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“Here, Betty, this is the receipt. Read it for yourself and be convinced!”

The poor old woman slowly read it. Suddenly, a very happy expression came into her face, and the sadness was gone. Her expression was bright, as if the cloud was lifted. She raised her hands

and cried, “I understand! I understand! Jesus has paid my debt of sin.”

And, now, do you understand? Do you know Him of whom the Bible says, “**Thou shalt call His name Jesus: for He shall save His people from their sins**”? Do you think He needs any of your help? Didn't He say, “**Come unto Me**”?

“**We have redemption through His blood, the forgiveness of sins**” (Ephesians 1:7). Do not think your works can help you. The words of Jesus on the cross were, “**It is finished**” (John 19:30).

To find out more...

The
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Is Paid

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Many really desire to know Jesus as their Saviour, but find it hard to realize that the work is finished without any help from themselves. This true story illustrates how a poor woman learned this important lesson.

Betty was poor, very poor. She was sick, and confined to her bed as well. But Betty carried an even heavier burden. She was filled with doubts and fears about her soul's salvation. She had heard over and over again that Christ had died on the cross, and that He had borne the punishment for her.

She believed, but still, her mind was dark and sad when she thought of the future. She felt a distance between her and a holy God. Mrs. Pax, a kind friend, often visited her. Again and again, she tried to explain the simple plan of salvation, showing that when Christ died on the cross, He *finished* the work, paid the debt in full, and, “**being just-**

“Of course, ma’am, but we can’t help that. If she doesn’t have the money we must take the furniture.”

“But it’s terribly cruel; she’s dying!”

“Ma’am, that’s not our business; we

must have the money or the furniture.”

“Well, tell me, how much it is.”

The men told her, and taking the money from her purse, she said: “Give me the change and a receipt.”

They did, and Mrs. Pax put the receipt between the pages of her Bible, and went upstairs to reassure Betty that the debt was settled, not realizing that God was going to use this act of kindness for a far greater blessing to the troubled soul of this poor woman.

She found her in despair, expecting at

any moment to be pulled out of bed, and

laid on the floor. Her friend sat down by her, saying quickly, “Betty, don’t worry!”

“But, I must worry. I will die!”

“But the debt is paid, Betty.” The poor woman threw the sheet off her face, and looked round in wonder. What had she heard? She could not believe her ears.

Mrs. Pax repeated again those comforting

words, “I assure you, Betty, you don’t need to

worry any more. The debt is paid,” and opening her Bible, she showed her the receipt, saying,

fixed by faith, we have peace with God.” But no matter how simply the truth was presented to her, she found no relief.

One day as Mrs. Pax entered, she found Betty

in great

distress. She

had pulled

the sheet

over her

head, and

was sobbing

violently...

“Dear Betty,” said Mrs. Pax, “what’s happened to make you

so unhappy?”

“Oh, Mrs. Pax, I can’t pay my rent, and the landlord is going to take my bed from

under me. I will die! I will die!”

Her distress was so great and all that her friend could say seemed useless. She didn’t have a cent, and

the debt had to be paid, or her bed taken.

Just at this moment they heard a violent knock on

the door. This brought on a fresh outbreak of grief.

“There they are! There they are!” she cried.

Deeply touched at her sorrow, Mrs. Pax descended

the stairs softly, and found the two men at the

door, expecting to take the furniture.

“Well,” she said, after they had explained their

errand, “you know this woman can’t pay her rent.”

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