before he reached his destination he found himself more absolutely and perceptibly in the presence of the God from Whom he fled. Perhaps, then, in the belly of the fish, our text recurred to him.

David asked this question, not because he wanted to flee from God, but in order to set forth the impossibility of doing so. He tells us first that God is both above and below the earth. Could he possibly ascend into heaven, even the highest heaven, there he would find Him; or descend into Sheol, the place of departed spirits, believed to be in the lowest parts of the earth, there, too, He is. Next he turns from utmost east to utmost west. The east he describes as the wings of the morning, thinking of the clouds at sunrise. In Palestine, clouds only occur at sunrise, for the rest of the day the sky is cloudless, except during the short periods of the latter and early rains. These morning clouds are of a brilliant silvery white, though often dyed with the delicate opal tints of dawn, and are indescribably beautiful. "By about seven o'clock the heat has dissipated these fleecy clouds, and to the vivid Eastern imagination, morn has folded her outstretched wings." (James Neil). The west he describes as the uttermost parts of the sea, the Mediterranean on the west of Palestine. If he travels either east or west, still God is there to lead, to guide and to uphold. Finally, he declares that darkness is no screen; men may hide themselves under its cover because their deeds are evil, human pursuers may be baffled as were the Egyptians, who sought to escaping Israelites by the waters of the Red Sea, but to God the deepest gloom is as radiant as the brightest sunshine. Thus in sheerest poetry does the Psalmist emphasize the universal presence of God.

It is an arresting thought that wherever we may be God is. Too many of us discover this fact too late, and say with Jacob, "Surely the Lord is in this place and I knew it not." But we ought to have known; we did know and forgot. If only we had remembered, how differently we would have behaved. Then let us never forget again. The great botanist, Linnaeus, had written over his study door, Numen adest Numen vivite innocui. "Live innocently, Deity is present." There is a mighty power to control us in the thought. If the presence of a good man or woman, of someone we love

or of a little child often restrains, so that, though tempted sorely we cannot yield, how much more the realized Presence of God? As we go about our daily life let us halt often and say, "God is now here." Say it in every time of temptation, sometimes adding this other word, "Thou hast set our secret sins in the light of Thy countenance," then our experience may be that of Milton, who as a young man traveled much abroad and years afterward wrote, "I again take God to witness that in all places where so many things are considered lawful, I lived sound and untouched from profligacy and vice, having this thought perpetually with me, that though I might escape the eyes of men, I certainly could not the eyes of God."

It is an encouraging thought. Christian life is full of difficulties, but the realized Presence of the Lord, in fulfilment of His promise, "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the age," helps through. So Paul found it again and again; in prison at Jerusalem, on the stormy voyage to Rome and at the end when brought before Nero, he testified that though none were with him, all forsook him, nevertheless the Lord stood with him. It is quite evident that David found encouragement and not terror in the thought of the universal presence of God, for he sang, "Thy Hand shall lead and Thy right Hand hold me." How good to feel that wherever our path may lead God will be there to guide and to bless.

"I know not where His islands lift

Their fronded palms in air;

I only know I cannot drift

Beyond His love and care."

It is also a satisfying thought. Since God is everywhere, we cannot be where He is not; there is no time nor place where we cannot enjoy communion with Him. When we really love a person and are quite sure of their response to our love, then we want always to be with them; separation is pain, their presence is satisfaction. We may be busy, but just to know they are near satisfies. It is in the fullest sense thus with God. We feel we could not be happy away from Him, and we never are. We may be busy, but His Presence is with us, and that is rest.

Not ours yet to climb to heaven, or to make our bed in Sheol, not ours to take the wings of the morning, or to dwell in the lattermost parts of the sea; we are chained here, but God is now here, and we have no do sire to flee from His Presence, but are glad to realize it, to restrain us, to encourage us, to give us at all times, and in all places, the delights of communion with God.

Beyond, beyond that boundless sea,

Above that dome of sky,

Further than thought itself can flee,

Thy dwelling is on high;

Yet, dear the awful thought to roe,

That Thou, my God, art nigh.

O! not in circling depth, or height,

But in the contrite breast,
Present to faith, though veiled from sight,
There does His Spirit rest.
O! come. Thou Presence Infinite,
And make Thy creature blest.
H.S. (By permission.)

(Isa. 11:6)

NOT long ago we received the following account of the conversion of an aged atheist by a little child. The little boy, Frank –, often met the old man in the street, and one day he stopped him, and said, “Do you love God, old man?” The old man answered, “No, you silly fool, there is no God.”

“Oh, but there is,” said Frank. “Mr. F., in England, has it up in his shop. He loves God, and so do I.”

The old man walked away, and not long after he was taken ill. Frank asked if he might go and see him, and was given permission, if he did not stay long. However, he was gone for two hours, and when his anxious mother went, at last, to look for him, she found the old man in tears. He said, “I have just been born again, at my time of life. My old bones ache, but, oh, how I do wish I could be as this little chap again! He has shown me the light through his child’s eyes.” His face shone like the sun, and friends who say he used to be a devil now say he radiates sunshine. He and Frank are inseparable, and the hard heart of the old atheist has become as the heart of a little child. Is anything too hard for our God?

From Sea to Sea

An Address delivered by Dr. Heyman Wreford at the Victoria Hall, Exeter, Sunday afternoon, November 27th 1892.

(107th Psalm. vs. 1 to 31.)

NO gladder sight has met my eyes on all my journey round the world than that I now look upon, and as I read the words, "Oh, give thanks unto the Lord, for He is good; for His mercy endureth forever." I could truly echo it from my heart. It is indeed a glad and glorious thing to be gathered together, and to sing the praises of God. "Let the redeemed of the Lord say so, whom He hath redeemed from the hand of the enemy." Let every one who knows what redemption is, let everyone redeemed from the hand of the enemy and delivered from his power say so, and let Heaven ring with the story of what Jesus has done for our souls. We read of the wanderers "gathered out of the lands from the East and from the West, from the North and from the South," who had wandered in the wilderness in a solitary way, and found no city to dwell in, and those wanderers have been found and brought in with the gladness of God shining in their faces, and found themselves in the sweet company of others who have been redeemed also, and their voices are mingled together as they sing, "Oh, give thanks unto the Lord, for He is good, and His mercy endureth forever." They were "hungry and thirsty, and their souls fainted in them," but they "cried to the Lord in their distress," and God in Heaven heard their cry. As He rained down manna from Heaven to feed His chosen people in the wilderness, so it is now, and shall be again and again, and those who hunger and thirst after righteousness shall be filled. I can safely assert that there is not a man or woman in this Hall, or in this City, or in the whole world, who has ever known what true satisfaction was without first coming to the Lord Jesus. He only satisfieth the longing soul. The world is full of unsatisfied ones, longing for this thing and the other, and crying "who will show us any good?" Only He Who led His people in the right way could do it. The blind and helpless who know not what to do or where to turn can all have their longing souls satisfied by Him, and sing while their hearts are bursting with joy, as if they were already standing at the gates of Heaven. "Oh, be thankful to the Lord for He is good." Turn to the 10th verse, and you will see it continue. "Such as sit in darkness and in the shadow of death being bound in affliction and iron." They were justly condemned and imprisoned, because, as the next verse says, "They rebelled against the words of God." You and I have done that. I rebelled against God, and He showed me I was a sinner, and that I must come to Him. I was in darkness, and the shadow of death was over me, and I was bound in affliction and iron. He brought down their heart with labor, and He brought down my heart. That is how God in His mercy deals with men and women, and when they are crushed and cry unto the Lord in their trouble, He delivers them out of their distresses. Their cry reaches the Most High in His glory, and even from the dunghill they can lay hold on the throne of God. The poor thief hung on the cross, his heart was broken, he was bound in affliction and iron, and there was none to help, but he cried to the Lord, and the Lord delivered him. So the captive and rebellious soul is delivered when it turns to the Lord, and with every manacle struck off, and every fetter gone, it can sing, "Oh, give thanks unto the Lord, for He is good; for His mercy

endureth forever.” There is a hymn “Mercy from first to last!” Mercy’s golden thread runs through all God’s dealings with us, “Oh, give thanks unto the Lord.”

Further on in the Psalm we have a picture of the foolish who will not turn to Him. “Fools because of their transgressions, and because of their iniquities are afflicted,” says the 17th verse. “The fool says in his heart there is no God,” and men must be fools if they deliberately take the road to hell. But these fools in the Psalm found out how foolish they were, and so they became wise, “they cried unto the Lord in their trouble, and He saved them out of their distresses.”

The 19th verse, and the next verse, tells us that “He sent His Word and healed them, and delivered them from their destructions.” So their voices could mingle in that burst of rapture, “Oh, give thanks unto the Lord, for He is good, for His mercy endureth forever.”

Another thing I should like to observe in this beautiful Psalm is the broad view which it takes of God’s wonderful creation. The Psalmist seems to notice everything in the external world with the same close observation which he applies beyond almost all other men, to the deep workings, of the human heart; and as he looked round he saw how wonderful beyond all expression the works of God were, he gave utterance to his song of praise and cried, “O, give thanks to the Lord, for He is good.” He saw the stamp of God’s goodness upon all created things; he saw that everything was created for a purpose, for God never does anything without a Divine purpose. There is no waste: in all His universe; everything there has a distinct place and use, and the laws of creation go on in their fixed unchanging way, and everything works harmoniously-together because God Himself has set everything in motion. Whether we gaze upon the starry heavens by night, or upon the sun by day in all his splendor, or on the plants, and flowers at our feet, they are full of wonderful mysteries which year after year they go on revealing to our gaze, and God’s servant, looking upon the heavens, and on the great waters, and upon the valleys and ravines of earth, and the cattle upon a thousand hills, and seeing God’s goodness in all created things, bursts out into his beautiful Psalm of thanksgiving and praise.

The Psalmist saw man’s true position in creation, too, with much clearer eyes than we do; and when he considered the wonderful place God had given to man in His universe, and the intellect, power and dignity with which the great Creator had endowed him to rule the lower order of created things, when he looked into the human heart, and saw the poor return man made for all the benefits received, it was like a weight or burden on the Psalmist’s soul, and as he contrasts the little that man renders back, with all that God deserves, he utters the plaintive cry, “Oh, that men would praise the Lord for His goodness, and for His wonderful works to the children of men!” Oh, do look: into your hearts, as I try to look into mine, and let us realize how little we have given to God for all He has given to us.

Just for a moment or two let me draw your attention to the 23rd and 24th verses of the Psalm we have read: “They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters: These see the works of the Lord and His wonders in the deep.” Whoever has been a long voyage as we have, and gone “from sea to sea,” and seen the wonders of the Lord in the deep, has experienced some, at least, of the feeling expressed in these verses. Thank God He gave us for the greater part a quiet sea, and smoothed the waves before us; but I must not stop to say more than a few words about what we saw or where we went on our journeyings now. When we had passed the Bay of Biscay and got into the Mediterranean, we came to the island of Melita, to the place where

tradition says that Paul was shipwrecked. There is a statue to the Apostle there, with the face looking on the place supposed to have been the spot where the wreck took place. As we stood there I read from my Bible the account of that memorable wreck, and the scenes of those far-off, bye-gone days were vividly impressed upon us. We passed near Crete, spoken of in the 27th Acts, and near Cyprus, too, and among those historic scenes full of solemn memories of the past, I thanked God most fervently that we had learned to love the New Testament and to believe its sacred truths. When we came to Alexandria, the old land of slavery, my thoughts went back to the dark oppression of the Israelites, and as we gazed for the first time on the Nile, I felt I was looking on the river where the little ark of Moses rested. While we were at Cairo we saw the mummies of the Pharaohs, and we were permitted to gaze on one which was supposed to be the mummy of the very Pharaoh who oppressed the children of Israel. There we still saw the features of men over whom thousands of years had passed since their voices were heard, and it is a very remarkable circumstance that the tombs of all the Pharaohs have been found except one, and that one may have been the one who was drowned in the Red Sea with all his mighty host. We not only gazed on the Pharaohs, but we even brought back a photograph of one, the one reputed to have been the oppressor of the children of Israel, and all these things become very real to us if we have read and believed our Bible. On the Red Sea we passed the probable site of the crossing of the children of Israel, and we had the mountain of Sinai pointed out to us in the far distance.

We could not, from the sea, identify the actual mountain. Standing on Sinai you can view the Red Sea, but you cannot single out the particular mountain peak among others from the steamer.

Now my time is gone, but in concluding I want to ask you whether there is anyone in this Hall who has never uttered a single note of praise to God for all His benefits, and who, if they died today, would not have one word of thanksgiving written against their names in the Books of Heaven? "The living praise Thee, O God!" The dead cannot praise Thee. The sinner dead in trespasses and sins cannot praise Thee; only those with living souls can say, "I know in Whom I have believed." Think for a moment, when the redeemed come from North and South, East and West, clad in shining robes, and the rolling praises of their song shall be like the mighty waves that beat upon the shore, will you be there to sing, "Oh, give thanks unto the Lord for He is good, for His mercy endureth forever"?

When the changeful sea of time is past, trill your souls come safely to anchor with ours in the peaceful harbor of Eternity; in the blessed presence of Him, Whom not having seen we love? Oh, may it be so; may you all be there, and may our voices mingle together then as we sing the glad new song of the redeemed throughout the countless ages of Eternity, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen.

Charles Darwin and the Bible

THE following little account by Lady Hope of the death of Charles Darwin, the evolutionist, is startling: it is a most wonderful narrative, and contains the account of a great and terrible tragedy.

Darwin is propped up in bed, and he looks out over the lovely landscape as the sun is setting. He is reading — the Bible! Said Lady Hope: “I made some allusion to the strong opinions expressed by many persons on the history of the Creation, its grandeur, and then to their treatment of the earlier chapters of the Book of Genesis.

“He seemed greatly distressed, his fingers twitched nervously, and a look of agony came over his face as he said:

“ ‘I was a young man with unformed ideas. I threw out queries, suggestions, wondering all the time over everything; and to my astonishment the ideas took like wildfire. People made a religion of them.’”

Was there ever a more dramatic scene? The very soul of tragedy is here exposed to us. Darwin, enthusiast for the Bible, speaking with glowing enthusiasm about “the grandeur of this Book,” reminded of that modern evolutionary movement in theology which, linked with skeptical criticism, has become a blight in all the Churches and has destroyed Biblical faith in multitudes — Darwin, with a look of agony, deploring it all, and declaring, “I was a young man with unformed ideas,” and imploring his visitor (“I know you read the Bible in the villages,” he said) to gather servants, tenants and neighbors together and preach to them Jesus Christ!

This remarkable picture of Darwin is a challenge to every Modernist. What an overwhelming criticism! “The Last Words of Darwin,” from the “Journal” of the Wesley Bible Union.

“Where Then?”

A DOCTOR, in charge of a large country district, on his way to see one of his patients, had to pass over a bridge. Just before reaching it he observed an old man coming towards him. As he drew near, the doctor noticed that his left hand was paralyzed; in his right hand he grasped a stick, on which he leaned heavily, as he slowly dragged himself along. The doctor thought, “There is one about to pass from this world. I wonder if he is prepared for the next.” Wishing, to speak to him about his soul’s salvation, he put his hand in his pocket to find that he only had a small coin with him. By that time they were almost passing one another, when the doctor suddenly pulled up, and held out the money to the old man for his acceptance, but he seemed not to notice it.

So the doctor said, “Where are you going?”

“To the workhouse, sir.”

Before speaking again, he held the coin out once more. The man saw it, but his difficulty was to take it. With his helpless left hand he certainly could not, and his right hand was full, grasping the stick. But, anxious to get the money, he brought his stick to the helpless hand, and as he thus kept it from falling, he put out his hand, and, taking the money, looked at it, and then, putting it in his pocket, he said, “Thank you, sir.”

Again the doctor said to him, “Where are you going?” and received the same reply, “To the workhouse, sir.”

Once more the doctor said, “Where are you going?” Thinking the doctor must be deaf, he shouted, “To the workhouse, sir.”

“Where then?”

“I see now, sir, what you mean.”

“Do you? You are hastening to eternity. You will soon have to meet God. Are you prepared?”

“Look here, sir,” he replied, “a man must pray for that, and we must do the best we can.”

“Did I give you anything just now?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Well, it was the last coin in my pocket — the only one. I saw you needed, and gave it to you. Did you ask me for it?”

“No, sir.”

“Who was the one able to give—you or me?”

“Why, you sir, to be sure.”

“And who, do you think, is the rich one, able to give—God or you?”

“Why, God, I suppose, sir.”

“Yes, God. He is able to do it, and He has given His only begotten Son to die in the place of the guilty, that our sins might be put away. Did you tell me your need?”

“Why, no, sir; you gave it without my asking.”

“Well, that’s what God in love has done. He did not wait till we asked Him — till we, feeling our need, went to Him in prayer, and asked Him to save us; but, when we were far off, lost, seemingly caring not, He loved us then, and gave His Son to die. What did you do for that piece of money?”

“Why, nothing, sir; you gave it to me.”

“What could you do; what did you do? Why, you emptied your hand of that stick before you could take it, and you put out an empty hand, and took it. And what then?”

“Why, I said, ‘Thank you, sir.’”

“Well, I saw you, a poor, ragged, helpless creature, and your need, and gave you all I had; and two thousand years ago God gave His Son to die. When He died, He finished the work — He left nothing for us to do. Would you dare to ask God for another Son, or ask Him to do more than He has done? No, you dare not; then, just empty yourself of everything, your prayers and works, and in the empty hand of faith, take God’s salvation.”

“I see it. I see it, sir. I have been praying for it, but I could not get it that way. I can’t do anything for it. I’ll just take it now, and praise God for it.”

Dear reader, how slow man is to see, or to acknowledge that he is so entirely lost and helpless that he can do nothing. And yet the Scripture abounds in passages that proclaim man to be lost and needing a Saviour.

You may not be old and infirm, as the one of whom you have been reading. You may have years of health before you, in which to enjoy life; but at the end thereof Where then?” Solemn question for one who has not trusted in Christ, for one, therefore, who cannot, dare not say, “Heaven is my home.” “Where then?” If not Heaven, it would be hell. Delay not then; but now, ere you lay down this paper, “Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.”

“If I Had Known.”

IN a crowded, sleeping railway carriage, one night, a babe was sobbing piteously. “Won’t that child’s mother stop its noise?” cried a rough voice from an adjoining berth, “so that we may get some sleep?” The baby’s sobs ceased for an instant, and a man’s voice sadly responded, “The child’s mother is in her coffin — in the guard’s van — and I have been awake with the little one for three nights, doing my best to comfort her and keep her quiet.”

There was a rush from the other berth, and the rough voice, now broken and tender, said: “I didn’t understand, sir. I’m very sorry. Let me take the baby while you try and get some rest. I wouldn’t have spoken so for the world if I had known!” And, taking the weary little child in his arms, as gently, as its lost mother had ever done, he paced up and down, soothing her until she was sweetly sleeping, and then he placed her in his own berth, and watched over her until morning. Then, restoring her to her father, he said: “I hope you will forgive my unkind words. I wouldn’t have said them had I known.”

This touching little incident has a moral all its own. How often we misjudge people because we do not understand the motives that underlie their actions. If I judge only by externals, I may make mistakes that will bring me sorrow all my life. “I didn’t understand; I am very sorry,” may have to be said by us when death will for evermore prevent our remedying our injustice. “Little children love one another,” was the inspired injunction of the great Apostle of love. “Love is of God,” he also said.

The Divine Compass

A writer says: — “I was once at sea upon a voyage to New Zealand on a very dark night. The captain called me on to the deck to speak to me. It was so dark that I could not see my finger when I held it up before my eyes. He led me to the binnacle in front of the steersman. There was the compass fixed, and on either side was a bright lamp shining down upon it, and making it clear. So does God’s Holy Spirit shine on God’s Word, and so makes our path plain.

Fragment

Have I ever turned my thoughts upon this great salvation in Heaven, in the Son of God? Oh, how blessed to be a poor sinner brought into all the glory, bound up in one lot with Him! Everything sweeps around Him, as waves sweep round a rock, round Him Who made all things. When we contemplate the glory of Him Who is the brightness of God's glory and the express image of His Person in connection with the great salvation that He wrought when He by Himself purged our sins, that added glory flow to Him from that great salvation.

G. V. W.

The Soldiers of the Cross

“This is the Victory... our faith.”■1 John 5:4.

THEY heard no sound of trumpet,
No shout of rallying men:
But a “still small voice” awoke the soul,
And God was near them then.
They heard not war’s wild music peal,
Nor saw proud banners wave,
But an unseen Presence cheered them on,
And Christ the watchword gave.
No earthly weapons did they bear
No martial glory crowned
The brows of those who fought for God,
But angels camped around.
And foes unseen by mortal eyes,
Arrayed in darkness deep,
Withstand the path of those who pray,
And menace those who weep.
But mightier than the cannon’s roar,
Is prayer’s prevailing breath;
And eyes that weep, can see in heaven,
The power that conquers death.

H. W.

“But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.” (1 Cor. 15:57.)

Suffering and Solace

(Selected from a Lecture delivered by Dr. Heyman Wreford on November 29th 1877.)

“God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain; for the former things are passed, away.”
—Revelation 21:4.

WHAT wondrous words! There is a power and a majesty in them that speaks of the God Who breathed them. Mighty in their deep and blessed loveliness: powerful in all the glorious splendor of their significance. “God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.” What a promise! “God shall wipe away all tears.” Yes, though the tears be blood, wrung from the suffering heart by years of agony. Holy in His sight and precious are they — fragrant as the dew on Hermon, lovely as the mists before the morning sun. What an expression of paternal love, of our right to call him Father! —to go to Him with all our woes, to tell Him all our griefs, to pour our sorrows forth upon His breast and tell Him all — for He will wipe the tears away. O heart of Love how deep! Never to be fathomed by our puny plummet lines. Never to be known on earth — only to be fully known in Heaven. What tender care, what loving kindness—touching in all its divine simplicity. “He shall wipe all tears from their eyes.” The child runs with its infant sorrows to its mother’s breast, and the tears fall thickly there. How often has her tender hand wiped those tears away! Thus would He have us go to Him, when the weight of life seems more than we can bear — when the road seems darker, and the storms more wild — when we grope along the narrow way, crying for the light — for the guiding Hand that we have lost awhile — for the gentle Voice that leads us onward, speaking softly, “I am the way, the truth, and the life.”

How blessed is suffering sanctified by redeeming love. How blessed must it be to have a martyr’s faith and to wear a martyr’s crown; to follow thus in His steps Who was the “Man of sorrows and acquainted with grief”; to suffer for Him Who suffered so much for us. Would it not make us love Him better, and link us closer to Him? for it is in the hours of sorrow, and in the night of weeping, that His love is fullest seen. The martyrs in the dungeon-darkness, and in the severest hours of agony, have felt Him very near, have gathered superhuman strength from fellowship with Him; and no wonder, then, that the burning pyre seemed like a bed of roses—no wonder that their persecutors marveled at a power they could not fathom — at a faith they could not daunt. “I will never leave thee nor forsake thee” were no idle words; they had a deep and glorious meaning exemplified in the experience of every martyr. There was one who, stretched upon a rack, after he had been tortured most severely for some time, was asked if he did not feel any pain. He answered, “No, for there was One Who stood beside me, and Who ever and anon wiped my brow.” What was pain when the gates of Heaven were opening, and the Angels were in sight? What was pain when Redeeming love had borne it all before?

“And there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain, for the former things are passed away.”

You must often have felt the deep significance of those Heaven-born words — you that have wept over the dead and spent your unavailing tears upon the lifeless clay — you must have felt then how real they are. “And there shall be no more death,” and how beautiful the close of that sublime verse, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain. These words seem to me like the soft notes of celestial harmony — the sublime breathings of the heart of God, like the music from the harps of Heaven. “No more pain.”

The story that I purpose to tell is the tale of ages — a tale that Angels must love to repeat in Heaven; that the ear of God never wearies of, the story of martyr suffering. They loved Thee, Lord, as those above can love Thee who have put all their trust in Thee. They believed Thy Word, and the sure promise never failed them. The last step on earth was the first in Heaven — the last shout of human hate died away in the echoes of the Heavenly Hallelujahs — the last throb of the broken heart was bound up by the tender Hand of the Son of God. O Heaven! the martyr feet will tread thy golden streets forever. O Paradise! thy glittering walls will ring with their triumphant adoration. They walk in white, “that blood bought throng,” for they are worthy. Now, in the peaceful quiet of our English homes, it seems hard to believe that such things as we read of really happened — that there was a time when this fair earth of God’s was desecrated by the slaughter of His people — that often-times the golden harvests waved the richer because the soil was fertilized by Martyr blood. Yet it is so. We read of days of terror and blood; of deeds of which it makes the heart weep to read; of martyr children, whose tender years were no excuse for trusting in their God; of aged men, and lovely women whose tender beauty had no charm against fanatical despotism, and whose only crime was that they loved their God so well.

We read of days when the Name of Christ was the password to the grave. When wives were torn from their husbands and their homes, when helpless babes were brained before their mothers’ eyes; when the light of torture filled the sky with its continued glare; when the streams of earth ran red with blood, and breaking hearts called death their clearest friend. Yes, we read all this, and History tells us more. It tells us of that hero race that never bent the knee to Baal — who loved their Saviour more than life, and who died rather than deny His Name. It is nothing to bear the Name of Christ now — time was when it was death to do so. God help us if we had to confess His Name upon the rack or with the flames rising around us. There was no going to Heaven in silver slippers then — no sailing quietly over life’s sea to the eternal haven. No peaceful Lord’s Day then for God’s people, as we have it now. In caverns, and in the recesses of deep woods, the early Christians worshipped, where, in the quiet hours of night, the torches threw a fitful glare around, and lit up the faces of those brave and earnest men and women. Thus they worshipped, often-times interrupted by the deep baying of the bloodhound as he tracked them to their hiding places, or by fierce oaths, and fiercer faces, of the savage soldiery, who came with hatred in their hearts, and murder in their eyes. Oh! the grandeur, the unspeakable grandeur of the Martyr story! Their names and deeds are known in every land. We read of them in distant Asia, and in far-famed Palestine; in Persia, and in sunny France. Amid the mighty Alps, whose pure vales crimsoned with their blood, and whose eternal snows were dyed with that red hue. In the valleys of Piedmont, and de la Torre — of St. Martin and Villars. In Lithuania, and in Ethiopia; in Japan, and in Calabria; in sultry India, and in sea-girt Madagascar; in the land in which we live, and where verdure smiles and day’s fair glory beams. Where superstition reared her slavish shrines, where kneeling millions bow to gods of stone, and invest created objects with the attributes of the Creator — the footsteps

of that hero race are planted upon every shore. Their blood has stained the annals of all time. Their bones lie bleached 'neath burning skies and buried beneath Alpine snows, the rushing torrents of the everlasting hills have been purpled with their blood. From pole to pole their dust has lain, the winds of Heaven and the breasts of mighty waters have carried it from land to land. A glorious band! by persecution purified to stand before their God, by pain and anguish, borne to Heaven to join the Seraph song.

They were the pioneers that stormed the bulwarks of Satanic hatred, and opened the way for us into the glorious freedom of religious liberty. Over the deluge of their blood we can raise altars of worship, while the covenant rainbow spans the Heaven of Eternal love. O sublime faith which gave the martyrs such superhuman strength — how true must thy tenets be — how true the God of which they tell! Had earth no preacher to proclaim the Saviour, were there no tongues to tell to man the story of the Cross, the silent voices of our martyred brethren, who being dead yet speak, would proclaim more eloquently than the voice of Angels that the despised and rejected Jesus was the Son of God — the Saviour of the world. The shadow of the Cross fell darkly on their lives, but God and their own hearts knew in what a circle of light they lived. He never sent them an affliction without the power to bear it nor gave a cup of woe for them to drink without sweetening it with His love. To Him they looked for help, and never looked in vain. His Hand it was that led them through the fire, and through the darkest shadows of the valley of death. To those that sought Him, He was always near, is always near today. The nearer death, the nearer Heaven, was their undaunted hope, and beyond the deepest darkness of persecution, they ever saw the undimmed brightness of the pearly gates — the shining of the Seraph hosts, and the resplendent gleaming of the golden streets; while to their ears came sweetly down the ringing melody of the Heavenly hallelujahs, the music of a thousand harps, and the rustling of rejoicing wings bending down to watch the spirit till the last sigh should have left the quivering lips; and to bear it up, onward, homeward, heavenward, beyond the hate of man, till with folded wings they stood with it before the throne of God.

“A glorious band, they gaze on God;

The Crown of Life they wear

Gemm'd with the glory of His blood.

All pain is over there:

With sweeping harps they worship Him;

Louder than lyres of Seraphim

Goes up from all th' adoring strain,

'Worthy the Lamb that once was slain.'

“One song they have of sweetest tone,

As worshipping they bow;

The Crucified is on the throne,

And they are with Him now.

And so iron; Heaven to Heaven the song
By countless hosts is borne along.
Angels know not how sweet the strain
'Worthy the Lamb that once was slain.'
"They suffer'd and they reign with Him;
The trophies of His love,
Girt with adoring Seraphim,
They walk in white above.
For ever and for evermore —
The incense of their praise they pour —
Rings out the everlasting strain
'Worthy the Lamb that once was slain.'
"From every age, from' every clime,
Those hero spirits came,
Whose burning lives have left on Time
A purpose and a name.
The power and, aye, the bliss to die,
They learned it all from Calvary;
And the deep rapture of that strain,
'Worthy the Lamb that once was slain.'"

Tom's Substitute

THERE is a fine story that comes from a New England home, and it was told by one of the boys concerned. The story runs:—

“Once I saved Tom from a promised whipping for leaving down the bars when he went after the cows at milking time, thus giving the young cattle left in the pasture a chance to get out, which they always improved. Father reproved him several times, till finally he threatened to whip him if it happened again. Several weeks passed, and he left the bars down again. The young cattle got into the corn and did much damage.

“The next morning father said nothing, but went about his usual work. Tom was gloomy; there was an air of depression in the house, and I was greatly troubled. I couldn't bear to have Tom whipped, nor could I blame father. At last I resolved to speak to him. He was opening some tumbles of hay in the east meadow. I approached him slowly, for I did not feel sure of my ground, and stood still without saying a word. He looked up at me and said:

“Well, Joe, what is it?”

“ ‘I have come to you to speak about Tom. I don't want him whipped.’

“I don't know how you can help it, my son. I cannot have my crops destroyed in this way, and I must keep my word.’

“ ‘Father, didn't you read this morning in the lesson: “He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities... and with His stripes we are healed”?’

“ ‘Yes, what a boy you are to remember, Joe.’

“ ‘Well, I will take half the blows you intend to give Tom.’

“ ‘I can't do that Joe; Tom is the transgressor, not you,’ father answered, his face softening, and his voice trembled a little, Then looking at me keenly, he asked: ‘Does Tom know you have come to me?’

“ ‘No, he knows nothing of my coming?’

“My father stood leaning on his pitchfork with both hands, looking down on the ground. At length he said, ‘Go and bring Tom.’

“I found him in the front porch with a sober face, trying to study. ‘Come with me, Tom; father wants you.’

“ ‘I know what he wants,’ Tom replied, turning a little pale, and, after a moment's hesitation he arose, saying, I might as well go and have it done with.’

“As we walked along I thought it best to give him a little advice, for he generally did as occasion served him; there was no knowing before hand what he would do.

“ ‘Now, Tom, you must be humble, and answer father’s questions in a good, kind way. You mustn’t talk any; only answer his questions. I don’t think he will be hard with you.’

“Father stood as I had left him. I can see him now, after the lapse of many years, with his back to the morning sun, leaning forward a little on the stall of his fork, looking down on the ground, one hand above the other, and his chin on his hands, and some forks full of hay scattered about him. He did not seem to see us; he was lost in reverie.

“ ‘Father,’ I ventured timidly, ‘Tom is here.’

“He looked up at us both quickly; then said:

“ ‘Tom, do you remember these words in our Scripture reading this morning: “He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities and with His stripes we are healed”?’

“Yes, sir,’ said Torn, greatly surprised.

“What do you think those words mean?’

“ ‘That Christ suffered for us,’ replied Torn, his voice unsteady and his face flushing up.

“ ‘Well, Joe offers to suffer for you.’

“Tom turned to me with a look on his face I shall never forget, and exclaimed: ‘No, Joe; you shall not do that.’ Then flinging his arms around my neck, he kissed me, and as quick as a flash he stepped up to father, saying ‘The stripes belong to me, father.’

“Tears were falling down my father’s face, and for a moment he could not speak. Then he said: ‘No, Tom, I cannot punish anybody now. I do not think you will ever forget this day. If you do, remember, Joe’s offer holds good. I love my children, and want to do them all the good I can; but I must be obeyed, and this is one way of doing them good. You may go now.’

“Then, with great awe upon us, we went to the house. Tom never left the bars down again.”

Dear friend, the Lord Jesus not only suffered to bear half your punishment, but the whole. And God could not pass over guilt as this father did; but Christ bore all the punishment for us, and we go free, if we believe on Him that raised up Jesus our Lord from the dead.

(Selected.)

The Uttermost

By Rev. John Macbeath, M.A., D.D.

IT has been said that we spend our lives in learning the meaning of great words. Some words narrow and contract as we grow old, some broaden and expand as our mind develops. The Uttermost is one of the biggest words in our language. Thought and imagination are strained to compass its meaning.

No one has ever seen the Uttermost, no one has ever come to it. We have charted continents and land surfaces, we have fixed the boundaries of nations, we have located the North and South Poles, we have divided out the remote corners of the earth. We have made a map of the heavens, located the stars, measured the distances of the planets, but neither in heaven nor in earth have we located the uttermost. Let us make some attempt at the meaning of this great word. Look at one or two of its uses in the Divine literature.

(1) It is the measure of Divine passion. "Having loved His Own which were in the world, He loved them unto the uttermost." (John 13:1, R.V) That is, to the extreme limit, to the complete effusion of love. Love is the master passion of the heart. Where it comes, it comes to reign. Let anyone love knowledge, that love will make him scorn delights and live laborious days; he will keep company with the late-lit lamp and the early dawn. Let anyone love money, that love of money will make him eager, selfish, grasping, hard, unscrupulous. Let anyone love his country, that love may make him put his very life at hazard; he will seek his country's good above his own. Let any of us love another, that love will mean the effacement of one's own desire the frequent surrender of one's own delights.

Love is a great commitment. Jesus accepted the commitment of His love, and went on loving. When He was disappointed with His disciples because of their slow, dull manner, the obstinacy of some, the unbelief of others, the denial and desertion of one and another, was He ever tempted to take back His vow, to break His bond, to withdraw His love? Did He not sometimes ask whether it was worthwhile going on? If He ever asked that question, it got a swift reply, for having loved, He went on loving to the uttermost bound of sacrifice. You cannot tell the measure of His love, because you cannot estimate the uttermost, the far distance that it travels.

I think no better approach to a definition of the uttermost can be found than the saying of a little girl on a pleasure steamer. Soon after the steamer set out on its cruise, the children formed happy friendships. A few of them running up to the side of the ship were led by an older girl who got there first. Grasping the rails with firm fingers, she feasted her eyes on the brightness of the sea and the blueness of the sky. "What a lovely day" she exclaimed. "And look how clear the horizon is!" A younger girl, not quite up to the older one's vocabulary, looked to see what new bird the horizon was, but there was no wing in the sky. She searched the sea for some new kind of fish, but there was nothing there. Then, turning her puzzled eyes to the older girl, she asked, "What is the horizon, where is it?" The older girl, pointing with her finger to the far line in the distance, said,

“Why, look there, see where the sky seems to meet the sea, and the sea to meet the sky, that is the horizon, and when you get there, there is another one, and then another one after that. You never really come to it. It’s always further on.”

The love of God is always farther on. No matter how far you travel in experience, no matter what demands you make upon it through obstinacy and continual sin, you cannot pass the limits of His love. Farther than our farthest wandering, deeper than our deepest sin, greater than our greatest need, enduring as eternity is His matchless love.

Augustine Birrell said that “To love Carlyle is a task of much heroism, almost meriting a pension.” There are multitudes of people far less lovable than Carlyle; people we could not love, no, not for a pension, but the mystery: is, God loves them.

“We make His love too narrow,

With fake limits of our own,

For the love of God is broader

Than the measure of man’s mind.”

There is no limit to it. Its length and breadth and depth and height are incalculable. It passes knowledge it is the one love that will not let us go, and follows us fastest and farthest to the uttermost. There is no proof of love like the Cross. Your summer gardens are not proof of love, because changing weather may wither them, and dying autumn make them perish. Happy homes afford no proof, for sickness and death may come with shattering sorrow, and change delight to despair. But Christ’s Cross is always there in summer day and the winter night of the soul, in loss and gain, in shadow and in sunshine. “Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.” Having loved His Own, He loved them to the uttermost.

(2) The uttermost suggests the range of His power. Because His passion was on this infinite scale, His power is in corresponding degree. “He is able to save to the uttermost all them that come unto God by Him.” (Heb. 7:25). It is not enough to say that God is willing to save. Many a mother is willing to take her child’s suffering upon herself and bear it alone, but she is not able to transfer the pain. Many a doctor has tried to save a life from death; he did his best, but was not able to pull the patient through to health again. To be willing to try, to do one’s best, may be great endeavors, but they may all fail. They break down somewhere, they fall short of the event.

I have stood on the desert sands of the East and looked towards Khartoum, and thought of General Gordon and his little company surrounded by fierce and relentless foes. Britain had sent him out on a military commission. His country knew that he was surrounded and held captive and that his life was threatened. Britain was eager to save Gordon, Britain tried to save him, perhaps Britain did its best to save its hero, but Britain failed. It was not able.

Here, then, is the great thing in our faith. Jesus Christ is not only willing, is not only going to try, and is not merely going to do His best, but is able to save to the uttermost. Therefore, there is no need for our timidity or fear. There is ample ground for encouragement. No life is beyond hope, no heart need despair, Christ succeeds where others fail. When the disciples could not cast the evil spirit out of the demented youth, Jesus said, “Bring him unto Me.” He prevailed where others

failed. When the tragic King asked the court physician if he could heal “a mind diseased,” the doctor confessed that this disease was beyond his practice. A greater Physician is here to Whom with confidence the most broken and bereft life can say—

“Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind;

Sight, riches, healing of the mind;

Yea, all I need in Thee I find.

O! Lamb of God, I come.

To the uttermost means that He can save our disposition from bitterness, our mind from suspicion, our hearts from fear. He can change our hate, cleanse our defilement, purify our emotion, and give us a new heart and a new mind. There is no more any excuse for bitterness and dislike and irritability, no more excuse for failure and for sin. Set no bounds to His power. Let unbelief create no barrier, establish no limit to what He can do. Go all out for Him, and with Him. He is able to save to the uttermost.

(3) That great word defines for us the sweep of His purpose. Power on such a scale must find exercise on the same scale. If He is able to save to the uttermost, He will want to prove His power in the same degree. If He condemns our unused talents, He must use His Own talents to the uttermost. Here, then, is the promise, “Ask of Me and I will give thee the heathen for thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession” (Psa. 2). This is the sweep of His massive dream — “The uttermost parts of the earth.”

Christ’s Kingdom is not to be limited to the frontiers of Israel, or to the boundaries of any continent or creed or caste. His Kingdom is to compass the whole earth. The Old Testament urge was, “Go in and possess the land.” But the more majestic urge of the New Testament is “Go out and possess the world.” “God so loved the world,” said Jesus. “Go ye into all the world,” He said again. “I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto Me.” He confronts all the diversities of human nature and all varieties of character and circumstance with quiet assurance that His power goes far out beyond all our need.

He includes all ages from the youngest to the oldest, all temperaments from the slowest to the swiftest, all levels of culture from the meanest to the greatest, all conditions of mankind from the low-born to the high-born, all varieties of people. Jew and Gentile, Hottentot and Hindu, Kaffir and Turk. He admits no limitation of climate, condition, or tongue.

“Where cross the crowded ways of life,

Where sound the cries of race and clan,

Above the noise of selfish strife

We hear Thy voice, O Son of Man!”

In Him the ends of the earth come together, in Him alone all races unite.

(4) The same inclusive word suggests the scale of His requirement. “Thou shalt by no means come out thence till thou has paid the uttermost farthing.” (Matt. 5:26). This may sound exacting

and severe, but we cannot forget that on this same scale He paid our debt, and to this same degree He suffered our shame. We are right when we say, "Jesus paid it all, all to Him I owe." The measure of His gift is the measure of our obligation. Under the law of the Old Testament, men brought their tithes to God — tithes of all their possessions, tithes of the harvest, and of the flock, and of the field. The tithe was a tenth part of what a man owned or gathered. But under the constraint of the Gospel, the consecrated offering is all that a man has, to the uttermost farthing.

It is singular how often that little word ALL occurs in this reference. The widow who cast two mites into the treasury gave "All her living," and Jesus commended her act. When the young man came to inquire how he might enter into the Kingdom, Jesus gave the simple and sufficient counsel, "Go and sell all that thou hast." The laborer who found the treasure hid in the field sold all he had, so that he might buy that field. The merchant who found the goodly pearl sold all his stock that he might possess that one gem. True devotion does not stop short of the complete gift.

The grace of consecration covers all that we have and are. The shame of Ananias was that he kept back part of the price. It was a double deceit it was not all the price, but he pretended that it was. Our consecrations are too often of the same specious sort. We pretend, we profess, we persuade ourselves that we are fully consecrated, that we are doing and giving our utmost, whereas the sheer honesty and truth of the situation is, we are mere triflers with the big issues of the Gospel and its demands upon us. The good people of the earth are not good enough. They have set limits to piety and devotion, to discipleship and sacrifice. They follow Christ afar off, serve Him with small fragments of their time and puny portions of their possessions. Jesus Christ, Who gave the completeness of His gift, is waiting for a corresponding completeness in our consecration. His love constrains the sacrifice. The whole realm of nature would not repay His passion, but the whole realm is not ours to give. We have only our lives and all they hold, and He asks for that to the uttermost farthing. He asks: He will not take. He will not use His power to compel the gift. His Own gift persuades, His love constrains it.

"What has stripped the seeming beauty

From those idols of the earth?

Not the sense of right or duty,

But the sight of peerless worth.

"Not the crushing of the idols

With its bitter void and smart,

But the beaming of His beauty,

The unveiling of His heart.

"'Tis the look that melted Peter,

'Tis the face that Stephen saw,

'Tis the eye that wept with Mary —

Can alone from idols draw....

“Draw and win and fill completely,
Till the cup o'erflow the brim.
What have we to do with idols,
Who have companied with Him.”

The Heavenly Call

GENTLY on the breath of evening,
When the day's last beams were leaving,
And the shadows on the hill
Deepened into darkness still,
Came a Voice oft heard before
Asking earnestly once more,
"Weary heart, with care opprest,
Wilt thou enter into rest?"
Sadly summer flowers were dying,
Faded autumn wreaths were lying,
And the memory of the past
Came with start and pain at last.
Then the soul, bereft and lone,
Heard again that pitying tone,
"Weary heart, bereaved, distress,
Wilt thou enter into rest?"
Mournfully the winds were sighing,
All around the dead leaves flying,
And the soul felt cold and chill,
Empty, for earth could not fill,
Troubled, for its strife was vain;
When that low Voice spake again,
"Weary heart, forlorn, unblest,
Wilt thou enter into rest?"
Destitute of Hope's relieving,
Sad, disconsolately grieving,

Watching till the fading day
Silently had passed away,
Till the solemn calm was stirred
By the oft-repeated word,
“Weary heart, here end thy quest,
Come, and I will give thee rest?”
And no longer cold, unheeding,
For the heart, repentant, needing,
Turned aside from earth and sin,
Praying, “Let me enter in.”
And the storm-driven, helpless dove
Flew into the Arms of Love,
Folded on the Saviour’s breast,
Found in Him its final rest!
Anon.

God's Little Messenger

AS I stepped upon the platform of the C■ railway station, a hand was laid upon my arm, and a voice said, "Norman, is this you?"

I turned and looked at the speaker. It was my old classmate, Richard■, with whom I had agreed to pass a few weeks, and whom I had not seen for years before. After we had pushed our way through the noisy crowd and were seated in his carriage, I looked at him again, and exclaimed, "Richard, how you have altered! How different now from the wild youth of old! "

"Yes, Norman, there have been many changes with me since we parted, but the greatest has been here," said he, smiling, and gently touching his breast.

"Humph!" was my ejaculation, which elicited no reply.

That evening, as he, his wife, and myself, were walking in the garden, and I was admiring some jasmines, he said to me, "Norman, I have yet a little treasure to show you, and although it is small, it is far greater than all these, almost the greatest one I have. Can you guess?"

When we went back to the room he showed her to me — his beautiful little girl, his only child, his little Bessie! I was not fond of children, at least, I thought so; but strangely did that little maiden win her way to my heart, my old bachelor heart! Eight cloudless summers of her sunny life had passed; and had each one, as it gently glided by, left with her all its charms, she could not have been more beautiful.

That evening, sweet in memory to me, we became firm friends. She loved me because, when she asked Daddy, he said that he did. She sat with me a little, and I told her an old fairy story which most strangely came to my remembrance, and then, after she, her father, and myself, had had a frolic, she went to bed.

The next day we all went out for a drive, and a delightful one we had. Little Bessie was as bright and beautiful as the day, but there was sometimes a strange thoughtfulness of expression upon her face, which troubled me as being beyond her years. As I was talking with her father, I said something jeeringly about Him who led the only pure life upon the earth. Richard said not a word in reply, but motioned me to look at little Bessie. She was gazing into my face with horror and surprise — an expression such as I never saw before, nor since, and which I shall never forget. She gazed so for a moment. No one spoke. Never had anything before been able to make me feel that religion was above my scoffing remarks; but as I glanced at that little face so earnestly endeavoring to read mine, and saw the little maid burst into tears, uncontrollable tears, I felt a certain shame that, in the presence of one so pure, I should have spoken, what perhaps she had never heard before. Then she looked at me in a sort of pitying way, and said, "I thought you loved my Jesus! Oh! how could you say that of Him?" During the rest of the drive she lay upon her father's bosom in perfect silence, and no one spoke.

The next day I was alone in my room, thinking of all that had occurred, and a strange and unaccountable feeling of seriousness was creeping over me, a sort of longing to be like her, when suddenly the little maid was at my side. I started as I saw her, and met the tender gaze of love and pity which she bent upon me. Her little hand was laid upon my arm, and for a moment both of us were silent.

Then the silence was broken by the words, "Won't you love my Jesus?" and she was gone. I could not ridicule that lovely spirit, and yet some demon within me tempted my soul to do so. The next morning, and the next, and the next, the little maiden came in the same way, said the same words, then disappeared. I never answered her, and at no other time did she allude to the subject; but she never failed to come at that morning hour. One morning I said to her, almost unconsciously, as she uttered her never-failing invitation, "Tell me how, Bessie."

She looked at me a moment, and the next, was seated on my knee. And then, what words flowed — simple childish words, in which she told the story of Christ's love! Never, never shall I forget them. My eyes were far from dry when she went away, and there was less of sorrow on her face than usual. And morning after morning she came, and seemed never to weary of telling the sweet tale.

But one morning she did not come. I waited a long time, but in vain. No little feet came pattering along the hall. No little hand was clasped in mine. No words of instruction were lisp'd in my ear. Presently there came a hurried knock at my door. It was opened before waiting for permission, and her father was with me. "Norman," said he, "she has just waked from a long and heavy sleep, and is fearfully ill. Will you come? Tell me if you know what it is." I went. There lay the little one, with eyes closed, and in a sort of stupor. I knew at a glance. It was scarlet fever! How I told those aching hearts I know not, but they were wonderfully calm in their anguish. The doctor soon confirmed my statement; but there was so painfully little to be done for the dear sufferer, that those two days almost passed by in silence as we three watched over the precious form.

We knew from the first that she was no longer of the earth, and it was indeed a heavy burden for us to bear, to think that she would not longer be the light of our hearts. I say we, for though I was perhaps mistaken, the little one had so taken possession of my heart, that it seemed to me that she could not be dearer to those who had the first earthly claim upon her affections.

At the end of the second day her life seemed partially to return, and she opened her beautiful large eyes, and smiling a little, said, "Dear Mother! Dear Daddy!" and then looking around, "Dear Uncle Norman! WON'T YOU LOVE MY JESUS? Mother loves Him! Daddy loves Him! and I am going to Him, and want to tell Him that you love Him. Won't you love Him?"

"Bessie! little Bessie!" said I, "tell Him my heart and life are His for evermore, and may my soul some day be as pure and undefiled as hers who bears the message to Him!"

"Mother! Daddy! O MY JESUS! I am so happy now! Now I come, COME, COME! Even so, come, Lord Jesus!" And the little spirit, so pure, so holy, returned whence it came! God's little messenger had fulfilled her mission to the earth, had turned a soul to righteousness, and was called home.

Anon.

“He Died for Me.”

A PREACHER resident in a large city had prepared and preached, as he supposed, a most convincing sermon, for the benefit of an influential member of the congregation, who was known to be of an infidel turn of mind. The sinner listened unmoved to the well-turned sentences and the earnest appeals, which, however, left him unaffected. On his return from church he saw a tear trembling in the eye of his little daughter, whom he tenderly loved, and he inquired the cause.

The child informed him that she was thinking of what her Sunday school teacher had told her of Jesus Christ.

“And what did she tell you, child?”

“Why, she said He came down from heaven, and died for poor me,” and in a moment the tears gushed from eyes which had looked upon the beauties of only seven summers.

In the simplicity of childhood she added, “Father, should I not love One who has so loved me?”

The proud heart of the infidel was touched. What the eloquent plea of the preacher could not accomplish, the tender sentence of his child had done.

In giving an account of his Christian experience, he remarked: “Under God I owe my conversion to a little child, who first convinced me by her artless simplicity that I ought to love One who has so loved me.”

A New World

Politicians are planning how to make a new world out of the ruins of the old one. The ghastly tragedy of the last few years has seen not only hundreds of cities totally destroyed — not only hundreds of square miles of populous countryside's ruined — and millions of souls sent into eternity — but it has seen the upheaval of unchecked and misdirected democracy — sinning in its wild destructiveness against every law — human, moral and Divine. Mad anarchy and mad agnosticism is making the earth a very play-ground for the devil.

Men are striving for a millennium without Christ, but we know that when the millennium does come Satan will be bound for a thousand years. On every page of the world's history now we can read, between the lines, the moving of the human race, devil led, towards the final cataclysm of destruction.

The death knell of this world is sounding. Noah heard the warning sound in his day, and in the language of Scripture we are told, "By faith Noah, being warned of God of things not seen as yet, moved with fear, prepared an ark to the saving of his house" (Heb. 11:7). He knew the world was doomed; he knew he could do nothing of himself, to save himself, or to renovate the wicked world in which he lived — therefore being "moved with fear," he obeyed God, and by this act of faith, "condemned the world, and became heir of the righteousness which is by faith."

Today there is no fear of God before the eyes of many. They are not "moved with fear," but are moved to the most daring and open defiance of God, and utter disregard and contempt for the holy life and atoning death of the Lord Jesus Christ the Son of God, and the Saviour of mankind.

The materialist believes in the stability of the world in which he lives, the progress of the human race, by its own inherent power, to the goal of ultimate perfection. "This old world is good enough for me," he tells us, "I shall find all the heaven I want here, let the future take care of itself." The future will take care of itself, and of him as well. He cannot escape from God, and if he is not "moved by fear" now to seek salvation from his Maker, he will be moved with awful and unending terror by and by, when he will be driven from the presence of God forever, condemned to eternal death.

The natural mind does not understand the things of God — and so is at enmity with God. The infidel disbelieves because he does not understand; philosophers and men of science cavil because they do not understand.

Man's thoughts never rise above a human level: "My thoughts are not your thoughts," God says to the unbeliever. Men in a vain seeking to make God as one of themselves, sin against all His attributes. "On earth there is nothing great but man," was the proud assertion of the Middle Ages — this blasphemy is current in full force today. In this reasoning age man pits his wisdom against the knowledge of the Almighty. "What reason ye in your hearts?" was the question of the Lord Jesus when on earth to His cavaliers. The finality of God, and the slow but sure accomplishment of all His purposes goes on in spite of all man's puny efforts to underrate the eternal strength of

Omnipotence.

God is willing to reason with man. He says, "Come now, let us reason together," but man must take the lowest place, as "dust in the balance," before he can reason with his Maker, and the reasoning must be about his sins — the last thing man would seek to talk about. But the wonderful insistence of grace makes it easy for the contrite sinner to do this — "Though your sins be as scarlet they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson they shall be as wool." This is divine reconstruction — not the making of a new world, but the making of a new man. The making of a new world will be the act of God alone in a future day, but the regeneration of sinners through the operation of the Spirit of God, is a present thing. The passing of a sinner from "death unto life," and "from darkness to light," is only possible when repentance towards God and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ lead a man to say, "I have sinned," and "I believe."

The heart cries, "God be merciful to me a sinner," and "Lord, I believe, help Thou my unbelief," gives the grace to the life that brings salvation through faith, and fills the heart with the Spirit of the Son of God, so that in the new world into which he enters he will find that "By grace he was saved through faith," God's free gift, and that his salvation has brought glory to his God, and untold and complete happiness to his own life.

Read the Epistle to the Ephesians.

H. W.

Where is Happiness to be Found?

Not in Infidelity. Voltaire was an infidel of the most pronounced type. He wrote: "I wish I had never been born."

Not in Pleasure. Byron lived a life of pleasure if anyone did. He wrote: — "The worm, the canker, and the grief are mine alone."

Not in Money. Gould, the American millionaire, had plenty of that. When dying, he said: — "I suppose I am the most miserable devil on earth."

Not in Position and Fame. Beaconsfield enjoyed more than his share of both. He wrote: — "Youth is a mistake, manhood a struggle, old age a regret."

One and all they confirm Solomon's verdict, "All is vanity and vexation of spirit." (Eccl. 2:17.)

Where then is it to be found?

Jesus said, "I will see you again, and your heart shall rejoice, and your joy no man taketh from you" (John 16:22). The answer is simple: —

In Christ Alone.

Taste for yourself, and you will say: —

"Now, none but Christ can satisfy;

None other Name for me;

There's love, and life, and lasting joy,

Lord Jesus, found in Thee."

F. H. B.

His Mother's Bible

AS a young man, lately arrived from England, I was wandering in the bush in Australia, having lost my way, when I saw a light, and making for it, I found myself on a large farm, and asked permission of the farmer to pass the night under cover. He curlily said, "You can go into the barn if you like, but there is someone there already."

I was then totally ignorant of God and His grace, unconverted, a man of the world. But being in want of shelter and rest for the night, I said, "Thank God," and went into the barn. By the light of a lantern I saw a man lying in a corner, coughing violently. Laying down my gun and my shooting bag, which was my only luggage, I went over to him and sat down by his side, and asked him if I could do anything for him.

Speaking with difficulty, he told me he was an Englishman, and had been at the same University as I, but having disgraced his family, he had been sent out to the Colonies, where he had led a dissolute life. For some time he had been employed on the farm; but now he felt that he was about to die. Did I know anything about the hereafter? as he was anxious to know what was going to become of him. Utterly careless myself, I said I thought the Bible was the Book he needed. He said, "Oh, the Bible; my mother put one in my bag when I left home. I have never opened it yet. Will you get it and bring it here?" He told me where it was; I got it, and brought it to him.

He said, "Now, where are we to turn?" and We both confessed we did not know. "Well, clap it together and read where it opens." I did so, and the Book opened at Isaiah 53. I read on till I came to: "He is despised and rejected of men, a Man of sorrows and acquainted with grief." "Stop," said the dying man, "Who is the He?" I knew enough to say, "Jesus Christ." He said, "Ah, go on."

I read on slowly until I came to the words, "All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned everyone to his own way." He said again, "Stop! That's me! That's just what I have done all my sad life"; and after a little of quiet he said, "Go on." I read, "And the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all." "Ah!" he said "Jesus Christ," and then a short time of quiet, and then he said, "Read it again." "All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned everyone to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all."

He lay back on the straw, and I quietly read on, and turning over the pages I found some passages about Jesus Christ in the Gospels. After he had listened for some time, he thanked me and told me that would do. I was soon fast asleep. In the morning the beams of the sun were shining through the cracks in the barn when I awoke, and going over to the place where my poor friend lay, I was astonished by the change in him. His face seemed to have caught some of the sunbeams, he looked so happy and peaceful. I did not understand what had happened, but he said to me: "The Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all — Jesus Christ is my Saviour."

He told me in the night the Lord had come to him and showed him His pierced hands and side, and now all was joy and peace. I listened, and thought he was light-headed, but it was because I saw no beauty in the One with Whom he was so occupied. The day or two he lingered he could

not hear enough or talk enough of Him. Sometime before he died (for he passed away before I left the farm), he said to me: "I have a request to make of you. I want you to write on the flyleaf of my Bible an account of your meeting me here and reading to me Isaiah 53:6, and of the Him it speaks about — Jesus Christ—and how the Lord came to me in the night, and how I die peaceful and happy, believing on Him as my Saviour. I want to put my name to it, and I want you to put yours, and then send it to my father in London."

He gave me his address, and I sent it as he requested. The incident faded for a time from my memory in the rush of a godless life. Some years after I returned to London on furlough, through the grace of God a converted man, and, musing over my life in Australia, I remembered the incident I have recorded, and wondered whether the Bible ever reached the old father. One evening I made my way to where he lived, and met a very old man sitting in his library alone. Making myself known to him, I inquired if he had ever received the Bible.

He said, "Indeed I did," and getting up he went over to his desk and opened a drawer and got the Book, and sat down again. "Well do I remember receiving the Book," he said. "I was then a careless man of the world, without God and without hope, but in infinite mercy by what you and my poor son pointed me to in Isaiah 53:6, my eyes were opened to my sinful condition, and soon after to Jesus Christ as my Saviour, and from that time to this I have not ceased to praise Him."

Thus the Spirit of God, active in grace, encircles the globe, overcomes all obstacles, brings to bear the particular verse of Scripture at the particular time, and illuminates the soul as to Christ.

May the reader of these facts, if unsaved, be led by the same Spirit and Word to know and confess Jesus Christ as his Saviour and Lord.

G. I. E.

A Matter of Life and Death

THERE lived in a large city in Holland a Jewish doctor who, like Paul, had lived a Pharisee. Like Paul, too, he had been, by the power of the Holy Spirit, turned from darkness into light, and from the power of Satan to God; and, like Paul, his heart's desire and prayer to God for Israel was that they might be saved.

With this object the doctor went day after day into the part of the city inhabited by the lowest class of Jews, and from house to house did he preach and teach Jesus Christ. On reaching this suburb he had to pass the magnificent house of a rich Jewish merchant, who had a house of business also in the mercantile part of the city.

It had often happened to the doctor to pass this house, but it was not until he had done so many times that a new thought struck him. Why was it that he was ready to go day after day and speak of the Lord Jesus to the poor Jews in the back streets, and yet he had never felt how accountable he was to God for making Christ known to the rich Jew in the great house? The doctor was not one of those who could assent to a matter as being right, without at once proceeding to act upon his conviction.

He knew that the merchant was often engaged in the city till a late hour, and he therefore determined to call upon him one evening at about ten o'clock, thinking that by that time he would be sure to find him at home. He was surprised at being at once admitted and shown upstairs, just as though he had been expected. But this was explained when he was ushered suddenly into a large ball-room, already filled with company. The music was playing, and the dancing had begun. The appearance of the little doctor, so unlike the rest of the company, caused many eyes to be fixed upon him. He at once made out the master of the house, and, advancing towards him, apologized for his untimely visit. "I was not aware," said he, "that you were engaged this evening, but as I have called upon a matter of great importance, I would ask if you would kindly appoint a time when I may call again without inconvenience to you."

"Certainly," replied the merchant. "May I ask if the business is pressing?"

"It is a matter of life and death," replied the doctor. "I will call again at your earliest convenience."

"Allow me to ask one more question," said the merchant. "Whom does the business concern?"

"It concerns the Lord Jesus Christ, Jesus of Nazareth," replied the honest doctor. "It is concerning Him, and Him only, that I came to speak to you, and I am glad that you will kindly allow me the opportunity of doing so another day."

"Stay," said the merchant, with a strange expression of joy and astonishment. "This is wonderful," he continued, now speaking so as to be heard by the doctor only. "My friend, I have been miserable for many months past. How or why I know not; but one thought has continually haunted me by day and by night. Whether in business, or at home, it has never been absent from my mind. I have tried to put it from me, but I could not. It is a thought which left me no peace, and it was this:

'Who and what was Jesus of Nazareth?' I have asked God in His mercy to help me, and to send me someone who could speak to me and tell me the truth about this great question. Now He has heard my prayer. I cannot let you go. There is no time like the present."

Then, calling for the music to stop, the merchant addressed his astonished visitors. "This gentleman," he said, "has kindly come to speak to us on a matter of great importance — a matter in which each one of us is personally concerned. May I ask you to take your seats, and to give him your attention? And you, dear sir," he said to the doctor, "will you now speak fully and plainly? Tell us all you have to say, and keep back nothing."

And at once, standing in the middle of the ball-room, the doctor began to preach that wonderful gospel of God, concerning His Son, which is indeed the power of God unto salvation unto every one that believeth.

It was not long after this memorable evening that the merchant made public confession of Christ, and remained a consistent believer, helping forward the gospel he had once blasphemed. I cannot now remember whether others in the ball-room also received the truth into their hearts. It is my impression that some of them did; but as this story is strictly true, it is well to add nothing which is on doubtful authority.

And now, dear reader, what are your thoughts of it? Was the earnest doctor wrong, or right, in his characterizing this as a matter of life and death? And if it was so for this man and his guests, what is it for you?

The Rock of Ages

IT is said that some years ago a lady and gentleman were standing on Table Rock—that huge broad shelf on the Canadian side of Niagara Falls. As they gazed fearfully out upon the awful depth before them, they felt awe-stricken by the deafening roar which came up from the wild rush of the waters below. They looked downward, and saw that the angry stream had been gnawing out a vast hollow beneath them, and felt certain that someday that delicately poised rock must fall into the whirlpool below.

Startled by these thoughts, they quickly hurried from so dangerous a position. They had not gone far before a deafening noise, like the thunder of an earthquake, burst on them with a long, loud roar, and the ground shook beneath their feet.

Table Rock had fallen! Had they delayed but two minutes they must have found a grave in the surging billows of that mighty river.

For ages that rock had stood, and men had rested on it in safety. Presumption might have said: It will not fall today; but it fell! There came to it a last day, a last moment, and then a crash—and those two persons were scarcely saved.

If this may teach us the uncertainty of life, how in a moment death may overtake any one of us it also reminds us forcibly of that Rock of safety provided for us all, a Rock to which we may cling, confident that it can never fail us.

The coming of the Lord is near to each one of us; or at any hour, at any moment, death may come, and we may be hurried into eternity. It behooves each one of us to ask himself, “Am I ready?” “Are my hopes for the next world resting on no better foundation than that Table Rock, which gave way at last? or am I clinging to the Lord Jesus

Christ—that Rock of Ages—Who will keep in safety all who give themselves to Him?” Are you now saved?

“Oh, safe to the Rock that is higher than I,

My soul in its conflicts and sorrows would fly;

So sinful, so weary, Thine, Thine would I be:

Thou blest ‘Rock of Ages,’ I’m hiding in Thee.”

Thoughts From Samuel Rutherford

THERE is required patience on our part till the summer fruit in heaven be ripe for us: it is in the bud, but there be many things to do before our harvest come. And we take ill with it, and can hardly endure to set our face to one of Christ's storms, and to go to heaven with wet feet, and pain, and sorrow.

We love to carry heaven to heaven with us, and would have two summers in one year, and no less than two heavens, but this will not be for us: one, and such an one, may suffice us well enough.

The Son of God got but one only, and shall we have two?

Be content, ye are His wheat growing in our Lord's field. And if wheat, ye must go under our Lord's threshing instrument, in His barn floor, and through His sieve, and through His will to be bruised, as the Prince of your salvation, Jesus, was (Isa. 53:9), that ye may be found good bread in your Lord's house.

Searcher of Hearts

“Thou Searcher of all hearts look down and see,
Not if the chaff doth most abound in me,
But if there be a tithe of grain for Thee■
A tithe for Thee, in all the unfruitful place!
All the day long before the winds of grace
My chaff upriseth in Thy patient face.
My lying down, my path, my ways how poor,
My wasted moments, husks bestrew my floor;
And still Thou searchest by the garner door.
Content to stoop, if so upon the ground
One grain of truth, one ear of love be found,
So doth Thy patience, dearest Lord, abound!”

(Selected.)

“The Lord seeth not as man seeth; for men looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart.” (1 Sam. 16:7.)

“The Lord searchest all hearts, and understandeth all the imaginations of the thoughts. (1 Chron. 28:9.)

The Passing Years

O, PASSING YEARS, O, passing years!

What will the future be?

The voice of centuries replies,

“ETERNITY.”

O, passing months, O, passing months!

What is your voice to me?

“Prepare to meet thy God, for soon■

ETERNITY.”

O, passing hours, O, passing hours!

Where shall the sinner flee?

“Flee to the Saviour’s arms, or dread

ETERNITY.”

Oh! listen to the breaking waves

Of life’s tumultuous sea;

On what shore do those billows surge?

“ETERNITY.”

O, God and Saviour, linger yet,

While sinners bend the knee

And face, amid the shades of time,

ETERNITY.

H.W.

Eternity

PEOPLE think of eternity as far away; but it is very close. It is close to me as I write; it is close to you as you read; and you must face it, and so must I. Very soon you will be in it, and what then?

Will the weight of untold sins and iniquities sink you, an unbeliever, down to hell forever? or will the eagle wings of divine grace in Christ bear you, a believer, aloft to heaven and God? "Prepare to meet thy God."

Philippians 3:4-11

HERE is a personal testimony of unique interest unlike so many that we hear, it, firstly, is inspired, and profitable enduringly for successive generations of men. Secondly, while it is the testimony of the "Chief of sinners," he was not a sinner of the godless or prodigal kind. If ever a man's past might have prated him, it was Saul's of Tarsus. In verse 4 to 6 he tells its advantages and merits. He was an Israelite of purest and proudest blood, duly circumcised and of most exact and exacting zeal; according to the accepted moral standards of his race (and they were divinely imposed) he was blameless.

That day, however, when Christ shined into his heart on the Damascus road, changed everything for him. As it was revealed to him that the One who spoke out of the divine glory with divine authority was Jesus Whom he persecuted, what could he have expected but that his hour of doom was come? To have been cast alive into hell would not have surprised him. Had ever another man set himself in a course so directly opposed to the most cherished plans of the Almighty, unless it were Pharaoh of Egypt in Moses' day? To his eternal astonishment, Saul of Tarsus found he had been apprehended, not for judgment and death, but for distinguished service of God's heavenly Anointed One, Jesus of Nazareth, and for final and everlasting glory with Him. From the very heaven of his exaltation he hated Jesus.

Yet God's Christ had spoken. To His rebelling people in old time God had said through His prophet "Come now, and let us reason together." (Isa. 1:18.) So now, Jehovah-Jesus appeals to the mind and conscience of Saul. "Why persecutest thou Me?" He deigns to reason with the rebel, directly, personally. "Thou... Me." Once more man had striven against His Maker, and never man with less reason than Saul. What was it led the Creator, the Son of God, to parley thus with so mad a persecutor? Nothing but sovereign mercy. He was left with eyes that saw no man but himself and the glorified Jesus to learn the lesson he afterward never ceased to teach others. "The Son of God loved me and gave Himself for me."

For this, he counted all his splendid past as loss that he might gain Christ. Not heaven, nor eternal life, but Christ. It is not a usual way of men to reckon profit in terms of a person, and in such vivid contrast to the loss of all the things that are naturally prized. Yet no other way of speaking could express the apostolic meaning. Had not his heart exclaimed in most extreme amazement, "He, dying to make me His; He, speaking from heaven to turn me from my own way because He wanted me for Himself and His service!" Added to this present experience, the sight of the divine glory of Jesus, came voices from the store of memory, voices that had never been really heard by him before, of inspired historian, prophet and poet, bearing their harmonious testimony to his heart of a suffering and rejected Messiah. Then the glory made clear to him what God's thoughts were of the value of the sacrifice of the Lamb of God. And all combined in declaring that that valued sacrifice was available for the sinner; it was for the sinners He came to seek and save that Jesus died.

As the blind needs sight, and the leper cleansing, so the sinner needs righteousness. Righteousness, indispensable for acceptance by God, is exactly what the sinner lacks. Naked, or clothed only in filthy rags, he needs a wedding garment for the royal marriage. In debt, and unable to pay, his only escape is to be freely forgiven. Yet this could not be without a propitiation. When they came to seek Jesus and His disciples He said, "If ye seek Me let these go their way, just so, in the darkness of Calvary, out of which came His cry, "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?" it was as though He had said in offering Himself there, "if they owe anything, place it to My account." "God hath made Him to be sin for us Who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him" (2 Cor. 5:21). To this Paul refers. For him Christ is become his righteousness; his own is renounced — his splendid record, his blamelessness. Was it not a worthless thing that brought him into conflict with His Saviour, the Son of God? Accordingly, as the Saviour's overture of grace seemed to say to him, "What wilt thou that I should do unto thee?" Paul's faith responded, "Lord, that I might hide myself in the skirts of Thy glory and be covered thereby — hide all that I have been and now am in Thee, that I might appear before God in Thee, in Thine acceptance, with Thee for my righteousness." His exact words here are, "That I may win Christ and be found in Him, not having mine own righteousness which is of the law, but that which is through the faith of Christ, the righteousness which is of God by faith." A divine righteousness, which he who feels his nearness to perdition so richly deserved knows how to appreciate indeed; a righteousness provided in a crucified, risen and glorified Saviour and offered by His grace to the faith of any and every one in whom faith is found.

Continuing, Paul writes: "That I may know Him and the power of His resurrection, and the fellowship of His sufferings, being made conformable unto His death, if by any means I might attain unto the resurrection of the dead." "Know Him," not by the hearing of the ears or even the sight of his eyes, but by experience as following Him here below in the closest way, and this in communion with His exalted Lord. Then he would know Him with such an intimacy as could not otherwise be entered into. "Know... the power of His resurrection," not yet as being himself raised from the dead, but as using this power in the world by faith in meeting the enemy that has the power of death, so as to overcome him and all the worldly attractions he offers. The most worthy Saviour, the glorious Son of God suffered here; there was no higher, holier way than that which His feet trod; therefore Paul wishes to have fellowship with His sufferings being conformed to His death. He himself would be cast in that mold. He would share with his Lord the consequences of walking as He walked, and partake in His rejection. Unafraid to die, he yet wanted to go through all in faithfulness and obedience to God while suffering at men's hands even as Christ did. Then, as Christ was raised from among the dead, signifying His glory, holiness and favor with God, so Paul would be; yet not as being in himself anything but as belonging to Christ, as having gained Him and, as being accepted in Him, an object of the eternal favor of God. How he should arrive at this goal, through what afflictions was matter less, so long as all were shared with Christ.

There are two worlds; how clearly they were defined for the apostle. This world-system abandoning itself in the rejection of Christ to the rule of the prince of the power of the air, and that world unseen where Jesus is acknowledged and bears the Name that is above every Name. Into your mind, dear reader, thoughts must come in the closing days of this year of the rapid flight of time, and of the wasting and death which its flight brings. "The things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal." (2 Cor. 4:18.) The Lord Jesus had these two worlds

in mind when He said, "For what is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul? For the Son of man shall come in the glory of His Father with His angels; and then shall He reward every man according to his works" (Matt. 16:26, 27). The apostle Paul seems in his testimony to supplement this and say, "What shall it damage a man if he lose the whole world and his own life, and gain Christ?"

T. D.

"TO us Thy Cross with all its shame,

With all its grace be given;

Though earth disowns Thy lowly Name,

God honors it in heaven."

Keep Hold of the Promises

A Story of Answered Prayer.

(By A Preacher's Wife.)

I REMEMBER a day during one winter which stands out like a boulder in my life.

The weather was unusually cold. My husband was away traveling from one district to another most of the time.

Our boys were well, but my little Ruth was ailing; and at best, none of us was decently clothed.

I patched and re-patched, with spirits sinking to their lowest end. The water gave out in the well, and the wind blew through the cracks of the floor.

The people in the district were kind and generous, but the settlement was new, and each family was struggling for itself. Little by little, at the time when I needed most, my faith began to waver. Early in life I was taught to take God at His Word, and I thought my lesson was well learned. I had lived upon the promises in dark times until I knew, as David did, Who was "My fortress and my deliverer." Now a daily prayer for forgiveness was all that I could offer. My husband's overcoat was hardly thick enough for October, and he was obliged to ride miles to attend some meetings or funerals. Many a time our breakfast was Indian cake and a cup of tea without any sugar. Christmas was coming; the children always expected their presents. I remember the ice was thick and smooth, and the boys were each craving a pair of skates. Ruth, in some unaccountable way, had taken a fancy that the dolls I made were no longer suitable; she wanted a nice large one, and insisted on praying for it. I knew it was impossible; but, oh, how I wanted to give each child its present. It seemed as if God had deserted us. But I did not tell my husband all this. He worked so earnestly and heartily I supposed him to be as hopeful as ever. I kept the sitting-room cheery with an open fire, and tried to serve our scanty meals as invitingly as I could.

The morning before Christmas, James was called to see a sick man. I put up a piece of bread for his lunch — it was the best I could do — wrapped a plaid shawl around his neck, and then tried to whisper a promise, as I often had; but the words died away on my lips. I let him go without it. This was a dark, hopeless day.

I coaxed the children to bed early, for I could not bear their talk. When Ruth went I listened to her prayer; she asked for the last time most explicitly for her doll, and for skates for her brothers. Her bright face looked so lovely when she whispered to me: "You know, I think they'll be here early tomorrow—morning—early, mother," that I thought I could move heaven and earth to save her from the disappointment.

I sat down alone, and gave way to the bitterest tears.

Before long James returned, chilled and exhausted. He drew off his boots; the thin stockings slipped off with them, and his feet were red with cold. Then as I glanced up and noticed the hard

lines in his face, and the look of despair, it flashed across me, James had let go, too. I brought him a cup of tea, feeling sick and dizzy at that thought. I wanted to die and meet God, and tell Him His promise wasn't true — my soul was so full of rebellious despair.

There came a sound of bells, a quick stop, and a loud knock at the door. James sprang up to open it. There stood Deacon Pike.

"A box came for you by express just before dark. I brought it round just as soon as I could get away; reckoned it might be for Christmas; at any rate, I thought, they shall have it tonight. Here is a turkey my wife asked me to fetch along, and these other things I believe belong to you." There was a basket of potatoes and a bag of flour. Talking all the time, he hurried the box in, and then with a hearty "Good-night," rode away. Still without speaking, James found a chisel and opened the box. I drew out at first a thick red blanket, and we saw that beneath was full of clothing. It seemed at that moment as if Christ fastened upon me a look of reproach. James sat down, and covered his face with his hands.

"I can't touch them," he exclaimed. "I haven't been true just when God was trying me to see if I could hold out. Do you think I could not see how you were suffering, and I had no word of comfort to offer? I know not how to preach the awfulness of turning away from God."

"James," I said, clinging to him, "don't take it to heart like this. I've been to blame; I ought to have helped you. We will ask Him together to forgive us."

"Wait a moment, dear, I cannot talk now." Then he went into another room.

I knelt down and my heart broke; in an instant all the darkness, all the stubbornness rolled away. Jesus came and stood before me, but now, with the loving word "Daughter!" sweet promises of tenderness and joy flooded my soul; I was so lost in praise and gratitude that I forgot everything else. I don't know how long it was before James came back; but I knew, too, that he had found peace.

"Now, dear wife," said he, "let us thank God together." And then he poured out words of praise, Bible words, for nothing else could express our thanksgiving. It was eleven o'clock, the fire was low, and there was the great box, and nothing touched but the warm blanket we needed so much. We piled on some fresh logs, lighted two candles, and began to examine our treasures. We drew out an overcoat. I made James try it on — just the right size — and I danced awhile around him, for all my lightheartedness had returned. Then there was a cloak, and he insisted on seeing me in it. My spirits always infected him, and we both laughed like foolish children. There was a warm suit of clothes also, and three pairs of woolen hose. There was a dress for me and yards of flannel; a pair of Arctic overshoes for each of us, and in mine was a slip of paper ■ I have it now, and I mean to hand it down to my children. It was Moses' blessing, to Asher: "Thy shoes shall be iron and brass; and as thy days., so shall thy strength be." In the gloves, evidently for James, the same dear hand had written: "I, the Lord thy God, will hold thy right hand, saying unto thee, Fear not, I will help thee."

It was a wonderful box, and packed with thoughtful care. There was a suit of clothes for each of the boys, and a little red gown for Ruth. There were mittens, scarves and hoods; down in the center, a box — we opened it, and there was a great wax doll. I burst into tears again, and James

wept with me for joy. It was too much. Then we both exclaimed again, for close behind it came two pairs of skates. There were books for us to read — Some of them I had wished to see, stories for the children to read, aprons and underclothing, knots of ribbon, a gay little tidy, a lovely photograph, needles, buttons and thread, actually a muff, and an envelope containing a ten-dollar gold piece. We cried over everything we took up. It was past midnight, and we were faint and exhausted even with happiness.

I made a cup of tea, cut a fresh loaf of bread, and James boiled some eggs. We drew up the table before the fire—how we enjoyed our supper — and then we sat talking over all our life, and how sure a help God had always proved.

You should have seen the children next morning! The boys raised a shout at the sight of their skates. Ruth caught up her doll and hugged it tightly without a word; then she went into her room and knelt by her bed. When she came back she whispered to me: “I knew it would be here, mother, but I wanted to thank God just the same, von know.”

“Look here, wife; see the difference!”

We went to the window, and there were the boys out of the house already, and skating with all their might.

My husband and I both tried to return thanks to the church in the East which sent us the box, and have tried to return thanks unto God every day since.

“There hath not failed one word of all His good promise, which He promised.” (1 Kings 8:56.)

Into Eternity Deaf and Blind

A MAN who had neglected his soul's salvation lay on a dying bed. He was filled with terror; he knew not how to die, for he had lived without God all the days of his life. He asked for a minister, or someone who would "seek mercy" for him. One was found, but the man was sinking very fast. No time was to be lost. Stooping over the dying man, he made several enquiries; but there was no reply. "You are a great sinner, but Christ has died for sinners," said the Christian. But there was no reply: the man had lost his speech. Laying his mouth close to the ear of the dying sinner, the minister in a loud voice spoke to him of sin and of salvation. But another of his senses had gone: the man had lost his hearing. All old family Bible was next brought; it was opened and put before the dying man; but the glassy film of death had veiled the eyes: the man could not see.

Overwhelming thought! Every avenue was closed. He was shut out from hearing the Word of life. Those ears which had been so often willfully shut against the Gospel were now sealed. The man had shut out God from his thoughts all the days of his sinful life, and now God, the righteous God, Who, although a God of love, is yet almighty and will not be trifled with, had left the man to reap as he had sowed, to die as he had lived, to enter eternity as he had chosen to spend the years of time.

Reader, do not trifle with God. He will not be mocked.

If you live day by day, despising, rejecting, neglecting His Christ, you have no promise of salvation on a dying pillow. The stroke of God may cut you down, as it has done many others, in a moment's notice, giving you no time to settle this great question. Disease may fix its talons on you, and lay you low in pain, unable to think on things eternal. The fevered brow, the pain-racked body, the sleepless, weary nights, shut out these thoughts. "Now is the day of salvation."

"To die with no hope! Hast thou counted the cost?

To die out of Christ, and thy soul to be lost!

So near to the kingdom! Oh, come we implore!

While Jesus is pleading. come enter the door."

Faithful Unto Death

TWO travelers were crossing a certain glacier in Switzerland. They were accompanied by a guide, to whom, as it is usual, when there is a possibility of danger, they were roped.

Novices, they were being initiated into all the wondrous sublimities of the Alps. They looked with wonder at the mighty peaks which towered around, and gazed with awe not unmingled with admiration into the depths of the crevasse, whose sides, lined as it were with amethyst and topaz, they beheld for the first time.

A slight fall of snow the previous night had rendered the way across the glacier more than usually dangerous, bridging over as it did the mouth of many a crevasse with a treacherous crust of snow.

Suddenly the guide, who had been carefully leading the way, disappeared with a cry. He had broken this, the frail covering of snow, and been precipitated into the depths of a crevasse, and was now swinging in mid-air.

To mountaineers the situation was fraught with but little danger. To take the strain off the rope, by means of an ax stuck in a cleft of the ice, would have been the work of a moment; when to raise the man from his perilous position would have been an easy matter.

But these men were not mountaineers, and in the horror of the situation they lost their nerve, and allowed themselves to be drawn over the ice, ever nearer to the yawning mouth of the chasm.

The feeling of the guide may well be imagined when he realized that, instead of being raised by his comrades into safety, he was slowly dragging them to meet a similar fate.

With a heroism well-nigh without parallel, even in the annals of Swiss guides, amongst whom heroism is inherent, seizing his knife, without a moment's hesitation he cut the rope on which his sole chance of life depended, and allowed himself to sink into the crevasse, rather than imperil the lives of those who had committed themselves to his keeping.

As one read the account, an echo of words spoken now nearly two thousand years ago seemed to fall on one's ear.

"He saved others, Himself He cannot save," jeered the bystanders as they stood Watching the death throes of Jesus, the Prophet of Nazareth. "Cannot save." How false — and yet, how true. "Himself He cannot save," when at His bidding, legions of angels might have flown to His succor. "Cannot save," when He Who hangs upon the Cross is the Almighty God, the Omnipotent Jehovah.

Yes, "Himself He cannot save," because to save Himself was to sacrifice others. Did He live — then all the world must die. Did He not drink the bitter cup Himself, then must all mankind drink of the vials of the wrath of God.

"Oh, 'twas love, 'twas boundless love,

The love of Christ to me;
That drew my Saviour from above,
To die on Calvary.”

And so the mocking and bitter taunt of the bigoted and relentless priests has become the pride and glory of the Christian Church — the watchword in many a conflict between good and evil, the incentive to numberless deeds of heroism and self-sacrifice.

Last Words

Extract from an Address delivered by Dr. Heyman Wreford, at the Victoria Hall, Exeter.

“Let not your heart be troubled ye believe in God, believe also in Me. In My Father’s house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto Myself; that where I am, there ye may be also. — John 14:1-3.

YOU have all doubtless listened at times to the bird’s song at the close of day: when overall creation the hush of night has fallen; when the sun has been sinking in glorious majesty in the west. You have heard the thrill of the feathered songsters, and whilst listening you have thought, “How sweet is that melody! How beautiful this vesper song!”

You have probably often stood by the seashore on a calm evening, when the moon and stars were reflected on the peaceful bosom of the deep; when all along the shore the music of the waves sounded solemnly in the still night. Your soul has been thrilled with the lullaby of washing waves, and you have thought, “What sweet voices those waters have, how soothing is their monotone!”

You have listened, it may be, to the voices of children singing, and as you listened to their sweet young voices blending in the praises of the Lord, you have exclaimed, “How beautiful is the voice of children! How lovely is their song about Jesus!” But lovelier far than the song of the birds at eventide, or the music of breaking waves in the solitude of night, or the sunny voices of children, is the sound of the Voice of Jesus coming down the ages, and saying, “Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in Me.”

These are among the last words of Christ, some of the last He uttered before He returned to the glory. When a parent is dying, the children gather about the bed to listen to the last words. And the words are treasured in the storehouse of the heart amid its sacred memories, never to be forgotten as long as memory lasts, the mind can think, or the heart love. So Christ was going to die. He was close to Gethsemane, and the Cross, and the precious words of Christ are infinitely dear to us, for we can read them with the light of events shining upon them. I have often thought how blessed it must have been to have walked with Christ on earth, to have seen Him work miracles, to have heard Him speak, and to have looked into the compassionate eyes of the Son of God. What a comfort there is in the thought that we, who believe in Him, are one year nearer Home; nearer the time when we shall walk with Him in white; when we shall see His glorious face, and hear His Voice of love. Traveler to heaven, look up! Lift up your longing eyes to Christ, and let the rapture of the thought fill your soul now, “I am one year nearer Home.” Yes, Christian, nearer Home.

“Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in Me.”

A heavenly Hand is sweeping the strings of life, and discord is transmuted into harmony. “Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in Me.” A Voice breathes o’er the storms of time, and troubles cease. “Let not your heart be troubled.” Amid the gloom of this world’s sin a star

of hope is shining its trembling light tells of coming day. Christ is the morning star that smiles in the skies of faith, the herald of the morning without clouds. "Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in Me."

The world is full of trouble. There are successions of wars, and famines, and murders, and fires, and pestilences, and storms, and earthquakes. But what of the strife of sin that is raging everywhere in the world? How many are being stricken down in the ranks of sin every day? How many have been this year? And in the ranks of sin how many have been lost? How many that you have known have died this year, being trampled underfoot by Satan and his host upon the battlefield of life? What are you doing, my friend? As you feel your sins, think of Him now Who says, "Let not your heart be troubled." Trouble ceases when faith is in exercise. You shall be out of the devil's hands tonight if you believe in Jesus; and on the charge-sheet of hell there shall be nothing against you, if you put yourself under the shelter of the atoning blood. He that believeth is freed from sin.

"I will come again."

Those words are sounding in my ears now. Christ is coming! He has been coming all the year. He is coming. When will He come? God knows. This year has almost gone. January went, and Christ did not come. February passed on, and He did not come; March was ended, and Christ had not come; April passed into eternity, and still He had not come; May ended, and the Lord was still in heaven; June shed its sunshine, and Christ was still coming; July passed on, and the word was "Christ is coming"; August gave its days to time, and still the saints were left on earth; September had its harvest hours, and Christ did not come; October passed upon its journey, and Christ was coming still; November and its darkening days were spent, and the word was, "I will come again"; and now December has almost ended! Will He come tonight?

O, sinner, ere this year has ended, come to Jesus! Lift up your hands and heart to heaven now, and say, "Christ for me, Christ for me." And then, with the glory of salvation's dawn on your soul, cry, "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly." Say your last word to pleasure and to sin. Learn the language of the better land tonight.

O, blessed Saviour, at God's right Hand in glory, let Thy blessing descend like heavenly dew upon the people here. Speak to every heart, and may those precious words, some of Thy last words on earth, Lord, breathe their loving comfort into troubled, weary souls. "Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in Me. In My Father's House are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto Myself; that where I am, there ye may be also." Amen.

Thine Alone

JESUS, Master, whose I am,
Purchased Thine alone to be,
By Thy blood, O spotless Lamb,
Shed so willingly for me;
Let my heart be all Thine own,
Let me live to Thee alone.
Other lords have long held sway;
Now, Thy Name alone to bear,
Thy dear Voice, alone obey,
Is my daily, hourly prayer.
Whom have I in heaven but Thee?
Nothing else my joy can be.
Jesus, Master! I am Thine;
Keep me faithful, keep me near;
Let Thy presence in me shine
All my homeward way to cheer.
Jesus! At Thy feet I fall,
Oh, be Thou my All-in-all.
F. R. H.

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