

when we went in, bless God's great name. We can go into every lion's den with Jesus and by faith shut every lion's jaws, and come forth ready to meet worse things than lions—glory to God, O beloved, do not shrink from any trial which is sent to prove your faith!

"Storms"—not light summer showers, but fierce lightnings, thunderbolts, unrooting winds, hail and fire. Moses who went into the thick cloud, amidst thunders and lightnings and the voice of a trumpet, exceeding loud which made all the people of the camp tremble with fright—had found God. The whole mountain was in a smoke, as the smoke of a furnace, and the whole amount quaked exceedingly, but he went up into the calm of the presence of God. It was shaky ground, and no doubt a legion of demons deterred him, but he went, to come down with a faith that counted nothing as impossible in all his future life. You will feel like as though it were shaky sometimes. You may shrink back from the ordeal of a fierce storm of trial, you may see the mount of affliction quaking and shaking, and feel very unsteady but—go in! God is there to meet you in the centre of all your fiery trials, and to whisper his secrets which will make you come down from the mount with a shining face and an indomitable faith that all demons of hell shall never afterwards cause to waver.

"Faith Grows Amid Storms." I do not know who framed the words, but I do realize their significance, and praise Him for every one of the storms: for every trial and persecution, for every bit of sorrow and suffering and misunderstanding which He allowed to come, for He tempered the wind and He Himself met me in the midst of every hard place, thank God. O beloved, it is a glorious privilege to suffer with Him, and to help fill up that which is behind of His sufferings 'for inasmuch as ye are partakers of Christ's sufferings rejoice.' Rejoice!

"RELIGIOUS BUT LOST"

Reader, come, be honest before God, which are you, yourself, SAVED or LOST?

Perhaps you say, like many, 'I don't like to be spoken to in that way: and our minister never asked me such a question.'

Probably he never did, dear reader. And is there not just a possibility of his being unsaved himself? If so, then certainly he will never ask you such a question. Moreover, if he goes to hell, that surely is no reason why you should go, too, is it?

Maybe you reply, "I hope I am not going to that dreadful place. I am not a wicked person. I go to church, and I take the sacrament, and I teach in the Sunday School, and I sing in the choir, and I pray to God, and do the best I can."

Well, granted you do all you say. Now, just take a slip of paper, and write down all those things, and then add this one short sentence, and then you will have the startling truth before your eyes, "I do all that, BUT—I—AM—LOST." Yes, there is no question as to your being religious; but you are lost.

Do you not see, my friend, you have a religion without Christ? You are a lost sinner,

and God has provided a Saviour for you; but, instead of accepting the Saviour, you are working hard at religion to try and save yourself. Take care, my friend, or you will be damned!

Nicodemus was religious, but lost, and had to receive Christ as his Saviour (John 3:1-16). The Apostle Paul, too, was religious, but lost, and he says, "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners; of whom I am chief (I. Tim. 1:15). I could tell you of hundreds who were religious, but lost, and who came to Jesus just as they were—poor, lost, needy sinners—and He received and saved them. The churches and chapels, and meeting-places of various kinds, are crowded with people who are religious, but, alas, lost! And "if our gospel be hid, it is hid to them that are lost; in whom the god of this world hath blinded the minds of them which believe not, lest the light of the glorious gospel of Christ, who is the image of God, should shine unto them" (II. Cor. 4:3, 4).

A young man was dying, but he knew he was lost, and was in a terrible state of anxiety. Ah! death is a terrible reality, and makes people anxious who never were anxious before. The clergyman was sent for. He came, and read the prayers and administered the sacrament to the young man, and told him he had nothing to fear. As soon as he had left, a friend said to the youth, "I hope you are happy, and can die peacefully now." "No!" replied the young man; "I'm not happy, I have not peace, and I cannot die without that. What shall I do?"

No! my reader. Religion with all its rites and ceremonies, without Christ can never give peace to the soul in the dying hour. Never! Shortly after another friend went to see him, and began to read him that beautiful hymn:—

"Just as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come!"

No sooner was the first verse read than the dying youth looked up, and with deep earnestness said, "Read that again." It was read over again, and he drank in every word, listening as for his life. As soon as the verse was finished, he said, "There, that will do; I can die with that." The dear fellow there and then came to Jesus, "just as he was, without one plea," with one solitary spark of goodness—he came with all his deep need, and the Lord saved him. Reader, you must come in the same way, and He will save you.

O, hear His voice saying, "Come unto Me."
(not be religious)

"Come unto Me," a divine person, the blessed Son of God, who died on Calvary that you might be in glory. "Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest" (Matt. 11:28). All your religious routine is but religious slavery—the devil's drudgery. And your sins are a heavy load. Then, come to Jesus, and He will give you rest. He can save you for the work is done. His last words on the cross were, "It is finished." Yes, the sin question is settled, and Jesus is risen and in the glory, the proof that all is done. Then, where you are, and as you are, just hear His voice, and obey it—"Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Take care, and do not hold to your Christless religion till you are eternally lost. —Perfect Love.

Young People's Column

Hartland Mission Station

Dear Children:

Everybody here knows what a "ring man" is. For when an honoured Zulu man reaches the age of about fifty-five, he is made a chief man, by being crowned with a black, shiny ring, that is sewed to his hair. This ring is composed of cloth and the balsam of the wild thorn tree, and is made about the size of a man's thumb, and to encircle the head.

When these men become Christians they discard these rings and wear hats. We teach them that, in heaven, they shall receive a crown of life that fadeth not away." But there is a crown that every man, woman or child may wear during this life. It is described in Is. 35:8-10, and reads in the Zulu Bible, "Crowned with songs and everlasting joy," while in English it reads, "The ransomed of the Lord . . . shall come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads."

I like the Zulu translation, and want you to consider this crown of joy. At a glance we see that this crown comes from the Lord and is for His redeemed ones, who are walking the King's Highway. The next important point is that this crown is "everlasting," so that when we reach "Zion" or Heaven or the City of God, we do not change this crown except that he "sorrow and sighing" that was mixed up in it, flees away.

We notice also that this crown is a fruit of the Spirit, like the Zulu rings, come from the thorn bush. So to have fullness of joy, we must be filled with the Spirit. Again this crown may be lost, for we read, "Hold that fast which thou hast, that no man take thy crown."

In Psalm 51:12, it looks like David was looking and crying for his lost crown: "Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation," he is praying. "Then will I teach transgressors thy ways; and sinners shall be converted unto thee." This text teaches us that our crown is both attractive and desirable. For joy is what the whole world is seeking. Therefore they will want to know the secret of our joy.

The secret is we love the Lord, whom we have not seen, "and rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory." This joy, which is everlasting, comes from the "love of God, which is shed abroad in what the circumstances may be, we keep on loving and rejoicing.

What did Jesus say? "That my joy might remain in you." Also, "That they may have my joy fulfilled in themselves."

We want to bear in mind that this crown of everlasting joy goes with the fullness of the Spirit and with walking in "The Way of Holiness."

Then, last of all, is the duty we owe to others. We must tell them where to find this wonderful crown and how to get it.

When you see a sad old man, just you tell him that this crown is the secret of perpetual youth. For the only old age on the Highway of Holiness is simply the getting nearer the end of a way that "grows brighter and brighter." Tell him that for him there is a crown to wear all along the way, and that will have the sorrow and sighing and thorns extracted when he reaches the heavenly home.

Eved your true friend, on the King's Highway.

H. C. SANDERS.