

RIGHT TO THE CROSS.

BY REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER.

The chief office of preaching is to point men towards Christ; and not to Him only as the Divine Model of life, but as the Divine Sinbearer. From the manger of Bethlehem onward, every footstep of Jesus moved straight towards the Cross. His whole mission as a Saviour converged there. After the baptism of the Holy Spirit descended upon the Apostles, their key-note was Christ crucified. Paul ever and everywhere kept this at the front; whatever else he omitted, he never leaves out the "faithful saying." Amid the clamors about the demands of this age with its advanced culture, let us never forget that its highest demand is *salvation*; the only preaching that brings that boon of boons, the only preaching that silences scoffers, and convicts sinners, and proclaims pardon to penitents, and saves souls, is the preaching that aims straight to the Cross. As Dr. Maclaren happily says, "We don't need to prop it, but simply to point men to it."

Special services are now being held in all directions for the conversion of souls; in the pulpit, in the prayer-meeting, and in the inquiry-room, we need never be at a loss for a topic. The story of Calvary never wears out. Saturate yourself with it if you want sweetness and strength. The godly Tennent was once missed after his Sunday morning service. His family went in search of him, and found him in a neighboring forest lying on the ground weeping. They enquired the cause of his tears. He told them that after preaching on the wondrous love of Jesus in the Atonement for sinners, he had gone out into the woods to meditate and pray. He got such a view of the transcendent love of God in sending His Son and of the love of Jesus in dying for a lost world, that he was utterly overwhelmed. The Cross of Jesus broke him down. The amazing glory of it, the sweetness of it, the matchless majesty of it, seemed to affect him as it does the redeemed who gather around the Throne. He could see no one but "Jesus only." His soul was singing "worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive all the praise, all the glory, and all the honor for ever and ever!"

Friend, if you are not yet a Christian and honestly want to become one, let me show you the road. It goes directly to

the Cross. First reach that; it is the starting point into the only life worth living, and the starting-point for Heaven. Is your heart hard? There only can it be melted. Does conscience condemn? Yes, but forgiveness comes at the Cross. Does sin torment? In one place only can that serpent be killed: it is where Jesus dies to take away sin. If He does not do it for you, then you are lost; if He does, you are saved. He will do it the very moment that you surrendered heart honestly cries out:

"Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy Cross I cling,"

The only relief comes there. The first smile of God you will get will be right there, when you are looking up at your bleeding Saviour. Into your soul will break—as the sun breaks into the darkness at day-dawn—a new LIFE. There will be plenty of fighting, and working, and climbing, and duty-doing all the way onward, but you will march through it all a conqueror, if you only take Jesus the Omnipotent into your soul.

O fellow-workers, pastors, teachers, parents, and all who are longing to save those you love—let us lift up the Cross. All heaven is pointing us thither; if the millions in glory could send us a message, would it not be "Behold the Lamb of God who redeems you by His blood"? Let us rally to the Cross as the common ground at which we can lift united prayer. Let us rally to it as the only hope of a sin-cursed world—as the only breakwater against infidelity and the floods of iniquity. If the Cross of Calvary cannot save this world—then it is gone! Everything else invented by man's busy brain has failed. The Almighty God has hung the destiny of the human race on the Cross of Calvary. Our duty in striving to be saved and to save others, all begins and all centres right where the bleeding hand of Jesus is stretched out to welcome us.

"THE PROFESSOR'S GIRLS"—by Annette Lucile Noble, the author of *Under Shelter, Out of the Way, &c.*, is a late issue of the Presbyterian Board, and is sold by MacGregor & Knight, Halifax, the Agents of the Board for Nova Scotia, price \$1.25; a story of two school-girls, their home life and school life, their evil and their good. The story has a good moral aim and is well told.