

[ORIGINAL.]

A Brand Plucked from the Burning.

By GEO. SOLTAU.



A SICK man, whose life had been intemperate and utterly Godless, lay dying of consumption in a small town in the State of New Jersey. He lay blaspheming and cursing God, himself, and all around him. I went to see him one Thursday afternoon, being the first messenger of Christ to his bedside, save his aged weeping mother, who was nursing him. Gradually backing him up to the point of what he was going to do with his sins, I opened to him Isaiah xliii. 25. "I, even I, am He that bloteth out thy transgressions for Mine own sake and will not remember thy sins." Tears rolled down those sunken cheeks, the first for many a long year—the message of mercy penetrated the dark mind, and the possibility of eternal life dawned upon him. "But what shall I do with all the blasphemous thoughts and words that pour into my mind?"

"If Jesus forgives and blots out all the past record of blasphemy and sin, you may trust Him to keep the cleansed heart clean from future purity," was my reply,

After prayer I left him, and called again the next day at the same hour. How that hard face was changed. As his fevered thin hand held mine he said, "I am full of light and peace—it's all right now—I am going home—I would'nt exchange this dying-bed with what I now have, for my health and anything else I have ever had."

Then he told me how that in the night between the spells of coughing and faintness his poor troubled heart had been looking up to the Lord, until about two o'clock the light shone in, and he knew he was an accepted sinner, "and all so sudden and quiet too!"

"Yes! and a good thing for you that it was so sudden and quick, for there was no time to be lost if you were to get saved, and the Lord knew that better than anyone else. But, tell me, what about the blasphemous thoughts, have they been troubling you?"

"No, indeed! I've not had one, I can't make it out. I never thought it would be so grand as this, so completely done."

We read and talked over *Psa. xxxii.*, specially dwelling on "Thou art my hiding place, Thou wilt preserve me from trouble, Thou wilt com-

pass me about with songs of deliverance." How the thirsty heart drank in the sweet rich promises.

The following Sunday, by his own request, the pastor of the church, with the office bearers and two or three more of us assembled around him that he might be baptized, be received into the Church on earth, and partake of the Lord's Supper. The simple service commenced with the grand old hymn, "There is a fountain filled with blood," and we closed with—

In the Christian's home in glory,
There remains a land of rest.
Where the Saviour's gone before us
To fulfil my soul's request.
There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for you.

Never did those hymns sound more sweet than around the bed of the dying man. And thus we left him for awhile, committing him to the gracious care of the Good Shepherd as he passed through the Valley of the Shadow, rejoicing in "the prey being snatched from the mighty."

The Devil's Four Servants.

THE Devil has a great many servants, and they are not only very busy and "desperately wicked," but "deceitful above all things." They are so deceitful that they often make children, and grown people too, think they are their servants. And none of them are worse, or more deceiving, or do more harm, than these four whose names we give:—

THERE-IS-NO-DANGER.
ONLY-THIS-ONCE.
EVERYBODY-DOES-SO.
BY-AND-BY.

None But Christ.

MARY the mother of Jesus was doubtless a very blessed woman; but it is not said of her that she died for our sins,—but Christ did. We are not told that God laid upon her the iniquity of us all, but upon Christ.

She was never made a curse for us; but Christ was, because He hung upon the tree; and that curse belonged to us because of our disobedience. There is none other Name under Heaven given among men whereby we must be saved, but His; and by Him all who believe are justified from all things. What more do you need?

"FAITH is the master-key to the treasury of Jesus. It opens all the doors, and brings out every store."—*J. Berridge.*