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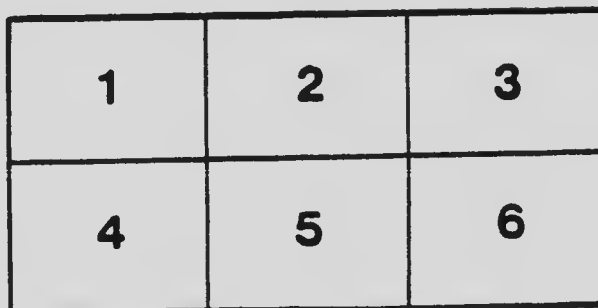
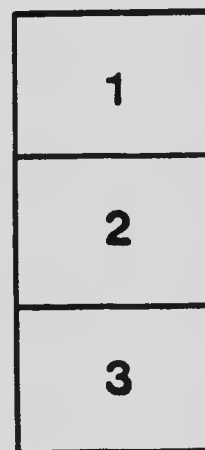
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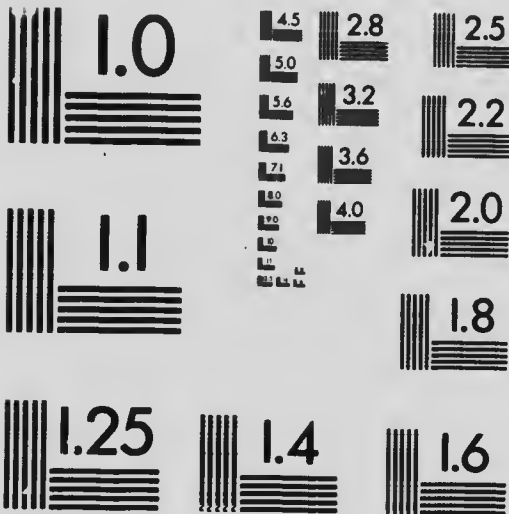
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## CANADIAN EMIGRATION ; TREMENDOUS FIGURES REACHED

THESE pages are intended for Canadian emigrants. I have something very serious to say to all such.

Thousands upon thousands are leaving the older countries every year for the newer lands of the west. Week after week huge liners swing out from Liverpool, Glasgow and various continental ports laden with enterprising young men and women, radiant with hope and expectation as they set their faces westward.

What a sight it is to see their faces as the big ships that have carried them across the Atlantic draw up against the wharves at Quebec and Montreal! What a babel of languages spoken by the new-comers!

All these, however, from the Canadian point of view, are *immigrants*. What I have to say is intended for *emigrants*.

Have you ever thought of it, reader, that year by year there is a very large exodus of persons *from* Canada? They are leaving in thousands, tens and hundreds of thousands.

What makes them leave? Absolute necessity. Many are unwilling to go. It does not matter; go they must.

I have lying before me on my desk an attractively got up booklet called "Shall I go to Canada?" It records the marvellous growth of the cities of the west and speaks of the vast possibilities that await the settler. But no such question as "*Shall I go?*" is suggested to, or asked by, the Canadian emigrant. In the great majority of cases he has no option. His going is compulsory.

To what country is the tide of Canadian emigration directed? On what shores do the emigrants land? Do any of them ever return to Canada?

Let me answer the last question first: No, none of them ever return. They leave their homes, their friends, their prospects, and away they go, never to set foot on Canadian soil again.

They take a longer journey than ever they have taken before. They go from time into eternity. The shore on which they land depends on what they did while they were in Canada, or before they arrived there. If they had made the Lord Jesus Christ their Friend, by trusting Him as Saviour, by seeking pardon and cleansing through His precious blood, they go into His presence. The body, laid in the grave, is only the house. The occupant has gone, and if saved, is with Christ in heaven.

The Bible knows of only one other place of abode for those who leave this world: the place of suffering, hell. I do not apologise for using this word, or speaking of this place. I address you in earnest desire for your welfare. A true friend does not hesitate to warn, when warning is

## CANADIAN INCIDENTS

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needed. The Word of God declares that there is a hell for all who forget God, as well as for those who are "wicked" (Psalm ix. 17).

The facts of the case are these. *You* are under notice to quit your home. Sooner or later *you* will have to join the great throng of emigrants. Are you ready?

This little book comes to you, not only with words of warning, but with glad news of salvation, of how you may be made ready for your emigration day. May I ask you to make it your companion during some silent hour, and to give a careful and honest consideration to the matters of which it treats?

Your sincere well-wisher,

THE COMPILER.



## THE PROPHECY OF MR. WIGGINS

MR. WIGGINS was a Canadian gentleman who had devoted himself to the study of the science of meteorology. He had become quite expert in making forecasts of what the weather would probably be in the immediate future.

In the year 1882 he ventured to make a notable prediction. He declared that a terrific storm would rage in North America in six months from the date of his announcement. It would sweep up from the Gulf of Mexico, he said, and would travel up the east coast of the United States. Then it would turn westward and devastate the country between the coast and the Rocky Mountains, south of the 45th parallel of latitude. From the mountains it would veer northward and eastward, and would pass over the Canadian capital and the great lakes, at a given hour.

This wonderful prediction made a deep impression on the minds of multitudes. Thousands altered their plans, and made preparations to guard their property from possible damage. Ships that would otherwise have left port about the time when the storm was predicted, put off their day of sailing till the danger was past. Crops were harvested earlier than usual, in many cases before they were properly ripened; exposed buildings were protected and strengthened, and every precaution was taken to minimise the threatened disaster.

Yet it was by no means *certain* that the predicted storm

would come. Mr. Wiggins was but a fallible man. The science of meteorology could not be relied upon to speak with the exactitude of astronomy. It might be, after all, a huge mistake.

But men wisely decided to take no risks. Whether the prophecy came true or not, they would be prepared for the worst.

Do we blame them for being too credulous? By no means. But is it not greatly to be wondered at that men treat with indifference *the sure prophecies of the Word of God?*

It is predicted therein, for instance, that "the Lord Jesus shall be revealed from heaven with His mighty angels, in flaming fire taking vengeance on them that know not God, and that obey not the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ" (2 Thess. i. 7, 8).

It is also foretold that "the day of the Lord will come as a thief in the night; in which the heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat, the earth also and the works that are therein shall be burned up" (2 Peter iii. 10).

Once again, we read that "the Lord will come with fire, and with His chariots like a whirlwind, to render His anger with fury, and His rebuke with flames of fire" (Isa. lxvi. 15).

Such prophecies as these, foretelling just retribution for the sins of the impenitent, might be quoted by the score. Yet multitudes spend their lives as if there were no such prophecies. They do not pay the slightest attention to them.

Some one may say: "But many nowadays do not believe that the Bible is the inspired Word of God, and that its prophecies are certain of fulfilment."

When people speak like that, their words generally afford conclusive evidence that they have never really examined the matter. Have they ever carefully studied the Bible, and considered the *internal* evidence of its truth and inspiration? Have they ever read a book like Dr. A. T. Pierson's "Many Infallible Proofs," and weighed the *external* evidence of the authenticity and divine origin of the Scriptures? The contention of critics and the quibbles of sceptics have been answered, again and again, by men of profound learning. Have those who raise questions as to the credibility of Bible prophecies read any of these answers?

Unless they can reply to these queries in the affirmative, they are not competent to express an opinion on the subject.

But even if nothing further than *possibility* be granted with regard to the fulfilment of the prophecies of Scripture; if *certainty*, and even *probability*, be denied, what then? Is not the bare *possibility* of these predictions coming true enough to make every sensible man see the wisdom of taking precautions?

There was no *certainty* that the prophecy of Mr. Wiggins would come true, yet men bestirred themselves to provide against possible disaster.

Tens of thousands of sensible, hard-headed men and women believe that there is sufficient reason to give absolute credence to the prophecies of the Bible. And they have accordingly made preparation lest the fulfilment of these prophecies should mean disaster to them.

What have they done? Listen! They have simply availed themselves of the provision which God in great mercy has made for sinful men. They have taken refuge

in the shelter that He has provided. In other words, *they have trusted themselves to Christ*, in accordance with the words: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved" (Acts xvi. 30).

This is the only means of safety. But in Christ, not only *safety* is found, but *joy*. It pays to be a Christian. The black clouds that lower upon the horizon of the world's future have no terror for the believer in Christ. And not only so, his present life is one of real happiness and deep, true joy. Suppose all the predictions of coming judgment turn out to be mere fables, the Christian's present joy would yet prove him to be wiser than the worldling.

They who neglect the salvation of God are guilty of two acts of unspeakable folly. First, they are running a terrible risk. Second, they are missing a priceless boon, and depriving themselves of much joy.

Reader, do you blame us for being in earnest about this matter? Do you consider we are taking an unwarrantable liberty in addressing you in these terms? Consider for a moment whether you are truly wise to ignore the sure predictions of the Bible.

Why not ensure your safety by betaking yourself at once to the feet of the Saviour of sinners?

H. P. B.





## BETWEEN TWO SLIDES

DURING one week in March some years ago, over eight hundred lives were lost through snowstorms and snow-slides in the Rocky Mountains.

The passengers (over a hundred in number) on train No. 97 had a very narrow escape. The catastrophe is described as being "missed by the narrowest margin." Less than a minute after the train had passed a certain point east of Field Station, a snowslide took place, burying the track for a thousand feet to a depth twice as high as a Pullman car.

The passengers found a second slide blocking their way in front, so they had to do the best they could at Field Station *between the two slides* till the rotary ploughs cleared the way for the train to proceed. Blinding snow, rain and sleet fell alternately. The wind blew through the pass as through the small end of a funnel. Their condition was indeed serious.

But what would have happened if the snow-bound passengers had been told that if they did not quickly get away from between the two slides an avalanche of snow would fall upon them, and bury them alive? They were anxious, anyhow, to get out of their miserable plight.

What would have been their anxiety if they had known that a fresh danger threatened, and that they were doomed if they remained where they were?

And yet, unsaved reader, your danger is infinitely greater than the danger even of such a situation.

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ON THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

*You* are between two slides. A lifetime of sin lies behind you so that you cannot return to innocence, the spot from which our first parents started. You cannot go back a single hour. Judgment lies before you. You are travelling to meet it. You can reason from the past to the future. Sin in the past: judgment in the future. You are indeed between two slides.

And what threatens to fall upon you at any moment like an avalanche of destruction? DEATH! These railway passengers missed death by the narrowest margin. Your *doom* draws nearer, and will assuredly overtake you unless you find a way of escape.

Christ is the way of escape. Reformation in all its forms, good works in all their phases do not form the way of escape. The Lord Himself said, "*I am the way, the truth, and the life: no man cometh to the Father but by Me*" (John xiv. 6). He has faced death. He has borne the judgment due to the sinner. That is why Jesus is the way of escape. God can righteously save the sinner, who believes in His Son. God is "just, and the Justifier of him which believeth in Jesus" (Rom. iii. 26).

Unsaved reader, if you remain as you are, your doom is inevitable. Rouse yourself. Look at the danger. You have no strength of your own whereby to escape. You have no time to lose. Jesus alone can *save*.

Well may the Scriptures ask the solemn question, "*How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation?*"

"Behold, NOW is the accepted time; behold, *now* is the day of salvation" (2 Cor. vi. 2).

As you read these lines turn to the Lord, and tell Him you come as a lost sinner, and take Him as your Saviour,

your only way of escape, and He will assuredly save you, for He said, "Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out." Trust Him, and trust Him now.

A. J. P.



## AN ENGLISHMAN'S DISCOVERY IN CANADA

### THE STORY OF CECIL'S CONVERSION

CECIL was a young man, the son of a gentleman who lived in a country district in one of the midland counties of England. At the age of fourteen, he left home to attend a boarding school in the city of London. During the four years spent by him in the metropolis he formed the acquaintance of persons whose society he should have shunned, and acquired habits which became a snare and a curse to him in after life. The theatre, concert and dancing saloon were frequented, and before he was eighteen years of age he had been repeatedly intoxicated.

On leaving school he spent a number of years at home, a good part of his time in hunting, shooting and drinking. The appetite for strong drink increased and he was again and again overcome by it. Heartily ashamed of himself he resolved to abstain entirely. For several months he refrained from touching it; but at an election season he was overtaken and became helplessly drunk. Again and again he vowed to give it up entirely; but alas! he had

to learn by bitter experience that his resolutions and vows were not strong enough to hold him.

### HE LEAVES ENGLAND FOR CANADA

Feeling keenly that his evil conduct was bringing disgrace upon himself and his family he determined to emigrate to Canada. As he crossed the Atlantic he resolved that he would "turn over a new leaf" and make a fresh start in life. Little did he know the strength of the chains that bound him; and he had not the slightest conception of his utter helplessness in freeing himself from the power of sin. Try as he might, resolve as he would, vow as he did, the craving for alcohol became uncontrollable. Again and again he fell, each time sinking deeper in the mire of sin. In a single week's drunken "spree" he squandered as much as two hundred and fifty dollars!

His mother did not forget him, and a card which she enclosed in one of her letters with the scripture,

---

THIS IS A FAITHFUL SAYING  
AND  
WORTHY OF ALL ACCEPTATION  
THAT  
CHRIST JESUS CAME INTO THE WORLD  
TO SAVE SINNERS.

1 Tim. i. 15.

---

made a deep impression on him, the good effects of which were, alas, speedily effaced.

When his money was exhausted he hired himself to a farmer in order to earn his daily bread. Not being accustomed to manual labour he found the work difficult and trying. Whilst toiling on the farm he had ample time for reflection. At the remembrance of his opportunities and privileges, his sin and folly, his broken vows and resolutions, he became overwhelmed with shame and mortification. Though he was beginning to learn the truth of the scripture that "the way of transgressors is hard," he had not yet reached the "end of himself." Bent on *reformation* and still blind to the fact that he was utterly powerless to help himself, he joined the "Good Templars" and "Sons of Temperance" societies, only to break the solemn vows and pledges imposed and become worse than ever.

In the midst of his infatuation and sin the Holy Spirit pressed upon his mind thoughts of judgment and eternity; and as he looked forward to the time when he *must* meet God he became increasingly wretched and miserable. His eyes were being opened to the fact that he was bound hand and foot by Satan, utterly helpless to save himself, and that, continuing the course he was pursuing, there was nothing for him but an eternity in the lake of fire.

### HE RESOLVES TO COMMIT SUICIDE

His agony and remorse became so intense that on several occasions he went into the "bush" with the object of putting an end to his existence. Right well did he know that, if he took that fatal "leap," it would be

a leap into the blackness of darkness, a leap into everlasting misery and destruction. God graciously interposed and prevented him from committing the horrid crime.

Perhaps the reader of these lines feels himself helplessly bound by the chains of sin and Satan. Again and again he has tried to give up the company of godless associates and renounce evil habits, but he has failed and has come to the conclusion that there is no use in further "trying." If this is so you have come to a right conclusion. In your own strength you are absolutely helpless; you are, in fact, "without strength" (Rom. v. 6), and are therefore unable to break the bonds that bind you.

Perhaps you have been "trying" hard to become a Christian and have given it up as a hopeless task. SALVATION IS NOT OBTAINED BY DOING, BUT BY BELIEVING; NOT BY TRYING, BUT BY TRUSTING IN ANOTHER WHO FINISHED THE WORK THAT SAVES. Whenever you learn that you are a helpless and hell-deserving sinner, unable to save, or do anything to help God to save you, it will be a red-letter day in your soul's history. Then you will cease your strugglings and strivings and rest your weary, sin-burdened soul *on what the Lord Jesus did for you*. It is not what we feel, do or experience that is the ground of safety; it is *what the Lord Jesus did, felt and suffered for us*. If by simple faith you look to Him, He will effect that which you have so long and so vainly sought to accomplish. You will then understand the meaning of the scripture, "His name shall be called Jesus, for He shall save His people from their sins" (Matt. i. 21).

## HIS LIFE, LIGHT AND LIBERTY

During the winter season special gospel meetings were being held in a hall in a village near to which Cecil was staying. All sorts of untruthful reports had been circulated regarding the evangelists and their teachings. It was stated that they denied the necessity of repentance, "did away with prayer," and maintained that those who were saved could do as they pleased. Such were some of the lies that Satan had invented, and caused to be circulated among the people to prevent their attendance at the meetings, lest they should accept of God's salvation. Though Cecil had heard these "stories" he determined to go and hear for himself. In that section of northern Ontario there were many professors of religion, though very few of them would dare to go the length of saying that they *knew* that their sins were forgiven. It was considered presumption for anyone to say that he was *sure* of spending eternity with the Lord Jesus Christ. They did not, they said, like to see people too confident about such things, but humbly hoped if they believed on Christ *and acted up to it*, it would be all right with them at last.

Perhaps the reader, like these people, thinks that no one can be certain of being saved until the "great day." You consider such to be presumptuous who declare that there is "nothing that they are surer of than that their souls are saved, and their sins forgiven." Why should you consider them presumptuous? If God has given to them this assurance *from His own Holy Word*, would they not be guilty of a terrible sin by doubting



Him? Scripture clearly and distinctly teaches that all who believe on the Lord Jesus are *saved* (1 Cor. i. 16; Acts xvi. 31; Rom. x. 9), have *eternal life* (John iii. 16, 36); *shall not perish* (John iii. 15), *are justified* (John v. 24; Acts xiii. 38-39). Christians in New Testament times *knew* that they had *peace with God* (Rom. v. 1): and *forgiveness* of sins (1 John ii. 12).

If, then, God's Word declares that all who believe in Christ are saved and possess the blessings referred to, is it greater presumption to believe Him or to doubt His testimony? Think of the enormity of the offence of not believing the Word of the living God! "He that believeth not God *hath made Him a liar, because he believeth not the record that God gave of His Son; and this is the record, that God hath given to us eternal life, and this life is in His Son. He that hath the Son hath life, and he that hath not the Son of God hath not life*" (1 John v. 10-12).

Cecil attended several of the gospel meetings. Night after night the exceeding evil of sin, the necessity of regeneration, and the folly and danger of procrastination were especially emphasised. The word took hold of Cecil's conscience and he became deeply troubled about his spiritual state. One evening he remained behind for conversation. He said to himself, "It must be settled to-night: it is Heaven or Hell for me. I have lived thirty years in sin and

### THE GREAT QUESTION MUST BE SETTLED NOW."

He spoke to one of the evangelists of difficulties that he had, mentioning some of them, the chief of which we shall state:

- (1) "I am too great a sinner to be saved."
- (2) "I don't feel sorry enough on account of my sins."
- (3) "If I professed I would not be able to hold on."

Cecil was shown from the Scriptures that the Lord Jesus came to seek and to save "lost" sinners (Luke xix. 10), and that he could not be worse than "lost," and that "the blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin" (1 John i. 7). He was shown that all the preparation that God requires of the sinner is that he should *know* his need of Christ; that if he did not *then* accept salvation and later on should desire to be saved, it would be when he was guiltier than he was then; and that if he tarried till he was better he would never come at all. He was exhorted to cease thinking of his feelings *toward God* and occupy his mind with *God's feelings toward him*, as it is well known that the moment our feelings are made a direct object of thought the very thing we seek to obtain evades our grasp. As to being able to "hold on" if he accepted Christ as his Saviour and Lord, he was assured on the authority of Scripture that the moment he believed on the Saviour he would obtain eternal life to *start with*, power to overcome sin, self and Satan, to *go on with*, and glory to *end with*. The truth was dwelt upon that the believer's safety does not depend on his hold of Christ, but on Christ's hold of him (John x. 28-29).

Cecil listened most attentively to the Scriptures read, and the words of counsel given, but left the hall without finding peace. He had to go through a long swamp to reach the farm where he was employed, and the cry of his heart was "LOST! LOST! LOST!"

Next morning he observed a gospel book lying on a window-ledge. He lifted it and read on one of its pages the "wonderful words of life" of John v. 24:—

**"VERILY, VERILY, I SAY UNTO YOU, HE THAT HEARETH MY WORD, AND BELIEVETH ON HIM THAT SENT ME HATH EVERLASTING LIFE, AND SHALL NOT COME UNTO CONDEMNATION, BUT IS PASSED FROM DEATH UNTO LIFE."**

In a moment God's scheme of redemption was laid hold of by him. He saw that the Lord Jesus by His death on the cross had fully met the claims of law and justice, and by believing on Him Who did it all, and paid it all, he was saved, and had everlasting life. The beauty, grandeur and sublimity of the gospel of God's grace was brought home to him in the power and unction of the Holy Spirit. Peace and joy filled Cecil's heart, and love and gratitude flowed out to Him Who had loved him, and given Himself for him.

Has the reader laid hold of the truth of the "glad and glorious gospel"? True, solid, and lasting peace can only be obtained through faith in the finished work of Christ. By His dying for our innumerable sins on Calvary a just and holy God can righteously pardon and justify every real believer. "Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world" (John i. 29). Don't look *within, around or down*: look backward to the Saviour on the cross, wounded for our transgressions and bruised for our iniquities (Isa. liii. 5). "Look unto Me and be ye saved" (Isa. xlv. 22). Sin's penalty has

been borne; the ransom price has been paid; God is satisfied. He is not satisfied *with us*, but He is satisfied *with what Christ did for us*. The door of mercy is open wide, and you are now invited and entreated to enter into life and liberty through believing on Him Who died for you.

Cecil could not keep the good news to himself, and on informing his associates and acquaintances of the mighty change which had taken place, they were filled with wonder and amazement. Some gave him a short time to "hold on," whilst others declared it to be presumption for such a big sinner as he to say that he was *certain* that he was saved. Years have elapsed since then and some of Cecil's friends wonder how he has managed to "hold on" so long. Since his conversion to God, Cecil has gone on his way rejoicing, and is never happier than when telling others the story of redeeming love. Has the reader accepted God's great salvation? If not, why not? Why not allow Him to break the bonds that bind you? Why not believe and be eternally saved?

"He breaks the power of cancelled sin;  
He sets the prisoner free;  
His blood can make the foulest clean;  
His blood avails for me."

"He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life; and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him" (John iii. 36).

A. M.

## THE GREAT DIVIDE

AS the Canadian Pacific train travels across the summit of the Rocky Mountains it passes quite close to a wooden sign, supported by three posts, bearing the words :

### THE GREAT DIVIDE

On examination, the traveller observes a stream descending from the mountains, breaking into two smaller streams, each travelling further and further apart. On enquiry he is told that this sign marks the great watershed of America, that the stream on the one side flows into the Atlantic, whilst that on the other finds its way into the Pacific, a distance of nearly 3000 miles apart.

The parent stream shall represent all mankind. All alike are born in sin and shapen in iniquity. All alike have sinned and come short of God's glory. All alike are travelling to death, and after death comes the judgment. Rich and poor, learned and ignorant, drunkard and teetotaler, the merely religious and the openly irreligious—all alike need conversion, all alike need forgiveness, all alike need salvation. There are no exceptions. "There is no difference: for all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God" (Rom. iii. 22, 23), is God's own verdict.

Further, the cross of Christ is

### GOD'S GREAT DIVIDE

## CANADIAN INCIDENTS

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There are two streams of people—one travelling upward, the other downward; one bound for God's holy



heaven, the other for the outer darkness, the lake of fire.

We find an illustration of this in the three crosses of

Calvary. The central cross occupied by God's beloved Son, the Saviour of sinners. On either side a dying thief. But how different! One penitent, breathing into the Saviour's ear, "*Lord, remember me when Thou comest into Thy kingdom,*" and receiving the assurance, "*To-day shalt thou be with Me in Paradise*"; the other impenitent, his last recorded act that of railing on Christ, passed without a ray of hope into the black eternity his sins deserved. Surely a great divide.

Take another case. A Pharisee and a publican went up to the temple to pray. *Both* were sinners, one self-satisfied, self-deluded, outwardly correct, religious, orthodox, *but a sinner*; the other, self-accusing, broken-hearted, repentant, contrite, a sinner indeed, but not a worse sinner than the Pharisee in *God's* sight.

One *made a prayer*, praising himself, congratulating himself, leaving him more condemned than ever; the other *prayed*, cried to God for mercy, found it, and went down to his house justified. Surely a great divide.

Friend, God's great divide has affected you. You are either trusting Christ and His finished work, or you are not. Water passing from the parent stream begins to flow down one channel or the other; there is no retracting its path, no staying its onward course, no altering its final goal.

But, thank God, though *you* may find yourself in the wrong stream, on your way to the wrong goal, you may alter things. You may leave the one stream and join the other. You may quit the land of Christ-rejecters, and find yourself among those who trust Him.

Let me describe God's great divide, and on either side give you a list of some of the classes found therein.

## CANADIAN INCIDENTS

27

"He that believeth on Him is  
NOT CONDEMNED;

ONE CLASS ALONE.  
BELIEVERS.

Sinners saved by grace through  
faith.

but he that believeth not is  
CONDEMNED ALREADY."

(John iii. 18.)

ONE CLASS ALONE.  
UNBELIEVERS.

They may be :

Drunkards.  
Teetotallers.  
Church-goers.  
Sacrament-takers.  
Sunday-school Teachers.  
Irreligious.  
Infidel.

Indeed, there is one question, and only one, you need ask, Am I a true believer on the Lord Jesus? Not, Am I a Church member, but, Have I been born again?

A man may be a teetotaller *and yet be unsaved*. A lad may be a church-goer, *and yet be unconverted*. A Sunday-school teacher may show her children the way to heaven, *and not be treading the road herself*.

A distant kinsman, a ritualistic clergyman, wrote me lately, how, after having gone to confession for years, and hearing, as a clergyman, hundreds of confessions, God had saved him. He found out, clergyman though he was, that he was on the wrong side of the divide, and now is rejoicing in his Saviour.

An aged lady of nearly eighty wrote me only this week, describing in shaky handwriting how she had been conscientiously resting in her own goodness, church observances, and the like, and how God had opened her eyes to see it was Christ and His finished work that alone could save her, and now trusting Him, she writes :

"I am so happy in my old age."



Dear reader, let me ask you anxiously, earnestly, Are you on the right side of God's great divide? Let me ask you in view of a deathbed, in view of eternity. Do not put off the question, but answer it truthfully in God's presence.

Your eternity depends upon the answer.

A. J. P.



## “WHAT MORE COULD A COUNTRY DESIRE?”

“PROVIDENCE smiled on Manitoba during the year which has just closed,” writes a correspondent at Winnipeg to a London newspaper. “The value of crops and beasts produced was £16,913,529. The dairy products are estimated to have been worth at least another £300,000. The value of the wheat was £10,201,806 net to the producers.

“All this wealth . . . has created a remarkable commercial buoyancy. Trade is expanding rapidly; credit is good; there is plenty of money for improvements; a spirit of the utmost confidence prevails; the flow of immigration is steady, and of the best class of settlers. WHAT MORE COULD A COUNTRY DESIRE?”

The London paper sets this question before its readers as if it carries its answer upon the face of it. With all its

increasing wealth and material prosperity, surely the country's cup of happiness is full! What more could be desired?

Before we take for granted that there is really nothing more to be desired in that very prosperous province, we should enquire *whether people ever die there?* Are there no cemeteries in Manitoba? Is not death as busy there as in less fortunate lands?

If so, then it is clear that the men of Manitoba will have to leave their wealth and prosperity one day. When a bowl of sack was offered to Sir Walter Raleigh on the eve of his execution, he exclaimed, "*How good a drink is this if only a man might tarry by it!*" Yes, that is the drawback. Men cannot tarry by the pleasant things of earth; they are under notice to quit; they have to go, one by one, and leave everything behind.

*Everything?* Nay, I recall the word. Not everything, for when unsaved men leave the world they carry *their sins* with them. I do not mean that in the next life they are able to sin, as in the present life. But the *guilt* of their many sins remains.

Here is a prospect appalling enough to stagger the bravest man, even though he be an inhabitant of a country whose wealth and prosperity is unprecedented. He has to go, and his guilt will go with him. Death, like a stern bailiff, will eject him from his present abode, and his sins will accompany him and will track him up to the judgment throne.

But is there no escape from this? Thank God there is. Of the way of escape the Gospel speaks. The Gospel is God's glad tidings to men of salvation through Christ. Poor indeed is the country, even if its material wealth

is to be reckoned by tens of millions, where the Gospel is not widely preached.

If the newspaper correspondent, whose letter we quote, were to tell us of Manitoba's prosperity and ask, "What more could a country desire?" our immediate reply would be as follows :—

*"The thing most to be desired in any country is the preaching and reception of the Gospel in its cities, townships, and scattered habitations."*

Woe to the land where the voice of the Gospel is hushed, and where the notions of men are proclaimed instead of the good news from God! Alas! In many a place where the Gospel was formerly preached, it has given place to the proclamation of mere human ideas.

If any be disposed to inquire more particularly as to the terms of the Gospel, we invite him to turn with us to the Holy Scriptures for an answer.

"The Gospel of God" is "concerning His Son, Jesus Christ," "how that Christ died for our sins according to the Scriptures; and that He was buried, and that He rose again." "To Him give all the prophets witness, that through His name, whosoever believeth in Him shall receive remission of sins." "And by Him all that believe are justified from all things." Thus, "the kindness and love of God our Saviour toward man appeared," and "God commendeth His love toward us, in that while we were yet sinners Christ died for us." "Christ died for the ungodly." He "came not to call the righteous but sinners to repentance." "God sent not His Son into the world to condemn the world, but that

the world through Him might be saved." "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." "The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin." "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved."

Here in the very words of Holy Scripture we have the Gospel unfolded. Whether or not *you* live in a place where it is clearly and faithfully proclaimed, this book comes to you as a preacher, preaching the glad tidings. By this printed page we entreat you to give heed to it.

H. P. B.



## "NOT FIT TO MEET GOD"

"I HAVE made a study of different religions, of Mohammed, Confucius, Buddha, and others, but the tracts you gave me remind me that, with all my sins, I am *not fit to meet God*." So said a man in the mountains out west to a servant of Christ, as he was driving his Gospel wagon out of the town of S—.

There are many besides this man who take for granted that peace of soul is to be found in the belief of some creed, the observance of some religion. Naturally, they desire to know which is the best religion to follow. So they set about examining the various conflicting creeds. They may find excellent moral maxims, in Confucianism. They may find conspicuous examples of unselfishness and devotedness in Buddhism. They may find earnestness to the point of fanaticism in Mohammedanism.

But there is one thing for which they search all these religious systems in vain. What is this one thing that is lacking? It is the knowledge of *how a wretched sinner may be made fit to meet a supremely holy God.*

In Christianity, however, this knowledge is to be found. Yet Christianity, as a mere religion, no more satisfies the need of the soul than Buddhism, or any other system. There are many who profess Christianity who are as far from being truly satisfied as any deluded pagan. It is not the belief of a creed, however correct, but *faith in a living Person* that is the way of blessing. Religion, that is the mere outward expression of a creed, is no saviour. *Christ alone can save.* Confucius, Buddha, Mohammed have lived their lives hundreds of years ago, and are *dead.* But Christ is not dead! True, He laid down His life upon the cross. He suffered and died for sinners. But His resurrection is a great fact. He *lives to-day.* "Wherefore He is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by Him, seeing He ever liveth" (Heb. vii. 25). And it is to this living Saviour you are invited to come. On the ground of His atoning work God can blot out all your sins from under His holy eye, and thus make you fit for His own presence. Do not let another hour go by without putting your trust in the Saviour of His providing.

H. P. B.



## “GOOD ENOUGH FOR GOD”

I MET a man in Ontario not long ago, who told me that for years he had been perfectly satisfied with himself, he thought he was quite *good enough for God*, and if anybody had a chance of heaven he was the man.

One day he tried to recall all the good deeds he had ever done to assure himself that he had really merited God's favour. But, to his dismay, though he thought and thought and thought, no good deeds could he remember; instead, his sins crowded to his memory in black array; and he found out for the first time in his life that he was a guilty sinner before God.

If this man's mistake is yours, you will make the same discovery that he made, either now while the precious blood has power to cleanse, or hereafter in the day of unsparing judgment.

“Yet I am hoping for the best” you say: but you have no ground for such a hope if you are not saved, and then your remark implies a doubt.

What is it that makes you fear? Ah! there are blots upon your life's fairest page. You are a sinner. Then mark, unless those sins are removed, hell will be your portion for ever; for they tower like a great mountain between your soul and heaven. Do you think that you could remove them? It would be easier to shift the Rockies into the sea. You are helpless as well as guilt.

You may mean to turn over a new leaf? Then here again your folly in refusing to bow to God's truth about

you is seen. You cannot improve yourself. You have often turned the new leaves. Te'll me, are you better now than when you started? I trow not. In spite of your attempts at self-deception, in spite of your hope that from your poor polluted heart something acceptable might come forth, you know that the evil spring within you has sent forth its foul waters constantly, and your life is a record of broken resolutions, of clean page after clean page blotted and stained.

Look at that schoolboy. His work is not the neatest. Page after page of his copy-book is dirtied and blotted. The master comes round. Does he turn over the clean pages? No, he turns back the dirty ones, and calls the lad to account for his careless work.

And this will God do. He will review your guilty life. All shall pass under the scrutiny of His searching gaze. He will turn back the befouled pages of your life's history, for "God requireth that which is past."

J. T. M.



## THE MAN AT THE LOOK-OUT

WE had been working through the summer at a small place in Western Ontario and were now on our way home to England for a short visit.

Two days out from Montreal our gallant ship was ploughing her way through the stormy seas that wash the bleak coasts of Newfoundland.

Suddenly a cry broke upon our ears : " Ice ahead ! "

It was the voice of *the man at the look-out*. From his point of vantage he had caught a glimpse of something that was still invisible to us as we strode up and down upon the lower deck.

Far on the eastern horizon he had seen a huge floating mountain of ice. Should the ship by any means come into collision with that white, glistening mass, it would mean almost certain destruction. But the timely warning from the man at the look-out enabled the helmsman to change the course of the vessel before it got too close, and thus to pass in safety.

Christian workers, preachers of the Gospel, tract writers and distributors, and all who seek to win souls for Christ are like men at the look-out. Our duty is to warn you that danger and destruction lie ahead.

Do not imagine that we claim to be wonderful people, or that we consider ourselves better than others. No, indeed. We are simply people that have made a discovery. We found out that we were in terrible peril. Our sins had wellnigh driven us upon the rocks of



eternal perdition. But we learned where refuge and shelter were to be found. We fled to the Lord Jesus Christ, and have obtained salvation through Him.

This is why we warn YOU. We look ahead, and though *you* may not see them, we see, gathering upon the horizon of your life, the thick clouds of coming judgment. We see you travelling on, heedless of your peril. And with the friendliest of feelings we flash the danger-signal across your path.

To one of His look-out men of old, God said:

“ GIVE THEM WARNING FROM ME ” (Ezek. iii. 17).

This is what we seek to do. Will you let us warn *you*?

But there is someone else who wishes you to heed his voice. He does his best to persuade you that there is no danger, and that those who so earnestly warn you are fools and fanatics.

In the thrilling story of the disastrous voyage of the Alexandrian corn ship which conveyed Paul as a prisoner to Italy (see Acts xxvii.) we are told that he faithfully warned the Roman officer in charge of the danger of the course proposed. But the “ master and owner of the ship ” contradicted him, and succeeded in making the centurion believe that all was well, and that there was no cause for alarm.

This is what *Satan* tries to make men believe. He whispers in the ears of one that there is “ plenty of time yet.”

He persuades another that though *some* have a black prospect before them, yet all is well for those who try to lead a moral life and pay their way in the world.

He induces a third to launch out upon a course of

religious observances in the hope of escaping the danger by that means.

But these are delusions and snares. God, Who made you and loves you, tells you plainly that doom awaits the impenitent. He also points out the true, the only way of escape.

The atoning work which Christ accomplished, when He shed His blood upon the cross, is the sinner's only hope. By means of it his sins may be washed away. In virtue of that precious blood, he may be made safe and happy.

How is this priceless boon to be obtained? In one way only: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved" (Acts xvi. 31).

This "believing" puzzles some people, but in reality it is very simple. It does not mean a mere conviction of the truth of Christianity, or of the deity of Christ, or of the efficacy of the atonement. It includes all this, but it goes further. Saving faith is the heart's confidence in the Lord Jesus as Saviour. In staking all your hopes upon *Him*, in trusting Him to do for *you* what He has promised to do for all who come to Him, you will find salvation.

Reader, do you, in this true sense of the word, believe on the Lord Jesus Christ?

H. P. B.

## AN ARROW FROM GOD'S QUIVER

IN one of the largest of the Canadian cities during a long and severe winter, the snow had fallen until only the exertions of the snow-plough could keep the streets open for traffic.

Down one of the main streets the drift had accumulated against some advertisement hoardings till they were quite hidden from view.

At last the welcome thaw set in. Slowly the snow melted. Inch by inch the advertisements were being uncovered.

Morning by morning a bank manager passed down that street to his place of business. One morning to his astonishment he read on the advertisement board the words:

**"THE WAGES OF SIN IS DEATH."**

Some earnest Christian had utilised the hoarding to have a text placed in a prominent position where all the passers-by might behold it. Doubtless he prayed fervently that God might use this service for His glory and the blessing of souls.

It was the first line of this text that was uncovered, and met the astonished gaze of the bank manager. These words proved to be the barbed arrow of conviction from God's own word, carried by the Holy Spirit to their lodging place—even the heart of this Canadian man of

business. Day by day these terrifying words met his gaze as he journeyed to and fro.

"Terrifying! I don't see much to terrify anyone in those words. We must all die sometime," the reader may reply.

Alas! that this stern reality should not alarm you. *Words* may not frighten you. The *reality* will. As a sinner you are earning the wages of death. God in righteousness must pay you your wages—not merely death, but judgment, for we read in God's word :

*"It is appointed unto men once to die, but after this  
THE JUDGMENT."*

Just think. Every beat of your heart, every throb of your pulse, each rising and setting sun bring you nearer to the day of reckoning. Are you ready ?

It is sin that makes us fear death. The brute creation with no sense of sin have no fear of death. But you are a responsible being, and you know that your sins, sins of youth and riper years, public sins, secret sins, are crowding round you and refuse to be parted from you. If you die without Christ they will dog your footsteps to the grave. They will rise with you at the last day, and accuse you at the great bar of God, and follow you to the blackness of hell, there to sting your conscience with their everlasting remorse. "*The wages of sin is DEATH.*" This may well terrify you.

To return to our narrative. These words were the means of arousing the bank manager to the great need of salvation. The greatest question of all questions, "*What must I do to be saved?*" was wrung from the very depths of his troubled soul.

He longed for peace, little dreaming that the thaw that had uncovered the soul-disturbing, conscience-convicting words, would likewise reveal peace-giving words.

One morning as he went to business he read on the hoarding :—

*“ The wages of sin is death ; but*

**THE GIFT OF GOD**

*is eternal life, through Jesus Christ  
our Lord ” (Rom. vi. 23).*

Blessed sequel! If he feared the *wages*—DEATH—God offered him a *gift*—ETERNAL LIFE through Christ.

These lovely words meant much to him. They brought peace to his soul. Do these words mean anything to you, reader? If the first half of the verse troubled you, as it did the bank manager, the second half would be blessed news to you, as it was for him.

Reader, will you miss such a blessing? For what do you do for a gift? Pray for it, weep for it, turn over a new leaf for it, take the sacrament for it? Nay, none, nor all of these things.

What do you do for a gift then? Nothing! To do the slightest thing for a gift would be to destroy its character. It would no longer be a gift.

How do you obtain a gift? Take it, to be sure, and say, Thank you. That is faith and “ Without faith it is impossible to please God ” (Heb. xi. 6). A. J. P.



## “YOU'RE A LOST MAN!”

YOU are an infidel—an atheist, as you say.

Well, I shall not waste time or words in argument. You would not in this way be convinced, and there is a better way to meet you.

I shall just relate a little incident, and then leave with you a few homely truths, which you may consider at your leisure.

At the close of a gospel meeting, in the province of Ontario, an atheistical circus-man argued noisily against the Bible and its teachings. Supposing himself to be some great one, he withstood, with swelling bravado, the reasoning of the little group before him.

But suddenly his mouth was stopped in a very unexpected manner. Pushing his way through the crowd, the plain, unpolished preacher shouted in the showman's startled ear, “You're a lost man!” He attempted to reply, but again the preacher shouted, “You're a lost man!” He could not argue, for the preacher always cut him short by crying, “You're a lost man; you're a lost man!”

Boiling with rage, he left the spot, determined to waylay and thrash the man who had so effectively shut him up. He missed him, however, and the words, “You're a lost man!” kept ringing in his ears the whole night long. By morning he was thoroughly aroused and his atheism gone. Awakened by the Spirit of God, he found himself to be indeed “a lost man,” and in due time learned of One who died to save the lost.

And you, unhappy man, what shall I say of you? Just this, "You're a lost man!" Yes, lost; lost amidst a labyrinth of human reason; lost, and given over to the wanderings of the poor, dark mind of man; without one ray of light to guide your footsteps hurrying to the grave.

Your sins—what of them? God knows them all. Your atheism cannot blot them from this Book, neither can your theories hurl Him from His throne. He will by no means clear the guilty, and at His bar your every sin will rise and be a voice to curse you from His presence.

Your soul—it will outlast the universe. It lives within you, and it shall outlive the stars. You cannot tear it from you like an aching tooth; sooner might you pluck the planets from the vaulted sky. It will live on, and on, and on forever!!!

Hell-fire is no fable. Philosophers may reason and deny it as unjust; cunning priests may use it to extort the gold of the simple; unfaithful men, who preach, may shun the subject as a relic of a bygone age, but God hath declared, "The wicked shall be turned into hell" (Ps. ix. 17).

The sun may wane, grow dim, and cease to shine; the stars may die and disappear in darkness, but the fires of hell shall burn for ever in their retributive work. The lost shall through the eternal ages lie beneath God's righteous hand in judgment. Unhappy man, I bid you turn to God! May His truth expose you, and the Holy Ghost convince you of your fatal folly. I leave you with this word of inspiration: "He that believeth, and is baptized, shall be saved; but he that believeth not, shall be damned" (Mark xvi. 16).

C. K.



## “HELL IS TOO GOOD FOR ME”

A MAN in Canada, who had lived a fast life, and gone in for every conceivable sin and pleasure, was aroused to the awful condition of his soul. He said, “Hell is too good for me.” That was the first step to the blessing. He had found out the truth about himself, and soon he trusted simply to Jesus for salvation, and found that He was able to save even the worst.

“TELL EVERYBODY THAT WILLIAM MCLEOD IS SAVED. IT’S WONDERFUL! IT’S WONDERFUL!!” were his words as he left us. Ah! it was indeed wonderful, and the same pardoning grace that he received is now extended to you.

J. T. M.



## “TAKEN”

IN a village which lay on the outskirts of a Canadian city, an aged Christian was dying. I was asked to visit her. Having reached the house, I enquired of a woman of middle age, who happened to be in the garden, if Mrs. — lived inside.

“Yes, my mother is within; but she is very ill,” was the reply.

“May I come in and see her?” And so I followed into the clean little bedroom, where lay the dying saint. Her face was toward the wall, and she herself was either



sleeping, or else sweetly anticipating the bright future before her.

Her daughter touched her gently on the shoulder and said, "Mother, a gentleman wants to see you," and then took her place at the foot of the bed.

"I do not know you, sir," said the old woman.

"No," said I; "but I heard you were a dying Christian woman, and that perhaps you would like me to read or speak to you, and so I came."

Well, I was made welcome. We enjoyed together some happy thoughts in common—thoughts of a Saviour's dying love, and of present all-sustaining grace. I found that she had, long since, been converted to God, and had spent her days amongst the Wesleyans. There did not seem a shade of fear in her soul as to her being soon with the Lord.

After about half an hour's conversation, I said, "Would you like me to pray beside you? Have you any special request that I may lay before the Lord?"

"No, thank you," said she.

Now you know, my reader, that dying people are, as a rule, exceedingly fond of being prayed for. They do not feel easy; the future is dark, uncertain; the waters of the dreaded Jordan are deep. The clergyman must come, must go through some religious form, in order to satisfy God for the faults of his dying parishioner or church member; and such an one could not die happy without this religious exercise. What a mad thing to trust to the prayers, etc., of a fellow-mortal by your death bedside! "*It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God.*" Oh! to think of meeting Him unprepared!

However, our dear old friend cared for none of such

forms. She was saved, and ready to depart. Hence the appropriate, "No, thank you."

"Oh, yes! there is one thing," she abruptly said, "a heavy burden on my heart. I have four children, all grown up, and only one of them is converted. My daughter there, at the foot of my bed, is one of the three. Now," said the dear old tender-hearted mother, "will you pray God to save my unsaved children?"

I turned to the daughter and said, "Is it true that you are unsaved?"

"Yes, sir."

"Not ready for death?"

"No, sir."

"Would not meet your dear mother if you died as you are?"

A silence like death, and then, with tears, "No, sir."

"Through grace your mother is going to heaven, and you, alas, are at present on your way to hell! Ah! there is no prospect of your seeing her again if you remain as you are. Look into your mother's face. The eyes that have watched over your infancy, childhood, girlhood, and early womanhood, as only a mother's eyes can watch, will soon be closed in death. Tell me," I said earnestly, "have you no wish to meet those eyes, to see that face, in heaven?"

I need hardly say the question was answered by a muffled "Yes."

Who can stand unmoved beside a mother's death-bed? What heart so callous as to shed no tear at such a moment? How many a resolution has there been made, that, alas, was afterwards broken? How many a prodigal, when all else is squandered, retains the imperish-

able memory of his mother's last and tenderest appeal ? And what an appeal was spoken by the beseeching eyes of this dying mother !

I explained the way of salvation, through the death and resurrection of Christ, and faith therein, to the weeping daughter, and, believing that this might be the moment of her blessing, I said, " Let me give you two texts. First, ' I will give to him that is athirst of the fountain of the water of life freely.' And second, ' Whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely.' In the first, Jesus says, ' I will give ' ; in the second, ' Whosoever will, let him take.' See how the two truths dovetail, ' I will give,' ' Let him take.' Come, said I, shall it be *take*, or *taken*, with you ; a thing of the future, or a thing of the past ? "

A silence, then in a whisper, " *T-a-k-e-n.*"

" A little louder, please."

" TAKEN," said she.

" Louder still, please."

" TAKEN," clear and distinct, fell from her lips, to the unbounded joy of her dear dying mother. What a moment of gladness and of praise !

The mother just dying, the daughter just beginning to *live*.

Then a moment of prayer and farewell.

A while after, a young Christian corroborated the good news to me. She had, through grace, *taken* the water of life. Dear reader, have you ?

J. W. S.



## AN AWFUL POSITION

THE position of a sinner out of Christ is truly appalling. Words cannot be found to adequately describe it. The Bible likens it to a "horrible pit."

Not all the people of God throughout the whole world can reach one in this position. Their united efforts cannot rescue him. No created arm can deliver him. Only God is "mighty to save."

Something of the horror of this position is depicted in the case of the man Avery, which attracted much attention some years ago, and called forth widespread sympathy.

A writer describes the incident as follows:—

"Avery and a couple of men were (on the Niagara River) a long way above the Falls. They had intoxicating drink in their boat. They continued to drink until it is believed that two of them were thoroughly intoxicated. They rowed to the shore, and threw a rope around something carelessly, but failed to tie it very well.

"Then they lay down in the boat, and, while they slept, the motion of the water unfastened the rope, and they floated down towards the Falls, unconscious of their danger.

"Nobody knows how Avery got out of that boat and got on to a log lodged above the Falls on a little point of rock; but in the morning Avery was found sitting on that log. The other two had gone over the falls and into eternity.

“ And there was poor Avery. But nobody could get to him. Who dare go to him? The motion of the water kept the log continually rocking, and seemingly at the least change he must go over. But for twenty-six hours he held that perilous position.

“ I believe that ten thousand persons lined those banks. There were boats, and rafts, and friendly hands. One man said, ‘ I, myself, will pay any man a thousand dollars that will rescue Avery! ’

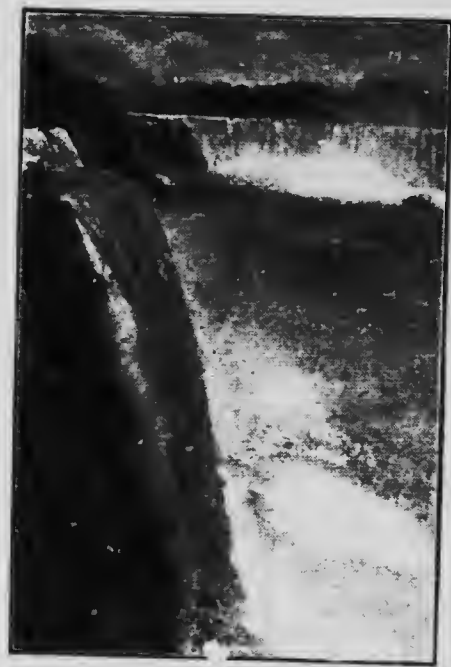
“ He had been there so long that his German friends thought he would be discouraged, and drop off the log and go over; so they procured a long, wide board, and wrote upon it in the German language: ‘ We will save you.’

“ But that promise could not be redeemed. At the very last moment, when poor Avery, after having been there for so many hours, thought he was about to be rescued, he found himself being irresistibly borne by the rapid current over the falls. As he saw that he must die in the sight of ten thousand friendly hearts and hands, he partly raised himself in the water, and the most heartrending scream reached the ears of the spectators, while Avery went over the falls into eternity.”

Oh! reader, if unsaved, see in this poor man’s condition a picture of your own. Horrible as his position was, when seated upon the rocking log, it was but the prelude of a fate more terrible still.

And *your* position, without God, without Christ, without hope in the world; under the iron yoke of sin and Satan; exposed to the danger of eternal doom, and subject to the wrath of God—*your* position, I say, unless you

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NIAGARA

seize the Deliverer's hand in time, will give place to one far more awful.

But one thing in Avery's case is to be noticed. *He was well aware of his peril. He eagerly longed for deliverance.*

Can as much be said of *you*? To be in extreme danger is terrible; but to be unconscious of it, and to have no desire to be saved from it, is awful in the most superlative degree.

Thank God for the tidings we bring you, if you *have* a desire for salvation. Written clear and large in God's own book is the offer of a Saviour. No vain offer is this, like that of Avery's German friends. This Saviour is as mighty as He is willing to save. He did not shrink from plunging into the whirling tide of suffering, and letting the billows of wrath and judgment sweep over His head in order to be your Saviour. No difficulties could keep Him back.

With love in His heart, and power in His hand, He devoted Himself to the rescue of sinners.

*To-day*, sinner, you sit on the rocking log, in the current of time. Ahead lies eternity, with its unexplored realities! *To-day* the offer of salvation holds good. To-morrow either *you* may be gone or the offer may be gone.

What you have to do in order to be saved is simply to put your trust in the Deliverer. Ebedmelech, the Ethiopian, did this, and his safety was assured.

"**I WILL SURELY DELIVER THEE,**" said the Lord to him. And why? Let the Deliverer Himself supply the answer: "**BECAUSE THOU HAST PUT THY TRUST IN ME**" (Jer. xxxix. 18).

Reader, go thou and do likewise, and thou, too, shalt be delivered from thy danger and saved from the wrath to come.

H. P. B.



## NO TRIFLING WITH GOD

THERE is no greater folly, and at the same time none more common, than the folly of neglecting salvation. The man who *puts off* the consideration of this matter till a future day is guilty of a damning sin against his own soul.

Again and again the voice of God is heard, warning men of the folly of such a course. In truest love He bids them beware ; and lets them know that He is

*not to be trifled with.*

The following instance of the speedy judgment of God overtaking a procrastinator will, I trust, serve as a solemn warning.

The extract is from a Canadian weekly newspaper—the *Kincardine Review*, of July 13th, 1894.

“ A young lady attended a meeting and was very much impressed. Her mother urged her to come to Jesus. She said: ‘ I can’t see my way clear to come to-night; you know I am invited to that dance on Tuesday night; but I promise *I will* come to Jesus.’

“ During that night she dreamed that someone came to her bedside and said, ‘ Arise, open your Bible at the seventh chapter of Ezekiel, the eighth and ninth verses.’



“ She was much impressed with the dream, and she awoke, and could not sleep for some time. At length she fell asleep, and the second time heard the same, and as she awoke she was very much troubled, but she was afraid to get up and open her Bible.

“ Towards morning she fell into a doze again, and she dreamed that the same person came to her bedside and said the same thing: ‘ Arise, open your Bible at the seventh chapter of Ezekiel, the eighth and ninth verses.’

“ She thought this very strange. ‘ This surely is the voice of God to me,’ she said; and yet she was very fearful. She got up and dressed, and sat in her rocking-chair.

“ When morning came her mother went in, and said: ‘ Why, daughter, what is the matter with you? Have you been sick?’ ”

“ ‘ No, mother.’ ”

“ ‘ What is the matter? You look as if you had passed through a severe illness. What is the matter, my daughter? Tell me.’ ”

“ She said: ‘ I have had a wonderful dream. Three times over I have dreamt that a voice said: “ Arise, open your Bible at the seventh chapter of Ezekiel, the eighth and ninth verses,” and, mother, I dare not do it.’ ”

“ ‘ Shall I read it for you, daughter?’ ”

“ ‘ If you please, mother.’ ”

“ Her mother got the Bible, and read to her these words :—

“ ‘ Now will I shortly pour out my fury upon thee; and accomplish mine anger upon thee; and I will judge thee according to thy ways, and will recompense thee for all thine abominations. And mine eye shall not spare, neither

*will I have pity : I will recompense thee according to thy ways, and thine abominations that are in the midst of thee ; and ye shall know that I am the Lord that smiteth.'*

"The mother looked upon her daughter. She was a corpse."

Such is the newspaper account of this solemn case. It needs no comment. It speaks for itself. God grant that it may speak to *you*. Unserved reader, procrastinate no more.

H. P. B.



## "THE BOOK SAYS SO"

OR

### HOW A YOUNG CANADIAN FOUND PEACE WITH GOD

AT the close of a Gospel meeting a woman in great distress of soul remained to speak with me.

"Will you tell me what is troubling you?" I asked.

"Oh, sir," she said, "there is something more wanted."

"Indeed! what is it?" I enquired.

"Well," she said, "I really trust in Jesus, I know that He died for me, but something more is wanted."

"You are sure that Jesus died for you?" I asked.

"Yes, I am sure of it."

"And that He is able to save you?"

"Yes, I am sure of that."

"Do you think that He is willing to save you?"

"Oh, I know that He is willing," was her earnest reply.

"And you tell me that you really trust Him as your Saviour?"

"Yes," she said, "I do; but *I am not happy; something more is wanted.*"

"There is nothing more wanted to make you safe," I replied. "If you have really believed on the Lord Jesus Christ, **YOU ARE AS SAFE AS HE CAN MAKE YOU.** Not one poor sinner who trusted in Him was ever lost. But it is one thing to be *safe*, and another thing to be *sure* about it. What you need is to have assurance, and this you may have on the authority of the Word of God."

Taking my Bible, I turned to Acts xiii. 38, 39, and read: "*Be it known unto you therefore, men and brethren, that through this Man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins; and by Him all that believe are justified from all things.*"

"Now, here we have God's unchanging truth. He says, 'All that believe are justified.' Are you a believer?"

"Yes, I am," she answered.

"Then what does God say about you?" I asked.

"I'm justified," she answered, with a sigh of relief.

"How do you know?" I queried.

"It says so there," was her reply.

"Then do you want anything else?"

"Nothing more now, sir; that's enough," was her emphatic answer, as she saw for the first time, on the

authority of God's Word, that she belonged to the justified company because she was one of the "all that believe."

Thank God! His Word is true, and upon the authority of God's Word every believer may say, "I'm justified."

I quoted those same words to a young fellow in Canada who was longing to have peace with God.

"Let me look at the verse," he said. "I never saw it like that before."

Slowly he read the verse over, and then, rubbing his eyes as the light broke into his soul, he said, "Praise God, I'm justified."

"How do you know that?" I asked.

"Why, 'The Book' says so," was his triumphant reply.

Yes, the Book that never lies says, "By Him, all that believe are justified from all things, from which ye could not be justified by the law of Moses."

Well might we praise God.

. . . . .

"What does *justified* mean?" said a hard-headed but conscience-stricken miner in the north of England to me on one occasion.

I replied, "The man who is justified stands in God's sight as clear of all his sins as is Jesus the Saviour."

Placing his finger on the verse in my Bible, he asked, "Do you mean to tell me that if I believe that verse I shall be clear of my sins like that?"

"No," I answered. "What I say is, if in simple faith you look to Jesus for pardon and salvation, believing

what the Bible says about Him, what that verse says about ' All that believe ' will be true of you."

" I see that, and I thank God for it," was his happy response.

God's Word is reliable. You may safely rest in what it asserts. It has been written for us that we might know with certainty these blessed things, and that we might have joy and peace in believing.

If you have been in any way aroused to the need of your soul, I would earnestly entreat you not to evade this solemn question. Let nothing intervene. Lay hold of God's salvation to-day.

How can you be happy in a world that is rolling on to judgment? How can you be happy with the load of years of sins upon your soul? How can you be happy when you know not the moment when death may seize you and hurl you into a lost eternity?

Soul of man! wake up to these solemn matters and seek God's salvation.

Christians are the only people in the world who have a right to be happy, but they do not know that they are saved because they are happy, but they are happy because they know that they are saved. To put feelings first is to put the cart before the horse, the right order is as follows:—

- (1) GOD'S FACTS.
- (2) YOUR FAITH.
- (3) HAPPY FEELINGS.

I am aware that many deny that anyone can be sure about their soul's salvation in this world, but as **ONE VERSE OF SCRIPTURE IS BETTER THAN TEN**

THOUSAND THOUGHTS AND OPINIONS OF MEN, we will set aside all that you and others may think, or feel, or say, and look for a moment at some of God's facts.

*The First Great Fact*

which you must accept is that you need a Saviour. God speaks very definitely on this point.

You are " *guilty before God* " (Rom. iii. 19).

You are " *without strength* " (Rom. v. 6).

Death is before you, and " *after this the judgment* " (Heb. ix. 27).

Every Christless soul is included in these statements, for before God " *there is no difference* " (Rom. iii. 22). You may not feel that what God says about you is true, but, if so, your feelings are all astray; **GOD'S FACTS ALONE ARE WORTHY TO BE RELIED UPON.** Let Him be true, and every man a liar.

It is evident, then, that there is no hope for you in yourself, and that if you are to be saved, God must in perfect grace undertake for you and provide a way of salvation Himself, for you certainly cannot make or find one. That is just what God has done, and if in His Word He brings before you solemn facts about yourself it is that He might interest you in the gospel of His grace, which contains blessed truth concerning His Son.

*The Second Great Fact*

is, there is a Saviour for you. We read, " *God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son* " (John iii. 16).

“ *Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners* ”  
(1 Tim. i. 25).

“ *Christ died for the ungodly* ” (Rom. v. 6).

It is a wonderful thing that God should be interested in this guilty world. He might have let us all go our own self-willed way to hell. He would have been righteous in consigning us to the everlasting burnings, for this our sins deserved; but then His love would never have been manifested had He done so.

Now in the Gospel we see the righteousness of God fully revealed, and His love displayed at the same time. The love of God was displayed in the gift of His Son, and we see His righteousness maintained when Jesus suffered sin's full penalty. He suffered, the Just One for the unjust, that He might bring us to God. And now God can take to Himself the glorious title of “ Him that justifieth the ungodly ” (Rom. iv. 5). He is “ just and the Justifier of him that believeth in Jesus ” (Rom. iii. 26).

Jesus accomplished the work of redemption, and God raised Him from the dead; thus it is proved that God was fully satisfied with His work.

Now God's **GLAD TIDINGS DO NOT SPEAK OF YOUR FEELINGS OR DOINGS**, but about Christ; the Gospel tells you what He has accomplished for you, and of the blessing you may have through Him.

You are not to consult your own heart, for the Word says: “ Say not in thine heart,” but *look out to Christ upon the throne of God*. And while you look to Him, raised from the dead and exalted to the throne, hear God proclaiming the forgiveness of sins through Him.

*The Third Great Fact*

is that this blessing can only be secured by faith in Christ. He is the only Saviour, and He is willing and able to save even the vilest sinner. You may come to Him boldly; all are welcome, for God's glorious gospel word is "Whosoever." But it is not whosoever prayeth, or feeleth, or worketh, but "*whosoever believeth in Him*" (John iii. 16). "*Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved*" (Acts xvi. 31). "*By Him, all that believe are justified from all things*" (Acts xiii. 39). You say, "I am not satisfied with my experience and faith, and love for Him," but that is not the point. Are you satisfied with what Christ has done for you? God is fully satisfied with what Christ has done, so that you may be satisfied as well. **PUT YOUR FAITH IN GOD'S FACTS**, and the whole thing is settled; believe what He tells you about Christ, and believe what He tells you about "*all that believe.*"

Take Him at His word; thank Him for His boundless grace; then you will not *feel justified*, but will *feel very happy* because you know, on the authority of God's own Word, that you are justified.

Then, when you have turned to Jesus, when you can say, "He is my own Saviour," you are wonderfully blest.

You have a loving Saviour in heaven caring and interceding for you. He knows all your infirmities, and is able to save you all the way home to heaven. No foe can take you from His hand, for if He gave His life that you might belong to Him, you are so precious to Him that He will take great care of you for ever.

J. T. M.





## “NEVER PERISH”

AMONG those who attended our gospel meetings in an Ontario town on the shores of Lake Huron was a woman who looked, and who was, about as miserable as a sinner out of hell could be.

Her misery arose from the fact that she was a sinner and that she knew it. Yet she longed to be saved, but somehow she did not get peace. Night after night her only reply, when we asked “Is it settled?” was a sorrowful shake of the head.

One evening the text was those lovely verses:—

“MY SHEEP HEAR MY VOICE, AND I KNOW THEM AND THEY FOLLOW ME: AND I GIVE UNTO THEM ETERNAL LIFE; AND THEY SHALL NEVER PERISH, NEITHER SHALL ANY MAN PLUCK THEM OUT OF MY HAND.”—John x. 27, 28.

The next day we met her, and one glance at her face was sufficient to prove that she had got the blessing. The clouds had departed and the misery gone.

“How did it come about?” we asked.

“*He said it,*” she replied.

“Said what?” we enquired.

“He said ‘Never perish.’”

That had settled it. His Word had at length proved enough for her to rest upon. And why not? His Word must be reliable, for He is the Son of God.

He who said of His sheep: “They shall never perish,” is the greatest and most glorious Person in the universe.

He has proved His *love* by giving His life for the sheep; He has proved His *power* by overcoming the foe.

Single-handed He met the lion and rent his jaws as one would rend a kid. Alone He vanquished the powers of darkness. Now He is the victorious One, raised from the dead. In His hands He holds His sheep; and His hands are the hands of omnipotence.

A young woman, on a bed of sickness, was anxious to be saved. A friend, knowing her distress, sent her a Scripture text card through the post.

Slowly she read:

"I give unto them eternal life, and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of My hand."

As she sank back on the pillow she exclaimed:

"If only I were one of His sheep I should be happy!"

As the card fell on the coverlet it turned over. There was a text on the other side also. Taking it again she read:

"*This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.*"

"Oh!" she said, as this glorious gospel verse enlightened her soul, "if I'm not a sheep, I'm a sinner, and Christ Jesus came to save sinners."

She trusted Him, and He received her and put her on His mighty shoulders. And she learned that the blessed Saviour of sinners is the Shepherd of the sheep, and in perfect safety He keeps all whom He saves. J. T. M.

## A WARNING TO NEGLECTERS

COLD and lifeless lay the corpse of one to whom I had often spoken. He was genial in disposition, and prosperous in business, but I fear he was a Christ-rejecter.

It was in the city of Toronto. We were holding gospel meetings, and the one of whom I write came, listened, and seemed to be impressed. I had a long talk with him, and sought to show him the danger of turning away from the only Saviour for sinners, but as we parted, he said, "It is all true, no doubt, but I can't take Christ now."

I left that city, and returned to it again after a short absence. As I stepped from the car to the platform at the depot, a friend met me, saying, "You won't have heard of poor B——; this morning at two o'clock he died."

The first words that started to my lips were, "Was he saved?" And sad indeed did the answer of my friend make me: "No, we could not say that; he died apparently without hope."

That evening I stood beside the coffin, and gazed upon that face now still and dead, and sorrow surged through my heart. He might have been saved, but would not; he might have passed into realms of endless joy, but for aught we knew he had gone to woe, and darkness and wailing. Almost had he decided for Christ—almost was he wrapped in the arms of the Saviour's love; but we fear he had missed it, and that he had gone from earth's business, pleasure, and friends to eternal damnation.

I turned from gazing on that face to speak a word of comfort to the sorrowing young wife, but could not—the words would not come, though the tears did. I had to go away from the house of death, with a lump in my throat, and the sorrow “without hope” for him who had gone.

Oh! to die is solemn, deeply solemn; but to die without Christ, without hope, this is truly horrible—to miss heaven, and to land in hell, to be almost pressed to the bosom of the Saviour’s love, and yet to be held in the grip of eternal darkness. This is woe—speechless, and eternally horrible. May this never be the portion of my reader.

Yet, if still Christless, the danger is still terrible. It may be that before to-morrow’s light you may be cast from this world—rudely cast by death into the great forever to which you are travelling. Oh! say, how wilt thou do then? *Look forward into eternity*, my reader, see whither time is carrying you, and flee to Christ, the only Saviour, while yet you may. Will He receive you? Yes, thank God. Yes! He calls to such as you, and eternal melodies are in His voice—“Come,” He says, “and I will give you rest.”

Let not the world hold you. Let not your friends keep you away from this Saviour. Take Him now, and you will find Him able to bring you clear away from your danger. You will find His precious blood able to cleanse away your foulest sins. His love will fill your heart with joy, and upon your lips shall be placed the song of redemption. Believe on Him, once dead, but now alive for evermore.

“Who was delivered for our offences, and was raised again for our justification” (Rom. iv. 25). J. T. M.

## HOW AN ONTARIO LADY GOT CLEAR OF HER DOUBTS

MRS. R—— was walking down the street of the little lakeside town in Western Ontario, where for the past few years she had made her home. Her usually bright face was clouded and sad on this particular afternoon, for she was looking away beyond the horizon of the present life, and wondering how it would be with her when she had to meet God.

She had lived a respectable and even religious life. For all that, however, she was a sinner, and well she knew it. She knew, too, that Christ is the Saviour—the *only* Saviour—of sinners, and in Him she had, in an indefinite kind of way, put her trust.

Still, she was far from happy. She did not know whether she had trusted Christ in the right way, or whether her faith, such as it was, was sufficient to save her.

As she pursued her way, she espied a little booklet, four and a half inches by three, lying between the sidewalk and the road.

Earlier in the day two young men had been round the town with these booklets, inviting people to come to some gospel meetings in a large tent. The one that Mrs. R—— saw had evidently been thrown away by some one to whom it had been given but who had no use for that kind of thing.

Mrs. R—— picked it up, and read its title, "*The*

*Doctrine of Doing.*" She began to read it in the street and finished it at home. It was the means of showing her what her salvation really depended on, and its perusal left her rejoicing in the knowledge that her sins were for ever blotted out, through *the finished work of Christ*.

No doubt that many into whose hands a copy of this book of Canadian Incidents comes, find themselves in very much the same frame of mind as Mrs. R——. Sometimes they think they can read their title to heaven clear; at other times they are full of doubts and misgivings.

For their sakes we reproduce here the booklet that proved to be the messenger of peace to Mrs. R——. May we beg the reader to carefully read and consider the message?

. . . . .

### THE DOCTRINE OF "DOING"

The doctrine of "doing" seems to possess amazing vitality. No sooner is it stamped out in one direction than it shows itself in another. It reminds one of the old Greek legend of the many-headed serpent, which Hercules attacked with his club, and as fast as he struck off one of its heads two others grew in its place, and thus his labour was endless. This story is rightly regarded as a myth; but if the serpent may be supposed to represent the doctrine of salvation by "doing," then the fable bears a striking resemblance to the truth.

Many a Herculean blow has been dealt at this deadly doctrine. The apostle Paul entered the lists against it,

as witness his epistles to the Romans and Galatians. Luther, too, waged war with it. The reformers spent their strength in trying to strangle it, and martyrs have laid down their lives in the endeavour to deal it a death-blow. But in spite of all, it

*still stalks through the land,*

and shows no signs whatever of feebleness or decay.

In point of antiquity it stands first among soul-delusions. It showed itself when Adam and Eve covered themselves with self-sewn aprons. Cain also fell a victim to it when he brought to God the fruits of his own labours. And Jude, who writes of the "last time," still has cause to pronounce woe upon those who walk in the "way of Cain."

The motto adopted by all who enter this much-trodden way is "*Salvation by Works*"; but I do not for a moment suppose that all who walk therein would acknowledge that to be *their* motto. Cain might have done so, and amongst his followers there is at least one school which holds to the original watchword. But from the majority one hears language such as this:

"Indeed I do not hold the doctrine of

*Salvation by works,*

I know all my efforts are too feeble to bridge the distance between me and God. I cannot of myself get to heaven. But I am trusting to Christ, in His mercy, to help me. I am doing my best, and I trust that where I fail, Christ's merits may be accepted in my stead, and thus my shortcomings may be met."

Is such *your* thought, reader ?

“ Well, yes,” perhaps you reply, “ I think you have expressed very much what I mean.”

To put it into plain English, then, though you recognise that there is a question between you and God, you think it may be settled by your doing your part, and Christ doing the other part for you. Friend, think me not exceeding the bounds of charity, if I say that you are making as fatal a mistake as he who is trusting wholly to his own works for salvation.

Your idea is what has been aptly called

“ *Making salvation a joint affair.*”

The sinner casts into the scales all the deeds of merit that he can, and then expects Christ to add some of *His* merits, in order to turn the balance in the sinner's favour.

My object in writing this paper is to drag this idea out into the light of Scripture, to help you to compare it with the teaching of that holy Book, and to show you that it is as irreconcilable with the glorious gospel of God as fire is with water, and as different from it as a dose of arsenic from a draught of milk.

It is true that because you are a sinner a great work must needs be done before you can be forgiven, and Satan's suggestion is, that it lies at your door to perform that work, or at least a part of it. By this means he keeps you in continual misery, for you can never be certain that you have done enough.

O wanderer in the way of Cain! the task that I propose to myself is to make a rope that shall be strong enough to pull you over from the side of faith in the combined efforts of self and Christ, to the side of faith



in Christ *alone*. I go to Scripture to learn how to make my rope, and I read there that "a threefold cord is not quickly broken," so my rope shall be a threefold one. It shall consist of three proofs, all drawn from the sacred volume;

*Three good, sound, solid reasons*

why you should abandon your present efforts to contribute towards the work of your salvation, and should say, in the words of the hymn—

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

I. There can be no stronger proof of the folly of maintaining that "we must do our part" than the simple fact that sin has such a paralysing effect upon us, that it leaves us powerless to do a single thing on our own behalf. We are described in Romans v. not only as "sinners" and as "ungodly," but as "WITHOUT STRENGTH," unable to contribute one jot towards our salvation. Even

*If Christ did 999 parts,*

and left us *one* out of a thousand to do, it would be all over with us, for we should have no strength even to do that. We are as water spilt on the ground, which *cannot* be gathered up again (2 Samuel xiv. 14).

Imagine a poor traveller who has lost his way. The night is coming on, and it grows densely dark. He cannot see where he is going, but he stumbles on, not knowing where the next step may land him. He is approaching the mouth of that old pit. Ah! he has fallen in. Bring a lantern, and let us go and see if we can help him.

When we reach the pit's mouth we give a call. "Are you there?"

Hark! a feeble cry of "Help! help!" meets our ear.

"Are you down in the pit?" we ask.

"Yes; and I cannot climb out. Both my legs are broken, and I cannot see. Oh, help me! help me!"

"All right," we reply, "we do not expect you to climb out, for we are not of those who believe in salvation by works; but of course you must do your part, and we will do ours. You must climb up half-way, and then we will let down a rope and haul you up the remainder."

My reader, you can see the folly of that. *You* would not treat a man so, but are you not treating *your own soul* in a similar way? "My soul," you are saying, "thou must do thy part, and trust that Christ in His mercy will do His."

II. The second proof of the error of supposing that the work can be done and the distance bridged, half by Christ and half by you, is that God has determined that

*Christ shall get all the credit*

of saving poor sinners.

What said the Shepherd of Luke xv. ? "Rejoice with me; for *I* have found my sheep." The sheep had not helped to find itself. It could claim no credit whatever. *All* the honour and *all* the glory must be laid at the Shepherd's feet, and in order that this may be so He must needs do *all* the work.

There is a story told of a servant of God—John Nelson—who lived in the last century, that he was once speaking with a gentleman about the way to get to heaven.

"As for me," said the gentleman, "I believe that Christ has done His part, and now I have to do mine."

"And do you expect to get to heaven that way?" asked Nelson.

"Yes, I do," was the reply.

"Well, what will you do when you get there?"

"Oh, I suppose I shall do the same as everybody else! What *do* people do in heaven?"

"I'll tell you," said Nelson. "All who get to heaven will

*join in one song,*

saying, 'Worthy is the Lamb that was slain, for He hath redeemed us. Glory to Christ, for He hath saved us.' But, sir," he continued, "if you were to get to heaven in your way, you would have to sing 'Worthy is the Lamb, and worthy am I. Glory to Christ, for He hath done His part, and glory to myself, for I have done mine.' Oh, sir, your song would produce discord in heaven."

Yes, friend, and yours would too.

III. Besides the helplessness of man, and the need for Christ to have *all* the glory, there is still another reason for saying that it is a grand mistake to think that the work of a sinner's salvation is to be done partly by Christ and partly by the sinner himself, and that is, that **THE WHOLE WORK HAS BEEN COMPLETELY AND EVERLASTINGLY DONE ALREADY.** What we could not do ourselves, nor help to do, *Christ has done.* It is a finished work (John xix. 30). We can do nothing towards our salvation, *because there is nothing to be done.* The great gulf that separates us from God has been spanned, and we have not

*to contribute a single brick*  
to the bridge.

Let me put the matter in a nutshell for you.

1st. We *cannot* do anything towards our salvation, because we are "without strength."

2nd. We *must not* do anything towards our salvation, because that would rob Christ of the glory which is His due.

3rd. We *need not* do anything towards our salvation, because all has been done for us long, long ago.

This is no new doctrine. It has been affirmed and re-affirmed times without number. Yet the watchword of thousands seems still to be "Do, Do, Do." They are always doing, doing, doing. Oh that I could gain their ear for one moment, and whisper into it the peace-giving word "DONE!"

See that man hurrying down the street with a plank of timber on his shoulder.

"Where are you off to, friend?" we ask.

"I want to get to the other side of the river," replies he, "and I am going to do my best to bridge it with this plank."

Oh, the derisive shout of laughter that comes from the crowd! "Send him to the madhouse!" cries one. "That's where he's come from!" shouts another.

"Probab'ly so," we reply; "but beware lest while you condemn this man for his folly you are

*guilty of the same thing*

yourselves with regard to spiritual matters." And turning to the man we say:

“Your plank, my poor fellow, is far too short; but even if it were long enough *there is no need for it*, for there, before your eyes, is the bridge, built of solid stone on a good foundation. The river is already spanned; throw away your plank, and cross the bridge.”

But he refuses to do so; he clings the closer to his piece of timber. See, he hurries down the steps to the wharf, and rushes towards the water. He thrusts his plank across the edge of the quay. “Stay!” cry a hundred friendly voices; but no, he heeds no warning. Thousands could tell him that *they* had crossed the bridge, and that it was free for him also to cross, but he believes it not. He trusts to his plank. He steps upon it. A splash! a shriek! and the victim of his own folly perishes beneath the cold waters.

There is a smile upon your face, dear reader, as you think of this man’s madness. Would that Nathan the prophet were here to thunder in your ears, as he did in the ears of David,

*the soul-convicting sentence,*

“THOU ART THE MAN!”

Those four words are the only comment that I shall make upon my little parable. It shall speak for itself. I pray that it may speak to *you*.

Remember, then, my three proofs. Let me once again present them to you:

1st. We have no *ability* to contribute towards our salvation, for our sin has made us helpless.

2nd. We have no *liberty* to contribute towards our

salvation, for God cannot allow us wretched, sinful creatures to claim the smallest particle of credit.

3rd. We are under no *necessity* to contribute towards our salvation, for the whole work has been done.

Let me now, in a few closing words, call your special attention to this last fact, viz. that there is

*nothing left to be done by us,*

because all has been done FOR us. If you will turn to Hebrew x. 12 and Acts xiii. 38, you will read as follows :—

“ *This Man*, after He had offered one sacrifice for sins for ever sat down on the right hand of God.”

“ Be it known unto you therefore, men and brethren, that through *this Man* is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins.”

You will observe that in each of these passages mention is made of “ *this Man*.” What man? None other than “ the Man Christ Jesus.” This is He to whom all the prophets bear witness. He is the sinner’s only Hope, the only Refuge from the storm of judgment, the only Haven of rest for the weary, the only Saviour for souls that are lost.

Observe, further, that in connection with “ *this Man* ” two things are brought before us in these two verses.

1st. The sacrifice *for* sins.

2nd. The forgiveness *of* sins.

The great point of Hebrews x. 12 is, that the sacrifice for sins of which it speaks is a *perfect* sacrifice, a finished work, and that

*The guarantee of its completeness*

is to be found in *Christ's present attitude in the glory of God.*

Perhaps a simple illustration will help to make this clear.

Imagine a woman standing over a steaming wash-tub. Her sleeves are tucked up to her elbows as she rubs the clothes that she is washing. She has had a hard day's work, and looks very weary. Ah! she has finished now. She empties the water out of the tub, and stands it down under the table. Then she wipes her hands and arms, puts the towel away, and with a sigh of relief *SITS DOWN.*

Why does she sit down? Because her work is *DONE.*

Presently a neighbour drops in. "Well, Mrs. So-and-So," she says, "I am glad to see you have finished your work for the day."

"How do you know that I have?" asks our friend.

"Because you are sitting down," replies the other.

"*You would not be in that chair if your work were not done.*"

My reader, read the 12th verse of Hebrews x. in the light of this homely picture. Anxious soul, do you not hear the blessed message that those words, "sat down" convey to you? They tell you that the great question of sins has been

*taken up and dealt with*

once and for ever, and that for the believer it is now a *settled question.*

"Oh, what rest of soul in viewing  
Christ upon the Father's throne!"

Why so? Because the fact of His sitting there is proof positive to my soul that the work that was needed in order that my sins might be forgiven *has been done*. "It is finished," said the dying Saviour on the cross, and the echo of those peace-giving words now comes pealing down from the throne of glory where Christ is seated—"It is finished; it is finished."

O sinner, it is a *finished* work upon which you are invited to rest your faith. It is not a work to which you have to contribute one iota of your own. A work which is already perfect cannot be added to without marring its perfection.

Suppose you order a new suit of clothes from your tailor. On a certain day he sends it home to you *finished*. You try it on, and find that it suits you exactly. What do you do next? Borrow your wife's work-box, so as to add a button here and a stitch there? Of course not. To do so would be to imply that the clothes were not already finished.

There is not a reader of this paper that would act like that. But consider, is not that the way you are acting with regard to the finished work of Christ? It is presented to you as a *finished* work for you to rest your soul upon in simple faith; a work which has once for all settled the great question of sins.

*It suits you exactly;*

it is just the thing that you, a guilty sinner, need; but instead of rejoicing in all its blessed perfection, you set about patching it up by efforts of your own. You add a prayer here, and a good resolution there, and hope, by so doing, to make your title to blessing clearer.



May God show you your mistake, and give you to rest upon the work of Christ, and not the works of self.

Now just look for a moment at the verse which I quoted from Acts xiii. "Through this Man is preached unto you the FORGIVENESS OF SINS." What does that mean? Simply that as a result of the all-atoning sacrifice of Hebrew x. 12, forgiveness, free as the air you breathe, is proclaimed to you.

God has accepted Christ's finished work as done in our stead, and now accredits the full value of it to the believing sinner.

*That is the Gospel.*

There is that infinite merit in that wonderful sacrifice, and if you trust in Christ as your Saviour, God attributes it all to you, just as if you had done the work yourself.

Blessed be God for such a salvation! It is a *full* salvation. It is salvation not only from our sins, but from ourselves, and it is all treasured up in "this Man."

As to our sins, *through Him* we obtain forgiveness.

As to ourselves, "This Man receiveth sinners" (Luke xv. 2).

It is an untold joy to me to be able to tell you that there is a Saviour in glory who deals not only with *sins*, but with *sinners*. The Man of Calvary, who agonised in blood for us; the Man of Glory, who has taken His seat there as a proof of the perfection of His work on our behalf—"THIS Man receiveth sinners."

*How* does He receive them? With the open arms of love. He utters no reproach; He imposes no hard terms.



A BUSH FIRE (see p. 78).

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His welcome words are, "Thy sins are forgiven . . .  
thy faith hath saved thee; go in peace."

No chiding words He'll bid you hear,  
No stern reproaches give;  
But from His heart of ardent love  
Warm welcome you'll receive."

H. P. B.



## THE BUSH FIRE

I WAS staying at a farmhouse in a lonely part of Canada. One morning my good host, the farmer, took me to see some land on which he had started a big fire to clear away the bush.

"You seem to be burning some valuable wood," I remarked in my ignorance.

"The land is of more value than the trees," he replied. "I have no use for the lumber."

"What are you going to do with the land?" I enquired.

"When it is thoroughly cleared I expect to grow fruit on it, and to build a house on one part."

I thought: This is why the Lord Jesus forgives the sins of those that trust in Him: not only to clear their consciences of the guilt that oppressed them, not only to sweep their doubts and fears away, but that He might make for Himself a dwelling in their hearts, and produce fruit in their lives that shall be for His glory and pleasure.

H. P. B.

## A SOLDIER'S TESTIMONY

YEARS ago a young Canadian, fired apparently with the love of adventure, enlisted in the army of the United States. It was not long before he saw active service; the Spanish-American war broke out, and he was sent with his regiment to take part in the operations in Cuba.

By the time he arrived there, however, a very remarkable thing had happened, a thing which wrought an entire revolution in his life. It was a thing, moreover, which never loses its charm and wonder, even though it happens a thousand times each week. On each occasion of its happening it carries with it the same train of happy results. A thing which YOU must experience if you would be truly happy. If you have not experienced it yet, and never do, you will be involved in eternal ruin.

It was not that our soldier friend became suddenly possessed of great wealth, nor that by some dashing act he had leaped into military fame: nothing of that kind. He had been brought under conviction of sin. He had found in Christ a Saviour. He had, in short, been converted to God.

This altered everything. For the rest of his short life he was indeed a new man, as you would be if you were converted too. He now carried on his person a copy of the New Testament, that he might read its life-giving pages as opportunity offered, and within its cover he wrote his father's address in Nova Scotia and his own

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personal testimony, for he seems to have had an impression that he would not come out of the war alive.

His impression proved to be true. Before the war was finished the young soldier was dead. His Testament was found in his pocket, its inscription was read, and as a result it came into his father's hands. In order that you may see it, we give a facsimile reproduction below.

Should I be among  
the number that  
will probably fall in battle  
With some one please  
send this to my father at  
the following address -  
J. R. Stewart  
Hortonville  
Canada Nova Scotia

Arthur D Stewart

The <sup>3rd</sup> ~~circumstances~~ <sup>circumstances</sup> in front of  
us and we may be called to  
fight at any time although  
I have no desire to fight or  
wiffully injure any one.  
But death has lost  
its terror for me since  
by faith I saw that Christ  
died for my sin and rose  
again for my justification

Hortonville  
Nova Scotia

Given to me June 8<sup>th</sup> 1898  
at Port Tampa

In this short personal testimony there are three things worth your careful notice. Will you consider them, and see if they are not what you need?

First of all, there is a very short and scriptural account of the

WAY OF SALVATION.

Not a word has he to say as to his own good works, nor does he make any reference to future improvement, or amendment of life; he makes mention rather of the death and resurrection of Christ, he claims it by faith, and confesses it to have taken place for his sin. For these statements he had solid scriptural backing. Compare them with this passage, and see if it is not so:

“ Jesus our Lord . . . who was delivered for our offences, and was raised again for our justification. Therefore being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ ” (Rom. iv. 24; v. 1).

We will not waste time by stopping to prove that you need salvation, for you know yourself that you need it. The only person who does not need it is the one who is perfect, and we are none of us that. We will pause rather to make sure that you are looking for it in the right direction, and complying with God's terms as to its reception, so as to actually possess it.

Salvation rests for its basis absolutely and entirely upon the death and resurrection of Christ. For what does it involve? If we are to be saved there must be the overthrow of every hostile power, in order that we may get a clean deliverance from everything that enslaved and imperilled us, whether now or in eternity. If we are to be justified we must obtain a righteous clearance from every indictment under which we justly lay because of our sins.

Now where will you turn for this? Whence shall proceed the strong arm necessary for that overthrow? Whence the ability to effect a settlement of so grave a matter as SIN, and secure for sinners a decree of justification in the high court of Heaven?

Let all flesh be silent! No man "can by any means redeem his brother, nor give to God a ransom for him" (Ps. xlix. 7). No human arm can bring salvation. Men spend their transient days upon earth, from one generation to another, in vainly attempting to avert, or at least modify, the various disasters that have followed in the wake of sin, such as poverty, vice, crime, disease, death; and how, then, shall they successfully tackle the giant enemy himself? Nor can any man so defend his case before the Judge of all as to obtain a clearance from the guilt of sin in His holy presence. Listen to the challenge: "Produce your cause, saith the Lord; bring forth your strong reasons, saith the King of Jacob" (Isa. xli. 21). Where is your answer to that? How can you do it? Your reasons are weakness itself. You have no cause. You have, as another scripture puts it, "nothing to pay." Happy for you if also you have nothing to say.

When once your mouth is stopped and you take the place of being guilty before God, you will abandon all hope of being justified by the deeds of the law, then you will soon find that all the righteousness you need, God Himself has for you. You will be "justified freely by His grace through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus" (Rom. iii. 19-26).

This was the discovery that Arthur Stewart made. His trust was in the redemption work of Christ to the exclusion of all else; in that work he trusted so as to make personal application of it to his own case. By faith he saw that Christ died for HIS sins and rose again for HIS justification. The knowledge of justification entered his soul, and he was bold to confess it to others.

In the second place a clear note is sounded as to the direct and immediate

### EFFECT OF SALVATION.

When he knew that he was justified, peace with God naturally took possession of his heart, and fear and dread of the consequences of his sins left him. As he puts it, "death has lost its terror for me."

How do you stand in relation to this matter? Death is an ugly fact which has to be faced by each of us. No argument can turn it away. No human power can stop its ravages. Yet the whole face of it may be transformed before you.

How can this be? Well, there is a telling little sentence in the Bible which sheds light upon the question. It is found in 1 Corinthians xv. 56: "The sting of death is sin."

See that child in a state of panic! What is the matter? A bee is crawling on her neck; it is dazed, angry, and evidently inclined to sting. You are not surprised at her fear. But suppose that, being an experienced bee-keeper, you suspect that her fears are groundless, and picking the bee off her, you hold it before her eyes, saying, "Look, child! the bee has no sting, it has already lost it by stinging someone else," you would remove her fears. Owing to settled habit of mind she might still dislike the bee, and prefer to look at it from a distance; still her real fear would be gone.

Do you see the point of my parable? Sin is the sting of death, and rightly death is the "king of terrors" to an unconverted soul. When, however, we see Christ enduring its sting upon the cross, and thereby extracting



it, or, in other words, when we see Christ dying for our sins and rising again for our justification, then the whole character of death is changed. Death may not be a pleasant thing to a believer, he may not be so strong in faith as to be able to welcome it, yet its dread and terror are gone. It has no sting.

Is not this a thing much to be desired? Would it not suit you exactly? Why, then, do you not receive Christ as your Saviour, and so make it your own?

We have here, lastly, a

#### PRACTICAL RESULT OF SALVATION

which is one of the first to manifest itself. The heart of this young soldier was emptied of hatred and the love of evil, and filled with peaceableness and love of his fellow-men. Listen again to what he says, "I have no desire to fight, or wilfully injure anyone."

Let me propose a question: If everyone were animated by that spirit, what would the world be like? The answer is obvious. It would be a delightful place indeed; we should have a perfect millennium! The ideal condition of things would have been reached. We are far, very far, from it to-day. Still, depend upon it, when the love of God enters the heart it carries with it the love of man as well. The converted and justified man finds himself possessed with altogether new affections and desires. He has, in fact, a new source of life within, which enables him to live an altogether new kind of life without.

No idea is more common, and none more erroneous, than that the way to be a Christian is to live a good and kindly life. It is the putting of the cart before the horse.

The truth is that the only way to live a life which is really GOOD in the sight of God is to be a Christian.

Are you a Christian? A real, vital, born-again Christian, I mean. If not, will you consider well the young soldier's testimony, and see if that which filled his soul with peace as he stood in full view of death is not exactly what you need? And if it is what you need, will you not at once approach God in repentance and with faith in Christ? When "forgiveness of sins, and inheritance among them which are sanctified," will be YOURS.

F. B. H.



## SAVED ON THE PRAIRIE

A YOUNG Englishman and a friend were leaving London for the Canadian North-West. A gentleman said to them: "Boys, don't forget that there is a God."

But that was just what W—— desired to do. He had made up his mind to "enjoy life" and have a good time, whatever came of the future. Although he had been christened and confirmed in the Church of England, he was utterly ignorant of God's way of salvation. Like many others, he imagined that no one can know that he is saved until the day of judgment, and foolishly supposed that the Christian life is one of gloom. He did not know that the Christian is the only one that can afford to be happy, and that he is happiest when he remembers facts, whilst the unsaved are only happy when they forget them.

The truly happy man is the one "whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered."

On reaching Canada, W—— boarded a C.P.R. train for Red Deer, Alberta. After various experiences, he secured a homestead of 160 acres and took up farming.

One day, in the spring of 1907, the rain fell in torrents, and continued doing so for quite a while. Finding it difficult to pass the time, W—— ransacked his trunk with the object of finding some interesting reading matter. Whilst doing so he found his Bible, the gift of his dear mother in far-off England. Through curiosity more than anything else he opened it and commenced reading the Gospel of Matthew. As he continued reading his attention was caught by the words of the Lord Jesus in the eighteenth chapter, third verse:

EXCEPT YE BE CONVERTED  
AND BECOME AS LITTLE CHILDREN,  
YE SHALL NOT ENTER INTO  
THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN.

This came as a message from God to W——'s heart and conscience.

"*Converted!*" he said to himself. "*Converted! Converted!*" Unless he was *converted* he could not enter the kingdom of heaven. He had been confirmed by an Anglican bishop, but had he been converted to God?

No; he had never experienced conversion, and he made no profession of it.

"Except ye be converted!" The words were clear and explicit, and the "ye" included W——. He began to see his need. He believed deep down in his soul that if he were called into God's presence he would be eternally lost.

But how was he to get "converted"? What had he to do? He had not the slightest idea, but he continued searching the Scriptures. Whilst reading the account of the crucifixion in John's gospel, the dying words of the Saviour,

"IT IS FINISHED!"

engaged his attention.

The words gripped him. What was it that was *finished*? Eventually W—— came to see that Christ by His sacrificial death had finished *the work of atonement*, and paid the ransom for his soul's deliverance. With a heart full of gratitude he drank in the glorious fact that *God was satisfied* with Christ's finished work, and through believing the good news he was saved. He looked to Christ and lived; he believed and rejoiced.

You, reader, may know Christ as your personal Saviour. Because of what He did and suffered on your behalf, God can righteously deliver you from wrath. Don't think of yourself, your faith, your feelings, prayers or repentance. Look at the suffering, bleeding Lamb of God bearing sin's judgment and dying that you might be eternally saved. If God is satisfied with the finished work of Christ, surely you ought to be satisfied with that which satisfies Him.



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W—— writes: "The hymn that I used to ridicule is the one that I love:

"I saw the burden of my sin,  
By God upon Him laid,  
And He, the spotless Lamb of God,  
My sacrifice was made."

A. M.



## PROFIT AND LOSS

THIS is a world of changes. Some lose all they possess in a moment. Some make fortunes, but when made they very often ruin the owners, if not in time then in eternity.

A man went off to the goldfields of Klondyke, succeeded in finding a fortune, and took ship to return home. One dark, chill night the steamer struck a sunken iceberg in the icy waters off Vancouver. The ship began to sink. The man seized his bag of gold, jumped overboard and perished. His gold dragged him down, body and soul too, we fear. It is not everyone who ends his fortune and his life so tragically, but, if you look well behind the scenes, how many end just as disastrously!

When will men look at the great end of things, and ask themselves the question, "Where shall I spend eternity?"

But it is far more sad to think of the multitudes, who are professedly on their way to heaven, who will never get there. The Klondyke miner made no profession, but what of those who do so, and are unconverted? In the

parable of Matthew xxv. we read of ten virgins, and it is to these that professing Christendom is likened. *All* outwardly alike, *all* possessed lamps and vessels with their lamps, *all* professed to go forth to meet the Bridegroom. Alas! five of the ten were foolish, and had no oil in their vessels with their lamps. When the Bridegroom came the wise went in and the foolish were shut out. Five were not READY, and left the getting ready till TOO LATE.

Oh! you unconverted church members, sacrament-takers, lost Sunday-school teachers and unconverted ministers, be warned. The warning is urgent and kind. If the Lord were to come at this moment, would you rise to meet Him, or would you be left to perish in your sins, discovered to be a professor, without being a *possessor*?

Do not deceive yourself by thinking that you are ready when you are not. What shall be the eternal profit or loss of your soul? "What shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" Yes, what?

W. H. T.





## THE CAPTURE OF PAT AND WHAT CAME OF IT

DURING a recent visit to the city of Winnipeg, Manitoba, a friend of mine told the following story at a gospel meeting :—

As two Scotsmen, stonemasons by trade, were entering a building where evangelistic services were being held, they observed a fellow-workman, an Irish Roman Catholic, passing along the street. Out of sheer mischief they decided that they would take him with them to the meeting.

Pat was quietly seized by his mates, forcibly taken into the building, and placed in a seat from which there was no escape. The Irishman good-naturedly resigned himself to the inevitable, and listened with deep interest to the preacher.

The address was based on the familiar words of 1 Timothy i. 15 : " This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." The preacher showed that God loved the world, proving it by the gift of His Son to bear our sins that we might not perish but be eternally saved. The story of redeeming love was told clearly and earnestly, and the hearers were entreated to believe the " faithful saying " and enter into life and liberty.

One of Pat's captors glanced at him, and was surprised to see tears rolling down his cheeks. On leaving the building Pat was asked why he wept.

“ I’m saved! I’m saved! ” was the joyful but unexpected reply. In all probability it was the first time that Pat had heard God’s way of salvation clearly told, and he believed it. He believed that God loved *him* and gave the Lord Jesus to die in his stead. It was for *sinners* that Christ died; he was a sinner, therefore Christ died for him. Believing in this Saviour, the Irishman could truly declare that he was saved.

Has the reader accepted the “ faithful saying ” yet ?

A. M.



## AMONG THE INDIANS

THE following narrative, showing a love for the Scriptures which is rare among more favoured people, is by one who for many years has been engaged in spreading the Gospel among the Indians of the Canadian North-West.

One of our Indians, with his son, came away down from the distant hunting-grounds to fish on the shores of our Great Lakes. They made splendid fisheries and put up the white fish on a staging where the foxes and wolves could not reach them. One night the father said, “ My son, we leave to-morrow morning early, put the ‘ Book of Heaven ’ in your pack ; we go back one hundred and forty miles to our distant hunting-ground to join the mother and the others in the wigwam home.” So the young man put his Bible in his pack, that they might take it home. Later on, along came an uncle, and said

to the young man, "Nephew, lend me the 'Book of Heaven,' that I may read a little ; I have loaned mine." So the pack was opened, the Bible was taken out, and the man read for a time, and then placed the Bible back among the blankets and went out.

The next morning the father and son started very early on their homeward journey. They strapped on their snowshoes and walked seventy miles, dug a hole in the snow at night, had prayers, and lay down and slept. Next morning they pushed on and made seventy miles more and reached home. That night the father said to his son, "Give me the 'Book of Heaven,' that the mother and the rest may read the Word and have prayers." As the son opened the pack, he said, "Uncle asked for the book two nights ago, and it was not put back."

The father was disappointed, but said little. The next morning he rose early, put a few cooked rabbits in his pack, and away he started. He walked that day seventy miles, and reached the camp where he and his son had stopped two nights before. The next day he had made the other seventy miles, and reached the lake, and found his Bible in his brother's wigwam. The next morning he started again, and, walking in the two days one hundred and forty miles, was back at home once more. That Indian walked on snowshoes two hundred and eighty miles through the wild forest of the North-West to regain his copy of the Word of God. Would we do that much to regain our Bibles? Oh, the power of the Gospel! It can go down very low and reach men deeply sunken in sin, and can save them fully, and make them devout students and great lovers of the blessed Book!

## A SHAM CONVERSION

GEORGE MORTON was born in a village in Eastern Ontario, over forty years ago. When a lad he professed conversion through some special "revival services" that were being held in the place.

Though sincere in his belief that he was converted by God, he was *sincerely mistaken*. Morton, however, was not a "hypocrite." He had no desire or intention to deceive anyone, but he was thoroughly deluded in imagining that he was a Christian. God has but one way of salvation, and if that way is missed, no spiritual change is effected. Multitudes are building their hopes for eternity on sandy foundations, instead of on the Rock of Ages; and the sooner they are undeceived the better.

After Morton's "conversion" he "joined the church" and became an active member. Some years afterwards he removed to Rochester, in the State of New York, and connected himself with one of the principal churches in the city. Eventually he became Superintendent of the Sunday-school, and took a leading part in a "Slum Mission." During Messrs. Moody and Sankey's gospel campaign in Rochester, Morton sang "gospel solos" at the services with such effect that many were moved to tears. For quite a number of years he sincerely believed that he was a Christian, although he had never really been "born again."

Has the reader been "born again" of the Holy Spirit?

If you have not experienced this radical change, you are not a Christian in God's reckoning. "I would rather have one *reared* Christian," said an Irishwoman to a friend of mine, "than a hundred of your *converted* kind." But there are no "*reared*" Christians; all who are true children of God have been "born again."

After a sojourn of several years in the United States, Morton returned to Canada, and obtained employment in a factory in one of the large cities. Months passed, he still taking the ground of being a Christian, and seemingly determined to hold on to his profession. "The entrance of God's Word giveth light," and, as he read his Bible, he became more and more uneasy. "Perhaps, after all, I am not really 'born again'" was suggested to his mind. One day, whilst reading the interview between Nicodemus, the learned Jewish Rabbi, and the Lord Jesus, recorded in the third chapter of the Gospel of John, he was arrested by the words of verse 3: "Verily, verily, I say unto thee, EXCEPT A MAN be born again he CANNOT see the kingdom of God." It was a message from God to his soul, an arrow from the quiver of the Almighty. There and then he

#### RENOUNCED HIS PROFESSION,

acknowledging to God his undone condition. Although Morton was a church member, choir leader, and Sunday-school superintendent, he was an unsaved sinner on the way to ruin. On learning his state in God's sight he decided to make a public confession of the fact. At the following weekly meeting he rose to his feet, and spoke somewhat as follows: "I have been a professing Christian for nearly twenty-seven years, but I have recently learned

from God's Word that I have never been born again. I stand before you to-night as a dead sinner, and if there is a born-again person here I want him to pray for me," and sat down. The effect of such a testimony in such a place, from such a person, can more easily be imagined than described.

Some days after this, he was shown that his sins had been laid on the head of Christ; that He was wounded for his transgressions, and bruised for his iniquities; that sin had been put away by His sacrifice, so that God could righteously justify ungodly sinners who believed on His Son. The gospel of God's matchless grace was laid hold of by Morton, his face lit up with a new-found joy, and he exclaimed: "I see it! I see it! I'm saved. Isn't it simple? I must go and tell Harry"—one who was in soul-trouble. When the factory bell rang at six o'clock that evening, the young convert cycled to the house of his minister, and told him that he was saved. On the preceding day the clergyman had said to him, "Since I heard your confession at the prayer meeting I feel as though I could never preach another sermon." A mighty change, however, had taken place. "I had a wonderful experience at five o'clock this morning," said Mr. ——. "It seemed as though Christ was right in the room beside me, and I saw I had everything in Him, righteousness, justification, and redemption. I have been trying to preach the gospel for thirty years, but did not know it myself!"

A. M.

*The Compiler of this book will be glad to hear from anyone who has found blessing through reading it, or who desires further light as to the way of salvation.*

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