

have got into trouble, and you are very unhappy, wouldn't you like to get out of this terrible fix?" "Yes." "Well, Artie, I am sorry for you; and I will become your substitute. You can see your father, and arrange the matter with him; if he is willing to accept of me it will be all right; you will become free."

After praying with him, I let him go down stairs, and followed a few moments later. Hearing some one playing in the parlor, I looked in, and to my great joy I saw Artie sitting at the melodeon and playing. Artie seemed so full of joy, in the thought of being freed from condemnation, and saved from punishment, that he could not help rejoicing. Now, his father came down stairs, and Artie appeared to feel condemnation again, as the matter was not finally settled. He at once goes to his father and said, "Papa, I want to speak to you?" Both went into the study, and the matter was satisfactorily arranged there without any doubt, as Artie's father came into the dining-room, followed by Artie, and at once declared in the hearing of all, "Artie, you are free, I accept of the good friend who has offered to become your substitute."

Artie looked the very picture of happiness. Artie's condemnation was now upon the substitute, and in a short time Artie's sister was made the executioner, and the substitute received forty lashes on his bare hands.

This story illustrates what Jesus has done as our substitute. By nature we are CONDEMNED because we have sinned. But Jesus, His own Son, pities the sinner, and offers to become his substitute. The Father accepts Him, His law will be far more honored by His obedience, and His justice far more satisfied by His death, than if the whole world had been punished. "God was in Christ reconciling the world unto Himself" (2 Cor. 5: 19); the moment the sinner believes, he is free, and "there is NO CONDEMNATION." (Rom.

8: 1). Blessed freedom, glorious freedom,— freedom to live, not as we please, but unto God; freedom to worship God, freedom to work for Christ and precious souls!

Not Far Off.

OUR Lord told a certain discreet and courteous lawyer that he was "not far from the kingdom of God." Whether he ever entered into that kingdom and made his calling sure, we are not informed. But there are a great many like this lawyer in all congregations. They are not inside the ark, but they are not far away from its open door. When God locked the door of Noah's ark, and shut the patriarch in, there may have been several of his neighbours within a bow-shot of the entrance. The bare thickness of that door made all the difference between being safe within or drowning in the devouring deluge. Barely to miss heaven will make hell more fearful.

A man may be wrecked within a ship's length of the lighthouse. Lot's wife was not far from Zoar, yet she miserably perished. Near the summit of Mount Washington is a rude cairn of stones that mark the spot where a young lady who was overtaken by the darkness (without a guide), died of exposure and nervous fright! The poor girl was within pistol-shot of the cabin on the "tiptop," its cheering light was just behind the rock; yet that short distance cost her her life! So, my dear friend, you may be at last picked up dead, just outside the gateway of your Father's house. While its hospitable door of love stands open, hasten in! You are losing the very best part of this life, and the whole of the life to come, while you so recklessly linger away from Jesus. It will be a terrible thing to be lost —not far from heaven!—*Dr. Cuyler.*

THE GOSPEL ALPHABET. No. 17.

Not by might nor by power, but by My SPIRIT. Zech. iv. 6.
I will pour out My SPIRIT upon all flesh. Joel iii. 28
Be filled with the SPIRIT. Eph. v. 18.



The Spirit, O sinner, in mercy doth move
Thy heart so long hardened, of sin to reprove:
Resist not the Spirit, nor longer delay;
God's gracious entreaties may end with to-day.

O child of the Kingdom, from sin's service cease:
Be filled with the Spirit, with comfort and peace,
Oh, grieve not the Spirit,—thy Teacher is He,
That Jesus, thy Saviour, may glorified be.

Defiled is the temple, its beauty laid low,
On God's holy altar the embers faint glow,
By love yet re-kindled, a flame may be fanned;
Oh, quench not the Spirit: *The Lord is at hand!*

My SPIRIT shall not always strive with man. Gen. vi. 3.
Grieve not the Holy SPIRIT of God. Eph. iv. 50.
Quench not the SPIRIT. 1 Thess. v. 19