

A MESSAGE FROM GOD 1914

by Unknown

A collection of articles and writings from A Message From God 1914, covering various biblical topics and Christian teaching.

124 Chapters

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A Message From God 1914

The Diary of a Soul by the Editor

WE have entered on another year. What shall be our message for this New Year? What, my soul, wilt thou say to thyself? Let the great apostle sound his message in thy ears, "Redeeming the time, because the days are evil" (Eph. 5:16).

Let every day find some work done for Jesus; some saint helped; some sinner pointed to the Saviour.

"Redeeming the time." Making the most of every opportunity. The days are evil, therefore let us seek the highest good for those with whom we come in contact. No slothful ease when demons seek the souls of men and women; when false doctrine is permeating Christendom, and false prophets deny the Christ of God and the inspiration of the Bible.

Every Christian is responsible to God to tell others of salvation, and God will hold them responsible if they do not.

This was brought home to me most forcibly the other day in reading the third chapter of Ezekiel, verse 17 to 19.

"Son of man, I have made thee a watchman unto the house of Israel; therefore hear the word at my mouth, and give them warning from me. 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. Yet if thou warn the wicked, and he turn not from his wickedness, nor from his wicked way, he shall die in his iniquity; but thou hast delivered thy soul."

Fellow Christian, have you delivered your soul?

I have a very solemn, serious question to ask the unsaved. It is this: —

CAN YOU FACE AN ETERNITY THAT CONTAINS YOUR UNPARDONED SINS?

What of your sins? You may be in eternity this year. Oh I let the sinner hear that his salvation and safety depends upon his appreciation of the value of the blood of Christ to God.

How lightly many think of sin! How little they fear the wrath of God. If unsaved, every sin is written on the recording volumes of eternity. God can never pass over one sin unless all are forgiven; and none can be forgiven unless Christ is the Saviour.

How can a man die in peace when his sins will follow him beyond the grave, and with their myriad voices shout for his damnation before the Great White Throne of Judgment? No one is safe for one moment in his sins. The sinner may be saved today; he may be damned tomorrow. Oh! the awful unbelief of this age. Men resist the Holy Ghost, they will not believe God and His testimony concerning His Son; they will not bow their stubborn hearts, or give up their human wills, and so God has to break them. Men become hardened in their sin, because they will not obey God. God

commandeth men everywhere to repent. How few do repent. God says, "Choose life and ye shall live; choose death and ye shall die." Men choose death and so they die eternally.

"I don't believe in the Bible," a young man cries, "and if there be such a place as heaven, the only reason I should care to go there would be to escape from hell; though I tell you I would rather be annihilated than go to heaven, even if there be such a place."

And another cries, "I don't believe there is a devil or a hell." And another says, "Jesus of Nazareth was not the Son of God; He was the Son of Joseph and Mary." And fouler expressions than these are used. Men are hardening their hearts in their unbelief everywhere today.

But what is man that he should thus dare to contend with his God? If he will not bend, he must be broken. A power stronger than his stubborn will rules the universe, and before that power, if he resists it, he must be crushed forever.

Tremel, Brittany. — I ask your prayers for my dear friend, Pasteur Lecoat, who, after fifty years and more spent for God, is now seriously ill. I went to see him in November last. I hope soon to publish some of the wonderful conversions that have taken place in Brittany through the reading of the Bible in the Breton language by the people, Pasteur Lecoat having translated the Scriptures into the Breton language, and his colporteurs have carried them far and wide.

Queen's Hall, Exeter. — Through the mercy of God we have cause for the greatest thankfulness for the deepening interest in the meetings. A dear Christian friend writes: "I shall be praying with all my heart that great blessing with 'the sword of the Spirit' may rest on the meeting."

Another friend writes from a distance:— "I am praying for Exeter."

Another friend sends a card with these words of cheer: — "Certainly I will be with thee."

Thank God for believing prayer.

Another Year

Another year! Oh! how the moments fly,
The rush of ages to eternity!
The passing stream towards the ocean vast,
The glowing present to the shadowed past.
Another year of striving and of toil,
Of energy misplaced — of gathered spoil;
Of tears and sadness, and hope's cheering ray,
The night of darkness, and the break of day.
Another year gone with its memories stored;
Its acts, and thoughts, and words, a garnered hoard.
Naught can be now unsaid, and naught undone,
The hour has struck — another year's begun.
Another year! I face the future now;
The weight of Time is heavier on my brow;
The vista lengthens as I backward look,
And Memory writes fresh pages in her book.
Another year! How many more shall come?
What milestones yet before the gates are won?
The shadows fall from off the hills of Time:
Those mighty hills that guard the eternal shrine.
Another year! The feet must tire at last,
And the bright "now" be numbered with the past;
The living "I" be soon the absent one —
The streams of life all to the ocean run.
Another year! My God, I owe to Thee
The gift of being and the power to be;

And in Thy universe, that sneaks Thy power,

I have my plate, my duty, and my hour.

H.W.

Cain's Cry

I EXPECT many a young man and young woman reads the "Message from God." I have a special message in this "Message" for you (however young or old you are), as long as your dear parents live.

Nowadays I often see and hear young people slighting their parents, thinking they know better than their elders! They do not half love their dear father and mother. Oh, let me entreat you to beware, for if you do slight them, you are laying up bitter remorse in the future. Be loving and respectful. Let them see you love, and fear to grieve, them.

I shall never forget the awful blow that came on a young woman I knew. She had been a servant in my father's household. She neglected and despised her own father at that time. Such an honest, good old man he was, who died a sad death, in great want, and yet rather than not pay his rent, he kept the money in his hand so that it might not be spent in food. Alas! he died without the comfort he needed from his children. I shall never forget the agony of the daughter when she heard of his death. Her remorse and shame were terrible as she flung herself on the stairs and cried with Cain, "My punishment is greater than I can bear!"

Dear friends, rich or poor, love and aid your parents while they are alive; in death there is no remedy for unkindness or neglect.

E. P. L.

A Question for the New Year

IT was a cold First of January, and Jacob Brown was cross. He couldn't afford much fire, nor a warmer coat, nor anything hot for dinner; so he sat at work — he was a shoemaker — and growled most heartily.

Just then a knock at the room-door startled him, and he had scarcely time to clear his brow before a customer came in, closely followed by Jacob's wife.

"Good morning, Mr. Brown," said the stranger, courteously.

"Mornin' t'ye, ma'am," returned the shoemaker — for the newcomer was well dressed. "Madge, dust a chair, and shut the door behind you."

As Mrs. Brown obeyed, the lady smiled, for she saw that Jacob was a character. The cobbler saw the smile, and admired it greatly — it was so kind, so sunny, and beautiful — one that would have increased the brightness even of a palace — one such as Jacob Brown but rarely saw. Nor did the excellent order which she gave him make the industrious shoemaker think less of his customer. Five village children were to be booted immediately, that they might begin the New Year by going to school; and old Mark Dobson was to have a pair of shoes.

"You can do all this in a fortnight?" asked the stranger, when she had explained that she was on a visit at the squire's, and might soon have to leave the neighborhood; "you will not disappoint me if you can avoid it?"

Jacob said "No," and looked as if he meant what he was saying; but, finding that his customer still lingered, he added, very firmly, "They'll be done! If ever I promise anything, I always do it."

"If you can," suggested the lady.

"I never promise what I can't," said Jacob; "I know how long things take, and I just calc'late; and then, in course, it's ready by the time."

"But sickness may come," said the visitor. "We are never sure of health, my good friend, are we? This New Year's morning finds us in full vigor — the next may see snow fall upon our graves. Before a fortnight has gone by, the strong man may be wasted, helpless, dying. 'We know not,' any of us, 'what a day may bring forth.' Do you think of these things sometimes?"

The shoemaker looked displeased. "don't know as I do."

"Then you must allow me to say that you are most unwise. You know that eating, drinking, getting money, and spending it, ought not to be the business of your life, and yet you do not think. You know that another hour may find you in eternity, and yet you do not think. Ah! my friend, stop and think!"

“I don’t know how,” said Jacob, who found it impossible to resist her kindly tone; “you see I ain’t no scholar, and I can’t see the harm of saying I shall finish them shoes and boots in a fortnight, certain.”

The lady took a Bible from her pocket. “May I not read to you a little, Mr. Brown?”

“Of course, ma’am, if you wish; but I don’t suppose I shall understand it, nor Madge neither,” said the shoemaker. “We never had much learning’ when we was small, and it’s too late to begin now-a-days.”

“I do not know,” said Mrs. Hastings, smiling; “I have kept school for older people than you; and as to the few verses I shall read, although you cannot feel them without the teaching of God’s Spirit, you cannot help understanding them, if you try.

“ ‘Go to now, ye that say, Today or tomorrow we will go into such a city, and continue there a year, and buy and sell and get gain: whereas ye know not what shall be on the morrow. For what is your life? It is even a vapor, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away. For that ye ought to say, If the Lord will, we shall live, and do this, or that. But now ye rejoice in your boastings: all such rejoicing is evil.’ ”

The shoemaker and his wife sat very still; it was long since the Bible had been read to them, still longer since they had listened seriously. But now a blessing was upon the reading, and the words came home — home to their very hearts. For years death had been near them, carrying off one neighbor after another, but they had never taken warning by the fate of their fellow-mortals; for years they had known others resolve and plan — only to find that God’s nay was decisive, but they had gone on planning and resolving without one thought of Him. And on that New Year’s morning they had risen without one doubt that they should live to see the latest day of the three hundred and sixty-five — without one fear of change, and death and judgment. But as their friend read on, their consciences awoke, and the heart’s cry of one at least was — “What must I do to be saved?”

On finding that her hearers were impressed, Mrs. Hastings turned to the twenty-seventh of Matthew, and read the story of the death of Jesus, repeating at its close a little hymn that went, as Jacob said, “to his very heart.”

“Yonder — amazing sight! — I see

Th’ incarnate Son of God,

Expiring on the accursed tree

In agony and blood.

Behold a purple torrent run

Down from His hands and head;

The crimson tide puts out the sun;

His groans awake the dead.

The trembling earth, the darkened sky,

Proclaim the truth aloud;
And, with the amazed centurion, cry,
'This is the Son of God!'
So great, so vast a sacrifice
May well my hope revive:
If God's own Son thus bleeds and dies,
The sinner sure may live."

t was enough. The message was from God, and God's own Spirit brought it home with power. Mrs. Hastings came no more to Jacob's cottage; the sudden illness of her husband called her home that very day. She did not return again; but she wrote often, preaching "Christ crucified." And the squire's lady, who paid for the boots and shoes when they were finished, not only discovered that the shoemaker was changed in heart, but had much reason to hope that his wife also would have "A Happy New Year."

Hints from an Old Christian

PREACH prayerfully as before God; preach to the conscience and the heart; preach down self, and preach up Christ; preach to all present, but not at any. Be sure you preach God's truth, and let much of it be in His own words. Back everything with Scripture, God's word carries authority with it.

Prayer, preaching, patience, and perseverance, are four P's that should go together in a servant of God.

It is much easier to bring our heads than our hearts to preach. God usually blesses the labors of the man whose heart is set on the conversion of his hearers.

Be simple in your preaching. The Lord Jesus was, Paul was, and all successful preachers have been so.

Never be ashamed of the gospel; its plainness, simplicity and peculiarities are its glory.

Always set forth new birth as the beginning of a course — good works as the result.

Preach with fidelity, as one that must give an account; keep nothing back, but declare the whole counsel of God. Lay the creature low and keep him low.

Preach the truth in love: love to God, the Author; love to Christ, the Center; love to saints; love to sinners; love to the truth itself.

You are to labor for God — that is your duty. You labor with God — that is your honor. The more we labor for God and with God, the more we shall receive from God. "There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth."

Do something for God every day. I mean something definite, something that is likely to tell on the future; seeking to realize the value of the soul, the shortness of time, the nearness of eternity.

Satan is always busy; therefore God's servants should never be idle. While men sleep the enemy sows tares. Take heed to the napkin — the Lord is at hand. Whatever you do for God throw the whole soul into it.

If the Lord use you, expect Satan to abuse you. You are a soldier of Jesus Christ; expect rough usage and hard fare.

Who is your master? Is it the world? the saints? or Jehovah? Whom do you serve, and seek most to please?

The Doctor's Prescription

SOME years ago I went to consult a lambus physician about my health. I was a woman of nervous temperament, whose troubles — and I had many — had worried me to such a pitch that the strain threatened even my reason. And what was worse, I had grown cold to, and wandered from, my Saviour-God.

I gave the doctor a list of my symptoms, and answered the questions, only to be astonished at the brief prescription at the end: "Madam, what you need is to read your Bible." "But, doctor," I began, "Go home and read your Bible an hour a day," the great man reiterated, with kindly authority. "Then come back to me a month from today." And he bowed me out without a possibility of further protest.

At first I was inclined to be angry. Then I reflected that, at least, the prescription was not an expensive one. Besides, I certainly had neglected my Bible, I reflected with a pang of conscience. Worldly cares had crowded out prayer and Bible study. So I went home and set myself conscientiously to try the physician's remedy. I began to feed upon God's word, and prayer followed.

In one month I went back to his house.

"Well," he said, smiling as he looked at my face, "I see you are an obedient patient, and have taken my prescription faithfully. Do you feel you need any other medicine now?"

"No, doctor, I don't," I said honestly. "I feel like a different person. But how did you know that was just what I needed?"

For answer the physician turned to his desk. There, worn and marked, lay an open Bible.

"Madam," he said, with deep earnestness, "if I were to omit my daily reading of this book, I should lose my greatest source of strength and skill. I never go to an operation without reading a scripture and praying. I never attend a case without finding, help in its pages. Your case called not for medicine, but for sources of peace and strength outside your own mind, and I skewed you my own prescription, and I knew it would cure."

"Yet, I confess, doctor," said I, "I came very near not taking it."

"Very few are willing to try it, I find," said the physician, smiling again; "but there are many cases in my practice where it would work wonders if they would take it."

The doctor's prescription still remains. It would do no one any harm to try it.

SEL.

Precious Opportunities

It is related of a well-known scientist that on one occasion he was on a Highland moor, pursuing some botanical study. At the moment, he was examining a heather bell under a microscope, when a shadow was cast before him. Looking up, he saw an aged shepherd at his side. After words of greeting, he handed to his new companion the lens and the flower. The old man gazed again. Then, with tears in his eyes, he said, "I wish ye'd never shown it me; I've trodden on thousands of them."

If in the light of the judgment-seat of Christ and of eternity we could see the precious opportunities for service to the Lord and of giving pleasure to His heart that we have missed and trodden under foot, would not our regret be keener a thousand fold than that of this old shepherd? We believe it would. The thought should stir up our souls to seek for grace from God that we tread on no more, but live henceforward redeeming the time (R.V., margin, "buying up the opportunity"); not as fools but wise. So that in some measure there may be restored "the years that the locust hath eaten."

The Spirit of Lawlessness

THE spirit of lawlessness is rampant everywhere, manifested in the world by the throwing off of all restraint, and utter disregard of both divine and human authority. This is what Scripture teaches us to expect. Among those who profess the Christian name, many have allowed themselves to become leavened with the same spirit, manifested by a claim for liberty to think and do as they like in everything, except what concerns their personal salvation. This also will increase, especially after those scriptural barriers have been demolished which God in His wisdom has ordained to keep the world and its principles from being brought into the assemblies of His people. It is ours to go on quietly but firmly in what we have learned of the word, seeking to maintain a right spiritual condition in which to give it effect in practice. No good whatever comes of discussing points, or debating theories with those who openly avow their opposition to what you believe to be the principles of the word. Time will manifest, as it has done before, with whom the Lord's approval is.

Sinai's Trumpet (A Broken Law)

Long and loudly blew the Trumpet
When Jehovah spake of old,
And from Sinai's burning summit
Did His fiery Law unfold;
Molten calf and broken Tables
Told their tale of Israel's sin,
And the blast of God's own Trumpet
Loud was heard above the din.
Thunderings, lightnings, gloom, and darkness
Gather'd round that smoking mount;
Israel, reckless of God's glory,
Of His law took no account;
Trembling at that voice of thunder,
When, far off, they met their God,
Terror-stricken, they besought Him
They might no more hear His word.

SILVER TRUMPETS (Desert Journeying)

Thenceforth, in their desert pathway,
Silver trumpets gave their sound,
Calling, gathering, resting, journeying,
Or in war, their use was found.
In the days of Israel's gladness,
Solemn days, new moons, and feasts,
Aaron's sons blew many a warning,
Acting as Jehovah's priests.

JERICHO'S TRUMPETS (The World's Doom)

Once again, the desert ended,
Jordan's swollen river passed,
Jericho's proud walls encircling,
Hear we now the Trumpet's blast;
See the army of the ransom'd
Marching round that fated town,
White-robed priests their rams' horns blowing,
Till its mighty walls fall down.
But, amidst that awful ruin,
Sweet indeed it is to tell,
One lone house escaped destruction
As those tottering ramparts fell.
Closely fasten'd to its casement
Hangs there out a scarlet line;
Precious token to a Rahab
Of deliverance all divine.

SALVATION'S TRUMPET (Day of Atonement)

So, too, when the fragrant incense
Rose from off the altar's side,
Victims slain, their blood outpouring,
Spake of Him who since hath died.
On the great Day of Atonement
Joyful rose the Trumpet's swell,
E'en the type itself declaring
Christ must die! ■thus all is well.
But alas! when "God's Anointed"
Came, their sin to put away,
Israel's guilt had reach'd its climax,
They refused His gracious sway;

In their folly chose a robber,
Yet in love Christ lingered still,
And the "Trumpet of Atonement"
Peace proclaim'd from Calvary's hill.

AN "AWAKENING" TRUMPET (God's Call to Israel)

But ere long, their guilt confessing,
Will they to Jehovah turn,
By God's Trumpet then awaken'd,
For deliverance will they yearn;
Their repentant souls afflicting,
Servile work no more they'll do,
Grace thro' blood will seal their pardon,
For God's promises are true.

THE "JUBILEE" TRUMPET (Israel's Deliverance)

Earth shall then enjoy her sabbaths,
And the Trumpet still shall sound,
Liberty and joy proclaiming
To the nations all around;
'Tis the Jubilee's glad welcome,
Ushering in Messiah's reign,
All creation then rejoicing
In His all-prevailing Name!

THE "LAST TRUMP" (The "Bridegroom Cometh,")

But, ere comes that happy moment,
Wait we for another blast,
For the "Bridegroom" first returneth
To take home His bride at last;
Dead, and living, saints uprising,
Fruit of Calvary's toil and pain,

In the Bridegroom's likeness shining,
With Him o'er this earth shall reign.

S.T.

By The Editor

JANUARY, 1914. — We are still at the Queen's Hall, and I wish to record an instance of God's wondrous grace in the salvation of a soul.

A patient came to my consulting room, and before leaving she said, "I have some good news for you, doctor, I have had a letter from a friend who has been converted through the meetings at the Queen's Hall." I said how glad and thankful I was, for I had known of many cases of blessing, but was so glad of this additional proof of the Lord's presence with us.

The Letter

December 31st 1913

MY DEAR ■

No doubt you will be surprised to hear from me, after your telling me you did not wish to have anything more to do with me. But now, when I tell you that I have accepted Jesus as my Saviour, I know that you will be only too delighted to read this letter. I will now tell you how the change came about. Last Sunday week I was at Exeter for the day, and my friend very much wanted me to go and hear Dr. W■ preach, as she is an earnest Christian, and she begged me to go too, but you know that to spend a Sunday like that was not in my line; but at last I yielded to her and went. Dr. W■ had not been speaking a quarter of an hour before I seemed to feel that he was speaking to me alone. All my past life came up before me, and you know what that has been. But I could not see it at all plainly that night, how I was able to get salvation without doing anything, as that verse came to mind, "Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling." I can tell you I was miserable, I could get no sleep all Sunday night, and the same on Monday, but on Tuesday the light shone in, and then and there I said, "LORD, I WILL TRUST THEE, AND I DO BELIEVE THAT JESUS DIED FOR ME." And I have never been so happy as I have this last week. I can quite understand now why you did not want my company, as my behavior would only be a pain to you, but I hope now that you will write me a nice letter, as I know by how you have spoken to me before, that you can be a great help to me; and I also ask you to pray for me that I may be given strength to fight against the temptations which my companions would lead me into; but by God's help I shall throw them off, if they do not throw me off first. Well, I must close now, but I will tell you I have not put an address on this letter as I am going to D■ tomorrow, but am not quite sure of the address, so I will send you a post card to-morrow, and then you will be able to write to me. So good-bye, with love from Your sincere friend and now Sister in Christ.

May God bless her and keep her.

The Mystery of Suffering

I was visiting an aged sufferer, and only a short time before she passed away she beckoned to me to bend over her. In a faint whisper she said, "Can you explain to me the mystery of suffering?" She had suffered long and greatly, and close to eternity she leaves the question behind her, a question which God alone can solve in eternity.

I stood by another bedside — a dying man. He said, "Doctor, can you tell me how it is that good people have to suffer so much in this world?"

I said, "Will you tell me why the best, the only perfect Man who ever lived, was so pre-eminent in suffering, that He was called 'The Man of sorrows and acquainted with grief'? Answer this and your question will be answered."

A little child was under my care suffering from pneumonia. She had passed through weary, restless nights and painful days. Listen to what she says: "It is gentle Jesus makes me suffer this, but He does not mean any harm by it."

She had solved in her own simple childish trust the problem that has puzzled many. Although she might not understand why she should suffer, she knew "gentle Jesus" could do no wrong.

She said also, "If gentle Jesus were to come in at that door I should run to Him, and put my arms around His neck, and kiss Him." I gave her a little picture book from a friend, and she wanted to know if it was about "gentle Jesus." Yes, blessed Lord, "Out of the mouth of babes and suckling's Thou halt perfected praise."

The mystery of suffering began at the fall of man; sin and sorrow became inseparable then. This problem of the ages will be solved when "there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain; for the former things have passed away." "And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

There were no tears until sin came into the world, and in that sinless home all tears will be wiped away. Jesus wept over the sin He taketh away.

Shall I Help, Or Go?

A mighty river goes rolling on,
Mighty beyond our ken;
And this is the river that rushes along,
Children and women and men.
They're living in darkness and dying in sin,
Children and women and men;
They're plunging from Now to an awful Then,
Hundreds of millions of men!
Oh, what can we do to help them?
Christ died for these millions we know;
But someone must take them this message of love!
Shall I go? or help those who go?
Go count all the stars on a lovely night,
Count them twice over again;
The number is naught to the millions of souls,
Children and women and men!
They're passing to heaven or hast'ning to hell,
Hast'ning to weal or to woe!
Yet Jesus would have us to warn them in time:
Shall we obey, or say "No"?
This river flows on to eternity,
Never returning again!
From the North and the South, from the East and the West,
Hundreds of millions of men!
'Tis reddened by blood, it is blackened by sin,
Sorrow and mourning and woe!

We dare not sit still, or go calmly to sleep,
Jesus commands us to "Go."
Oh what can we do for these poor, dark souls,
Dying in blackness of night?
For how can we rest while the river still rolls,
We who are the children of light?
O Lord, we are coming, are coming to Thee!
Take us and use us to-day;
Remove all the hindrances, set us on fire,
And have with us all Thine own way.
E. E. PICKARD

Scene. — A Ward in St. Mary's Hospital

"WELL, Charlie, you can't convert me!"

"No, but God can," said I. "Well, but I shall be out in a week or two."

HE WAS OUT and IN HIS GRAVE.

I had been to visit an old companion, who I heard was very ill — if not dying — who, after speaking lightly and disrespectfully of eternal things, used the above expression, proving that he himself was unconverted.

Reader — Is he in HEAVEN or HELL?

God says, "Except ye be converted, ye cannot enter the kingdom of God."

Thus died another of my old companions.

Young man — you who are reading this — How will you die?

WHERE WILT THOU SPEND ETERNITY?

Say not, thou can'st not tell — THE LIFE THOU'RT LIVING surely says, in HEAVEN or in HELL!

Young men, we know your sins, and we warn you of a future judgment. We know your temptations, and we would help you to resist the devil and serve God. We know your trials and cares, and we would lead you to Christ, a Brother born for adversity.

Scene. — ST. PANCRAS STATION, en route TO BEDFORD RACES

"Good morning, Mr. C."

"Good morning, sir."

"Are you going down?"

"Yes."

My friend, who had just addressed me, was a sporting man, a professional gambler, who knew me before my conversion, and who since that time had met me on many of the race-courses of England, where I had gone to distribute suitable books, and preach the gospel to men who, if these extraordinary means were not taken, would never hear the gospel, nor be warned of the

Wrath To Come!

“How is Harry T■?” asked I.

“Harry■ is dead,” said he.

“No, I mean Ted■’s friend.”

“Ted is in Hanwell Asylum!”

Was it possible — the two companions I had been most intimate with — the one dead, the other a maniac!

YOUNG MEN — have a care; the above was THE END OF A LONDON LIFE!

“Sowing the seed of a maddened brain,

Sowing the seed of eternal shame.”

In a few weeks my old companion exchanged an asylum for the grave. We had gambled together, and danced together: “Caldwell’s,” “The Argyll,” Cremorne,” had seen us together how often? Now I only am living! More jovial companions I never knew — such good company — who were as much at home in dancing a hornpipe as in singing a song in public. When I was converted they heard of it; and so impressed was one by my testimony for Christ that he shook like a leaf and wept like a child. They knew I was right and they were wrong.

Reader! do you wish to die the same as my friends — UNPRARED? A life of worldliness ends in impenitence and despair. Young man of the world — one sin in particular ruined those two old companions of mine — beware of it. Prepare to meet thy God!

Scene. — Death-Bed of an Old Companion

“Charlie, I’m going, I’m going!”

So spake my old companion, George ■. We had lived together at the same house of business in Bond Street, before and since my conversion, and often had I spoken to him of the danger he incurred by putting off salvation. Now the death summons had come, and his sister had been to Hyde Park Hall to ask me to visit him, as he wished to see me.

“How long does the doctor say you can live, George?”

“Two days.”

I prayed with him, and read Isaiah 53, and left him, promising to see him again in the morning. The same evening a letter came from the sister: “Dear Mr. C■, I am sorry to say my poor brother passed away ten minutes after you left the house.” Poor George — drink and gambling had been to him as to many others, a curse; blinding him to the danger of neglecting his soul. Where is he now? ‘Tis not for us to judge, him, but may God preserve you, dear reader, from such a death.

Think of these young men now in eternity, and if you are as they were — “lovers of pleasure rather than lovers of God”■ remember “the end of these things is death.” “Seek ye the Lord while He may be found; call ye upon Him while He is near.”

Friend — one moment with you! Do you know that God loves you, that Christ died for you, that His blood has atoned for sin (1 John 2:2), and satisfied the JUSTICE of God? and now, since God has dealt in judgment with the Saviour, God can now deal in mere); with the sinner, and to YOU is offered now the gift of God, which is eternal life. Will you accept it?

Payment God will not twice demand,

First at your bleeding Surety’s hand,

And then again at yours.

“Believe (or trust) in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.”

Your servant, for Christ’s sake, C. C.

“Whiter Than Snow” and “Fair Colors”

“YES, you speak the truth,” said a young man with whom I was talking, my heart yearning with desire that he should know and love my Lord as his Saviour. “It says,” he continued, “Wash me and I shall be whiter than snow.” Said I, “Are you washed? Do you know that you are a sinner? People do not like to be told that they are sinners and can do no good thing, for all have sinned and come short of the glory of God.” He looked up with such a bright smile, saying, “He forgives. There is forgiveness for the sinner, forgiveness is the washing we need.” I felt he had experienced by faith the forgiveness of sins.

Then I showed him my wonderful snow-white chrysanthemums that I had bought at a sale of work three weeks before. Pure, pure white they had been, but as I had placed them in the blazing sunlight for a fortnight the sun had brought out “fair colors” on every petal — violet, red and magenta — which gave them especial beauty. “Thus,” I said, “we who are washed clean and white in His blood shall, if we live in the Light of the Sun of Righteousness, produce ‘fair colors’ to His glory and honor (Isa. 54:11), specially blood-washed, afflicted, sick and sorrowing ones.”

Emily P. Leakey

“Thou Hast Been a Strength to the Poor”

OVER the mantelpiece in my bedroom hangs a framed text, “The Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all.” Below this text is Albert S█’s written signature, and he gave this text to me as his parting gift ere he departed to be with Christ.

He was once a Rifle Volunteer, and as such was on the way to a grand review, when his eyes were arrested by the words, “Prepare to meet thy God.” Engaged as he then was in preparing (should the need arise) to meet the enemies of his country, he knew he was not prepared to meet his God.

One day after this he was standing looking over the wall of a bridge then in course of erection. He presently looked down. On that wall, just where he was standing, someone had written, “Prepare to meet thy God.” His conscience was stirred. He crossed over to the other side of the bridge, and as he stood looking over it two servants of the Lord, in crossing it, offered him a tract. One stopped, and addressing A.S., said, “Young man, prepare to meet thy God!”

By this remarkable threefold application of this one portion of God’s word, A.S. was convinced of sin, and of his unreadiness to meet God. And in him godly sorrow worked repentance not to be repented of. He sought the Lord and was found of Him. Being justified by faith, he now had and enjoyed “peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ,” and delighted to hear more and yet more of his Saviour and Lord. When the time to meet his God was actually approaching, he said to his dear wife, in joyful surprise, “Is this death?” God had given him the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ. His young widow found joy and peace in believing, and their tenderly loved child grew up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.

But it was his “sorrowing, yet always rejoicing” mother that I saw the most often. The triumphant departure of her loved son was overruled in blessing to her own soul. And a warm welcome awaited me whenever I called on her, and we had very sweet and precious times together as we spake to one another of Him who had so richly blessed us both, and who was still seeking and finding the lost. She was greatly concerned for her husband. He had heard the word spoken again and again, but he had not received the blessed testimony.

Presently a message was brought to me asking me to come over. Being busily engaged in the Lord’s work elsewhere, I was obliged to defer my visit. A second message came, Would I please come over. I could defer no longer, the Lord was calling me to go. As I drew near to the house I felt the weight of a grave responsibility, and earnestly besought the Lord to give me the right word when we met.

We were sitting round the fire, and I was speaking of the Lord’s goodness when the wife explained before her husband that he did not see these things as she and I saw them. I knew now why I was sent for. He desired to hear words whereby he should be saved. At such a moment the servant of Christ realizes the inestimable value of Jesus’ finished work. A full and free salvation upon God’s own terms, viz., “without money and without price.” Oh, the joy of being able to set forth “Christ

Jesus the Lord," the sinner's only Saviour Mine it was to sow good seed that evening. The next time I called he was expecting me, and I had the privilege of watering what had already been sown. Anon the good news reached me that God had given the increase. God be praised! From that time forward, when we met, it was to enjoy sweet and holy fellowship, together. To tell or to hear of sinners saved by grace, to learn yet more and more of Him and of His personal glories. Yea, to sing together His praises.

As time went on serious news reached me. The husband was very ill in bed. Christ's servant was always welcome at his bedside. It was a helpful experience, for his joy found its legitimate expression in singing hymns of praise to God. He himself said he would wish to be occupied in praising God up to the last half-hour of his sojourn here.

One scene rivetted itself upon my memory. At his expressed desire I was singing out of their own hymn-book, "There is a fountain filled with blood," and as he cheerily and with all his dying strength sang it through with me, his poor wife sat and cried. When we were downstairs she said, "How can I live without him?" I gently comforted her, and bade her rather think of where her loved husband was going.

When the Lord took him she had sorrow upon sorrow, for his departure involved the giving up of the tiny cottage where she and her husband had lived for so many years. But grace enabled her to praise God in the face of sorrows so severe that her health broke down entirely. Even then grace triumphed. "Why should I fear death?" she said, "I have nothing to fear." And when I read a portion of Scripture and showed her how rich was, the comfort therein contained, she would ask me to turn down the corner of the sacred page that she might read again for herself when I had gone. Her bright testimony to the Lord's great goodness to her is, even now that she has gone, the theme of conversion in the great hamlet where she had lived to His praise and glory. A. J.

How Prophecy is Fulfilled

THE following incident is related by Dr. Cyrus Hamlin. While he was in Constantinople, soon after the Crimean War, a colonel in the Turkish army called to see him and said: — “I want to ask you one question. What proof can you give me that the Bible is what you claim it to be — the Word of God?”

Dr. Hamlin evaded the question, and drew him into conversion, during which he learned that his visitor had traveled a great deal, especially in the East, in the region of the Euphrates.

“Were you ever in Babylon?” asked the doctor.

“Yes; and that reminds me of a curious experience I had there. I am very fond of sport, and having heard that the ruins of Babylon abound in game, I determined to go there for a week’s shooting. Knowing that it was not considered safe for a man to be there except in the company of several others, and money being no object to me, I engaged a sheik with his followers to accompany me for a large sum. We reached Babylon and pitched our tents.

“A little before sundown I took my gun and strolled out to have a look round. The holes and caverns among the mounds which cover the ruins are infested with game, which, however, is rarely seen except at night. I caught sight of one or two animals in the distance, and then returned to the encampment, intending to begin my sport as soon as the sun had set. What was my surprise to find the men striking the tents.

“I went to the sheik and protested most strongly. I had engaged him for a week, and was paying him handsomely, and here he was starting off before our contract had scarcely begun. Nothing I could say, however, would induce him to remain. ‘It isn’t safe,’ he said, ‘no mortal flesh dare stay here after sunset. In the dark, ghosts, goblins, ghouls, and all sorts of things come out of the holes and caverns, and whoever is found here is taken off by them and becomes one of themselves.’

“Finding that I could not persuade him, I said, Well, as it is I’m paying you more than I ought to; but if you stay, I’ll double it.’ ‘No,’ he said, I couldn’t stay for all the money in the world. No Arab has ever seen the sun go down on Babylon. But I want to do what is right by you. We’ll go off to a place about an hour distant and come back at daybreak.’ And go they did; and my sport had to be given up.”

As soon as he had finished Dr. Hamlin took his Bible and read from it in Isaiah, chapter 13 “And, Babylon, the glory of kingdoms, the beauty of the Chaldees’ excellency, shall be as when God overthrew Sodom and Gomorrah. It shall never be inhabited, neither shall it be dwelt in from generation to generation: neither shall the Arabian pitch tent there. But wild beasts of the desert shall lie there; and their houses shall be full of doleful creatures; and owls shall dwell there, and satyrs shall dance there. And the wild beasts of the islands shall cry in their desolate houses, and dragons in their pleasant palaces: and her time is near to come, and her days shall not be prolonged.”

“That’s it exactly,” said the Turk, “but that’s history you’ve been reading.”

“No,” answered Dr. Hamlin, “it is prophecy. Come, you’re an educated man; you know that the Old Testament was translated into Greek about three hundred years before Christ.” He acknowledged that it was. “And the Hebrew was given at least two hundred years before that?” “Yes.”

“Well, wasn’t this written when Babylon was in its glory, and isn’t it prophecy?”

“I’m not prepared to give you an answer now,” he said, “I must have time to think it over.”

“Very well,” said Dr. Hamlin. “Do so, and come back when you’re ready and give me your answer.”

Dr. Hamlin never saw him again. But what an unexpected testimony to the truth of the Bible in regard to the fulfillment of prophecy did that Turkish officer give!

Reply to an Infidel Publisher

AN infidel publisher sent a young man a packet of agnostic literature. The young man replied, returning the literature, as follows: “Dear Sir, — If you have anything better than the Sermon on the Mount, the parable of the Prodigal Son, and that of the Good Samaritan; or if you have any code of morals better than the Ten Commandments, or anything more consoling and beautiful than the Twenty-third Psalm; or, on the whole, anything that will throw more light on the future and reveal to me a Father more merciful and kind than the New Testament reveals—send it along.” He has not received anything more from the infidel!

Infidelity and skepticism may fill the mouth with argument, but they will never give peace to a troubled conscience or joy to a sorrowing heart. Christ alone can satisfy, and give lasting peace and joy.

“My Friend and Yours”

I have a Friend, whose faithful love
Is more than all the world to me;
'Tis higher than the heights above,
And deeper than the soundless sea:
So old, so new, so strong, so true.
Before the earth received its frame,
He loved me — blessed be His name!
He held the highest place above,
Adored by all the sons of flame;
Yet, such His self-denying love,
He laid aside His crown and came
To seek the lost, and, at the cost
Of heavenly rank and earthly fame,
He sought me — blessed be His name!
It was a lonely path He trod,
From every human soul apart.
Known only to Himself and God
Was all the grief that filled His heart;
Yet from the track He turned not back
'Till, where I lay in want and shame,
He found me — blessed be His name!
Then dawned at last that day of dread
When, desolate, yet undismayed,
With wearied frame and thorn-crowned head,
He; now forsaken and betrayed,
Went up for me to Calvary,

And, dying there in grief and shame,
He saved me ■ blessed be His name!
Long as I live my song shall tell
The wonders of His matchless love;
And, when at last I rise to dwell
In the bright home prepared above,
My joy shall be His face to see,
And, bowing then, with loud acclaim,
I'll praise Him — blessed be His name!

C. A. Tydeman

The Diary of a Soul

By the Editor

I HAVE been reading this morning an incident that has moved me very much. It took me back to the days of the Indian Mutiny. At Allahabad were eight boy cadets, just come from England, and not yet passed to their regiments. They were full of eagerness to be enrolled among the soldiers of the Queen. But they fell into the hands of the mutineers; seven of them had their throats cut, the eighth was left for dead, but he managed to crawl away and hide himself in a ravine. For four days he lay hidden, suffering agonies from his wounds. Then he was found by some Sepoys and carried back a prisoner. He was thrust into a hut where a Christian catechist was confined.

This poor man had formerly been a Mohammedan, and the Sepoys were torturing him to make him give up his new faith in Christ. He was on the eve of giving way when this brave English boy became the companion of his cell. The lad learned all, and did his utmost to sustain his companion's courage.

"DON'T DENY CHRIST! NEVER DENY CHRIST!" he urged.

They were rescued, but four days after his release the brave English lad died of his wounds. But his, "Don't deny Christ! sever deny Christ!" will live forever.

Brave and gallant soul, he has gone to God with those brave words upon his lips, to hear from the Saviour he confessed on earth the "Well done" that will be his for all eternity.

What are we doing for Christ?

Pasteur Le Coat is still very ill and needs our prayers. We have a touching story by Madame Le Coat in this month's "Message," of one of the orphans in her charge. What a noble work has been done for God at Tremell!

The name of our Hall for gospel preaching has been changed-from The Queen's Hall to the Palladium. The interest is maintained, and God is working. We are asked to pray for unsaved friends and relatives. The door is opened widely for us now in spite of all the efforts of Satan to close it to us.

We ask the prayers of our readers for great blessing.

The First Sorrow

THERE is nothing that so appeals to my heart as a first sorrow in a family. We know all have to go through sorrows, but in some families the sorrow comes gradually — a dear one, say father, mother, or a son or daughter, has to be watched for long on a sick bed until the last sad moment comes, when almost for her sake or his sake one can almost say, “Thank God, the suffering is past, but for us comes the aching desolation.” But the first sorrow that comes like a thunderbolt on a family where as yet none have died, is a tragedy of sorrow.

So it was when our first death-sorrow came on all of us in “one hour,” one night, and I was the chief actor, except the one who was taken. We were a large family — father, mother and eleven brothers and sisters. I was nineteen, and not one of us had had a death-grief up to that day. As a dynamite bomb a thunderbolt, a crashing earthquake it came on one and all that Sunday morning. At nine o’clock on the Friday evening, while at family prayer, my sister was seized with cholera. Handing me the Book, she said, “You finish.” Before the next hour she was in bed with the awful cramp of cholera. Two doctors were in attendance all that night, whilst I was striving to carry out her constant cry, “Rub me! Rub me!”

About six o’clock on Saturday morning Dr. Jackson said, “Have you any relations near?” “At Pimlico.” “Send and fetch them as quickly as you can.” At once I dispatched one of the maids to our fly-man, who rushed off to my brother Arundell, then Curate of St. Michael’s, Pimlico, and as fast as possible he and Peter, who lived with him, were at her bedside. In the meantime I repeated the twenty-third Psalm and hymns, and asked for any messages she wanted to say. But before my brothers came she was unconscious and her face rigid with the agony she had endured. She was dead a few minutes after they arrived about half-past eight.

It was an awful, awful moment for us three, but to Peter it became the turning point of his life. From that moment he gave himself heart and soul to God — to his Mary’s God — a marvelous change; a new being from that day. He was simply “out and out” for the Lord, saying, as it were, with St. Paul, “Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?” He left the world to follow Christ. “This one thing I do... I press towards the mark.” No more two masters for him; no more theater, or cards, etc., but following fully the Lord Jesus Christ, “who gave Himself for me.” He could say with the apostle, “I am crucified with Christ, nevertheless I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me.”

Why am I writing all this? Just to warn anyone, young or old to show their love, or to love their dear relatives, father, mother; brothers and sisters, before the evil day comes when the sudden death of either may fill their hearts with remorse as well as the sorrow of a first sorrow.

Of course I shall never forget that awful night and the days that followed; the hastened funeral on the Monday at Kensal Green, when only my two brothers and a distant cousin could be at her grave. I well remember what took place at our door when, as was the custom in those days in London, a mute in deadly black with black banners, stood each side of the door ere the hearse and carriages drew up. Ladies did not go to funerals then, so I did not go. A circumstance occurred

that might have proved serious. Just as the mutes were standing at the door, and the hearse drew up, our music master, Mr. Cox, from North London, came up and rang the bell. "Mistress is dead of cholera" was such a shock that he fainted away, and I had to administer towards his recovery for some time that afternoon.

When the sudden news of my sister's death reached Exeter my father and Sophia only were at home. It was Sunday morning, and Sophia heard him cry out, "Mary is dead! Mary is dead!" but his next words were echoing the patriarch Job, "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord." My mother and two sisters had taken lodgings in Teignmouth, so father immediately put on his hat to go and break the fearful news, and he did break it indeed, bit by bit, groan by groan, until mother's heart broke too. She never recovered from the shock, and she also died nine months after. When my father arrived at the lodgings they were all at church, so he waited, and when they returned he said, "I have some news for you, but you must all have your dinner first." As he sat at the table, eating nothing, he kept groaning very loudly, for he was deaf, and perhaps did not know how he harrowed their minds and hearts.

At last mother said, "Mary must be dead; nothing else would make him groan like that." Well, at last he told them and showed them a little lock of her hair that Arundell had sent with the letter for them to weep over. But mother's tears were dried; only the agonizing appeal came to her lips, "Did she send any message to me?" Happily I was able to write a long account of all poor Mary said and suffered during that terrible night. Only three people died of cholera at Notting Hill that fearful year 1854, and each one was at a corner house up the same road. Many died in Shepherd's Bush, and Mary had walked into Shepherd's Bush the afternoon she took the disease.

Do let me appeal to you young friends to be kind and loving and gentle and obedient before the evil days come, for come they will Break the "alabaster box of ointment" on their heads during life; do not wait for their death to give them the flowers of your love. Neither flowers nor mourning, nor exceeding precious ointment will do them any good when once they have passed away from earth. And be ye also ready. Seek the Lord while He may be found, for at an hour when you think not you too may be called, even as Mary was. But she was ready, full of faith, proving her faith daily by her love for the Lord Jesus, and always striving to bring others to Him.

Emily P. Leakey

The Canal Bridge

A SHORT time ago, when passing under a bridge over the G■ J■ Canal at N■, Middlesex, the writer noticed something wrong with the brickwork of the bridge, and stopped to examine it. The brickwork had been whitened with some thick whitewash, and at first sight that seemed to be flaking off. But closer inspection showed that the bricks were cracking, large pieces of the face of the work, about a quarter of an inch thick, peeling off. Apparently, the bridge (a main road one) had been strong enough for ordinary traffic, but the extra weight and vibration of motor lorries, etc., was proving too much for it, and it was gradually being crushed.

The thought that presented itself to the writer was, that it would not stand the test of time, but the Bible, God's word, had stood the test for hundreds of years. All of us have at some time to cross the bridge that spans between time and eternity, and it behooves us, while we are yet in "time," and have the opportunity, to see that the bridge we pass over will carry us into eternal life, eternity with Jesus.

And how is the bridge built that can carry us there? Why, with nothing but Jesus — Jesus for the foundation, also for every part of the structure. "There is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved" (Acts 4:12). Jesus is the one and only bridge that can carry us safely into eternity, and yet thousands of people today are foolishly trying to build a bridge of their own. Some, unfortunately, meet with a great measure of success in building what they imagine to be the real thing. They start the foundations with good resolutions, and amongst the bricks used in the structure may be mentioned "kind actions," "self-denial," "regular attendance at a place of worship," "total abstinence," "non-smoking," "spotless moral conduct," and a host of other things that are quite right in their place, but have not the slightest power to help anyone to obtain eternal life.

What a terrible awakening for the poor soul just passing out of time into eternity to find that the bridge they have been building to carry them into eternal life is not strong enough, and that unless they can get on the bridge Christ Jesus they must perish amongst the ruins of their beautiful structure!

Dear reader, if you have been building your own bridge, ask God to show you what an awful mistake you are making, and there is no doubt His Holy Spirit will lead you to leave your future entirely with our Lord Jesus Christ. Put all your confidence in Him, whether your past life has been good, bad, or indifferent. If you are not already trusting in Him as your Saviour, start at once by giving yourself entirely into His care and keeping, and you will then have started crossing the bridge that spans the distance between now and eternal life, and it will never fail you.

You, dear reader, who think carefully sometimes over these matters, would it not be worth something to you to know that the future holds no terrors for you? That whenever the call comes for you, whether suddenly or after a long illness, you were "simply trusting" in Jesus, so that "all is well." "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life." B. E.

Francoise Morvan

I BEGIN by the story of the young girl from whom came the idea to build a small hospital for our poor and invalid converts, where they would be free from the power of the priests, and depart in peace and be near our blessed Saviour Jesus Christ.

About three hundred meters from our chapel at Tremel, there lived a few years ago a family composed of the mother, the father, and five children. One day the father, a small farmer, was killed by being thrown from his cart. A few years later the mother married again, and the poor children of the first marriage were cruelly treated. Soon after, the mother died through privations and other causes. All that they possessed was sold, and the eldest of the orphans, aged thirteen, came to ask me to engage her as a servant. I did so.

For a year she seemed quite happy, and did her work with all diligence. A slight indisposition made her keep her bed for a few days, and drew my attention to her. I then noticed, alas! that she was consumptive and sealed for a better world.

About this time a little boy was born at her aunt's. She was asked to be godmother; she accepted with joy, after asking my permission, which I gave her, only pointing out that as she was in service with Protestants she would have very little chance to be accepted by the priest. What I thought came to pass. As soon as she went into the church the priest took her by the arm and put her out, saying: "We do not want people like you in our church."

"I have done nothing wrong," replied the girl.

"But," said the priest, "you are in service with bad people, and I cannot tolerate your presence here; go out immediately."

Francoise, for that was her name, went quietly out, and coming home said: "Dear Madame, however long I live, I shall never again enter a Romish church. The priest has treated me as I deserved, but he won't put me out a second time."

A few weeks later the poor girl took to her bed once more, and only left it when her soul was at rest. When her parents heard she was ill they went to beg of the priest to come to confess her; but how could he come into a heretic's house? The Bishop alone could authorize that. In that Church everything can be obtained with money, and the priest, with a legal permission, was not long in coming to the Protestant's house.

I was standing at the door when he came. He took off his hat and said: "You have, Madame, in your house one of my sheep, and I come to see her."

"She does not wish to see you, sir," I answered, for her aunt has told her of your intended visit, and she has asked me not to let you come into the house. However, I will take you to her that you may not tax me with injustice."

When we were near the invalid the priest said to me: "Would you leave me alone with her, Madame?"

"Certainly, sir," I answered, "if she wishes it. Do you wish, my dear girl, to be alone with Monsieur?"

"No, no, dear Madame, I do not want to have anything to do with him."

"You hear her, sir, she will have nothing to do with you. She is an orphan, and I take her under my protection."

The priest then came nearer the bed, and said to the invalid: "Francoise Morvan, you are very ill and you will soon die; in the name of our Holy Mother the Church, I offer you a passport for the journey."

"I want to have nothing to do with you nor with your Church. Seeing you is more than I can endure."

"Think what you are saying," answered the priest. "You are going to die; hell is open and ready to receive your soul, and I can save you in giving you the absolution."

"I do not want your absolution. My soul is bought and saved by Jesus, who will keep it; for it He gave His blood. Leave me in peace. You put me out of your Church, and I shall live and die without her."

"Forgive me," said the priest, "I was wrong, but I am God's minister."

"Not a minister of the God who said He was the orphan's father," replied the young invalid. "Once more, leave me in peace."

"But hell is open in front of you, and you are going in straight."

"Oh! it is for you, naughty man, that hell is open if you continue to walk in the path where you are now. As for me, I fear nothing," said the young girl. "Jesus is my Saviour."

The priest then, turning to me, said: "It is extraordinary for a girl of fourteen, and yet she is quite sensible."

He then took his hat and went away, but came back next day.

He found me reading to the invalid the last part of the third chapter of St. John's Gospel. He interrupted me to ask how was the invalid. "Not much better," I answered him, "and I was reading her a portion of God's word. Would you like, sir, to continue to read?"

"Oh!" answered he, "I cannot read the Gospel in your house."

He then asked the young girl if she had changed her mind. On hearing her negative answer he said, "Good morning," and went off. The third day he came again, but this time with a witness. After wishing him good morning, I said politely: "Sir, your visits hurt the invalid, and it is the last time I allow you to see her."

“Very well, Madame,” said he, “will you only allow me to ask you a question? Did this young girl attend your service or ours before I put her out of the church?”

“She went sometimes to Mass and sometimes to our service,” I replied.

Then, going near the bed, he asked her once more if she refused his services. She answered him, “Yes, a thousand times yes.”

“Then,” said he, “die Protestant, Jew, or Mahomedan, I don’t care.”

Her uncle came to see her, and after he was gone she said, “Dear Madame, Jesus will soon come; a few days, perhaps a few hours, I shall be with Him. Will you ask the children to come and sing some hymns?”

Saturday morning, the day of her departure for heaven, as I entered her room, she said: “Oh! dear Madame, how long the night has been! it seems such a long time since I saw you.”

“How are you, dear girl?”

“Near the end,” answered she, “but I should like to change my bed.”

“If you like to get up a little, you shall sit in the armchair.” “No, dear Madame, I dare not ask you where I want to go.” “Say it, my dear child.”

“On your knees, dear Madame.”

When she was on my knees, she said: “But you do not hold me; I am going to fall.”

“No, dear child, you will not fall. Tell me, are you content to die?”

“Yes, yes, Lord Jesus.”

As she was getting weaker, we put her back to bed, when she fainted. Regaining a little strength she said: “Sing me ‘Dieu nous appelle’” (“God calls us”). At the end of the hymn she said: “Good-bye, dear Madame, you have been a good mother to me. We shall meet in heaven. God bless you and dear Mr. Le Coat. May all your enterprises be blessed. Thank all the good people who have been kind to me. May your house be blessed. Oh! I shall kiss you in heaven.”

Then signing to me to come nearer to her, she said very low: “Dear Madame, my soul is going to Jesus. If you please, prevent the priests from having my body. Good-bye. Thank you.”

Joining her hands, and looking upwards, she fell asleep.

On the day of the funeral our little chapel was full of people come to the burial of our dear orphan. At the Cemetery, before a crowd of four or five hundred people, Mr. Le Coat, very much moved, took for his text these words, “I have finished my course” (2 Tim. 4:7). In few words he told the history of the deceased, showing how amidst all the difficulties she had early finished her race and kept her faith in the promises of God. Tears ran from almost all the eyes of the assistants. The priest also wept behind the window of the vestry, from where he could hear everything, but his tears were tears of rage to have allowed such a fine occasion to preach the gospel. At the end of the service we left the cemetery, leaving there the earthly remains of our friend waiting for the glorious resurrection of God’s children.

Near the death-bed of that young girl I said to myself, "What would the priests have done to that poor dying orphan if I had not been here, and what do they not do at the hour of death to our poor brothers and sisters scattered abroad? We must have a modest home where our converts can die in peace."

The first collection for that object in our chapel produced two shillings. Today, a little hospital allows all our sick who are persecuted by the clergy of the Church of Rome to find peace and the nursing their cases require.

Washing a Piece of Coal

A GENTLEMAN once offered a prize to any child who would wash a piece of coal white. Three children tried to win the prize, and each brought a piece of coal which they had tried to wash. One boy had actually tried all the morning. He had used cold water, then hot water, then soda, and lastly monkey brand, but needless to say the coal remained as black as ever.

So the teacher used this simple means to show that sin cannot be washed away by ceremonies, good works, or prayers. Just as the scriptures say, "Though thou wash thee with nitre, and take thee much soap, yet thine iniquity is marked before me, saith the Lord" (Jer. 2:22).

There is only one remedy for sin, and that is Christ's blood. "The blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth us from all sin" (1 John 1:7). And "except a man be born again, he cannot, see the kingdom of God."

The “Right Kind” of Faith

HOW may I be sure that I have the “right kind” of faith? Well, there can be but one answer to that question, viz., “Have you confidence in the right Person, i.e., in the blessed Son of God?”

It is not a question of the amount of your faith, but of the trustworthiness of the person you repose your confidence in. One man takes hold of Christ, as it were, with a drowning man’s grip. Another but touches the hem of His garment; but the sinner who does the former is not a bit safer than the one who does the latter. They have both made the same discovery, viz., that while all of self is totally untrustworthy, they may safely confide in Christ, calmly rely on His word, and confidently rest in the eternal efficacy of His finished work. That is what is meant by believing on Him. “Verily verily, I say unto you, he that believeth on Me Hath everlasting life” (John 6:47).

Make sure of it, then, my reader, that your confidence is not reposed in your works of amendment, your religious observances, your pious feelings when under religious influences, your moral training from childhood, and the like. You may have the strongest faith in any or all of these, and perish everlastingly. Don’t deceive yourself by any fair show in the flesh. The feeblest faith in Christ eternally saves, while the strongest faith in aught beside is but the offspring of a deceived heart — but the leafy twigs of your enemy’s arranging over the pitfall of eternal perdition.

God, in the gospel, simply introduces to you the Lord Jesus Christ, and says: “This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased.” “You may,” He says, “with all confidence, trust His heart, though you cannot with impunity trust your own.” Blessed, thrice blessed Lord Jesus, who would not trust Thee, and praise Thy name?

“I do really believe on Him,” said a sad looking soul to me one day, “but yet when asked if I am saved, I don’t like to say, ‘Yes,’ for fear I should be telling a lie.” This young woman was a butcher’s daughter in a small town in the Midlands. It happened to be market day, and her father had not then returned from market. So I said, “Now suppose when your father comes home you ask him how many sheep he bought today, and he answers ‘Ten.’ After a while a man comes to the shop and says, ‘How many sheep did your father buy today?’ and you reply, I don’t like to say, for fear I should be telling a lie.” “But,” said her mother (who was standing by at the time), with righteous indignation, “that would be making your father the liar.”

Now, dear reader, don’t you see that this well-meaning young woman was virtually making Christ out to be a liar, saying, “I do believe on the Son of God, and He says I have everlasting life; but I don’t like to say I have, lest I should be telling a lie.” What daring presumption!

(From “Safety, Certainty, and Enjoyment.”)

“My Beloved is Mine, and I am His”

The heavens shall melt with fervent heat,
The earth too pass away;
But not the precious words of Him
Who turn'd my night to day.
'Twas by His word my soul was saved,
And by His word I live;
And He, who is the living Word,
For me His life did give.
The Voice that said, "Let there be light,"
Hath spoken peace to me;
And listening still to that sweet voice,
Brings joy and liberty.
The Hand that rules the universe
Was wounded for my sin;
The Heart that bled at Calvary
Thro' death my life did win.
The Feet once bathed with sinners' tears
Pressed onward to the Cross;
Just as I follow in His steps,
I'll count the world but dross.
The Eyes that wept at Bethany,
So human, so divine,
Now gaze on me in ceaseless love,
For I can call Him mine.
His Name is dearer to my heart
Than all the world beside;

My heaven's begun e'en here on earth,

When sea ted at -His side.

The Head that once obedient bow'd

Neath sorrows none can know,

Is crown'd with endless glory now,

And 'tis to Him I go.

Eternal power to Him is, given,

Who sits on yonder throne;

The Nazarene is God's, own Son,

As all must shprtly own.

Then gladly doth my willing heart

His ceaseless praise proclaim,

And when I see His face my brow

Shall bear His matchless Name.

S.T.

The Diary of a Soul

By the Editor

Death of Pasteur Lecoat, of Tremel, Cotes-Du-Nord, France

MY dear old friend of many years, Pasteur Lecoat, has gone to be with Christ. This is the letter from his niece, Mademoiselle Le Quere, telling the sad news: — Tremel, Cotes-du-Nord, France.

March 2nd 1914.

“Our beloved uncle fell asleep yesterday, Sunday, the 1st of March, about 5 o'clock in the evening. The end was peaceful; one minute, and he was in glory.

“The last days he felt very weak, but did not suffer much.

“On Saturday the doctor told us how bad he was; he came again yesterday, and left about an hour before the end. We did not think it would be so soon, but we are so thankful for the peaceful end. My brother and Madame Lecoat were with him; he got up and sat on his bed; suddenly he fell back and all was over. My dear old aunt is very courageous, but she does feel the loss intensely. You know what my uncle was to her, and how devoted she was to him.

“The funeral will take place on Wednesday morning, 10 o'clock. Do pray for us all.”

Yes, I have lost awhile one of my dearest friends. One whom I loved for His love to Christ, for his work's sake, and for what he was in himself. How I shall miss him!

Since 1905 I have seen Pasteur and Madame Lecoat every year, and last August I went to see them, but I could not stay owing to the death of a relative. I was so concerned about his health that I went to see him again in November of last year. His condition was so serious then that I feared the end of that valuable life on earth was near. And so it has proved, and he rests from his labors and leaves many sorrowing hearts behind to mourn his loss.

What he has done for God in Brittany will never be fully known on earth. Do pray for dear Madame Lecoat.

“I Have Six Hours More to Live”

On February 27th a dear Christian of 84, whom I had been asked to see, and who had heard me preach thirty years ago she told me, was passing away. As she heard the clock strike the midnight hour, she said to her niece, “I have six hours more to live.” They were incredulous, but she repeated over and over again, “I shall die at six o’clock.”

She turned to her niece with whom she lived and she said, “I am going home; I am going home to rest.”

She was asked, “Do you see Jesus?”

She answered, “No, I do not see Him, but I have the promise.” Beautiful faith! It reminds us of our Lord’s words to Thomas: “Blessed are they who have not seen, and yet have believed.”

She said again to her niece, “Goodnight, my child, God’s blessing be upon you.”

All through the night she was praying. Not long before the end came she gave utterance to these really wonderful words: “I have crossed the bridge; I am over the river; I have entered in.”

As each hour struck she asked the time. When five o’clock struck she said, “What time was that?” Someone answered, “It is five o’clock.”

“I have one hour more,” was her quiet answer.

When the hour of six came, they were around her bed, and one said to the other, “We will see if she is right about the time.”

They watched the feeble breathing as the hands of the clock pointed to six, and as the last stroke sounded, with a sigh the soul left the body for the rest she had spoken of before.

I thought as I looked upon her tired face in the coffin, and remembered the many talks and prayers we had had together, of her words, “I am going home, I am going home to rest,” and the farewell words of everlasting hope and certainty:

“I have crossed the bridge; I am over the river; I have entered in.”

Dead and Damned at Six O'clock

Now we turn to another dying woman. How different to the one of whom I have just been writing.

She was a woman of pleasure, and she told her friends one morning that she was going to die at six o'clock that evening.

"But," they said, "you do not seem sick."

She answered, "I shall die at six o'clock this evening, and my soul will be lost. I have sinned away the day of grace."

Noon came, and they asked her if she would see a minister.

"It's no use," she said, "it's too late now. I shall die at six o'clock." Four o'clock came, five o'clock, and she cried out, "Destroying spirits, ye shall not have me yet, it is not six o'clock."

The moments passed, the solemn moments, and six o'clock came. No clock struck the hour in the house, but she died at six o'clock.

She lay down in pleasure, and she was dead even while she lived.

A Dying Man's Last Jest

A writer says of a celebrated man, in writing his life, that the last remark he heard him utter was a jest.

“On the afternoon the day before he died, as I was sitting at his bedside, the spirit lamp that kept the fumes of eucalyptus in constant movement about the room through some awkwardness of mine was overturned. Mr. L■, who was dozing, opened his eyes at the sound of a little commotion caused by the accident, and perceived the flare-up. ‘Flames?’ he murmured interrogatively, ‘not yet, I think.’ He laughed quizzically, and went off to sleep again.” He was over eighty. God is not mocked.

The Palladium, Paris Street, Exeter

I told these two incidents on Sunday evening last, at my gospel preaching in the Palladium. One young woman left weeping bitterly. A man came to me afterward and said, "I wish you would pray for me, I am very anxious to be saved." God was working in many souls. I have received a request for prayer from one at a distance from Exeter, who gives no name or address, but who is in deep distress of soul and asks for the prayers of God's people. Please pray earnestly for the three I have mentioned.

The following card was given away one Sunday evening after the preaching. Many have filled up the spaces, and I ask my reader to write his or her name in the spaces NOW.

Reader! Put your name IN FULL in the spaces left in this verse. Keep the card where you can see it every day, and pray to God to save your soul.

"He — Jesus — was wounded for transgressions, He was bruised for iniquities, the chastisement of peace was upon Him, and with His stripes is healed" Isaiah 53:5.

God's Work Among the Heathen

Bishop Stileman has sent home a wonderfully interesting letter from Persia containing an account of how the Holy Ghost spoke to three Persians and made them anxious about their souls. He writes:

"We have had very good news of the convert Yuhanna since I last wrote to you. He has remained steadfast in the face of much persecution, and has been earnestly endeavoring to win others for Christ. Some little time ago three men came into Ispahan from one of the villages for teaching. They said that one of their number had dreamed that he was working in the fields when he saw a very bright light, and heard a voice which said to him, "Repent, Jesus is the Saviour, and the coming of the Lord Jesus is at hand." The man was much impressed, and somewhat timidly he mentioned his dream to his brother, who, much to his surprise, told him that he had also had a similar dream. They told their dream to a friend, who said that he also had dreamed the same dream. This naturally startled them very much, and while wondering what it could mean they came across a man having his lunch by the side of a stream and reading one of the Gospels. This man proved to be Yuhanna. He was greatly interested in these three men, told them more of the gospel message, and wrote a letter for them to bring to Isfahan that they might come for regular teaching.

They all found work as laborers that they might support themselves while under instruction. They are simple villagers, two of them quite young men, and all three very earnest seekers after the truth."

Please pray for them as well as for Yuhanna.

A Striking Conversion

THIS striking conversion is related by my grandfather in his autobiography: — “A godly, faithful minister, having finished prayer, looked round upon the congregation. He observed a young man shut in a pew who seemed to wish to go out again. Feeling a strong desire to detain him, the minister turned towards one of the members of his church and loudly asked him, ‘Brother, do you repent of your coming to Christ?’ ‘No, sir,’ he replied; ‘I never was happy till then, I only regret I did not come to Him sooner.’ The minister then turned to the opposite gallery and asked an aged member in the same manner, Brother, do you repent that you came to Christ? “No, sir,’ said he, I have known the Lord from my youth up.’ He then looked towards the young man, and fixing his eyes on him, said, ‘Young man are you willing to come to Christ? This unexpected address from the pulpit so affected him that he hid his face. The person who sat next to him encouraged him to rise and answer. The minister repeated his question, ‘Young man, are you willing to come to Christ?’ With a tremulous voice he answered, ‘Yes, sir.’ ‘But when, sir?’ added the minister in a solemn and loud tone. The young man answered, ‘Now, sir.’ ‘Then stay,’ said he and hear the word of God, which you will find in 2 Corinthians 6:2: “Behold now is the accepted time; behold now is the day of salvation.” By this sermon God touched his heart; he came into the vestry after service, dissolved in tears. The unwillingness to stay at first was occasioned by the strict injunction of his father, who threatened to turn him out of doors if he ever went to hear ‘those fanatics’; therefore he was afraid to meet his father. The minister sat down and wrote an affectionate letter to the father, which had so good an effect that both father and mother came to hear for themselves. The Lord graciously met with them both, and father, mother and son were together received with universal joy into that church.”

Now, dear reader, let me ask you the same question the minister asked that young man. If you have not already come, “Are you willing to come to Christ for salvation?” There is none other can save. Oh, come now, as he did; do not wait till to-morrow or, it may be too late. Death may come and no salvation. Come now! E. P. Leakey

On a Shoemaker's Bench

SUPPER was ended, and we were still sitting around the table, threshing out certain questions under discussion, when the conversation turned on personal matters, on the Lord's gracious dealings with one and another of us, either as to the soul's first awakening, or the later deliverance from the mists and confusions of human systems into the full light and liberty of the gospel. In the course of these narratives, one of our little party told his story, which, as correctly as I can, I shall now repeat.

"It was neither in church nor chapel," he began, "nor anywhere else under the preaching of the gospel when the arrow of the Lord entered my soul. But one day, when sitting on my shoemaker's bench, the question was suddenly put to me by a fellow-workman, 'Ernest, are you saved?'"

Then he related how taken aback he was by the question., the directness of it allowing no parley. It must be either "Yes" or "No." He had been very religiously brought up,-and during a good part of his boyhood might have been called the chaplain of the family, for every evening just before separating for their different dormitories, the members of the family would be called together in his mother's room — she already undressed and lying in bed — and a large book of family prayers given him from which he would read the portion for the evening.

Many years had passed since then. And now — this question of questions! It must, however, be answered. After a few moments' reflection, the safest thing, he thought, was to make the answer as brief as possible. He therefore simply said, "No"; to which there came the instant rejoinder, "What! do you not believe that Jesus died to save you?"

"Yes," he replied, "I believe that Jesus died to save me, but..." and further speech was stopped. For just then there was an awakening of his soul — a fear as to his unfitness to appear before God. The hour had struck for decision; and, by the grace of the All-merciful, he was enabled then and there to yield himself to the Saviour.

Thus brought to know and follow the Shepherd, his delight ever since has been to bid other lost and wandering ones to come to the Saviour. Yes, still the Shepherd is calling, and His gracious words are, "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out." "Will you then come at once, without delay?"

E. H. H.

There is Nothing Like the Cross

I SEE, in Heathenism, men worshipping stocks and stones.

I see, in Christendom, what would often disgrace a heathen; yet I see, too, God's goodness and wisdom evidenced in the midst of it all.

What can I think? All is confusion. The goodness and wisdom of God I see lead me, in spite of myself, to God, and the thoughts of God confound me when I see all the evil.

Philosophy, poor philosophy, would justify the evil to justify God. But when I see Christ here, I see perfect good in the midst of the evil, occupied with it, and then suffering under it, and the riddle is gone.

I follow this blessed One from whom all have received good, and who has wrought it with unwearied patience, and I hear the shouts of a giddy multitude, and I trace the dark plans of jealous enemies, who cannot bear good; I see high judges who cannot occupy themselves with what is despised in the world, and would quiet malice by letting it have its way, though goodness be the victim of it.

But a little thought leads me to see in a nearer view what man is: hatred against God and good.

Oh, what a display! A true friend denies, a near one betrays, the weaker ones, who are honest, flee; priests, set to have compassion on ignorant failure, plead furiously against innocence; the judge washing his hands of condemned innocence; goodness absolutely alone; and the world, all men, enmity — universal enmity — against it. Perfect light has brought out the darkness; perfect love, jealous hatred. Self would have its way and not have God; and the cross closes the scene, as far as man is concerned. "The carnal mind is enmity against God."

But oh! here is what I want. Oh! where can I turn from myself? Can I set up to be better than my neighbors? No, it is myself.

The sight of a rejected Christ has discovered myself to myself, the deepest recesses of my heart are laid bare, and self, horrible self, is there. But self is not on the cross. There is none there. The infinite love of God rises and shines in its own perfection above it all. I can adore God in love, and I abhor myself.

There is nothing like the cross. It is the meeting of the perfect sin of man with the perfect love of God. Sin risen up to its highest point of evil and gone, put away, and lost in its own worst act. God is above man even in the height of his sin; not in allowing it, but in putting it away by Christ dying for it in love.

The soldier's insulting spear, the witness, if not the instrument, of death, was answered by the blood and water which expiated and purified from the blow which brought it out. Sin was known, and to have a true heart it must be known, and God was known — known in light, and the upright heart wants that, but known in perfect love, before which we had no need to hide or screen the sin.

No sin is allowed, yet no sin is left on the conscience. All our intercourse with God is founded on this — “grace reigning through righteousness.”

It is a wonderful scene! There is, in truth, nothing like it — nothing in heaven or earth, save He who was on the cross for us. The glory we shall share with Him; but on the cross He was alone. He remains alone in its glory.

Associated there with Him nothing can be, save as it is the expression of the nature which was revealed and glorified in it. That we find ever in God who is thus known.

Eternal life is become thus association with God.

The rationalist would, by the progress of corrupt human nature, supplant the cross — the cross which writes death on corrupt humanity, and brings in a new and divine Man risen up out of that death, and a walk-in newness of life.

J.N.D. (Adapted)

The Rich Man's Death

HE was a moral man, but extremely covetous. He had great possessions and extensive property, but spent sparingly on himself and still less for the comfort of the poor. My friend, hearing he was dangerously ill, paid him a visit, which was so kindly taken that he was induced to repeat it. My friend found him in a state of absolute despair, for he was dying in peculiar 'horror, his hands clasped, his countenance betraying the awful agony of his mind. He looked up and said, "Sir, I now know I am sick, and have done no good with my wealth. The thought of this causes me the terror of mind I now feel I" After this death seized him, and he spoke no more.

“I Want no one but Jesus”

IN a well-known favorite seaside resort, a lady and her husband came to live. They were Roman Catholics. Shortly after settling down, the wife took a severe chill, which resulted in an acute attack of pneumonia. When the doctor told her that she could not recover, her husband was very anxious that she should see a priest, and get absolution for the repose of her soul. She answered, “No, no! no one but Jesus can do me any good: I want nothing else now. Only Jesus! He only can do me good now.” And a few hours later she passed away with a look of rest and peace.

Her poor husband was greatly distressed, and her remains were removed to the Roman Catholic church, where prayers and lighted candles were in requisition until the body was laid in its final resting-place. Of no avail was all this. She was beyond it an — at rest, forever with the Lord.

Perhaps you may not have a death-bed. Then do not delay, if unsaved, to get this most important of all questions settled. Turn at once to the Lord Jesus as the “only One who can do you any good.” Yes, he can and is willing to save you for time and eternity! “The Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost” (Luke 19:10). By this printed page He is seeking you. Oh, then, let Him save you now.

A. E. A.

Tempered

A CHRISTIAN blacksmith was approached by an intelligent unbeliever with the question, “Why is it you have so much trouble? I have been watching you. Since you ‘joined the church’ and began to ‘walk square’ you have had twice as many trials and accidents as you had before. I thought that when a man gave himself to God his troubles were over.”

With a thoughtful but glowing face the blacksmith replied: “Do you see this piece of iron? It is for the springs of a carriage. I have been tempering it for some time. To do this I beat it red-hot, and then plunge it into a tub of ice-cold water. This I do many times. If I find it taking ‘temper,’ I heat and hammer it unmercifully. In getting the right piece of iron I found several that were too brittle, so I threw them in the scrap pile. Those scraps are worth about a cent a pound; this carriage spring is very valuable.”

He paused, and his listener nodded. The blacksmith continued: “God saves us for something more than to have a good time — that’s the way I see it. We have the good time all right, for God’s smile means heaven. But He wants us for service, just as I want this piece of iron. And He has put the ‘temper’ of Christ in us by testing us with trial. Ever since I saw this I have been saying to Him, “Test me in any way you choose, Lord; only don’t throw me in the scrap pile!”

SEL.

The Epitaph on the Celebrated Sculptor Bacon's Tombstone

"What I was as an Artist

Appeared of some consequence to me

While I lived,

But what I was as a Believer

In Jesus Christ

Is all that is of consequence

To me now!"

A Believer's Death

HE preached on Tuesday, and some said his look, his expression, was such that they felt it was his own funeral sermon. On the Saturday he died, rapturously exclaiming, "O what a world I am going to! Here all is sin and sorrow, but there everlasting joy," immediately adding, "Jesus is standing to receive my spirit. What a mercy to be clothed in the robes of the Redeemer's righteousness!" Just after the death rattle came in his throat, he said to his daughter, who was kneeling by his side, "Did you hear that? That is a symptom of nature breaking up! I am now well."

What Will You Do?

What will you do in that great day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away;
When all the pomp and glory here
Like morning dew shall disappear;
And you, from out your lonely tomb,
Shall stand in judgment's awful doom?
When God's great trump shall wake the dead,
Where will you hide your once fair head;
What will you do? where can you go,
Amid that fearful scene of woe,
Where none can help, and all alone
You stand before that "great white throne"?
What will you do when lightnings flash,
This wide world quivers, thunders crash?
The "earth shall melt with fervent heat,"
But you—oh, where can you retreat?
Not e'en the grave can hide you more,
For death and hell their dead restore.
Oh, awful day! Who would not be
Sheltered, O Lamb of God, in Thee?
Safe at Thy side—when wild and loud
The shrieks of that unnumbered crowd
Shall rend the heavens, and fill the skies,
Till judgment's doom shall close their cries.
Anon.

The Diary of a Soul

By The Editor

MY days of mourning for my dear friend Pasteur Lecoat are not ended, but I do not sorrow without hope, for we shall meet again.

When the Bible, which he had translated into the Breton language, was published in 1889, the people were waiting for it everywhere and eager for the first consignment to arrive from London.

On the morning the Bibles came, an old man was at Pasteur Lecoat's door at 5 o'clock, with the money that he had saved to buy the Bible, a sou at a time. He said, "Why are we the last of the nations to have the Bible put into our hands?"

And wonderful has been the work that God has done in Brittany through the reading of the Bible. The Bishop of Quimper said he would not have the accursed book in his diocese, and would try by every means in his power to keep it from the people. But he could not do so, although a society was founded called the Société Anti-Biblique.

The one duty of the members of this society was to find out who had a copy of the Bible, and to use every means in their power to get it away and destroy it.

But Pasteur Lecoat's colporteurs carried the Bible all over the country. Many cases of conversion have taken place through the reading of the Word of God.

An aged man, who had been a sailor, read the "Big Book" as he called the Bible, and put a written notice in the window of his house with these words "Ar Bibl santel a vez lennet ama bep zul" (the Holy Bible is read here every Sunday).

Another old man who had received a copy from some friends wrote over the window of his cottage: "An aviel a vez prezeget ama bep zul" (the Gospel is preached here every Sunday).

And so the light spread over dark Brittany, in spite of priests, and Bishops, and Cardinals.

One day a priest said to a man who could not read:

"Give me this Bible to be burned."

"Oh," said the old man, "I have a little grandson, sir, who reads this Book to me; and I have already learned that this Book is the Word of God, and you can't, sir, burn the Word of God, can you?"

The Blacksmith of Pluzenet

At Pluzenet there lived a blacksmith, his wife, with their son and daughter.

They were known all over the country for their bad character and evil lives. Their Sundays were, alas, often spent in drunkenness and fighting. One day someone told the son that the priest had said in the church that there was absolution for every sin that might be committed except one, and that was possessing or reading the Bible.

The young man at once said that if there was one sin he had not committed he would go at once and do it. So he went and bought a Bible and began to read it. The Sunday after he bought the Bible he could be found nowhere.

The next Sunday the same thing occurred, and the father who went to seek him found him up in the granary reading the Bible.

He said to his son, "Is this the book that has made such a change in you?" The son replied, "Yes, father." "Well, then," the father answered, "bring it down and read it to us, for we all need it."

He came down and read the Word of God to his father, and mother, and sister. The father was soon converted, and some months after the mother and daughter were also converted. Now a gospel service is regularly held in their cottage.

When the father died, hundreds of people went to the funeral, and after Pasteur Lecoat had concluded the service and his address, the Mayor of the place, who had stood by, came up to Pasteur Lecoat and said: "I am a Free-Thinker, but there must be something in your religion, for I and my colleagues have frequently consulted together to see how we could get rid of that family out of the parish. The people used to call the house Hell,' but lately they have called it 'Paradise.'"

And so dear Pasteur's work went on, and it is going on today, and although God has called His servant home, yet as long as the world remains the work he has been permitted to do for God in Brittany in putting the Bible into the hands of the people in their own language will never die.

One could speak of hundreds of incidents showing the value of his work for God, but that must be reserved for another time, or times.

An Old Diary

I came across an old diary the other day speaking of our gospel work in Exeter in 1889 and 1890. One or two extracts from the diary I should like to copy here, showing how God answered prayer in those days of great blessing: —

Sept. 8th 1889 (Sunday). — The Victoria Hall was again, in answer to prayer, full to overflowing. In the Inquiry room many were found seeking the Lord, and two definitely confessed Christ. Monday, Sept. 9th 1889. — The room full at the prayer meetings Sunday, Oct. 5th 1889. ■5:30 p.m.: The prayer meeting room was full to overcrowding, several brothers and sisters having to stand. The spirit of prayer much felt. 6:30 p.m.: The Victoria Hall was very full; not room to stand comfortably. 8:30 p.m.: Many went to Inquiry room; two confessed Christ.

Sunday, Feb. 23rd 1890, 8:30 p.m. — A good meeting after the preaching; four confessed Christ.

Sunday, March 9th 1900, 8:30 p.m.— A grand time in the Inquiry room; three souls confessed Christ.

Sunday, March 16th 1900, 8:30 p.m. — Inquiry room full; many prayers offered for the anxious; two confessed Christ.

Sunday, March 23rd 1900, 8:30 p.m. — A blessed time in the inquiry room; souls being saved here, there, and everywhere. “How good is the God we adore.”

I quote these extracts from a diary kept by a brother at that time to encourage our hearts to wait upon the Lord. It was prayer brought the blessing then; it is prayer will bring it today.

Southall

Thank God our brethren at Southall have opened a local picture theater for the gospel on Sunday evenings. I give the following extract from a letter I have received, and ask your prayers on their behalf: — March 25th 1914

Dear Brother,

You will be interested I know to have a report of our first Gospel Meeting, which was held last Lord's Day evening at a local picture theater....

The congregation numbered nearly four hundred. The hall has a seating capacity of 500 to 550. We are looking to the Lord to fill it for us, and would ask the dear brethren there with you to join with us in thanksgiving for answers to prayers already, and for increased blessing in the future.

I am confident there is a great work here which is but beginning, and we need your prayers.

J. A. J.

Thank God for this gospel effort. May the work spread and blessing result. What we want in these last days is a united effort of this kind all over the country.

Palladium, Exeter. — We ask your prayers for our meetings there. God is giving us great encouragement.

Angels' Service

“Are they not all ministering spirits sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation.”
—Hebrews 1:14

PROTESTANTS have possibly been led to think less of the angels and their wonderful work in doing God's service to the children of men, I believe, owing to the Romish doctrine of worshipping angels, and so we, some of us, have gone to the other extreme and not thought about them at all. Yet in the Bible we have no less than two hundred times angels mentioned, and nearly all instances of appearing to or helping man, or testifying to the Word of God. This Michaelmas Day, the 29th of September, 1912, has brought the subject very close to our minds as it has fallen on the Sunday, and doubtless in all churches, chapels, and meetings, hymns about the angelic host have been sung, especially that one refrain, so tuneful and so sweet to our ears■

“Angels of Jesus, angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.”

or

“Father before Thy throne of light
The guardian angels bend.”

How our dear Lord, during His life on earth, was ministered unto by angels! At His birth they sang that glorious “In excelsis Deo.” In the wilderness they ministered to His famishing body. In the garden an angel appeared to strengthen Him. At His resurrection they were present at the tomb, and rolled away the stone. In the ascension angels maybe bade the everlasting doors be open for His entrance as the King of Glory; whilst two remained behind to speak to and comfort His gazing disciples, so that they were enabled to rise up, and “returned to Jerusalem with great joy.” And this same Jesus shall come again in His glory, and all the holy angels with Him. The Lord Jesus Himself spoke about the angels at least twenty times as recorded in the Gospels, and one of the sweetest words are these: “Take heed ye despise not one of these little ones, for I say unto you, that in heaven their angels do always behold the face of My Father, which is in heaven.” A child's guardian angel is a truth we love to think of, and that pretty picture we all know is not a myth of the two little darlings catching butterflies on the brink of a precipice, but the angel is there to keep them safe.

How many times have we heard of little children passing unharmed through accidents. The late Bishop of Exeter's (Dr. Bickersteth) little granddaughter was run over by a carriage. Her mother thought she must have been trampled to death. No, she was unharmed. The little girl said nothing at first, but after a time her mother prevailed on her to say how she escaped without even a bruise. With modest fear she at last said, “Mother, I saw an angel lift the wheel.” Again, Dr. Moberley's (late of Winchester) little boy of four saw his mother coming up the drive, and, all unwitting of a carriage and pair that was coming, ran out to meet her, and was knocked down and run over

before his mother's eyes. She in her agony rushed to the rescue, expecting to find his little dead body, but no, he was safely standing on the pathway, and said, "a man in white picked me up and stood me here." Surely this, too, was an angel, for no one else saw a man in white. How often it occurs, and if only God's children would "observe these things" (Psa. 107:43) they would understand the loving-kindness of the Lord in letting His angels minister to their help and comfort.

I love to think of His angels guarding round the house at night, and keeping back any wicked thing from entering our chambers.

"Watch o'er our defenseless head

Let Thy angels' guardian host

Keep all evil from our bed."

And during the day we may be sure not only is our blessed Heavenly Father's eye always on us, but He sends His angels to minister and to help. Once, where I used to live, I was alone in the house and wanted to shut or open one of the heavy drawing-room windows, the pulley snapped and the heavy sash fell on both my hands, and there was I, pinned to the window ledge, unable to move or drag my hands out. The pain for a minute or two was great, but when released my hands were perfectly whole. I have always felt it was an angel ministered to me. Again; another time I felt sure it was angelic ministration when I apparently fell down a flight of wooden stairs in a furniture shop.

Carpets were hanging each side of the stairs, so that there was no rail of any kind to catch hold of. The heel of my boot caught on a nail on the stairs. I was precipitated, but an angel held me up and I was not hurt. Again, as in the Bible angels spoke to Joseph in sleep and many others, so shall we not say that now and then in dreams they still speak to God's children to direct them? Here, I believe, is an instance. A relative of mine was being defrauded of a share in money that he knew was his for life. He continued in prayer about this business, for it was all-important for his comfort. One night, in his sleep, he heard the words, "Go to London and see the will in Somerset House." He obeyed. His enemies were confounded, and he enjoyed the property to the end of his life. A friend of mine was walking past a house that was scaffolded and being repaired. A voice peremptorily said, "Stop" — not a human voice. She obeyed, and that instant a sharp-pointed instrument fell from a height and stuck upright in the ground at her feet! Was it not an angel said "Stop"? Doubtless many another instance we could tell, but there is one remarkable and wonderful account, related by Alfred Knott, that I often think of: — A minister in Australia was sent for to see a dying man a long way from his home. On his return journey darkness overtook him and he knew not which road was right. He was also impressed with a sense of danger. So dismounting from his horse he knelt and prayed for protection, then resumed his journey and arrived home safely. Sometime after he was called to visit a condemned convict. The man said, "I remember you, sir." "How? Did you attend my Bible classes?" "Oh, no, Bible classes are not in my line, but do you, sir, remember kneeling by the four cross-roads and praying one night? My mate and I were there to rob and even kill you, but who were those two men in white that joined you and rode on each side of you?"

It thus appears that God opened the eyes of these wicked men to see the angels, so that they were afraid to touch the man of God.

Step bravely forth on life's rough way
Nor have one fear;
Some angel hand still day by day
Thy path shall clear.
All thorns remove, all clouds dispel,
For from above
His mission is to do thee well
And guard with Love.
Trust him, His love is not His own,
It is a "charge"
He hath from God for thee alone,
Deep, full and large.
Deep as God's love who sent Him forth,
The Sinless One,
To save thy soul from boding wrath,
His only Son.
Full as that Love which pleased to die,
Itself to give;
Bent His meek head on Calvary,
That thou might'st live,
Large as that Love which never can
Itself expend;
But widens on for sinful man
Unto the end.
Thus bravely then thou may'st go,
Thou shalt receive
Strength for each day as it shall flow,
"Only Believe."
Poem by C.W.L., sister of

Emily P. Leakey.

Luke 24:6

SORROWING hearts had come to seek One whom they loved. A few days previous they had followed Him step by step from scene to scene of deepest shame, and scorn, and reproach, and insult heaped upon Him, when the rage and malice of man, urged on by Satan, did its worst, until the deep dark wickedness of man's heart had been manifested to the full at Calvary; where the Lord of life and glory, the Sinless One, the Holy One, was nailed to the accursed tree. God had attested His delight and joy in Him from the opened heavens. His words, His works, His whole life upon earth, ever spotless, pure and perfect, had marked Him out as the Perfect Man — perfect in subjection and dependence, perfect in His obedience to all the will of God, even though the death on the cross was involved in doing the will of the Father who sent Him. His accusers were unable to lay a finger on any act of sin; He was the Sinless One. His judge had to say, "Why, what evil hath He done?" and from earth and heaven the united testimony is, "He hath done no sin, neither was guile found in His mouth." Yet He suffered for sins but not His own; He died, the just for the unjust, died in the room and stead of guilty man. He was delivered for our offenses, and was raised again for our justification. He said, "it is finished." He bowed His head and died, was buried, and the third day rose again, according to the Scriptures (1 Cor. 15:3-4). On the cross all was done, the mighty work was finished, full atonement was made. Man condemned Him; man led Him to Calvary; man nailed Him to the tree; man laid Him in the tomb, and would fain have kept Him there. But God raised Him from amongst the dead. Thus God has set His seal upon that work, the work of His own Beloved Son — the work of redemption, the work that saves, and saves eternally, all those who believe on His Son, the risen and triumphant Saviour — and in the empty tomb God attests His acceptance and satisfaction with the payment which our Surety has made on our behalf. The tomb is empty, "He is not here," is the angelic message. The One who lay there is now on the throne, and as we look up and see that Man in the glory, the empty tomb and the Man in the glory is a full answer to all the evil accusations of Satan, as well as the dark forebodings and fears of our own trembling hearts. They tell us that all God's claims because of our sins have been met, and all the claims of His holy throne have been answered to the full, and now upon this ground, a risen Man at God's right hand, God can be just and the Justifier of all who believe on Jesus.

Oh! unsaved reader; oh! ye with doubts and fears, ye trembling ones. Oh! hear the blessedness, the glad tidings of salvation. God can and does now save all who believe in Christ, the One who died and rose again, and that in perfect keeping with His holiness and righteousness. The foundation of God standeth sure. Nothing can shake that, nor the soul that is resting there. Dear reader, are you resting here, on the finished work of Christ? Then you may rest in peace. All, all has been done to the glory of God, and salvation, forgiveness of sins and perfect acceptance is the blessed portion of all who believe on the Son of God. Dost thou believe on the Son of God? (John 9:35).

A. E.

It is finished! yes, indeed,

Finished every jot;

Sinner, this is all you need,

Tell me, is it not?

His Testimony Regarding the Hereafter

LET others holds their peace about hell if they will; I dare not do so. I see it plainly in Scripture, and I must speak of it (Jer. 23:28). I fear that thousands are on the broad road that leads to it, and I would fain arouse them to a sense of the peril before them. What would you say of the man who saw his neighbor's house in danger of being burned down, and never raised the cry of "Fire"? Call it bad taste, if you like, to speak of hell. Call it charity to make things pleasant and speak smoothly, and soothe men with a constant lullaby of peace (Jer. 6:14). From such notions of taste and charity may I ever be delivered! My notion of charity is to warn men plainly of their danger. My notion of taste is to declare the whole counsel of God. If I never spoke of hell, I should think I had kept back something that was profitable, and should look on myself as an accomplice of the devil.

Beware of new and strange doctrines about hell and the eternity of punishment. Beware of manufacturing a God of your own — a God who is all love, but not holy — a God who has a heaven for everybody, but a hell for none — a God who can allow good and bad to be side by side in time, but will make no distinction between good and bad in eternity! Such a God is an idol of your own, as really as Jupiter or the monstrous image of Juggernaut — as true an idol as was ever moulded out of brass or clay. The hands of your own fancy and sentimentality have made him. He is not the God of the Bible, and besides the God of the Bible there is no God at all. Your heaven would be no heaven at all. A heaven containing all sorts of characters mixed together indiscriminately would be miserable discord indeed. Alas! for the eternity of such a heaven! There would be little difference between it and hell. Ah, reader, there is a hell! Take heed lest you find it out too late. (Jer. 8:20).

Beware of being wise above that which is written. Beware of forming fanciful theories of your own, and then trying to make the Bible square with them. Beware of making selections from the Bible to suit your taste — refusing, like a spoiled child, whatever you think is bitter; seizing, like a spoiled child, whatever you think sweet. What is all this but taking Jehoiakim's penknife and cutting God's Word to pieces? (Jer. 36:23). What does it amount to but telling God that you, a poor, short-lived worm, know what is good for you better than He? It will not do. You must take the Bible as it is. You must read it all and believe it all. You must come to the reading of it in the spirit of a little child. Dare not to say, "I believe this verse, for I like it; I receive this, for I can understand it; I refuse that, for I cannot reconcile it to my views." "Nay, but, O man, who art thou that repliest against God?" (Rom. 9:20). By what right do you talk in this way? Surely it were better to say over every chapter in the Word, "Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth."

Ah, reader, if men were to do this, they would never try to throw overboard the doctrine of the eternal punishment of the wicked. "And these shall go away into everlasting punishment, but the righteous into life eternal" (Matt. 25:46). "Who among us shall dwell with the devouring fire? Who among us shall dwell with everlasting burnings?" (Isa. 33:14).

The Claims of the Roman Priesthood

“THE priests are consecrated persons and therefore possess supernatural position and power. Even the angels bow dt before them.

“Any dishonor paid to the clergy is a special wickedness and a sin against the Divine Trinity.

“Should a priest display human weaknesses, it is the duty of the faithful to remain quiet, and to leave such matters to God and to their ecclesiastical superiors.

“Christ would rather permit the world to perish than that the celibacy of the clergy should be abolished.”

The foregoing extracts are taken from a book written by a priest, published by a well-known firm, and circulated with episcopal approbation for the use of Roman Catholics in the bishoprics of Breslau, Cologne, Munster, and Trier.

Excerpt from a volume by Archbishop Katschthaler: —” One may even speak of the omnipotence of the priest, of an omnipotence which is beyond that of God Himself. For the priest, by merely uttering the words ‘Hoc est enim corpus meum’ can compel God to descend to the altar.”

The whole of this blasphemy is taken from the “Christian World” of 19th September, 1913, supplied by its Berlin correspondent.

Thoughts on Hearing a Funeral Bell Tolling

Gone! — gone! — gone!

And the bell toll'd solemnly slow;

Gone! — gone! — gone!

But is it to glory or woe?

Has the spirit found rest

On a Saviour's breast,

Or gone with the damned below?

Gone! — gone! — gone

How that sound rings through the air!

Gone! — gone! — gone!

From it's sheath of clay — but where?

Has it joined the song

Of the ransomed throng,

Or the wail of dark despair?

Gone! ■gone! ■gone!

If saved by the blood, 'tis well;

Gone! — gone! — gone!

The Redeemer's praise to swell,

Who came from above,

In His wondrous love,

To save lost souls from hell.

Gone! — gone! — gone!

If Christless, how terrible!

Gone! — gone! ■gone!

'Neath the wrath of God to dwell!

'Neath the judgment dire

Of endless fire,
And woes no tongue can tell
Gone! ■gone! ■gone!
Oh, sinner, had this been thee■
Gone! — gone! — gone!
Say, what would thy portion be?
To be singing the song
Of the blood-bought throng?
Or be wailing eternally?
Gone! ■gone! ■gone!
Let the message speak home to thee■
Gone! ■gone! ■gone!
From God's wrath and judgment flee;
No longer delay,
Trust Jesus today,
And be saved for eternity.

T.M.

The Diary of a Soul

By the Editor

A DEAR Christian, whom I visited the other day, said to me, I am so tired and weary, I do not know what to do, I am not fit for anything but to die." "Well," I said, "if you are fit to die, that's everything"; and so it was in her case, ripening as she is for the glory day by day.

We are only fit to live when we are fit to die. We never do live unless Christ lives in us. To die daily is to live successfully.

I was talking about the New Theology to a dying saint. He looked up and said: "This New Theology makes me want to throw my arms around my Saviour." His idea was to protect Christ against His traducers, and to show his love for Him as well. Shall we believe the apostles' doctrine, or the doctrine of devils? The mystery of iniquity, or the mystery of godliness?

Reading the Bible Through in a Year

To those who may wish to read the whole Bible through in a year, we give the following hints: ■

The chapters in the Old Testament are 929; the chapters in the New Testament are 260; total, 1,189.

The verses in the Old Testament are 23,214; the verses in the New Testament are 7,959; total, 31,173.

If you read on an average three-and-a-half to four chapters a day, or 86 verses, you will get through the whole Bible in one year.

We have given below and under each of our calendar pages a suggestive order of reading:■

■January — Read Genesis, Exodus 1st Peter, 2nd Peter.

February — Read Leviticus, Numbers, Matthew 1st John 2nd John, 3rd John.

March—Read Deuteronomy, Joshua, Judges, Mark, Galatians.

April—Read Ruth 1st Samuel, 2nd Samuel, Luke, Romans.

May—Read 1st Kings 2nd Kings, 1st Chronicles, Hebrews 1st Timothy, 2nd Timothy.

June—Read 2nd Chronicles, Ezra, Nehemiah, Esther, Amos, Obadiah, John (Gospel).

July—Read Job, Psalms 1 to 40:1st Corinthians.

August—Read Psalms 40 to 90, Song of Solomon, Daniel, Jonah, Micah 2nd Corinthians, James.

September—Read Psalms 91 to 120, Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, Acts. October—Read Psalms 120 to end, Jeremiah, Lamentations, Ephesians, Philippians, Colossians.

November—Read Isaiah, Hosea, Joel, Nahum, Habakkuk 1st Thessalonians, 2nd Thessalonians, Titus.

December—Read Ezekiel, Zephaniah, Haggai, Zechariah, Malachi, Philemon, Jude, Revelation.

“All scripture is given by inspiration.”

My First Open Air Preaching

I never shall forget the first time God allowed me to preach the gospel in the open-air. I was on my way to spend a holiday in the Lake District, and in going there I spent a Sunday in Scarborough in the house of Mr. C. H. Macintosh. After dinner I asked him if he knew a spot where I could preach in the open-air in the evening.

He mentioned W■ Streets as being a suitable locality.

I took a walk there about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, and found the Sunday schools were being emptied and hundreds of happy children were on their way home. The thought struck me to make these little ones the advertisers of the proposed meeting; so calling a number of them together, I began to relate an anecdote. They were very attentive, and when I had done I had quite a large audience longing for more. I told them I could not stay any longer then, but I wanted them to do something for me. They all promised they would. I told them to go home and tell their parents and friends that at 8 o'clock that evening I should be in W■ Street, and that then I should have some more anecdotes to tell them. After tea I prayed earnestly to God to help me to hear testimony for Him among the people.

Just before eight I arrived at W■ Street, and, to my great amazement, I found it literally blocked with people. The dear children had done their work well indeed. There they were, and there, too, were the bronzed and bearded fishermen by scores, and I might say by hundreds, and women also. A chair was brought from a house close by, and in the fair summer evening I preached the gospel to as attentive an audience as ever I had in my life. I felt the power of God upon the meeting; the hearty singing and the earnest attention told me that good seed was being sown by the Spirit of God. I did not stay to speak to any, but went away with many invitations from young and old to come again soon. Sometime after I heard that in that street, in the top floor of a house, a young man lay dying while the gospel was being preached that summer's evening. On account of the heat, his window had been opened, and he had heard the gospel as he lay. On his sick bed he received the message of God's love to sinners and was converted. I have never seen him, and he has never seen me, but one day, doubtless, in the glory we shall meet and praise God together for His saving grace.

Ah! glorious opportunities given to each one of us by God. Dear fellow Christian, try the open-air work if you never have yet. Let the loungee at the street corner hear that "Christ receiveth sinful men," and let the passing harlot be arrested by the words, "I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance."

The Palladium

We closed our meetings in the Palladium on Sunday, May 24th thankful to God for all the blessing and encouragement He has given us. We hope to resume the meetings again in the autumn.

“I Just Gave in”

IN the year 186—, during services that were conducted by a devoted servant of the Lord Jesus, in one of the northern counties of Scotland, many souls were brought to a knowledge of the forgiveness of their sins through the “precious blood of Christ” (1 Peter 1:18, 19).

The meetings were held in a chapel, which was crowded every night, and many, not being able to gain admittance, stood outside; each one trying to get as near the door as possible, so that they might hear as much as they could of what the speaker said.

Amongst this number was John T■, who, impelled by curiosity, had come to see and hear for himself; remaining, hover, at the very outside of the eager crowd around the door; and although he endeavored his utmost to catch something of what the speaker said, it was some time before he could make out a single sentence. He stood still, as if spell-bound; and, at last, as the man of God raised his voice, — these strange, yet solemn words were borne on the air to his ears— “POOR SINNER, POOR SINNER, WHERE ART THOU GOING TO SPEND THY ETERNITY?” This was all he heard, but it was God’s message to him—an arrow shot at a venture—which pierced deep into his guilty conscience. With these words ringing in his ears he hurried to his home. Ever and anon, as he went along the road, they came back to him with a force that well nigh drove him to despair. DEATH, JUDGMENT, and ETERNITY were now to him fearful realities. He saw himself lost, and knew, that if called by death into the presence of God, in his present condition, the undying agonies of the damned would be his portion.

Having reached his home, he sat in silence by his fireside, and in that homely quietude he could still hear that awful question asked, as it were, again and again: — “Poor sinner, poor sinner, where art thou going to spend thy eternity? “He could not answer it; reader, can you? Soon all will pass from time into eternity;

through ceaseless ages to dwell with the devouring flames the everlasting burnings,—|

}or{ |with the happy blood■bought throng in the abode of the redeemed!|

(Rev. 7:14-17).

Bed-time came; and soon all but John were sound asleep. The silence of night was unbroken, save by the ticking of the old clock above the mantel-piece, and by the awful voice which made itself heard, and sank down into his very soul. The solemn hour of midnight struck loud and clear; but still there was no sleep for the troubled man—no peace to his anxious mind, and no rest to his weary soul in deep agony of spirit, and scarcely knowing what he did, he leaped out of bed, dressed hastily, and hurried from his home out into the darkness; but, louder than ever, the Swords— “Poor sinner, poor sinner, where art thou going to spend thy eternity? “rang again in his ears. He rushed from his house, clown to the sea-shore, distant about half a mile. The mighty waves rolled in, one after the other, in quick succession, roaring like thunder as they dashed themselves, in their wild fury, upon the beach; but even their tumultuous noise failed to drown the

awful words!

Turning his back on the sea, and retracing his steps homewards—feeling like one sinking under a mighty load—under which, nature itself seemed to give way, and unable longer to maintain the conflict raging in his soul, he ran into his barn, cast himself upon his face on the floor, and burst into tears. While telling me this part of the story, he said, “I JUST GAVE IN.”

Having yielded: the darkness of his soul was quickly dispelled, and the light of the glorious gospel of the blessed God shone into his heart. He fell, helplessly as a little child, into the arms of Jesus, and, as he pillowed his weary head on His bosom, he got the assurance of eternal salvation, and thanked God for His unspeakable gift!

These two texts were brought most vividly to his memory: “Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved” (Acts 16:31); and, “The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin” (1 John 1:7). He believed: and in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye; he was saved; his guilty fears were gone; and he could sing■

“I do believe it;, I do believe it

I’m saved by the blood of the Lamb!

My happy soul is free■

For Christ has pardoned me!

Hallelujah to Jesus’ name!”

Since then many years have passed away; and when I saw him a few months ago, though suffering much from an accident, he was still rejoicing in the Lord, knowing that he was safe from the coming judgment, and going to be with Christ throughout eternity.

Reader, let me ask you the question: — “WHERE, OH WHERE ART THOU GOING TO SPEND THY ETERNITY?”

J. R. H.

My Parish

YES, I mean to make this side of the street my parish. I mean, by God's help to visit every house once a month and leave a tract or a book. I shall not aim at great things, but seek for souls every month. I shall try to take an interest in every individual in my parish. To some I shall be able to speak, to others I must be silent. God give me discretion how to act so as to do most good.

I shall pray every day for my parish, and never rest until I see results; for I am sure God honors faith by giving seen blessing. Some half-hearted people are always saying, "Leave results to God." Yes, I will, but I will besiege heaven with my prayers until I see some souls saved.

In that house, No. 9, there lives a drunkard. I must get his children to a Sunday school; they will carry the gospel home. The poor invalid, bed-ridden in No. 6, will be glad, I know, for me to come and read to her, and it is like the gate of heaven to be with the dear Christian in No. 4. I have not much time, but I can spare one evening a week. I have not much talent, but I can read my Bible, and I know I am saved, and I love to tell others of my Saviour. I am not rich, but God will help me to minister to the wants of others. And I do this not because others do it, but because I love the souls for whom Christ died.

H.W.

One Question First

ONE question needs to be answered before you come to assurance, and it is this: Have you been born again? Have you been saved? If not, it is simply impossible to know you are saved. If you have not got eternal life, it is impossible you can have the assurance that you have it. You can see this at a glance. You could not, for instance, have the assurance that you had a hundred dollars in your pocket if there was nothing in it. “No,” you say, “let me have the hundred dollars first, and then it won’t be difficult to make me sure I have it.” In the same way many cannot understand this assurance, and why? For the best of all reasons—because they have not got eternal, life.

If you have never experienced the great turning of “conversion unto God,” how can you have the assurance of salvation? It would be a delusion if you had. Then do not waste time in wondering about this assurance; but let your great concern be, “What am I going to do with this Jesus which is called Christ?”

W. S.

How the School Went Down

IT was a cold Sunday afternoon in December, yet quite a number of the little folks were down at the school in good time.

Little Jeanie was there, wrapped up in her mother's shawl—she had come well-nigh a mile—and delicate Charlie was there, too. But few of the teachers turned up that afternoon. Miss A■ thought it “looked like snow,” and so she did not venture out; but later the same evening she had a nice walk with a friend. Brother D■ had been working very hard all the week; he thought that none of his class would venture out in such a day, and Mrs. D■ (his wife) thought he would be quite justified in staying at home, and so he did. His dear little scholars were there like sheep without a shepherd. But God was at the Sunday school that afternoon, and He helped some of the teachers who were there in a remarkable manner. Several of the children were converted. There was joy in heaven, and also among the few devoted workers who were there. The absentees lost it all, and they lost the half of their children, too; for when the children told at home that “teacher was absent,” father and mother thought “it was no use sending them again.” And so in this way the benches got thinned, and the school “went down.” The Lord's work among children requires devotedness, diligence, and determined sticking to the work. Those who have no heart for it, who feel it to be a drag, and who wish they hadn't a class, should “clear out” forthwith, and leave room for God to send others whose efforts He will bless to the conversion of souls.

Colossians 1:24

GOD'S church built up with lively stones, each stone added being a blood-washed, purchased, and redeemed soul, and when that last stone is gathered in, which stone may at this moment be lying deep in the mud and mire of earth's surroundings and pleasures, earth-bound, shall in our heavenly Father's moment be plucked from the burning pit of sin, and become as a polished stone in the Lord's temple. It will complete the grand bride-church for which He so patiently waits during this day of grace. Then, when the welcome sound of "the voice of the archangel and trump of God" shall reach the waiting, listening ears of His redeemed children, we shall in triumph, and in one united company, "rise to meet the Lord in the air and so shall we ever be with the Lord." So it is not "With what denomination do I worship?" but "Are you a lively stone cemented on to that one body and building whose Maker and Builder is God?" It may be you are only a poor, worthless stone, yet remember God is the Polisher; "we are the clay, He the Potter"; He the "Author and Finisher of our faith." And although little in faith, still for all that, you are a member of that one body, if indwelt by the Holy Spirit.

Oh! then, ere it is too late, ask yourself solemnly, "Am I a member of Christ's body, the church? or am I merely clinging to sonic man-concocted system that often drowns men in perdition?" For if the blind lead the blind, both shall fall into the ditch.

K. H. S.

Make Haste!

TIME is hastening on. It tarries not. Each day, each hour, each tick of the clock, is hurrying on the day when you must stand before God; for stand before Him you must. There is no escape from the great tribunal. Every one shall be there. The dead, small and great, shall stand before God. Nothing is more certain than the great day. It is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment (Heb. 9:27). Then awake, O sinner! Tarry not. The storm of wrath is at hand. You must have a shelter. God, in His surpassing love, has provided a shelter; and that shelter is "The Man Christ Jesus," who is "a covert from the tempest," and "as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land."

The Hypocrite

WHEN ye pray enter into your closed chamber, and there pray to your God who seeth in secret. I have been thinking about this today, having had for my morning portion Matthew 6:5, 6, etc. It is not any use to attend a public prayer meeting unless we can carry with us the savor of our secret communion with God, by which our public prayer will produce effect. Effectual fervent prayer comes from effectual fervent I will not let thee go “communion with our God in Christ in secret. The old-time hypocrites prayed at the top of the streets to be seen of men, and, as our Lord says, they were rewarded, men saw them. Did God see and hear? No reward from Him for of all sinners I think God hates the hypocrites most; they are abomination unto Him. “The hypocrite’s hope shall perish” (Job 8:13). “The hypocrites in heart heap up wrath” (Job 36:13).

What is an hypocrite? One who pretends to be what he is not. When our missionaries were translating the Bible into Malagasy, they could find no word for “hypocrite,” and knew not how to translate it. At last one of the natives said “I will tell you the word,” saying a long, strange word that I cannot spell, but it means a transaction that is perpetually going on in Madagascar, as our missionaries know to their intense discomfort. When a guest arrives the Malagasy at once welcomes him and offers hospitality as well as sleeping accommodation. He at once unhangs a clean mat and spreads it over the dirty, unswept, verminous floor, and the guest has to sleep on it, if he can. So that word the man said will convey the word “hypocrite” to our minds, for the man knows it is dirty, but covers it up.

Let us, dear readers, beware of covering up sin and thus “add sin to sin” (Isa. 30:1). Let us be willing to confess our sin and forsake it.

E. P. Leakey.

A Life Secret

PROFESSOR DRUMMOND, in his address at the Northfield Conference, told this story to the young people: — “I know of a very beautiful character—one of the loveliest characters which ever bloomed on this earth. It was the character of a young girl. She always wore about her neck a little locket, but nobody was allowed to open it. None of her companions ever knew what it contained, until one day she was laid down with a dangerous illness, when one of them was granted permission to look into the locket, and she saw written there, “Whom not having seen, I love.” That was the secret of her beautiful life. She had been changed into that same image.”

Daily Strength

“They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength”— Isa. 40:31.

THIS promise has been very precious to the Lord's needy ones from time to time and how constantly have we proved Him to be faithful to His word! Whenever we come to Him under a sense of our entire weakness and have trustfully waited on Him, He has afforded us fresh supplies of grace, and given us strength to bear what He has called us to endure every day of our life down here. All true waiting on the Lord included three things: A sense of need, prayer to Him, and expectation from Him. How full of hope we should be in all our applications to the Lord, for He never fails! Although we have to bear many things for our Lord and Saviour here in this scene, we shall have our reward by-and-by. May the Lord increase our faith and love in Him who has done so much for us.

J.P.H.

Confronting the “Queen’s Jester”

MR. B■ says: “I must have appeared to great disadvantage when, amidst some hundreds of spectators in the Circus at Exeter, some tracts I had distributed were held up in derision, while the manager sneeringly asked whether I thought these ‘bits of paper’ would turn away the people from the Circus. My reply was that my God was able to use such things, weak as they were, to confound the mighty. Then violence was resorted to, and I was stoned. And as if to make a last effort to save themselves from defeat, the Queen’s jester’ was sent for from the Alhambra Palace, whose wondrous powers were paraded, and full-sized portraits of him placarded over the city. A great rush of people found their way to the place on the first night of his appearance; and I must confess I was not a little startled when I saw about twenty of the performers coming towards me with this Goliath in their midst. So looking up to the Lord for help, I felt strengthened to bear what might come, and presently I was encircled by this band of men, who, with their champion, looked upon me with dignified disdain.

“Holding out his hand for a tract, the jester said, on receiving a leaflet, ‘And pray, sir, what is this?’

“I replied, ‘It is just the very thing you want.’

“ ‘Indeed,’ he replied, and what may that be?’

“‘Pardon through the blood of Christ,’ I replied. He seemed taken a little by surprise; but presently turned it into a coarse jest, saying he wanted a cure for a very bad disorder. ‘Yes,’ I replied, ‘your disorder is so wretchedly bad, that nothing but the blood of Christ can cleanse you. Listen to what God, who reads you through and through, says about you.’ I read Isaiah 1:5, 6.

‘This,’ I replied, ‘is what God says about you, and nothing can save or cure you but the precious blood of Christ.’ They all left; not a word more was spoken. They went inside to their work; I remained outside at mine. ‘The poor Jester, when it came to his turn to take part in the performance, broke down; and though he again and again made fresh attempts, yet was compelled to abandon his part, amidst the hisses of the crowd, and the Circus closed its doors, not again to be opened after this manner there.’”

Wrath to Come

IT is a solemn fact that “the wrath of God abideth” on him that believeth not on the Son of God. It is equally true, and also deeply solemn, that that same terrible wrath will overtake every Christless sinner, and there shall be no escape to such as have refused to accept Christ as God’s gift. Sinner, if you want to know what the wrath of God is, go to the cross of Calvary, and read, in the light of the Word of God, of the sufferings and anguish of soul that the Son of God passed through while He hung there when He was made sin for us; He who knew no sin, nor did any sin, yet “it pleased Jehovah to bruise Him.” Sinner, flee from the wrath to come; trust in that Holy One who endured it for thee.

The Melody of Praise

Like incense to the throne of God,
From Israel's altar fires,
Whose precious fragrance, rich and sweet,
Expressed their hearts' desires;
So riseth, Lord, within our souls,
The melody of praise,
While love delights to sing of Christ,
So perfect in His ways.
Is there a heart that loves Thy name
Can ever silent be?
Is there a tongue that to Thy praise
Can chant no melody?
If such a heart could e'er exist,
Who yields Thee not Thine own,
Far better were it in the grave,
Where praises are unknown.
'Tis not the dead, but those who live,
Their willing tribute bring,
And to the Father's blessed Son
Their ceaseless homage sing.
Yes, "Thou art worthy, Lord, alone."
Such is their gladsome lay;
Nor shall those anthems ever cease
Through God's eternal day.
Nay, in the Father's house above,
The palace of the free,

That home where sin can never come
Nor sorrow ever be,
They'll tune their harps to tell His worth,
The deeds which He hath done,
And sound abroad for evermore
The triumphs Christ hath won.
Loud hallelujahs echo round,
The courts of heaven ring;
Angelic hosts and seraphim
In endless chorus sing.
The serried ranks of ransom 'd souls
Take up the joyous song;
The elders worship at His feet,
To whom all things belong.
We wait not for the glory land,
Our hearts can not refrain,
But as we're journeying borne to God
Must praise the Lamb once slain.
Filled with the Spirit's touch and power,
Our ransom'd lips set free,
Love's incense must rise up to Him
Whose blood-bought ones are we.
S.T.

Diary of a Soul

By The Editor

HOW beautiful is worship! I remember being at a meeting one Sunday morning, and we were singing,

“See from His head, His hands, His feet,

Sorrow and love flowed mingled down;

Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,

Or thorns compose so rich a crown?”

A lady in the meeting was singing with the tears streaming down her cheeks. The pathos of Calvary had touched her heart, and the sufferings of her Lord for her had unsealed the fountains of her eyes. How blessed it is when the Spirit moves our hearts to worship in spirit and in truth!

Many years ago at a conference, I shall never forget the close of the last meeting. Hundreds of Christians were present, and the hymn was given out,

“Forever with the Lord,

Amen, so let it be;

Life from the dead is in that word,

'Tis immortality.”

All stood to sing, and as the volume of sound soared upward in its deep intensity, it seemed to lift one from earth to heaven in the rapture of longing to be with Christ. One would not have been surprised if in a moment the prayer had been answered, and the song had been stilled on earth to blend with the glory song of heaven.

“Forever with the Lord,” is occupying many hearts now. I was in the shop of a Christian the other day, and husband and wife were talking to me about the Lord and His work and His coming again. The wife said, “Well, if the Lord were to come now, this house would be empty, and anyone who liked might have the shop and the business.”

I thought how beautiful to do one's work in the light of His Second Coming, and how blessed to know that when He comes He will find us waiting for Him, while carrying on the duties of our lives.

I was visiting a dear, suffering child of God today. She was speaking of the goodness of God in giving her such comforts in her illness and such ministrations of love from friendly hands and loving hearts. I said, “Yes, the Lord has made you lie down in green pastures; He is leading you beside still waters.” And this He loves to do. I said, “I will give you my early morning text, which the Lord gave me for my comfort. I had been asking Him for light on a dark pathway, and for rest for a

troubled experience. He gave me the seventh and eighth verses of the one hundred and thirty-eighth Psalm: "Though I walk in the midst of trouble, thou wilt revive me; thou shalt stretch forth thine hand against the wrath of mine enemies, and thy right hand shall save me. The Lord will perfect that which concerneth me; thy mercy, O Lord, endureth forever." This was balm in Gilead. This was rest and peace and hope, and all that one could wish. The angel of peace came with healing in his wings, and prayer was turned to thanksgiving.

A Christian lady came to me one Sunday evening in the Pallium and said, "I am very sorry to say this is my last Sunday in Exeter. I have been at the meetings here for fifteen Sundays, and I want to thank you for all that I have learned. I am going back to work for Christ where I live." It was a cheer to feel that one had been able to help a child of God; and so the blessing spreads from heart to heart and life to life, the circle widening to the praise of God and the good of souls.

A patient of mine, not many hours before she died, rose quietly from her bed, leaving the nurse sleeping in the bedroom. She went downstairs at two o'clock in the morning, went into every room in the silent house, and said "Good-bye" to each. She looked for the last time on each familiar object associated with her childhood and with the growth of all her life, and then went back to bed to face death, and as I firmly believe to wait for heaven.

How solemn it is to know that soon we must all be gone. We must leave the home, the friends we love so well, the cherished objects, our inanimate friends we shall never see again. Life must go on without us here, the life indoors and out of doors, the coming in and the going out, the daily living and the daily life, and we shall have no more part in any of it. The voice says, a voice we shall all do well to listen to, "Set your affections on things above, not on things on the earth, for ye are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in God" (Col. 3:2, 3).

The Captain's Mistake

IT was a time of spiritual awakening. Numbers of people all over Scotland were accepting Christ as their Saviour and Lord. Captain D. had been led to see that in God's sight he was a condemned sinner, hastening to eternal ruin. From the depths of his heart he had been led to cry, "What must I do to be saved?" He had not yet learned that the work accomplished by Christ on the cross had perfectly satisfied God's righteous claims against sin.

He did not know that the sin question had been settled once and forever, and that God's controversy with the sinner was about the Son question. In fact, he had reached the borders of the region of despair, and was beginning to think that there was no salvation for him.

One evening, accompanied by his wife, he made his way to a gospel service, conducted by Mr. WL., a friend of the writer. The captain listened attentively to the proclamation of the gospel message, but failed to lay hold of the blessed truth that what Christ did and suffered was enough to meet all the sinner's needs.

At the close of the preaching, Mr. M'L. said, "Captain, are you saved yet?"

"No," was the reply; "and I fear that there is no salvation for me."

"Would you like Christ to bear away your sins to-night?"

"I would."

"Would you not be happy if He were to bear them away tonight?"

"If He did, I would be one of the happiest men in P■."

"Christ cannot bear away your sins tonight; no, nor tomorrow night; no, nor next year."

On hearing this, the captain turned to his wife and said, "Liz, come away; I am told that Christ cannot bear away my sins."

"Stop, captain, and read this passage with me," said the preacher. Opening his Bible, he slowly read 1 Peter 2:24: "Who his own self bare our sins in his own body," and then added the words, "when we believe." "Is that so?" he inquired of the captain.

"Of course," was the reply, "He can only bear our sins when we believe."

Mr. M'L. then read the words as the Scripture has them: "Who his own self bare our sins in his own body on the tree," emphasizing the words "on the tree." He then asked, "How long is it since He bore them?"

"Eighteen hundred years ago."

"If he bore them eighteen hundred years ago, He is not bearing them tonight."

The light streamed in upon the captain's soul, and he exclaimed, "Oh, I see it; He HAS borne them!" and found joy and peace in believing. His life afterward proved the reality of the change that had taken place through faith in the "finished work of Christ."

Has the reader been trying to put away his sins? Have you been endeavoring to "lay your sins on Jesus"? Listen to Isaiah 53:6: "All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned everyone to his own way, and the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all."

A.M.

The Hen and the Egg

A YOUNG man from one of the provinces of France, who Ad, was sent to Paris to finish his education, had the misfortune of getting into bad company. He went so far as to wish, and finally to say, "There is no God; God is only a word."

After staying several years at the capital, the young man returned to his family. One day he was invited to a respectable house where there was a numerous company. While all were entertaining themselves with news, pleasure and business, two girls, aged respectively twelve and thirteen, were seated in a bay window reading together.

The young man approached them and asked, "What beautiful romance are you reading so attentively, young ladies?" "We are reading no romance, sir; we are reading the history of God's chosen people." "You believe, then, that there is a God?" Astonished at such a question, the girls looked at each other, the blood mounting to their cheeks. "And you, sir, do you not believe it?" "Once I believed it; but after living in Paris, and studying philosophy, mathematics, and politics, I am convinced that God is an empty word."

"I, sir, never was in Paris; I have never studied philosophy, nor mathematics, nor any of those beautiful things which you know; I only know my Bible; but since you are so learned, and say there is no God, you can easily tell me whence the egg comes?"

"A funny question, truly. The egg comes from the hen."

"Which of them existed first, the egg or the hen?"

"I really do not know what you intend with this question and your hen; but yet that which existed first was the hen."

"There is a hen, then, which did not come from the egg?"

"Beg your pardon, miss, I did not take notice that the egg existed first."

"There is, then, an egg that did not come from a hen?"

"Oh, if you—beg pardon—that is—you see—you see■"

"I see, sir, that you do not know whether the egg existed before the hen, or the hen before the egg."

"Well, then, I say the hen."

"Very well; there is a hen which did not come from an egg: Tell me now who made this first hen, from which all other hens and eggs come?"

"With your hens and your eggs, it seems to me you take lie for a poultry dealer."

"By no means, sir; I only ask you to tell me whence the mother of all hens and eggs came?"

“But for what object?”

“Well, since you do not know, you will permit me to tell you. He who created the first hen, or if you prefer it the first egg, is the same who created the world; and this Being is God. You, who cannot explain the existence of a hen or an egg without God, still maintain the existence of this world without God.”

The young philosopher was silent, and presently he quietly departed—if not convinced of his folly, at least confounded by the simple questioning of a girl. How many there are who, like him, professing to be wise, are really foolish, speaking evil of things they know nothing of, and denying things that in many cases they have never even investigated.

How much more satisfactory the faith of the child of God, who says, “God is, God made, God lives, God gave His Son to die for me. His only begotten Son, by the sacrifice of Himself on the cross, atoned for sins—MY SINS. I accept the testimony of God; I believe, and I have ‘everlasting life’ (John 3:16. May you be enabled to say, ‘Behold, God is my salvation; I will trust and not be afraid’ (Isa12:2).”

H. H.

The Man Who Missed Jesus

WILL anyone who intends to read this narrative sit down and first read Acts 3 and 4. Perhaps then you will see why I give it this peculiar name of “The man who missed Jesus,” or, reverently, I would say, “the Lord Jesus Christ.” It has always been a puzzle to me until I had thought it out. How was it that he missed the Lord’s power to heal? for he was laid daily at the gate of the Temple that was called Beautiful. The man was above forty years old, and was carried and laid daily at this gate. Had he only been laid daily there since our blessed Lord’s crucifixion? Was he a new-comer to Jerusalem who had never seen or been seen by the Lord Jesus? or did our Lord never enter into the Temple by the gate Beautiful?

How was it that this “certain man” missed being healed during our Lord’s life? If the Lord passed him by, why did He pass him by? If so, surely our Lord had some good reason for so doing, for certainly this man missed being made “to leap and walk” by our blessed Lord. Now, whenever I read these chapters, the 3rd and 4th of Acts, and enjoy the account of this man’s wonderful recovery, I think the above questions, and I end with invariably sang to myself that there must have been a Divine reason; for our Lord was not slow to see if anyone needed healing.

Do you remember the blind man in the 9th chapter of St. John’s Gospel? It says of him, “And as Jesus passed by, he saw a man which was blind from his birth.” This blind man used to sit and beg just as this lame man did who missed Jesus; but Jesus healed the blind man at once when He saw him. The same with the man at the pool of Bethesda. The Lord said to him, “Wilt thou be made whole?” immediately He saw him lie, and knew he had been thirty-eight years in his pitiful case. The same with the widow of Nain; directly the Lord saw her in her bitter grief He had compassion, and raised her son from the dead. And yet this poor man was passed by, if the Lord saw him.

In another Gospel (St. Luke) it says, “He healed them that had need of healing.” Had this man no need of healing? It is a remarkable fact that he was not healed by the Lord. Was he known to the Lord? Was he a secret disciple? Did our Lord say to him as He did to His mother, “Mine hour is not yet come”? for evidently this man was a godly Jew, for he began to “praise God” immediately when he found he could walk! Was it that, during our Lord’s ministry, the man’s faith was not ripe and the Lord knew he could not say to him as He did to blind Bartimeus, “Go thy way, thy faith hath made thee whole”? Did the Lord say to him, “Wait on the Lord,” “Tarry thou the Lord’s leisure,” and was grace given to him to believe “the Lord’s time is best.”? Did the Lord cheer him with a smile and a “Fear not, in due season ye shall reap,” as He passed him by at the Beautiful Gate? or did he doubt the Lord’s power and refuse the proffered gift as so many do now with regard to their soul’s healing, who turn away and will not “listen to the voice of the charmer (who tells of Jesus and His willingness to save) charm he never so wisely.”

Ah! surely the Lord left the healing of this man to the time, the due season, when the miracle of his healing would bring most glory to God Ah! dear missionary, be sure of this, a harvest shall be reaped that will glorify God. The man missed Jesus, that Peter and John might find him, and so convince the Sanhedrin which said, “Indeed a notable miracle hath been done by them is manifest

to all them that dwell in Jerusalem, and we cannot deny it." "So all men glorified God for that which was done, for the man was above forty years old on whom this miracle of healing was showed." Of Jesus they had said, "He deceiveth the people" (John 7:12); "We remember that deceiver said" (Matt. 27:63); but of the apostles St. Peter and St. John they no longer dared to say such a word.

So it is with miracles of grace now; one sows and another reaps. Men get missed by one sower, one missionary, one preacher, to be gathered in, in God's own time, by a later ministry. How specially true this is in missionary work! So never, never be disheartened; the heart you think the hardest will be the one in God's good time that will melt by His grace and be the softest. How many an instance there is in which, after years of patient labor, fruit seems unattainable! (Paul Legaic). But God knows He has reapers like Peter and John to reap what you have so patiently sown, and each will rejoice together when the harvest home comes.

We all, doubtless, remember how St. Augustine, that great saint who said in the largeness of his spirit, "The whole world is my parish"; how his sainted mother Monica sowed with tears for years and years to win his soul; but she was not the one to reap, although God allowed her the joy of seeing her prayers answered and the learned bishop's prophecy fulfilled: "The time is not yet, it cannot be that the child of such tears shall perish." So pray on, dear missionaries, for those you yearn over to become children in the faith. St. Augustine was reaped just in God's own wonderful divine way, by the voice of a little, unknown child singing four simple words, "Take up and read; take up and read." He forthwith obeyed, took up the word of God, and read, "Put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ." He was reaped at once and cried out, "O Lord, I am Thy servant; Thou breaketh my bonds."

Take another instance from Cotta, Ceylon: —

"One of the adult converts I baptized was eighty-five years of age, and he told me that every missionary who had been at Cotta from the commencement of the mission eighty years ago had spoken to him about Christ. About a year ago 'the fruit was found after many days,' and I had not the slightest doubt that he was truly converted. I baptized him on what proved to be his death-bed, and in the presence of many of his relatives he boldly confessed Jesus to be his Saviour. As I was repeating the Creed he called out after each sentence, 'I believe.' He so rapidly grew in grace that from his conversation one would have thought that he was a Christian of many years' standing."

Another instance how God can use any instrument to bring about His will towards those who refuse His offers in the hardness of their hearts. This fact happened in New Zealand years ago: Ngakuku, a converted Maori, was sitting in his hut with his only boy and his little girl lying asleep. Now, this little Tarore loved the mission school, and always put her book (the New Testament, I suppose) under her pillow when she slept. Some murderous cannibals surprised Ngakuku; he snatched up his boy and fled. The little girl was instantly killed and scalped. At her funeral Ngakuku said to these murderous natives of Rotorua, "My heart is not dark for my Tarore, but for you. You urged teachers to come; they came, and you have driven them away." So the sowing seemed no good!

Now listen to the reaping! When they killed little Tarore, they took the book she was sleeping on, for one of the number could read, and they thought the European's book would give them importance in the eyes of their chiefs. And so it did. It reaped a splendid harvest, for the chiefs

would have it read and re-read in their ears until their hearts were touched and softened. So they determined to send a party of natives to the Bay of Islands, where the missionary, the Rev. Henry Williams, lived, to ask for a teacher. The Rev. O. Hadfield volunteered to go back with them to Kapiti, where he had the honor of establishing that pre-eminently successful station—all, as it were, the reaping by Tarore's Testament.

This missionary, the Rev. O. Hadfield, was elected to the Primacy of New Zealand in the year 1870. He died in 1904.

And yet another instance of delayed reaping, when God the Holy Spirit Himself brought the buried seed to light and harvest! In Flavel's "Memorials" it is recorded that when he was preaching his last sermon on "Anathema Maranatha" a handsome and intelligent boy was greatly impressed as the venerable preacher said, with tears, "My poor hearers, if any of you do not love the Lord Jesus and continue so to the end of your life, the Lord, when He comes, will curse you," etc. etc. The boy grew up, became prosperous, but quite forgot his God and the Lord Jesus, but when he was full eighty years of age, in spirit Flavel stood before him and repeated those words. The old man at once was convicted and converted. He went into his house, took out his old Bible, and in deep sorrow and repentance found mercy through our Lord Jesus Christ.

He lived to be a hundred, built a chapel, got a missionary to teach his relations and neighbors, and had the joy, before his death, of seeing a flourishing mission station in the wilds of America, whither he had emigrated in youth, lived in manhood, and grown rich in this world's goods. Oh, how he blessed God after for opening his eyes to see the truth as it is in Jesus. Little the venerated Flavel could have conceived that after so many years the seed he sowed should spring up and bear such rich fruit to God's glory.

In October, 1906, the Rev. W. Richards, of Allepie, Travancore, India, states that he baptized a Dhoby on his death-bed who acknowledged that seventeen missionaries had urged him to become a Christian, but he delayed, fearing relatives. At last he received grace to renounce all and be baptized.

One more instance let me give. A Mohammedan for twenty years refused to listen to God's word by the missionary; but one day his wife heard the gospel and brought home the New Testament, which he read and believed. He became unhappy because he had refused Christ so long, so he boldly confessed his belief, and when thrown down and almost beaten to death he felt not the pain for joy that at last he was allowed to suffer for his Master and to be a witness for Christ. He was cast into prison and it was many months before he could put his feet to the ground.

Dear fellow workers, our beloved missionaries, fear not, whatever length of time occurs between earing and harvest, for you will be amazed when harvest home is called at the bounteous reaping.

It is by prayer, earnest and persistent prayer, that blessing comes. A perpetual "Go on, go on!" will doubtless end in shouts of joy, and oh! the angels sing for joy when the soul long prayed for is reaped, although, may be, it is reaped by another hand than yours. But you will have part in the reward. It certainly says in God's precious word: "Blessed are ye that sow beside all waters"; but nowhere does it say "Blessed are ye that reap beside all waters," for our Lord knows the best reaping time. He has always His reapers ready. "The sower and the reaper shall rejoice together" (John 4:36).

Emily P. Leakey

How She Got Eternal Life

“IF you were to die tonight, where would your soul be?” was the question asked by an evangelist of a young woman at the close of a gospel meeting. Trembling with emotion, she instantly replied, “If I were dying now, I would go to hell, for I am not ‘born again.’”

Perceiving her condition, he spoke to her of God’s desire to save her, and pointed her to John 5:24: “Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that heareth my word, and believeth on him that sent me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation; but is passed from death unto life,” with the request that she would think upon it while he spoke to others. On returning to the place where she sat, he observed that her countenance was radiant with delight. Asking the question that he had previously proposed, with beaming face she immediately replied, “If I were dying now, I would go to heaven.” “How did the change come about?” she was asked. “Through three words in the verse: ‘hath,’ ‘shall not,’ and ‘is.’ I see I have everlasting life, according to God’s word; I shall not come into condemnation; I am passed from death unto life. For a fortnight I have been trying to feel saved, but now I know I am saved, according to God’s word.” Not long afterward the Lord took her to be with Himself, and on her deathbed she used to say, “Thank God for ‘hath,’ ‘shall not,’ and ‘is.’”

The three “links” in the “chain” are hearing, believing and having. Satan has, however, three counterfeit “links” in his “chain,” which, alas! too many accept—“praying,” “working,” “perhaps you’ll have.” Will you believe God or Satan?

If the reader has believed what God has said against him, and now hears and believes the gospel of God’s grace, he will be able to say, with the young woman now with the Lord, “Thank God for ‘HATH’ ‘SHALL NOT,’ and ‘IS.’”

John 4:6

Then let me never murmur, Lord!

If this should be my case;

If I must sit upon the well

To rest a little space.

How do I know but some poor soul

Has need to hear of Thee?

How do I know but she may come

That very hour to me?

But I would ask Thee this, O Lord,

This little word in prayer,

If I must sit upon the well,

Oh, let me find Thee there!

Psalm 63:25

As the bridegroom to his chosen,

As the king unto his realm,

As the keep unto the castle,

As the pilot to the helm,

So, Lord, art Thou to me.

As the fountain in the garden,

As the candle in the dark,

As the treasure in the coffer,

As the manna in the ark,

So, Lord, art Thou to me.

As the music at the banquet,

As the stamp unto the seal,

As the medicine to the fainting,

As the wine-cup at the meal,

So, Lord, art Thou to me.

As the ruby in the setting,

As the honey in the comb,

As the light within the lantern,

As the father in the home,

So, Lord, art Thou to me.

As the sunshine to the heavens,

As the image to the glass,

As the fruit unto the fig-tree,

As the dew unto the grass,

So, Lord, art Thou to me.

J. Tauler.

Diary of a Soul

By the Editor

Pasteur Lecoat of Tremel

HE died on Sunday, March 1st, at five o'clock in the afternoon.

He was sitting by the side of the bed, supported by his nephew, Monsieur Le Quere, waiting for some soup that his niece was preparing for him at his request. His wife was seated in a chair close to the bed. She had made some remark to him which he did not hear distinctly, and he said, "What did you say, my dear?" Then, in a moment, his head went back, and he passed away to be with Christ. No death agony or struggle, but just one catch of the passing breath and he was gone. He had complained of feeling very strange all the day; it was the wings of, the soul fluttering against the bars of mortality struggling to be free. With terrible sorrow desolating their hearts they laid him back upon the bed—the strong, brave heart was still. The one who had done more for Brittany than any living man was at rest from his labors. The active brain that had been unceasing in its activities for the cause of Christ was inert gray matter now. The hand that had written out his translation of the Bible into Breton—a work that has led to the conversion of hundreds—was useless now. Brain and heart and hand were no longer the servants of the soul—the dominant personality was gone.

He could see from his window the village road, and throughout the morning of his last day on earth he had watched the people coming to the morning service in the chapel—he spoke of their coming—the chapel where for fifty years he had faithfully proclaimed the gospel.

What a solemn thing death is! At the moment of dissolution every tie that binds us to the earth loosed. Our place vacant on earth forever. The work we can no longer do to be done by others. All the accustomed scenes through which we have moved, and which bore the stamp of our personality the same, but we are gone. We pass into eternity, and leave behind us a night of sorrow, dark with woe to those who watch us go—a night with a rain of tears in it, and all the sorrows that follow in the train of death. Ah! to be ready for the home-call. Had Pasteur not been ready there had been no time for prayer, or petition, for mercy for him. My reader, you may die tonight—are you ready? ARE YOU READY?

When I saw him for the last time last November he was very ill. Many an hour we spent together talking of the Saviour, and in prayer to Him. I loved to listen to the story of the years he had spent for Christ. The terrible persecution he had had to endure—the stern, hard fight that had been his, to bring the light of God into the Breton land he loved, dark with superstition and idolatry. What a fight it was! Every door was closed against him then; now, through his dauntless courage and faith in Christ every door is open; his colporteurs can preach the gospel where they will, and were the means forthcoming the whole of Brittany might hear the gospel. The fields are white to the harvest. Ah! that God would send His laborers into these waiting fields.

The Orphanage has sheltered and fed and clothed hundreds of boys and girls, who have come from the vilest surroundings, and have found in Madame Lecoat and her devoted helpers the pity and the love of Christ.

The Funeral

He was buried on Wednesday, March 4th in the Cemetery at Tremel. Such a sight as his funeral had never been seen there before; from all parts the mourners came; the nobles of the land mingled with the peasants round his grave. More than a thousand people were there.

The Maire of Tremel, a Roman Catholic, sent a message to Madame Lecoat, asking that he and the Councilors of Tremel might have the privilege of carrying him to his last resting-place. At ten o'clock in the morning Mr. Terrall, of Paimpol, gave a most touching address to the mourners in the chapel, and then the sad procession left the Mission for the Cemetery.

At the grave Monsieur Scarabin, a preacher of the gospel, spoke to the people of the life of Pasteur Lecoat, and said that what would make him immortal in Brittany was his translation of the Bible. He said, also, that as one of the old scholars in Pasteur's school, he felt it was an honor to be allowed to say a few words at his grave.

Then a Roman Catholic, Monsieur Jaffrennou, a Breton poet and author, spoke in Breton. He, too, retraced Pasteur's life. He said that the faith he had in Jesus Christ, and the courage he had shown in His cause had given him the victory over all his enemies. He was an evangelist, and one who loved his fellow-men. Even those who opposed him had to admit how true he was to his principles, and how difficult it would be to find any wrong-doing in his life. He was a Breton born, and a Breton he died, and all his life was spent in Brittany. Who could recount, he continued, all his literary works, his tracts, his hymns, his yearly almanac? He had written enough to fill three lives, but his greatest work, the work; that took seven hard years of his life to complete, was the translation of the Holy Scriptures into the purest Breton. Many other things he said, but I have not time to record them now.

I came here on June 20th, and it was my privilege to see a sight on Wednesday, June 24th, that I shall never forget.

Madame Lecoat had invited to her house the Maire and Councilors of Trèmel and their wives. After she had given them dinner, she gave them a faithful gospel address. She told them that if they read the Bible, Pasteur had translated into Breton for them, they would find there the secret of the peace and the assurance that he had. She told them that no Pope or Roman Catholic priest or Protestant priest could have saved her husband, only faith in the Lord Jesus Christ and His finished work. If they were without sin they did not need a Saviour, but if they felt they were sinners He was ready to save them. Salvation was not of works, but by faith.

Many were moved to tears as she spoke, and although they were all Roman Catholics they were most attentive. One woman cried out, "Ah, the blessed man, how many poor boys would have been starving had he not picked them up and fed them? He never forgot that he was once a poor boy himself; he has been a good example to everyone from his youth."

Then a copy of Pasteur's translation of the Bible was given to each one, with an inscription written inside and Pasteur's photograph on the cover. One of the colporteurs of the Mission offered to give them paper to wrap the Bibles in, thinking they might not like to be seen carrying the Bible, but they declined, saying they were NOT ashamed to be seen carrying the Bible.

So a sight was seen in Tremel that could never have been possible a short time ago, and which seemed to me to show out the value of Pasteur's influence and work in a most remarkable way—the Maire and Councilors, all Roman Catholics, carrying a Protestant Bible in broad daylight to their homes.

“He being dead, yet speaketh,” may well be said of my dear friend now with Christ. I have loved him for his work for Christ for many years now, and I felt I must bring the closing scenes of his life before my readers, so that they might praise God for the light that he has kindled in Brittany, and pray to God that nothing may hinder that gospel glory from shining more and more, until all that shines for Christ on earth is absorbed in the glory of the perfect day.

Lines on the Death of Pasteur Lecoat

He is not here—and yet the summer fields
Are beautiful—the fields he loved so well;
The joy of harvest its full glory yields,
But death has reaped his harvest in Tremel.
No longer on each well-frequented way
Will he be seen—Oh God the dread farewell—
My friend of many years has passed away,
And left his shadow on his loved Tremel.
He lived for God among the race he loved,
And gave to one and all “Ar Bibl Santel.”
He lit in many a home the lamp of God,
And Rome has seen His beacons in Tremel.
And he, being dead, shall speak with living voice,
Till hands of doom shall sound earth’s funeral knell;
And men unborn shall in his light rejoice,
The light of God that glorified Tremel.
Oh, man of God! the crown to thee is given;
No more on earth thy living lips shall tell
The Saviour’s love; but to the throne in heaven
Thy sheaves will come, God’s harvest from Tremel.

H. W.

Trèmel,

Côtes-du-Nord, France

June 28th, 1914.

Clara's Favorite Hymn

CLARA'S home was in a fashionable watering-place, and she had in youth participated with keen relish in the pleasures of this life; had gone on and on in life's pathway, thinking little of her future. She married a man of the world, and he was taken away; then she sorrowed indeed, even as those who have no hope; for as he had lived, so had he died, without God, without Christ. Her health gave way, and as a confirmed invalid she came to the hospital, feeling, as she afterward told me, that everything she had valued in this life was forever gone.

Yet then it was, when she lay disconsolate, and her soul in spiritual darkness, that, like the brighter and yet brighter flashings of rays of light before the sun itself appears, the light of the quick and powerful word of God was mercifully brought to bear upon her weary and desolate heart. She became conscious that light was shining, and appeared eager to come to that light.

Alas! how many prefer to sit on in darkness after being made conscious that "light is come into the world"? How many love darkness rather than light, because their deeds are evil, and they fear lest these evil deeds should be discovered? Can you, beloved reader, by any possibility hide one sin from God? Even our secret sins are set before Him in the light of His countenance. Yet He who sees all has accepted the blood of Christ in atonement for all, and that same blood cleanses repentant sinners from all.

Poor Clara from the very first eagerly listened to God's precious word, which is indeed as cold water to each thirsty soul. I think it was the second time we met. As we were conversing together I perceived that a faint glimmering of light had reached her heart, and that God was about graciously to give the increase.

Feeling convinced in my own soul that the Lord's time for her soul's deliverance had come, I sat down at the foot of her bed, and I began to speak of the woman who had the issue of blood, who, believing in Christ's power to heal, had in faith touched the hem of His garment, and was instantly healed. Why did the Lord say, "Who touched me?" Not for His own sake, but for her sake. He already knew that it was she who had in faith touched the hem of His garment, and was healed. He would bless, in her soul, her that had touched His garment in faith, and was healed in body. Indeed, she believed, and had been healed; yet she trembled. He would not allow her to leave His presence "trembling." Therefore, by raising this question, and by so graciously condescending to explain the ground of His raising it, He convinced her that "she was not hid."

He knew from the first that her desire for the healing of her body had already attracted her to Himself—her Healer. He would draw her, who trembled, a second time to Himself, that her soul might receive blessing; that she might henceforth cease to tremble, and enjoy assurance of faith. We read; "She came trembling, and falling down before him, she declared unto him before all the people for what cause she had touched him, and how she was healed immediately."

Thus she laid bare the secrets of her own heart before Him; she kept back nothing; she told Him all, and "before all." "And he said unto her, Daughter"— she had already experienced in her body

His power to heal; now He addresses her in a word expressive of deep and true affection; He is now manifesting in word His precious love— “be of good comfort; thy faith has made thee whole; go in peace.” She trembles no longer; she now knows the comfort of His love. He has given her assurance.

Poor Clara! she was weeping abundantly nearly all the time I was engaged in setting the truth before her. At first hers were tears of genuine sorrow, for I knew her sins were many; but the story of His love seemed, as she continued to weep, to turn her sorrow to joy. Having commended her to God, we left her ward.

The next Lord’s day the snow was lying on the ground, but I, and the dear young sister who was with me and had heard all that had passed, felt desirous to ascertain if the Lord had blessed His own word to Clara’s soul, and had given to her also assurance of faith. We found her quietly sitting at the table. There was no longer agitation; it was peace, peace, sweet peace! Together, out of hearts each abounding with thanksgiving, we sang our hymn of praise to God. Whether it was the very hymn we then sang I am not sure; but almost directly after her conversion she evidenced a special love for that sweet hymn,

“I’m waiting for Thee, Lord,

Thy beauty to see, Lord;

I’m waiting for Thee, for Thy coming again,” etc.

Because of her expressed love for it, we often sang it together. Sometimes, after we had sung some other hymn, I would say, “There, now; that was a nice hymn.”

“Yes, it was a very nice hymn; but it does not come up to my favorite,” would be her response.

Now she happily realized that all was not gone when she first reached the hospital; for she could indeed thank God that, when all worldly hopes had failed her, He had given her that bright and blessed hope of going to meet her Saviour and her Lord, and of being forever with Him.

It is now several years since her happy spirit departed, to see His beauty, and to be with Him forever. Yet do I often think of Clara when we are about to sing: —

“I’m waiting for Thee, Lord,

Thy beauty to see, Lord.”

A. J.

A Servant of God

C. G. Finney

WE are told about this wonderful preacher that, while hesitating between skepticism and Christianity, he seemed to hear a voice speak from heaven to his soul, and he resolved to seek the Lord if haply he might find Him. Going out into the woods to pray, he found a sanctuary between some fallen trees; but he realized that he was more anxious lest some passer-by should notice him than he was to have his sins forgiven and become a child of the kingdom. Then, while he was broken and abased before God, the Spirit impressed upon his mind the words from the Book of Jeremiah: "Then shall ye find me, when ye shall seek for me with all your heart." Thus he sought, and thus he found. On the same evening, as he went to his room, "it seemed as if I met the Lord Jesus Christ face to face. It did not occur to me then, nor did it for some time afterward, that it was wholly a mental state. It seemed to me a reality that He stood before me, and I fell down and poured out my soul to Him."

So he continued in communion and prayer, when—again to give his own words: "Without any expectation of it, without ever having the thought in my mind that there was such a thing for me, without any recollection that I had ever heard the thing mentioned by any person in the world, the Holy Spirit descended upon me in a manner that seemed to go through me, body and soul.... It seemed like the very breath of God. I wept aloud with joy and love."

After his conversion he was consumed with love to Christ and precious souls. He had to face bitter persecution, but God was with him. For instance, at a mill the opposition was so great that it was seriously proposed to "tar and feather" him, and eject him from the place. So he and another Christian spent the whole "afternoon in prayer in a wood, receiving the assurance that they had prevailed with God." As the two were seen returning towards the meeting-place, shopkeepers left their places of business, the ball-players left their clubs on the green, and the building was thronged. Finney had taken no thought as to what he should preach, but the Holy Spirit was upon him. Immediately, without any introduction whatsoever, he "opened upon them" with the quotation: "Say ye to the righteous, that it shall be well with him: for they shall eat the fruit of their doings. Woe unto the wicked! it shall be ill with him: for the reward of his hands shall be given him." (Isa. 3:10, 11). And to quote his own words:—

"The Spirit of God came upon me with such power that it was like opening a battery upon them. For more than an hour the word of God came through me to them in a manner that I could see was carrying all before it. It was a fire, and as a hammer breaking the rock, and as the sword that was piercing to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit."

Opposition was almost at an end. In answer to entreaties Finney went out to visit, and everywhere he found a state of deep conviction of sin. A band of intelligent men, who were Deists, and who had endeavored to thwart the revival, were nearly all concerted. Among those who remained obdurate was an infidel who railed furiously at religion, with many blasphemies, his case being

notorious. Suddenly this man fell to the ground in a fit of apoplexy, and a physician who was called in bade him prepare for death, adding: If you have anything to say, you must say it at once." The aged infidel could find strength to stammer out only one sentence; it was: "Don't let Finney pray over my corpse." With this death the opposition died also.

The story has often been told how Finney went by invitation to preach in a village school-house three miles from Antwerp, N.Y., at which place a revival had broken out under his preaching. Exhausted with the walk, for the day was hot, he arrived in the village to find the building crowded. At length he was able to find a place for himself, near the door. He cast himself upon God, and, as by inspiration, rose from his knees and forthwith began to preach from the text: "Up, get you out of this place; for the Lord will destroy this city" (Gen. 19:14). Dwelling-earnestly upon the Bible story of Abraham and Lot, and Sodom, he noticed that the people became infuriated; but, although he could not understand the reason for this, he continued to press home the truth, and an awful solemnity seemed to settle upon the people; the congregation began to fall from their seats in every direction and cry for mercy. If I had had a sword in each hand, I could not have cut them down as fast as they fell. I was obliged to stop preaching.

The meeting continued all night, and, having been adjourned to a private house in order to make room for the school-children, went right on through the next day until the afternoon. Then Finney found an explanation of the anger of the congregation; the place was commonly called "Sodom," and the brother who had invited Finney was familiarly known as "Lot."

There was in Rochester at this time a certain judge who stood out against Finney upon particular points of doctrine and of method. Finally, he strongly opposed the idea of inviting people forward to the "anxious" seat. Thereupon, Finney prepared a sermon calculated to impress such a person, and proceeded to deliver it. The judge entered and managed to find a seat in the gallery, but afterwards went out. Much distressed at the apparent failure of his sermon, Finney was drawing to a close, with a heavy heart, when, as he afterwards wrote: "I felt someone pulling at the skirt of my coat. I looked, and there was the judge. He said: 'Mr. Finney, won't you pray for me, by name? And I will go to the "anxious" seat.' There was a great gush of feeling, in every part of the house. Many held down their heads and wept; others seemed to be engaged in earnest prayer. He went round in front of the pulpit and knelt down immediately. The lawyers arose and crowded into the aisles, filling the open space in front, wherever they could get a place to kneel. The movement had thus begun, without my requesting it; but I then publicly invited any who were prepared to renounce their sins and to accept Christ, to come forward, or kneel down wherever they could. I appointed a meeting for inquirers the next day. The audience was composed almost exclusively of prominent citizens. I continued from day to day, having an opportunity to converse freely with numbers; and they were as teachable as children. A large number of lawyers were converted."

What is it to Be a Christian?

THIS is a question of the greatest importance, and one that demands a most careful answer. If to be a Christian is to be the possessor of the infinite blessings that the Bible sets forth as the portion of the true Christian, and not to be a Christian is not only to miss these blessings but to suffer the wrath of God forever, then how deeply important to have a correct answer to the question! And yet is it not a question about which many form their “opinion” with little or no regard for the teaching of the word of God?

The answer that would be given to the question by the majority of people would probably be that a Christian is one who belongs to the church, and seeks to live up to its requirements. One who professes the Christian religion and lives a moral, upright life before his fellows is reckoned by most to be a good Christian, whatever his belief; and any who would call in question the Christianity of such a one is counted a narrow bigot. The question as to whether he believes the Bible to be the infallible word of God, whether he believes in the deity of the Lord Jesus Christ, whether he believes in the ruin of man by the fall, or in the need of vicarious atonement to deliver man from his state of ruin and condemnation—all these are by many considered minor points about which “good people” may differ and yet alike be good, true Christians. The life is considered everything—the faith as nothing.

It is true that an empty profession of faith is counted as of no value in the word of God (James 2), but it is just as true that the only life that is counted as anything before God is the life that results from faith in the Son of God as the Saviour of sinners. “He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life: he that believeth not the Son shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth on him” (John 3:36). “He that hath the Son hath life; and he that hath not the Son of God, hath not life” (1 John 5:12). Wherever we turn in the word, it is faith in the Son of God that gives life. Not that faith in itself has such value, but faith receives Him who is everything to the believer. So in John 1:12 we read: “As many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God, even to them that believed on his name: which were born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God.”

In answer to the question of Nicodemus, “How can these things be?” that is, “How can a man be born again?”—our Lord replies: “As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up: that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have eternal life” (John 3:14). Because of sin, man is alienated from God, his mind enmity to God (Col. 1:21; Rom. 5:10). And this is true of the moral and religious, among whom none have ever surpassed Saul of Tarsus, as well as of the immoral. Before there can be any life for God, the enmity must be broken down—man must be born again, must have a new life. Now the word of God declares that the gospel “is the power of God unto salvation to everyone that believeth.” And those who are saved are spoken of as “being born again, not of corruptible seed, but of incorruptible, by the word of God which liveth and abideth forever.”

Not reformation, but a new birth, as well as “the renewing of the Holy Ghost,” is what man needs. It is this that makes one a Christian. It is true this divine operation will be manifested in a new life outwardly. But there must be the new birth and faith in Christ’s work before there can be the Christian life. “Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God.” “Ye must be born again.”

A Christian is one who has been “born again” and who rests on the Saviour’s death and resurrection as the only ground of justification before God. Then not only eternal life, but peace, is yours through our Lord Jesus Christ, “who was delivered up for our offenses, and was raised again for our justification” (Rom. 4:25). Have you, my reader, this peace? J. T. D.

Eden's Parted River

Pure was the river once that flow'd,
Through Eden's calm retreat;
For sin and death were then unknown,
And naught the eye could meet
But tokens of God's bounteous hand,
Whose mercies, full and free,
Surrounded man on every side;
A happy creature he.
But lo! the serpent's voice was heard
Within that garden fair;
The woman listen'd, and she fell
Beneath the tempter's snare.
Then all was in a moment gone,
And evil reigned around;
The day of innocence was o'er,
And cursed was the ground.
The river parted into four,
Each with a different name;
And, as their streams ran far and wide,
Strange news did they proclaim;
And yet not strange, for sin had come,
Hence "grace" must be display'd.
Or man eternally be lost,
Though in God's image made.
Then mark the "change," which "Pison" means,
For, as that river ran,

It compass'd all "Havilah's" coast,
With "suffering" deep for man;
Yet, spite of suffering, curse, and death.
God's matchless "grace" forbore;
This, "Gihon's" healing streams proclaim'd
Round "Ethiopia's" shore.
But grace despised must end in woe,
So "Hiddekel" declares
God's judgment soon will o'vertake
The one who mercy dares;
Yes, in its own appointed sphere,
That judgment swift will fall
On dwellers in "Assyria," as
God's word doth here recall.
Then hearken to the Spirit's voice,
Ye, who this record scan,
The last-named river hath no shore,
Grave warning this to man;
Its meaning all can tell;
Then whither, reader, art thou bound:
For heaven, or for hell?

NOTE. ■The following are the meaning of the name of the various rivers and lands, mentioned in Genesis (ch. 2, vers. 8-14): —

Rivers and Lands with Meanings

Pison, i.e., Change; Havilah, i.e., Suffering; Gihon, i.e., Grace; Ethiopia. i.e., The place of the curse; Hiddekel, i.e., Judgment; Assyria, i.e., Place where judgment is poured out. Euphrates indicates Eternity, no limits, or land, being mentioned in connection therewith.

S.T.

Diary of a Soul

By The Editor

The Peasant Woman of Trequier

ON Friday, June 19th I left Plymouth by the good little steamship “Devonia,” for Tréquier, in Brittany, on my way to Tremel, to see Madame Lecoat.

Having to wait some hours at Tréquier before the train left for Lannion, I walked about the town, and seeing the Cathedral door open, I walked in, and wended my way around the building. Passing by the various tombs and chapels, I came at last to a wax model which arrested my attention. At the top and on either side were represented two hands with nail prints in them. Just below these two hands was a cross resting on a pedestal, that in its turn rested on the “sacred heart,” which was represented as bound around with thorns. Below the heart, and on either side of it, was the wax impression of two feet, each one pierced with a nail. On the top of the wax model above the hands was this text: — “Ils ont percés mains et mes pieds” (Psa. 22. 16). At the bottom of the model below the feet was the following text: — “Il m’a aimé et c’est Eyre pour moi” (Gal. 1:20).

Kneeling on a chair close by was a peasant woman who had been praying, and was now watching me as I read the texts. Seeing her intent gaze I pointed to the text beneath the feet, and as she read the words I said, “C’est bon; c’est vrai.” She gazed a moment longer, and then softly said, “Oui.”

I then, still looking at the words, pointed to myself and said, “Pour moi,” and then, pointing at her, I said, “Pour vous.” She reverently bent her head, and shortly after went slowly out of the building, and there in that Catholic cathedral I prayed for her; not to the Virgin Mary, or to the saints, but to the blessed Lord Himself. I felt happy to think that she would remember the words, and perhaps come again to read the inscriptions, “They have pierced my hands and my feet,” and “He has loved me and given Himself for me.” God give her to know in her soul that the words are “good” and that they are “true,” and may the message “FOR YOU” lead her to those pierced feet to confess the sins that nailed Him to the Cross, and may those wounded hands rest in benediction on her head forever. I felt sure God had sent me into that building to speak to her, and I shall still pray that not only the peasant woman of Tréquier, but many of my readers may believe that He loved them and gave Himself for them.

Paulic Le Bastard

He was a Breton peasant, who had been in Pasteur Lecoat's service for twenty-nine years. He was seventy-two years of age when he died, on February 2nd of this year, one month before his master. Knowing how ill Pasteur was, he told one of Pasteur's nieces that he did not want to survive his master. He was very ill for about a month, and suffered at times intense pain.

It was never known when he was converted, but about five years ago he asked if he might "take the communion," as he wished to remember his Lord in His death. As he could not read himself, for years one of his sons used to read the Bible to him every Sunday afternoon. It is the custom at Tremel for the workmen on Pasteur's farm, before they go to their work in the morning, to assemble in the chapel for reading the word of God and for prayer, and in the evening when the day's work is over they close the day in the same manner. Paulic was always most attentive at these daily services.

At times during his last illness he would say, "Do pray for me, for I am too ill to pray for myself." Mademoiselle Hannah Le Quere, who used to take him his medicine each day, said to him, "Are you not afraid to die?" "No," he answered, "I have peace with God, and I know my sins are forgiven, but if I had waited until now to be saved it would be too late, for I am too ill." When his sufferings were very great he would say, "Do pray for me, and ask God to take me." Another time he said, "If I was beginning life again, I would live very differently from what I have done; I have not served God as I ought."

His daughter, who came from Paris to see him, was surprised at his happiness.

He was devoted to Pasteur, and every morning when Mademoiselle Hannah visited him he would say, "How is Monsieur Lecoat?"

For some days before his death he was too weak to speak, and when the end came he passed away as quietly as a child going to sleep. When Pasteur was told of his death he said, "Paulic is gone, and I shall not be long after him." And now the master and the faithful servant are together with Christ.

Blessed fruit of the gospel in Tremel, it is being garnered in heaven, and many another before the throne of God will praise for all eternity the God who gave the beloved Pasteur the joy of sowing seeds of light amid the superstitious darkness of Brittany.

The thousands of Bibles translated by Pasteur into the Breton language, and circulated by his colporteurs, have brought the joy of salvation to hundreds of lives.

The Shadow of Death

This awful shadow hovers over the world today. It hovers over nations, and darkens well-nigh every home. Let us pray that this fearful shadow may be lifted. One thing the war is doing for England is this: it is bringing her on her knees. She is recognizing God. We have been so occupied with our pleasures and our sins, that God has been forgotten.

Now we have to give up our husbands and sons to the battlefield to fight for those they love. This may make us think of the love of God in giving up His Only-begotten Son to die for His enemies: to die "the Just for the unjust, to bring us to God."

Another False Christ in the American Southern States

SOME account of a false Christ named Schweinfurth in Illinois, in the Western State of Illinois, U.S., was given in the "Christian Herald" for August 21st American papers contain accounts also. A Savannah, U.S., communication to the "New York World" of July 7th says: —.

A few weeks ago, an unknown negro suddenly appeared in Liberty County, in the State of Georgia, in the United States, and collecting the negroes of the neighborhood about him, proclaimed that he was Jesus Christ, and had just descended to earth in a cloud. In the center of his hand are a couple of scars. Exhibiting those to the excited blacks, he announced that they were made when he was nailed to the cross on the outskirts of Jerusalem eighteen centuries ago. One of the more superstitious of his hearers wanted to see the marks of his feet, and those left by the crown of thorns. Pulling off his shoes, he showed the marks claimed to have been left by the spikes of the soldiers of Pontius Pilate. This was all the corroboration the negroes needed. They accepted every word of his story as true, and, fell down at his feet, and worshipped him.

The scene is said to have beggared description. Men, women, and children lay prostrate on the ground, praying, shouting, and singing hymns. Scores of foolish negroes pressed forward and kissed his hands and feet. Others declared themselves unworthy to touch him, and contented themselves with kissing the "hem of his garment." Half-a-dozen negresses procured a quantity of sweet oil and anointed him, and others wiped it off with the hair of their heads.

Taking up a long staff, he waved it about his head three or four times, and commanded the people to follow him, leaving everything behind them, as the Lord would provide for all without any need of purse or raiment. Cows were turned into the fields, and houses were abandoned, the occupants not even closing the doors and windows, and in many cases leaving their dinners to boil away in the pots over the open fireplaces. The false Christ began his march through the country, and three or four hundred negroes were at his back. At every settlement the scene was repeated, and at last between 1,500 and 2,000 blacks were on the journey.

Then the white people began to grow alarmed. Work on the plantations, at the turpentine stills, and, in fact, everywhere, was at a standstill. Rumors flew thick and fast that the pseudo-Christ was in reality teaching communism and annihilation of the whites. It was decided to arrest him, or force him to leave the country. A few of the more hot-headed favored lynching, but they were persuaded that the white people's easiest way was the best. Accordingly two colored preachers, who were discomfited at the inroads made in their flocks, took out judicial warrants charging the newcomer with vagrancy.

He had prophesied that he would be arrested, and when the officers with warrants arrived, the false Messiah's followers or disciples as they called themselves, were ready to tear the law guardians to pieces. The women were more frenzied than the men, and many of them were armed with guns. They feared that the Crucifixion was to be re-enacted, and declared that they would die first. The black Messiah assured them, however, that no harm would befall him, and asked them

not to be guilty of any physical violence. This pacified them, and they permitted him to be taken to gaol, confident that angels would appear in the night and cut the bars asunder.

When arrested, the black Messiah gave his name as Edward Bell, and said he was from Ohio, but had been in Florida last spring. Thomas M. Norwood, ex-Congressman, has been engaged to prosecute, though it is doubtful whether the charge of vagrancy can be substantiated. Bell says that he is going to lead his people through the land of Canaan to Jerusalem, but says the exact date has not yet been fixed by God, though it will be soon. Bell, however, seems to have a little doubt as to his identity, as he said in a sermon one Sunday that he was Adam, then that he was Noah, and again that he was Abraham. He said that this is his third visit to the earth, and that he comes once every thousand years.

Bell was released from gaol on his own recognizance, but will be tried for lunacy later. He is a tall, poorly-clad negro. His hair is black and long, falling over his shoulders somewhat in the style of that of Christ as represented in pictures. He also endeavors to trim his beard to conform to that of the Saviour. He refuses to accept money publicly, saying that preachers should not be paid. He lives among the negroes, and is very unpretentious, except as to his belief that he is Christ. His wonderful familiarity with the Old and New Testaments greatly aids him in holding sway over his followers, twelve of whom he has chosen as disciples.

Another negro false Christ, named James, a colored Justice of the Peace, has also a considerable following.

Have You Been?

NOT because you are worse than your neighbors. Not because you sometimes lose your temper. Not because you are a very wicked person.

But because you are a sinner — a sinner root and branch. You were born a sinner; you grew up a sinner; and you are a sinner still, with a sinner's nature. "Who can bring a clean thing out of an unclean? Not one." "Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots?" No. Why? Because they were so born. So with man. He cannot be reformed so as to please God; he cannot be improved so as to gain heaven. He needs to be made "a new creature." He cannot bear the fruit of the Spirit so long as he is in the flesh, any more than a bramble bush could bear apples or a thorn bear cherries. It is not a little help he needs to make him "all right," it is not a "good religious education"; it is a new life. And this new life must come from somewhere outside himself; he cannot find it within him — he cannot earn it by his works.

A blacksmith once said; "I have often tried to be good; I have often made resolutions to live better; but this being 'born again' is beyond me: I never tried that." It was something he could have no hand in; it is God's workmanship.

Reader, have you found this out for yourself?

What Does Being Born Again Mean?

It is not being baptized with water.

It is not being made a temperance man.

It is not becoming religious, or “making a new start.”

It is not “turning over a new leaf,” or joining a society.

None of these things, or all of them put together, is being “born again.”

Some people think, when they get “reformed,” that it’s all the same as being “born again”; but that’s a great mistake. A young man once told us he was “quite sure he would be in heaven, because he didn’t drink now.” “Very good, sir; glad to hear it; but when were you born again?” “He knew nothing about that. He was reformed, but not regenerated; he was as unfit for heaven as he ever had been.

A minister of the gospel once told us that he preached seven years to others before he was “born again” himself. Terrible work! It’s time that some other religious men and women were asking themselves solemnly this question: “AM I BORN AGAIN? or do I just ‘go to church’ ‘and keep up a profession’ because it is a fashionable and respectable thing?”

Reader, have you been “born again”? Consider. Mind that nothing else will do instead, and that nothing but this will fit you for being in heaven.

King Manasseh; or, a Word to Grandfathers

MAY I say, this little paper is not only for grandfathers, but for any man who has been converted in old age? And, oh! young man, remember youth is the most likely and the best time to be converted. "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth," said king Solomon in his old age, when he summed up life with the divine seal "Fear God, and keep his commandments, for this is the whole duty of man" (Eccl. 12:13-14). Comparatively, very seldom are men and women turned from darkness to light in old age. But some are, thank God, as perhaps some of you read in the July number of this magazine, where I told of that wonderful case of conversion, owing to a seed sown in a boy's heart by God the Holy Spirit through Flavel's last sermon, and how, when that boy was past eighty, he worked to bring souls to God.

Well, my aged friend, if now God has opened your eyes to see you are a sinner, and He has given you light by leading you to faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, fear not; begin at once to speak and act for Him, just like, I think, that wicked king Manasseh did. Doubtless as a child he had been brought up by his righteous father, Hezekiah, to know and fear God, and yet he turned out to be the very worst king Judah ever had. Read for yourselves his history in 2 Chronicles 33 and 2 Kings 21. Observe, if the Chronicles had not been written, we should never have known that Manasseh, repented and found the Lord when he was old. He was only twelve years old when he became king, and from that day he cast off the fear of the Lord, served graven images, and built altars for all the host of heaven, and did wickedly, "above all that the Amorites did." For years this went on, until the Lord had mercy upon him and sent him, bound in great affliction, to Babylon, where he sought the Lord God of his fathers, and prayed unto Him, and found Him; and then it says, "Then Manasseh knew that the Lord he was God." After this poor old Manasseh tried to remedy the evil he had wrought.

Doubtless he spoke to, and wrestled in prayer for, his son Amon, who would not listen or turn to God; but I cannot help thinking that the little child Josiah learned to know and love God by old Manasseh's teaching. Josiah was only six years old when his grandfather died, and how sweet it is to think how the wee child, the little boy, was laid on his grandfather's heart to train for God. We read Amon only reigned two years, and then little eight-year-old Josiah came to the throne and did that which was right in the sight of the Lord.

And so dear old friends, copy Manasseh and seek to win the little grandchildren for Jesus, even if you cannot influence their parents it is never too late to mend, and when once you know the Lord, tell others, just as the poor healed demoniac went his way and published before the whole city what great things Jesus had done for him (Luke 8:26-40). If you only get one little child to love Jesus it may be the means of leading a great multitude to serve the Lord, as in the case of the child Josiah, for it says in 2 Chronicles 35:18, "There was no Passover like to that kept since the days of Samuel."

Emily P. Leakey.

Preaching Christ

A CHRISTIAN doctor, a native of India, once told a friend of ours that the great need in that heathen country was, not an attack upon Oriental philosophies, as is so often the case, but the preaching of Christ.

When the devoted servant of God, the late Mr. Hay Macdowall Grant, of Arndilly, was dying, he said: "I think if I were raised up again I would only preach for twenty minutes instead of for an hour, and just set Christ before the people as directly and simply as ever I could."

Turning to the Scriptures, we find that when the midnight earthquake, the shaking of the foundations of the prison of Philippi, the loosed bands of the prisoners, the unHINGING of the huge iron prison doors, revealed to the jailer that by ill-treating Paul and Silas he was insulting One who not only was far above all pagan gods, but whose power and authority were resistless, the cry of distress was forced from his heart and lips, "Sirs, what must I do to be saved?" and this cry was at once met by the presentation of a living, personal Saviour — one both able and suitable: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved, and thy house" (Acts 16:31).

By John Bunyan

SALVATION sometimes appears so great, so huge, so wonderful a thing to be conferred upon simply believing, that the very thought of the excellency of it, and of the freeness of it, engenders unbelief. To have all sins at once forgiven — to be made a partaker of eternal life, a child of God, and a joint-heir with Christ of eternal glory; these, indeed, are great things — too great, too good, too rich for us to receive; but not too great, too good, or too rich for God to give! The soul may indeed wonder at it, staggeringly saying; “What! to be raised above angels — to be made like Christ, to live with Him in eternal joy!” Were a prince to send a messenger to some poor, sorry, beggarly creature, inviting him to come and live in his palace, to enjoy his favor, to become a member of his family, and an heir of his dominions, what would he say? “You mock me!” But what if the messenger affirm that his lord is in good earnest — that he must have him? Suppose he prevail upon him to credit and accept his message, his soul might indeed wonder at the grace that is shown towards him. But what is this compared with the exceeding riches of the grace of God? It is no wonder then that the soul should be confounded — drowned in the sense of its own utter unworthiness, and of the glory that shall be given to us (John 17:22).

But, coming sinner, let me reason with thee. Thou sayest, “It is too big — too great.” Well, will things that are less satisfy thy soul? Big and good as they are, God giveth them to such as thou art. They are not too big for Him to give. Be content. Let God give like Himself. When kings give, they do not give as poor men do. Let God, then, give as a great King. Let Him give like Himself, and do thou receive like thyself. He hath all, and thou hast nothing. Take the place of an empty, unworthy sinner, and be a debtor to God’s grace, and all is thine. God freely gives salvation to the sinner that believeth; but He will not sell it. What made Abraham, and Moses, and David, and Peter, and Paul inheritors of heaven? Was it their worthiness? No; they had none. Paul said he was the “chief of sinners.” What, then, made them blessed? I will tell thee. They had hearts to believe God’s promise, and to receive God’s salvation. God delighteth to give to the unworthy, and to display His grace to the undeserving who trust Him. “He raiseth up the poor out of the dust, and lifteth up the beggar from the dunghill, to set them among princes, and to make them inherit the throne of glory” (1 Sam. 2:8).

“Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved” (Acts 16:31).

A Paid Bill

I HAD just paid my milk bill on Saturday. I said to the young girl clerk, "Please receipt the book, for I do not wish to pay the bill a second time, as I have once in a way had a bill come in again, and a receipt has shown it was paid."

"No," said she, "it would be wrong to demand payment again."

"Ah! dear young friend," I replied, "you have uttered a wonderful spiritual truth, which it is good to know and believe. I wonder if you know it, that God's word declares that the Lord Jesus Christ died for our sins, died for us; that is, He paid our debt for us who believe, and so God will never demand us to pay again, if we believe what He says."

Read, reader, these wonderful texts I have selected out of many more, and may the "once for all" take firm hold of your soul.

1 Peter 3:18 — "Christ has once suffered for sins."

Hebrews 9:28 — "Christ was once offered to bear the sins of many."

Hebrews 7:27 — "This He did once, when He offered up Himself."

Romans 6:10 — "He died unto sin once."

"If for sin — see Jesus taking
All thy wickedness away,
Full atonement freely making,
Paving what thou cast not pay."

After This Life, What Next?

SOME say “Annihilation.” Let those who will, believe that, I for one, cannot. Others say, “Restitution of all things”; that is to say, that the whole race of mankind, sinners and all the fallen angels — yea, the devil himself — shall be restored! Just now conditional immortality is the fashionable heresy, but I cannot make out what that means. Where they get these “views” I know not. Certainly they are not in the Bible, and therefore I reject them all in toto.

What a weary thing to look forward into vacant space! I met a man lately who had encountered a fearful gale in crossing the Atlantic. The passengers were collected in dread consternation in the cabin, when a sailor halloed, “All hands on deck; the ship’s going clown! “The scene that ensued may be imagined; but this professed unbeliever in an eternal future confessed that the very idea of annihilation was at that moment more abhorrent to him than an endless undefined existence.

The Bible says, “After death the judgment.” The Book speaks of a great white throne, before which the dead shall stand, when the books will be opened, and sentence passed out of the things written in the books; and whosoever is not found written in the book of life shall be cast into the lake of fire.”

Just anticipate that scene. Let your conscience be the accuser. What have you got to say for yourself? What sort of plea can you put in? Will it avail on that great day? This is the charge against you: You, a sinner, have rejected the Saviour. Not only have you sinned many times, not only have you fallen short of the glory of God, but, chief of all, you have rejected the Lord Jesus Christ, who died to save the lost.

Now, there are two pleas which may be imagined, and two only. First, you may plead your own righteousness, and say, “All these have I kept from my youth up.” Just see what a sorry plea that is. I have given up this and that sin; I have amended my ways; I have said many prayers; I have set a watch over my conduct — in fact, done my very best.

But what about the standard — God’s law, God’s holiness? Have you come up to that? Hearken to the inward monitor. Does not conscience condemn you? Does it not say that you have missed the mark? Is it not written, “By the deeds of the law shall no flesh be justified in His sight”?

The first plea, then, will not suffice. It is sand; it has no foundation; away with it, and turn to the other — the only plea, the only Name whereby we may be saved.

What is it? Jesus — Jesus Christ the Son of God, and faith in Him. Rely, then, on His death; believe that your sins were laid on Him; that you are justified by His blood; renounce every shadow of trust in self in any shape or form; plead Jesus and Jesus only — His blood, His death, His work: Jesus Christ, the God-man, offered up and accepted in place of sinners.

“GOSPEL HERALD.”

Written by a Christian Lady of Ninety-Four Years

I hail once more my natal day,
Still in my tenement of clay,
With many favours blest;
Now He who placed the structure here,
Can prop it up another year,
If He should think it best.
Long hath it stood through winds and rains,
And braved life's fearful hurricanes,
While many a stronger fell;
The reason why we cannot see,
But what to us seems mystery,
The Builder knows full well.
But now 'tis weather-worn and old,
The summer's heat and winter's cold,
Pierce through the walls and roof.
'Tis like a garment so worn out,
To mend there seems no whereabouts,
So gone is warp and woof.
The tottering pillars are all weak,
The poor old rusty hinges creak,
The windows too are dim;
These slight discomforts we'll let pass,
For looking darkly through a glass,
We catch a hopeful gleam.
Nature and Scripture tell us all,
This withered frame ere long must fall,

When, where, or how's unknown;
We'll leave that to the Architect,
And trust His wisdom to direct
The taking of it down.
And when you see it prostrate lie,
Let not sad tears bedim your eye,
The tenant is not here;
But just beyond time's little space,
She finds with Christ a resting-place,
No more to date her year.
And though she walks with you no more,
The world will move just as before,
'Tis meet it should be so;
Let each his house in order set,
That he may leave without regret,
Whenever called to go.

(2 Cor. 5:1-4)

Diary of a Soul

War

WAR! Hideous, horrible war. The shadow of death hovers over the world today. Under the shadow millions of men are armed to destroy — under that shadow are desolated homes and breaking hearts, and widows who weep over and with their fatherless children. Lust, and rapine, and famine, follow the track of the destroy in ghosts — the whole earth cries to God for help from war.

The mad ambition and lust for power of a ruler with the Name of God upon his lips have let loose the horrors of hell upon the world. There is the hidden death in the ground, the flying death in the air, the awful carnage of the battlefield, and the flight of thousands of immortal souls into eternity day by day. The manhood of the world is sacrificed on the foul altars of military despotism.

The Situation in France

I received a letter from Madame le Coat in which she says: ■

“Our situation is very sad now in France. The proclamation of war has called out of the country every man; all we have left is old men, women and children. Le Quere is gone, Omnes also; and Somerville is waiting for the call. The lawyer is gone and our doctor.... We are working very hard to get in the harvest. This will give you an idea of our position. The strictest surveillance is exerted over us; we must get the Mayor’s permission for everything, but the Lord is above all, and will, I am sure, in His own good time bring us through. When you go out of the house everybody you meet is crying. I hope you are not in the same state in England.... I am thankful that my dear husband is at rest; he will not suffer.”

This touching letter was followed by another from Mademoiselle Le Quere in which she says: —
“We had a letter from Omnes (the colporteur) today. He is near ■, not far from —, guarding a fort. He does not know how long he will have to stay there. He says there are two hundred and fifty soldiers there, and he is the only Protestant. He finds many opportunities to preach the gospel; he has promised to many of these men the New Testament. My dear brother is still in■; a good number of English soldiers are camping there, and my father says they are so well behaved that it is a pleasure to see them. But what a pity to think of all these precious young lives being sacrificed.”

An English Boy

The following touching incident, related by Corporal Haglett, must appeal to all our hearts. Think of the thousands of homes where fathers and mothers are weeping over their dead. We should pray earnestly to God to comfort the stricken hearts that have been filled with sorrow during this awful war. The Corporal says: —

“The other day I stopped to assist a young lad of the West Dents who had been badly hit by a piece of shell. He hadn’t long to live, and he knew it, too, but he wasn’t at all put out about it. I asked him if there was any message I could take to any one at home, and the poor lad’s eyes filled with tears as he answered: I ran away from home and ‘listed a year ago. Mother and dad don’t know I’m here, but you tell them that I’m not sorry I did it.’ “When I told our boys afterward about that they cried like babies, but, mind you, that’s the spirit that’s going to pull England through this war, and there isn’t a man of us that doesn’t think of that poor boy and his example every time we go into fight. I got his name and the last address of his people from his regiment, and I am writing to tell his people that they have every reason to be proud of their lad. He may have run away from home, but he didn’t run away from the Germans, anyway.”

If only our hearts were as devoted to the Lord Jesus as this dear lad’s was to his country and his King!

A Flag for Christ

A few years ago a converted Sikh lay dying at Amritsar, in the Punjaub, India. Before he passed triumphantly into his rest he expressed his desire to put up a flag for Christ, and left some money for the purpose. Today a flag waves in the gentle breeze above the houses of that city, bearing simply the words, "For Christ," in bold letters on a scarlet ground. "That bright flag seemed to us," says a missionary, "a monument of the grace and mercy of God, who could transform an idolator into a saint; and also a glad prophecy of the future when all nations shall own the sovereignty of our coming King. Below in the city the Hindoos bow before their idols; the Mohammedans perform their religious rites, not acknowledging the Saviour, and in ignorance of His love; and within a short distance the Golden Temple of the Sikhs shines and glitters in the sunlight. But still the flag floats calmly above it all, a reminder of the glorious fact that Christ shall reign and all His enemies be put beneath His feet."

Special Notice

We shall be so glad to get letters from Christian soldiers at the front, speaking of God's work among the men. We should like to feel that at twelve o'clock every day our Christian readers would raise a prayer to God on behalf of those who are fighting for us.

KINDLY READ CAREFULLY THE APPEAL ON THE LAST PAGE OF THIS NUMBER OF THE "MESSAGE FROM GOD."

The Young Officer

A YOUNG officer in the British army was brought to know Jesus as his Saviour and Lord. In addition to serving his Queen and his country he sought to serve Him who had chosen him to be a soldier of the cross. His bright, happy face and cheerful, winning ways preached a sermon to those with whom he came in contact.

One day he was accosted by a fellow-officer with such words as these: ■ “I cannot make you out. You profess to be a Christian, and you don’t appear like one.”

“I am very sorry to hear you say that,” was the reply. “Wherein is my conduct inconsistent with my profession?”

“I do not mean that, but you seem to be so cheerful and happy. My idea of a Christian is that he is a man that is always heaving sighs and drawing a long face, looking very sanctimonious and feeling miserable and stupid, but you appear to be as happy as the day is long — I never see you miserable; you are the most cheerful fellow in the whole regiment, and I cannot make you out.” “Look here, my good fellow,” was the reply. “I want to tell you something, and that is, I have got a right to be happy and you have not! My happiness is reasonable and yours is irrational! My happiness arises from contemplating facts, and yours is dependent on forgetfulness of facts.”

The young officer was right; he was happy and could afford to be so. When he remembers the pit from whence he has been dug, the hell from which he has been snatched, the heaven for which he is kept, the unchanging and unchangeable love of Him who once died for him, now lives for him, is coming soon to take him to be with Himself for all eternity, he is filled with joy unspeakable.

Unconverted men and women have pleasures and enjoyments, but they thirst for more and are ever unsatisfied. Their “happiness” is dependent upon their forgetfulness of their dreadful position in the sight of a just and holy God.

Have you been the victim of the Satanic delusion that if you became a Christian you would not be so happy as you are at present? You are only “happy” when you forget facts. You know that you have never been “born again” —that you have never been “converted” to God; and, called to meet Him in your present condition, you could not see, or enter heaven (see John 3:3-7; Matt. 18:3) as one who has not accepted of God’s great salvation you are condemned already (John 3:18), and His wrath abides upon you (John 3:36). When you contemplate your peril, and look forward to the great day of reckoning, you can see nothing but everlasting ruin. Why then be so foolish as to forget your danger? Why be so mad as to shut your eyes to your real condition, and try to make yourself believe that it will be “all right” at last? “It is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment” (Heb. 9:27). “We must needs die, and are as water spilt on the ground which cannot be gathered up again” (2 Sam. 14:14). A few brief years at the longest and the place that knows you now will know you no more. When your body lies mouldering in the grave the world will go on as before. The sun will shine as usual, the birds will warble their notes of praise as blithely, the moon will cast its silvery light on the earth, the flowers will bloom, springtime and harvest, summer

and winter will roll along, and where will your soul be? Face the question! Turn it over honestly and candidly! If the truth were told would you not have to admit that, called to meet God in your present condition, your eternity would be spent in hell? And yet you can be "happy"! Is the condemned criminal "happy" when he remembers that at eight o'clock next morning he will be executed? Is yonder merchant "happy" when he sees that the ship, in which he has invested his all, is in danger of being wrecked? Is that affectionate mother "happy" at the thought of her son being killed in the dreadful explosion; and how can you be happy? How can you go to bed at night when you know that before the morning dawns your precious soul may be beyond the reach of mercy?

Be wise! True happiness can only be had in Christ. The Christian has a happiness the world knows nothing of; it springs from a hidden source, and flows from the heart of God. The Christian can lay his head on the pillow at night, remembering if it be the will of his Father to take him "home" before the morning dawns, "sudden death" will be to him sudden bliss, and throughout the changing scenes of life he has One always beside him to comfort and to cheer. When sickness enters his home and the messenger of death follows on the track, he is assured that "All things work together for good to them that love God" (Rom. 8:28), and he can say from his heart "Thy will be done."

Unsaved fellow-traveler to eternity, you have not the faintest idea what you are losing in not possessing Christ. He is the spring and source of perennial joy. Come to Him, as you are and where you are, in simple faith, and you will then begin to understand what real life is, and be able to apprehend the meaning of the Psalmist's words: "Happy is that people whose God is the Lord" (Psa. 144:15).

If, however, you continue your present course of conduct, doing your best to forget your danger and destiny, and neglecting the salvation of God which you are now besought to receive, you may suddenly be ushered into eternity, and awaken in hell, to weep and wail throughout the countless ages, remembering that you might have been in heaven, and that there was no one to blame but yourself. But it need not be so, for if you come to Christ, then you shall know "fullness of joy" and "pleasures for evermore."

A. M.

A Lasting Peace

READER, —Peace is a blessed thing. War is an immense evil. Peace ought to be prayed for night and day by all who love their country. But after all, there is only one peace which is lasting, and that is the peace with God, which faith in Christ gives.

There is no happiness compared to that which this peace affords. A calm sea after a storm; a blue sky after a black thunder-cloud; health after sickness; light after darkness; rest after toil; all, all are beautiful and pleasant things. But none, none of them all can give more than a feeble idea of the comfort which those enjoy who believe in Christ, and have peace with God. It is a peace which passeth all understanding.

It is the want of this very peace which makes many in the world unhappy. Hundreds have everything that is thought able to give pleasure, and yet are never satisfied. Their hearts are always aching. There is a constant sense of emptiness within. And what is the secret of all this? They have no peace with God.

It is the desire of this very peace which makes many a heathen do much in his idolatrous religion. Thousands have been seen to mortify their bodies, and vex their own flesh in the service of some wretched image which their own hands have made. And why? Because they hungered after peace with God.

It is the possession of this very peace on which the value of a man's religion depends. Without it there may be everything to please the eye and gratify the ear — forms, ceremonies, services, and sacraments — and yet no good done to the soul. The grand question that should try all is the state of a man's conscience. Is it peace? Has he peace with God?

Reader, this is the very peace about which I address you this day. Have you got it? Is it your own? Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and you shall have lasting peace.

Bishop Ryle.

“Deliver”

HOW often have we said or prayed, “Good Lord, deliver us,” and yet more often have we, possibly, prayed, “Deliver us from evil,” and yet still more, possibly, we have never thought what a wonderful word this “deliver” is, and how often it occurs in the word of God! Since I have been thinking about it, I find the word in different aspects in every part of the Bible. Our Lord Jesus Himself is called “the Deliverer” (Rom. 11:26). This same word is taken from Isaiah’s prophecy, where it is proclaimed, “The Redeemer shall come to Zion, and unto them that turn from transgression in Jacob, saith the Lord.”

Yes, our Saviour is our Deliverer, for He only is our Redeemer. Shall we not say each one with St. Paul in Romans 7:24: “O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death? I thank God through Jesus Christ our Lord”? Yes, Jesus can deliver us now from the sin which so easily besets us — open sins, or secret sins — He can now deliver us. Only believe and He will do it. In 2 Corinthians 1:10, there is a wonderful three-fold word, also in Psalms 116:8: “hath delivered,” “Both deliver,” and “will yet deliver.” Say this now out loud, and remember it continually. Then St. Peter says in 2 Peter 2:9: “The Lord knoweth how to deliver the godly out of temptations,” even as He delivered just Lot. In Psalms 44:4, it says: “Thou art my King, O God; command deliverances for Jacob.”

Surely now is the time to pray this prayer, in this time of terrible warfare, when so many thousands are being slain for no reason whatever, but through the greed of one man. Command deliverances, O God. “Through thee will we push down our enemies; through thy name will we tread them under that rise against us. “Soon may we re-echo the psalmist’s words, “But thou hast saved us from our enemies.” “In God we boast all the day long and praise thy name forever.” We are to expect deliverance out of all trials; either temporal or spiritual, from internal foes, or external. Apply to Him as the Deliverer in every difficulty, until deliverance is no longer needed. “He will deliver thee in six troubles, and in seven no evil shall touch thee. “Trust Him, trust Him, moment by moment, hour by hour, by night, by day, and He will never fail. When that great good man, Grant of Arndilly, was dying, he once more declared it, for before his death he recovered from his awful agonies which he had suffered for days, and although a total abstainer all his life, his agonies were just like a drunkard suffering from delirium tremens. But graciously the Lord delivered him before the end came. He recovered speech, and then said, “All, all has failed. My doctors have failed, my friends have failed, yet I find Jesus has not failed. He never fails.” He is the great Deliverer and will deliver from all evil. His was an internal and spiritual deliverance. Now let me give you an external, a temporal deliverance.

A poor widow had no money, no work, and had no meal left; worse off than the widow of Sarepta. This one had none, but she knew the Lord. She went to prayer. A terrible snowstorm was raging without, all through the night and in the morning. She had nothing wherewith to make her daily porridge, but said she, “I’ll gang to prayer after I have set my pan on the fire to make it.” So kneeling down, she praised the Lord. A knock came to the door, but she said, “Na, na, it cannot

come sae soon! “The knocking continued. She opened, and there stood a girl with a bag of oatmeal. “Father made me come, and a pretty hard job through the snow it has been to carry it!”

Just one word more about the middle word in 2 Corinthians 1:10. The passage, as you know, runs thus: “Who delivered us... doth deliver... will yet deliver.” The middle word, “doth deliver,” or, as it is expressed in Psalms 116 “delivered mine eyes from tears and my feet from falling.” This is a strong everyday deliverance if we will. “Jesus saves me now.” He will save me from bad temper today. He will save me today from committing my besetting infirmity, say sin. When temper rises, think “Jesus can save me now.” When irritability causes cross words, remember “Jesus saves me now.” He doth deliver from daily snares. Our gracious Lord saves us by His life from daily sin even as He saved us by His death from the penalty of sin.

Emily P. Leakey.

Oceans of Tears

OCEANS of tears cannot wash guilt away. It is not the tears we shed, but the blood which Christ shed, that is the price of pardon. By virtue of that blood a Magdalene, and a Manasseh, have gone up to glory; and, since their time, succeeding ages have been ever swelling that company, whose only plea is this, that "Jesus died for me." Are you bound for the glory land?

The Gate of Tears

I REMEMBER going through it. It seems as if it was but a few weeks ago, although more than four years have passed. So quickly does time fly. It was a lovely day in November, all was bright and clear, not a cloud to be seen. We were all in high spirits. They call it the Gate of Tears, but we shed none. Smiles were in vogue, sadness was at a discount.

The reader will want me to explain. I will do so. Understand, then, that the Gate of Tears is, in fact, not a gate at all, but water, salt water. It is the passage from the Red Sea into the Indian Ocean, the Straits of Babelmandeb. Arabs gave it the name. They so often found its navigation perilous that they called it thus. Whether it is as dangerous now I don't know. All that I know is that our big steamer went through easily enough. The view was very beautiful as we drew near. The mountains on the Asiatic side are rugged and picturesque: they look as if they had been arranged for effect. In the center of the Straits is an island containing an English fort and garrison. I fancy I can see the path winding along the side of the hill and the white buildings at the top. As to the sea, it is no more a "Red" Sea than Cheapside or Trafalgar Square is. I have read in books that a vast number of scarlet-colored animalcules are occasionally found to tinge certain regions with their brilliant hues; but we did not happen to behold them. The Red Sea was a brilliant blue sea.

I feel disposed to moralise a little about the Gate of Tears. Don't you think it may be made a peg on which to hang a few thoughts? If you do, bear me company, and let us try what we can do with it. The Gate of Tears! Is not that gate often in front of us? Don't all of us go through it? Here is a rule without exception. The old sayings about a crook in every lot and a skeleton in every house are true. We often envy others: again and again you and I have caught ourselves wishing we were in the place of this person or that. But it is not wise, to say the least of it. We don't know what we covet. Perhaps we should discover our mistake very soon if our desire was so gratified. We could not, we may be sure, rid ourselves of trouble: all that we could accomplish would be to barter one for another. A powerful emperor, who rose from obscurity to the throne once confessed, "I have exchanged cares." This fact should make us more patient than we often are.

Take another thought. Through the Straits of Babelmandeb we reach foreign possessions. We get to scenes of commercial enterprise, scientific inquiry, and Christian effort. Ceylon, India, China, and other Oriental countries, lie beyond the Gate of Tears. And is it not true in another and a higher sense that valuable blessings are attained through suffering? Ages ere the human race came into existence, strange and monstrous reptiles preyed on each other in primeval marshes. Every one of us entered the world through the door of pain; not without sore travail does maternal love light its lamp in the sacred sanctuary of a mother's soul. History tells the same story. The greatest benefactors have been martyrs. The venerable legend of Prometheus has a great meaning. After infinite labor he reached the heavens and brought down fire to earth. Men welcomed the boon, gathered round the fervent flames, ceased to shiver in the cruel north wind, and laughed as they saw the ruddy glare redden the faces of their children. But alas for Prometheus: he was chained to a giddy rock and consumed by vultures.

Yes; life through death, pleasure at the price of pain, is the Divine and far-reaching rule. Freedom is gained by sacrifice. Leonidas and his immortal three hundred are slaughtered at the pass of Thermopylae. Miltiades, on the plains of Marathon, flings back the tide of Persian invasion, but not before Greek blood has flowed like water. The seven illustrious citizens of Calais kneel at the feet of the stern English king with halters round their necks. John Brown, of Harper's Ferry, was hanged for aiding the fugitive captive, but American slavery was suspended on the same gibbet. Italy would never have been what she is had not the high-minded Garibaldi gone forth with his life in his hand. Discovery entails sacrifice. Columbus was put in chains, Galileo experienced the terrors of the Inquisition, Roger Bacon languished ten years in a miserable cell. The printing-press, fulfilling the mandate, "Let there be light"; the steam-engine, eclipsing the boasted achievements of magic; the humble but beneficent sewing-machine, saving fatigue and lengthening life — these are easy to use, but they were hard to produce.

But we need not travel so far in search of proof. Commoner things afford it. The very bread we eat bears witness here. Think what sacrifice it involves. The husbandman must barter ease for toil, exposed to summer heat and wintry blast, as he follows his team or broadcasts the grain. The ground is lacerated by the plough and torn by the harrow. The seed decomposes and dies: but for putrefaction it would yield nothing. After it has ripened, the reaper comes with his sickle and cuts it down. In the farmyard it is thrashed. Thence it is carried to the mill and ground into flour. Finally, it is bruised and mangled by the teeth before it passes into the system and is transformed into flesh and blood.

Trial, then, is beneficial both to us and to others. Troubles of mind, body, and estate are often the occasion of real good. Were it no so, a kind and fatherly God would never send so many afflictions. Remember this when you are in distress. Be submissive and hopeful. Good will most likely spring from it.

But our remarks would be incomplete if we stopped here. We must add another thought. The grandest example of blessing proceeding from suffering is yet to be named. And I have no doubt, my reader, that you will guess what is meant. Jesus Christ went through the Gate of Tears. He died; and His death is our peace, hope, salvation. By His stripes we are healed. He suffered in the flesh, the just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God. The agony of Gethsemane and the pain of Calvary have procured our deepest bliss and secured our eternal welfare. Never should we have known how strongly and unalterably God loves us had He not incarnated Himself and borne our sins on the tree. His blood cleanseth, too, from all sin; we are delivered from its power when we believe and realize the Divine pity and forgiveness. Is it so with you? Are you welcoming the good news of the Saviour's atonement and grace? Do not neglect it. Open your heart to receive it. Make your own that full and generous pardon which is offered us through Him who was a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief!

How many are passing through the "Gate of Tears" to-day — yea, through the valley of the shadow of death? Pray for the widows and the fatherless; pray to God for our brave soldiers, and pray that this cruel war may soon be over.

A Hymn

“The isles shall wait upon Me, and on Mine arm shall they trust.” —Isaiah 51:5.

Father, we would plead Thy promise, bending at Thy glorious throne,
That the isles shall wait upon Thee, trusting in Thine arm alone!
One bright isle we bring before Thee, while in faith Thy children pray
For a full and mighty blessing, with united voice today.
Gracious Saviour, look in mercy on this island of the West,
Win the wandering and the weary with Thy pardon and Thy rest;
As the only Friend and Saviour let Thy blessed Name be owned,
Who hast shed Thy blood most precious, and forever hast atoned.
Blessed Spirit, lift Thy standard, pour Thy grace, and shed Thy light!
Lift the veil and loose the fetters, come with new and quickening might;
Make the desert places blossom, shower Thy sevenfold gifts abroad;
Make Thy servants wise and steadfast, valiant for the truth of God.
Triune God of grace and glory, be the isle for which we plead,
Shielded, succored with Thy blessing, strong in every hour of need;
Flooded with Thy truth and glory (glowing sunlight from above),
And encompassed with the ocean of Thine everlasting love.
Oh, surround Thy throne of power, with Thine emerald bow of peace:
Bid the wailing, and the warring, and the wild confusion cease.
Thou remainest King for ever — Thou shalt reign, and earth adore!
Thine the kingdom, Thine the power, Thine the glory evermore.

F..H.

Diary of a Soul

By the Editor

AMID all the horrors and confusions of these days, there is a terrible danger for the Christian to be more occupied with his newspaper than with his Bible — to be hurried along by the trend of events

from battlefield to battlefield, and so lose to a certain extent the peace of green pastures and still water's. Our streets are full of soldiers, the air is full of the martial beat of armed men. The shadow that rests upon the world falls in greater or less measure on all our hearts. How many have voiced the aspiration of the Psalmist, "Oh that I had wings like a dove! for then would I fly away and be at rest."

Yes, we long often to escape the "windy storm and the tempest" that the Psalmist speaks of, for "he has seen," he says, "violence and strife in the city." Oh that the sweet wings of the bird (emblem of peace) could bear us away to rest! But the Psalmist deals with present circumstances in Psalms 57:1. He says, "My soul trusteth in Thee; yea, in the shadow of Thy wings will I make my refuge, until these calamities be overpast." So here we have a sure resting-place in God amid all the troubles and tribulations of the world. The rest of God, underneath the shadow of God. May we know it more and more.

I sat by the bedside of a dear saint of God, over ninety, yesterday. She is waiting for the home call, for the dawning of the morning without clouds. She has been a Christian for more than sixty years, and she tells me she has never had a doubt as to her salvation all that time. She is under the shadow of everlasting wings, and her soul trusts in the living God.

A Righteous War

“We do believe from the very bottom of our hearts that, so far as we ourselves are concerned, this is a righteous war. We do believe that God Himself has allowed that we should take our part in it, in the cause of justice and of right. We do believe that it will be partly through us that God will work His mighty purpose out, and that He will not cast away the instruments which He has used. Therefore, we have no justification whatever for giving way to gloomy thoughts as to what may happen IF England is beaten. If God has laid this war upon us, as we believe that He has, and if He is using us through it, as we believe that He is, then England CANNOT be beaten. She may be sorely tried, she may have much to suffer — and she deserves that for her neglect of God during all these years of prosperity, for her luxury, for her selfishness; but she cannot be beaten.

“We have no right to contrast our small army with the mighty hosts of Germany, and to say of the Expeditionary Force which we have just sent out, ‘What are they among so many?’ If God is going out with our army, as we believe He is, its success does not depend on them or on us; it depends on Him. God can save by many or by few; and victory does not necessarily go to the biggest battalions. It is not without significance that newspaper after newspaper, in all the prominence of its leading articles, has expressed its conviction that we are going out to battle now with God Himself behind us. Men of our race are chary, even on paper, of giving expression to their deepest feelings; but they are doing it now. And with one accord those who have their finger on the pulse of the national life are sounding that keynote, ‘If God be for us, who can be against us?’” —The Rev. Theodore-Wood, in a sermon preached at St. Mary Magdalene’s Church, Wandsworth Common.

These are good words and true. We must recognize God. We cannot beat down “the mailed fist” but by the “arm of the Lord.” We can best answer the brag and blasphemy of the German Emperor by a calm trust in God, who will deal with him for all his cruelties, and may be using us as a nation to carry out His purposes.

To Blot out Christianity

To show the need of daily, hourly prayer to God, read the facts brought before us in the following letter sent to the "Record" on September 25th —

"Sir, ■ I am much impressed with the fact that so many people still fail to recognize the true nature and the true object of this war, which is to blot out England, and so to blot out Christianity. Let anyone who questions this read Professor Cramb's lectures, delivered in London last year, in the little book entitled 'Germany and England' (John Murray, 2s. Gd.). There we find that the inspirers of this war, of the Emperor and his war party, and of young Germany' are the German philosophers, especially Treitschke and Nietzsche. They avow their hatred of Christianity, and their intention of setting up not only a world-wide dominion, but a world-wide religion, by which Christianity, 'the cancer of the centuries' and 'the loathed burden of the past,' with all its accumulated rubbish,' shall forever be swept away. (See pp. 116 and 120). Let all Christians know fully what this war means. And against it, in the name of our Saviour, let us bring up all the spiritual forces and spiritual weapons that we can muster. Much more is needed in this struggle than armies and fleets. —A Constant Reader, Bournemouth."

Dear Madame Lecoat is doing what she can to help the sufferers in the war, and to keep hunger from the orphans under her charge. But she has great need now of the prayers of the Lord's people and of their material help as well. Any gift sent to her now would indeed be welcome, and would be a real service to the Lord. I had a letter from her last month in which she speaks of the coming of some Belgians to Trømel. This is what she says: ■

"Last Friday I heard a knock at the door, and to my surprise two strangers walked in; they looked tired and haggard. They asked me if I was Madame Lecoat. I said 'Yes.' Then they said, 'Can you give us a place for shelter; we are Belgians that have been turned out of our house and have been obliged to fly from the savage Germans? Do take pity on us, and do give us shelter if you can.' I said I would give them shelter. They then said, 'We do not ask it to be quite free; we have been able to bring a little money. One room will do for us all. We can sleep on the bare floor if needs be.'

"They were three men, four women, and a child. I made them sit down, and offered them some food, and put the rooms in the Hospital at their disposal. We gave them beds and everything they wanted, except food, which they provided for themselves. They cried out, Oh, dear Madame, this is the house of God to which He has conducted us.' They are Roman Catholic, but before they left the house to go to their resting-place we had a little worship. When I had finished the prayer, one of the women got up and said, 'Thank you very much for your prayer.' Last Sunday they came to our service in the chapel and seemed to enjoy it.

"I wish you were here, and dear Mrs. W■ to see them; they are such nice, grateful people. May the Lord make us a blessing to them, and them to us. They had no garments except what they had on them. I regret I have no money to help this kind of people. Will Brittany, in this great trouble, send the gospel light to one corner of Belgium through the coming to us of these poor people? 'God

moves in a mysterious way, His wonders to perform.' They seem very happy, and they live very simply. They were well-to-do farmers. They had fifteen head of cattle; two of their horses were taken from them, fire was set to their house, and they were driven forth well nigh destitute."

This is only a sidelight on this horrible war. A chaplain who has been in the actual firing line says: — "It is not war; it's a holocaust. The greatest slaughter in the world's history is going on behind that censorship curtain in France. When the world learns of the price that has been paid it will be staggered, sick at heart."

Oh! let us all pray to God for our soldiers, that God may save the souls of the unsaved and give great opportunities to those who are saved to speak of Christ to their comrades.

I came across the following hymn the other day when visiting a patient, and it seemed to me so appropriate to the present time that I reproduce it here: —

In Times of Trouble

“The Lord shall give His people the blessing of peace.”

By Rev. Sir Henry W. Baker, Bart.

O God of love, O King of peace,
Make wars throughout the world to cease;
The wrath of sinful man restrain,
Give peace, O God, give peace again.
Remember, Lord, Thy works of old,
The wonders that our fathers told;
Remember not our sins' dark stain,
Give peace, O God, give peace again.
Whom shall we trust but Thee, O Lord?
Where rest but on Thy faithful Word?
None ever called on Time in vain,
Give peace, O God, give peace again.
Where saints and angels dwell above,
All hearts are knit in holy Jove;
Oh, bind us in that heavenly chain,
Give peace, O God, give peace again.

The Haunted Man

IN a barracks in the South of England a group of soldiers could be seen busily engaged in a game of cards, and cracking jokes, when the entrance of a gentleman with a Bible in his hand interrupted them. He proved to be the Army Scripture Reader, and with a cheery "Good evening, men," he sat down to read to them from the Book he held, and to tell them of the wondrous love of God. The men just then seemed very indisposed to listen to him, and they began to mock and ridicule the solemn words of warning of the Scripture Reader. One man in particular was so loud in his railing, and so mocking in his demeanour, that as the Scripture Reader was leaving the room he turned to this young man and asked him in a kind voice the following question: ■

"What is your name?"

In unmistakable Irish the young man replied, "And Shure me.

name is Paddy M■

"Indeed," replied the Scripture Reader, "then how old are you?"

"How old is it I am? Well, bedad, an' it's twenty-five years old I am, to be share."

"Then," replied the Scripture Reader, in a solemn yet kind manner, his voice shaking with loving emotion, and his eyes filled with tears, feeling as only those can who have an intense love for precious souls, "Then, Paddy M■, you are twenty-five years dead in trespasses and sins." He then left the room, with a silent prayer rising from his heart to God on behalf of the young mocker, perhaps thinking of the time when he himself was a young, thoughtless soldier, before God's grace had changed his heart.

As he left the room every man shouted out in mockery, and Paddy loudest of all: "Paddy M■ twenty-five years dead in trespasses and sins." The very barracks rang with these words, and with the laughter that accompanied them. Soon after Paddy got up to go to the canteen, and as he rose to leave, his comrades all shouted out: "There goes Paddy M■, twenty-five years dead in trespasses and sins." When he got to the canteen the news had traveled there before him, and they all shouted out, "Clear the way for Paddy M■, twenty-five years dead in trespasses and sins!" and as he called for his pot of beer they all cried again, "A pot of beer for Paddy M■, twenty-five years dead in trespasses and sins!"

This went on for a few days, for wherever he went he was saluted with the words, "Paddy M■, twenty-five years dead in trespasses and sins." Ah, what a time the devil was having! But, thank God, he defeated himself. At first Paddy laughed a good deal, but after a few days he could not get rid of the words of the Scripture Reader, they seemed to burn into his heart. When he went to bed he could not sleep for, ever and anon the words, at first laughed at, but now fraught with such terrible significance, rang in his ears and caused him to change from the lively Irishman to a sullen and morose man. It was God striving with him, and at last Paddy went to the Scripture Reader and explained all his feelings, and asked his forgiveness. God saved Paddy M■'s soul; for soon after,

he trusted the precious blood that cleanseth from all sin, and instead of being “dead in trespasses and sins,” he was made “ALIVE UNTO GOD.”

“Darkly the shadows gather

Over thy guilty head,

Sitting in darkness, sinner,

Dwelling ‘mid the dead.

Now on the broad road treading,

Think of the awful goal;

Where are thy footsteps wending,

O immortal soul?”

A Cheering Incident

EVERY real Christian now is striving, in all possible ways, to help our soldiers and sailors, and specially as regards their precious, never-dying souls. It is delightful to give them any little help and comfort we can for their bodies, which is easy enough, but to get at them about their souls is a much more difficult matter. Thank God I have been able to offer them hundreds of tracts, and not one has been refused. "Thanks awfully" is the boyish and grateful answer when I have said, "Would you most kindly put this in your pocket and read it at your leisure?"

But my dear friend, H. "R.V.," did get a refusal the other day, when she, with sweet politeness, offered a Gospel of St. John to a soldier in regimentals. "No, madame, I do not think I will accept it," he replied to her astonishment; but then, looking at her with kindly eyes, he said, putting his hand on his khaki, "I have inside here my little pocket Bible, which I make a point of reading morning and evening." Then they had a sympathetic talk about the Lord and His work. "I am," said he, "a member of the Soldiers' Christian Association, and if you will permit me, I will now gladly accept the Gospel of St. John that you offered me, for I will give it to one of my companions who has no Bible."

“I’m going to kneel at my cot tonight

By GEORGE P. MILLAR, Army Scripture Reader, Edinburgh Castle

CHOLERA is a swift messenger. It touches, shrinks up, and the “earthly house of this tabernacle is dissolved,” and “the dust returns to the earth as it was, and the spirit to God who gave it,” either clothed in blood-washed robes or sin.

Dear old Francie Rea sat as a father in the midst of us youths, his face beaming with fullness of joy. In that precious ordinance our dear brother had “discerned the Lord’s body,” broken and bruised for him. He also could say, “I have seen you bonny Man.” In a few days his “eyes had seen the King in His beauty, and beheld the land that is very far off.” His end was bright, rind although in the full grip of cholera cramp, he could meet death with unbroken peace of mind. “Fear death? Oh, no, I belong to death’s Master.” He was an old soldier in the service of his Queen; he was also an old soldier in the service of the King. He had lived for Christ and his fellow men, and — he was missed.

Then there was Jim Ryder, corporal in the band. He, too, heard the Master say, “Friend, come up higher.” Sergeant Grant, a man of God, could write to the mother: “Your dear son passed into the presence of his God,” noting the day and hour. He was a consistent Christian, also an efficient bandsman, but our loving Father had promoted him into the band of His redeemed ones that harp the glories of Jesus in bright mansions above.

And young Billy Donaldson, a bright kiddie of the band. One night in the cholera camp, he said to a comrade: “Bob, I cannot speak to the men in the band; they might not like me to do so, seeing I am only a boy; but I am going to kneel at my cot tonight, for, you know, I have trusted Jesus, and that is the way I am going to tell them, and it may be that some will listen in that way, and perhaps come to Jesus too.”

That night Billy, the band boy, prayed by the side of his cot; the following morning he again witnessed “I belong to Jesus.” Were there those who scoffed at that boy? To the honor of the whole band we gladly record there was not one. How sad the feeling amongst us would have been if it had been different. For Billy, that morning as he knelt in prayer, was only a few hours’ march from the “home over there.” Passing on his way to the band practice tent, he was suddenly seized with cholera. At once he was taken to the hospital, and there he lay for a few hours in the full grip of that fatal disease. In the evening, as the usual long procession in funeral slow time was marching to the grave, Doctor Simpson stepped out, and in a low voice said to the officer: Wait a few minutes and I will give you another.” The pipes ceased to play, and the party halted. The soul of our young brother was standing on the brink of eternity. A bright smile lit up his face, a slight quiver of the poor wasted body, and Billy, the band boy, was in the presence of his King.

The mortal remains were wrapped in a blanket — there were no coffins in those days — and, in less than half an hour, laid to rest until the King shall come to awaken His own out of sleep, and there will be a glorious reunion between the ransomed soul and the body raised in incorruption.

Think, the one night praying by his cot in a military camp, the next night in the home where tears, pain, and sin are unknown! We dare not say, "Poor Billy." Nay, but bright, joyous, happy, eternally happy, housed, soul. Would you be there? would I? Then go as Billy went, led by the Spirit of Him who was nailed to the tree, through the open door, opened by the shed blood of the God-Man, right into the Father's presence. By that way, through that door, you may enter; in that home there is room for you and me.

In these long days military churns were churns indeed. "One had been taken, the other had been left." The "one left" said, "Geordie, will you pray?" And, for the first time, that individual opened his mouth in prayer in the presence of others. It was by the side of a newly closed grave. Ay, ay, when the judgments of God are abroad in the earth, even the most careless feel the need of prayer. Those who had learned the value of prayer gathered around his feet to pray. Twice daily the gong in the cholera camp rang out the invitation, "Come and pray." The chaplain and the little band were bowed in prayer, when a stricken woman entered the tent. Laying hand on the kneeling minister, and with sad voice, she says, "Come, sir, and pray with my poor husband." That night the remains of husband and wife were laid in one grave. Their only child was left, a sweet-faced, bonny wee lassie. Henceforth she became "the daughter of the regiment."

During these sad days the regiment lost three sergeants, sixty-six privates, eleven women, and eleven children. We were to leave Morar. It had been to our corps "the Valley of the Shadow of Death." The route was hailed with great rejoicing, yet there was sadness. We sorrowed for

"The friends we held so dear,

We breathed a sigh and dropped a tear."

The whole regiment went for the last time to view the spot, the last resting-place of our comrades; some to pluck a blade of grass, or to take a little stone from beside the new made grave, to be treasured in memory of the one who was gone. They who think soldiers have no hearts don't know the Army! The little praying band went together. They wandered in a group among the graves, and spoke of this one and that one. We had seen this large graveyard tenantless, we now saw the many mounds of victims of cholera, and of other fatal diseases; and before leaving we gathered in a corner of God's acre, read the Word, conversed of God's glorious, wonderful salvation, and with subdued voice we sang: —

"Oh, spread Thy cov'ring wings around,

Till all our wand'rings cease,

And at our Father's lov'd abode

Our souls arrive in peace."

And with bowed knees — and we trust with bowed hearts — we surrounded the footstool of His grace. This meeting in that solemn spot proved a rich means of grace. With uncovered heads we slowly marched out from the resting place of the dead. "Farewell, Francie; farewell, Jim; farewell, dear Billie, the band boy; through His grace and shed blood we shall meet in the morning."

Lord Wolseley and General Gordon

LORD WOLSELEY was full of enthusiasm for General Gordon ■ “God’s friend,” as he called him. In his “Story of a Soldier’s Life,” Wolseley said of Gordon: ■ “In a conversation I had with him the year he left England, never to return, he told me he prayed daily for two men, of whom I was one. I believe the other was Colonel J. F. Brocklehurst, C.V.O., C. B., then commanding the Royal Horse Guards, and of whom I know he was very fond, and of whom he had the highest opinion. Gordon absolutely ignored self in all he did, and only took in hand what he conceived to be God’s work. Life was to him but a Pilgrim’s Progress between the years of early manhood and the heaven he now dwells in, the home he always longed for. When in any difficulty his first thought was: ‘What would my Master do, were He now in my place?’ It was this constant reliance upon his Maker, this spiritual communing with his Saviour upon every daily occurrence in life, that enabled him absolutely to ignore self and to take no heed for what to-morrow might bring forth.”

A Touching Scene

A WOMAN was sitting at a table writing to her husband, who was engaged in the war. The following were some of the contents of the letter: ■

“My dear heart, —The children have gone up to bed, praying to their Father in heaven for you, and I am thinking of you too. Oh, why do men fight with one another? It is terrible.”

The husband was killed in the war, and the letter was found in his pocket. A soldier read the letter to a doctor, and when he had read as much of the letter as above, the soldier said to him, “Shall I read any more of the letter to you?” The German doctor replied, “No,” very emphatically. His verdict was, “instantaneous death.” This man died for his country, but his death brought untold misery and sorrow to his home.

Now let us look at another scene, which took place more than nineteen hundred years ago, and we see by faith One dying a cruel death on the cross at Calvary, and when two persons went boldly to Pilate and begged the body of Jesus, Pilate marveled that He was already dead. This proves that our Lord laid down His life, and it was not taken from Him. Pilate knew that envy was the cause of His death, although he kept his opinion to himself; and it is said, although we have not scriptural authority for the statement of tradition, that Pilate afterward committed suicide. Now what does the Saviour’s death and resurrection bring to the homes of many who received Him in their hearts? Not untold misery and sorrow, as the husband’s death, who was killed in the war, but everlasting life, peace and joy.

W. S. G.

Time is Short

WHEN your time on earth is finished, where will you be then? You will not die like a beast; you will not go with your body to the grave. You must live somewhere. It cannot be on earth; you must leave earth in the hour of death. The eternal, infallible word of God tells what comes after death. Let its voice be heard: "It is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment" (Heb. 9:27). The judgment—YOUR judgment—comes after death. You will meet your God then. You will give an account to Him there. There will be nothing hid. Your secret life will be unveiled. Midnight deeds, all hidden acts will be revealed. "For all these things, God will bring thee into judgment" (Eccl. 11:9).

Are you happy in the prospect of meeting God? Can you look forward to the judgment without fear? Is there anything in your life's record you do not care to meet there? There will be no grace, no mercy in the judgment day. Righteousness will be the standard. The day of grace, the hour of mercy will be passed forever then. It is present now.

Now God may be met "ready to pardon," willing to save. In virtue of Christ's death on the cross He is now proclaiming "forgiveness of sins" (Acts 13:38), "preaching peace" (Acts 10:36), holding forth "the free gift of eternal life, in Christ Jesus our Lord" (Rom. 6:23, R. V.).

But this will not be forever. "The time is short." Judgment will follow grace. Vengeance will take the place of mercy. Therefore trifle not, but "flee from the wrath to come." See that you do not neglect your soul. Life is very brief. Time is short.

J.R.

The Diary of a Soul

By the Editor

YOU and I, my dear readers, have been travelers for another year, on our way to eternity. This year is fraught with more tremendous issues for the world than has ever been known before. We stand appalled at the awful sacrifice of human life; at the mad ambition of a ruler that has darkened the universe with the pall of death. At his command more than a million men have died. An order given from his imperious lips has been, during the last fortnight, the death warrant of one hundred thousand men. The menace of his wrath is heard in the unceasing roar of his mighty cannon, and in the unavailing rush of his squadrons to the charge. It is heard, too, in the dying groans of strong men in their agony, and of weeping women and children in their wild despair. Oh! the pity of it! But God allows it, and we must pray and pray that the strife may soon be over. What desolated homes and broken hearts must haunt that awful man, who shadows the earth as a type of the coming "man of sin." God will deal with him. Let us seek those things that make for peace and humbly serve our God.

The Palladium

We have opened this building again for gospel preaching. Our first meeting was on October 11th. We are making special efforts to get the soldiers in. The first man to enter the building on our first Sunday was a soldier. May that be a good omen for coming blessing to them. One dear brother stood outside and brought in ten soldiers. I shook hands with two young soldiers as they were leaving, and one said, "Would you please give me one of your large bills, sir?" I said, "What do you want it for?" He answered, "I want to put it up in the barracks so that some of the other fellows may come to the preaching." A Christian friend went out with them, and said they were deeply impressed.

All through November and December, and perhaps longer, we hope to hold these meetings from eight to nine. We give a Testament to every soldier who comes to the meetings. Thanks to many dear friends who have responded so well to my appeal for books and tracts, we have been able to give to the soldiers in the barracks and depots in Exeter. We have also sent some thousands to the soldiers at the front. I give an extract from a letter from the Christian to whom we sent them to be forwarded: —

"Your most welcome box and parcel of precious seed have reached me today. I very gratefully thank you for your kindness in sending it. It will indeed be found acceptable and useful. The men will rejoice in it. I can make good use of all you can kindly send me, for we are sending daily boxes and parcels. 'How can I be Saved?' will be welcomed by sailors and soldiers. I value it highly. The soldiers are also making good use of French tracts, and I need more for them. Again very gratefully thanking you for your very welcome and acceptable help."

Please, dear friends, continue to send, for the need is great. I have had one thousand "Safety, Certainty and Enjoyment" given me, and two thousand "How can I be Saved?" and one thousand Gospels from the Scripture Gift Mission, and two hundred Testaments from the Trinitarian Bible Society. To ALL the dear friends who have sent, many anonymously, I return hearty thanks. I always like to acknowledge the gift personally if the name is given.

God would have us all, I am sure, do everything we can for our soldiers now. We must pray for them, and for the loved ones they leave behind. We must pray, too, for the widows and the fatherless, and for all who are mourning over the fallen today.

By Dr. A. T. Schofield

A SIMILAR experience to that which our country is now passing through is detailed in Exodus 17:8-16. Then, as now, a nation, untrained in war, was suddenly attacked without provocation by trained bands of warriors in the difficult defiles and hill country of Sinai. Without a moment's hesitation, at the first alarm, Moses decided to resist, and divided his forces into two — the fighting division and the praying division. The fighters went to meet the wanton aggressors, Amelek, under the young captain Joshua, and, like our troops, met with varying success, both advancing and retreating until, with the close of that long and terrible day — the day of war — came final and complete victory.

Meanwhile the praying contingent, consisting of three individuals, climbed slowly to the extreme summit of one of the mountains of Horeb, a part of the Sinai group, the mountains of the presence of God.

We are struck at once with the unequal numbers of the two divisions — three as compared with probably three hundred thousand, and the three had no weapons but the rod of God. But the rod of God is the power of God, and the uplifted hand is the spirit of prayer. Observe this prayer, this power was not used down in the valley where the fighting was, but far above — in the calm and solemn presence of God.

It is so now. There are essentially but two forces arrayed against the enemy, very unequal, it is true, in their relative numbers and in their apparent strength, and yet on that memorable day in the wilderness there was more real power with the three than with the three hundred thousand. And the secret of this then and now is the secret of the Lord. For there were not then and there cannot be now THREE, for there are always FOUR, and the form of the fourth is as the Son of God.

This work of prayer, "lifting up holy hands without wrath or doubting," is essentially the Christian's service to his country today. He is a Briton, it is true, and loves the Union Jack, but he has besides a special banner, the sign of his special work and of his strength, and this banner is Jehovah-Nissi — "The Lord my flag," or "standard."

In connection with this, David's language in Psalms 60:2-4 is of intense meaning to every Christian soul today. "Thou hast made the land to tremble; thou hast rent it. Heal the breaches thereof, for it shaketh. Thou hast showed Thy people hard things. Thou hast made us to drink the wine of staggering." Shall we ever forget "the wine of staggering" of August 2nd, when the cup of war placed to our lips caused us to reel and stagger as drunken men?

Now, what is our resource and what is our banner? David tells us it is that which was found by the three in prayer on the mountain top, in the presence of God: "Thou hast given a banner to them that fear Thee, that it may be displayed because of the truth." This banner is none other than our God, Jehovah-Nissi, "The Lord my flag." It is, therefore, the duty of every Christian who loves his country and who believes that God hears prayer to gather in small companies on the mountain top, to seek God's face the livelong day of this terrible war; crying to Him to save and strengthen

this country, crying for our soldiers and sailors, and not forgetting to bring before Him the needs and distresses of all His children, in whatever nation they may be found.

It may be through special circumstances some may be called to enter the fighting division. It matters not where they are, so that they have God with them—that is everything, and with Him they can be of untold blessing on the battlefield and in the hospital. But there can be no doubt that THE division to which the Christian, by his calling, belongs today is the praying division, not forgetting, of course, to be at the same time the servant of all, and giving all the time, the money, and the strength he can spare for the sick and wounded, for the relief of the distress and misery that everywhere abound, and for the safety of this great country, to whom he owes so much.

The Call Today

Your King and Your Country need YOU,

but there is also

“Another King—One Jesus”

needs YOU.

THIS call is to EVERYONE alike.

“Choose ye this day whom ye will serve.” ■Joshua 24:15.

THE “Turn ye, turn ye, for why will ye die?” ■Ezekiel 33:11.

Do you know the Lord Jesus Christ as your own personal Saviour, and have you enlisted under

“The “Captain of your Salvation”?”

Have you accepted “The Gift of God, eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord”? ■Romans 6:23.

“Without money and without price.” ■Isaiah 55:1.

Terms of Service

Any age, any height. No fitness on your part.

“All the fitness He requireth

Is to feel your need of Him,”

for “While we were yet sinners Christ died for us.” ■Romans 5:8.

Pay

“I will give thee a crown of life.” ■ Revelation 2:10.

“Redeemed... with the precious blood of Christ.” ■ 1 Peter 1:18,19.

How to Join

Apply in person. "Come unto Me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden." ■Matthew 11:28.

"Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out." ■John 6:37.

C. T.

Incidents of the War

WE are told that more than two thousand soldiers have confessed Christ on Salisbury Plain. Thank God! Thank God!

One engaged in giving away Testaments at the barracks writes: "Some of the lads thanked me with tears in their eyes, and one lad said to me, 'It was my mother's book, sir, and I will put my trust in her God.' Another lad said, 'I thank you, sir, for your kindness. I can assure you it will be read, as it is the book my mother loves.'"

A soldier spoken to in a hospital seemed unwilling to engage in conversation. When asked if he wished that someone should write to his friends, he replied that he had none. Desirous of helping the poor fellow, the kind-hearted nurse inquired if she could do anything for him. Unable to restrain the overpowering emotions that struggled for expression, he exclaimed, "CAN YOU UNDO?" He was told that the past could not be recalled, but that God was willing to pardon. The dying soldier exclaimed, "I would not pardon myself if I could; I don't deserve it. There was a boy in my tent who used to pray. I loved the boy, and I swore in his ears until he ceased praying and learned to swear. I saw the lad shot down in battle, and he fell with one of my oaths on his lips. He went with that oath into the presence of God. Oh, that I could undo!"

Although the dying man was assured that God was waiting to be gracious, and willing to pardon his innumerable transgressions, he refused to accept of His proffered mercy, and to all entreaties replied, "CAN YOU UNDO?"

We are told that the Irish Guards were ordered to take an exposed German position. Before advancing they knelt for a moment in silent prayer. Then springing to their feet, they fixed their bayonets and charged the position. Brave fellows! they were not ashamed of God nor afraid of man.

A young soldier preaching on the battlefield cries out:

"PREPARE TO MEET THY GOD!"

And as he rang the words out, the rolling thunder of the guns was heard. He spoke of Christ amid the din of war. He begged his hearers to prepare for eternity, and the voice of the big guns far away seemed to say, "Amen." His eyes were bright, his face was flushed as he said, "I have come to tell you about a General whose armies hold the city of eternal life. Throw down your rifles and surrender. No rebels can enter that city. You cannot storm the walls nor take the gates at the point of the bayonet, for the ramparts are guarded and the sentries never sleep. When the bugle sounds the last reveille you will ever hear, and the colonel whose name is death gives the order to march, you'll have nothing to fear if your bandoliers are full of faith." Thus did he plead. "Be ready to meet God" was the burden of his message. Are you ready?

A corporal in the North Staffordshire Regiment wrote and told his wife that he was converted, and she wrote back to him the following touching answer: — "Dear husband, —I cannot tell you how

happy you have made me by telling me you have given your heart to God. I shall pray for you, and ask God to help you and guard you wherever you may be. It is lovely for you to have that beautiful Testament. I feel sure your life is happier now than it has ever been; mine is the same. I feel ever so proud of you to know that my three darlings have got a daddy who is going to do good and be one of God's workers.... I dreaded your going to the front, but now you have given your heart to Christ I don't mind."

This letter was shown to Mr. Lane on Salisbury Plain, and may its simple pathos make many a soldier think of Christ.

At an intercession service held at Totnes Parish Church, the Vicar (the Rev. W. J. Wellacott) read an extract from a letter received from a friend which sent a thrill of horror through the one congregation. It was as follows: ■

"I have today had dreadful news from a sweet old lady, that her only son has come back to her from the Battle of the Aisne dreadfully wounded, and with both eyes dug out by the Germans. She wants me to call and see her on my way through London, and she ends up her letter thus: ■ 'I think my heart has just shriveled up inside me, and I feel his pitiable plight engraven on my soul. Yet how much more should I feel it when I think of the terrible torture and agony of our Lord. Now I know what the Virgin Mary endured when she saw Him hanging on the cross. It is a sad, but beautiful sight, this dear fellow's lovely trust in God. He lies all day with his little Bible in his hand, the little Bible which he will never look at again, and the place at which he always opens it is, "I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us."

Pray, dear friends, for our meetings at the Palladium. We are getting the soldiers in to hear the word of God. They take the Testaments very willingly, and I feel sure they will read them. We give every soldier a Testament and other books as well. If some kind friend would present us with five hundred or one thousand copies of the "Message from God" each month, we should be very grateful, and God, I am sure, will bless the gift and the giver.

When this number comes into your hands it will be the last month of 1914. How needful is prayer and humiliation before God in these evil days. We have indeed, as a nation, sinned against the Lord. Many feel that what we need most now is a day of humiliation before God and confession of sin. Confession of sin saved Nineveh; confession of sin will save England. Unless as a nation we humiliate ourselves before God we may be humiliated before man.

BY GOD AND NOT BY MAN WE STAND OR FALL.

In thousands of the pulpits in our land the divinity of the Son of God has been denied. In our great seats of learning the inspiration of the word of God has been publicly denied. The word that God says is "established in heaven" many have sought to undermine on earth. The great fundamental truths of the fall of man and the punishment of sin, either in the person of the sinner or his Substitute, has been denounced, and in this we have sinned as a nation against the Lord.

We have desecrated the Lord's Day. Our national sin in this respect has been open and unashamed. We have forgotten the sanctity of holy things. Let us as Christians pray that the King and Queen may lead the nation to the feet of God in humiliation and confession of sin. Let us

forget for awhile our mighty fleets and world armies, and the great earthly names in which we trust,
AND LET US REMEMBER GOD.

May every Christian pray for this. "Righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people."

The Soldiers of the Cross

“This is the Victory... your faith.”
They heard no sound of trumpet,
No shout of rallying men;
But a “still small voice” awoke the soul,
And God was near them then.
They heard not war’s wild music peal,
Nor saw proud banners wave;
But an unseen presence cheered them on,
And Christ the watchword gave.
No earthly weapons did they bear;
No martial glory crowned
The brows of those who fought for God,
But angels camped around.
And foes unseen by mortal eyes,
Arrayed in darkness deep;
Withstand the path of those who pray,
And menace those who weep.
But mightier than the cannon’s roar,
Is prayer’s prevailing breath;
And eyes that weep, can see in heaven
The power that conquers death.
H. W.

“Just for a Scrap of Paper”

THE more we think of the present war the more truly do we appreciate the words of the inspired prophet Isaiah: “For My thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways My ways, saith the Lord. For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are My ways than your ways, and My thoughts than your thoughts.” The English speaking world stands aghast at Herrvon Bethmann Hollweg’s contemptuous exclamation, “just for a scrap of paper.” We are accustomed to say, “An Englishman’s word is his bond,” and when that word is committed to paper we regard the promise as sacred indeed. Now, it would appear, there is nothing very grave in a breach of promise — from a Prussian point of view — and we are invited to concede a principle which, carried out to its logical conclusions, would mean the annihilation of every great committal. In an hour when sentiment can very easily be inspired by fallacious reasoning, it is necessary that we should know that the present European conflict has arisen from a powerful nation’s utter disregard of what its prominent Minister terms “a scrap of paper.” The “scrap of paper,” as a matter of fact, was a solemn international treaty, which, according to the laws of modern ethics, was binding to the last degree on those who subscribed their signatures. We have joined our allies in the present war “just for a scrap of paper.” To an Englishman, honor is the angel with the flaming sword who stands at the gate of life. What we have written, we have written, and by our promise we stand or fall. Rather than be false to our written word we are prepared to shed our last drop of blood. This noble attitude on the part of our country at the present time is suggestive of a vaster theme, to which we shall presently direct our attention.

At the beginning, let us recall that every privilege we enjoy as citizens of a great Empire is guaranteed to us by a “scrap of paper.” We notice that an American contemporary draws attention to this fact, and reminds its readers that Magna Charta is a scrap of paper, and the Declaration of Independence, and the decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States. And it wisely adds: “Respect for these scraps of paper measures a nation’s honor no less than its freedom. Our democracy itself is only a scrap of paper, but it loses forces no autocrat can stay. The German Army is the most wonderful military machine ever constructed by the hand and brain of man, but in the final reckoning of history this ‘scrap of paper’ will prove more powerful than all the Kaiser’s legions.” If we are to be judged by our fidelity to principle, we have no uneasiness as to the final reckoning of history. And, what is more, we shall yet prove that a scrap of paper is mightier than the sword. The terrible sack and massacre of Louvain — which is miles from the scene of real fighting — is yet another illustration of Prussian disregard for international law and Christian honor. It is an act of barbarism which has aroused the just indignation of all right-thinking men. As Christian people we must face facts as they are, even though all our old hopes have to be buried. We are not bitter, much less vindictive, and even through our tears we will strive to see our enemies in the best light, but the plain truth has to be admitted; true progress has been put back a hundred years.

Never in our lifetime shall we see the old friendship with Germany re-established. Germany has proved herself to be the enemy of the gospel of Christ, the enemy of Christian restraint, and there

is only one thing left for spiritually minded people to do: they must pray for their enemies, and if it be said that this is impossible, we will make bold to suggest a prayer which fell from the lips of our blessed Lord: "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do." When a professing Christian nation can stoop to the infamous deeds of the last few weeks, there is no other judgment to pass. We are persuaded that our own country in this hour of bitter trial will remain loyal to every "scrap of paper" relating to our honor; and we sincerely believe that the deplorable events to which we have drawn attention will stimulate our own integrity, and quicken our own sense of right and wrong.

There is, however, a vaster theme which may well engage our thoughts at the moment. Do we realize that the revelation of the eternal God to sinful man is literally committed to a "scrap of paper"? Do we understand that the promises of Jehovah are given to us in written form? And do we see what would happen to us if He were to regard His pledges in the same way that our enemies have regarded their obligations? When we open the precious Book and read what God has promised to do for those who are obedient to His will, do we grasp the fact that our hope is built on nothing less than Jehovah's word and righteousness? Have we ever stood before the amazing truth, "He by Himself hath sworn"? And do we say, "We on His oath depend"? As we face these searching questions, let us recall some words of assurance. We go back to an early age of the world when faith in God was young, and when darkness was round about the holy mount; and Joshua, old and well stricken in years, makes this noble declaration: "Behold, this day I am going the way of all the earth; and ye know in all your hearts and in all your souls that not one thing hath failed of all the good things which the LORD your God spake concerning you; all are come to pass unto you, not one thing hath failed thereof" (Josh. 23:14) "Not one thing"; the smallest scrap of God's paper is a holy pledge.

Or we turn to the second letter St. Paul sent to Timothy, and we read: "If we are faithless, He abideth faithful; for He cannot deny Himself." Here, it should be noted, is nothing capricious; the suggestion is not that "He may not deny Himself," but cannot. It is a fixed and eternal law of God Himself. In fear and trembling we may write our pledges and make our vows, and in the hour of supreme trial we may renounce the "scrap of paper," but it does not affect His integrity: "He abideth faithful."

But there is one passage which covers everything "For how many soever be the promises of God, in Him is the Yea, wherefore also through Him is the Amen, unto the glory of God." It matters little for the moment how many and varied are the promises of God; the great fact to be noted is that in Christ they are all Yea and Amen. Not one thing has failed, and not one thing will fail of all the good things which the Lord our God has spoken concerning us. We must risk everything on the "scrap of paper," for the promises of God cannot be broken. If God were to break His promise to a single soul that trusted Him, the earth would fall into a confusion beyond all our imaginations. Every hour and every second in this matchless universe, to feathered creature, string shoot, and trusting soul, God is fulfilling His word and honoring His promise. Our prospects, therefore, are always as bright as the promises of God. We may go to the blessed Book and receive His promise, and although it seems little more than a "scrap of paper," we may prepare accordingly—we may take His pledge into account.

"The Life of Faith"

“Prepare to Meet Thy God”

THE year has almost gone. One word I should like to leave my readers. It is:

“PREPARE TO MEET THY GOD.”

A young lieutenant exclaimed at mess one night to his fellow officers, “What a horrid shame to frighten a fellow out of his life!”

“What’s the matter now, P—?” was the query at once raised.

“What’s up now? “All wanted to know what had frightened him out of his life.

What was it? This. He had seen upon a huge board fastened to a house the words painted,

“PREPARE TO MEET THY GOD.”

This had frightened him. May it frighten you, my reader, until you can say,

“My God is my salvation,

My refuge in distress.”

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