

and completeness; and while often he presented one side of a truth, as if it were all of it, he also saw the other side. With him a paradox was not a contradiction. He gratefully recognized the human influences which helped him to enter the ministry.

While preaching one Sunday afternoon Jasper suddenly stopped, his face lighted as with a vision, a rich laugh rippled from his lips while his eyes flashed with soulful fire. He then said, in a manner never to be reported: "Mars Sam Hargrove called me to preach de Gospel—he was my old marster, and he started me out wid my message." Instantly the audience quivered with quickened attention, for they knew at once that the man in the pulpit had something great to tell.

"I was seekin' God six long weeks—jes' 'cause I was sich a fool I couldn't see de way de Lord struck me fus' on Cap'tal Squar', an' I left thar badly crippled. One July mornin' somethin' happen'd. I was a tobarker-stemmer—dat is, I took de tobarker leaf, an' tor'd de stem out, an' dey won't no one in dat fact'ry could beat me at dat work. But dat mornin' de stems wouldn't come out to save me, an' I tor'd up tobarker by de poun' an' flung it under de table. Fac' is, bruthr'n, de darkness of death was in my soul dat mornin'. My sins was piled on me like mount'ns; my feet was sinkin' down to de reguns of despar, an' I felt dat of all sinners I was de wust. I tho't dat I would die right den. An' wid what I supposed was my lars breath I flung up to heav'n a cry for mercy. 'Fore I kno'd it, de light broke; I was light as a feather; my feet was on de mount'n; salvation rol'd like a flood thru my soul, an' I felt as if I could 'nock off de fact'ry roof wid my shouts.

"But I sez to myself, I goin' to hol' still til dinner, an' so I cried, an' luffed, an' tore up de tobarker. Pres'n'tly I looked up de table, an' dar was a old man—he luv me, an' tried hard to lead me out de darkness, an' I slip roun' to whar he was, an' I sez in

his ear as low as I could: 'Hallelujah; my soul is redeemed!' Den I jump back quick to my work, but after I once open my mouf it was hard to keep it shet any mo'.

"Twan' long 'fore I looked up de line agin, an' dar was a good ol' woman dar dat knew all my sorrers, an' had been prayin' fur me all de time. Der was no use er talkin'; I had to tell her, an' so I skip along up quiet as a breeze, an' start'd to whisper in her ear, but just den de holine-back straps of Jasper's breachin' broke, an' what I tho't would be a whisper was loud enuf to be hearn clean 'cross Jeems River to Manchester. One man sed he tho't de factory was fallin' down; all I know'd I had raise my fust shout to de glory of my Redeemer.

"But for one thing thar would er been a jin'ral revival in de fact'ry dat mornin'. Dat one thing was de overseer. He bulg'd into de room, an' wid a voice dat sounded like he had his breakfus dat mornin' on rasps an' files, bellowed out: 'What's all dis row 'bout?' Somebody shouted out dat John Jasper dun got religun, but dat didn't wurk 'tall wid de boss. He tell me to git back to my table, an' as he had sumpthin' in his hand dat looked ugly, it was no time fur makin' fine pints, so I sed: 'Yes, sir, I will; I ain't meant no harm; de fus taste of salvation got de better un me, but I'll git back to my work.' An' I tell you I got back quick.

"Bout dat time Mars Sam he come out'n his orfis, an' he say: 'What's de matter out here?' An' I hear de overseer tellin' him: 'John Jasper kick up a fuss, an' say he dun got religun, but I dun fix him, an' he got back to his table.' De devil tol' me to hate de overseer dat mornin', but de luv of God was rollin' thru my soul, an' somehow I didn't mind what he sed.

"Little aft'r I hear Mars Sam tell de overseer he wanta see Jasper. Mars Sam was a good man; he was a Baptis', an' one of de hed men of de old Fust Church down here, an' I was glad when I hear Mars Sam say he want to see me. When I git in his orfis, he say: 'John, what was de

matter out dar jes' now?'—and his voice was sof'like, an' it seem'd to have a little song in it which play'd into my soul like an angel's harp. I sez to him: 'Mars Sam, ever sence de fourth of July I ben cryin' after de Lord, six long weeks, an' jes' now out dar at de table God tuk my sins away, an' set my feet on a rock. I didn't mean to make no noise, Mars Sam, but 'fore I know'd it de fires broke out in my soul, an' I jes' let go one shout to de glory of my Savior.'

"Mars Sam was settin' wid his eyes a little down to de flo', an' wid a pritty quiv'r in his voice he say very slo': 'John, I b'leve dat way myself. I luv de Savior dat you have jes' foun', an' I wan' to tell you dat I do'n complain 'cause you made de noise jes' now as you did.' Den Mars Sam did er thing dat nearly made me drop to de flo'. He git out of his chair, an' walk over to me and giv' me his han', an' he say: 'John, I wish you mighty well. Your Savior is mine, an' we are bruthers in de Lord.' When he say dat, I turn 'round an put my arm agin de wall, an' held my mouf to keep from shoutin'. Mars Sam well know de good he dun me.

"Aft'r awhile he say: 'John, did you tell eny of 'em in thar 'bout your conversion?' And I say: 'Yes, Mars Sam. I tell 'em fore I kno'd it, an' I feel like tellin' eberybody in de worl' about it.' Den he say: 'John, you may tell it. Go back in dar an' go up an' down de tables, an' tell all of 'em. And den if you wan' to, go up-stars an' tell 'em all 'bout it, an' den down-stars an' tell de hogshed men an' de drivers an' everybody what de Lord has dun for you.'

"By dis time Mars Sam's face was rainin' tears, an' he say: 'John, you needn' work no mo' today. I giv' you holiday. Aft'r you git thru tellin' it here at de fact'ry, go up to de house, an' tell your folks; go roun' to your neighbors, an' tell dem; go enywhere you wan' to, an' tell de good news. It'll do you good, do dem good, an' help to hon'r your Lord an' Savior.'

"Oh, dat happy day! Can I ever forgit it? Dat was my conversion mornin', an' dat day de Lord sent me out wid de good news of de kingdom. For mo' den forty years I've ben tellin' de story. My step is gittin' ruther slo', my voice breaks down, an' sometimes I am awful tired, but still I'm tellin' it. My lips shall proclaim de dyin' luv of de Lam' wid my las' expirin' breath.

"Ah, my dear ol' marster! He sleeps out yonder in de ol' cemetery, an' in dis worl' I shall see his face no mo', but I don't forgit him. He give me a holiday, an' sent me out to tell my friends what great things God had dun for my soul. Oft'n as I preach I feel that I'm doin' what my ol' marster tol' me to do. If he was here now, I think he would lif' up dem kin' black eyes of his, an' say: 'Dat's right, John; still tellin' it; fly like de angel, an' wherever you go carry de Gospel to de people.'

Farewell, my ol' marster, when I lan' in de heav'nly city, I'll call at your mansion dat de Lord had ready for you when you got dar, an' I shall say: 'Mars Sam, I did what you tol' me, an' many of 'em is comin' up here wid da robes wash'd in de blood of de Lam' dat was led into de way by my preachin', an' as you started me I want you to shar' in de glory of da salvation.' An' I tell you what I reek'n, dat when Mars Sam sees me, he'll say: 'John, call me marster no mo', we're bruthers now, an' we'll live forever roun' de throne of God.'"

This is Jasper's story, but largely in his own broken words. When he told it, it swept over the great crowd like a celestial gale. The people seemed fascinated and transfixed. His homely way of putting the Gospel came home to them. Let me add that his allusions to his old master were in keeping with his kindly and conciliatory tone in all that he had to say about the white people after the emancipation of the slaves. He loved the white people, and among them his dearest friends were counted by the thousands. □

Come just  
as you are

"Him that cometh to me  
I will in no wise cast out"—John 6:37

Cast yourself at once, in the simplest faith, upon the Lord Jesus Christ, and you shall be saved. All of your preparation for eternity is entirely out of yourself, and in the Lord Jesus. Washed in his blood, and clothed upon with his righteousness, you may appear before God divinely, fully, freely, and forever accepted. The salvation of the chief of sinners is all prepared, finished, and complete in Christ (Eph 1:6; Col 2:10).

Again, I repeat, your eye of faith must be directed entirely out of and from yourself to Jesus. Beware of looking for any preparation to meet God in yourself. It's all in Christ. God does not accept you on the ground of a broken heart, or a clean heart, or a praying heart, or a believing heart. He accepts you wholly and entirely on the ground of the perfect atonement of his blessed Son. Cast yourself, in childlike faith, upon that atonement—"Christ dying for the ungodly" (Rom 5:6)—and you are saved!

Justification is a poor, law-condemned, self-condemned, self-destroyed sinner, wrapping himself by faith in the righteousness of the Lord Jesus Christ, which is "unto all, and upon all them that believe" (Rom 3:22). He, then, is justified, and prepared to die and meet God, and he only, who casts from him the garment of his own righteousness, and runs into this blessed "City of Refuge"—the Lord Jesus—and hides himself there from the "avenger of blood" (Josh 20), exclaiming, in the language of triumphant faith: "There is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus" (Rom 8:1).

Look to Jesus, then, for a contrite heart; look to Jesus for a clean heart; look to Jesus for a believing heart; look to Jesus for a loving heart; and Jesus will give you all.

One faith's touch of Christ, and one divine touch from Christ, will save the vilest sinner. Oh, the dimmest, most distant glance of faith, turning its languid eye upon Christ, will heal and save the soul. God is prepared to accept you in his blessed Son, and for his sake he will cast all your sins behind his back, and take you to glory when you die.

Never has the Lord Jesus rejected a poor sinner who came to him empty and with "nothing to pay" (Luke 7:42). God will glorify his free grace in your salvation, and will therefore save you—**just as you are**, "without money and without price" (Isaiah 55:1). Paul immediately responded to the anxious jailor who asked what he must do to be saved.—"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved" (Acts 16:31).

No matter what you have been, or what you are, plunge into "the fountain opened for sin and for uncleanness" (Zech 13:1), and you shall be clean, "washed whiter than snow" (Psalm 51:7). "Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow" (Isaiah 1:18). Heed no suggestion of Satan, or of unbelief. Cast yourself at the feet of Jesus, and if you perish, perish there! Oh no! perish you never will, for he promised, "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out" (John 6:37). And his blessed invitation is, "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest" (Matt 11:28). Let your reply be, "Lord, I come! I entwine my feeble, trembling arms of faith around thy cross, thy death, thyself, and if I die, I will die, cleaving, clinging, looking unto thee!"

So act and believe, and you need not fear to die. Looking the Saviour in the face, you can look death in the face, exclaiming with good ol' Simeon, "Lord,

now let me depart in peace: for mine eyes have seen thy salvation" (Luke 2:29). My prayer is that you and I, through rich, free, and sovereign grace, will meet in heaven, and unite together in exclaiming, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain!" (Rev 5:12). □

Just as I am without one plea,  
But that thy blood was shed for me,  
And that thou bidst me come to thee,  
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind—  
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,  
Yea, all I need in thee to find—  
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

## TOMORROW!

"Boast not thyself of TOMORROW; for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth"  
—Proverbs 27:1

He was going to be all that a mortal should be  
**TOMORROW.**

No one should be kinder or braver than he  
**TOMORROW.**

A friend who was troubled and weary he knew,  
Who'd be glad of a lift and who needed it too;  
On him he would call and see what he could do  
**TOMORROW.**

Each morning he stacked up the letters he'd write  
**TOMORROW.**

And thought of the folks he would fill with delight  
**TOMORROW.**

It was too bad, indeed, he was busy today,  
And hadn't a minute to stop on his way;  
More time he'd have to give others, he'd say,  
**TOMORROW.**

The greatest of workers this man would have been  
**TOMORROW.**

The world would have known him, had he ever seen  
**TOMORROW.**

But the fact is he died and faded from view,  
And all that he left here when living was through  
Was a mountain of things he intended to do  
**TOMORROW.**

john jasper  
1812–1901

## THE THRILLING CONVERSION OF A NEGRO SLAVE

At the time of his conversion, John Jasper was a slave, illiterate and working in a tobacco factory in Richmond, Virginia. It need hardly be said that he shared the superstitions and indulged in the extravagances of his race, and these in many cases have been so blatant and unreasonable that they have caused some to doubt the negro's capacity for true religion.

But from the beginning Jasper's religious experiences showed forth the Lord Jesus as their source and center. His thoughts went to the Cross; his hope was founded on the sacrificial blood; and his noisy and rhapsodic demonstrations sounded a distinct note in honor of his Redeemer.

Jasper's conviction as to his call to the ministry was clear-cut and intense. He believed that his call came straight from God. His boast and glory was that he was a God-made preacher. In his fierce warfare with the educated preachers of his race—"the new issue," as he contemptuously called them—he rested his claim on the ground that God had put him into the ministry; and so reverential, so full of noble assertion and so irresistibly eloquent was he in setting forth his ministerial authority that even his most skeptical critics were constrained to admit that, like John the Baptist, he was "a man sent from God."

And yet Jasper knew the human side of his call. It was a part of his greatness that he could see truth in its relations