



TAK' ME AS I AM.

SOME years ago a well-known clergyman had been preaching one evening, and earnestly he implored all his hearers to come as poor sinners to the Saviour. At the close of the service a young man told him that he had "determined that very night to begin to lead a better life."

"You are like a man at the bottom of a deep pit," said the clergyman, "and you see your Saviour at the top, and you mean to climb up to Him."

"Yes I do. I will get up to Him."

"You never will, my friend; your climbing will never get you up to Him."

"Anyway, I'll try," answered the young fellow.

After some time the two met again.

"Have you climbed up to the top of the pit yet?" asked the minister.

"No, but I'm trying still, and I must and will get up."

Months passed, and one day the young man came with a bright, happy face to the clergyman, saying, "You were quite right, sir. The Lord laid His hand on me at the bottom of the pit. I learned to trust Him at the bottom, and He soon pulled me out. Just what I found I couldn't do myself."

It has been well said, "Satan loves to send us to bad quack doctors." To a poor sinner who sees his sin, he recommends Dr. Do-your-best, and Dr. Make-yourself-better; anything that will keep us from just simply trusting the Saviour. But God's plan is the very opposite; it is not "do" anything, but "believe on" Someone, the One "mighty to save," the One "who remembered us in our low estate," who goeth after that which is lost; and very often it is "out in the desert He hears its cry." Of the poor sinner, as of the Israelite, it is most true, "He found him in a desert land, and in the waste howling wilderness." The young man's words, "He laid His hand on me at the bottom of the pit, and soon pulled me out," remind us of David's: "He brought me up also out of an horrible pit, out of the miry clay, and set my feet upon a rock." You see it is and must be—

"Jesus did it all. All to Him I owe."

But our proud hearts want to do part, to "have just

a little finger in the big concern of salvation," as an old blacksmith said.

"When we were yet without strength . . . Christ died for the ungodly." "I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance." Oh, then, do be content to "take the lost sinner's place, and claim the lost sinner's Saviour!"

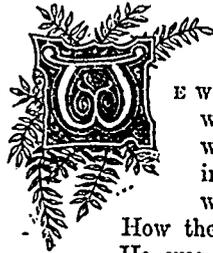
A poor Scotch girl, very ignorant, but in real earnest about her soul, was quite willing that the Saviour should indeed find her "in a desert land and in the waste howling wilderness." There was no trying to make herself better. After attending one of Mr. Moody's large meetings, she knelt down and prayed with great earnestness—

"Lord, I canna read, I canna write, but tak' me as I am."

Will you not take the lost sinner's place, and say from your heart—

"No preparation can I make,
My best resolves I only break,
Oh, save me for Thy mercy's sake,
And take me as I am."

Our Own Magazine.



A SAILOR'S STORY.

WE were bound for Liverpool from Rio, with a cargo of hides and 'rare woods, and all the while we were in the tropics there was scarcely wind enough to fan a feather

How the skipper did go on, to be sure!

He was a violent man, if ever there was one. He'd some share in the vessel, I think, and was mighty anxious to get home speedily. They worked his wil, however, but they did it with a bad grace—all but David. He was never out of temper, but always as ready and willing and civil as if the captain had been a lady. We couldn't understand it, and only laughed at him when he said he bore all for the sake of the Great Captain up above."

Jack touched his cap with his forefinger as he spoke.

"One day, when we'd been out about six weeks, crawling along on a sea like oil, the breeze came. It was right aft, and we made the most of it, and went over the water like a swallow. Two or three hours the wind stood fair and steady, then it began to freshen and grow gusty, and presently we saw we must shorten sail. The skipper was called, and we noticed at once that he was in liquor.

"The jib was set; it was an old sail, and the force of the gale split it up a bit. 'That sail must be laced up!' thundered the skipper.

"The water was dashing right over the bows, it as the ship plunged into the trough of the sea. Just as he spoke a big wave washed into her bows with a force which would have swept off a dozen men.

"Sir," said the mate, "'tis risk of life to cobble up the sail in weather like this. We had better—"

"Are you captain, or am I?" shouted the skipper.