



WRECKED OR RESCUED—WHICH?

RESCUED!
OR
THE RIVER OF DEATH

SHOWING
HOW PEOPLE PERISH IN IT, AND HOW THEY
MAY BE RESCUED.

by

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Revised Edition.



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RESCUED!

OR,

THE RIVER OF DEATH.

CHAPTER I.

GOD'S LAW.

"My little children, these things write I unto you, that ye may not sin."—1 John ii, 1.

"For whosoever shall keep the whole law, and yet stumble in one point, he is become guilty of all."—James ii, 10.

The accompanying Chart clearly depicts the awful consequences of God's Law broken; the eternal joys of God's Law obeyed.

Every Law God has made is for our good, and disobedience to a single one is defiance to Him, injures His kingdom, and destroys the soul, because "The soul that sinneth, it shall die."

The Law is like a looking-glass; by gazing into it we may see our real self. And while the glass is not made to wash the face, it does show the dirt. **If**

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one is a sinner, this glass shows him his soul covered with the dirt of sin. So the Law can save no one, nor make clean, but reveals the uncleanness which Jesus stands ready to wash away.

The River of Death and all its Branches, shown on the Chart, are filthy Streams, flowing through the Malarious Land of Sin, and all who are drifting in them will perish forever unless they grasp the life-line of God's Word, and are rescued by Jesus, and washed and "made every whit whole."

The love of God is shown just as really in the giving of the Law as in the giving of Jesus and the Holy Spirit.

Sinai is as really divine as Calvary.

The Law forbids Idolatry, because children should love and obey and worship their Heavenly Father above all others. This is for their good as well as for His glory.

It forbids Profanity, because it is wrong for people to speak disrespectfully of Him who made them and loves them.

It forbids Sabbath-breaking, because God loves His children and knows they need weekly a Day in which to visit with Him and rest.

It forbids Disobedience to Parents, because Obedience is the corner-stone of lives of usefulness and happiness here and enjoyment hereafter.

It forbids Murder, because God loves people, and would not have them suddenly summoned by each other to meet the Judgment; and, if obedient, He will guard them as the apple of His eye, and put around them the everlasting arms of His love and protection, until He says, "Enough; come up higher."

It forbids Adultery, because lust is ruinous to both

soul and body—to the individual and to society—and He would have His children pure.

It forbids Theft, because He loves His children with an everlasting love, and would protect them in the property interests which He trusts to their care.

It forbids Lying, because it is born of Hell, and imperils person and property, both of which are precious in His sight.

It forbids Covetousness, because, like a poisonous vine, it creeps through the soul, bearing the blossoms of pride, false ambition, and many other sins which are ruinous to soul and body.

God forbids all Sin, because it imparts to its possessor the very character of Satan, unfitting for usefulness and citizenship in this world and in the world to come.

Let us, then, be thankful to the Heavenly Father, who thus warns us of the Burning Fires of Sin, which will torture all who handle them throughout the cycles of eternity.

CHAPTER II.

THE RIVER OF DEATH.

"For the wages of sin is death."—Rom. vi, 23.

This book is a description of the River of Death, its Branches, and its dangers, and how to escape them. Study the foregoing picture of it very carefully, as it will be often referred to.

This River flows through the "Land of Sin," better known by some as the "Land of Selfishness," and by others as the "Land of Unbelief." This Land abounds with sterile deserts and deadly swamps, and is infested by ravenous wild beasts and venomous serpents. Pit-falls and quicksands are numerous. The inhabitants were lured into it by Satan, and multitudes have and are perishing in spite of the heroic efforts put forth by the King of Heaven and His Son to rescue them. The River of Death, with its Tributaries, flows through this Land, poisoning the inhabitants, and bearing them over the Falls of Eternal Despair to their awful doom and despair.

It is an old River; one of the very oldest in all the World. Its source is way back in the Garden of Eden, when our first parents fell into its fatal flood and lost their spiritual lives.

It is a deep River, so deep that all who sink in it rise no more, unless rescued by Divine Power. Its

banks are so high and steep that no one has ever been able, unaided, to climb them, and millions of souls have gone down in its depths.

It is a popular River—not with the King of Heaven, nor His Son, nor His Spirit, nor His people, but with the Arch Deceiver and the multitudes he is dragging down.

It is a fascinating River. So fascinating that, though its people know their peril and final doom, they frequently resist every appeal and disregard every warning for the momentary pleasure or profit of the ride upon its bosom. They are all the victims of a sort of spiritual insanity, by which the will and affections are deranged, and domineer over the reason and the judgment.

It is a swift River. Its current is so strong that no one, unaided, can resist it, and its waters and banks are alive with poisonous serpents that hiss and sting and kill.

It finally leaps over the greatest Falls in all the World—the Falls of Eternal Despair—and sweeps its victims on into the bottomless Ocean of a burning Hell, where they are “tormented, day and night, for ever and ever.”

There is no other river or stream in all the Universe whose currents thus fill the Ocean of Eternal Doom. Hence Satan himself takes great delight in it, superintends it from the beginning to the end, and, with his imps, sets multitudes of baits and snares to induce people to venture upon its treacherous bosom.

It is a deceptive River. He has a way of making it seem to shimmer and ripple in the sunshine like a great silvery sheen, and the unthinking, unawakened one would not dream of the swift undercurrents, the

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rapids, the angry, foaming whirlpools, the sudden, mad-dening dash over the Falls of Eternal Despair.

But not only is this true about the waters, but there floats about a thin, transparent cloud of a peculiar chloroform, so sweet and fragrant to the senses that the unwary boater drinks it in, not realizing that, like the scent of the lotus-flower, it lulls into forgetfulness, so that eternal things are swallowed up in the dreamy pleasures of to-day; and he believes he is on his way to heaven, when every second is bringing him closer and closer to the sweeping whirlpools. Satan has many agents at work urging people to take these rides.

Not only does he urge them to take the ride, but, once safely in the boat, he persuades them to be their own pilot and to dare the middle of the stream, scorning the Life-boat of Salvation, with Jesus as the Pilot, which would safely carry them to the Plains of Re-generation, from whence the ascent to Holiness Heights and Heaven is easy, and there they should spend a glorious Eternity.

Millions have believed his lies, purposing to sail only a "short while," and then return, but *too late* they find the unseen current so swift and strong they are flung about hither and thither as a toy, and sweep over the merciless Falls, stung by many a scorpion of sin, and shrieking, "Too late!" "Too late!" "I am lost!" "O, is there no help?" "Undone!" "Forever undone!" the awful, anguished cry to ring through the caverns of the doomed and damned even forever.

"To be forewarned is to be forearmed." Hence God has told us all about this "River" in His Word; all about the heroic expedition of His Son from Glory's dazzling heights to earth's dark night to rescue souls

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from Satan's power, from this River's awful flood, and the fearful Falls of Eternal Despair, and the burning Lake of Fire beyond.

Would you like to know more about it? Then read the following chapters. Before you read, promise me one thing; namely, if you find you have been deceived, and are drifting on this fatal Stream, that you will cry to God for help, break away from the enchanted spell that Satan may have thrown around you, and leap into the Life-boat of Salvation which the Savior brings to your side. Will you not?

CHAPTER III.

FIRST RIVER—IDOLATRY.

**“Thou shalt have none other gods before Me.”—
Ex. xx, 3.**

Idolatry is the name of the first Stream that we will study which feeds the River of Death. Many think that all Idolators are in heathen lands, and bow down to gods of wood and stone; but this is a mistake, for ALL ARE IDOLATORS WHO LOVE ANY ONE OR ANYTHING MORE THAN THEY LOVE GOD.

The following are some of the Idols which boys and girls frequently worship, and do not seem to realize their sin and danger:

1. *The Love of Self.* If you love Self more than you love Jesus, then Self has become your Idol. Do you spend more time thinking about Self, admiring Self, and looking at Self than you do in prayer? When Self is crossed, do you feel vexed? Does it make you jealous when your brother or sister or playmate receives favors or gifts and you do not? If so, then you are seeking the Kingdom of Self instead of seeking the Kingdom of God, and in the Death-boat of Self-idolatry you are drifting towards your doom.

2. You ought to love your father and mother, your brothers and sisters, your friends and your foes; but if you love any one more than you love

Jesus, then that one becomes your Idol. People may become Idolators by allowing infatuation to lead to marriage with the ungodly. The object of your affections thus becomes your Idol, for God forbids such marriages. See 2 Cor. vi, 14; also, my book on "Impressions."

A dear young girl, a junior in one of our large colleges, became infatuated with an unsaved young man. Friends tried to make a "match," and succeeded. She came to us for advice. We pleaded for her soul, and faithfully warned her of the consequences. They were married. In no sense were they congenial. She was educated and refined; he the opposite. She was pure; he was sensual. She tried to lift him up; he dragged her down until friends scarcely recognized her. Why? Because she was saved; he was unsaved. In one short year she wrote, "My married life has been *brimful* of sorrow, suffering, and anguish." Before three years had passed they had separated, a divorce asked for, and she now has a hard time to support her two children.

Do you take greater delight in pleasing your friends than in pleasing God? Does it rejoice you more to give to them than to give to the suffering cause of Jesus? If God takes your loved ones to Himself, do you rebel and feel hard toward Him for so doing? If any of these things are true, then you have set up an Idol in your heart, where Christ alone should reign.

Some years ago a father and mother with six children lived in a beautiful country home, so quiet and peaceful, away from the noise and bustle of the world. They had everything to make them happy. But one night, when all were asleep, mother was suddenly awakened by a peculiar gurgling in the room next to

hers. Greatly frightened, she hurried to the bedside, and there lay the eldest, about sixteen, with burning head and hands, trying to breathe. In one hour later the physician said, gravely, "Diphtheria." With the gray light of morning she slipped away to be with Jesus, whom she so much loved.

In another week the sister who slept with her was laid, in the evening twilight, in the little hill cemetery beside her. By this time father and mother, who had professed to love Jesus, found themselves bitterly rebelling.

One month slipped away, and two more little graves were made; then one week more, and together, in one coffin, baby and little sister were laid away until the resurrection morning. No tongue can describe the heart-agony of father and mother. Their hair began turning white, but, above all, their hearts into stone; by hot rebellion against Him, they lost the joy and peace from their hearts, and missed the sweet, tender, comforting presence of Jesus to soothe and help them.

To-day the home stands beautiful and still; but father and mother are far, far from God. They had, unconsciously, made Idols of the children.

3. *Business.* Many grown people make this an Idol which they worship. They give their lives to their own Business, and little or nothing to God's Business. They say their Business must be attended to, and so neglect their souls and the worship of God, who made them. This has proven to be one of the most alluring, successful Boats on which Satan has shipped multitudes over the Fatal Falls. Beware, children, as you older grow, lest you enter in. Good Business is right, if done rightly and for God; but

if its claims are pressed before His, it is a curse instead of a blessing.

4. *Worldly Pleasure.* God gives all His true children Pleasures for evermore. He makes their peace like a river, and fills them with the fullness of His joy. Satan has his sham Pleasures, which amuse for a little time, and then die out, and leave a fatal burn. One of the positive proofs that millions are drifting down this awful Stream is that they are "lovers of Pleasure more than lovers of God." Do you love your own Pleasure more than you love to please Jesus? Do you play when you should study or help papa or mamma? If so, look out! Many have floated down this Stream so far that they love to visit and go on excursions on the holy Sabbath-day instead of to the house of God. They love the theater, the dance, worldly songs, the circus, playing cards, and other wicked amusements more than they love communion with God and the company of His people and songs of salvation. They are thoughtless, worldly, gay, and giddy, forgetful that they are drifting toward the Falls and that an awful Eternity is just before them. Like Belshazzar of old, their Pleasure is short and their eternal doom certain. Have you not read in the Bible how he sailed down this River in the Boat of Worldly Pleasure? How quickly it capsized and drifted over the Falls of Eternal Despair! All who sail in it, unless rescued by Saving Grace, will suffer similar wreckage. Many other gayly-painted Boats drift down this black Stream. Some love their Reputation more than God, and care more about what men think of them than what God thinks. All who do so, make that their Idol. Others give greater honor to their own

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Views than they do to God and His Word. Such worship their own Opinions. If you have not given up all Sin, and yielded to Jesus and been converted, if you love some one or something more than God, you are drifting down this deceptive River. The awful wickedness of this Sin is seen from the following facts:

God has made us, redeemed us, keeps us every moment, and gives us every blessing which we have. Therefore we should love Him more and serve Him better than any one else.

He has made us for His own glory, and demands that we give Him our first and greatest love. To refuse to do this would be like plucking the sun from the heavens and leaving darkness in its place.

Did you ever think how badly it would make your parents feel if they should discover that you are loving their gifts more than you love them?

What would you think of a kingdom that would drive a kind, good king from the throne, and put a wicked person in his place, and obey and worship him? Yet all do this who are breaking the First Commandment and daring to sail down this black River of Idolatry, which bears all upon its bosom into the River of Death and over the Fatal Falls to eternal night.

If you break this Commandment, and love some one or something more than you love Him, you defy His love and authority; you lose His help; you discard His salvation, holiness, and heaven, and choose to drift down to Christless, endless, hopeless, awful night.

If you are in this River, will you not just now give up all Sin, submit to Jesus, trust Him to save you, call earnestly to Him for help, and thus leap into the Life-boat? Then Jesus will enter your heart, and show

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you how to so die to every Idol and trust Him that He will cleanse your heart from all Sin and abide in it forever. Are you not ready to say:

“The dearest Idol I have known,
Whate'er that Idol be,
Just now I tear it from Thy throne,
And worship only Thee?”

CHAPTER IV.

SECOND RIVER—IDOL WORSHIP.

“Thou shalt not make unto thee a graven image, nor the likeness of any form that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth: thou shalt not bow down thyself unto them, nor serve them: for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children, upon the third and upon the fourth generation of them that hate Me; and shewing mercy unto thousands of them that love Me and keep My commandments.”—Ex. xx, 4-6.

The First Commandment forbids all internal, or heart-Idolatry. The Second, all outward Idolatry. One is treason against God in the heart; the other against hoisting the traitor's flag and proclaiming it.

God looks upon Idolatry as one of the vilest sins that can be committed against Him.

It is so awful in His sight that He commanded people who were found guilty of it to be stoned to death, and in Rev. xxi, 8, He declares of all idolators:

“Their part shall be in the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone; which is the second death.”

You are guilty of this wickedness if you do the following things:

Make gods of stone or wood or clay or anything else, and bow down and worship them.

Dedicate temples to other than the true God.

Build costly churches to please human pride and ambition, instead of for the glory of God.

Offer prayers and sacrifices to other than the God of Heaven.

Worship images of Mary or of the saints.

The following are some of the reasons why all should avoid this crime:

God has expressly forbidden it.

It is saying publicly that you reject Jesus and accept sham religion.

It is degrading to you who are guilty of it, as one can not rise higher than the object of his worship.

It strengthens you in your error. It dethrones the true God from His place of worship in your soul, and puts a base substitute in His stead.

It never satisfies the cravings of your immortal soul.

It brings disappointment and chagrin, the displeasure of the true God, exclusion from Heaven, and eternal torment.

This Stream is one of the largest tributaries of the River of Death. Whole nations are drifting upon its apparently placid bosom.

Your condition is the more deplorable because by this act of treason against the true God, who loves you, and His Son, Jesus Christ, who died for you, that you shut yourself out of pardon, help, and Heaven, and throw the doors of your soul wide open to all the follies and superstitions and vices with which Satan delights to deceive you.

God commands His people to herald and proclaim to these darkened ones the "glad tidings of great joy," that they may "turn from these idols to serve the living and true God, and wait for His Son from heaven."

Would you not like to be one of the honored number who will go and tell them? If you will fully yield all to Him, possibly He will call you to this glorious work, and help you, among the heathen nations, to win multitudes to Jesus, and be among the number of whom He has said:

"They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever."—Dan. xii, 3.

People who are converted from Idolatry often become the very best of Christians.

I have heard of two little boys in China who had given up all their Idols and were fully following Jesus. They were bitterly persecuted, both by their teacher and by their playmates, who were heathen. Finally the teacher commanded these two boys to stand up before the school, and all the other pupils marched around the room, and every one of them spit on their faces. The little heroes did not flinch nor complain, but broke out in a triumphant song:

**"Must Jesus bear the cross alone,
And all the world go free?
No, there's a cross for every one,
And there's a cross for me.**

The consecrated cross I'll bear,
Till death shall set me free,
And then go home my crown to wear;
For there's a crown for me."

Do you believe that you would have been as brave?
Surely you may, if, like them, your trust is in the
living God.

Having read these two chapters, can you look
right up into the face of God, and say, "Heavenly
Father, I have renounced every Idol that was in my
heart, and every Idol that was outside of it?"

Woe unto all who are drifting on either of these
fearful Streams toward the Falls of Eternal Despair.

Happy are they who, through Jesus, have been
rescued from their waters, and are now rejoicing in
the consciousness that Jesus saves.

"Little children, keep yourselves from Idols."

CHAPTER V.

THIRD RIVER—PROFANITY.

“Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh His name in vain.”—Ex. xx, 7.

This is the third great Tributary whose waters help to swell the increasing flood of the River of Death. Multitudes tumble into it to rise no more forever.

Would you like to hear the story of one of the first persons who perished in its waters? Then turn to Lev. xxiv, 10-16, which is a vivid picture of the fall and death of one who plunged into this awful River. It says:

“And the son of an Israelitish woman, whose father was an Egyptian, went out among the children of Israel: and the son of the Israelitish woman and a man of Israel strove together in the camp; and the son of the Israelitish woman blasphemed the Name, and cursed: and they brought him unto Moses. And his mother’s name was Shelomith, the daughter of Dibri, of the tribe of Dan. And they put him in ward, that it might be declared unto them at the mouth of the Lord.

"And the Lord spake unto Moses, saying, Bring forth him that hath cursed without the camp; and let all that heard him lay their hands upon his head, and let all the congregation stone him. And thou shalt speak unto the children of Israel, saying, Whosoever curseth his God shall bear his sin. And he that blasphemeth the name of the Lord, he shall surely be put to death; all the congregation shall certainly stone him: as well as the stranger, as the homeborn, when he blasphemeth the name of the Lord, shall be put to death."

God places a special emphasis against the violation of this Commandment, expressly declaring that its violator will NOT BE HELD GUILTY. Like God's other laws, it is for our good and His glory.

Human laws provide for the arrest of people for "contempt of court" who speak disrespectfully of their officers. Much more is he guilty who "takes in vain" the name of the King of kings.

Would you not feel justly and righteously indignant if you heard the name of your father or mother spoken of disparagingly or used in vain? Then how much more should you revere and love the name and character of Him who has created you, and given His Son to save you from your sins, and from whom you receive every breath you draw and every pleasure which you have!

O, the soul-defiling, death-dealing mystery of Sin, that will sink its child so low that he will be guilty of so vile a deed!

People become guilty of this Sin and expose themselves to its awful perils in the following ways:

By profane swearing, like the blasphemous words

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which frequently flow from the lips of the openly wicked.

By calling to God when you do not mean it.

By using “by-words” as substitutes for swearing.

By thinking “swear-words;” for, “as one thinketh in his heart, so is he.”

By using God’s name in prayer and songs idly.

Have you ever noticed that this Commandment prohibits, not only swearing, but “taking His name *in vain?*” So that whatsoever takes “His name in vain” in any way breaks this Commandment, and whosoever habitually thus uses it is drifting on this Fatal River’s poisonous waters.

Jesus says, for every “idle word” that man shall speak he must give an account at the Day of Judgment. If this is true of every idle word, truly it embraces idle words where the name of God Himself has been idly used. Religious blasphemers, who thus sin in songs and prayers and conversation, may be even more vile than those whose swearing is more vulgar. Jesus says:

“Again, ye have heard that it was said to them of old time, Thou shalt not forswear thyself, but shalt perform unto the Lord thine oaths: but I say unto you, Swear not at all; neither by the heaven, for it is the throne of God; nor by the earth, for it is the footstool of His feet; nor by Jerusalem, for it is the city of the great King. Neither shalt thou swear by thy head, for thou canst not make one hair white or black. But let your speech be, Yea, yea; Nay, nay: and whatsoever is more than these is of the evil one.”—Matt. v, 33-37.

Beloved, are you guilty? If so, stop and think. Remember that God hears you, reads you, sees you.

Do not forget that, while you may be thoughtless and gay about your work or play, that, if unforgiven, you are every moment drifting, drifting, drifting down this awful River; that you have insulted God and broken His law; that you have brought upon your soul the guilt of Sin and the righteous wrath of Him whom you thus have wronged; and that you have invited a fearful penalty, which your soul must meet and suffer for ever and ever, unless you repent and leap into the Life-boat of Salvation.

Of all the sins which man commits, there is none more aggravating nor less excusable than this.

It is a senseless sin. No possible profit in it in any way.

It is an excuseless sin, as there is no reason why any one should commit it.

It is a devilish sin, as it shows that its possessor has the very nature of Satan, who hates God and insults Him and breaks His laws.

It is specially aggravating in the sight of God. All sin is loathsome in His sight; but this sin is the only one in the whole catalogue against which He expresses the intensity of His anger, by saying:

“The Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh His name in vain.”

May it not be, this sin committed, opens the flood-gates of the soul more fully to all others?

If Satan can get you to set sail in the Death-boat of Profanity, he will have little trouble in alluring you into all the other Tributaries of the River of Death.

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Will not every reader of these pages stop here just a moment, and ask God to help him to see that every person who is guilty of this sin is like:

A criminal, who would break the righteous laws of his country, and then curse the kind rulers who made them?

Like a wicked boy, who would speak disrespectfully of his kind parents who love, clothe, and feed him?

Would you like to have me tell you what I seem just now to see?

I fancy that I see a boy playing by the side of this awful River. He goes close to its edge, where the bank is very steep, picking Sin's poisonous flowers, which abound on every side. Suddenly he becomes angry. For the first time an oath falls from his lips, and he falls headlong into this awful River. Devils and wicked men welcome him, and in the Death-boat of Profanity he is launched upon the Stream. At first he shrinks from the awful curses which he hears, but soon gets used to them, and is as wicked as those around him. False friends applaud him, so, smoking, gambling, and swearing, together they drift rapidly onward toward their doom. Frequently Christ and His servants approach him with the Life-boat of Salvation, but he says, "I am having so much fun; I can't give it up," and rejects it, and suddenly his boat strikes an unseen rock, goes to the bottom, and his soul, with shrieks of agony, is borne over the Falls of Eternal Despair. Lost! Lost! Lost forever!

O beware, beware of this River!

Christ only can save you. The Life-boat of Salvation waits to rescue your imperiled soul. It will bear

you, amid songs of victory and everlasting joy, to the Land of Life, from which you may pass up to Holiness Heights, and from thence to the Eternal Glory of the Redeemed. God invites; Jesus will receive you. He loves you, O so tenderly! The Spirit is drawing you. Will you not yield just now?

CHAPTER VI.

FOURTH RIVER—SABBATH-BREAKING.

“Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work: but the seventh day is a Sabbath unto the Lord thy God: in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy manservant, nor thy maidservant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates: for in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day: wherefore the Lord blessed the Sabbath day, and hallowed it.”—Ex. xx, 8-11.

Satan strives to make people think that the Sabbath is an irksome requirement by which God keeps His people from real enjoyments.

This is one of his blackest lies. Instead of that, God purposed it should be a day in which all may rest, and enjoy communion with Him and with each other, that they may thus be fitted in mind, soul, and body for the work He has for them to do.

The Sabbath is humanity’s great restorer, in which body, mind, and spirit rest and are invigorated.

It is a God-given type of the perfect and heavenly soul-rest which awaits all who fully follow Christ,

It is a harbor where storm-stranded vessels rest and are repaired.

It is a temple in which our Heavenly Father meets and communes with His children.

It is a celestial observatory from which one views Eternity and its realities.

It is a training-school for this world and the next.

It is our "Lord's-day," commemorating His resurrection.

"If thou turn away thy foot from the Sabbath, from doing thy pleasure on My holy day; and call the Sabbath a delight, and the holy of the Lord honorable; and shalt honor it, not doing thine own ways, nor finding thine own pleasure, nor speaking thine own words: then shalt thou delight thyself in the Lord; and I will make thee to ride upon the high places of the earth; and I will feed thee with the heritage of Jacob thy father: for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it."—Isa. lviii, 13, 14.

Jesus named some exceptions to the stringent Jewish rule of Sabbath observance. He taught that it is "lawful to do good" upon the Sabbath-day, and that works of mercy, like relieving suffering, are lawful and right. He would have us to be neither Sabbathless worldlings, seeking our own pleasure, nor bigoted Pharisees, bound by the mere letter of the law. We must honor the exceptions in favor of "doing good" and "mercy" as well as the law demanding cessation of toil.

Sabbath desecration is an appalling and general

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sin. Multitudes on every side break this law, and are drifting down the River of Death "into the eternal fire which is prepared for the devil and his angels." (Matt. xxv, 41.)

The following are some of the reasons why you should faithfully keep the Sabbath-day:

Because God commands it, and to break His law is rebellion against His government.

Because we all need the rest which its rightful observance brings.

Because the penalty of breaking it is eternal death.

Because Jesus kept it, and we should be like Him.

Because we need the instruction and communion with God which are received through His worship.

There are many ways in which people break this Commandment, and thus displease God, and expose themselves to the certain death which befalls all who persist in sailing upon this great feeder of the River of Death. They

Do unnecessary work on the Sabbath;

Make it a day of pleasure and amusement;

Neglect religious meetings;

Read secular papers and other irreligious reading;

Go to Sunday picnics and excursions;

Needlessly travel on Sunday;

Have worldly visiting;

Lounge and sleep; the night is for sleep; the Sabbath-day for rest;

Write business letters;

Run trains and print papers;

Do secular business;

Go to church simply to see or to be seen.

It is impossible for an unholy person to keep the Sabbath holy. Hence, all who persist in remaining

unholly break this Commandment and invite its fearful penalty.

He who is guilty of Sabbath-breaking is like:

A man who would rush from the kind shelter of a friendly hospital to perish on the street;

A disabled ship which would refuse to remain in the harbor for repairs, and so sink in the deep;

A man who would steal the seventh dollar from a friend who had given him six;

An engineer who would run his train, when the boxes are all on fire, until there is a wreck;

A soldier who would disobey the orders of his general;

A person who would fondle a viper in his bosom;

The first Sabbath-breaker of whom it is written, "The man shall surely be put to death;"

Apostate Israel, to whom God said:

"But if ye will not hearken unto Me to hallow the Sabbath day, . . . then will I kindle a fire in the gates thereof, and it shall devour the palaces of Jerusalem, and it shall not be quenched."—Jer. xvii, 27.

Those who persist in Sabbath-breaking will, in the course of time, feel the lightning-strokes of God's wrath leap upon them. If you are guilty of any one of the following, you are open to His judgments:

Disregard for God's authority, and the penalty thus incurred;

The peril which attends loss of Sabbath worship and instruction;

The formation of evil companionships;

Baleful influence over others;

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The reproaches, through all Eternity, of those thus led astray;

Overtaxed energies, a troubled conscience, an offended God, severe judgments, a Christless death, the loss of the soul, and eternal despair;

The sin and penalty both are more terrible when the transgressor is a professed Christian.

Would you like to know how the Sabbath-breaker formerly was punished? Turn to Number xv, 32-36, which tells us:

“And while the children of Israel were in the wilderness, they found a man gathering sticks upon the Sabbath day. And they that found him gathering sticks brought him unto Moses and Aaron, and unto all the congregation. And they put him in ward, because it had not been declared what should be done to him. And the Lord said unto Moses, The man shall surely be put to death: all the congregation shall stone him with stones without the camp. And all the congregation brought him without the camp, and stoned him with stones, and he died; as the Lord commanded Moses.”

Sabbath-breaker, will you not listen to Him who says, “Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out?” He is able to save, willing to save, promises to save, came to save, is saving millions, and will save you if you will renounce sin, come to Him, and trust Him to do it. “Now is the accepted time. Now is the day of salvation.” O, will you not yield at once!

A young man, sick of his wild career, had resolved

to live a different life, and had turned his steps toward the house of God.

Just as he was about to enter, an old chum saw him, and prevailed upon him to go with him to a Sunday resort.

On the return home he fell from the train, and was crushed, and soon died.

While dying, he called for the false friend who had turned his steps unto the fatal snare of the Sabbath-breaker, and, as his life-blood was oozing away, he fixed his eyes upon him, and said:

"That was bad business, Joe, you taking me away from church. When I'm dead, I want you to tell the boys that it was drink and Sabbath-breaking that did it; and while you are telling them, *I'll be in hell, and you'll be to blame for it.*"

REMEMBER THE SABBATH-DAY.

Rena Ray, in Michigan Christian Advocate.

A young lad, the only child of a widow, came from a home of beauty and wealth in the city to a rural town in which I lived to spend the summer, that he might roam at pleasure over the green fields and hills, and receive health from the fresh, invigorating air.

He was a sprightly, clever boy, and won the heart of every one that saw him. He was always in motion, running, hopping, shouting, and singing, and his power of imitation was so rare that he could mimic surprisingly the birds, lambs, calves, and even the clatter of the mill. Indeed, every sound that he heard was re-echoed by him, and thus he passed the time merrily away.

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I was a year older, and of a graver turn than he, but I loved him so well, though, that I would have spent all my time with him if I could.

One Sabbath morning—I shall never forget that morning—I started out alone for church, my mother being ill and my father abroad. I walked briskly along at first, for the bells were chiming and the organ was pealing out solemnly on the air; but by and by I stopped to listen to the birds that were singing cheerily among the trees. While I was listening, the cool west wind fanned my cheeks, and I cast my eyes wistfully over the green fields toward the river and the beautiful hills, and, although a still small voice whispered, “Remember the Sabbath-day,” I yielded to temptation, and went astray.

But I did not go astray alone. No, I met with Ned Darley, the boy from the city, who was on his way to church, and I persuaded him to go with me over the green fields down to the river, to spend the hours of sacred rest in quest of diversion and pleasure.

Ned loved the river; so did I; loved to wander beside it, to skip stones over it, to watch the frogs, to catch the fish, to wade and to swim in it. But we had not come prepared to fish, and we soon grew tired of skipping stones and watching the frogs, so we went into the water. At first we only waded hither and thither, splashing the water gayly about, and singing and shouting in the joy of our hearts; but by and by Ned took to diving and swimming and performing little fantastic evolutions.

He moved about with such ease and grace that it seemed as if the water must be his native element; but suddenly he shrieked wildly, put his hand to his head, and sank beneath the wave. I was wild with

terror, and I cried out desparingly. **It was all I could do.** Alas, I could not save him.

Many years have passed by since then, but **the boy drowned in the river haunts me like a specter.** His cry rings ever in my ear, and I think ever with sorrow that if I had remembered the Sabbath-day poor Ned Darley would be living now, and his mother would not have died broken-hearted.

O, friends, when you are tempted to withdraw your foot from the house of worship, and wander off in pursuit of diversion and pleasure, think of my life-long anguish and remorse, and remember the Sabbath-day!

CHAPTER VII.

FIFTH RIVER—OBEDIENCE TO PARENTS.

“Honor thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.”—Ex. xx, 12.

“Cursed be he that setteth light by his father or his mother.”—Deut. xxvii, 16.

“And he that smiteth his father, or his mother, shall be surely put to death.”—Ex. xxi, 15.

“Children, obey your parents in the Lord: for this is right.”—Eph. vi, 1.

If you had a map of the Geography of the spiritual world, you would find one of the most terrible rushing branches of the River of Death is Disobedience to Parents.

A peculiarity of this River is that so many children fall into it. It is one of the very first Streams into which little ones fall, unless they are very carefully trained. If you have parents who have kept you from its fatal flood, you ought to shout for joy and run and give them an extra hug and kiss.

Father and mother are your natural, God-appointed protectors, teachers, and governors. How good of God

to thus shield and care for you when you are unable to do so yourself! If sin had not entered the world and deranged it, doubtless children would never have felt like breaking this Commandment. God gives the following promises to all who keep it:

Length of life; live "long upon the land." This embraces an inheritance in the "Land of Salvation," and also on earth with those of whom Jesus said:

"Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth."—Matt. v, 5.

God's favor—"This is well-pleasing to God." (Eph. v, 20.)

"The consciousness of doing right." (Eph. vi, 1-16.)

Prosperity—"That it may be well with thee, and thou mayest live long on the earth." (Eph. vi, 3.)

The only exception to Obedience to Parents is where they command to do wrong. In such cases the command of God is plain, and children should follow His instructions, given in Ezekiel xx, 18:

"I said unto their children in the wilderness, Walk ye not in the statutes of your fathers, neither observe their judgments, nor defile yourselves with their idols."

If parents command to steal, or swear, or lie, or cheat, or murder, or to marry unconverted persons, or anything else which God clearly forbids, their authority should be kindly but firmly resisted, even if punishment or martyrdom is the result. If you obey them when they command you to disobey God, then they are your idols, and you are guilty of Idolatry.

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Upon loyalty to this Commandment rests largely obedience to government and to God.

Faithful children make faithful citizens and faithful Christians.

"Without natural affection" is one of the marks of apostasy from God, while true religion "turns the hearts of fathers to the children, and the hearts of children to their fathers."

To violate this Law is to incur as severe a penalty as of any other of the Commandments.

Children break it, and fall into the River in the following ways:

By open disobedience.

By disregarding father's or mother's wishes.

By treating their counsels lightly.

By being unthankful for their favors.

By being disrespectful and saucy to them.

By calling them "the old folks" or kindred unseemly names.

By jesting about their old-fashioned ways or speeches.

By being ashamed of their company.

By neglecting them when in need.

By living so as to bring a reproach upon them.

By joining in conversation against them.

By refusing to ask forgiveness when they have wronged them.

By giving to others the love and honor and obedience which is due them only.

By being discontented with them.

By running away from home.

In these and other ways this Law may be broken, and the awful consequences brought on yourself.

Among the results of its violation are the following:

A guilty conscience.

Disrespect for all law and restraint.

Yielding to other sins.

Trouble and disappointment.

An offended God.

Unless rescued by the Life-boat of Salvation, an endless hell.

A disobedient child is like—

A serpent which stings the man who saves it.

A man who turns traitor to the government which protects him.

A lunatic who would burn the house that shelters him.

A man who would sow brambles, and look to reap grain.

All who claim the salvation which makes the keeping of this and all the other Commandments a delight shall live long “upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth,” and shall be like the “sun when he goeth forth in his might.”

Jesus was subject to His parents when a child, and among His last acts He provided for His aged mother.

Happy are they who follow in His steps.

BENNIE.

Domestic Journal.

He was only ten, and small of his age, but he **was** a hero, and fought his battle and died a victor before his eleventh birthday. Like many other dying mothers,

Bennie's had left this message, "Take care of father," and Bennie had answered, "I will, mother."

And he kept his promise. The gaunt wolf of poverty was always lurking near the threshold of the desolate room which Bennie called "home." But the brave child would not allow him to enter. He could not do much, but he fought him off with all the strength he possessed. He helped a larger boy sell papers whenever he could get away from watching his father; he did errands; he held horses; he sold apples for an old woman who had the corner stand; in fact, he did "what he could," and trusted God for the rest. In winter's cold or summer's heat he was always to be found at night in the vicinity of a saloon which his father visited. Whether it was eight or nine or ten or eleven o'clock when his father reeled out, the faithful child was always ready to lead him home safely. His reward was usually curses, sometimes blows; but Bennie did not murmur; he would keep his promise, whatever his father chose to do.

When Thomas Dunn, Bennie's father, was sober, he seemed to care for his little boy—once even going so far as to put his hand gently upon his head and say, with a half sob, as if realizing the child's neglected condition, "Poor boy! poor little Bennie!" But Thomas Dunn's sober intervals were getting rare.

Bennie, weary and heart-broken, began to fear that the wolf *must* cross their threshold, for it took all of his time now to "take care of father." He was always staggering around somewhere, or stumbling over something; he seemed to need Bennie every moment. One day, as the two were crossing the street, the staggering man fell, and Bennie's full strength was used to pull him to a place of safety. In another moment Bennie's

feet were crushed out of all shape as two runaway horses drawing a heavy carriage trampled over him. He was picked up gently and taken to a hospital, whither his sobered father followed him.

Terrible days followed—days of physical agony to Bennie; days of mental torture to his repentant father. One evening just at dusk, Bennie opened his eyes, in which the light of reason once more shone. A look of wonder was on his patient face. In the gloaming he could see the hospital surgeon sitting beside him. What did it mean?

"Why am I here?" he asked, his voice faint and trembling.

"You were injured, my boy, and we had to perform an operation," answered a gentle voice.

"What was the operation?" his voice trembling with fear.

"Your feet were amputated, my poor child."

"Cut off, sir, do you mean?"

"Yes, cut off."

"O, sir, what will become of father? I promised mother I'd take care of him, and—and—"

"Do n't think about that now, Bennie," said the surgeon, his voice shaken with sobs.

"But I *must* think about it, sir; father 'll be under the horses' feet, an' mebbe be killed, an' he ain't ready to die. Could n't I have crutches, sir, an' go an' find father?"

Some one whom he had not noticed in the dusk was kneeling at the foot of the bed; the person now crept nearer, and a voice shaken with sobs said, "You do n't need the crutches, Bennie, lad; father's here, and he 'll never leave you."

It was even so; over the faithful child's crushed

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feet the dissipated father had found his way to the *Cross*.

Bennie died that night. His last words, looking up with a smile, were, "Mother! O mother! I kept my promise; *I did take care of father.*"

THANK GOD FOR MOTHER.

Herald and Presbyter.

After one of the hard-fought battles of the war, a Confederate chaplain was called hastily to see a dying soldier. Taking his hand, he said, "Well, my brother, what can I do for you?"

He supposed the young fellow would want to cry to God for help in his extremity; but it was not so.

"Chaplain," said he, "I want you to cut a lock of hair for my mother; and then, chaplain, I want you to kneel down, and return thanks to God for me."

"For what?" asked the chaplain.

"For giving me such a mother. O, she is a good mother! Her teachings are my comfort now. And then, chaplain, thank God that by His grace I am a Christian. What would I do now if I were not a Christian? And thank God for giving me dying grace. He has made this hard bed feel 'soft as downy pillows are.' And, O chaplain, thank Him for the promised home in glory—I'll soon be there."

"And so," said the chaplain, "I kneeled by his bed with not a petition to utter, only praises and thanksgiving for a good mother, a Christian hope, **dying grace**, and an eternal home in **glory**."

PAID IN HIS OWN COIN.

If children ill-treat their parents, they may expect the results to come back upon themselves in similar acts from their own offspring.

A certain son treated his aged and dependent father very unkindly. He would not allow him to have his meals with the family, and compelled him to eat with a wooden spoon.

Seeing his own little boy whittling one day, he asked him what he was making. The innocent, though cutting, answer was :

"I 'm making a spoon for you to eat with when you get old like you make grandpa eat with now."

Surely "with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured unto you."

CHAPTER VIII.

SIXTH RIVER—MURDER.

“Thou shalt do no murder.”—Ex. xx, 13.

God loves every one. He loves so intensely that He has made a Law punishing with eternal death any person who shall kill another.

Is it not terrible that man, who was created in the image of God, should fall so low and become so cruel and wicked that, worse than a wild beast, he will take the life of another?

The Stream of Murder is red with blood. Satan delights in pushing people into it, and sets many traps to keep them there.

God forbids all people from sailing on these waters. He warns them of its awful danger, and if they spurn His warning they do so at the peril of their souls.

People fall into these deadly waters—

By killing their fellow-men, by poison, sword, bullet, or any other manner.

By doing this deliberately or in a passion of anger.

By taking their own lives—suicide.

By inducing others to murder.

By exposing others to needless danger, as David did Uriah.

By shortening their own lives through the use of liquor, tobacco, opium, and kindred poisonous drugs.

By manufacture, sale, or license of these.

By knowingly overworking employees.

By taking human life in any of its stages.

By hatred in the heart: "He that hateth his brother
is a murderer."

Reader, do you realize that, if in your heart you have hatred toward any one, in God's sight you are just as really a murderer as though you were convicted of the crime and on your way to the scaffold?

By soul-murder; i. e., neglecting to warn the wicked when God commands it.

"When I say unto the wicked, Thou shalt surely die; and thou givest him not warning, nor speakest to warn the wicked from his wicked way, to save his life; the same wicked man shall die in his iniquity; BUT HIS BLOOD WILL I REQUIRE AT THINE HAND."

—Ezek. iii, 18.

Thus He teaches that for souls lost whom we might have saved had we obeyed Him we will be guilty of murder.

By secret sins which sap the very source of life.

By dueling and prize-fighting.

By wars, contrary to the New Testament.

By becoming slaves of lust.

The murderer is possessed of the very nature of Satan himself, for it is declared he was "a murderer from the beginning," and God says, "No murderer hath eternal life abiding in him," and that murderers, with others who have broken His laws and rejected His Gospel, must "have their part in the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone." He also teaches that murder is a disease of the heart as well as an act of the life;

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therefore your heart must be right in order to save from the disease.

Two little boys were once playing. Suddenly one became very angry, and kicked his playmate just as hard as he could—so hard that in a little while he died from the effects of the kick, and the little boy became a guilty murderer, to be borne, by the swiftly rushing tide, into the River of Death and over the Falls of Eternal Despair, unless rescued by Jesus.

I once visited a prisoner who was confined awaiting execution. The day of his death was fixed, and in less than three weeks he was to be launched into eternity for murder. Christian friends had labored with him, and he professed conversion. I probed him deeply to test the reality of his conversion, and he met every test. In answer to searching questions, he said that he was heartily sorry for his sins, had renounced them all in heart, would make wrongs right, if possible, accepted Jesus as his Savior, felt that he deserved punishment, prayed for his enemies, and had confessed Christ before his fellow-prisoners.

He was asked, “If the governor would come and offer you a pardon on the condition you would give up your hope in Christ, what would you do?”

With strong emphasis he said, “*I'd stick to my religion.*”

His keeper was moved to tears.

The prisoner united with us in a fervent prayer, and touchingly asked God's blessing upon those who had brought him to the Word of Life. He was executed in a few days.

Thus, now, as in the days of Jesus, many criminals go into the Kingdom before the self-righteous Pharisees, and it is proved that Jesus is able and willing

"to save to the uttermost" ALL "that draw near unto God through Him, seeing He ever liveth to make intercession for them."

While no one who has fallen into this Stream can escape by his own strength or that of any other human being, yet God can rescue as easily as from any other of Sin's awful Rivers. He can and has saved multitudes of murderers, for Jesus says:

"Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast him out."

CHAPTER IX.

SEVENTH RIVER—ADULTERY.

“Thou shalt not commit adultery.”—Ex. xx, 14.

Adultery is another of the black Rivers down which Satan is sending multitudes to doom.

He has lured them to launch their boats on it by keeping from them needed warnings of whirlpools and currents.

He has also planted many seemingly innocent pleasures on its banks so as to disguise its slimy stench as much as possible.

God forbids sailing upon its waters. He does this because He knows its fearful perils, and He loves the health and purity of those whom He has made.

His Commandment against Adultery forbids all lust in thought, word, and life.

This law is broken by folks living together as if they are married, when they are not.

By secret lustful sins.

By marrying a divorced person.

By lustful looks, lustful thoughts, lustful imaginations. (Matt. v, 28.)

In the above and other ways many have entered the treacherous sin-boat of Adultery, and been forever lost.

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The following are a few of the places where tickets are purchased for this fatal ride:

The ball-room, the theater, the bar-room, and the brothel. It is said that nine-tenths of the ruined characters of New York City began their career by dancing. At private dances and the theater evil associations are often formed, and there exposures of the person and lewd allusions awaken lustful passions.

Over the paths that approach this River Satan has built many enchanting bowers, and has posted on every side the words, "No harm," "No harm."

Some of the fearful lightnings that leap upon those who break this Law and are borne on to their fearful, eternal night of woe are:

A troubled conscience;
The wrath of God Almighty;
Remorse and disease;
Disgrace and shame;
Ruined homes;
A Christless death and an eternal hell.

He who commits this sin is:
Like the serpent who stings itself to death;
Like insects which persist in flying into a fire at the expense of their wings and life;

Like a person who is enchanted by the charms of a serpent, only to be crushed in its fatal folds;

Like one who would drink poison because the liquid in which it is mixed is pleasant to the taste;

Like a person who, to gratify a whim, would burn his own house and that of his neighbor;

Like the man who was doomed to kiss an image of a beautiful virgin, and as he kissed was thrust through with many sharp daggers which sprung forth from it.

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Children, as you grow into manhood and womanhood, be careful and prayerful. Ask God to keep you from this awful River which ruins soul and body, and sends down, down, down into the sulphurous caverns of an eternal Hell.

CHAPTER X.

EIGHTH RIVER—STEALING.

“Thou shalt not steal.”—Ex. xx, 15.

The eighth River down which Satan is drifting multitudes of young and old into the River of Death is Theft.

This sin, like the others which have been named, is so fearful in God's sight that he declares that they who are guilty of it “destroy themselves” (Prov. xxi, 7); that it brings a curse upon all who commit it (Hosea iv, 2, 3); that it brings the wrath of God upon them (Ezek. xxii, 29-31); and that it excludes from heaven (1 Cor. vi, 10).

Would you like to know how people were treated who stole under the Mosaic law? The following verses explain:

“If a man shall steal an ox, or a sheep, and kill it, or sell it; he shall pay five oxen for an ox, and four sheep for a sheep. If the thief be found breaking in, and be smitten that he die, there shall be no blood-guiltiness for him. If the sun be risen upon him, there shall be bloodguiltiness for him: he should make restitution; if he have nothing, then he shall be sold

for his theft. If the theft be found in his hand alive, whether it be ox, or ass, or sheep; he shall pay double.”—Ex. xxii, 1-4.

Stealing, like all other sins, has its root in selfishness. If we love others as we do ourselves we surely will never steal anything away from them.

Satan is very artful in his efforts to entice people to the perilous banks of the River of Death.

When you have been tempted to take something that did not belong to you, like an apple or a lump of sugar, have you not heard Satan whisper, “No one will see you or find it out?” He would have you forget that God sees you all the while, knows everything you do, and that nothing can be hid from Him, and that He says, “Be sure your sin will find you out.”

Then sometimes he tries to make folks believe that it is not very wrong to steal little things, because he knows if he can get them to steal little things first it will not be long before they will steal more largely.

When I was a little boy I read in a paper the following lines:

“It is a sin to steal a pin,
But ‘t is greater to steal a ‘tater;
He who steals a copper
Is guilty of a whopper.”

Now these lines are as black a lie as Satan ever told, for the person who really steals a pin is just as really a thief as the one who steals a million dollars.

No matter how little it may be, if you take things

that belong to other people, which you would not have taken had they been looking, that is stealing, and remember, it is written down as with "a pen of iron and the point of a diamond," and will sink your soul into the awful River of Death unless it be forgiven.

It is an awful thing for a soul to be drifting in this Stream, and still more awful to be drifting there if it feels it is safe.

Are you willing to look into this matter carefully and prayerfully, as you will wish you had at the Day of Judgment, and see whether or no you are in this River?

There are, no doubt, multitudes of people who are in it who think they are not. Are we among that number? Let us see.

All who are guilty of the following are there:

Taking property from others which you would not had they known it.

Cheating in any way, such as giving short weights and measures.

By adulterating goods.

By pretending goods sold are better than they really are.

Many are guilty of this crime, not only in selling goods, but in selling horses, cattle, fruit, etc.

By needlessly taking the time of others. If other people are very busy, and you are idle, and compel them to leave their work and let it suffer to visit with you, you are taking their time. This is robbery as really as breaking into a bank.

All forgery.

Telling lies about a person to hurt his reputation.

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Needlessly injuring the reputation of another is robbery of the basest sort; for, as the poet says:

“Who steals my purse steals trash; . . .
But he who robs me of my good name,
Takes from me that which not enriches him,
But leaves me poor indeed.”

Writing or telling things that have been written or said by other people, and pretending they are original. Jeremiah refers to this when he says:

“I am against the prophets, saith the Lord, that steal My words every one from his neighbor.”—Jer. xxiii, 30.

Preachers, editors, and all who thus appropriate the words of others, are thieves.

Going in debt without the probability of paying is a very mean kind of stealing.

Using money for yourself that others have intrusted to you in business transactions.

Suppose one of your playmates sells you one dollar's worth of peanuts with the understanding that you would have twenty-five cents of the dollar to pay for selling them and pay him the other seventy-five cents. If you spend any of the seventy-five cents which belongs to him for yourself, you are stealing, the same as if you took it from his pocket-book.

The same is true in selling anything else on commission. It is stealing for you to use money which should be returned to the person who intrusted you with the goods.

It is stealing to take time that belongs to another.

If you agree for certain wages to work a certain number of hours per day every day, and then begin late or idle away the time, or stop before the hours are gone, you have stolen just so much time from the person who employs you, and are just as really a thief as if you had stolen his money.

Compelling employees to work overtime without extra pay. Oppressing the hireling in his wages. (Mal. iii, 5.)

Refusing to do unto others as you would be done by;

Using other people's money without their knowledge;

Cheating employers out of time by tardiness, or short hours, or indolence;

Cheating in playing marbles and other games;

Gambling and Church lotteries;

Deceiving people, and then taking advantage of them to get their property, or injure or ruin them.

Now I want to ask one question:

Is it not just as wrong for a child to steal from parents as from brothers and sisters?

You say, Certainly it is.

THEN IT MUST BE JUST AS WRONG TO STEAL FROM GOD AS FROM OUR FELLOW-MEN, OR EVEN MORE SO; yet many people who would disdain to steal from others are all the while stealing from God.

All who do the following are stealing from God, and are now in the Death-boat of Robbery and sweeping down this awful River to certain death. God owns everything. This earth is His, and all the fullness of it. The cattle upon a thousand hills. He who claims to hold property in his own right instead of holding it as the steward of God, is a thief.

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If you refuse to use the influence which God has given you over those around you;

If you break the holy Sabbath-day instead of keeping it as He commands;

Spending money for tobacco or whisky or other harmful things instead of using it as He directs;

If you waste the physical strength He has given you in idleness or harmful pleasures or secret vices;

To neglect to give, as God prospers you, for the support of the Gospel.

When His people refused to give their tenth He sent a prophet to them who said they had robbed Him in tithes and offerings, and told them to restore, and He would open the windows of heaven and pour them out a blessing that there would not be room to receive it.

If you seek salvation by some other way than by the way of the cross, you are guilty of this sin, for Jesus declares:

“Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that entereth not by the door into the fold of the sheep, but climbeth up some other way, the same is a thief and a robber.”—John x, 1.

Whether that “other way” be by your good works or self-righteousness, or because you say you are not very bad, or because you have been baptized and belong to the Church; no matter what it may be, if it is not by Jesus, the Door, He says “you are a thief and a robber.”

If you refuse to work in God’s vineyard, then you rob yourself and God’s cause of all the blessed results which would have followed such obedience.

It is an awful thing thus to rob Him. Beloved, are you guilty? If so, does it awaken you and lead you to cry out to God for help, or has Satan so drugged your soul with the chloroform of indifference that it does not alarm you or bring grief over such a sin?

Did you ever before realize that, while you are thinking you are being good, really in God's sight you are a thief and a robber, and instead of your being borne heavenward you are being borne down the River of Robbery toward your certain doom?

Yet remember, even such may be forgiven. Though our sins may have surpassed those of the thief upon the cross, the fact that Jesus heard his cry and saved his soul brings hope to us.

This sin is a hot coal that must be laid aside, or it will burn the soul forever.

THE EIGHTH COMMANDMENT.

Florence M. Gwinn.

"O, mamma, what do you think Miss Douglass is going to talk about at our meeting next Saturday afternoon?" said little Fay Leighton, as she came running into the sitting-room, where Mrs. Leighton was taking a rest after a busy forenoon's work.

"I am sure I can not guess, dearie," answered her mother, as she tenderly brushed the bright golden curls off the little, flushed face.

"Why, about 'Thou shalt not steal.' I am very sure we girls would never think of doing such a wicked thing as that," said Fay.

"Miss Douglass is always very careful to choose a

subject which will benefit you, and no doubt she has some wise plan in view, my dear. If you like, I will tell you a true story."

"O yes, please do, mamma," begged Fay.

"Well, bring your chair here beside me.

"Many years ago a little girl went with her mother one day to visit a neighbor. The country where Lilly lived, for that was the little girl's name, was very new, and she had no nice toys like you to play with; not even a rag doll, for her mamma was always too busy to find time to make one. It was impossible to buy such a thing as a toy at the country store where her papa did his dealing, even if they had had the money to spare. Thus you see, dearie, Lilly had to be contented to play with flowers, mosses, and the little acorn-cups which she found in the woods. Sometimes she would play for hours in the sand, and it was great fun to build a mountain, or scoop out a well, or make a wide desert, or a little, crooked furrow for a brook. There was no end of things she could do with the sand.

"Well, on this day of which I speak, Mrs. Beach, at whose house they were visiting, gave Lilly a little sugar-bowl to play with. Lilly thought she had never seen anything quite so pretty. How she longed to have it for her very own, and after awhile the wish to possess it became so very strong that Lilly thought to herself, 'Now, if I put this little bowl into my pocket and take it home with me, Mrs. Beach will never miss it; and, if she does, she will think that it has been mislaid.' But a small, still voice, which we call conscience, and which is God's voice in the heart, whispered softly to Lilly: 'If you take the bowl it will be stealing, and how can you say your

prayers to-night? Then you will not enjoy playing with it, for it will remind you of your sin.' For a long time Lilly hesitated, but at last determined to obey the voice of conscience. She put the bowl up on the cupboard, and soon after was playing merrily with the baby. Our hearts are always light when we do what is right. As they were getting ready to go home, Mrs. Beach, taking the cup in her hand, said: 'You can have this, Lilly. It belonged to a little set of dishes mother gave me when a child.' You can imagine how thankful Lilly was then that she had not stolen the little bowl. It was a lesson that she never forgot."

"Did you know that little girl, mamma?" asked Fay.

"Very well indeed, for it was myself."

"O, mamma, I never thought of your name being Lilly!" cried Fay.

"And, dearie, there are things we can steal more valuable than gold or silver. If we wrongfully injure the good name of our playmates, we steal their good character from them. No doubt Miss Douglass will tell you all about it at your meeting."

CHAPTER XI.

NINTH RIVER—LYING.

“Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.”—Ex. xx, 16.

A Lie is any false statement made with a design to deceive.

Lying is one of the most raging, fearful Streams which feed the River of Death.

The devil himself is the father of Lies, and all Liars have his nature.

God forbids this sin in all its forms, and the Bible declares that it is an abomination to Him, a hindrance to prayer, and the mask of hypocrites.

Satan would have people think that there are little Lies, big Lies, black Lies, and white Lies; but this is untrue. A good man has rightly said that “a Lie that is half the truth is ever the blackest of Lies.”

A single Lie makes one a Liar until it is forgiven by God and washed away through the blood of Jesus.

As God declares that “all Liars have their part in the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone,” it is of great importance that we be saved from this awful sin.

It is one of the Sin-boats in which the Enemy is sinking multitudes in the River of Death, and sweeping them over the Falls of Eternal Despair into that

fearful place where Jesus says there is “weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth;” where “their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched.”

God loves the truth, and hates shams of every kind, and all Liars are shams of the worst description. We will hate Lies like God hates them if we are His children.

As it is the business of Satan to deceive people, young and old, in regard to this and every other sin, we will need to study the matter very closely in order to be sure he is not deceiving us.

The following are some of the ways in which people are guilty of this sin:

By stating things which are untrue in order to deceive.

By just making believe for the sake of making money or making sport, or concerning something wrong.

By making engagements which they know they can not keep.

By pretending goods are better than they really are.

Lies may be acted as well as spoken, and an acted Lie is just as wicked in God’s sight as one that comes from the lips.

By pretending to be all right when one knows he is all wrong.

By being silent. If you hear a Lie told about some one else, and do not deny it, you make the Lie your own.

If you repeat a Lie which another has told, knowing it to be such, you are a Liar as really as the one who first told it.

By sending word to callers that you are not at home when you do not wish to see them.

By professing to be right with God when you are not keeping His Commandments.

“He that saith, I know Him, and keepeth not His commandments, is a liar, and the truth is not in him.”—1 John ii, 4.

By professing to have no need of cleansing from sin, when not cleansed. (See 1 John i, 8-10.)

By saying we have fellowship with God, and walking in darkness.

“If we say that we have fellowship with Him, and walk in the darkness, we lie.”—1 John i, 6.

As people may steal from God, so they may Lie to Him. Is it less wicked to lie to Him than to man?

People Lie to God when they promise they will serve Him if He will do certain things for them, and then refuse to do so.

They Lie to God by breaking the promises which they make when converted, and by breaking the baptismal covenant in which they promise to “forsake the vain pomp and glory of this world, and all covetous desires for the same, so they will not follow nor be led by them.”

People who do this, and then go to the circus, the theater, the dance, and such worldly places, are Liars.

By breaking their Church covenant, in which they have promised to be “cheerfully governed” by the rules of the Church and to “keep God’s Commandments.”

By breaking the marriage covenant, in which they have promised to love and protect each other “so long as they both shall live.”

By breaking death-bed covenants, in which they have promised loved ones they would lead Christian lives and meet them in heaven.

By promising to do some duty, and then refusing.

By promising God to give a certain amount for His cause, and then, like Ananias and Sapphira, refusing.

By promising to preach or go as missionary, and then neglecting to do so.

God preserves you from all sin and the awful consequences.

The Life-boat is pressing close and hard to you if you are in this fatal flood.

Many who once were Liars have been saved from this awful sin, and now are full of praise to Him who has redeemed them and made them clean by His precious blood.

“Wherefore, . . . speak ye truth each one with his neighbor.”—Eph. iv, 25.

ACTING A LIE.

Eben E. Rexford, in N. Y. Observer.

Dolly had been told never to meddle with a beautiful vase that stood on a bracket over the piano. “It will break very easily,” her mother said. Now, Dolly had an intense desire to take the vase down and examine it—probably because she had been told not to do so. One day, when she was alone, she made up her mind to gratify her curiosity. She took the vase down without injuring it, but on trying to put it back the bracket slipped off its nail, and the vase fell and

broke into a dozen pieces. Dolly was frightened. As she stood there trying to think her way out of the dilemma, her kitten came into the room.

"I'll shut Spotty into the room, and mamma'll think she did it," decided Dolly, "and Spotty can't tell."

So the kitten was shut up in the parlor, and when Dolly's mother came home she found Spotty there and the vase broken.

"Do you s'pose Spotty did it?" asked Dolly.

"I think she might have done so," answered her mother. "You do n't know anything about it, do you?"

Dolly pretended that she did n't hear the question, and got out of the room as soon as possible. That night she could n't sleep. "You lied," something said to her. "No, I did n't," she said. "I did n't say I did n't break it." "But you might just as well have said so," the voice of conscience told her. "If you did n't tell a lie, you acted one, and that's just as bad as telling one."

Dolly stood it as long as she could. She got up and went to her mother's bed.

"Mamma, I broke the vase," she sobbed out. "I thought if I acted a lie you would n't find out about it, but I can't sleep for thinking that God knows, if you do n't."

We can not deceive Him.

A LIAR'S FATE.

D. T. Taylor.

God is almighty. Were He not so He would not be God. It is therefore unwise and unsafe to provoke His wrath. The sinner, the reviler of the

Holy Spirit, the blasphemer, do so, and sooner or later meet a dreadful fate. God could forget the strongest man into nothingness in a moment. But when He puts forth His terrible power it is as easy for Him to turn a hundred and eighty-five thousand warriors into corpses in a night (*Isaiah xxxvii, 36*), as to strike dead a lying man and woman in an instant (*Acts v, 5-10*).

The *Boston Journal* says a man was playing at cards with three others at Omaha recently, when a dispute arose about the betting. The man uttered a lie. Everybody believed him to be lying. Very loudly he asserted his lie, exclaiming in a bold manner, "I hope Christ will kill me if it is n't so!" His hour had come. He dealt the cards to the next player. The hand—his last hand. He passed the cards to the next player. The player shuffled the cards, and asked the man who had referred the matter to his Judge to "cut;" but a look in his face disclosed the awful fact that he was dead. The proof of a living Christ and an avenging Deity was before them. It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of a living God. Beware!

CHAPTER XII.

TENTH RIVER—COVETOUSNESS.

“Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor’s house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbor’s wife, nor his manservant, nor his maidservant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor anything that is thy neighbor’s.”—Ex. xx, 17.

Covetousness is an inordinate desire to possess. Let us imagine that we are talking to a little boy by the name of Willie, and that he tells us what he knows about Covetousness.

“Willie, what do you think it means to Covet?”

“It means to want things that belong to other people, which you know you should not have.”

“Please illustrate what you mean.”

“If papa should give me and each of my brothers and sisters an apple, and I should want, not only my apple, but also to take the ones my brothers and sisters have, that would be Coveting. Or, if I became dissatisfied with my father or mother, and would want the father or mother of a playmate, that would be Coveting them.”

“Would it not be Coveting if you should wish to dispossess any of your neighbors of their houses or lands, or anything else they have?”

“It certainly would.”

"Can you tell me of any instance in the Bible of people that have Coveted?"

"Yes; the story of Achan, in Joshua vii, 21. He Coveted the golden wedge and Babylonish garment, and was the cause of Israel's defeat at Ai, and was stoned to death for this sin."

"Can you think of any instance in the New Testament?"

"Judas, who betrayed our Savior for thirty pieces of silver, and Ananias and Sapphira, who Coveted the property which they had promised to God. It seems to me the punishment of these three persons is an awful warning to all who would follow in their footsteps."

"Can you think of anything God has said about it?"

"Yes; in Ecclesiastes v, 10, He says, 'He that loveth silver shall not be satisfied with silver; nor he that loveth abundance with increase.' He says it leads to 'many foolish and hurtful lusts,' which drown men in perdition (1 Tim. vi, 9). It leads to lying (see 2 Kings v, 22-25). Prov. i, 18, 19, shows it leads to murder and deception; Josh. vii, 21, to stealing; Prov. xxviii, 22, to poverty; 1 Tim. vi, 10, to misery; Psalm x, 3, declares that 'the covetous renounceth God;' and Eph. v, 5, and Col. iii, 5, declare that it is idolatry."

"Very well answered; and, in view of these answers, I trust that you and all who read this book may shun it as you would a rattlesnake."

As we have seen, in God's sight it is just as wicked as any other sin, and more to be feared, as it is more popular and less warned against.

It is one of the nicest-painted and most inviting Sin-bcats in the mighty Fleet which is fighting King

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Immanuel and robbing Him of His rights, and peopling damnation by hundreds.

It is patronized by the rich and the learned, by lords and kings, as well as by multitudes in humbler walks of life.

One of the greatest perils of its passengers is that they are satisfied with it, and hence disdain the Life-boat which the King of Heaven sends to their relief.

Like all other sins, it is rooted in selfishness.

It is the worship of self, which is idolatry.

It is a gilded, popular sin, little feared, and seldom shunned.

It is a River whose surface sparkles, but which is wide and deep; its currents rapid and deceptive, its whirlpools swift and sure. More people are probably borne down on its treacherous tides than of any other Stream which flows into the River of Death.

It is as natural to the unrenewed heart as breathing, and finds expression in the following ways:

By an intense desire to be rich.

By love of earthly gain.

By slowness to give.

By stinginess and penuriousness.

By unlawful desire for that which belongs to another.

It often leads to Sabbath-breaking.

Also to stealing, murder, cheating, and overreaching in business for purposes of gain.

Saloons and brothels are kept at its command.

To accomplish its selfish ends it defies God and tramples on the rights of man.

It is like the consumption, in that its victims often think they are well when they are upon the very brink of death.

It makes a man like a sponge, always absorbing, but never giving, or like a person who is always eating, but never satisfied, and who dies in the midst of plenty. I knew a rich man, a Church member, who gave but one dollar per year for missions, and feared that he would die in the poorhouse.

All of its victims belong to the family of Achan, Judas, and Ananias, and it loses none of its hideousness when, as in their cases, it is screened by a cloak of profession of piety.

The Holy Spirit convicts of its danger. Jesus provides a way of escape, and God waits to welcome and save from it all who will accept of His great salvation.

It is a heart-sin, and nothing but the Blood of Jesus can wash it away. At conversion it is renounced and suppressed, but, like a caged tiger, will often growl and struggle to escape. When the soul is baptized with the Holy Spirit, and moves up on Holiness Heights (see Chart), then Covetousness, by God's power, is all removed, and Heaven-born Liberty and Perfect Love reign in its stead.

BEWARE OF COVETOUSNESS.

Selected.

A man once told me how much money he had cleared the year before, and how much he was clearing that present year, and it was in advance. Some time afterwards—he had likely forgotten that circumstance—he said to me, “I can not give as much this year to the Church as last year.” The more he got, the less he had for the Lord. The following spring, in a bad deal, he lost one hundred dollars **or more.**

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No one can “rob God in tithes and offerings,” and not pay the penalty sooner or later. Beware of Covetousness!”

“They that desire to be rich fall into a temptation and a snare, and many foolish and hurtful lusts, such as drown men in destruction and perdition.”—1 Tim. vi, 9.

WHAT IT COST.

Biblical Illustrator.

“How much is that estate worth?” said one friend to another as they passed a beautiful mansion and extensive and highly-cultivated grounds. “I do not know how much it is worth,” was the reply; “but I know what it cost its owner.” “How much?” “His soul,” was the startling reply; and then he proceeded to narrate how exclusively the owner had lived for one object—to build himself a home on earth, utterly careless of the home on high, and had died impenitent and suddenly.

STOLEN TREASURE.

Christian Alliance.

It is said that an eagle, in search of prey, snatched a lamb from a sacrificial altar. She had scarcely borne it to the nest before it was in flames, and her young were burned to ashes. A coal, unseen, had been taken with the stolen flesh, and God punished the sacrilege with its own fruits. So many a home, many a business, many a family, has been cursed by

CHAPTER XVII.

ETERNITY.

Did you ever stop to think about Eternity? How long is it?

I imagine I hear some one say, "Why, it is so long that if you should begin now, and count every drop of water there is in every river, lake, and ocean on this globe, when the last drop is counted it would only be just begun."

I imagine I hear another say: "If you would take every particle of sand and dirt of which this earth is made, and count them all, and stop an hundred years between the counting of each particle, then, when all were finally counted, Eternity would be just as long as when you first began."

Both of these answers are true. Eternity means never-ending duration.

Time, with its six thousand years that have passed away, is simply a little comma in the infinite volumes of the great Eternity. It is but a small drop in the boundless Ocean of the great Forever.

As sublime as the thought of Eternity is, it becomes all the more majestic when we remember that every soul is to exist through all its ages. "We are, and we can never cease to be."

Where you and I shall spend that Eternity moves all Heaven and stirs all hell.

Satan is determined that we spend it with him,

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and through demons and wicked men, and our own carnal natures, is doing all that lies in his power to allure us into the fatal Streams of these Rivers and over the Falls of Eternal Despair, into an Eternity of the lost, where we will be hopeless and Christless for ever and ever. There, amid the billows of that burning sea, whose fires emit no light, and whose flames never tire nor cease, there will be Eternal separations from God and all the good. Heaven, with all its infinite and eternal joys, will be lost forever.

There will be no music there; but weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth.

Those who have been hated and wronged here on earth, doubtless there will wreak their vengeance upon the lost forever.

Wicked men and devils, superintended by Satan himself, doubtless will "torment both day and night, for evermore."

One of the hottest flames which then will torture the despairing soul doubtless will be that this doom was self-chosen. The memory of sins committed, of Christ rejected, of prayers spurned and duties neglected, like a scorpion, doubtless will sting the soul and deepen its agony ages without end.

It is a fearful thing to be lost in outer darkness; lost from God; lost from Heaven; lost from loved ones, who interceded by their prayers and tears to save us; lost in a black burning wilderness, so far from God's Heaven and His millions of shining, shouting worlds that not one ray of their combined light can even pierce the outer darkness; lost amid the howls of demons, the sarcasm and ridicule of fallen spirits, the fightings and anguish of lost men! All this is awful beyond description; but add to this the word *Eternal*,

and remember that this means FOR EVER AND EVER, and there is no language that can express the awfulness of such a loss.

O, Eternity of the lost! May thy infinite horrors and everlasting anguish of despair move every reader to drop the sins that may be bearing him to thy murderous bosom, and heed the call of mercy before it is too late!

"Lo, on a narrow neck of land
'Twixt two unbounded seas we stand,
Secure! insensible!
A breath of time, a moment's space,
Removes us to that heavenly place,
Or shuts us up in hell."

Reader, remember that your decision this very hour may determine where you will spend ETERNITY.

"Then shall He say also unto them on the left hand, Depart from Me, ye cursed, into the eternal fire which is prepared for the devil and his angels."—Matt. xxv, 41.

"And if any was not found written in the book of life, he was cast into the lake of fire."—Rev. xx, 15.

But, thank God! there is another picture!

When Jesus threw back the curtain that intervenes between this and the unseen world, He showed us a painting, not only of the Eternity just named, but of a glorious Eternity from which sin will have been banished forever; an Eternity where there is no pain nor sorrow, nor sickness, nor sighing, nor tears; an Eternity where Jesus and His angels, and loved ones who delight to do His will, dwell; an Eternity whose music will thrill, and whose joys will fill increasing

capacities with inexpressible delights; an Eternity where we may fly on errands of light and love, for evermore doing the bidding of Him whom we adore; an Eternity amid the mansions whose foundations are sapphire and other priceless jewels; whose gates are pearls; whose temple is the Lord God Almighty, and the light of which is Jesus, our Elder Brother; an Eternity where there is no more curse, and we need "no light of moon, neither light of sun, for the Lord God shall give them light, and they shall reign for ever and ever;" a welcome Eternity; a blessed Eternity; a victorious Eternity; an Eternity where usefulness, and honor, and enjoyment, all unite to bear its people to heights undreamed of here.

How foolish to barter such an Eternity for earth's honors or pleasures or sins! Is it any wonder that Jesus represents the rich man who sold his soul for money as a fool? He sold an Eternity of bliss and purchased a ticket to an Eternity of woe for a little property and a few brief hours of sensuous enjoyment. Let us choose an Eternity where it may be ours to speed on ministries of love and light from world to world and universe to universe, magnifying the grace of God that rescued us from the River of Death, and thus transforms. Thank God such an Eternity is real and near, and may be ours!

Reader, may we not meet there? Whatever else we do, may we live every moment ready for the ETERNITY of those who are enrolled above.

"And there shall in no wise enter into it anything unclean, or he that maketh an abomination and a lie: but only they which are written in the Lamb's book of life."—Rev. xxi, 27.

RESCUED FROM THE RIVER.

V. E. M.

When a child I had a dread of three things,— Death, Hell, and the Judgment-day of God.

Of these divine truths I often thought, and the questions would arise—how am I going to avoid their terror? Where is a place of refuge? Where can I find a ladder of escape when this world shall be on fire, and the elements melting with fervent heat?

Through the conversation of my elder sisters, I learned one day that Christ will come in the clouds with power and great glory; but this fact did not in the least allay my fears, but added *terror* to my deep consternation, for something in my heart told me I was not *prepared* to stand before Him.

From the day I heard my sisters say Jesus would come again, I resolved to *do good*, keep God's Commandments, and live in such a righteous way that I would not be afraid to meet Him.

With conscientious earnestness of purpose I set about watching my words lest I should tell a falsehood, or in jest take the name of God *in vain*; with rigorous care I did whatever deed of kindness came in my way towards others, vainly attempting by *good works* to obtain Salvation, not then knowing "that by grace we are saved through *faith*, and that not of ourselves, it is the *gift* of God."

Several years I stumbled on trying to build upon the sand, until one Sunday in the Sabbath-school I learned this *truth*, that "Jesus died not for our sins only, but for the sins of the whole world."

Doubtless I had read that text of Scripture before, but had not paused to consider *carefully* the wonder-

ful importance of those words, “the *sins* of the *whole world*.”

Who could accurately compute their number, or rightly discern their degree of guilt? How I began to wonder, what ratio my own sins were to the transgressions of the whole world?

After much perplexing thought, I came to see that my own were but as a drop in the ocean, to the sum total committed by other souls, and yet so great was *my condemnation*, as I drifted down the awful River of Death, that I felt that the *blood of Jesus* must have wonderful efficacy to wash away the sins of the world.

For who can reckon up the oaths, curses and blasphemies, the lying and evil speaking, the Sabbath breaking, drunkenness, frauds, injustice, cruel oppression, and much other wickedness that abound in the lives of the children of men?

Surely, thought I, although my own heart is *unclean* through *sin*, since on “Jesus was laid the iniquities of *us all*,” my own soul is not *too hard* a subject for the blessed Christ to make whole.

Although I at last came to comprehend these *facts*, my attention at that time in life was so much taken up by my studies in school and the practice of music at home, I drifted along, fully intending some day to seek the Lord.

But how indefinite was that period of time, and what a risk for my immortal soul to run! What assurance could I claim that God would not permit Death to come and bear me over the Falls of Eternal Despair towards which I was drifting? For now that I had been brought to a *knowledge* of His Word of Divine *truth*, I was in peril of Hell and the coming

Judgment every hour I lived without a saving *faith* in Christ.

But God was *merciful* unto me, or I could never have been permitted to write this testimony of Jesus' saving *power*.

Of late the cares of every-day life had engaged my attention to that extent I but seldom thought of the perils which had seemed so very real to me when a child.

The last time those *haunting* fears had arisen with all the *power* of their convicting *might* was while standing beside the casket of one whom God had called away to Heaven in the days of her innocent youth. As I looked for the *last time* on that still, white face, about which clung such beautiful curls of auburn hair, I realized, as never before, that the sentence of *death*, which an offended God had pronounced upon *all flesh*, would sooner or later be executed; and so surely as his *Word of truth* held good in regard to our frail tenements of clay, I felt convinced it would also *prove* true of our souls having to appear before Him in the Judgment.

As I took my last farewell of dear Katie, a hope sprang up in my heart that we should one day meet again. That comforting thought stayed my tears, for did not Jesus say, "I am the resurrection and the life. He that believeth *in Me*, though he were *dead*, yet shall he *live*?"

By a saving faith in Christ, Katie now *possessed* this promised inheritance of *eternal life*. It only remained for me to decide whether I would *accept* of *it*, and come at last to be with her again.

This I earnestly resolved to do while I turned and

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walked away; but imperceptibly to me Satan obtained the controlling power over my heart, and led me for a few months to believe I had no need of being in a hurry about seeking salvation.

Who can rightly estimate the *patient* forbearance of the Lord? With what longsuffering did He await my lagging footsteps? Truly His mercy and goodness were great towards me, else my soul would not have found Him at all.

Time hastened on until when sixteen years of age I attended a revival meeting in the State of Ohio. Not with the expectation of benefiting my soul did I go up unto the sanctuary. I thought more of seeing the multitude, than I did of God and His way of salvation.

One night, after the benediction had been pronounced, I stood waiting for my friends to get ready to return home; while standing within a few seats of the altar a schoolmate accosted me with, "Come, Jennie, *join* the Church to-night." I emphatically replied: "No, I am not ready! Some other time I will, but not *now*." But instead of accepting *no* for a decided refusal, my friend, who had lately found Christ, persisted in her determination that I should set my face *heavenward* at *once*, as though I had no more time to lose.

Seeing she would not let me go away without heeding her request, with a feeling of desperation I walked up to the pulpit and gave the minister my hand. Then and there the Holy Ghost sealed *conviction* on my heart, and to my soul I heard a voice speaking: "Jennie, you can not live in the Church without being a Christian, and you can not be a Christian unless you get your heart *right* with God."

As I turned and walked homeward I began to be persuaded, more than ever, that *Hell* was a place of

writhing *torment*, for I was aware that it had suddenly opened before my soul.

What difference to me *now*, the fact that I had been born and reared in a good home, surrounded all through life with the Christianizing influence which only a godly mother and kind sisters can give; the searchlight of the Holy Spirit discovered to me that unless I found Christ, and made Him for evermore my place of refuge, I would be lost.

For one long, long night and a day I felt the condemning wrath of God resting on my heart. Turn where I would I could not find comfort in anything, I could think of nothing but how to find *rest* from the heavy burden of sin that I felt was oppressing my heart. Alone in my room, after much meditation I discovered that good morals and works of righteousness which I had tried to do would not save me from becoming a companion of the vilest wretch who would ever go to Heli. For although there may be degrees of suffering in that place of eternal fire, our Savior taught there is but *one* place of punishment to which lost souls will be banished.

Has He not declared "that the Son of man shall send forth his angels, and they shall gather *out of his kingdom* all things that *offend*, and them which *do iniquity*, and shall cast them into a *furnace of fire?*"

For one night and a day, a day that seemed to be the longest of all my life, I felt the *awful condemnation* of God resting on my heart. What wonder our Savior cried when He came to die with the *guilt* of the whole *world* resting on Him: "My God! my God! why hast thou forsaken Me?"

What agony can surpass the knowledge that your soul is helpless and alone, *forsaken of God* amid the

avalanche of *sin* that has fallen with sudden *fury* upon you?

Who could endure the ordeal, only that the Word of truth bids us, “Arise! call upon thy God, if so be thy God will *think* upon *thee*, that thou perish not.”

I knew there was but one way of obtaining relief, and that was to “*believe* upon the Lord Jesus Christ”—but, O! who was to teach me *how* to trust Him for the safety of my soul?

My sorrow of heart was too great for words; I could *not* voice it to others. Prayer was my only solace. But the more I tried to pray, the farther *off* from God I seemed to go. “O! hath He not loved me?” I cried. “Hath He not suffered and died to redeem such a lost rebel as I?” But true as this fact was, I could not by *faith* step out on the *promises of God*—they were so very broad and high my soul staggered at them.

As the weary day wore away, and the lengthening shadows of evening came on, how I longed to hear the sound of the church-bell!

At last its tones pealed out in sweetest *music* to my ear, it seemed to call to me of

“Peace, sweet peace, that passeth understanding,
Peace, sweet peace, that has *no ending*,”

until my heart took courage to believe I would *find* Jesus by going up again to the house of God.

That never-to-be-forgotten night the minister preached from the text, “Yet a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep.”

Never did words of Divine truth so accurately portray the condition of a lost soul as those did my own, for had I not for years been *slumbering* on, intending at some future day to *arise* and seek Jesus, but had

still delayed, until aroused by my friend *insisting* that I had *need* to turn to God just *now*?

What gratitude at this distant day wells up in my heart to Jesus that He did not *allow* my heart to resist the *call* of the Holy Spirit, for had I refused to *hearken* then, I might have died *unsaved*, for—

"There is *a time* we know not when, a point we know not where,
That make the destiny of man to glory or despair;
There is a line by us *unseen*, that crosses ev'ry path,
The hidden boundary between God's *patience* and his wrath.

How *far* may we go on in sin, how long will God forbear?
Where does hope *end*, and where begin the confines of despair?
An answer from the skies is sent, *Ye* that from God depart,
While it is called 'to-day' *repent*, and harden not your heart."

"A little more sleep;" how like dagger strokes did every word drop on my quivering heart as that man of God went on to speak truths analogous to this:

In a comparative sense there are but *few* who come to a knowledge of the gospel that *intend* to be lost.

At some future time they purpose to lay hold *by faith* upon Christ, but not just *now*; not until I see that *necessity* compels me to make a leap for *eternal life*, then I hope to make sure of a foothold on the Rock of Ages.

But know ye not, O! *slumbering* soul, your days on earth may be numbered, and the phantom of *death* may even now attend your footsteps? Why sleep on, only to find a rude awakening when your immortal spirit is sinking down, down, over the Falls of Eternal Despair and outer darkness?

Awake! Leap for your life! Stay not to look around you! Do not, as you value your soul, listen to the voice of Satan bidding you to longer *delay*.

Just then, above the noise of the rising congregation, I heard the words in melodious song of—

“Come, ye sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of *pity*, love and *power*.”

As the first verse of this beautiful invitation hymn rolled away, I became conscious of the fact that much as I knew I needed Christ, there was another force which held me for a time spellbound where I stood.

Presently I heard deep down in my soul: “Time enough, no need to be in a rush about starting for Heaven; wait until another meeting comes round.”

But over and above all this at length spoke the blessed Master, “Come unto Me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.” *Rest*, O! how had I earnestly sought it, and found it not! All that long, long weary day my heart still cried out for that *peace* which Christ alone could give.

To halt between “two opinions” *now*, was to be lost forever. Realizing this, I began to think I would give a great deal to be kneeling at the altar just at that moment, calling to God to have mercy upon me. But, O! what a distance I would have to walk up the aisle before all that crowd of friends! Was there no other way I could find Jesus?

Just then the third verse of the hymn rang out in painful distinctness:

“Let not *Satan* make you linger;
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness Christ requireth
Is to feel your need of Him.”

As these melting words fell upon my burdened heart, I felt the Holy Spirit striving again in mighty

power with my soul; but just as I was on the point of yielding, Satan—seeing his grasp on me was broken—suggested, “Do not kneel at that altar, but go to the front bench.”

This quite decided me, and I started up the aisle feeling I would sink down at every step; but when I drew near the front bench, I found Satan had prevailed upon other souls also to go a little ways toward God, and what was my dismay to find all the places occupied.

But the devil found he had overshot his mark, for the Lord *prevailed*, and I never stopped going until I fell down at His feet, kneeling inside the altar with my face toward the audience.

While I tried to lift my heart to God in prayer, I realized that I was indeed

“Weary, heavy-laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall;
Had I tarried until *better*,
I would not have come at all.”

What darkness settled down like a thick cloud upon my soul! Not a ray of light could I see. Out of the surrounding gloom to my heart there was a voice speaking, “Look unto Me, and be ye saved.”

But just how to take hold upon Jesus and appropriate to my soul, *by faith*, the sacrifice He offered on Calvary’s cross, I knew not, and the more I struggled to find Him, the deeper I plunged into despair.

Ere long the devil threw his power over me until my *sins* arose like a towering mountain above my head, and I was tempted to believe there was no mercy for me.

At this my courage gave way. Helpless, I quailed before Satan’s overwhelming charge; but while he was

following up the great advantage he had gained over my drooping heart, my dear Sabbath-school teacher came to my relief. Her tidings of comfort were:

"Jennie, so long as Satan can keep your mind fastened upon your sins, you can not think of *Jesus*. If you are willing to give up *sin*, you have nothing more to do with it—God will see to that—but go to *believing* upon the Lord Jesus Christ as a *personal Savior*, and He will set you free."

Finding at length my sorrow too great for words, she went on:

"As you by *faith* look to the cross, *believe* those dear hands were nailed there for you; *believe* those feet were spiked down to save your own from slipping into Hell; *believe* the blood flowed from that wounded side to *wash your sins away*."

While my teacher thus encouraged me to take hold by *faith* upon Jesus, the light of God began to break upon my benighted soul, the power of Satan was broken, and for a few moments

"I saw One hanging on a tree,
In agonies and blood,
Who fixed His languid eyes on me,
As near His cross I stood.

Sure, never till my latest breath,
Can I forget that look;
It seemed to charge me with His death,
Though not a word He spoke.

My conscience felt and owned the **guilt**,
And plunged me in despair;
I saw my sins His blood had spilt,
And helped to *nail* him there.

A second look He gave which said,
I freely all forgive;
This *blood* is for thy ransom paid—
I die, that you may live."

When at last I reached the point that I could, and *did*, that moment *trust* in the *blood of Christ*, instantly I felt the crushing burden lifted, and I knew my heart had been “washed” and made “whiter than the snow.”

As the *saving power* of the Holy Spirit fell upon me, I arose to my feet rejoicing in Jesus’ forgiving love.

What a transformation had been wrought! My friends never looked *so beautiful*, and a new light—the light of Heaven—appeared to *glow* upon the walls of the church and everything around me.

How much I loved everybody, and Jesus *most of all!* O that I could bring every sinner in all the wide world to seek Him for his own!

Now all fear of Death, Hell, and the Judgment-day of God vanished away. Jesus had come into my heart and taken away all dread of the law.

How I rejoiced that I had been led of the Spirit to humble my pride and kneel at that altar! Now it had become the most sacred spot on earth to me, for there I *found* my Savior. Right joyfully did I join in singing:

“O happy day that fixed my choice
On Thee, my Savior and my God;
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

‘T is done, the great transaction ‘s done,
I am my Lord’s, and He is mine;
He drew me and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice Divine.

High Heaven that heard the *solemn vow*,
That vow renewed shall *daily hear*:
Till in life’s latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.”

CARRIED OVER THE FALLS.

[We copy the following warning incidents from many similar cases given in "Revival Kindlings" of many persons who have neglected salvation, and been swept over the Falls of Eternal Despair.]

"TELL THEM MY SOUL IS IN HELL."

Selected.

A merchant once went to the Eastham Camp-meeting with his pious wife, who was very anxious for his conversion. The spirit of the meeting troubled him, and, after one day, he resolved to leave his wife on the ground and return home.

"Do stay, my dear husband," entreated his wife; "you will be better pleased to-day, may be, than you were yesterday."

"No; my partner may need me in his business. I shall go," he replied.

"But you made arrangements to be away a week; do stay, husband, and may be you will find salvation," rejoined his wife.

"No, I must go; I will go. Indeed, I hate the place so much that if my soul would be eternally damned for going home, I would n't stay here," was his awful answer.

His horror-struck wife stood silent. Then, turning on his heel, he hurried to the shore and sailed away from the camp-ground.

On his arrival home he entered his store tired and hungry. Seeing a piece of bread and butter on the counter, he ate it. Fifteen minutes later his partner came in, and, after the usual salutation, looked round, and with a perturbed manner asked:

"What has become of the piece of bread and butter I left here?"

"I ate it," replied the merchant.

"Ate it! Dear me! It was poisoned for the rats. You are a dead man! Hurry home in yonder hack, while I go for the doctor."

The alarmed merchant was borne to his home. The doctor was soon with him. Antidotes were administered, but they were powerless to save. The poison was fiercely assailing the seat of life. The pains of death soon got hold upon him. He was in agony, both of mind and body.

"Have you any message for your wife?" inquired his distressed partner.

This question recalled the camp-ground and the awful words he had spoken when leaving his wife. Gathering his remaining strength as for a last effort, he fixed his glaring eyes upon his friend, and said in piercing tones:

"Carry my body to the camp-ground, and tell them my soul is in hell!"

He sank back exhausted. The struggle was over. His life in the body had ended. His life in hell had begun!

Reader, are you in the habit of trifling with eternal things? If so, let the horrible end of this merchant teach you that it is a "fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God." Remember, "God is a consuming fire." It is not safe to mock at Him or at His truth. Beware!

MISSED IT AT LAST.

Selected.

Some time ago a physician called upon a young man who was ill. He sat for a little by the bedside,

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examining his patient, and then he honestly told him the sad intelligence that he had but a very short time to live. The young man was astonished; he did not expect it would come to that so soon. He forgot that death comes "in such an hour as ye think not." At length he looked up into the face of the doctor, and, with a most despairing countenance, repeated the expression, "I have missed it—at last."

"What have you missed?" inquired the tender-hearted, sympathizing physician.

"I have missed it—at last," again he repeated.

"Missed what?"

"Doctor, I have missed the salvation of my soul."

"O, say not so! it is not so! Do you remember the thief on the cross?"

"Yes, I remember the thief on the cross. And I remember that he never said to the Holy Ghost, 'Go thy way.' But *I did*. And now He is saying to me, 'Go *your way*.'" He lay gasping awhile, and, looking up with a vacant, staring eye, he said: "I was awakened and was anxious about my soul a little time ago. But I did not want to be saved *then*. Something seemed to say to me, 'Do n't put it off; make sure of salvation.' I said to myself, 'I will postpone it.' I knew I ought not to do it. I knew I was a great sinner and needed a Savior. I resolved, however, to dismiss the subject for the present. Yet I could not get my own consent to do it until I had promised to take it up again, at a time not remote and more favorable. I bargained away, resisted, and insulted the Holy Spirit. I never thought of coming to this. I meant to have made my salvation sure, and now I have missed it—at last."

"You remember," said the doctor, "that there were some who came at the eleventh hour."

"My eleventh hour," he rejoined, "was when I had that call of the Spirit. I have had none since—shall not have. I am given over to be lost. O, I have missed it! I have sold my soul for nothing—a feather—a straw—undone forever!" This was said with such indescribable despondency that nothing was said in reply. After lying a few moments, he raised his head, and looking all around the room as if for some desired object, buried his face in the pillow, and again exclaimed in agony and horror, "O! I have missed it at last!" and died.

Reader, you need not miss your salvation, for you may have it now. What you have read is a true story. How earnestly it says to you, "Now is the accepted time!"

"To-day, if ye will hear His voice, harden not your hearts."

AN AWFUL JUDGMENT.

The following incident from the pen of Sister M. A. Sparling, Claremont, N. H., is an illustration of the words of Holy Writ, that "the wicked is snared in the work of his own hands." She writes: "While reading 'Echo from the Border Land' something said, You have an echo from the 'lower region.' If it were father's will I'd love to stand up in your congregation and deliver the message; I can only write. A few years ago I was at a camp-meeting in Rockingham, Vt., and a gang of rowdies got together to set a time to break up the whole meeting. They live'd eight

miles away. So on Thursday evening they came on the ground to accomplish their fiendish work and have their 'fun,' as they told some of their friends. Their plan was to lay trains of powder into every tent, under the beds, and when the town clock struck twelve, all were to touch fire to the powder and run to a distance, and see the frightened women and children run and scream. At ten, a distant thunder was heard, and while they were waiting for the hour to set fire, God sent one of the most terrific thunder and hail storms I ever witnessed. It had been a hot day, and these young men had no overcoats to put on; and as their last resort, after seeing their powder all wet and their plans all defeated, they were compelled to ride back to their homes, eight miles, all drenched with rain and chilled through. The ringleader had to be carried into the house benumbed. His mother tried for hours to get him warm. Then came a burning fever, and then he called his dear mother and told her what he had done, saying: 'Mother, I've got to die! Do pray! Do pray! What shall I do? O, how can I die?' She said: 'I never prayed.' 'Then call father,' cried the dying man. He could not pray. Then he cried: 'What shall I do? O, how can I die!' Then he would clutch his hands and wring them in agony, crying, 'I can't die so! I can't die! Mother, mother, do pray! do pray!'

"The father went for a Baptist minister, but before he arrived the boy was insane; and with distorted eyes, hands uplifted over his head, and writhing in agony, he died raving, and among his last words were: 'I'm going to hell; I'm lost! Lost! Lost! I can't die so! I can't! I can't! Mother, 'tis awful to go to hell this way.'

This seems a fulfillment of the Word which declares of the wicked that "distress and anguish make him afraid; they prevail against him, as a king ready to the battle." (Job xv, 24.)

"I AM NOT PENITENT."

The following scene is described by Evangelist Caughey:

Upon the bed of his last sickness lay a dying infidel. He was asked a question, to which his countenance replied, before he had uttered a word: "Are your principles sufficient to sustain you in this trying hour?" He answered sternly, "No," and after a pause, unable to restrain his feeling, he exclaimed, "Surely, I am the greatest fool in the world to have become the dupe of wicked and designing men; I am justly consigned to that hell, the idea of which I once laughed at." Offers of pardon through the Blood of the Lamb were freely presented, and sadly and sullenly put away. He heard the exhortation with patience, till "penitent sinner" was mentioned, when he cried: "Penitent sinner! I am not penitent. It is the fear of eternal damnation that is at work upon my guilty soul; this is nothing else but a pledge and foretaste of the misery of the damned. Eternal fire! eternal fire! who can dwell with everlasting burnings? My body can not live, and my soul dare not die. O, that I had another day! But this would be of no use; I must perish, and reconcile myself to my lot; I am dying! I am dying!" A second attempt was made to turn his despairing conscience to the cross, which he heard with more than usual patience. When the individual

ceased, he became very restless, and at last shrieked fearfully, crying, "See! see! do you not see them? They are come for me; I must go to my place." The horror on his countenance was infernal. His last words were, "Damned, damned, forever damned!"

HOW A YOUNG LADY GAINED A DRESS, BUT LOST HER SOUL.

Mary Wheaton.

The following incident was told me by a friend who was acquainted with the circumstances:

A young lady who used to sing in operas and fashionable concerts, was walking along the streets with a young gentleman one afternoon, and they came to a church in which revival-meetings were being held. They were not in the habit of attending such meetings, but the singing so attracted the lady's attention, that she spoke to the gentleman about it, and said, "Let us go inside and listen." "You don't want to go in there," said he, "they are having revival-meetings." But the longer she listened to the music the more she was impressed with the thought of going where she could hear better, and at last said, "I am going in the church." So they both went in and took seats. The minister soon arose, and after reading his text, preached to the unconverted. It seemed to the young lady that every word he said was intended for her. She was convicted, and left the church with the intention of living a different life. On reaching home, where her unconverted mother was, the daughter said, "Mother, I am going to be a better girl."

"What do you mean?" asked the parent.

"I mean I am going to be a Christian."

"Daughter, you do n't know what you are talking about. You are too young to be a Christian. Religion is all right for old people, but you are just the age to enjoy yourself, and do n't want to think of such things."

The words of the mother did not change the good resolutions of the daughter. She still said, "I am going to live for God." A few days after this she was called on to sing in a worldly entertainment, and refused because she had made up her mind to sing for God. As soon as her mother heard what she had done, she was angry, and reproved her very severely. Seeing this did not accomplish her aim, she scoffed at her. Then she tried coaxing, and at last promised her a new silk dress if she would do the required singing.

This was a great temptation to the young lady, for she had been very fashionable and liked to dress so. After studying over the matter for a while, she said, "I will sing just once more to get the dress, but it will be the last time." She at once commenced preparation for the singing. As soon as she began to associate with her old friends the desire for religion left her, and she said to herself: "I believe mother is right; I guess I am too young to be a Christian. I will enjoy myself for a while yet, and when I get older I will seek God." How long did she enjoy herself? A week after this she was taken very ill. Then she wanted Christ. The minister she heard preach a short time ago was sent for. He and a few Christian friends came and prayed for her. She, too, pleaded for salvation, but finally said: "It is no use, I have put off serving God too long—I can see the very gates of hell open to receive me." She then spoke to her mother, and said, "Get me my new silk dress." After

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hesitating a few minutes the mother did so, and as she brought it near, the daughter said, "Hang it up there," pointing to a hook near the bed. After the dress was hung on the hook, she pointed to it, and said, "Mother, that is the price of my soul," and passed into an endless eternity.

"What doth it profit a man to gain the whole world, and forfeit his life?" (Mark viii, 36.)

WHY WILL YE DIE?

W. H. S.; Arranged.

When the cold, clammy hand of your enemy Death
Has silenced your heart and suspended your breath;
When friends, bowed in grief, your dead body surround,
O where, careless one, will your poor soul be found?

Deep down in the HELL where all Christless ones go,
Immersed in DESPAIR and surrounded with woe,
Your soul will be wailing, and joining its cry
With the groans of the lost as they bitterly sigh.

In HELL, where the flames will FOREVER be fierce;
In HELL, where the fangs of the worm EVER pierce;
In HELL, where the torments have NEVER an end;
In HELL, where the wicked in anguish descend.

Then hurried along on the fiery wave,
No eye to take pity, and NO ONE TO SAVE;
Fierce fiends will attend as you go wailing by,
And laugh at your anguish, and mock your sad cry.

FOR EVER AND EVER deep down in the fire,
Your woes will increase and your moans will rise
higher,
The smoke of your torment will mount like a cloud,
And will wrap you around in its terrible shroud.

Then thinking of folly that merits your doom,
Of Christ who once knocked, but was given NO ROOM,
You'll PRAY, in despair by agony driven,
But prayer said in Hell can never reach Heaven.

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The flames WILL NOT SLACK, growing hotter and fierce,
And the tooth of the worm still DEEPER will pierce;
Your cry WILL NOT RISE from the caverns of Hell,
But echo around where the dark demons dwell.

Salvation was FREE, but you clung to your sin;
And God WOULD HAVE SAVED had you yielded to Him.
His Spirit oft strove, but you said to Him, "Go,"
And now you're in Hell, 'mid its anguish and woe.

But WHY should you perish, SINCE JESUS HAS DIED—
Since life has flowed out from His spear-pierced side?
Your vast load of guilt was all LAID UPON HIM.
Who finished the work and atoned for your sin?

There's naught can avail that you ever can do,
But repent and believe in His promise so true;
O, COME AS A SINNER, deserving of Hell,
Trust Christ as YOUR Savior, and all will be well.

Yes, still there is MERCY, and wide stands the gate,
While Jesus implores and continues to wait:
"O come UNTO ME; quickly come and be blest;
In ME there is safety, in ME there is rest."

Refuse not this message; 't is sent you from Heaven.
It MAY BE THE LAST that to you will be given!
O LOOK to the Savior; yes, look to Him now;
Accept Him at once, and in penitence bow.

THE END.

