

A MESSAGE FROM GOD 1915

by Unknown

A collection of articles and writings from A Message From God 1915, covering various biblical topics and Christian teaching.

178 Chapters

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A Message From God 1915

January, 1915

A FATEFUL year indeed! Born amid the darkest gloom that has ever rested upon the world — what shall we see and know in 1915?

The hate of man has wrought inconceivable horrors, and the track of its whirlwind fury is marked with ruined cities and desolated homes. And in the midst of it all there seems to stand a lonely figure with outstretched hand menacing the world. As he moves upon his way he is followed by the wail of breaking hearts; about his feet flow streams of human tears and blood. He is the embodiment of the teachings of men who hate Christ and have been “delirious with a drunken dream of world power.” He is an apt pupil of Treitschke and Nietzsche, men whose distorted ideas, the products of unbalanced minds, are responsible for the awful deeds that have marked this century with ineffaceable crimes.

This man, this German Emperor, regards himself as “the instrument of the Lord,” as the “vicegerent of celestial Omnipotence,” and as an embodiment of divine wisdom, and the expression of eternal purpose to the world. And this is the man who seeks to dominate the earth today — the man whose legions East and West are dying at his bidding by thousands every day. And this man has sworn to do in England worse deeds than have been done in Belgium and in France. He is pointing his finger of hate towards our shores.

This is the German menace today — the menace of 1915. Many in our midst are horrified at the thought of the Kaiser’s legions coming here. What would it mean? Ruin and death: the destruction of homes and property, the slaughter of tens of thousands, it would mean the massacre of little children and old men, and the vilest outrages on our wives and daughters. And what is there standing now between us and this awful peril? — for it is a peril. All along the East Coast of England one hundred thousand men are lining trenches to oppose the foe that threatens to come. Vast preparations on land and sea mark the imminence of the peril.

Britain's Danger

What is our greatest danger now? The lack of our humiliation before God as a nation and the confession of our national sins. Let me quote from a little pamphlet just published and called "Britain's Danger":— The Pause in our Destiny": ■

'Righteousness exalteth a nation: but sin is a reproach to any people' (Prov. 14:34).

"We stand as a nation at the cross-roads of our destiny. A wrong turning now and we may be lost. We are face to face with appalling dangers. For three months and more our brave troops, with their allies, have faced the enemy over a battle-front of more than two hundred miles. There seems to be a great pause now — no advance, no retreat — but God, waiting to see if, as a nation, we are worthy of His help. IT IS THE PAUSE OF DESTINY! Dare we, as a nation, face the truth about ourselves? Our salvation, I firmly believe, depends upon our honesty.

"Britain is being tried by fire; she is in the crucible now; she is being weighed in the balances of God. Will she be found wanting? Will there be so much dross that the gold will never be seen? It is indeed a critical time for our dear Land. God has made our nation great, and God can grind it to powder if it be His will. We are not strong in our own strength, and we never have been. We have gone to the Nations of the earth with the Bible in our hands — the Bible of Queen Elizabeth, and Queen Victoria, and our reverence for God's Holy Word has made us great.

"The canker of unbelief is weakening the national strength; and our very failure to recognize and preserve what has made us great, may bring about our fall.

"Oh! that some prophet-tongue could bring home to the national conscience the danger of its sins! 'Thou art the man,' was thundered in the appalled ears of the king of God's chosen people. And he, who, in his pride, had sat in careless and voluptuous ease, startled and convicted by the Voice of God through His servant, cries, 'I have sinned against the Lord.' And when he faced the sin in the light of the holiness of God, 'he fasted, and went in and lay all night before the Lord.' Gone was the pride of place — the mighty king has become the suppliant now. His humiliation has exalted God, and the divine forgiveness rests upon that humbled head, for God's servant says: 'The Lord also hath put away thy sin.'

"And then to that humbled and forgiven man God gave the fruits of victory. We are told in the same chapter that records his sin and penitence (2 Sam. 12), 'that David gathered all the people together, and went to Rabbah, and fought against it and took it. And he took their king's crown from off his head... and it was set on David's head. And he brought forth the spoil of the city in great abundance.'

"The crown and the spoil were won, not by the blood and the valor of a nation's manhood only, but by the tears, and the fasting, and the prayers of the nation's king, and by the penitence that had said, 'I have sinned against the Lord.' And the sacrifices that God accepted then He will accept now, the sacrifices of a broken spirit, a broken and a contrite heart God will not despise.

“With all humility I pray, that our beloved King and Queen may speak to God for our nation now; and what David did and said for his own sins, may our King and Queen do for the nation’s sins. Oh! may they come forth, and lay aside the robes of a royalty prouder and grander than the world has ever seen. May the majesty of Britain bow low in humiliation and penitence before the throne of God; and may a royal decree appoint a day for that purpose.”

Concerning this appointed day a dear Christian sends me the following letter:—

“Thank you for the booklet, ‘Britain’s Danger,’ received today. It is true and timely, and my thoughts (with many others doubtless) have been much in sympathy with those expressions of your mind. While the appointment of a ‘day of humble prayer’ has been made as your footnote on page 5 states, it probably did not escape your notice that I quote Lord Stamfordham’s letter of October 26th to the Archbishop of Canterbury: — ‘Personally the King is disinclined to advocate the use of any term which might plausibly be misinterpreted either at home or abroad.’ This evidently refers to the phrase, ‘Day of humiliation and prayer.’

“What does it matter who of MEN may misinterpret, while we bow ourselves in humiliation before GOD, confessing our sins? As you say in closing your booklet, ‘IN OUR DAY OF HUMILIATION LET THE WHOLE WORLD HEAR OUR CONFESSION OF SIN.’ There is a vast difference between ‘humble prayer, and national humiliation.’... Those feeling the need for humiliation must deplore the change, and it is impossible to resist the conviction that declining to humble ourselves, we shall be humbled, it may very likely be, in those things in which most of all the nation prides itself.

“Let those, however, who so feel, not cease to lay it all, with their own confessions, before Him who overrules all, and forgets not the righteous, even though they be few. Sodom might have been spared for ten such, but they were not found.”

Yes, my readers, may God’s people be stirred up everywhere to pray that even now our beloved King may lead the whole nation in humiliation before God and confession of our national sins.

By God and not by Man we Stand or Fall

The power of the German is great, but the power of God is greater. People who tremble lest the Kaiser who commands his Zeppelins may rain down death and destruction upon our land, forget oftentimes the MENACE OF GOD. Listen: — “Upon the wicked He shall rain burning coals, fire and brimstone, and a burning tempest: this shall be the portion of their cup” (Psalm 11). Yes, the lightning and the thunderbolt are in His hand, and the stars fall at His word. If you are unsaved you will have to face the menace of heaven, ten thousand times worse than any earthly menace could ever be.

“Flee From the Wrath to Come.”

Oh! the absolute overwhelming need of prayer. Pray for the dear fellows who have stood between us and invasion for so many months. Their bravery has never been surpassed. We thank God for all the work for Him going on among the soldiers and even in the trenches themselves. Would to God these brave men were all Christians; many are we know and working hard for God among their fellows. I shall speak about this in “Incidents of the War.”

Sending Books and Testaments to the Front

We have been enabled through the kindness of friends to send four large packages and boxes to the Front. One friend to whom we sent writes: —

“The very valuable box of gospel literature reached me safely this morning. How can I sufficiently thank you for such a bountiful assortment of good seed? May the Lord bless you for your kindness, and the seed be scattered far and wide.

“It will mainly go to the Front this week and be given out in the fighting line where the men are very eager for such books. Some will go to Holland.

“I was on the point of writing to you last week, asking if you could send help again, when your welcome letter came and rejoiced my heart.”

On Board a Torpedo Boat

I sent a parcel of books to a dear Christian on board one of our torpedo boats in the North Sea. He writes saying: ■

“Many thanks for the parcel of books and tracts which arrived safely. A splendid opportunity occurred last Sunday evening for distribution, and the occasion enabled me to find out three other believers amongst the various ships, and we met together in prayer and meditation over the Scriptures.

“In distributing the little booklets amongst the men, they were in most cases well received, but one or two declined and one has noticed that those who declined were not ignorant of the way of salvation, as conversations with them afterwards proved. One told me he would have only torn it up and thrown it on the fire; another man spoken to replied not yet awhile.’ It was pointed out to him that God’s time was now, and that perhaps this was the last opportunity as we might be sent to the bottom of the sea any moment. The conversation has caused him to think, judging by his manner. May the Spirit of God work a work to the glory of God in the man’s soul.

“Our crew numbers thirty-six, and many opportunities have been afforded me to speak a word in season during the present time, but no visible result has appeared; however, eternity alone will reveal what has been accomplished. In the meantime we are encouraged to go on with the divine command: ‘In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand,’ and we know that God’s word will not return to Him void.

“When the stock of books has been exhausted I will write for more. In conclusion I ‘would ask for your fellowship in prayer that the precious Word which goes forth amongst the men of both services, may bring glory to God in the salvation of precious souls for His Name’s sake.

“I remain,

“Yours in His service, “J■ C■.”

I am sure you will pray that God will bless him. If any of my readers know any Christian men on board our men-of-war, or at the Front will they kindly send me the names and full addresses and I will send them parcels of books and portions of the Word of God at once.

I have had many parcels of books sent me and they are being distributed far and wide. Every Sunday at the Palladium a packet is given to all the soldiers who come.

I have had many very encouraging letters. One dear brother writes with his gift: “I am glad to know you are sending Bibles and gospel tracts to the soldiers engaged in this terrible war. May our God in His rich mercy bless the reading of them for His glory and blessing to many souls. God has His own purpose in permitting this terrible war, and when He sees fit He can stop it any moment. Our place is to be on our knees before Him, for His will to be done, and the glory of His beloved Son. I should like to render a little help.”

Another says: “I enclose■ for tracts or books for the soldiers at home or the Front. Accept it for His Name and mercy’s sake.”

S.B. Encloses a gift, and says: “I was much cheered by the nice account in the Message of the work amongst the dear men. It is sweet to know that many of the dear ones will go home to the Father’s House from those terrible scenes of bloodshed and horror. I enclose■. I shall be grateful if you will spend it for gospel booklets for those at the Front as needs be.”

But I cannot quote any more now. I do thank all dear friends with all my heart for the help they are giving. It is a labor of love to me to send the books out. I want at least one thousand Messages from God, each month as they are published, and back numbers of Message or any other gospel books are much valued.

The more I get the more I can send, and the need was never greater than it is now.

The Sorrow of it All

THE following brave and touching letter gives us an insight into the fearful sorrows that fill thousands of hearts and homes in these days. It is a Colonel writing about the death of his son, killed at the Front. His age eighteen and a half — beloved by all.

“Thanks for your letter of kind and loving sympathy the news of my brave Gordon’s death was indeed a very sad blow to myself and to both my girls. I had centered so many of my highest hopes on that dear lad, and they are all now scattered to the winds. Thank F■, too, for her kind sympathy... Your dear letter has touched me much. Yes, I feel sure my dear■ was one of God’s chosen ones. His Grannie, in writing about him before she knew of his death, wrote of him as a ‘Christian soldier,’ and his cousin also wrote of his standing up for his religion, and that G■ always reminded her of the prayer, ‘not being ashamed to own and confess the faith of Christ crucified,’ and being His faithful soldier and servant unto his life’s end. I wrote to the boy on matters near my heart often, and I noticed that he seemed determined, though quite a boy, to play his part for Christ like a man, and from all I can hear and learn the dear lad did so....

“I know how high-minded and straightforward my boy was, pure in thought and word and deed, and so reverent, and before he left to join his regiment he asked his Grannie to come with him and to kneel together at the Lord’s Table. He would not have done so at his age unless Christ and His religion had not been a great reality to him. R — S■, too, wrote so nicely about him. R■ loved the lad. His boyfriends wrote, too, of his high-mindedness; others that ‘he had no guile,’ and ‘one writes: ‘the very best boy I have ever met.’ He was only eighteen and a half, and it is hard, ever so hard, to have lost him, but such a comfort to me to know the above about him; to think of him as being with Christ in the Paradise of God, and the welcome that awaited him there from darling E■and his brother E■.

“You will have had particulars from Mrs. S■ of the lad’s gallant death, leading the men under him in a bayonet charge against the Germans, who had broken through the line in front. He charged their maxims evidently, and fell with a line of men on each side of him, on the spot where the maxims had been, shot through the head. The regiment, though successful in the charge, lost seven officers, killed and wounded, and one hundred and forty men in that charge, which took place at five p.m. on Sunday, 20th September. He was picked up dead next morning, and buried by the roadside near where he fell with two other officers, and a funeral service was read over the spot where these three gallant heroes lie buried.

“The officer who wrote to Miss S■ said: ‘We could do no more.’ So ends the tragedy of his young and beautiful life, so dear to me and mine. He wrote the day before his death: ‘Well, I am not shot yet. There is a fearful scrap going on. I am well dug into the ground.’ Also saying he had lost everything, and had only the kit he stood up in and a waterproof sheet. He hoped the letter would reach home, and sent his love to the whole family, and signed his name. It was thoughtful of the dear boy, thinking of all this while a battle was raging and he in the trenches. Next day his call came.

"I am perhaps writing too much of my own sorrow when so many thousands of others are just as sad, for there is mourning for dear ones all over the world now.

"And for yourself. The anxiety must be great. Your R■ at the war, and I fancy C■ must be, too. We can but pray for all our dear ones and that God in His great mercy will bring all safely back to those who love and care for them. My K■ has left for some spot to fight the Germans. His wife and her two bairn's have gone home. N■ 's husband, T■ H— has also left, I think, for the Persian Gulf, and has probably already been in action."

Then and Now

MANY years ago, when I was quite a young girl, I was traveling on the South Devon line; mind you, a young girl brought up in the fear of the Lord and believing fully in the truth of the Word of God. A farmer came into the carriage and began talking about the prospects of a good harvest. Evidently his hearer made some reverent remark. "Oh, ah!" said the farmer, "us have no God down in these parts." Never shall I forget the horror those foolish, wicked words cut into my heart. Whether I said it aloud — I hope I did — or in silence, I forget: "The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God." I never read that fourteenth Psalm without thinking of that poor "fool."

But just now I have read a different tale about a wiser French sailor at Folkestone, on September 13th, who was deeply affected by the singing in French of "Jesus, lover of my soul," and hearing the sweet gospel message, he replied to the preacher, "Ah, monsieur, we cannot do without God NOW." No, indeed, this awful war has sent home to the hearts of sailors and soldiers, civilians and military, the need of God (see Isaiah 26. latter part of verse 9). God, our refuge and strength in the battle now raging on the Continent, but still more is God necessary for each soul. God, who gave His Son to die, that whosoever believeth on Him shall be saved — and now, do not let us forget. "We cannot do without God NOW — now, today. Now is the accepted time to find God our Saviour. Emily P. Leakey

Incidents of the War

TWO soldiers are lying wounded in a trench. One has received a mortal wound, and he knows he has to die. He says to his friend and comrade: "Can you tell me anything about God?"

His friend says, "I'm afraid I cannot, but this little book may help you." Taking a Gospel of St. John out of his pocket, he gives it to the dying man. The poor fellow reads it eagerly, turning over the pages feebly with his dying hands. Then looking at his comrade, he says, "This is just what I wanted," and soon after passed away, we feel sure, to be with Christ. What a sight for the angels to rejoice over. The dying soldier and the Living Word!

The mangled body lying in the trench, the soul passing from the din and horror of the battlefield to the rest and peace of heaven. Thank God for those little gospels given to the men. I wish I could have a thousand Gospels of John now, published by the Scripture Gift Mission, with hymns at the end, to give away.

One lad of the 1st South Wales Borderers said to a Christian: "I never knew what it was to pray before. We went into the trenches at the Aisne singing, 'You made me do it, you know you made me do it,' but once we got there man by man we got down on our knees till you could have heard the whole regiment praying. Now I pray always, for I believe in it." And if they pray they ask if the people at home are praying for the boys who are doing their bit out here it is a great Honor to be allowed to speak to and to pray with such men. No wonder the doctors and nurses are ceaseless in their devotion. As a nurse said, "You can't help staying for them, they are so grateful and good." They are, and they are game to the end. On the Sunday morning of Communion day in Aberdeen I was chaplain at the funeral of a H.L.I. soldier aged twenty-eight, who has left a widow and three little children in Glasgow. As I was quitting his bedside on the night on which he died, I said, "Good-night, Jock, I shall be in early to-morrow." He drew himself up a little, saluted feebly, and said, "Good-night, sir, I'll be here; but if not, remember I'm all right. Send my love to Rachael and the little ones, and say I'll be waiting for them." Such men are God's own children.

A dear Christian father and mother in Exeter have parted with their boy for the Front. Before he went they knelt together and asked God to take care of their boy and bring him back to them again; and the father tells me that now he is quite happy about it, and is sure he will come home safe.

From the War Cry we get the following touching incident: "The battle of — was in progress, and our trenches were being raked by the enemy's fire. We were expecting any moment to be told that the German guns would have to be silenced, and presently along the line came the order, Charge!

"We scrambled into the open, and rushed forward, met by a perfect hail of bullets. Many of our men bit the dust, but we who remained came to grips with the enemy. I cannot write of what happened then. The killing of men is a ghastly business.

“On the way back to the trenches I saw a poor German soldier trying to get to his water-bottle. He was in a fearful condition. I knelt down by his side. Finding his own water-bottle was empty, I gave him water from mine. Somewhat revived, he opened his eyes and saw my ‘Salvation Army Leaguers’ button. His drawn face lit up with a smile, and he whispered in broken English: Salvation Army? I also am a Salvation soldier.’ Then he felt for his Army badge. It was still pinned to his coat, though bespattered with blood.

“I think we both shed a few tears, and then I picked up his poor, broken body, and with as much tenderness as possible, for the terrible hail of death was beginning again, I carried him to the ambulance. But he was beyond human aid. When I placed him on the wagon he gave a gentle tug at my coat. Thinking he wanted to say something, I bent low and listened, and he whispered, ‘JESUS, SAFE WITH JESUS!’”

One of the most interesting incidents in connection with the work of the Scripture Gift Mission during the past week has been the receipt of a letter from Admiral Sir John Jellicoe, who, as is well known, commands the British Fleet. He sends as a message to the sailors, two verses; one from the Old and one from the New Testament, as follows: —

“‘BE STRONG AND OF GOOD COURAGE, BE NOT AFRAID, NEITHER BE THOU DISMAYED, FOR THE LORD THY GOD IS WITH THEE WHITHEOEVER THOU GOEST.’

“‘ Honor ALL MEN, LOVE THE BROTHERHOOD, FEAR GOD, Honor THE KING.’”

“Yours very truly,

“J. W. JELlicoe.”

A touching story is that of the young French infantryman — he was a youthful volunteer of eighteen — who was shot in the firing line. As his life-blood ebbed he wrote a farewell note, which was found afterwards pinned on the point of his bayonet: “I advanced at the order of my captain to the edge of a wood to take up a position. I found myself alone. I received a bullet in the chest, and I am dying.

“My dear parents sent me yesterday a postal order for five francs. I know they must have deprived themselves to send me this. So I beg whoever finds my body to send them back the postal order, which they will find in my pocket. “The poor little” piou-piou “had not much to leave, but his last will and testament is a charming example of tenderness and consideration.

We ought to pray for the thousands of young lads at the Front that they may be brought to Christ.

The most solemn incident of this war may be that Christ may come before it is ended. A dear Christian writes: ■ “For an hour I could do nothing but walk my room, praising God because ‘Jesus is soon coming,’ and again today the joy is strong within me. Ah! how little earth’s trials look in the light of this! “Yes, amid the din of battle, and the roar of the cannon,” the Lord himself may descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the Archangel, and with the trump of God.” Then every Christian in the world, at peace or at war, at home or abroad, in the trenches, on the battlefield, or in the hospitals■every man, woman and child that loves the Lord Jesus Christ will hear that ‘SHOUT,’ that ‘VOICE,’ that ‘TRUMP,’ and be caught up with the risen dead; in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air.”

If the Lord should come this year, then indeed this world-war would change its character, and terrible the change would be. One shudders to think of the awful condition of those who will be left behind. Not only the wrath of man is to be feared, but the wrath of an angry God. Where will you be when Christ comes?

The Diary of a Soul

By the Editor

“Peace, perfect peace, death shadowing us and ours?”

Jesus has vanquished death and all its powers.”

So wrote the saintly Bickersteth, Bishop of Exeter, in that hymn which has comforted thousands of sorrowing, harassed hearts. Its sweet solace seems to hush the soul, and lift the weary head bent down with care, until through the mist of human tears we see the face of Jesus.

“Peace, perfect peace, with sorrows surging round?”

On Jesu’s bosom naught but calm is found.”

The writer has passed into his rest, and is now with Christ. We are left to face the sorrows of these awful days, but with “death shadowing us and ours,” and “sorrows surging round,” may we be kept “in perfect peace,” with our minds stayed upon God.

Had the Bishop been living today the shadow would have fallen upon him, as the following touching incident will tell. I give it as sent me by the writer: —

“He being dead, yet speaketh” (Heb. 11)

I asked my dear friend, Miss Bickersteth, daughter of Bishop Bickersteth, late Bishop of Exeter, if I might publish in “A Message from God” part of a beautiful letter that his grandson, the late Lieut. Lionel Bickersteth Rundall, wrote to his mother a few days before he and his brother, Captain Rundall, were killed in battle last December. His regiment was the 1st Battalion 1st Goorkha Rifles, King George’s Own. I think the words of one, who so willingly gave his life for his King and his country, will come home with power to any soldier or sailor, or indeed any one, who reads his fearless words.

He wrote: “None can die before or after God wishes him to, and all the shots and shells in the world will not account for him till that time comes. It simply means this: I trust that the life which ceases on earth will be more useful elsewhere, and if one has trusted one’s poor existence to CHRIST till now, why not ALL THE MORE so at the present time? I am confident, mother, that not all the enemies in creation can finish one till the time comes when one is needed elsewhere for higher work.”

Miss Bickersteth writes: “God knows that in all the storm and tempest He still says to us, ‘Peace, it Isaiah 1’ By all means use my sweet boy’s message, as I should love to feel it helped others.”

“HE BEING DEAD, YET SPEAKETH.” Dear reader, see to it that you have, as this young officer did, yielded yourself to the Lord Jesus Christ before you are called to the Front or to a dying bed. Make sure that you are His now.

Emily P. Leakey

“Death shadowing us and ours”

This terrible War is taking toll of all our homes. A widow in France has had her four sons dispersed by the War to different parts of the field of battle. She says, without complaint, “I deliver my four children into the hands of God.”

One young wife, left with only small children, and whose husband has written despairingly from the Front, writes: — “There is so much sorrow in our separation that my heart is broken, but God has come to my aid and has calmed and encouraged me. Shall we meet again here below? God only knows. Oh, I suffer for those who live without God and without hope! For them the agony must be terrible, for I myself have moments when I feel that life would be insupportable were it not for the peace of the Saviour.”

Watchnight Service at the Palladium

We had a service in the Palladium from eleven o'clock on Thursday, December 31st to 12:30 on Friday morning, January 1st of this year. We had a very solemn service indeed, and a good many were present. I received the following letter from a parent who was present with his son: —

“DEAR DR. WREFORD, — On old year's eve I sat with my boy in the Palladium to listen to you preach, and while you were speaking of the funeral knell of the world sounding, and the tolling of the bell of the world's doom, I felt my boy shaking the seat beside me. I was praying that God would speak to him now, and sure enough the word had reached his heart. I did not know this until I was walking home with him, when he said, FATHER, THE TOLLING OF THE BELL! and burst into tears. He wept for some time. When I reached home I took the Word of God, and reading John 3:16 verse to him, I asked him to read it like this: 'God so loved ME that He gave His only begotten Son, that if I believe in Him, I shall not perish, but have everlasting life.' Then, after praying with him, I left him in his bed, and went to my room and prayed that God would finish the work He had begun in his soul. I felt the assurance in my own soul that God would answer my prayer. I was unable to see him again until about midday, and then I said to him, How is it now? he replied, 'I have had a very anxious time this morning; it was continually in my mind (I saw he had been weeping much), but about twelve o'clock the burden flew away and I felt so happy and knew my sins were all gone, washed away by the precious blood of God's dear Son.' To Him be all the praise. I can now say that truly there is a great change in his life, but he needs your prayers. What a joy to know that God has blessed His word the first day of 1915, and saved a soul at the Palladium! This is worth all we do for Him, and oh! how little we do for Him who has done everything for us. Dear Doctor, go on with the preaching, and God WILL bless. We SHALL reap if we faint not.”

Pray, friends, for this young convert, our first known soul for 1915, and pray for others who are anxious.

Our dear friend, Mr. Samuel Tomkins, has sent me some very appropriate verses on the War, which I very gladly insert here: —

“The Lord of Hosts is with Us”

The clash of arms sounds far and near,
Filling men's hearts with gloom and fear;
The War-clouds fill the darkening sky
The cannons roar... and thousands die;
But yet what foe can do us ill,
If “Jacob's God” be with us still?
The arrogance and pride of man,
Ride rough-shod; far as eye can scan;
With bombs above and mines below,
Satanic arts fresh dangers show;
But “Jacob's God” defends the right,
And all things bow before His might.
The shot and shell, the aeroplane,
The submarine, may bring us pain;
Each fresh device, in human skill,
Has for its aim more lives to kill;
But 'midst these scenes of death and sin,
If God be with us, we shall win.
The enemy is at the gate,
And England may not know her fate;
But if she to her God be true,
His grace and power will bring her through;
'Tis Faith and prayer that win the day,
And who Jehovah's hand can stay?
The armies of the Living God
Look down on scenes of fire and blood;

And He to Whom those Hosts belong,
The "King of Glory" is, and strong.
The "Lord of Hosts" is with us still,
If we obey His sovereign will.
The rage of men we well may mock,
If "Jacob's God" be still our Rock;
Our "refuge and our strength" is He,
Before whose nod the nations flee;
To those who in His Word confide,
No evil shall, or can, betide.
Then let us trust the "King of kings,"
And shelter find beneath His wings;
'Tis not in battleships "Faith" boasts,
But in Himself, the "Lord of Hosts";
And when the victory is won,
The glory shall be His alone.
S.T.

Two Soldiers

ON a narrow bed in a hospital there lay ■ or, rather, we might say, there tossed about in the restlessness of fever ■ a fine young soldier. Often had he boasted that he had never known a day's illness, and now, as he told the nurses, he "found sickness terrible."

Jem Douglas was the son of a lawyer in very comfortable circumstances, but one day he had run away from home and enlisted as a soldier, after his father had spoken to him gently but firmly about his lazy, extravagant habits. Very soon he bitterly regretted the step he had taken, but he was too proud to say so, and wrote two or three letters to his mother, speaking in glowing terms of his military life. He was popular in his regiment, but one of the officers remarked to another that "Douglas was not improving," and, later, that he "feared Douglas was going to the bad, as far as regulations allowed him." It was soon after this that he was seized with fever.

As he lay day after day in the hospital — for he had several relapses — he thought much of his parents and of the happy home he had so willfully quitted. Then came the remembrance of his life since he had left them; he hoped they would never hear of some of his doings during that time.

"This won't do," he muttered to himself one night; "I will not think. Oh, for a good drink and some jolly companions! With them I could soon drown these thoughts."

In the next bed there lay a young man from another regiment whose name was John Maw. He was suffering greatly, but Jem resented his patience, and repelled his attempts at conversation. One night, however, when all was very still in the little ward, Jem had tried in vain to sleep, and thoughts of his past life were making him very miserable. He raised himself to see if his neighbor were awake, feeling it would be a comfort to break the silence, if only to grumble in a whisper to his fellow sufferer. He saw that Maw's eyes were closed, but that his lips were moving, and by close listening he heard him several times repeat the words:

"Out in the desert He heard its cry,
Sick, and helpless, and ready to die."

Jem said them over to himself; more and more slowly Maw repeated them, then Jem knew he had dropped asleep, and that it would be cruel to awake him. Almost mechanically he went over the words again, wondering where they came from, and pondering a little on their meaning. By this time the night nurse, passed noiselessly up the ward, and Jem beckoned to her. Laying a finger on her mouth, and pointing to Maw, she whispered:

"Hush, he's asleep. He's suffered terribly to-day."

As she turned over Jem's pillow, he said: "Have you ever heard these words, nurse:

" 'Out in the desert He heard its cry,
Sick, and helpless, and ready to die'?"

"It seems to me that I've heard them sung, and that they are in a hymn," she whispered, "but I don't know where. Perhaps Maw could tell you; he's religious, and his is the right kind of religion, too. I wish I was as happy as he is. Now try to go to sleep."

But sleep would not come, and that night, and for the next two days, try as he would, Jem could not forget those two lines. Nor could he get rid of the thought of the sinfulness of his past life.

One evening he could bear it no longer, and seeing that his neighbor was awake he whispered: "Maw, who was out in the desert?"

"I was," answered the sick man in a low tone.

Jem paused; the answer surprised him. Presently he said, "Who heard its cry?"

"The Lord Jesus," was the quiet reply.

That was all the conversation, but those five words gave Jem plenty to think about. And a few days later, Maw being much better, he suddenly told him of his trouble, closing with the words: "I am downright miserable. Tell me what's the matter with me. Your description, Sick, and helpless, and ready to die, fits me to a 'T.'"

"Praise God!" answered the other invalid; "it's all right. Why, God the Holy Spirit is showing you that you are a poor lost sheep, and now He wants to point you to the Good Shepherd, who 'goeth after that which is lost until He find it.' I see that nurse is signing to me to stop talking, but I will tell you more tomorrow. Say over and over again to yourself, 'The Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost.' Here is my Testament. Do look out that verse for yourself; it's in the nineteenth chapter of St. Luke."

Jem took the well-worn little volume, and, propped up with pillows, he read and re-read' Luke 19:10 and its context. Half an hour later Maw said to him "Look at the fifteenth chapter," and he turned to that wonderful chapter. He had never opened a Bible since he enlisted — nor, indeed, for some months before. Now as he read the parable of the lost sheep, and then came to that beautiful story of the prodigal son and the father's love, he broke down completely. And next morning Maw had the joy of hearing from his own lips that he who had indeed been a "sheep going astray" had now returned unto "that great Shepherd of the sheep."

A few days afterwards Jem said to Maw: "Have you known the Good Shepherd long?"

"No; scarcely two years," answered Maw. "More shame to me, for I had a good mother, who taught me all about Him and His love. But I always said, Time enough; I'll serve Him when I've had a bit of pleasure first, mother — say, when I am thirty or thirty-five."

"And how came the change?" inquired Jem. "Do tell me all about it. You can't be thirty yet."

"No; I'm twenty-eight," said Maw. "About two years ago I was with my regiment in India. I was clever at learning some of the conjuring and juggling tricks that the natives, where we then were, excel in. Particularly anxious was I to do one in which I must appear to swallow a very small but most venomous serpent. I had practiced once or twice with it successfully, but one evening I handled it badly, and its deadly fang entered my shoulder.

“ ‘What ever shall I do!’ I cried, as I rushed terror-stricken across the road.

“ ‘Sit down,’ said a quiet voice as a firm hand was laid on my arm. And, almost before I knew what was happening, I saw that one of the men was sucking the poison out of the wound. I did not know him well, but I had often jeered at what I called his old woman’s religion. Now, as I saw the fine fellow risking his life to save mine, I realized what a grand thing it is to be a true Christian.

“ ‘Why do you do this?’ I asked him; you know it may kill you.’

“ ‘If it does, I’m not afraid to die,’ he said quietly.

“ ‘And I am,’ I said. I know all about the better way; but I’ve scorned the Saviour and His love. If I die today, I’m lost!’

“ ‘Never shall I forget the solemn, earnest way in which that manly servant of God looked at me, as he slowly repeated the words, ‘The Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost,’ nor the emphasis he laid on the last word.’”

“ ‘That was the text you said to me,’ remarked Jem. “ ‘Now see why you chose it. It came to me like a ray of hope. But tell me more. Did that brave man recover? Of course you did, for here you are today; but did he?’”

“ ‘Yes, he did. He was ill for several days, and the doctors feared for him; but he got quite well. I heard from him yesterday. I tell him that, under God, I owe to him both my natural and spiritual life; for he never rested till I knew the Lord Jesus as my own personal Saviour.’”

“ ‘And now you’ve pointed me to Him,’ said Jem. “ ‘All my life long I shall praise God for this illness and time of quiet, that forced me to think.’” Then he added, reverently: “ ‘Ah! the Good Shepherd did find me ‘sick, and helpless, and ready to die.’” “ ‘But He didn’t leave you there,’ said Maw.

“ ‘No, indeed,’ said Jem, decidedly. “ ‘It seems to me I can only say, ‘My cup runneth over,’ when I think of all that He’s done for me.’”

F. E. TURNER

Gospels and Books for the Soldiers

I HAVE had numbers of most encouraging letters and many parcels of tracts and Gospels to send to the soldiers, and the means to buy more. I am making full use of all I get. A friend to whom I sent writes: — “The two boxes were delivered here today, and I hasten to very gratefully thank you for such a handsome gift for the men. It will be most acceptable and much appreciated by those at the Front and Fleet. May the Lord greatly own the seed thus scattered, and may many souls be gathered in to His glory. We need to do all we can for the men, who spend long hours in the trenches and elsewhere. I have many appeals for French and German tracts.”

If any of my friends can send me any French or German tracts I will forward them. They are much needed, I know.

A young Christian at the Front, to whom I sent Gospels and tracts, writes: — “Thank you very much for sending out the parcel of reading for me to distribute among the men. That good magazine, ‘A Message from God,’ is read most. I am getting rid of them, and God only knows what good they may have done. Those nice little books, ‘St. John’s Gospel,’ have been very well received. I have been rather anxious to get our chaplain to assist me, and to take some further afield, and am waiting for a chance to speak to him, as he spends so much of his time in the trenches with the men. He is a splendid man, and was once a miner in Australia. He has great power over our fellows, who would, I believe, do anything for him.”

A Colonel, a D.S.O., writes saying: — “Thank you very much for your letter and the little books you sent me. If you can send me some more I will endeavor to give them away, with some Gospels as well.”

A Lieutenant-Colonel writes saying: — “I shall be pleased to do all I can to distribute the Testaments amongst the men of this battalion.”

A Second Lieutenant at Aldershot has promised to distribute a parcel of Gospels and tracts I sent him to all the men in his company.

I have not room for other letters now. As you see, dear friends, doors are opening on every hand. Please send me all you can: Gospels and books or the means to get them. The need is great everywhere. I am rejoiced to be able to be the medium to send the Word of God to so many of the men at home and at the Front. I know, in these solemn days, I shall not appeal for help in vain.

Incidents of the War

WE are most thankful to know that this terrible War is making men and women in France think. There is a feeling towards God amid thousands in a nation that has sought to do without Him. A Methodist paper tells us that the Socialist Mayor of a small commune of the Department of the Gard sent to every soldier of the Department who responded to the order of mobilization a New Testament, on the first page of which was written, above his signature:

“This is the Truth.”

Grand testimony this to the power of the Word of God. May Testaments and the Gospels be given to every soldier in the Allied Armies. May the enemy also be provided with the Word of God, and may the power of the Spirit of God turn racial hatred to Christian love.

The Prayer of a Soldier's Child

Lord Jesus, hear my simple prayer,
Which mother bids me say tonight;
Preserve with all Thy loving care
My daddy, dear, who's gone to fight
For good King George across the sea,
And bring him safely back to me.
O God of mercy, let us rise
Triumphant o'er our cruel foe.
Receive each man who nobly dies,
And comfort every heart of woe.
Lord, guide us to the happy day
When deadly strife has passed away,
God bless my mother, keep her brave
And patient through her hours of pain;
And Thou, whose grace alone can save,
Bring daddy back to her again.
Look after him, I pray, till then,
For Jesus' sake, our Lord. Amen.

W.S.L.

From the "Daily Chronicle."

One has often heard of the wonderful way in which God has permitted the actual Bible to be the means of preserving life. The following incident has just recently come under the notice of the secretary of the Scripture Gift Mission: — A young officer was given a Bible, which he had promised to carry in his hip pocket. His mother had written on the fly-leaf two verses from the ninety-first Psalm, "A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand, but it shall not come nigh thee," etc. This he had done. A German shrapnel burst quite close to him, and a piece of it struck the Bible, cutting it through to the ninety-first Psalm, and blackening the very page, and instead of going right through his body, glanced off and wounded him in the back, thus

saving his life. The incident was also the means in God's hands of leading him to the Saviour.

Life of Faith

The work of God is still going on among the soldiers on Salisbury Plain, as the following incident will show: — One of the thirteen who decided for Christ was a friend of burglars, who was often intoxicated, yet deeply thoughtful. He said he always believed in God, never allowing a night to pass, even when under the influence of liquor, without praying. The work of the Lord Jesus was explained, and various passages carefully scanned. Then St. John 14:1 was read to him with the comment, "I know you believe in God; now listen, and you can almost imagine the Saviour is speaking: Let not your heart be troubled, ye believe in God, believe also in Me." "Let's see it!" he said. Then whilst slowly reading it he ejaculated, "Well! I'm blown!"

When the Life is Changed

He was under deep conviction, and beautifully surrendered himself, and said he would read the “Book” (Testament) until it was burnt into his brain. Later he showed me a letter he had written to his wife. Part of it ran thus: ■

“My dear old gal, I have been a brute to you in the past, but all shall be changed when I come home. It shall be all sunshine for you and the dear babies. The ways of God are sometimes slow, but they arts always sure. Trust Him, and pray that I may be brought home safely.

“am your old man, Tom.”

The Sailor's Song

The sailors on the Southern seas sing, "Midnight is past, the cross begins to bend." And we, as voyagers through these troubled ages, in which "the sea and the waves are roaring," and the wrath of men has risen to break up the peace of nations, may sing "Midnight is past! the morning star arises, we are soon to see our Lord." All things point to His speedy coming.

"Our hearts beat high,

The dawn is nigh

That ends our pilgrim's story

In His appointed glory."

A Scripture Reader recently returned from the Front says it is quite an exception to hear bad language in the trenches; more often than not one hears them praying. During a lull in the trenches you will find those who have Testaments sitting quietly reading them. At other times they read to any who may be wounded and waiting attention.

Oh! for a thousand Gospels of St. John, published by the Scripture Gift Mission, with hymns at the end. Will any reader send them to me for the soldiers? French Testaments are wanted as well.

The Loss of the “Bulwark”

“A Bereaved Mother,” who lost a son on the Bulwark, says she is constrained to write that which may comfort others as it has comforted her. She often reads, she says, of officers giving tribute to their men. She writes to do the same to Captain Sclater and Chaplain Hewetson, of the Bulwark. Her son, in writing, told her that “each day a solemn service had been held, through which the men had become daily more attached to the Chaplain. After each service the Captain had addressed them, telling them to be prepared for death at any moment. Then they had five minutes’ silent prayer, and, “her son added,” then I pray for you and the War.” The mother proceeds: “Think, dear fellow mourners, how those eight hundred souls have been prepared to meet their God, in company with those two dear officers.

“Pray, pray earnestly, pray continuously, for our Soldiers and Sailors.

The Diary of a Soul

By the Editor

“Watchman! What of the night?”

OH! Watchman on the eternal hills, there are traitors in the Camp of God today. The Son of God has been wounded in the house of His so-called friends. We are afraid of German spies in our midst, and there are thousands doubtless, but that is nothing compared to the awful fact that we have among us today the devil's agents taking the guise of ministers and followers of Christ, who are traitors in thought and word and deed to the Captain of our salvation.

God had to say of a nation in old days, “Ye are cursed with a curse: for ye have robbed Me, even this whole nation” (Mal. 3:9). We are robbing God of the glory of His Person if we deny the divinity of His Son. We are robbing God of the glory of His Godhead if we deny the inspiration of His holy Word; we are robbing God of His essential glory if we deny the fall of man and the need of the atoning work of Christ; we are robbing God of His holiness and righteousness if we deny eternal punishment.

We cannot rob God with impunity. As a nation we are becoming more and more Unitarian every day. The great sin of the age is the rejection of Jesus Christ.

God can give no truce to a nation that, under the cloak of religion, denies the divinity of His Son.

The most foul sin of the twentieth century is this blasphemy against the person of Christ, and it was the religious world that crucified Christ; and although a heathen soldier, who watched Him die, said, “Truly this is the Son of God,” and a poor thief dying by His side owns Him Lord, yet the dignitaries of the world's religions cried aloud to the listening heavens that darkened at their sin, and to the earth that shuddered as it heard, “Away with Him! We will not have this Man to reign over us.”

We are seeking to get rid of Jesus Christ. He is leaving our universities; He is leaving many of our so-called places of worship; He is leaving our homes; He is leaving our centers of governing power. The voice of the ecclesiastic, the voice of the scholar, the voice of the people is blending in one awful cry, “We will not have this Man to reign over us.”

And so the devil reigns. There can be no other alternative: “Not this Man, but Barabbas.” Barabbas was a robber. Not Christ but the devil. We rob God and so put ourselves and our nation into the hands of Satan. This great War is known by many to be a war of Satan against Christ.

The godly in our midst are the forlorn hope of Christendom. Our destiny as a nation is trembling in the balances of God. Our sins are crying aloud for judgment to fall upon us, and if we are to be saved it will be by the prevailing prayer of righteous men and women. Oh! that as a nation we would return to God, saying, “We have sinned against heaven and before Thee.” “If the righteous scarcely be saved, where shall the ungodly and the sinner appear?”

The Watch of God

We are told of General Sir John French that no matter how hard he had to fight during the day, he always tries to spend a little time in the field hospital at night with the wounded. He strolls in, sometimes accompanied by an orderly, but often alone. He asks the wounded how they are getting on, and tells them he hopes “they will soon be out and back with us.” And sometimes the General would stay too long, and find that he could not get back to headquarters that night. In that case he would wrap a blanket around him and curl up on a vacant cot or on the floor alongside a wounded Tommy and go to sleep. So they tell us every British soldier loves Sir John French, and they think him a real man as well as a soldier.

And so the French soldiers loved Marshal Turenne, for he thought of them and did all he could for them. Once when a regiment was wading through a morass the younger men began to complain. But the older soldiers silenced their criticism. “Depend upon it, Marshal Turenne is more concerned than we are about these difficulties. At this moment he is thinking how to deliver us. He watches while we sleep.”

When we are in the midst of life’s morasses, let us remember that He that keepeth Israel slumbereth not nor sleeps. He is thinking of us to deliver us. If earthly generals watch over and care for their soldiers, how much more does the blessed Lord care for His own, whether at home or on the battlefield! May every soldier and sailor believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and be saved!

A Touching Letter

From a dear friend I have received the following letter. It was written to him by a French Christian who says in his note, "Herewith you will find copy of a letter written by a young French officer to a cousin of mine, Madame Ch■, who lost her husband. It is all the more touching as the writer is a Roman Catholic."

(TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH)

Madam, dear Madam,

Let your Christian soul prepare to accept the trial which it has pleased the Lord to send you. My excellent dear friend Jacques Ch■ died facing the enemy on S— October 11th, falling on the road from Arras to Bethune lifted him up, and almost at once carried him to the M—, office at Nceux, where, when life had been pronounced extinct, he was buried piously, amid' the tears of all his comrades in the Company.

His body rests in the Cemetery of Nux-les-Mines, and later you will have the last consolation of kneeling at his tomb... "Happy are the dead who die in the Lord."

I have had the great pleasure and Honor of making your husband's acquaintance here in the Regiment during the terrible days we are passing through. Always at his post, always ready for peril, sincerely loving his men, I had noticed him well, as all had. We were friends, and, although of different religion, I did not cease to admire the strength which faith in Christ had planted in his Protestant soul.

The soldier Ch—did his duty as a soldier, as a good Frenchman, but he died without anger and without hate. It remains for us all, Madam, to cherish him in our hearts, and to imitate him on behalf of France.

Goodbye, dear Madam, and with the sorrowful. condolence of all, I have the Honor to offer you my deep respect, with my sympathy in Christ.

(Signed,) F. JAS.

Sub-Lieutenant, 26ge d'Infanterie.

"My sins deserved eternal death,

But Jesus died for me."

Comfort for Christian Soldiers

The Captain of our Salvation is worthy of our love because: —

1. He never lost a single man.
2. He makes His soldiers more than conquerors.
3. He takes an individual interest in each one, for He died for each one.
4. He needs no identification ticket to be sewn in any man's coat, for He wears their names on His own breast and has written them on the palms of His hands.
5. He gives His own strength to His soldiers, and will, when the War is over, reward each one personally.

Is Jesus Christ your Captain, and will He speak your name in the roll-call of heaven?

The Going

Regiment after regiment marched past the Kaiser as he stood to review them on his birthday. And as these doomed men went past it reminded one of the old gladiatorial days of the Roman Empire, when the men about to fight cried to Caesar on his throne:

“Those about to die salute thee!”

They were called — these German soldiers — the “death brigades.” They knew they were going to certain death. Many went weeping into battle, knowing their cause was hopeless. But they were driven to the slaughter by the mad ambition and lust of power of a ruler without pity.

The Return of the Troops

Two long trains of locked goods' vans from Rulers went Eastwards yesterday morning early, writes a correspondent.

Each van was filled with the naked bodies of dead Germans, lashed together in fours with wire ropes, on their way to the smelting furnaces in the Borinage district for cremation, all of them corpses of men who sacrificed their lives to gratify the ambition of their Emperor on the morning of his birthday.

Who shall answer to God for these immortal souls?

The Pathos of the Rank and File

A touching incident is reported. It is said that a few of the Germans met with some of the Allied troops, and they dined together, many on both sides regretting with tears that there should be the bitter necessity of coming so soon again into conflict.

God bless the soldiers and the sailors. Thank God for the Gospels and Testaments and books we have been enabled to send them. God bless the loving friends who are helping us in this. The days are dark indeed — but the light of Christian love is shining. In another part of this number I shall tell you of our efforts on behalf of the souls of the troops and the continued need of help. Please send all you can; never was the need greater.

Can you hear the guns are sounding,
And the day is awful night,
While the souls are struggling, fighting,
Just as if to win were right?
Yes, I know the war is raging,
Agonies beyond compare
On the battlefield and sea waves —
Oh, beloved, let's to prayer.
'Tis the cry, "Behold, He cometh!"
'Tis the nation's call for prayer;
God will answer through the war-cloud
To your knees, then — everywhere.
Prayer will change a nation's story,
Prayer will melt a heart of stone,
Prayer will bring the reign of Jesus,
Pray in groups and pray alone.
Pray until the angels, whisper,
"In the world all wars shall cease;
Christ has taken up His birthright,
He is ruling — Prince of Peace."

M. Warburton Booth.

Ezekiel

ONE of the most frequent sentences in the book of the prophecy of Ezekiel are the words: ■

“Then shall they know that I am the Lord,” or

“They shall know that I am the Lord.”

Have you ever gone through this wonderful book and counted the times these words are written in it? I think you will be astonished to find they are repeated fifty-six times! (56!) This should make us THINK. There must be some great meaning in them, and I find that there are two meanings to “They shall know that I am the Lord” — one in mercy, the other in judgment — reminding us of the two seats in God’s kingdom, the mercy-seat and the judgment-seat. Do you remember Psa. 101 begins with, “I will sing of mercy and judgment”? Ah! it must be one or the other: the mercy-seat, sprinkled with the blood of atonement; or the judgment-seat of God’s wrath against unforgiven sin.

Our Lord Jesus, in His high-priestly prayer, says, “This is life eternal, that they might know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent.” Specially mark the words, “and Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent.” Through Him we are permitted to claim forgiveness and righteousness through faith in His precious sprinkled blood.

In the Book of Ezekiel we find “They shall know that I am the Lord” sometimes in judgment and sometimes in mercy. I will give you the list at the end of this paper. You will find the first time the prophet says “Ye shall know that I am the Lord” is in judgment (ch. 6:7), when God judges Israel for their idolatry; and the last time this sentence is proclaimed is in mercy, when God brings back Israel from captivity and sets them in their own land (39:28). I cannot help thinking that our God is judging our own beloved land with war, one of His four sore judgments, because we, like Israel of old, have forgotten Him as a nation, and when we acknowledge our sin and repent will He not turn again and have mercy on us? and say, “Then shall they (England) know that I am the Lord,” and say, “Neither will I hide My face any more from them, for I have poured out My Spirit upon the house of Israel, saith the Lord God,” “for all shall know Me, from the least to the greatest” (Heb. 8:11) “And all thy children shall be taught of the Lord” (Isa. 54:13).

6:7, 10, 14. |25: 5, 11, 17.|

7: 27. |26:6.|

11:10, 12. |28:23, 24, 26.|

12:15, 16, 20. |29:16, 21.|

13: 9, 14, 21, 23. |30:19, 25, 26.|

14:8. |32:15.|

15:7. |34:27, 30.|

16:62. |35:4, 9, 12, 15.|

17:21. |36:11, 23, 38.|

20:20, 26, 38, 42, 44. |37: 6, 13, 14.|

22:16. |38:23.|

23:49. |39:6, 7, 22, 28.|

24:24, 27.||

Fifty-six times reiterated in Ezekiel, "They shall know that I am the Lord."

EMILY P. LEAKEY.

Incidents of the War

A YOUNG sailor between seventeen and eighteen years of age, from Exeter, went down in H.M.S. Viknor. Not long before he had been home on leave, and came to our meetings at the Palladium. I have the last letter he ever wrote before me. I give a few extracts from it: — "I always say my prayers every morning and evening, and pray to the Lord to keep all at home safe, and those at the Front, and those at sea. Yes, Bert, I seek the blessing of the Lord. There is a man on our gun who is a preacher, and I am with him. We go around the ship seeking out all the Christians and hold meetings together." We can rejoice that this dear lad was a Christian and ready for the call. "Be ye also ready."

Soul-Winning in the Trenches

A Remarkable Story written by a Christian Soldier at the Front

A Christian sergeant, recently mentioned in Sir John French's dispatch as showing great bravery, has sent me the following little incident from the trenches, he himself being one of the four "British soldiers" whom he mentions: —

"This scene," he writes, "is one of many beautiful illustrations of how God is working amongst the men in the fighting line. Four British soldiers were side by side in the trenches facing the foe, some six hundred yards from their trenches and about one thousand yards from their artillery, which was pounding away in a vain endeavor to silence the British guns. Night was coming on, and the four soldiers closed in towards each other to read a portion of the Word of God and to seek His grace and blessing ere darkness came upon them, bringing with it they knew not what, but feeling safe in His keeping, and remembering that He that keepeth... neither slumbers nor sleeps.

"The company to which the four sons of England belong was in support of the other three companies of the battalion which formed the firing line. The trench which they occupied was some three hundred yards in rear of the center company, and was so constructed as to give shelter from the enemy's fire to the dispatch-bearers who were told off to carry messages to the commanding officer as to how the fight was going on. The four soldiers were in the midst of reading the 91st Psalm when a dispatch-bearer came along the trench. He was a lad not more than nineteen years of age, and from the language he had used when he had passed that way earlier in the day, it was not difficult to understand the condition of his mind towards the things of God. As he came to where they stood the four soldiers fell back into position — shoulder to shoulder — in order to let him pass.

"As everyone in the fighting line is anxious for news, one of them asked, 'Is there any message, sonny?'

"On learning that there was none, the speaker continued, Shall I give you a message, sonny? and, turning to his Bible, he read, 'God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.'

"He had not quoted half a dozen words before the lad snatched his cap from his head and fell on his knees in the trench, as though he had been suddenly ushered into the presence of God. When he rose from his knees he said, 'Thank yer, sergeant; yer wants some'ut on this job wi' these things [shells and bullets] flyin' about.' There was no time for more just then, and the lad went on his way and back to his company, but later on he was again sent with a message to the C.O., and, coming up to the sergeant, he said, 'What yer said to me just now 'ave woke me up.' Then, in the midst of danger and deafening din of shot and shell, the young soldier once again knelt down in the trench before his comrades and yielded himself to the Lord."

In another letter to me this Christian sergeant says: — “Tell all the men you meet at the camp [Shorncliffe] how very precious Christ is to me. When shot and shell are taking men from the right and left of one, and one’s heart begins to flutter, He speaks, and says ‘Peace, be still,’ and there is a great calm.” F. M. H.

The Unknown Friend

On the embarkation wharf at Southampton a young soldier, sad and standing alone, feels a friendly touch on his shoulder, and a Scripture Reader of many years' service tries to cheer him up. "How can I help being miserable?" the youth says; "look at this," showing his unknown friend a letter from his mother pleading with her boy to make a good start on leaving home. "I cannot face it on that ship, surrounded with sinful and godless companions." The Army Scripture Reader points the young lad to a Higher Power able to save, and able to keep, wishes him Godspeed, and signals to another Army Scripture Reader on the ship to get in touch with the young soldier as he moves on board.

The transport slowly steams away. Friendship, kind counsel, faithful dealing day by day, and we hear in a few weeks that "Private■ came regularly to my Bible class, and gave his heart to Christ before we reached Port Said."

Work Among the Soldiers and Sailors

ONE day last week a dear brother gave up three hours of his time to pack twenty large parcels to be sent to the soldiers and the sailors. They were posted next day.

The week before, we sent three boxes for the Front and for the Fleet. We have many more opportunities now than we have ever had of reaching godly men who will distribute Gospels, Testaments and books. In Exeter thousands are distributed to the soldiers each month.

The publisher of "A Message from God" has told me that during the War he will send one thousand copies of the "Message" to any address in the United Kingdom for distribution among the soldiers and sailors for 25/- carriage paid. Will you ask him to send me a thousand each month? If not one thousand, I should be glad of the means to buy five hundred. I can use as many as I can get.

A dear friend sent me one thousand Gospels of St. John from the Scripture Gift Mission, and thankful we were for the gift, but they are gone, and we want more. If five thousand were sent me I could use them. Perhaps some kind friend will get me a grant.

A sailor on a torpedo boat writes: — "I am writing on behalf of my mates to thank you very much for the parcel of literature you so kindly sent. I gave them out and had enough and some over, which I will distribute to another boat. I am sure that the men appreciate them very much, and I pray that it may be the means of leading them to Christ." Pray for them.

A Christian worker writes: — "I was delighted to receive another parcel of gospel literature on Monday. I was thinking of writing to you about Sunday with the soldiers, and the sight of fresh books goaded me on.... May God bless you in your labor of love..."

Extract from a letter: ■ "A short time ago I wrote to a soldier enclosing some of your books. He replied thanking me, and spoke of his deep consciousness of sin and praying that his life might be spared in this awful War. I was deeply sorry to read this week that he was killed in action. I trust the books sent led him to Christ. Thank God he received them in time. Had I neglected to send them, what an opportunity would have been Missed! I do pray that God will bless the thousands of Gospels, Testaments and tracts you are sending to the Front. Eternity will reveal what blessing has resulted. To Him be all the praise!... May God bless His word at the Palladium this evening, and bring many in real repentance of sin before Him, who is waiting to pardon and bless every anxious soul." Pray for our meetings there.

A lady sent me one hundred Testaments in khaki, for which I was very thankful. Another gift from Guernsey of French Testaments and Gospels is much appreciated. Another lady sends a contribution for French Gospels and Testaments.

Brantford, Canada. A Christian sends me two hundred "Grace and Truth" to be distributed among the Canadian soldiers. A few days after God brought me in touch with a godly sergeant in a Canadian regiment, and I have sent them to him.

Kingston, Jamaica. An encouraging letter was received from a dear Christian in Kingston, and books, and money to buy more. The writer says: "We should so much like to help those in some way who are now giving their lives for the Honor and safety of the Empire.... God be thanked that He has raised up those who feel their responsibility in the matter, and may He abundantly bless this work. Will you use the enclosed small sum to buy Testaments?"

A dear friend writes: — "I am forwarding you by passenger train five hundred 'Messages,' 'Gospel Gleanings,' etc., for distribution among the soldiers, from three or four in our Assembly.

...I might say that through the reading of your December and January numbers of 'Message,' the Sunday school teachers have decided to make a collection each Sunday from scholars and teachers, so as to be able to send you a small amount each month for 'Messages' or Testaments, as you may think best." God bless them!

Tremel. Madame Le Coat writes to tell me the Belgian refugees have left Tremel, but that they confessed Christ before they went. Mademoiselle Le Quere writes to say that owing to the War the dear orphans have had no Christmas tree this past year; the money usually spent for their presents has been used to buy some luxuries for the dear wounded soldiers at Morlaix. The children wished this to be done with all their hearts. Please pray for dear Madame in these trying times, and help her if you can.

Friends known and unknown. I have thanked all kind friends who have written to me personally, and I desire also to thank all who have sent help to me anonymously. God will bless you all, and I ask you to pray that help may still be forthcoming, for the need is greater than ever. I am sorry I have no room to quote from other letters. I am keeping all in my album of the War, and God we know has read them all.

“After Death, the Judgment”

IT is recorded that, when on his death-bed, William the Conqueror, extremely alarmed, said to those who stood round him, “Laden with many and grievous sins I tremble, and being about to be taken soon into the terrible examination of God, I am ignorant what I should do.” Let us hear the words of another Conqueror — “For I am now ready to be offered and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought the good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me the crown of righteousness, which the Lord the righteous Judge shall give me at that day, and not to me only, but unto all them also that love His appearing.” What a contrast between the statements of the two conquerors. Death is very busy now slaying many thousands. Reader, do you fear death; do you tremble at the thought of dying? If unsaved, well may you tremble. Solemn indeed are the words which head these lines: “After Death — The Judgment.” Listen to the words of the Saviour, who by dying has conquered death: “I am the resurrection and the life, he that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live, and whosoever liveth and believeth in Me shall never die. Believest thou this?” Reader, let me ask you, in view of eternity, are you saved? Are your sins washed away in the precious blood of Jesus? If so, you can say with the apostle Paul and all the redeemed ones, “O death where is thy sting? O grave where is thy victory?” If not, remember, after death-the judgment.

E. C. F.

Merton Park

The Diary of a Soul

By the Editor

The Sin against the Soldier and the Saviour

A SOLDIER said to a Christian the other day, "THEY TELL US IF WE DIE IN BATTLE WE SHALL BE SURE TO GO TO HEAVEN." Thus advantage has been taken of the undoubted bravery and self-sacrifice of our soldiers to minimize the work of the Redeemer. The sacrifice of these human lives is set forth as being sufficient to merit heaven without the atoning work of Christ. What an awful departure from the truth of God is this! To show how this heresy is spreading, we hear of a preacher telling his audience that "in the presence of the dead soldier we are standing on holy ground," that to die in such a war as this is "a passport to heaven," that death in such a cause "is but a modern re-enacting of the sacrifice of Christ Himself."

Soldiers of the Empire

You know there is no salvation apart from Christ. He is the ONLY way to heaven, and the Door. He says, "No man cometh unto the Father but by ME." If what this preacher says is true, there is no need for any Chaplain, or Minister of God, to go and work among you; there is no need of any of these splendid gospel efforts that are being made for you at home or abroad. This preacher tells you that death in battle is "a passport to heaven," and "a modern re-enacting of the sacrifice of Christ Himself"!

What an awful thing to send you into battle with this sin against Christ ringing in your ears! The Mahomedan leaders have said to their soldiers, "The gates of Paradise are under the shade of swords; he who dies fighting for the faith will assuredly gain admission there." And men today in Christian England would send you forth to fight telling you that your death will be an expiation for all your sins, and a modern re-enacting of the sacrifice of Christ!

You will not be deceived. Brave and gallant as you are, you know you cannot save yourselves. You need a Saviour. You feel it in the trenches, and in the hour of battle; you feel it when you read that your mother is praying for you at home, and when you kneel in prayer face to face with death. Thousands are praying for you. We love you too well to seek to give you comfort by a lie against your Redeemer. We know He is near you wherever you are. He is saying, "Come unto Me... and I will give you rest."

We shall never forget what you have done for us, and you must never forget what Christ has done for you.

He is the only Saviour, and faith in His finished work is the only "passport to heaven." There can be no "modern re-enacting of the sacrifice of Christ," for He appeared once in the end of the age to put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself. He alone, who knew no sin, could bear the sins of others. The work of man's redemption was done twenty centuries ago when Jesus said, "It is finished," on the cross.

Texts in Proof of This

“Except a man be born again he cannot see the Kingdom of God.”

“He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life; and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth on him.”

“Whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be saved.”

“For by grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves: it is the gift of God: not of works, lest any man should boast.”

“Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved.”

We can pray for you, and we do daily.

The following incident shows how God can preserve and bless those who trust in Him. This wonderful event took place in a house in Belgium. There was a battle raging in the town, many houses were burning, and the inhabitants were fleeing for their lives. I will call it

The Oasis of God

“Wherever two or three are gathered together in My name, there am I in the midst.”

There had been a sharp engagement, and the British troops holding a village had been hurriedly forced by great masses of the enemy to retire. In the confusion three Scottish privates and a corporal were cut off in the streets, so they backed into the first open door they came to. The occupants had fled, and they made their way up a long staircase, intending to find the roof and watch events from there. But it ended in an empty loft, where there was only a skylight beyond their reach. “Better lie low for a while,” suggested the corporal as they stood listening to the terrible sounds outside. The Germans were evidently burning, looting and killing. Now and again they heard screams and the discharge of rifles; sometimes an explosion would shake the building; while the smell of burning wood penetrated to their retreat. This went on for hours. The soldiers knew they would be discovered sooner or later, and expected no mercy.

Suddenly the corporal said: “Lads, it’s time for church parade; let’s hae a wee bit service here; it may be oor last.” The soldiers looked a little astonished, but they piled their rifles in a corner, and came and stood at attention. The corporal took out a small Testament from his breast pocket and turned over the pages. “Canna we sing something first? Try ye’re hand at the twenty-third Psalm. Quiet noo — very quiet.”

“Yea, though I walk in death’s dark vale,

Yet will I fear none ill;

For Thou art with me; and Thy rod

And staff me comfort still.”

There wasn’t much melody about the tune, but the words came from the heart.

“In all Times of our Tribulation—”

Then the corporal began: — “Fear not them which kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul; but, rather fear him which is able to destroy both soul and body in hell. Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? And one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father. But the very hairs of your head are all numbered. Fear not, therefore, ye are of more value than many sparrows.”

As he read there were loud shouts below; doors banged, and glass was smashed. But he went on: — “He that findeth his life shall lose it; and he that loseth his life for My sake shall find it.” He ended, and his grave face took on a wry smile. “I’m no’ a gude hand at this job,” he said, “but we maun finish it off. Let us pray.”

The corporal stood, with the book in his hand, and the others knelt and bowed their heads. A little haltingly, but, very simply, he committed their way to God and asked for strength to meet their coming fate like men. While he prayed a heavy hand thrust open I shall be glad to print any requests for prayer that may be sent me. This is the time for prayer; never was it more needed. Send the door and they heard an exultant exclamation and then a gasp of surprise. Not a man moved, and the corporal went calmly on.

After a pause he began, with great reverence, to repeat the Lord’s Prayer. That a German officer or private was standing there they realized; they did not see, but they felt, what was taking place. They heard the click of his heels, and they knew that he also was standing at attention. For a moment the suspense lasted, and then came the soft closing of the door and his footsteps dying away. The tumult in the house gradually ceased, and soon afterwards the storm of war retreated like the ebb of the tide. At dusk the four men ventured forth, and by making a wide detour worked round the flank of the enemy and reached the British outposts in safety.

From the United Free Church Record.

“In peace let me resign my breath,

And Thy salvation see;

My sins deserved eternal death,

But Jesus died for me.”

For Absent Friends

We all have them, dear ones in the trenches, husbands, brothers, sons, fighting for us on those terrible battlefields. We must surround them with a defense of believing prayer. Day by day, and hour by hour, we must pray that the Angel of His Presence will stand by them and protect them. In many a lonely home the hymn-prayer will rise to heaven: —

“Holy Father! In Thy mercy

Hear our anxious prayer;

Keep our loved ones, now far absent,

‘Neath Thy care.”

to Editor of “Message from God,” The Firs, Denmark Road, Exeter.

Requests for Prayer

A father and mother earnestly desire prayer for their son at the Front, that he may be preserved to them, and be a faithful witness for Christ to his men.

A mother who has four sons in the Army desires prayer for three of them, who do not yet know the Lord Jesus as their Saviour.

Prayer is desired by a sister for an only brother who has joined the Army, that he may be saved.

Our Need these Earnest Days

I feel overwhelmed with a sense of the need all around. Through the kind help of friends I have been able this month to send forty large parcels of Gospels, "Messages," etc., to the soldiers and the sailors, besides giving away thousands in Exeter. When you read the extracts from some letters I have received you will see how great the need is.

Extract from a letter sent from the Front to a Christian in England: —

"It is a great pleasure to know that God is always near to protect and keep those who are His. It is wonderful to see how near He allows some of our men to get to death and then snatches them back.....

"I have no fear of what lies in front of me, and shall be always smiling and looking up to Him, who alone worketh great marvels."

Question

How long has Christ been calling you to come to him?

What God Says to His Soldiers

“Whatsoever HE saith unto you, DO IT”

Reveille. ■“Awake, thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light.” Eph. 5:14.

The Roll Call. ■“I have called thee by thy name: thou art Mine.” Isaiah 43:1 “And He calleth His own sheep by name.” John 10:3

Attention! ■“Look unto ME, and be ye saved.” Isaiah 45:22

Quick March! ■“I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus.” Phil. 3:14

Halt! ■ Stand still, and see the salvation of the Lord.” Ex. 14:13

Stand-at-Ease. ■“I will give you rest.” Matt. 11:28

When on Guard. ■“Watch ye and pray, lest ye enter into temptation.” Mark 14:38

When In Camp. ■“The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him, and delivereth them.” Ps. 34:7|When Fighting. ■“Fight the good fight of faith, lay hold on eternal life.” 1 Tim. 6:12

When Wounded. ■“They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength.”

Isaiah 40:31

“In quietness and in confidence shall be your strength.” Isaiah 30:15

When a Prisoner. ■ “Fear thou not; for I am with thee: be not dismayed; for I am thy God.” Isaiah 41:10

In the Hour of Death. ■“Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God,

believe also in ME John 14:1 “When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee. I WILL NEVER LEAVE THEE.” Isaiah 43:2

The Last Post. ■“Watchman I what of the night?” Isaiah 21:11 “I heard a voice from heaven, ‘Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord;... that they may rest from their labours.’” Rev. 14:13

In the Grand Review.-” Well done! Thou good and faithful servant ... enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.” Matt. 25: 21|

Incidents of the War

The Story of a Lavender Bag

CANON STATHER HUNT, of Tunbridge Wells, who ranks as a Territorial Lieutenant-Colonel amongst Chaplains, has charge of a fine new hotel, now commandeered as a hospital. He told me a beautiful story of one of his patients. The man had been shot right across the eyes, so that the sight of one was permanently lost, and that of the other was threatened. To this blinded man Mr. Stather Hunt said, "You can't see, my dear friend, but I have here something you can enjoy." He put his hand into the satchel which he carries on his rounds, containing various gifts for the men, felt for and pulled out at haphazard a little bag of lavender. A number of these, with different texts attached, had been sent him by friends at home. "There," he said, "that sweet smell will remind you of home. It will fade away in time, but there is a message written on it which will last much longer. Let me look at it and read it for you." As he spoke he turned the bag round and read this astonishingly appropriate text: — "When I sit in darkness, the Lord shall be a light unto me" (Mic. 7:8). Perhaps the kind unknown friend in England who sent the gift and the message, doubtless selected with prayer, will read these words and rejoice.

Greater Britain Messenger.

A Sermon Five Minutes before Death

Life in the trenches must lead men to think of God. An utterly worldly man who had been wounded said to a comrade, "I've prayed night and morning since I've been in the trenches; if I get through this I have made up my mind to lead a better life." An officer said to one who had spoken to him about death, "I'm not good enough to die yet." Just after he had said this he was shot dead.

A beautiful episode of life in the trenches is given in the March Sunday at Home. Two men were fighting side by side. One morning one was hit and fell mortally wounded. His comrade knelt beside him in the trench and asked him if he could do anything for him. "Yes," he said, "in my pocket there is the address of my father and mother; if you live to get home tell them how I died, and tell them religion was good for me away from home in the trenches, and death has no fears for me." "I said, 'Yes, I'll tell them.'"

"Then he opened his eyes and pulled me down. 'Supposing a shot came for you next,' he said, 'how would it be with you?' And although he only lived five minutes longer, he talked to me all that five minutes about my soul, trying to get me converted. Then he closed his eyes and died." No, not died; he went from that battle trench to endless life with Christ. Dear fellow, he was Christ's soldier, as well as King George's, and he did his duty to his earthly and his heavenly King to the end. And now he rests with God.

The Soldier Son of a Praying Mother

Writes to a Christian friend: — “I can relate many instances where the Lord has been pleased to spare me. One of these occurred at Ypres, where we had billeted for the night in the big Cloth Hall. It is an immense building, and held two regiments numbering roughly about two thousand. We had all retired for the night, and I suppose the majority were asleep when the enemy put one of their noted ‘Jack Johnsons’ clean through the roof. It was a deafening report, and everybody was awake in an instant, and of course everything was in a state of confusion for about five minutes. Then could be heard the groans of those that were wounded, so we lighted a couple of candles and commenced a search for them. We found four killed and seventeen wounded.

“The most wonderful part was that the chap on my left was struck only slightly in the elbow, and the one on my right had a great piece of shell stuck in a bully-beef tin which was in his haversack, and which he was using as a pillow. He had a wonderful escape, and it is a wonder how it got into his haversack without touching me, for I was sleeping close to him. You can’t imagine how the Lord has taken care of me since I have been out here, and that verse,

“Not a single shaft can hit,

Till the God of love sees fit,”

surely applies to me and has fixed itself in my mind.”

This incident should be a comfort to those who at home are praying for their loved ones at the Front.

A dear worker writes: — “On passing one of the ‘Message from God’ to someone to send to a soldier at the Front, they told me that he had written saying that he was in the trenches, and when a relief man came for him he was shot in front of him. While he was waiting for another to relieve him he said to himself, ‘Why was I spared?’ May your ‘Message’ sent to him be a message from God to him; may it tell him of a Saviour’s long-suffering grace, not willing that any should perish.”

God is not mocked. — Our dear friend told me a solemn incident. It was told him by the brother of one who was present. When the Germans were shelling a farm where a doctor was amputating a man’s arm, a young lad was holding a light, and the sight of the operation being too much for the lad, he began to feel faint. With many curses the doctor called him a coward and no Englishman. Then the shells began to wreck the farm and they had to clear out hastily, packing up what they could. When they got outside, the doctor, still swearing, got upon his horse, when a shell struck him and his horse, and both were shattered to pieces.

Work Among the Soldiers and Sailors

WE are much encouraged by the many letters of sympathy and the help that has come from all parts to aid us in this work for God. Forty large parcels have been sent by post to the Front and to the Fleet this month. If the means are forthcoming we shall be glad to send one hundred parcels

next month. Now is the time to work. So much is being done to amuse the soldiers, it should be ours to arouse the dear fellows to a sense of their need of salvation, and to help in every way we can those who on land and sea are working for the Master now.

A sailor writes: — “I received your parcel quite safely, and I distributed the contents among my shipmates... It was just the thing we needed. We have a little meeting every night, and I am sure we shall not forget you in our prayers.... On our cruise from Australia we called at a place called Suva, a British port, and the negroes came alongside our ship with oranges, bananas and cocoanuts, but did not want money if they could get a Bible. They said the missionary taught them to pray.” Thank God for this. I trust the missionary will read this letter.

An officer writes: — “I am most grateful for the splendid packet of New Testaments, Gospels, and booklets, all of which have been most gratefully received by men of various regiments, and leading, I trust, some to the knowledge of the acceptance of the Saviour... I am so grateful for your prayers; we need all we can get out here.”

A Christian worker writes: — “Very many thanks for the parcel of Testaments, etc. I have only three left, so should be very glad of some more. I had fourteen men over here for prayer yesterday, and hardly a day passes but what some are won for Christ...I have had seventy in a month seeking the Saviour.... I like ‘How Can I Be Saved?’ and the ‘Message from God,’ and can make good use of large numbers as the men leave here every day and fresh ones come.”

Another worker writes: — “Thank you so very much for the beautiful parcel. Truly the need for the Word of God is great, yea, if I had twenty thousand Gospels I should probably be without again in a very short time.... the need is great, oh! so great. About thirty men came out for Christ these last few days, and we trust to the Lord to add to the numbers daily.”

Another writes: — “Many thanks for Gospels and tracts. They are just what we need here, as I go to the station and see all the drafts off, which generally number thousands... you will see how useful they are. I have a Bible class and gospel meeting nearly every night, and thank God, over one hundred men have professed salvation. Often men are in my tent by 9 a.m... This War is making men think, and God is leading them to Himself, and to Him be all the glory. I shall be very grateful for any number of gospel tracts, etc.”

Another writes: — “ Thank you very much for so kindly sending me such a nice parcel of New Testaments, Gospels, and booklets. I shall be most happy to receive more at any time.... On Saturday afternoon, while visiting a number of fresh men, they were all eager for something to read, so I gave what I had away, and could have given more if I had had them.”

These earnest letters are all written by workers at the Front. Dear friends, you see from this how great the need is. You can help me to send oftener to these dear men. I am sorry I cannot give more extracts; I have no space. But each letter speaks eloquently of present need, which you and I can help to meet.

To friends at home who help. — My warm thanks to all who have helped by sending me Gospels, Testaments, and books, and the means to get them. A dear friend sent me one thousand Gospels of St. John, and I should be glad of more. He also sent me French Gospels, which have also been sent to the Front. The dear Sunday School children mentioned in March “Message” have sent their

donation for God's work. I may be able next month to speak more of the loving help and sympathy of friends.

A Russian Mother's Letter to Her Son

YOUNG Russian officer was killed in action. On his breast, next his heart, was found the following letter — the last letter of the mother to her son. This is the letter: — “Your father was killed very far from us, near Laogan, and I send you upon the sacred duty of defending our dear country from the vile and dreadful enemy. Remember you are the son of a hero. My heart is oppressed, and I weep when I ask you to be worthy of him. I know all the fateful horror of these words, what suffering it will be for me and you, but I repeat them. We do not live forever in this world. What is our life? A drop in the ocean of beautiful Russia. We will not exist always, but she must flourish and enjoy prosperity. I know we will be forgotten, and our happy descendants will not remember those who sleep in soldiers' graves. With kisses and blessings I parted with you. When you are sent to perform a great deed, don't remember my tears, but only my blessing. God save you, my dear, bright, loved child. Once more: It is written everywhere, the enemy is cruel and savage. Don't be led by blind vengeance. Don't raise your hand at a fallen one, but be gracious to those whose fate it is to fall into your hands.”

A noble letter. We may not agree with all in it; but its simple pathos must touch every heart. Pray for that lonely mother, bereft of all her loved ones by this cruel War, and pray for thousands of others who are giving their dearest bravely, as she did, and hiding from them the breaking heart at home.

A Message from God for Soldiers and Sailors: “Whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be saved.”

Working for Christ

“THE bugle sounded for tea, and here was an opportunity not to be missed. I was able to go from table to table, and converse with the men. I discovered one London man among the company a Christian man, too, who was delighted to see me. From another table came the words. ‘There is a happy land, far, far away! ‘Where is that?’ I asked. ‘Tipperary!’ came the reply. ‘Then that must be the Revised Version,’ I pursued. ‘I like the Authorized better.’ ‘Well, and what’s the Authorized Version?’ one man asked. I replied in one word, ‘HEAVEN.’ ‘But that is a long way up there,’ he said; pointing upward. ‘I want something nearer.’ ‘And you may have it■a heavenly experience while on earth, for have you never read: Heaven comes ‘down our souls to greet’? and “Where Jesus is ‘tis Heaven there”?’

So I was able for about a quarter of an hour to make the message plain as to how to receive Jesus, and thus experience Heaven.”

The Diary of a Soul

By the Editor

The Psalm of Life. The Dirge of Death

THE angel of the resurrection is waving his wings of splendor over the world. The fair-haired Spring has risen from the tomb of the ice and the frost and the snow. The radiant flowers are breathing forth the fragrance of their resurrection life. Around the trenches on the battlefields the star-like blooms are growing; over a thousand fields of carnage the trees hang out their leafy banners. The glad hills laugh with joy, and the valleys smile in glory. Where shrapnel bursts and bullets take their toll of death, the sweet wild birds are singing. The lark soars upward to the skies, and the cadence of its song is heard in the pauses of the thunder of the guns. And while the reaper Death is doing his terrible harvesting, the young life of the universe is bursting forth in bud and bloom.

Yes, God be thanked that amid all the awful desolation of the world today, amid all the inconceivable horrors that mark this fearful strife, the power of the love of God is bringing souls to Christ and heaven from the very gates of hell. The power of the resurrection life of the Saviour is making His divine flowers grow in the soil of human hearts, and the glory of His presence transmutes the awful discords of the dirges of human pain and sorrow, and the fear of death, to the gracious melodies of the new-born life that are in tune with heaven.

I have been reminded of this many times this past week. Have you seen this extract from a letter written by a British soldier in the trenches? He says, "Truly I can write:"

" 'Better than ships of war;
Better than force of arms;
Kept by the power of God
Safe amid wild alarms.
Angels are mounting guard;
Jesus is giving peace;
Saving my soul from death,
Shielding till wars shall cease.' "

Truly this is a bloom for heaven from the battlefield, and a "lark song" at the very gates of glory.

Saved — to Die

This is an incident told me by a friend: — A praying mother in England had two soldier sons. One, the younger, was away at the Front unsaved, the eldest son was at home under orders to go to the Front. Before he went God saved his soul, to the joy of the praying mother, who never ceased to pray for her other boy who was still unsaved.

Shortly after, the eldest boy had to leave home, and when he was sent to the trenches, to his surprise and joy he met his brother in the firing line. He told his young brother that he had come to Christ and was going to heaven. He asked him how it would fare with his soul if he were killed in the battle. He said, "If you die in your sins, you must go to hell, and we shall be separated forever, and never see one another again, for I am saved and going to heaven." He took a Testament from his pocket, and read portion after portion to his brother. On leaving to attend to other work he left his Testament behind for his brother to read.

Not long afterwards the brothers met again, and the younger was able to tell his brother that he had found Christ as his Saviour, and that now he knew if either were killed in battle they would meet at last in heaven. Together they praised God, and then they parted. Within an hour after they had said "Good-bye" to one another, the younger brother, who had just been converted, was killed by a shell. The elder brother was wounded and brought back to England. When he heard that he was going to England he exclaimed, "Thank God I have been spared to return home to tell our mother that my brother was saved before he died!"

Praying mother, thy tears may fall as you think of your boy lying in his nameless grave in a foreign land, but there springs from that lonely grave the flower of resurrection hope, and in its growing it seems to say,

"I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in ME, though he were dead, yet shall he live."

And again it speaks to thy sorrowing heart: ■

"Sorrow not as others that have no hope; for if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him."

Thy boy is safe with God. Thy home is lonely without him, but Jesus draws near and says to thy sorrowing heart: ■

"Weep not, thy son shall rise again."

Another blessed flower this from the battlefield. God gathering out His own. I thought as I heard this beautiful, true story, what a comfort it is to be able to send the Word of God to the soldiers. That dear lad read the Word of God and it gave light to his soul only an hour or so before he was killed.

Through the kindness of dear friends I have been able to send more than 100 large parcels of Gospels and Testaments and magazines to the Front and to the Fleet this month. As long as I

can, with the blessing of God and the help of friends, I hope to continue this blessed work, so dear to my heart, and which I am sure God is richly blessing. Dear reader, you may have an unsaved loved one at the Front, and God may save him through the reading of a Gospel or a booklet. Will you help me to continue to send?

Fighting for the Word of God

Just as I had finished writing the above the post brought me a letter from a dear Christian who is sending some Testaments for the soldiers. In her letter she says: — “I have lately heard from a Christian soldier just returned from the trenches, that he has seen men, in their eagerness, even fight to get a copy of the Word of God. This is cheering; one bright spot in the midst of such desolate darkness.”

Yes, dear friends, we must send to the soldiers; necessity is laid upon us. From fields of death the cry comes for the Word of life. They want to hear about Jesus Christ, and we must help to tell them.

A Prisoner in a German Camp

I have received a letter from the wife of an English sergeant who has been a prisoner in Germany since August 26th 1914. She begs me to send a parcel of Gospels and booklets for her husband to distribute among his fellow prisoners. I was telling a Christian lady about this, and she said: "I have a German Bible upstairs, a very good one, please send that; he can give it to the officer who guards him." Another lady has promised me some German Testaments and tracts, so please pray that God may bless the distribution to English and German alike.

Prayer is desired by a sister for an only brother who has joined the Army, that he may be saved.

Requests for Prayer for Absent Friends

They have left us from ten thousand homes — loved ones whom we miss every moment. We know not where they are, the veil of the censor hangs between us and them. We know that somewhere where the shot and shell are flying they are facing death for us. Now and again a letter comes like a ray of light flashing across dark skies, and then a silence falls of days or weeks. And what can we do in the silence? We can pray. Thank God, we can pray. And our prayers may bring the angels of God to the battlefields to shield the ones we love. “Are they not ministering spirits, sent forth to minister to those who shall be heirs of salvation?” They are there, doing their blessed work for us and ours. Unseen by mortal eyes, they bring the light and peace of heaven in their ministries of love. In my “Incidents of the War” I shall tell you some remarkable instances of God’s preserving care. I am printing the following requests for prayer, but as I am obliged to go early to press, army will be sent to me this month doubtless that will come too late to be inserted, but I will put them in (D.V.) next month.

Requests For Prayer

A father and mother earnestly desire prayer for their two sons at the Front, that they may be preserved to them and be faithful witnesses for Christ to their men.

A mother who has four sons in the Army desires prayer for three of them, who do not yet know the Lord Jesus as their Saviour.

Another sister desires prayer for her brother, who is a Christian, that he may be brought back again in safety.

Prayer is desired by a sergeant's wife for her husband, who is a prisoner of war in North Germany.

Prayer is desired by a Chaplain at the Front, that guidance may be given him in finding the right message, and for power in its deliverance.

Pray earnestly, pray continuously for our soldiers and our sailors. Send them Gospels or books, or ask us to do it for you. Send requests for prayer to Dr. Heyman Wreford, The Firs, Denmark Road, Exeter.

A captain in the Army has written asking me to send him a number of "The Traveler's Guide." Could any kind friend get me a grant for him?

Dear friends, the precious months are flying, and thousands of the manhood of the world are being hurried into eternity. They are eager for the word of God, and we are eager to send it to them. Forgive me for being importunate. It is for the Lord's sake and for these precious souls for whom He died. I want please:—

5000 Gospels of St. John, or Testaments, or both.

5000 "Message from God." The Publisher gives special terms.

2000 "How Can I Be Saved?"

And any other Gospel books or tracts that friends will send, or the means to procure them and to send them away.

A dear Christian visited 130 soldiers, and not one had a Gospel or a Testament. He had 17, which he distributed, and asked me to supply him with the 113 needed. I was glad to be able to.

What the Soldiers Did to Jesus Christ

“These things therefore the soldiers did” (John 19:24)

About two thousand years ago, the Son of God was on this earth and in the hands of Roman soldiers, who were guarding Him while He was being judged and condemned to death.

WHAT DID THE SOLDIERS DO?

A company of soldiers, with their captain and officers, took Jesus in Gethsemane and bound Him. John 18:12

|On the way to Calvary they made Simon the Cyrenean carry the cross for Jesus. Matthew 27:32|

An officer struck Jesus with the palm of his hand John 18:22|At the foot of the cross they offered Jesus vinegar to drink, mingled with gall. Matthew 27:34|

The soldiers scourged Jesus at the command of Pilate. John 19:1

|They nailed Jesus to the cross on Calvary. Luke 23:33|

They crowned His sacred head with thorns. John 19:2|They put the writing of Pilate on the cross: "Jesus of Nazareth, the King of the Jews." John 19:19

|

They put on Him a purple robe. John 19:2|When they had crucified Jesus, they sat down around the cross to watch Him die. Matthew 27:36

|

They mocked Jesus, saying, "Hail! King of the Jews." John 19:2

|As they watched Him they shouted out: "If Thou be the King of the Jews, save Thyself... Luke 23:37

|

They smote Jesus with their hands. John 19:2|They took the garments of Jesus and made four parts, and gave each soldier a part. John 19:23

|

The officers of the Roman Army, when they saw Jesus, cried out: "Crucify Him! John 19:6 Herod the King and his men of war set Jesus at naught, and mocked Him, and arrayed Him in a gorgeous robe. Luke 23:11

|For the seamless coat of Christ, they gambled. John 19:24|

The whole company of soldiers bowed the knee before Jesus in mockery. Matthew 27:29|The officer in command at the cross, and the soldiers with them, terrified at the earthquake and the darkness, cried: "Truly this was the Son of God." Mark 15:39

|

They took Jesus into the Governor's house and stripped him. Matthew 27:27.

|When Jesus Christ was dead, it was a soldier who pierced His side with his spear. John 19:34|

They spat upon Jesus; they mocked Jesus; they smote Jesus on the head with the reed. Matthew 27:31

||

They took Jesus and led Him away to be crucified. John 19:16||

SOLDIERS! this is how men of your calling treated the Saviour of the world two thousand years ago. How are YOU treating Him today? Do you believe in Him?

Do you trust Him? Do you love Him? Listen to the grandest petition that ever rose from earth to heaven: the prayer of Jesus Christ for those who wronged Him, mocked Him, and crucified Him; a prayer that still is heard in heaven today for ALL who are His enemies, for you, for me: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." Repeat this verse over and over again: ■

"In peace let me resign my breath,

And Thy salvation see:

My sins deserve eternal death■

But Jesus died for me."

H. W.

Your Work for Jesus, Does it Cost You Anything?

A FRIEND called on me when I was convalescent. Just as she was leaving she saw on the table some work I had been doing for Missions. “Ah!” said she, “I see your work for the Lord costs you something.” “No,” said I, “I fear my work for Him is worth nothing.” So my friend said, “Just sit down and I will tell you something I heard at the prayer-meeting. The speaker spoke so beautifully just to our hearts. He said, ‘You do not value anything that you buy very cheap, but if the article costs you much you value it greatly, and so, dear hearers, the Lord values what you give to Him by sacrifice — something that costs you much.’ “Oh do, then, dear readers, seek to give to Him what HE values — your time, your powers, or your money, not stinted, but generously, not something you do not feel or care about, but something denied. Denial of self for Jesus, He values.

The speaker went on to say: “I will tell you how grieved I felt for myself and how I rejoiced for my neighbor. It was on this wise. He bore for over an hour, for Christ’s sake, what I couldn’t bear for more than a minute or two. I visited a poor man dying of cancer in the throat. It was more than distressing, and after a few minutes I couldn’t stop, but as I went home I met ■, who said, ‘I sat more than an hour yesterday reading the Word and praying with poor ■.’ ‘Oh!’ said the speaker, ‘how condemned I felt when I thought what it must have cost him.’”

Yes, reader, if you have never before given to your Lord and Master something costly to you (mind a shilling or a penny may be costly to you) whereas £5 to another may be a contemptible offering; see Mark 12:41-44) begin now. It is never too late to mend. Be like the woman who broke her costly alabaster box of ointment over her Lord. How extra sweet it is to think He says, “Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, ye did it unto Me”!

EMILY P. LEAKEY

P.S. — What fragrance to God it would be for you to help to send His Word to the dear soldiers! Send the Editor of this magazine the means to send tens of thousands of Gospels and books now.

The Cry from Macedonia

“There stood a man of Macedonia, and prayed him, saying, ‘Come over into Macedonia and help us.’”

The Cry Today

THE cry has reached us in its deep intensity — a cry with an appeal in it that cannot be denied; a cry, not from Macedonia, nor from one man, but a cry voiced by millions, coming to us like great waves breaking in thunderous acclaim upon our shores, “Come and help us.”

I hear it from the trenches, and it drowns the sounds of war. “For God’s sake come and help us who are facing doom for you! We are looking into the eyes of death, and the gates of eternity are opening before us. Come and help us.”

I hear it from the parched lips of wounded men, moaning in a wilderness of pain: “Come and help us.” It is the cry that has reached the hearts of thousands, a cry that has sent good and earnest men across the seas in answer. It is a cry that has appealed to our hearts in a way no other cry has ever done. We must help them.

Thank God, we have been able to send 100 large parcels, or more, this month to the Front and to the Fleet. We sent 40 last month and rejoiced at that. We shall empty our shelves now, but the This is what they are craving for, and by God’s grace these Testaments and portions offer them that comfort.”

Lord will fill them again for us we are sure. How timely was the gift from a dear Christian family of 5,000 Gospels of St. John. May God bless them for it. We want 5,000 more for next month, and if we had 10,000 we could send them all away. We want Testaments as well — the smaller in size the better.

I want you to listen to voices from the Front as well as to mine; they will speak to you of the present need. It is that we have to deal with:

A Voice From the Front

From a worker in France I receive this letter: — “Many thanks for your very encouraging letter, also for the two parcels. They were just what I needed and came at the right time, as there were many men here who were leaving next day, and as I see all the drafts off at the station I gave them to those men, who said they wished to have a Gospel or a Testament. It is not convenient to say how many men left for the Front on that day, but if I had had twenty such parcels as you so kindly sent I could have given them to men who said they would be pleased to have a portion. It is a sad but glorious work; sad to see so many dear men going to face such awful danger. When these dear fellows leave here it is the last rail journey for oh! so many of them, and this is what I seem to hear them say to me:

‘Tell me the story softly,
With earnest tones and grave;
Remember I’M the sinner
Whom Jesus came to save.
Tell ME the story always
If you would really be,
In any time of trouble,
A comforter to me.’

This is what they are craving for, and by God’s grace these Testaments and portions offer them that comfort.”

Another Voice from the Front

This letter reaches me from France: — “How very pleased I was to receive a further supply of Testaments, etc., from you. Thank you very much for prayer for my work, that God will soundly convert these precious souls. Some are very hard cases, but the Word knows no defeat! it has not changed; it is still the power of God unto salvation. Oh! thank God for souls brought out of nature’s darkness into the glorious liberty of the sons of God. There are many here rejoicing in the risen, ascended Lord, who is so soon coming again. Hallelujah! Only this morning a company left here for the Front, and many with shining faces shook me by the hand and said, ‘Good-bye, God bless you.’ I replied, ‘Well, should we never meet again on earth we will meet in heaven.’ They have passed and gone up, and many, I feel sure, will be present when the ‘roll is called up yonder.’ I asked them, ‘How many of you are coming back?’ They said, ‘That is a hard question.’ So I just pleaded with them all to get right with God. The curtain drops then; prayer follows them. So very much is being done socially for the men, but the real, deeper need is sadly neglected. Thanking you for this second parcel, and for the next when convenient. God bless you, and still make you a greater blessing.”

When the dear brother, who for the Lord’s sake packs all the parcels for me in his spare time, often working till ten and eleven at night at it, heard these letters, he said, “Doctor, send 200 parcels a month, and I will pack them all.” We will send with your help.

A Chaplain writes: — “Thank you very much for the Testaments and St. John’s Gospels. They have been distributed, and my men very much appreciated them. We have been having strenuous times lately, and I have been in the trenches with my Brigade. It is wonderful what opportunities one has of real work, and I had a splendid talk with one of my Tommies just at the back of the trenches, only about two hundred yards from the Germans. He was not actually on duty, but standing in reserve, our front line being only some twenty-five yards from the enemy in places. It was rather wonderful to be talking of spiritual things with the bullets just flying over one’s head and the great guns sending their huge shells over us; but we are up against realities out here, and men are wonderfully responsive. Pray on for us all, and will you specially pray for me, for guidance in finding the right message and for power in its deliverance?” Pray for him!

A worker writes: — “Many thanks for the parcel of books. I am very grateful for them. I should be very glad of another parcel.”

Another says: ■ It is with great gratitude that I now take the opportunity of penning these few lines of thanks in answer to the splendid parcel received safely from you. It is a parcel that would always be welcomed by me because it is the right stuff.... The magazine, ‘A Message from God,’ is splendid, and so is the booklet, ‘How Can I Be Saved?’ I have had the pleasure of giving all the copies away to the men, and of seeing them reading them most eagerly. The other day a man desired a copy of ‘How Can I Be Saved?’ but I had not a single copy left. I am having very glorious times among the men, and it is grand to see the eager faces before me as they listen intently to the gospel of the grace of God.”

The Answer to the Cry

The monthly gift from the dear children in the Sunday School has reached us again, and again we say, "God bless them!"

A notice came from the Oxford University Press: — "Please receive 250 Gospels." We have received them, and we thank the unknown donor.

Brantford, Canada: — Large number of "Grace and Truth" for the Canadian troops at the Front.

A dear Christian writes: — "I am thinking of you and the great work you have in hand for the Master, and pray fervently for His rich blessing; also that health and strength may be given you to carry it on, for it is a service far-reaching in its scope."

Several Christian sailors in barracks at Devonport have made a collection among themselves and given it to a dear friend to send to me to help what he calls the "good work" among the soldiers and sailors.

A widow sends a Gospel of St. John and says: — "I earnestly pray that the accompanying Gospel may be a help and comfort to the brave soldier who will receive it." Pray God that it may be.

Jamaica has sent us another gift through a kind friend from Kingston, saying: — "I hope to send again, and may God bless your work. I feel thankful that someone is doing it, and that we must strengthen your hands by helping when we can, and by prayer."

L.G. cheers us by help and by writing: — "I am still praying for you. God bless you."

I cannot speak of more this month, but God knows I do thank everyone for their help and for their prayers.

Prayer before Battle. — Admiral Sir George King Hall mentioned in a meeting that in the Bight of Heligoland fight a young officer in the conning tower called his men together, and they had prayer just before they fired.

Incidents of the War

TWO SAILORS were standing side by side on board one of our men-of-war. A shell came and killed one, and the other was left unhurt, but his jersey was stripped clean off him. I wonder if he has thanked God for saving his life.

A British soldier who had been wounded was returning from the trenches to the base hospital for treatment when he was met by a German soldier who, seeing him alone, ran to him and thrust his bayonet through his chest. After he had done it, he realized that he had attacked a wounded man who was unarmed. He expressed deep sorrow at his deed, and carried the wounded man himself to the hospital. Let us hope they will both meet in heaven.

A British Soldier Comforting a Dying German

This beautiful picture which I saw in the "Sunday at Home" for April rivetted my attention. It depicts a scene on a battlefield. Far away from his home, the German soldier lies dying. In his home, maybe, his wife is talking to his little Karl, or Gretchen, about their father far away — the father they will see no more on earth. Beside the dying German we see a British soldier, holding his hand, and gazing upon his face with the tender solicitude of a woman. What has brought them thus together? The useless rifles lie upon the ground, and they are friends instead of foes. Hark! the British soldier speaks, seeing a look of great pain pass over the face of the dying man: "Can I do anything for you?" The answer from the feeble lips comes tremblingly, "Nothing, unless you would be so good as to hold my hand until all is over." The Tommy said, "I gave him my hand, and stayed to the end. It seemed to comfort that poor chap a lot."

We only hope he was able to speak of the Saviour to him. What are we doing for these dying men on the battlefields, of the world today? Are we helping to send them the Word of God, that can take the sting from death, and tell them of a heaven where death never enters, and of scenes "where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest?" God press our responsibilities to our fellow men upon us more and more.

A Colonel writes to us saying, "My son was in the Neuve Chapelle fight. He had just given his orders to his Lieutenant and Sergeants when a shell reached the battery, killed the Lieutenant and wounded three Sergeants. We cannot help being anxious for our dear ones, but what a difference it makes when we know they are in Christ."

Special Appeal

THE Editor, Dr. Heyman Wreford, The Firs, Denmark Road, Exeter, will be glad of any quantity of present numbers of "A Message from God," or other Gospel books; "How Can I be Saved?" or "Safety, Certainty and Enjoyment," etc., etc. Testaments and Gospels are much needed in French and English.

If means are sent we shall be able to send thousands more away than we do now, and the need is increasing. The Publisher is willing to send, carriage paid, to any address in the United Kingdom, one thousand "A Message from God," each month, for 25/-, for distribution among the soldiers and sailors. We should be glad of as many as we can get.

The Diary of a Soul

By the Editor

MY dear old friend, Captain H■, sent me some years ago a very solemn incident, and it is well to introduce it again in these godless days, when men think so lightly of sin, and have "no fear of God before their eyes." God's warnings seem to teach us nothing; the Lord's Day is dishonored; man acts as if there was to be no punishment for sin, and as if God was one of themselves, and not the Holy and the Righteous One, who is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity. This is the incident: —

THE VISION OF DEATH

"He cursed God and died"

Such was the heading of a paragraph in an American newspaper not long since, which gave details of the solemn calling away of one who used to scoff at the truth of God and the Person of His Christ. It went on to relate, under date of ■ Philadelphia, January 18th: ■

"The sudden illness of L. T■ while he was blasphemously personating the Saviour at a supper party; his subsequent paralysis of the heart, and the finding his corpse in his bedroom, have given I■ and its vicinity a sensation." But to bring this awful story into a small compass, it is related that on a certain Monday this L. T■ met some friends of kindred spirit. Preparations were made for a supper, and the table was loaded with provisions and drink. Everyone seemed in good health and spirits. Before they sat down, one of the party suggested that T■, who was the oldest present, and the host, should offer up a prayer! This he did, amidst the laughter and jests of those present.

After they were seated, one of the guests said that the re-union, on account of their being thirteen present, was suggestive of "the Last Supper." While carousing T■ made use of terrible language which shocked even his ribald companions. Suddenly T — grew pale, and putting his hands to his head, complained of pains and moaned out, "I'm afraid it's my last supper after all." Then clutching his coat, and rising with difficulty, he announced to the rest, "I must vacate the chair, boys; you must get some other president — I'm going home." He was taken to his house, complained that he felt as if he had received a terrible blow, was put to bed, and was left when it was supposed he

had fallen asleep. Next morning he was found dead in his bed. A horrible smile had settled on his features, and his eyes were starting from their sockets, "as if," said a relative, "he had seen something awful and died while staring at it."

What had he seen? Where is he now?

Reader, one known to the writer was always damning his eyes, prefixing the name of God to his curse. God heard and answered his prayer, and if alive he is as blind as the loss of both eyes can make a man.

Reader, I want to leave two texts with you. The first is: — "To Him (Christ Jesus) give all the prophets witness, that through His Name whosoever believeth in Him shall receive remission of sins."

This is what God says. The other text is: ■

"He that believeth not God hath made Him a liar."

So if you do not believe what God says about His Son, you make God a liar. Would you dare to do that?

First Aid on the Battlefield

Philip Dad's beautiful and expressive picture on the cover brings before us the terrible sufferings of this horrible War. The helplessness of the stricken soldier so faithfully portrayed, the stretcher-bearers coming to bear him gently to a resting-place, the beneficent surgeon bending over him to render the first aid to try and keep life in the poor, wrecked frame, and to mitigate the suffering he is enduring, all speak to us eloquently of the bodily needs of those who are fighting for us at this time. We are thankful for the wonderful way in which our wounded are cared for. And how thankful we are to God for the loving interest manifested in the care for the souls of our soldiers.

The work of the Royal Army Medical Corps has been praised by Sir John French in his dispatch of February 2nd. Let us so work for God among the soldiers, giving first aid to those who lie wounded on the battlefields of sin, that the Lord Jesus, in a day to come, may say to us, "Well done." If we do not help them now—these dear fellows—by all the means in our power, the sin of neglect will lie at our doors. Let us think of the "Good Samaritan" going to the wounded sinner and bending over him, binding up his wounds, pouring in oil and wine—the oil to heal and the wine to cheer. Let us emulate Him, and seek by all our means to show our love for Christ and His example now, by following in His footsteps to where the sin-maimed, helpless sinners are, and by doing Christlike deeds to them. The mighty need is facing us. I have a pile of letters by me from those who are working night and day among the soldiers, and these letters go to my heart.

A Y.M.C.A. President writes: ■ "Your kind letter could not have come at a more opportune moment. We have soldiers here; sometimes 8,000, sometimes 20,000... My stock has come down to a few dozen Gospels, and I was wondering how to get more.... I shall be delighted to receive and to distribute as many copies as you can send of the 'Message from God,' Gospels, 'Safety, Certainty and Enjoyment,' etc. The opportunities we are having now will never come again."

An Army Scripture Reader writes: ■ "The Testaments came just when I most needed them. I had run out, so very thankful to God for His ordering, just to fit in....I need more Testaments and literature. May God abundantly bless you."

Another writes: ■ "Many sincere thanks for your latest parcels. I do not think you will be surprised, but I am sure you will be very interested to know that the evening previous to the arrival of the last parcels I had given away the last Gospels I had, so God arranged I should not be without. Many you have sent have already been carried to the firing line. I often give the last message men receive before going into action, and the importance of the opportunity can scarcely be overrated....Words fail to describe the needs of the moment."

Another writes: ■ "Many thanks for parcels received. The Testaments are just the size needed (the size Isaiah 4 ■ by 3 by 7-16 ■ it just fits the soldier's pocket) ...It's God's Word the troops in France want.

Another writes: ■ “Never before was God’s Word received more readily than just now. Thank you very much for the two parcels.”

Another writes: ■ “What we want in France is Testaments (small) and Gospels. They are asking for the living Word.”

Another writes: ■ “I have nearly run out of French Gospels. I have had many Belgian and French wounded soldiers here, and so they have gladly accepted a copy each.

I really could distribute thousands if I had them. The people are absolutely ignorant of the Word of God. As soon as they get the Gospels the men sit down and commence to read them. I feel sure very many have never heard or seen the Word of God. How they seem to devour it!”

I can quote no more now. Through the kindness of friends I have been able to send more than 100 parcels to the Front, and to the Fleet, and to Camps in England. By the time you read this I shall have sent the following parcels: —

To the Front |40 parcels|

To the Fleet |20 |

To India |5|

To Germany |1|

To Camps in England |44|

If friends continue their kind help I shall be only too glad to go on sending. I want a large number of Gospels, and Testaments, and “Message from God,” and “How Can I Be Saved?” and any other Gospel Magazines or Booklets suitable. A generous friend is sending me 10,000 Gospels, for which I do indeed thank God. I should be very glad of another gift like that in a short time. I want also 5,000 or 10,000 Testaments. The proper size for the soldiers is the one just issued by the British and Foreign Bible Society, 146, Queen Victoria Street (nonpareil 16mo., 4■ x 10:3 x 7/16 No. 3120K on their list; khaki leather cloth, two pence each). That is the size the soldiers can carry in their pockets. I expect the Scripture Gift Mission have the same size. Could some kind friend get me a grant from either of these of a large number, as the need is so urgent. I am pleading for the souls of men facing death and eternity. If I had 20,000 I could send them. If friends will send me the means to buy these Testaments I can order them at once.

Through the kindness of many I have had hundreds to send, but I have none now.

Message just come from the Front: ■ “God richly bless you. I shall never say stop sending, as I have more troops coming in and more going out.”

What Jesus Christ Said to Men & Women

“Never man spake like this Man” (John 7:46)

What the Lord Jesus said to men and women when He was on earth He is saying to men and women today. The same Jesus, the same love, the same willingness and power to bless.

Listen to What Jesus Said

To the young man. ■ “Dost thou believe on the Son of God?” (John 9:35). Do you believe on Him?|To Thomas. ■ “I am the way, the truth, and the life; no man cometh unto the Father but by Me” (John 14:6). Have you come to Him?

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To Martha. ■ “I am the resurrection and the life: he that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live. ... Believest thou this? (John 11:25, 26).

Do you believe this?

|To Simon Peter. ■ “Lovest thou Me?” (John 21:17). Do you love Jesus?|

To Nicodemus. ■ “Ye must be born again” (John 3:7). Have you the new birth?|To the blind man. ■ “What wilt thou that I should do unto you?” (Matt. 20:32). Do you feel your need of Jesus?

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To the Scribe. ■ “Thou art not far from the Kingdom of God” (Mark 12:34). HOW far are you?|To the disciples. ■ “For what is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul? or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?” (Matt. 16:26). What of your immortal soul?

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To the leper. ■ “I will: be thou clean” (Mark 1:41). Are you cleansed from sin?|To the penitent thief. ■ “Today shalt thou be with Me in Paradise” (Luke 23:43) Where will you spend eternity?

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To the sick of the palsy. ■ “Thy sins be forgiven thee” (Matt. 9:2). Are your sins forgiven?|To the sinner. ■ “Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest” (Matt. 11:28). Do you want rest?

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To Peter and Andrew. ■ “Follow Me” (Matt. 4:19). Are you following Jesus?

|To the Church on earth. ■ “Surely I come quickly” (Rev. 22:20). Are you ready for His coming?|

To the Jews. ■ “He that believeth on Me hath everlasting life” (John 6:4). Do you believe on Him?|

Take your Testament and read these texts. Remember God loves you and wants to save you. Christ is the only Saviour. “Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved.”

“My sins deserve eternal death,

But Jesus died for me!”

H.W.

“He is Counting on You”

I DO not know who “B.H.P.” is, but as I turned over my Calendar for May these words,

“HE is counting ON YOU,”

caught my eye and struck my soul. It made me wish to serve Him more fully and with greater zeal than heretofore. Reader, will you ask yourself this question, “Is HE counting on ME” Your answer is “Yes.” Then what are you going to do NOW, today, for truly Our Lord is counting on us to help our soldiers and sailors at this awful time today? For hundreds of them, time is short, and they need to hear of the loving Saviour before they are shot and killed. Many times lately have I received letters from the Front, or from the North Sea, thanking God for having put it into Dr. Wreford’s heart to send such wonderful parcels of Testaments, Gospels, and “Message from God.” I will quote part of a letter which will stir your hearts when you read what this earnest, loving Chaplain is doing for his Lord over and beyond his work, “Thank you so much for ‘holding me up’ in prayer. It is wonderful how much you can help at home in this way.” (Reader, remember “HE is counting ON YOU” to pray.) In his next letter he tells me he is going into the firing line, and therefore not able to carry a parcel of Testaments, but happily our parcels were sent off before his letter came; and then this delightful appreciation came: —

“Dear Miss Leakey, — As it happened I was just able to use a friendly Staff Officer’s motor-car when the parcels of Testaments came, and so put the parcels into it, and yesterday, Sunday, gave away two hundred of them to my men, who were delighted. Several of the officers themselves came forward on the parade and asked for them also. I have a tremendously busy time these days, as finding there was no Chaplain for the Divisional Troops, I have managed, with riding many miles and tiring out two horses, to arrange for them to join up with the regiments of my own Brigade at more or less convenient centers. But for the use of a motor ambulance on Sundays I could not cover the ground, as each service is miles away from the other, the distance in some cases being as much as nine miles and more. All these services are in the open air. Pray for next Sunday. I want a message and the power to deliver it.

“P. S. — We had a most blessed day yesterday.”

After reading this, what are you going to do? All these Testaments and Gospels cannot go without money, and the need month by month is getting stronger, so help whilst you can.

Here is the little verse that touched me so: —

“He is counting on you!

On a love that will share in His burden of prayer

For the souls He has bought with His life’s blood,

And sought, through His sorrow and pain,

To win home yet again —

He is counting on you.

If you fail Him — what then?

Pray ye therefore.”

and give whilst it is called today. EMILY P. LEAKEY

“Peace at the Bottom”

A WOUNDED soldier in South Africa said one day to the writer, “I once made a profession, but I never really had ‘peace at the bottom.’”

How was this? He had, poor fellow, like many others, begun at the wrong end for solid satisfaction. In the matter of an ordinary debt, who is it that claims the right to subscribe “settled” on the account? The creditor, of course. Exactly; it would be of no value whatever for the debtor to do it. It would neither give satisfaction to his creditor nor peace to himself.

The debtor’s peace is only the natural consequence of knowing that the creditor is satisfied. In like manner the only true way of getting “peace at the bottom” is to see that the whole sin question has been settled from the top.

Requests for Prayer

Be sure and read these, dear friends, and pray every day for our soldiers and sailors.

A father desires prayer for his son, a soldier, who knows the way of salvation but is at present opposed.

A mother desires prayer for her son at the Front who is unconverted. She says “It would cheer my widowed heart to know he was the Lord’s.”

A Chaplain at the Front earnestly desires our prayers that he may have strength for, and blessing on, his work.

A sergeant’s wife desires earnest prayer for her husband, who is a prisoner in, North Germany

An anxious sister desires prayer for her brother, who is saved, that he may be preserved in the day of battle.

A sister desires prayer for her only brother, who is in the Army, that he may be saved.

A mother, who has four sons in the Army, desires prayer for the three unsaved ones.

A father and mother desire prayer for their sons at the Front, that they may be kept soul and body for the Lord’s service as well as King George’s,

An unconverted soldier at the Front has sent this letter. Please pray earnestly for him. “Dear Sir, ■ I write to ask you if you would be so kind as to help me on the way to God. It became my good fortune to receive your little book entitled, ‘A Message from God.’ I was much interested in it, also the Gospel according to St. John in which you stated you would help to God. Dear Sir, I must admit I am a sinner, and I have come short of the glory of God. I have been taught to love God my Father which is in heaven, but I have neglected the teachings of God until now. I am placed in the hour of danger, and I want to come to Him, who died that the world might be saved from sin. I want you to understand that I pray to God every night and day to keep me safe, but I feel convinced that

I ought to be a follower of our Lord Jesus Christ; so if you can help me I should esteem it a favor.”

Please pray for him. Praise God! I have just heard he is saved.

An Army Scripture Reader asks to be sustained in his work by prayer, as words fail to describe the needs of the moment.

Another says: “Please ask God’s people for their renewed prayers■as the activity of the devil increases, so must our prayers.”

A worker at Caterham asks our prayerful interest in this portion of the Lord’s vineyard.

Another dear worker writes: “Do ask the friends at home to keep on praying.”

A Christian wife says: “Will you kindly pray for my dear husband, who I fear is not a Christian.... He leaves for camp tomorrow, and I am most anxious about him. To know that he belongs to Christ would be my greatest happiness.”

Incidents of the War

The Influence of Music

THE following incident has been sent us by a worker, who has been supplied with Scriptures for the soldiers and refugees: "I thank you for your letter and Gospels of St. John, which I have given in the Canadian Hospital at S■, and they were glad indeed to have them. One of the soldiers told me a most wonderful experience. They had all been under heavy fire, and after the battle they were relieved, and given five days to have a rest. In wandering about one of the villages they came to a church, and one of their number went to the organ and began playing the old familiar hymns. This attracted many, and the church was soon full of English and French soldiers. On looking round, the player noticed that nearly all were on their knees in tears. 'No speaking to them could have done it,' he said, 'and I know it was of the Holy Spirit.'"

"God moves in a mysterious way,

His wonders to perform."

Not Ashamed of Christ

Mr. Gray, of the Open Air Mission, writes: — “One young soldier who had accepted the Saviour went to his hut and begun to tell the men about it. He knelt at his bed to pray. When he got from his knees one of the men said, Why don't you let us hear you pray? 'Very well,' he said, 'if you kneel down, I will.' The men knelt down, and in broken language, mingled with sobs, the young soldier prayed. There was perfect silence as the new-born soul gave thanks to God. What a testimony!”Are you ashamed of Christ?

The Dying Lad

The following touching incident is related by a worker: — “A lad lay dying with a badly smashed leg. The day before, all was going on well; then came a sudden change, and he had only a few hours to live. I asked if I should read to him, and he wanted to hear the words of Jesus. I read part of John 3 and 14, and prayed with him. Then he asked me to read his mother’s last letter to him. This morning his cot was empty, but I have a word of comfort for the poor mother that will make her heart glad even in her sorrow. Again this afternoon I found many men who seemed really anxious to know how they could know that God had or would forgive, or make them His children. This is where the Testaments come in so useful. One can put the Book into their hands, mark the passages most useful in their present state of mind, and get them to read and really pray for the Holy Spirit’s guidance. The work is full of encouragement, and I think the best work can be done from cot to cot.”

A Wonderful Incident

The following beautiful story was told me by a friend who heard it at a meeting: — Some of our troops, just a mere handful, were holding a trench in a very tight corner. They knew their case was a desperate one, and that it was absolutely certain they would all be killed, but they determined to hold out to the very end and die hard. A strange appearance in the sky caused them to look up, and several of the soldiers saw what seemed to them like a cloud of angels. At this moment the Germans fell back, and eventually the English saved their trench, and several of the enemy were taken prisoners. Some of these prisoners were asked why they fell back just when certain victory seemed theirs. The prisoners replied, “We saw a great ball of fire between your trenches and ours, and we could not go on.”

Truly God had sent His angels to deliver them — in answer to prayer doubtless. What a comforting and beautiful thought that God works today on behalf of His people. My next incident will prove the truth of that.

Under Fire at Neuve Chapelle

The son of Christian parents in Exeter, a Christian himself, and to whom we send a large parcel each month, had a most wonderful mark of God's preserving care shown him in the battle of Neuve Chapelle. He writes home and says, "No doubt you have read in the papers about our fight, at Neuve Chapelle, and have been worrying about it. Well, mother, first of all I must say that it is all Cud's preserving care that I am still living... I have been stretcher-bearer and dispatch-rider since a week today, and have had a hard time. Six of us were stationed at a farm five hundred yards from the English trenches, and had been under terrible shell fire the whole time. All our six returned safe, but four of the other fellows were killed and six wounded in the same house, fellows with whom we had been working. The first shell pitched when we were lying on the straw, and altogether hundreds pitched around the house.

"I have been in the trenches each night, and have had many terrible experiences, but after all I am safe and sound, and uninjured, save for a slight graze on the knee where a piece of shrapnel just caught me there. The trenches were only fifty yards from the Germans.... We were lying down for a couple of hours' rest in the farm, and were just thinking of getting up when a shell pitched in the house, killing one and injuring another in the next room to ours. The second shell pitched in our room, taking off a part of the roof and tearing down a piece of the wall. A piece of shrapnel cut through the haversack which was under my head and which I was using as a pillow; another piece smashed my water-bottle which was inside my haversack, and bullets passed through my razor strop and my flannel and nail brush, and I was not touched. I hope you are not worrying about me, because remember I am in God's hands and He has guarded me through all the awful shell fire so far, and He will do so in the future, if ever I have to be in such a position again."

The Little French Hero

He was a lad in the French Army. His people at home had never thought very much of him, and, when the news of war came to his little village, nobody said very much either way when he enlisted. If it had been the young marquis at the castle, of course, everyone would have said, "How brave of him to go to fight! How like his father he had grown! What a fine soldier he would make!" The fact that young Jean, who used to serve in the village store, was gone to be a soldier did not cause any excitement. His mother was sorry, because she knew that, although he was such a quiet lad, he was a real help. And the rest of the village soon forgot him.

Weeks went by, and very little news came of his regiment. But the French serving boy was showing that he had true courage, and his captain knew it, but, manlike, seldom praised him. They had little time in those grim days for praise, and seldom need for blame. Then the unexpected happened, and Jean was captured by a German regiment. He was taken to a farmhouse at the head of the main street of the village near which his comrades were camped. Little thinking that the French lad could understand their talk, the German soldiers planned to surprise the French regiment. They knew the French were shortly to march through the village, and by hiding their German soldiers they planned to surround the unsuspecting men, and surprise them by a swift attack. All this the boy heard, and his one thought was, "How can I save my friends?" He knew that if he gave the sign of warning he would be shot by his captors. But he knew also that it was very probable they would shoot him in any case.

He had not long to decide. If he could warn the first approaching French soldiers as they entered the village street it would mean their salvation. The farmhouse windows commanded a view of that road, and anyone calling loudly from them would be easily heard in the street. In his own mind the boy never hesitated. And when the first French soldier appeared at the top of the street, the boy rushed to the open window and called aloud in clear, ringing tones a warning to his French comrades that they were to be prepared for a German ambush. The few words of warning were enough. The French regiment prepared for battle, and the Germans were defeated.

But the warning given by the boy was not suffered to pass unnoticed by the Germans who had captured him. As he shouted to the French, they shot him down. Later in the day his countrymen turned to the farmhouse to see how it fared with their brave helper. They found only his lifeless body riddled with bullets. Despite the exigencies of war and the need to hasten on, his comrades waited that they might give him reverent burial. Quickly they made a rough wooden cross and placed it in the ground at the head of his grave. The name of the boy they did not know. They could carve no name above his grave, but they put these words upon the wooden cross■

"He saved others. Himself he could not save!"

And what finer tribute could be given to that brave lad? To help his comrades he did not hesitate to give his life.

There was One who hung upon a cross twenty centuries ago of whom these words were said:
“He,” the Son of God, “saved others” — sinners such as you and me. “Himself he could not save.”
“He died the just for the unjust to bring us to God.”

“Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved.”

Sunday with the Soldiers

In barracks, whilst talking to a company of bright young soldiers last March, I remarked to the sergeant of the guard, "It is very cold, almost cold enough for snow." He replied, "I think not." Judging by his speech that he was a Scotchman, I said, "Perhaps where you came from it is much colder, and you are used to it?" He said, "I come from Perthshire." "Dear me," said I, "it is a long time since I was there—1873." "That was five years before I was born," said he. Then the Spirit prompted me to ask if he was born again. Before I could get an answer he was called away. But one of the men followed me outside and said to me, "I don't quite understand what it means to be born again." "I will try and explain it. The first thing is to know that you are a sinner and that Jesus died on the cross for YOUR sins, and to believe in your heart that they were laid on Him" (Isa. 53:6; 1 Peter 2:24). "Yes, that's all right." "Very well, then," said I, "as a soldier you will understand what right about turn means!" "Certainly," he said. "Then you will be going the opposite way, won't you, if you right about turn?" "Yes, that's plain enough." "Now then," said I, "for the proof: Before you knew that Jesus was your Saviour, and before God's Holy Spirit began His work in your heart, you did not care a jot about pleasing God. But since, your desire is to please Him and to lead a new life, and that certainly means a new and a spiritual birth, as I understand it." He exclaimed, "I see it now, that's plain enough. I see it now. God bless you," and his smile of delight was a pleasure to see.

If any who reads this true incident have any difficulty of a similar kind, the Editor of this Magazine will be very glad to help you. F. P. C.

How the Lord Jesus Loves and Cares for His Own

“Having loved His own which were in the world, He loved them unto the end”

(John 13:1)

Unfathomable love. — “As the Father hath loved Me, so have I loved you” (John 15:9).

Unspeakable joy. — “These things have I spoken unto you that My joy might remain in you, and that your joy might be full (John 15:11).

Unruffled peace. — “Peace I leave with you, My peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid” (John 14:27).

Unchanging word. — “Then said Jesus to those Jews which believed on Him, ‘If ye continue in My word, then are ye My disciples, indeed’” (John 8:31).

Unbounded grace. — “And He said unto me, My grace is sufficient for thee” (2 Cor. 12:9).

Unlimited strength. — “My strength is made perfect in weakness”. (2 Cor. 12:9).

Unending glory. — “Father, I will that they also whom Thou hast given Me be with Me where I am: that they may behold My glory, which Thou hast given Me: for Thou lovedst Me before the foundation of the world” (John 17:24).

S. T.

Ponder over these beautiful texts, until the Saviour’s love subdues your heart and brings you to His feet. God bless you!

Encouragement

“Kindly accept a widow’s mite towards your blessed work.”

Postal Order from the dear children of a Sunday School, and now another Sunday ‘School is helping,

Ireland. — “I send you the enclosed in the Lord’s name.”

S. says: “Will you kindly use the enclosed to buy some Gospels and ‘How Can I Be Saved?’”

Another writes: ■ “I am enclosing cheque as I am deeply interested in your work amongst the soldiers and sailors. I should like you to send one thousand ‘Message from God,’ and the other in Gospels by John. I shall remember you and our brave soldiers in prayer. I have one son a soldier, please pray for him, He knows the way of salvation, but at present he is opposed.” Another, sending a parcel, writes: “May the Lord’s richest blessing rest upon you in all your labors of love for the Saviour’s sake. I have one son at the Front who is until now unconverted. I desire your prayers. It would rejoice my widowed heart to know he was the Lord’s.”

From a husband and wife, ■ “Please find P.O., as we feel it’ only our duty to our blessed Lord, and to those who are fighting on our behalf, to send God’s precious Word to them... and praying God that He may spare you to carry on the work entrusted to you.” A gift from the lads on a training ship. Another sends help and letter of encouragement, asking God to bless the work, and saying how cheered they have been to read in “Message from God” the testimony to value of books sent. A kind friend sends one thousand “Message from God.” A father and mother send help towards Testaments and Gospels. Another sends gift and say: “I am still praying for you and the work.” A little boy sends a Gospel of Matthew for a soldier. Canada. ■ Parcel of books, French and English.

I only wish I could quote from all the letters I have. Next month I hope to speak of more. Want of space, compels me to curtail now. But with all my heart I say, God bless the dear friends who are helping the soldiers and sailors now; they are doing Christ-like work in these Christ-rejecting days.

A dear friend writes ■ “Everything points to our Lord’s return, and then■all efforts will cease.” Remember this, dear friends, and help now.

The Diary of a Soul

By the Editor

The Breaking of the Dawn

“SOMEWHERE in France” the British soldier stands facing the dawn. The night has been lonely and chill, and the weary hours have passed slowly by. But now his eyes are fixed upon the glowing east, where the glad sun is rising in glory and in warmth to bless the new-born day. And a great sense of companionship comes into the soldier’s heart. It is like the benison of God, to watch the golden light flood sky and earth. He may never see another sunrise. God bless him as he stands on outpost sentry duty! Let us pray for him, and tens of thousands like him. He stands for England, with his rifle in his hand, on those lonely battle-swept fields of France. He is doing his duty in the face of the dawn as he would in the face of death.

And what is our duty to him and his comrades? We may not be able to stand by their side in the ranks of war, but the duty of earnest prayer is ours, the duty of making them feel that we love them for Christ’s sake. We have to do our part in the work of helping to put a Gospel or a Testament into the pocket of every soldier. We have to help him and his mates to face the glory of another dawn — “the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ.” It must be ours to bring them to the Saviour, so that He may “lift up the light of His countenance upon them,” and that through faith in Him and His finished work they may have peace with God. Then, when wounded and helpless on the battlefield, it will be theirs to feel a gracious Presence near them, and a wounded hand to bless them, and even if the eyes should close in death, the setting of the sun of earthly life will find them face to face with the breaking of the Dawn of endless Day. O God bless our soldiers and sailors, for Christ’s sake! Amen.

The Joy of Harvest

Yes, God bless them, and He is blessing them. In our requests for prayer in the June "Message" I printed a letter from an unconverted soldier, anxious about his soul. Now I have the joy of printing a letter telling of his salvation. We have sown, God knows, in tears; but God is giving us the "joy of harvest." This letter was sent to the dear brother who packs the parcels for us in his love to Christ, and who had written to him and put the gospel before him.

The Letter

“Dear Sir, ■It gives me the greatest pleasure to answer your kind letter, which I received quite safely in the trenches, and thank you very much for it. I am pleased to tell you that I have at last found Christ. He has been knocking at my heart’s door, now I have opened it and let Him in. I have sought and I have found, glory be to His precious name! Dear sir, what a blessing it is to have the Saviour with you always, guiding you and comforting you. It is such joy to me now in the trenches. I have often prayed to God silently, and, glory to His name, He has answered my prayer; although I was a sinner He did not despise me, He did not cast me aside. I have found it good to be a follower of the Lord Jesus Christ. I do confess I was a sinner, but the Lord called upon me to surrender all and follow Him.... I thank God above that I am alive to-day to tell you this. Dear sir, I have been out here since last August. I have been slightly wounded once, not enough to make me leave my comrades. I have prayed to God every day and night to guard and protect me, to keep the shot and shell from striking me, and I can prove to anyone I may come in contact with that He has answered my prayer, so I will bless and glorify His name.”

This dear fellow had been made anxious through reading a Gospel of St. John and a “Message from God,” sent in a parcel.

In the Trenches

A letter came to me headed "In the Trenches," from one who says:—

Dear Sir, ■ Yesterday I read one of your tracts that you are issuing, and I thought what a glorious work you are doing, so I am sending you on a five franc note. It is all I can send, and I have not an English money order. I send it for you to buy Testaments, or to do as you like for the boys at the Front. I thank God that He has showed me my way out here since I realized my danger on December 18th and I think it is my duty to try to do something in return for Him. I should like, if it would not be too much trouble, for what you buy to be given to a draft of the Devons leaving for the first Battalion, as I am serving in them. Go on, sir, with the great work you are doing, and I am sure it will not be in vain. Men out here are beginning to think as they never thought before — thank God for that — and I am sure that this terrible War will mean a great blessing to thousands of us. I remain a soldier of Christ who found Him out here."

This is another bit of the joy of harvest. God bless him!

H.M. Torpedo Boat

Another letter reached me from a sailor on the sea. It cheered me, and I want it to cheer you also.

“Dear Sir, — I have received the parcel of tracts safely and will distribute them when opportunity presents itself. I have enclosed £1 so that the precious Word of God may be sent to the soldiers at the Front. I would suggest that the following be sent: ■

The small khaki Testaments

‘How Can I Be Saved?’

‘A Message from God’

The small Testaments are a very handy size for the soldiers.”

This is some more joy of harvest.

An Army Scripture Reader writes: — “God bless you! Your service of love is strengthening our hands very materially.”

From Plymouth a father writes that he has heard from his son somewhere out at the Red Sea or Indian Ocean. In his letter he enclosed a copy of “A Message from God,” and desires that his father and mother and his young wife should join in sending books and Testaments for men in the Service, on the ships, and at the battle-front, “and may God bless His precious Word.”

The Testaments and Tracts have come and are being distributed. More joy of harvest.

A Letter from France

A dear Christian who, ever since her conversion twenty-three years ago, has been an earnest worker for the Lord, writes me from France a few weeks ago. "It is kind of you sending me so regularly the copies of the 'Message from God,' which I pass on to the few 'Tommies' who are still in N —. There are only about fifty, but we see some of them from time to time. Not being on the spot makes it difficult to do anything in the way of a meeting for them. They belong to the Army Service Corps and R.E. Two of the former hope to be able to come over and see us this afternoon, which they are not often able to do. One has lately decided for Christ. Last week we found four of them, and proposed some hymns. Two had to go off, but the other two, whom we are expecting today, remained; and we had 'At the Cross, at the Cross, where I first saw the Lord'; then a portion of Scripture, and prayer, and they both seemed pleased, especially the one who had lately decided, who said it had done him good. He seems such a nice young fellow, and I hope the other may be influenced by him to make his choice for Christ. We have given away a number of Gospels and New Testaments among the French, and do pray that the seed sown may bring forth precious fruit to God's glory. We shall be grateful for your prayers for our meetings.... Many of our men about here have gone to the Front, or are in their depots preparing. Many have been taken, alas and sorrow and sighing is everywhere! How one longs for the Prince of Peace to come, and set up His reign of justice and peace!... A Captain H —, of the R.G. Artillery, who was at the Front, wrote us that he had many opportunities of speaking directly to soldiers, and, in one of his last letters, told us of over two hundred who had decided for Christ, and confessed Him before their comrades. What splendid opportunities 'out-and-out' Christians who are up in the Front have, for when men are face to face with death it makes them think." S.T.

Think of this glorious sheaf of over two hundred precious souls!

A dear Christian at the Front writes to me: — "I am very happy here; I have quite a good band of Christian soldiers now. Last week God saved about twelve more that I know of; six one evening, and all are running splendidly. It is good to see those dear fellows come round me for a talk after prayers, as I always meet them after all is over for the day, and then we gather around the Word, and I seek to solve any little difficulties they may have, by the Word, and they all shake hands and then retire to their huts for the night.... In these days of strife, war, and bloodshed it often makes one wish they could carry all these dear fellows to Jesus in our arms.... Oh! Christ Jesus did conquer on Calvary, hallelujah! He did die for us. The life is in the blood. Oh! precious truth, and He ever liveth to make intercession for us.... What an Honor to preach the gospel, and the beauty of it, it works wonders, able to save, and able to keep to the uttermost. We are just seeing something of this. God is saving precious and never-dying souls. Oh! pray on, we shall meet them on that bright and golden morning.... Oh! praise God, we shall meet them then. He will keep His own, and present them faultless before His Father's throne with exceeding joy. What a morning that will be! Free from sin, just like our living, loving Lord! Yes, just like Him, no flaw, no wrinkle, just in His image. What joy, what rapture will be His and ours! God richly bless you. I shall never say stop sending, as I have more troops coming in and more going out."

In this letter we hear the rapture of the harvest song. Its melody cheers one's heart and makes one long to do more for Christ. I have many more letters I could print, but must leave until another month.

Never was prayer more needed. Never was help more needed to meet the increasing need. Pray and help, dear friends, for Christ's sake.

"My sins deserve eternal death, But Jesus died for me."

“A small Testament that will fit into his Pocket”

THE need of ammunition and guns is being pressed home upon our nation now by those responsible for the welfare of our armies on the field and on the seas. With equal insistence the need of Gospels and Testaments to meet the soul-need of our gallant men is being pressed home upon us. The bodies of these trained and picked men are given in all their splendid energy to the cause of King and Country. That body may lie upon the “field of Honor”— but the soul will wing its way from the broken cage to eternity. The destiny of that soul is of absorbing importance. This is the greatest need of all, to help that soul to heaven. I have just received a letter from an earnest Christian worker at the Front, which speaks eloquently of the great spiritual need with which we are faced now. He says: —

The Letter

“As I mentioned the last time I wrote to you, I will speak of two cases where the Bibles you sent were given away. I was with a group of young lads, all from the trenches, and we were talking about the Bible, and I was making use of mine, when one of the lads exclaimed, ‘Oh! how I would prize a Bible now if I had one.’ One of yours was passed to him, and if you could have seen him use it, what a reward it would have been to you!

“The other case was that of a young shoeing-smith, who works as well as prays. Somehow he had mislaid his Bible, and it was picked up by someone who never returned it. He was feeling the loss of his Bible, when God directed my steps his way, and the need was supplied. ‘My God shall,’ is the promise. Now this is the strange part: I do not visit the place where this young man works, but simply felt constrained that afternoon to go. It was the very first time I had ever carried a Bible in my haversack without someone having asked me for it. This may not seem much on paper, but to us out here it was so really a definite answer to prayer....

“The men here ask for, ‘How can I be saved?’ and I would be glad to receive a supply monthly, with a variety of others. Not an overstock of anything except Testaments, and for these I will give up some of my sleeping space if needed. We have not got much space, but I will gladly make room for Testaments. I prefer the little red Army ones you already send, or the new small, one the British and Foreign Bible Society publish. I could do with thousands.

“I want you to imagine a few thousand men formed in line. Permission has been given me to give away my stock. I begin, but — ah, those butts! ■ the stock ran out. My heart was touched as it never had been before as I gazed upon the men, waiting to go up country, their packs upon their backs, the train ready to take them straight there, and as they asked me for a Testament I had to say, ‘No, laddie, I haven’t another left.’ And yet the Christian people at home are asking, ‘What can we send our brave soldiers?’ ‘The answer is, A small Testament that will fit into his pocket.’

“Why do we need them here so much? Because many of the lads here, for the first time, have left the ‘Active Service’ one at home as a keepsake, and now they are sorry. Then the wounded generally lose all their kit and so want another one. At this place we have to deal with thousands,

continually coming and going, but never staying long. We have an open-air among them every night, but even this way we only touch the outskirts of the camp... but if I had Testaments, then I would meet the trains leaving, but at present I dare not go to see so many sad and disappointed faces at my woeful cry, 'No more left, laddie.' Really, I cannot face it. I am sure the people at home do not realize how keen the lads are for Testaments.

"One afternoon I visited a certain regiment under orders to leave. The sergeant-major stood by, although they were on parade, in order that I might give a few Testaments away. That night we had an open-air meeting in their lines, and when it was over they followed me home to receive a Testament. They came around my door in crowds. Fortunately, I had just received a parcel from a church in the North, and they all went... I have simply stated why the lads are running after me. I cannot supply the need, but I pass on their cry to you. Perhaps you can help, and every little will help.

"I meet lads who show me their Testaments marked where they finished the day's reading. Many of them do not know Christ, but, oh! the prospect when they read His Word daily! I thank you for past kindnesses."

This is the letter, dear friends. What are you going to do about it? There is a need, an absolute need — we cannot get away from it — for tens of thousands of Gospels and Testaments to be sent to our soldiers at the Front, and to our sailors on the seas. More than 200 parcels I have been able to send this month. If I could send 2,000 the need would not be met.

Will you send me means to get 10,000 Testaments or Gospels? I will pack them and send them, and I am sure a blessing will rest upon you for every one you send. I can get the one to fit the pocket; I know the size.

For some of us this work for God among the soldiers and sailors may be our last service on earth. The Lord has given us this opportunity, so that we may have more to praise Him for in eternity. And the need is now. We must not put our helping off — every day those at the Front are hungering for the Bread of Life. Help me to send it to them. Letters like the one you have just read, and many others that reach me, make me "sow in tears," but God is giving us the "joy of harvest" also. I have prayed for some time for open doors for the Fleet. I am glad to say that prayer has been answered, and I am sending this month about 80 parcels to His Majesty's men-of-war, and 135 to the Front and elsewhere, making about 215 altogether. I feel sure the total will exceed this. This great total can only be kept up and increased by the continued help of friends.

What I want.

I want 10,000 ["Messages from God" each month.]

I want 10,000 ["How Can I be Saved?"]

I want 5,000 ["Safety, Certainty, and Enjoyment."]

I want 5,000 ["Traveler's Guide," the small edition.]

I want 5,000 ["A Saviour for You."]

I want many thousands of tracts and booklets to send away. The Army Scripture Readers tell us they want variety.

My want in Testaments and Gospels I have spoken of elsewhere. I should be very glad of any Bibles or 'Testaments in French or English that are not wanted in the home if you would kindly send your spare copies to me. I can use them all. If friends will send me help to get these books, I shall indeed be thankful to God. I am sure I shall not ask in vain.

Heyman Wreford.

“Pass on the Cry”

TRULY it makes one weep to know there are hundreds of our dear, British soldiers who are literally asking for the Word of Life, which British Christians have failed to supply them with. Out on the battlefield they have felt the drawing of God, they have realized that the God they have neglected at home is drawing them to think and to seek; and so they cry to the Scripture Reader for Testaments. Ah! read what one of the Readers wrote: — “Had I Testaments I would meet the trains leaving, but I dare not go to see so many sad and disappointed faces at my woeful cry, ‘No more left, laddie.’ Really, I can’t face it. I’ve just simply stated what they are running after me for, and I cannot supply the need, but I pass on their cry! Perhaps you can help.”

Let each one of us say, “I will help the Lord with all the power that I have that He has given me. I will offer it willingly” (Judg. 5:9). I received a letter from a private at the Front, who writes: ■

“I am thankful to God our Father in preserving my life during this great and awful campaign. I have prayed silently to God to guide and protect me during the four months, and I can testify that He has kept His promise when He said, ‘Lo, I am with you always.’ One fault with me was, Why should I have waited until I appeared upon the battlefield and was placed in danger before I made my appeal to the Lord Jesus Christ to save me? I would like you to appeal to all men in the congregation of the church you attend, to appeal to the Father now, not wait until they are in the battle fell them a soldier has appealed, and thanks to His holy name, He has answered my prayer on the battlefield, where thousands a day are laying down their lives. I appeal to all to give up all and follow Jesus Christ.”

And so, dear readers, I pass on this soldier’s cry to you, and say, pass it on! pass it on! so that those you know may come to the help of the Lord and send forth His word to the men in the battlefield. A little khaki Testament only costs 2d., but thousands of 2d.’s cost a great deal. Won’t you help now, this July?

Emily P. Leakey.

Incidents of the War

Memories of Home

THE Tommies love their home, no matter of what nationality they are. The old hymns they sang in the Sunday Schools never lose their power, and the mother-love grips them when the dear mother's face is far away. It would be well in every Sunday School for special prayer to be made every Sunday afternoon at the close of school for late scholars who have gone to the Front. Read this: —

One of the missionaries, in his weekly report, writes: — “Last night I had a nice lot of fellows in the room — some Dutch, some French, one Belgian, and many Englishmen. Some of them told me many touching stories, and I was very brief in my service proper. After prayers and a short address, we sang hymns at the men's selection. Old favorites — such as ‘Rock of Ages,’ Jesus, Lover of My Soul, ‘The Old, Old Story’ — were sung over and over again. After ‘The Old, Old Story’ I asked the men if they would like me to recite Miss Hankey's sequel to the hymn. The men sat like mice, the tears coursing down some of their cheeks. One old sinner said, That's fine, gov'nor; enough to make a fellow cry!’

“We really had some very solemn moments. After ‘Jesu, Lover of My Soul,’ one young fellow said, ‘Poor old lady! I wonder if she's alive?’ He was evidently reminded of his mother, and he laid his head on his arms and sobbed. He had come from Canada. Another fellow, a Yankee, asked me to sing, ‘Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant’; and, despite the fact that I had checked his bad language in the morning, he came and shook hands in front of the others, saying, ‘I guess that evokes tender memories, sir, in more hearts than mine.’”

The Roll of Honor

“I can’t stand it,” said an old gentleman to me the other day, the tears standing in his eyes. “I have been looking at the photographs of those on the Roll of Honor in an illustrated paper. To think of those brave young fellows dead!” Yes, the toll of death is terrible — officers and men. And the wounded! They crowd our hospitals; we see them limping along our streets, or with arms in slings, and we feel we want to take them by the hand, and look into their faces, and say to them: ■

“You’ve looked into the face of death,

And God has called you back;

Now look into the face of Christ,

And nothing shall you lack.”

Dear fellows! Would to God they were all saved! The other day, when I had posted sixty parcels that our dear brother had packed, I went on my knees and asked God to bless every parcel, and I felt assured that God would bless everyone. I could seem to see them unpacked and distributed — eager hands taking them, and eager eyes reading them — and God answering our prayers all the time. “There are no infidels in the trenches,” a wounded soldier said to a chaplain. “God is jolly near you in the trenches,” said another. And in the “Sunday at Home” we are told of a letter written in the trenches by a man who gave himself to Christ there. “To my darling wife and children. Daddy surrendered to Jesus 20/11/14, at Ypres. Sudden death — sudden glory. Safe in the arms of Jesus.”

Ah! I do thank God for all who are working for Him among the soldiers now. I feel what an unspeakable privilege it is to be able to respond, even in a small way, to their appeal for Testaments, Gospels and books.

The “roll of honor” is kept in heaven in the Book of God. In the Lamb’s Book of Life the name of every believer is inscribed, and when the “roll is called up yonder,” thank God, many a man who went into eternity scarred and wounded in the War will answer to his name. Let us work on, and know more and more what true soldiership is. Let Wesley’s words ring in our ears and sink down into our hearts: —

“Soldier of Christ, child of God! walk worthy of the vocation wherewith thou art called. Remember the faith; remember the Captain of thy salvation. Fight, conquer, die, and live forever!”

He stands best who kneels most.

He stands strongest who kneels weakest.

He stands longest who kneels lowest.

“Isn’t it Too Late?”

“Isn’t it too late?” The man who asked the question was lying upon a low bed in a private ward of a great military hospital. His fine, manly frame was wasted by the ravages of a slow fever, and his keen eye was only now showing signs of intelligence after days of unconscious ravings.

“Isn’t it too late?” repeated Sergeant McAlpine.

“No!” I answered firmly; it is never too late.”

Then, as he closed his eyes again, I thought over the sad story of his life, which I knew so well. Much of it I had known before he came into hospital; the rest I had learned little by little during the days of his long illness.

Soon after the regiment had come to our garrison town, a letter arrived for me. It was from a Highland manse, and it ran much as follows: — “I believe my son is in the regiment which has just gone to your town. He is my only son. I gave him every chance in life, a good education, a splendid training as an engineer, and all he wanted for pleasure. But he flung away all his chances. He must have got into some trouble I never knew of, for he enlisted — and he won’t come home. The door is, always open to him — and I am heart-broken. Can’t you do something for him?”

When I found him on the barrack square and pleaded with him to remember his aged father, he carelessly replied: “It’s too late now!”

It was not long before his regiment was ordered to the Cape. The day before he left I gripped his hand and said, “McAlpine, your father in the Highlands and your Father in heaven are calling you — calling you to turn from your sinful living. There may be no need for you to leave the Army — but why not leave the sin?” But he turned away, saying, “No, sir, it’s too late now!”

Nearly a year passed, and he was invalided home. A rifle shot had shattered his left arm, and it was still uncertain whether medical skill could save him. He was in hospital for many weeks, and I had many a serious talk with him. On one occasion I had said, “McAlpine, you were meant to be a clean, strong man. You cannot really be that without the help of Jesus Christ. And He is still calling you. When are you going to rise and follow Him?”

“It’s too late now,” he said in the sad phrase I had so often heard from him. As he turned away I caught a look of hopeless despair upon his handsome face.

McAlpine recovered the use of his arm at length, and was able to continue in the Service. He stayed on in barracks with us. But the old habits of wild living had enslaved him hopelessly. He gave way to drink and sin, and now he was paying the penalty in weeks of wasting fever.

The doctor feared he would not rally. And, as I sat by his side during his conscious hours, I sought to tell him again the “old, old story of Jesus and His love.” Simply and earnestly, I told the story of the strong Son of God, who came “to seek and to save that which was lost.” I pictured Him coming

into a sinful world to make known the great love of God to sinful men, and going to the Cross of Calvary that He might bear away their guilt.

Suddenly he looked up, with a sad, hopeless smile, and said: "But — it's too late — now."

"McAlpine," I replied, "it's never too late with God — and you know it. This very moment you may accept His full and free salvation. If you will but look to Him in faith, He will cleanse you from all sin; He will slay the passions within you: He will give you a new life. Why not trust Him now?"

"I fear it's,—" he faltered — and then stopped. For some minutes I watched him. His face seemed to indicate some terrible inward struggle. Then he opened his eyes and asked, "Are you really sure it isn't too late?"

"Yes; quite sure!" I answered. "Today if ye will hear His voice, harden not your heart."

Again he lay still awhile. Then his eyes opened and they were alight with hope and happiness. "No," he said, "it isn't too late — and I am going to trust Him now."

That decision was the turning-point for McAlpine. New life seemed to come to him in body and in soul. He mastered the fever and was well again in a fortnight. He went back to work, but the old sins had no attraction for him now. He was a free man — saved by the grace of God.

For the Lord's Sake

A friend sends a gift for soldiers and sailors, and is praying for showers of blessing. Another sends help and says, "We will continue to ask His blessing!" A lady sends a gift for Testaments, etc., and says she will pray for God's richest blessing to go with the Testaments. From a village of one hundred and seventy-one people a gift comes to buy two hundred Testaments for the soldiers. Children brought their pennies to the schoolmistress, who sends. The villagers say they are pleased to do anything to help the soldiers. Kingston, Jamaica, a dear Christian sends a gift "in His name." Another from Kingston, Jamaica, sends help for Testaments, Gospels, etc., and says, "May God abundantly bless!" A friend sends a gift and says, "The Word knows no defeat." Other friends at a meeting send and say, "We shall continually pray that our God will greatly bless you in this work of faith and labor of love." From Guernsey a gift. From Ireland a gift in the Lord's name. Lady R — sends help for the work. A friend sends gift and writes, "The Lord grant you still your heart's desires." Another writes, "I thankfully send enclosed for the work of God. May God bless the work abundantly, and you for His glory." Another sends and says, "For the Doctor's monthly parcel; the dear Lord knows the sender." A friend sends gifts from friends, and a box of texts. A friend "S" has sent her monthly gift. From "M," the Children's gift, I receive and answer hundreds of letters a month from kind friends, and I love to do it. I am only sorry that I cannot refer to them here. I can only print a few taken as they come, and leave the rest. I could easily fill the "Message" with letters. "The Lord knows the sender," is true in every case. While you help me, dear friends, I shall continue to send. May the Lord bless you all for your kindness to our soldiers and sailors.

“ How Can I be Saved?”

Would some kind friend send me some of these? A worker at the Front writes, “You will praise God that the book, ‘How Can I Be Saved?’ has been blessed to one dear man.” I am continually asked by Army Scripture Readers and others to send them. Will friends help me to get 10,000? I want them badly.

Bibles or Testaments

If any of our friends have Bibles or Testaments in French or English, not too worn, that they do not want, I shall be glad of them to put in the parcels. They are much valued in the hospitals and at the Base, also on board ship. I should be glad of some hundreds. I am your servant for Christ's sake as to this work, dear friends. We are "sowing together, and we shall reap together, if we faint not."

An Appeal Just Come

From France, June, 1915.

“Dear Sir, — I should be very grateful if you would kindly send me a good supply of your very helpful tracts. I can give away about five hundred daily, where I believe they will be read, and I am sure God is using them to His glory and the salvation of precious souls. Also as many Testaments and Gospel portions as friends could send. Today I used two of the parcels of books, etc., you kindly sent to Mr. W■. Men are being saved all over this station wherever Jesus is lifted up. Thanking you for all past help and sympathy.”

FRIENDS! YOU MUST HELP!

Note. — If any soldier or sailor is anxious about his soul and will write to Dr. Heyman Wreford, The Firs, Denmark Road, Exeter, he will be glad to help them if he can.

Just Come. — “Dear Sir, — Kindly accept few shillings towards sending out Testaments, etc., for soldiers and sailors. Yours sincerely, A Bluejacket.”

The Diary of a Soul

By the Editor

A RUSSIAN soldier’s lonely grave is our picture on the cover this month. The cross is surmounted by the dead, soldier’s cap, and by the side of the cross his rifle has been—buried, and only the butt is protruding—other things belonging to him are scattered around, and underneath the sod lies the body of a man who somewhere in Russia has a wife, or a sweetheart, or a mother, or a sister who would give all the world if they could hear his voice again, or even have the poor mangled body in the cemetery near at hand.

In these dark woods behind the cross there are miles and miles of trees and undergrowth, and the foliage is so thick that you can scarcely see fifty feet away. There in those well-nigh impenetrable depths, in the semi-darkness, tens of thousands of men fought and died for many awful days. We are told that sixteen thousand dead had been buried in the wood and in the open close by. Hundreds and thousands lay unburied under the shadow of that primeval forest, and along the margins of the wood for ten miles there was a forest of crosses showing where the dead were interred. And every man buried has an immortal soul. The soul has gone to live forever.

Oh! it makes one’s heart ache to think of the “flight of souls” into eternity on every battle-front. Where will they spend eternity? Are we doing what we can to point them to the Saviour? It is now or never. If we do not face our responsibility as Christians now, we shall be losers for all eternity. We do not grasp the tremendous need; we often fail to rise to the opportunity given to us. This is what a dear Christian writes from Russia: ■

“I have been doing a good work, distributing several thousand Gospels and New Testaments. In three days I gave away three thousand Gospels. On a Sunday the brave soldiers had come

several versts to get a copy of the Gospel, as they had seen it in the possession of their comrades, and knew where they had received theirs. My house was surrounded for the whole day because each man desired to get one. Two days later they were all sent away, with sealed orders, to go to the Front. That was one of the busiest days, as they were all sent off from our railway station. I gave away the last Gospels, and the number fell short. At present we have here again several thousands of men, and I am expecting some thousands of books to give to them. I find that this is a most blessed opportunity to serve the Lord. I thought to go to the Far East, and now I find that the men from the East have come this time to me.

“Looking in the Bible, and watching the signs round about, I believe we shall not serve here much longer, but we will meet our blessed Lord and Master, and so we shall be forever with Him. How glorious it will be to meet each other and to meet Him who has loved us with an everlasting love, and we shall see His blessed face!”

It is the same everywhere. East and West, the Word of God is, needed—souls are hungering for it. Help us to send it.

“Can we, whose souls are lighted

With wisdom from on high,

Can we to men benighted

The Word of Life deny?”

Thank God, I have been able to send 270 parcels away in June. Of July I cannot speak now. I wish I could send 2,000. On every battle-front the need is the same. Will you give me the means to send more and more every month?

The incident you are about to read will appeal to you I know. When I read it my eyes were filled with tears, and my heart was moved as I thought of the wondrous privilege of working for the Lord Jesus Christ, and the rich reward.

The Organ Player

One day I was alone, and sad; everything seemed dark and desolate to me, my soul was cast down, and I had forgotten the exhortation, "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He shall sustain thee" (Psa. 55:22). Suddenly, in the midst of the deep silence and loneliness of a sad evening, the sound of the sweetest music was heard. It was a boy playing the organ. What an intelligent face he had! and the great black eyes which he turned on me spoke of want and suffering. "He is hungry," I said to myself. I gave him some bread and meat on a plate, and added a tract, without having the courage to speak to him. However, this boy interested me deeply, and while watching him eat, from my window, I asked God over and over again to use this tract to the salvation of his soul. After he had eaten, he read the title, "How to Become a Christian," and then put the tract carefully into his pocket.

Several years passed, and the present awful War broke out, bringing its terrible story of suffering and distress, and so I forgot my young organ-player. I visited recently a military hospital, where the wounded and the sick were cared for. The doctor was going his round; he was standing silent and sad by the bed of a young soldier, holding his wrist and feeling his pulse, which was beating more and more feebly. I bent down to look at him. His eyes were closed, and the stamp of death was printed on his face.

At this moment the chaplain came in; he bent over the dying man and seemed anxious to know if he were still breathing. Suddenly the young man opened his eyes and asked, "Am I going to die?" The chaplain, who was saddened, did not answer.

"Oh, don't be afraid to tell me! I am ready! God be praised!"

"I cannot say, my friend," replied the chaplain, "but do you know the Saviour of sinners? Do you love the Lord Jesus Christ?"

"Yes, yes, I have just seen Him. I am not wandering. I must tell you before I go."

"Is your mother still living? Can I do anything for You?"

"Yes, sir, but she is not here. I shall be with her soon; she is in heaven." As he said these words, his eyes, which were already becoming dim, took on an expression of intense happiness. "But," he added, "I have a young sister. Poor child, she will be very lonely now, but I have commended her to the Lord, and surely He will not forget her. I should like to be able to send her some little things." And so saying, he made a supreme effort to take from under his pillow his purse, in which there were some pieces of gold, then his Bible, a photograph, and a tract, the cover of which was dyed with his blood.

"This little tract brought me salvation, as well as my dear mother. A long time ago I was a poor organ-player, trying to support my mother and my little sister; we were very poor, when a kind lady gave me this tract. Oh! how happy my mother was when I read it to her! Up till then, no one had ever given us anything to show us the way to heaven. No one had ever spoken to us of this

precious Saviour, who died on the cross to ransom us. Since then, we have prayed for this kind lady every day. How much I should like to see her again! Her little book was like the cup of cold water to my dying mother.”

I came nearer to his bed to hear all he was saying, for I had recognized in him the little organ-player who had formerly encouraged my downcast soul. A little while after, he said, in a low voice, “What a lovely dream it was! I had reached the gates of heaven, and I entered. Everything was so beautiful, so glorious, but I wanted to see my Saviour, and then my mother. She was there, close to Him. Then I thought of the kind lady with the little book. I wanted to see her, but she had not come there yet. A little while after the gates opened, and she came in. I was longing to tell her what her little book had brought us, and the Saviour, who knew the desire of my heart, said to me, ‘Go.’ So I went, but I woke up. It was only a dream.”

I could no longer control myself, and sobbed aloud, which attracted the attention of the dying soldier. He recognized me. Marvelously surprised to see me, yet incapable of making any movement, he said slowly, looking up to heaven, “I thank Thee, Lord, that Thou hast answered my prayer. I know that Thou answerest the prayer of those that trust in Thee.”

Brothers! sisters! Christian friends! let us spread the knowledge of salvation more and more widely. Sooner or later you will see that your work will bring forth fruit, and inexpressible joy will then be your portion. The time is short, let us work, and sow without ceasing, while it is day.

Pleading for the Souls of Men

From the Front. — A Christian writes: — “I am badly in need of help here.” From a camp, one writes: — “I could do with two thousand Gospel books.” Another writes: “There are fifteen hundred patients in the Hospital here, and twice a week we visit three hundred there and supply them with Testaments, tracts, etc., and as it is a clearing station we very seldom see the same men again. You will understand from this my great need, and how exceedingly grateful I am for the parcels you have so very kindly sent.” A private, to whom a parcel was sent, writes about the soldiers: “They all keep their Gospels.” A Scripture Reader writes: — “The parcel of books has come, very many thanks. We are very busy among the sick and wounded, and have been up nearly all night.” From India a corporal writes: — “I received your parcel safely, and I need not say I was delighted to get it; it was just what was wanted here. I have given away all the Testaments.” A Reader writes: — “Many thanks for parcels of Testaments, Gospels and tracts just received. I wish more had been coming today, as there are about four thousand soldiers going today.” Another writes: — Please don’t stop the Testaments whatever else goes short.” Yes, the need is overwhelming. Help me to meet it now.

A Solemn Letter

An Army Scripture Reader writes: — “Many thanks for two parcels received, one yesterday and the other today. Also for all the kind interest you are taking in God’s work here. I assure you it helps me very much to speak to men of Christ when I am able to put His own Book into their hands. It is most encouraging the way the men ask for Testaments. Hundreds of men are really seeking after God, but are in need of someone to point them to the Lamb of God. This is not always possible, but when they have His own Word and read it, the Holy Spirit will lead them to Christ. Pray that this may be so, also for me that I may just have the right word. So often time is short, and off goes the train with its load of souls, and oh! how many will never return. I sometimes wonder if the Christian people in England realize that these men are, many of them, going to their death. It is so difficult to grasp it as one looks on the moving thousands of men at the station entraining, so full of life and spirits, that probably in forty-eight hours so many of them will be in the presence of God. May God enable us to lay hold on Him in prayer for these dear, fine-looking fellows, all the beloved of some sad heart in England. Just now one young man has decided for Christ in my tent. There are four or five thousand going up the line tonight.”

Dear Christian reader, do you feel the burden of these souls upon you? Do you want to help them to Christ and heaven? Help us to send them the Word of God and books that speak of salvation. I want at once: —

10,000 |Gospels or Testaments, or both|

10,000 |“Message from God” each month|

10,000 |“How Can I Be Saved?”|

and books and tracts and magazines as many as you can send. If you will send me the means I can get them all, and I have willing helpers who will gladly send 500 parcels each month. May God incline your hearts to give. Bibles, not too much worn, are welcome also—they are useful for the Hospital and for workers at the Base, and for the sailors on the men-of-war. Writing pads and envelopes and pencils I am asked for constantly. Please send for this need. One Reader says: “The envelopes and paper was good; we gave one to each just before they left, and it was a blessing to many. ‘Ah! just a line to the wife,’ was often the cry. It is not easy to get writing material up country, and the men are very grateful for these small gifts.” French and Flemish Gospels and Testaments are much needed.

Hanging Over Hell

ON a fine afternoon, some years since, two men were walking together from the town of N■ to the neighboring barracks; the one, a young man of about twenty, his companion, whose bronzed visage told of long residence in warm climes, was more than twice that age.

The elder man was a tall, erect, broad-shouldered man, who evidently was “every inch a soldier.” He wore the uniform of a color sergeant in the —the Regiment, and on his breast were medals telling of many a hard won fight. He had a resolute face, which, when in repose, looked almost stern, but which often lighted up with a bright smile, and could even wear a tenderness almost womanly in its aspect when its owner’s heart was stirred with kindly emotions. It was a face calculated to claim the attention of all passers by, as these two held converse by the way. In reply to some question of his companion he said: “Do I believe in the Lord Jesus? Indeed I do. No man has more reason for so doing.”

“I am glad to hear that, for in the Service it is a hard matter for one to declare one’s self on the Lord’s side.”

“That is true. Soldiers are, as a rule, out and out on one side or the other. When a man kneels in the barrack room, and gets a boot thrown at his head, it is apt to make him decided. He either, by grace, resolutely faces persecution, or pockets his faith and denies his Master. In the former case he becomes a firm Christian, persecuted but respected; in the latter he is dragged, an unwilling captive, at the heels of his godless companions, and heartily despised. It generally takes a pretty heavy stroke to break down a soldier, and bring him to the feet of Jesus.”

“Was that so in your case?”

A look of sadness passed over the soldier’s face; evidently sorrowful memories had been touched. It was but for a moment; quickly recovering himself he said, in a low tone: “I will tell you about it. You are young, and it may serve to strengthen your trust. I entered the Service more than twenty years since. A wild youth, eager for adventure, civil life had no charms for me. As soon as the first excitement consequent on the fresh surroundings had faded, I felt disappointed. Barrack life, and the routine of ordinary garrison duty grew irksome. There were no stir ring events, and pretty nearly ow our only excitement was an occasional outbreak of debauchery. After a time our regiment was ordered out to India. This was decidedly a change, and I enjoyed it for a time; but I am sorry to say change of scene did not bring change of habits. I had learned to drink deeply, and the fiery arrack, easily procured from the natives, told heavily on my constitution. Strange to say, I did not get into trouble through drink, for I avoided it when on duty, and ‘generally managed to get to bed without being detected. One day I broke down, and was taken to the hospital, the fiery spirit had brought on an attack of delirium tremens; for a time life trembled in the balance, but, after a severe struggle, I recovered.”

“Did this lead you to repentance?”

“No; so blinded was I by sin and Satan that after six attacks of the same kind I was still an unrepentant sinner. No, the grace of God was working, and at times I felt my miserable position acutely; and, not knowing the depths of His mercy, I sought to rid me of my misery by drinking still more deeply. If ever a sinner was in a hopeless condition, I was that sinner. “At last there came the seventh attack.”

“Do you mean that you had seven attacks of delirium tremens? I thought men rarely survived the third attack.”

“God’s mercy carried me through dangers in battle, and dangers in camp. He brought me through the seventh attack. He only could have done it. This was the turning-point. After a very severe fit of delirium, I lay utterly prostrate as one almost dead. I heard the voice of the doctor say, ‘I believe this is his last; he won’t get over this one.’ Then the dreadful fact flashed into my mind that I hung over hell by the merest thread.

“That night was one of deepest agony! Men might and would say that I was wandering in mind, and that what I am now about to tell you was the mere phantom of a disordered brain. Let them say it — to me it was a living reality.

“I had been in a kind of half dreamy state for some time, when I woke to the full consciousness of my condition. The doctor’s words were ringing in my ears, ‘This is his last; he, won’t get over this,’ when suddenly a great horror came over me as from the bottom of my bed came a voice which curdled my blood:

“ ‘Yes, he is mine; it is too late to escape. He must be mine!’

“Oh, the horror of that moment! Hope fled, I was lost! Oh, the agony of my soul tongue could never tell! In the agony of my terror I heard another voice speaking from the head of my bed:

“‘Nay, but he is Mine. I have loved him and redeemed him. He shall not be thine.’

“I sank under a swoon, and with morning light the doctors, two of them this time, stood by the bedside. I heard them consulting together; they seemed surprised that I still lived. One approached me and, lifting my head a little, said, ‘Drink.’

‘What is it?’ I said. ‘A little brandy.’ ‘I will not touch it.’

‘You must, or you will die.’ ‘Then I will die, for I am resolved I will not drink.’

“A new-born hope was within me. I could not define it, but the words, ‘I have loved him, and redeemed him,’ were filling my soul with not only hope, but also with earnest desire to know the One who had spoken these words.

“God raised me, and I went forth, weakened in body and troubled in mind. I could not get rid of that scene, nor did I wish to forget it. If I ventured to speak of it to anyone, a look of pity came over his face and he would say, Ah, poor fellow! you were wandering. You must dismiss these dismal thoughts.’

“At last I was thoroughly miserable, and while walking in the town where we were quartered, I came to the old church. The door was open, and I stole in. Some kind of a service was going on;

only a few people were there. I did not go with them, but quietly walked away to the other end; and behind a pillar, screened from all eyes but His, whose all-seeing gaze no one can escape, I sank on my knees. For a moment all seemed to be in a whirl, and then there came welling up the great, bitter cry of my heart, the great desire which had been silently gathering strength till it burst forth in resistless power:

“Oh, God, save me! Oh, God, reveal to me the One who said He had loved and redeemed me!”

“My cry was heard. I lost sight of self, the world and all beside. I was alone with God, and He brought before my soul the greatness of His love in giving His own beloved Son; the preciousness of the blood that ‘cleanseth us from all sin’; and by faith my soul sprang to the bosom of my Saviour, and was at rest.

“Let the world call the first delirium, and the latter fanaticism. To me they are both deep realities. In the first I found myself to be a hopelessly lost one; in the latter I found my Saviour. I rejoice in Him, I glory in His love. Nothing will ever persuade me that it was not a reality.”

“This is very wondrous, and I do not doubt but that God spoke to you. But just one question, Do you feel yourself safe because you had this vision?”

“No, no, I rest on the Word — God’s Word — which says, ‘Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that believeth on Me Hath everlasting life.’ I do believe and I am at rest.”

H. L.

The Soldier's Echo

YES, the echo of Decapolis has been sounding on for nineteen hundred years, and now this year, 1915, in June, a soldier at the Front, with his dying breath, re-echoed the same lovely words. Oh, dear soldiers, who may be reading this, is this your heart's thought of the Lord Jesus Christ? Now what are the blessed words I allude to? They are written in the seventh chapter of Mark's Gospel, the thirty-seventh verse, "And were beyond measure astonished, saying, He hath done all things well." How true, and as the days passed on, He went on doing all things well, until the end came, when He gave up His precious life for us on Calvary, and with His dying breath said, "It is finished."

Reader, whoever you are, of the Army or Navy, or civilian, have you ever thanked your Saviour for doing "all things well," even unto death, for you? He rose for you if you will believe it, and is now seated at God's right hand, interceding for you. Thank Him now, if you never have before, so that you may be ready, if you should be called to die when the next shot is fired — that you may be ready, as this young soldier was, of whom I am going to tell you. He was in the fighting line at the Front, and received the terrible shot which killed him. He only lived ten minutes after, but he had just time to ask his officer to write to his mother these words: —

"Thy purpose Lord

We cannot see,

But all is well

That is done by Thee."

and then he died and went to be with His loving Lord. May it be so with each of us, who can re-echo the beautiful words from Decapolis "He Hath done all things well."

Emily P. Leakey

Incidents of the War

The Power of Prayer

“LIFE is a warfare, Christian; be strong and of a good courage. There are no blessings to soldiers who are cowards.”

Never, be ashamed to pray. God answers prayer. A friend, R.M.H., writes: — “Heaven must be taken by storm. A man must be a soldier to do it; but any fool can go to hell.”

Let it be your earnest endeavor to fight the good fight of faith, lay hold on eternal life, driving back the devil’s outposts, and taking heaven by storm.

“God over all, blessed for evermore.”

Echo the words above the cannons’ roar;

God over all, to stay the deadly strife,

Healing the wounded and preserving life;

To comfort all who mourn, in sore distress,

Their loved ones gone — wrecked homes and loneliness.

Our strong Defender ‘till the strife is o’er■

“God over all, blessed for evermore.”

God does deliver. A chaplain on board one of our men-of-war writes and asks for earnest prayer that the enemy’s submarines may be prevented from doing any harm. I am sure we will all pray for that.

I have had sent me the following beautiful and touching letter, written by a corporal in the French Army, to his wife. It has been translated from the French for this number of the “Message from God,” by C.W.

A French Soldier's Letter to His Wife

October 18th 1914.

I take advantage of this Sunday to be in peaceful thought with you. My health is excellent; I do not really suffer from anything, thanks be to our God and Father. I must tell you that, if I have painful moments sometimes, I have, on the other hand, others when truly, in the presence of the Lord, I feel happy, encouraged, in perfect peace, rejoicing in the love of God and the inestimable happiness of having Jesus for my all, my Shepherd and my Guide. Yesterday evening, in particular, I was with a comrade, Avigé, a sincere Christian, and with another who is not opposed to Christianity. We were talking in the evening of Jesus, and His love, and we were really strengthened and encouraged, while studying the precious Word of God and singing together such hymns as this, "I rest on Thee, O Jesus my Saviour." That night, before going to sleep in the arms of our dear Saviour, I was able to thank God, with my comrades, for all His mercies and His ineffable love. We felt, in our trenches, that we were face to face with Jesus, under His gentle eyes, with the heavens for a covering.

And really, if it is the Lord's will that I should return, I shall never forget the blessed moments spent under the eye of my God and Father, considering the work of His hands, on a moonlight night, when all speaks of wisdom and the power of God the Creator; and that makes us see our littleness, our helplessness, and our wretchedness.

How full my heart is of gratitude to Him who has so loved us; and He has been despised by us, above all by me. We have sinned, we deserve to be hated, but "where sin abounded, grace did much more abound." What grace! From the child of wrath that I was, He has made me a child of God! Oh to Him be the glory! You see I am not complaining much; quite the contrary. Do not be anxious, but do as I do put all into the hands of the Lord Jesus, who Himself takes care of us.

I am going to tell you of a deed which will show you what my comrade Avigé is. One morning, after a night attack on a farm, one of our comrades fell, mortally wounded by a bullet, on a road swept by the shots of the Germans: He asked those who passed him for a drink, and nobody dared take him a drop of water. I was fifty meters away from him, asking the Lord for courage to go to him, when I saw a man detach himself from the others, and take a drink to the dying man. He even stayed with him a moment. (Afterward I heard that it was Avigé, and that he had spoken to him about his soul.) I took courage, feeling myself impelled by the Spirit of God. I could not resist it. I implored His mercy, and ran to the poor fellow, who was calling to us, "Good-bye, comrades." I reached him at the moment he lost consciousness, but God gave him back his senses, and he asked me who I was. His eyes were already glazing, When I had told him my name, he asked me to kiss him, and I took advantage of the opportunity to speak to him of the love of Christ, of our sinful condition, and of the sacrifice which Jesus accomplished for us on the cross. He understood me very well, and by a motion of his head he showed me that he had understood. Then I knelt down, and there, among the bullets, I was enabled to pray aloud for the soul of this poor comrade who was going to meet God.

When I had finished, he asked me to kiss him again, and he yielded his soul to God hi peace, I think, for he had no pain, nor any terror, and his last word was, "Thanks." God knows all things, and I do not doubt that, in His grace, He blessed my prayer and gathered into His bosom one of His wandering sheep.

You see that Jesus is with me, and that I have nothing to fear. And now, I commend you to God, and to the word of His grace, who can still build us up and give us a heritage with all the saints. Greet the whole assembly for me, and let us always bless Him who liveth forever and ever.

A.R., Caporal au 44 d'Infanterie.

We learn that A.R., the writer of this letter, has been kept through a thousand dangers. Once his rifle was broken in two on his back by the bursting of a shell. Before leaving for the Front he showed his indifference to religion by not even troubling to take his Bible with him — his thoughts were different. The profound change which took place in the heart of this young man of twenty-two is the work of Him who stopped Saul of Tarsus on the road to Damascus.

La Bonne Nouvelle.

The Text in the Trench

A dear worker at the Front, an Army Scripture Reader, writes to me: — “It was whilst having a chat with B■ one day that a soldier said to me, ‘I suppose you hear some strange stories.’ I replied that I did. ‘Well,’ he replied, I’ll tell you another. Going into the trenches one day someone had traced with empty cartridge cases, stuck in the mud, this text:

“Though He slay me, yet will I trust Him.”

So I asked the soldier if he could say that. His reply was, ‘Yes, the best trench I had was the Lord.’ So we shook hands, as we both knew our Lord, also B■, in fact B■ was simply delighted. I have four cases of seekers after Christ. I verily believe they are hot far from the kingdom. Please pray.”

Eyes Right

Eyes right. I was talking to a young officer in the Artillery outside my gate, when a company of soldiers came by. As they passed us, the officer in command cried, "Eyes right," and they all turned their eyes towards the young officer by my side as they passed. Then the command rang out, "Eyes front," and they looked straight ahead again as they went on their way.

I thought if these dear fellows would only hear God's command, "Eyes right," and "behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world." If they would only do reverence to God's beloved Son — if they would only look away from the world's sins and temptations to Jesus — behold Him, who says to every sinner, "Look unto Me, and be ye saved." Then, having looked to Jesus for salvation, the command will be "Eyes front," and He who saves them from their sins will Himself lead them to victory and heaven.

"My sins deserve eternal death, But Jesus died for me."

Sunday With the Soldiers

Our dear friend, J.P.C., sends us the following incident: ■ “On May 9th I came in contact with a number of young soldiers who were shortly being sent to the Front, when I declared I had something good to give away. They flocked around me, and eagerly took the Gospels, etc., as I offered them. One of them ran away a few yards and began to jump and shout, ‘Yes, Jesus loves me.’ Thinking he was mocking, I sought him out of the company, and asked him, ‘Were you joking, or did you mean it?’

He showed me the words on the tract I had given him and said, ‘When I saw the words, “God loves you,” I at once thought of my Sunday School and the hymn with the refrain, “Yes, Jesus loves me,” and I was delighted and jumped about for joy.’

“I then addressed a few words to them all, and intreated them to accept Jesus as their Saviour. I told them that then they would be safe on the Rock of Ages, and although we may not meet again on earth, we shall in heaven. These words were received with a hearty approval.

“If any reader of this true incident is engaged in Sunday School work, take courage and go on strenuously teaching the children that God loves them, and is no better pleased than when that love finds a response in their hearts.”

(a letter just received)

"I imagine hearing you say, after reading this, 'Praise the Lord,' as it will reveal to you the good of 'passing on.' A friend lent me the little book 'A Message from God.' On reading it last evening, I was attracted by your appeal for New Testaments to send to our dear, brave soldiers and sailors; I believe the Holy Spirit made me pause, consider, and decide to help, as after telling our dear Lord the thought and intention, and asking His direction, today I feel impelled to send the enclosed ten shillings, if you will kindly send out to the War zone five shillings' worth of New Testaments to our soldiers, and five shillings' worth to our sailors. My prayer is, and shall be, that God will bless the reading of each one to each man who receives it, to the salvation of the unconverted or uplifting to the believer, as the case may be, to His Honor and glory.

"I am not giving my name or address; because I entrust it to my Lord's keeping, so know you will receive it safely; and it is beautiful to have a little secret between Him and oneself.

"A WIDOW."

For Jesus' Sake

I have received letters from hundreds of friends which have cheered my heart and encouraged me to go on with the work. I only wish I could print them all here, but that is impossible. I am keeping them all, and when the War is over, if the Lord has not come, they will be always a "sweet savor" to my soul of Christian love and sympathy. I thank friends in: ■Berkswell, Wimbledon, Hampstead, Bournemouth, Glarryford, Westcliff-on-Sea; Exeter, Bolton Percy, Bedford, Wisbech, Barnstaple, London, Hacheston, Guernsey, Ealing, Crewe, Ivybridge, Sunningdale, Saltcoats, Bascombe, Newport (I. of W.), Cobham, Hampton Wick, Kingston (Jamaica), Ramsgate, two Torpedo Boats, Clare, Bradford, Blackheath, Hove, Alnwick, on many Men-of-War, Cricklewood, Bognar, Torquay, Ontario (Canada), North Tawton, St. Leonards, Exmouth, Freshwater (I. of W.), Perthshire, Burnham, Springdale (I. of W.), Middlesbrough, Otley Road, Wilby Eye, Hereford, Paignton, Topsham, Worthing, from the Trenches, Bramford Speke, Colchester, Holsworthy, Chagford, Edinburgh, Teignmouth, Ilfracombe, Thanet, Penge, Norwood, Pontefract, Manchester, Malvern, Southall, Altrincham, Eltham, Kensington, Budleigh Salterton, Cullumpton, Aintree, Oxford, Ebrington, Hath, Glasgow, Arbroath, Chesham, Southampton, Wanswell, Portland, Olney, Devonport, Dartmouth, Muswell Hill, Haytor, Danbury, Yarm, Margate, Clevedon, Lewisham, Waltham Cross, Ventnor, Chelmsford, East Croydon, Singleton, Sudbury, Coventry, New Zealand, Eastleigh, Hungerford, Ohio, St. Albans, Feriston, New South Wales, Ashford, Nettle-stone, Sa1isbury, Bemerton, Tiverton, Brantford (Canada), Fanebridge, Tullamore, Fleet, Leith, Medhurst, Dunstan Hall, Lee, Fowey, Ipswich, Greenwich, Basingstoke, Gosport, Aldershot, Hull, Rotherham, Chorley, Thorpe, Harley, Blackburn, Southgate, Burtonon Trent, Wrexham, Eyke, Odiham, Worksop, Whitchurch, Shorncliffe, etc:

These are places from which I have received help and sympathy this year. Many are left out, doubtless, and the word "London," includes a host. I print this list to show how widespread has been the deep, true, Christ-like sympathy. Thank God for the hundreds of "God bless you's" that have come from so many places. The benediction of God's people is a crown of rejoicing. Thank God for all the prayers. I want your help more than ever, dear friends. With deep feeling I say, God bless you for all you have done.

Remember the overwhelming need. Remember the little time we have to work. Remember the brave men for whom we work. Pray and help.

The Diary of a Soul

By the Editor

The Work of the Army Service Corps

NO man can fight unless he is fed, and so the feeding of the Army is a problem of the highest importance. The Army Service Corps must work unceasingly by night and by day, for lining the trenches are thousands of men who cannot leave their posts, and to whom everything must be brought, and brought oftentimes on cold, dark nights, under shell fire and in pouring rain. And many a time the men who brought the rations had to carry back their wounded and their dead.

We see in our picture on the cover officers and men taking supplies to the firing line. It is a moonlight march through mud and water; men bearing heavy burdens on their shoulders for their fellows, and petrol tins we see make an excellent receptacle for the water. The bread and the water of the fighting man must be secured to him. And none can tell, but those who are engaged in it, the ceaseless necessary toil involved in carrying out this necessary work.

And the soul must be fed as well as the body; the “bread of life” and the “water of life” must be carried to every man. We must help in this great work, and do our part to see that every man carries in his pocket, or in his kit, the little khaki Testament that contains the food for his immortal soul. We must be God’s Army Service men.

The angel of death is passing along the broken lines of the trenches, and the shadow of his presence darkens all the scene. In the midst of death we must tell them of One “who has abolished death,” and where human life is squandered in the awful carnage’ of the battlefield, we must speak of “life and immortality” brought to light through the gospel. They want the gospel. And, thank God, faithful men are preaching it to them, and men and women at home are praying for them, and sending them the “Holy Scriptures,” which are able to make them wise unto salvation through faith which is in Christ Jesus.

An earnest worker in France writes: — “I can and do assure you the contents of your parcel are most welcome... I hear again and again of men finding peace in believing. To show how necessary your service of love is, I have sometimes been almost out of Testaments, etc., etc., and perhaps one thousand men leaving for the fighting line the same night. God bless you.”

Yes, and God will bless you if you help to supply this terrible need. May it never rise against us — what we might have done and what we did not do. The hungry souls of men are craving and crying for the “bread of life” and the “water of life.” Dare you withhold it from them? It almost breaks my heart to think of the awful need of these precious souls. Has the burden of these souls been laid upon you? At home you can read your Bible in comfort, and go to church or chapel, or meeting-room, to praise and pray. Out yonder, ‘mid the smoke and flame, men are looking in the face of death for days together. In the pauses of the awful warfare we see them on their knees praying, or reading the little Testament which you have helped to send. Won’t you be glad in eternity that you helped to feed the souls of men?

Self Denial for Others

A dear friend writes: — “I am sending you the enclosed — note which I have drawn from my little savings. I feel the need is so great, and the Lord is counting on me, and I have the promise, ‘The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want’... I shall pray earnestly for you and the work amongst the dear soldiers and sailors. God richly bless you for your love to Him.”

Yes, and God bless this dear friend who is denying herself for the sake of others. We shall never have such opportunities again as we have now for doing real work for the Lord Jesus Christ, and never shall we have a greater responsibility put upon us than we have now. What we do for Christ is done for eternity, and will never be forgotten. Remember! the Lord is counting on you to help.

I am sending close on three hundred parcels a month, and this effort can only be sustained and increased by your kind, continued help. Ah! as I read the letters from the trenches, and from the dear, devoted workers, I long for every man to meet his Saviour.

The Eternal Reward

A dear worker writes to me: ■ “How very grateful I am for the Testaments and Bibles, both in French and English, you have forwarded, and for all the literature which has safely arrived. May God richly bless your continued efforts for His glory. Very largely by your parcels I am enabled to reach thousands of men, when probably I should only be able to reach hundreds in the camps.... ‘I often think and say, ‘I wonder how many we shall meet in heaven, when we get there, who have found their way to Christ Jesus through the Gospels and Testaments, and gospel literature.’ May God the Holy Spirit use the Word for the conversion of thousands of these precious souls for whom Christ died.... God has given us many souls, and some are coming now—just the one’s and two’s for which we praise God.... Thank God, I say, surely it is good for us to be here, as finger posts, pointing men to Christ. One word■I need more to distribute.”

“And with your help I will send him more to distribute, and supply hundreds of others like him who are carrying the “bread of life” and the “water of life” to those who are hungering and thirsting after righteousness.

A Prayer Meeting in the Trenches

At the end of last June I received a letter from a private. He writes: ■

“Perhaps you will be surprised to receive a letter from me; but I am sure you will excuse me. I got a New Testament while I was going up the lines to join my battalion, and when I looked inside I saw a little slip of paper, and on it the words. ‘If I can help you to Christ, write to me, Heyman Wreford, Exeter.’ So I am writing to you and asking for your help. I want to tell you about four of us in the trenches. We started a prayer meeting every night by ourselves in a little dug-out. One and another came in with us to pray, and what a world of good it did us. Now every night the meeting got bigger and bigger, until we had to sit outside the dug-out to get the men inside. Now, if you can spare a book or two on the Gospels we shall be very thankful, as a lot of us have no books. I should like you to write a letter for me to “read to the men, something that will help us to keep our faith in the Lord.”

I wrote him a letter and sent him some books, among them being a volume” of Victoria Hall Addresses. A fortnight after I got the following letter: ■

“I now take the pleasure once again to write you. I thank you for your kind gift of the books to read to the men in the trenches. Well, sir, I am glad to say that one of your addresses is read every night at our little meetings.... The book that you sent me is doing more than I ever hoped for. If you could only see the men in the trenches when it is being read I am sure it would do your heart good. They all want to read it themselves, and they shall I feel it is bringing happiness to them, and putting faith into them. I wish you could hear some of the prayers the men put up. It is great, and we know the Lord hears and answers. Oh! how happy I am when I think of the wonderful love of God and the wonderful way He has in bringing men to His side. I thank God when He put that little Testament into my hands by one of His good workers. Little did I think when I had it, when I was coming up the line, the good it has done, not only for myself alone but for others also. All the men ask me how I came to receive the book from you, and then I tell them the wonderful way it came. If you could only send me some more books to give away to the men I will be thankful. Time hangs heavy sometimes when we are off duty, and a little book is good to read when we cannot get to sleep.”

Are you not glad, dear friends, that you are doing something to help these dear men in the trenches? I only wish I could send to hundreds more of these brave fellows to help to cheer them and to lead them to God.

Dear friends, I have brought the need before you in these touching letters. My dear fellow workers are longing with me to do more for the soldiers and sailors now.

We want thousands of Gospels and Testaments.

We want 10,000 “Message from God” each month.

We want 10,000 “How Can I Be Saved?”

We want as many books and tracts and magazines as you can send.

We want Bibles, Testaments, not too worn, to send to the hospitals, etc., in French and English.

We want writing pads and envelopes and pencils for the men to write home, and lavender bags with texts for the hospitals.

We want the means to send these hundreds of parcels away.

Above all, we want your loving prayers that God will continue to bless this service done entirely for Him.

A Benediction

The Lord bless thee!

How shall He bless thee?

With the gladness that knoweth no decay,

With the riches that cannot pass away,

With the sunshine that makes an endless day:

Thus may He bless thee.

And keep thee!

How shall He keep thee?

With the all-covering shadow of His wings,

With the strong love that guards from evil things,

With the sure power that safe to glory brings:

Thus may He keep thee

SEL.

Whom will you Blame if You Go to Hell?

1. —You cannot blame God, “for God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.”
2. —You cannot blame Christ, “for this is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.”
3. —You cannot blame your loving parents, for they told you of the Saviour, and prayed and implored you as years went on.
4. —You cannot blame your Sunday School teacher, who every week sought to win you for heaven.
5. —You cannot blame circumstances, for there is nothing can keep a sinner from Christ if he wants to come to Him for salvation.
6. —You cannot blame your creed, for if you will follow men instead of Christ, who says, “I am the way,” you will be lost.
- 7.— You must bear the blame yourself. Yes, on your own head shall be the burden of your lost soul. On your guilty conscience shall rest the remorse of unending ages.

The Last Lap

THE writer was distributing gospel literature in a barrack-room at G■ this month. A bright young soldier, who may now be in the fighting line, accepted the proffered red-covered Gospel and asked me: "What do you think of atheism?" I replied, "It smells smoky." He did not quite grasp the meaning of my answer. I repeated the words, "It smells of smoke — the breath of his satanic majesty." (That is an expression that men-of-war sailors used when speaking of anything satanic, a generation or two ago).

He told me much of what he had been taught by a professed infidel. I pointed to the Scripture in the Epistle to the Eph. 2:12, and showed him how it puts us all down as atheists — being Gentiles — and without God in the world. This is just our state b) nature. He listened, and I told him that but for the boundless mercy of God I would still be (atheist) without God, and what is more, I did not desire to know Him, and when Christians spoke to me of religion I spurned them, and to be told that I was a sinner gave me great offense. There came a day, however, when the Word of God reached my conscience and convinced me of sin (Rom. 3:22, 23),

"For there is no difference, for all have sinned and come short of the glory of God."

But the precious words of Ephesians 2:4, 5, was balm to my troubled soul.

"But God, who is rich in mercy, for His great love wherewith He loved me, even when I was dead in sins."

I quoted also Romans 5:6-8:

"Christ died for the ungodly," and, "God commendeth His love toward us, in that while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us."

Then I appealed to him: "My young friend, take your place as guilty before God, and He will justify you if you believe in Jesus, and these precious words will be precious to you."

By this time the others in the barrack-room were listening and looking attentively. The young fellow still persisted in arguing. I said, "I will answer you by telling you of a man I knew and who was in the same working department with me for more than twenty years. He was a fine fellow in every way, but — but he was not only a hater of God, but hated those that loved God. He was educated at Christ Church School, Newgate (now removed to Horsham in Sussex). He would talk of anything, any subject, but when one spoke of Christ or Christianity he would manifest intense hatred." As all seemed interested, I continued: "I will mention two instances where he boasted of this hatred to me. One morning he came to business full of it, and blurted out, 'I lugged her out of it!' I asked for an explanation. 'I went and dragged my wife out of chapel last night.' 'A poor thing to boast about,' said I. Instance 2: He would not allow his son to come under his roof. A young man to be proud of, full six feet tall, and his wife also was refused admittance. Why? Because they were both converted, and living as Christians. To what extent can man's hatred towards God go!

"In course of time his health broke down. He had saved a little money, and he went to Brighton to eke it out, thinking it would last him his life, but the money became exhausted first, and he returned to London. I had lost touch with him for a considerable time, not knowing his whereabouts. One morning one of the workmen called me and said, 'Who do you think I saw in St. Thomas's Hospital yesterday?' When he mentioned the name I was astonished. Next Sunday I went to the hospital and saw him, quite emaciated, propped up in bed. I said to him, 'Sam, my boy, you are on the last lap.' 'Yes,' said he, 'I am.' I was about to speak about eternal things, when to my astonishment he asked me to read the hymn, 'Abide with me.' I was taken aback, as sailors say, for a few seconds, and said, 'I will try.' I began, and on reaching the lines:

'When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,

Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me,'

I paused, and said to him, 'Sam, how suitable are these words to your case.' I proceeded to read, but with broken voice, and looking round saw all within hearing with tears in their eyes. It was an affecting scene. I said to him before leaving, 'My burden is gone; I came thinking to plead with you to come to Christ, but God has done that.' 'Yes,' he said. Another dear old Christian friend that knew him well was present, and was glad to see the change. The next Sunday I went to see him; he could only gasp out his words, but he was very happy. The following week he had passed away to be with Christ. Truly a brand plucked from the burning." J. P. C.

Finger Posts

TO be even a finger post, and a finger post to show the way to the cross of Christ, what a privilege! Dear reader, have — you ever thought of it, that our gracious Father in heaven will use even me — you — to point others to the Saviour, if we will humbly ask Him? A delightful letter we had from the Front in July gave testimony of this. An Army Scripture Reader writes: “How often men come along and thank me for ‘Messages’ given them probably days before, and others write and thank me and I did not know a word until after they had left, so what can I say to these things? Thank God, surely it is good for us to be here as finger posts, pointing men to Christ.”

Now, what is the way to Christ, who says Himself, “I am the way, the truth, and the life”? First, we must find out we are sinners and need saving. Second, we must look to the Saviour, Christ Jesus, and believe that He has died for them instead of us.

I heard a beautiful fact about the doctor who discovered chloroform. Someone asked him what he considered was the greatest discovery he had ever made. After silently thinking awhile, he answered, “My greatest discovery has been that I am a sinner, and that Jesus Christ is my Saviour.” Now, dear reader, if you too have made this discovery, this true, true record of yourself and the blessed Saviour, make use of the time that is left you, daily, hourly to be a finger post to point others to find out this wonderful discovery of being a sinner — and a sinner saved.

Emily P. Leakey

Incidents of the War

A worker for God says: “Today the world lies open to the army of God! The breaches in the devil’s fortresses are practicable! The bugles of God unceasingly sound the advance!” —C.T.S.

SO we must go on day by day for God. The forces of evil are all around us. The devil has “dug himself in,” and he and his lost hosts are warring against God and His Christ. And from Eden to Calvary, and from Calvary to this present day, the powers of darkness have been arrayed against the living God. The sword of the Spirit is the Word of God. The Word of God must be sent to every soldier and to every sailor. It will be an everlasting answer for these dear, brave fellows for all the shameful doctrine that is preached to them today. A worker at the Front writes to me: —

“At every opportunity we try in simple language to show God’s plan of salvation, and it is awful to think how much has to be cleared away before many can understand it. False props, false securities — but oh! so little teal faith. The latest now is a don’t care sort of spirit, because God being in everything, and we are God’s, therefore we can never die, because we are part and parcel of Himself.... Oh! what lies the devil invents to keep men from God.”

Listen now to what is preached to dying men at the Front today. Listen to what this preacher says:

—

“He did not think it possible for anyone to go through the awful things which happened at the Front without feeling that, somehow or another, God could not stop them; that if He could, He would; but that in was so rife in the world, things were so wrong with the world, that God somehow or other could not stop it. So they believed and taught that. God could not stop these, things unless men came and ranked themselves with Him to do the work.”

These words, horrible in their blasphemy, are preached at the Front by accredited men to soldiers going forth, many of them, to certain death. Better to deny God than to preach a false God. Better for a man to die in infancy than to grow up, and facing men with immortal souls, dare to arraign the omnipotent God before the bar of his thoughts. But worse is to follow. He says: —

“He believed most sincerely that those who had thus sacrificed their lives at once became the inheritors of the glories of a new world. There was another conflict in progress — a great spiritual war. God could not win this war by Himself. If the forces of evil proved the stronger they must prevail.”

If this false teacher had ever stood before the cross of Christ at Calvary, and had realized what the power of omnipotent love could do to save a soul, he would never have uttered these words. If he had ever known what it was to stand a lost sinner before the holiness of God, he would have realized that the stupendous work of man’s redemption was settled between God and Christ alone. If he had been a truly converted man he would have known that it was the Creator-God who became the Redeemer-God, and that the same power that brought worlds into existence by a word had to be exercised in all its fullness of grace to save a soul from hell.

Angels at the Deathbed

A good deal has been said and written about the appearance of angels on the battlefields. They have appeared to those who are dying, as the following incident will tell: —

A child of eight is passing away. The mother love can do no more for him, but with an older brother of the child's she watches by the bed. The child turns and says, "What is the time?" "Twenty minutes to four," is the reply. "Then I shall soon be home," exclaimed the dying boy. "I can see the angels coming for me; they are a long way off now, but at four o'clock they will be here. Come, mother, give me another kiss, for I shall soon be gone." About two or three minutes to four he again inquired the time, and then he said, "Dear mother, the angels are here, and I must go." And as the clock struck four he departed to be with Jesus.

Another child just before he passed away put his little hands up and said, with his eyes fixed on a certain spot in the room, "See, mama, someone in white."

Angels at the Battlefield

These men in white have been seen upon the battlefields today. "Now and again," a Christian tells us, "a wounded man on the field is conscious of one in white coming to help him." Yes, they are "ministering spirits, sent forth to minister to those who shall be heirs of salvation."

A mother's prayers have many a time brought these "men in white" from the presence of God to guard the loved one prayed for in the hour of danger. A dying mother was praying for her soldier son, who was a stranger to his mother's God. Many times she spoke of him, and said, "Oh, it would gladden my heart to know he was saved and fighting for the Lord, but if I do not live to see it, I know my prayers will be answered in His good time. I leave him in His hands." And just before she died she was asked if she had any fear. Her answer was, "No, not a single fear or doubt, my blessed Lord keeps me in perfect peace. Christ is everything to me."

Soldiers and sailors with praying mothers, their prayers have many a time interposed a barrier between you and death: While you are facing the foe abroad, think of the dear mother at home facing God for you.

The Roll Call of Heaven

The dying soldier lay facing eternity. He had fought his last fight. His once strong frame was weak as a child's now. He scarcely breathed, and each respiration grew fainter and fainter. Suddenly, in a loud voice, he cried, "Here." One hastened to his side and asked him what he wished. "Nothing," he answered, "but they are calling the roll call in heaven, and I was answering to my name."

A Soldier's Prayer

Lord, ere I join in deadly strife
And battle's terrors dare,
First would I render soul and life
To Thine Almighty care.
And when grim death, in smoke-wreaths robed,
Comes thundering o'er the scene,
What fear ran reach the soldier's heart,
Whose trust in Thee has been?

This verse was composed by Sir George Colley, who died at the battle of Majuba Hill.

Our dear friend, J.P.C., gives us another interesting episode in his work for God.

Sunday with the Soldiers

On July 18th 1915, about 7:15 p.m., I was walking through the recreation ground. I was led to take my Testament and open it. Before reading the verses, I addressed the people standing around by saying, "Good people all, I am eager for recruits. There are no limits in respect to age, height, chest measurement, or organic disease in those recruits I'm seeking." Several groups of young fellows in khaki uniform were near. I said to them, "You have joined up, as the saying is, to serve King George. I call upon you to join up for the King of kings; then you will be safe for heaven whether you are killed at the Front or in any other way. The three verses I want to read to you are these, Matthew 11:28-30, 'Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take My yoke upon you, and learn of Me, for I am meek and lowly in heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls, for My yoke is easy and My burden is light.'

"And now one and all of you listen a few minutes while I tell of a ship's crew. Many years ago, one Sunday afternoon, a Christian friend and I visited an English merchant ship in Malta Harbor. We went into the fore-castle quarters of the crew. There were nine seamen present. They told us a long story of their hardships, and the severity of their captain. We listened till they had ended, and then, taking the Bible, said, 'This little book contains a remedy for all those trials.' We read the words quoted, and said, 'You are all heavy laden, and your labor is hard, and by coming to Jesus all will be put right. And just notice, please, by trusting in the Lord Jesus Christ. He says, "Ye shall find rest to your souls." Think of that friends! Pardon for all your sins is included in the bargain.' We prayed with them, talked with them, wept with them, and ere the sunset seven of the nine came to Jesus as they were. They came with us on shore to the meeting-place for Christians. A little while after one said to them, 'What about your hardships? Oh, it is true, He giveth rest to the soul.' The

ship left three months later, and a letter was written to us after a time, and the signature at the end was from 'The blood washed ones of the Annie barque.'

“The Sailors’ Litany

The daylight dies, and o’er the sky
The darkening clouds now swiftly fly;
The raging winds in fury sweep
Over the surface of the deep.
Thou who didst still the stormy wave,
Lord Jesus, hear and save.
The night is drawing on so fast,
More loud and shrill the angry blast!
The billows, Lord, lift up their head,
Filling our hearts with awe and dread.
Let not the ocean be our grave,
Lord Jesus, hear and save.
The morning breaks; the sun doth rise,
Shedding its light o’er cloudless skies;
Calm doth its golden glory rest
Upon the ocean’s tranquil breast.
Thou who the stormy sea hast braved,
Lord Jesus, Thou hast saved!
Harriet Power

A Letter from a French Soldier in the Trenches

August 15th 1914.

Dear Mother, ■Our departure has been delayed for a day or two. If you knew how little it matters to me! I go gladly, knowing that, whatever happens, I am safe.

Yes, now I can say it■I am saved. It almost astonishes me myself. I who up till now had been deaf to all the calls of God! I who was the most dissipated and worldly of all those children of Christian parents who have given up all religion! How great is the mercy of God! It was necessary that the War should break out in order that my eyes might be opened! If you knew how happy I am! The War! I don't think any more about it now. Show my letter to uncle, and ask him from me to read it at the meeting, to show the Christians that their prayers have been granted. Good-bye all. I do not know what awaits me in the future, but I do know one thing: it is that "whereas I was blind, now I see." T.L. 35 d'Infanterie.

The Song of the Sailor

“These see His wonders in the deep” (Psa. 107:24)

No land in sight■

But we sail ringed round mysteriously

By the softly blending sky and sea.

No land in sight■

But He who is steering knows the way

To the country “very far away.”

No land in sight■

And is it the season then for tears?

For cowardly doubts and selfish fears?

No land in sight■

Then this is the time for song and rest,

As we skim the conquered ocean’s breast.

No land in sight■

But the wind is fair and the ship rides free,

As we near the shore of eternity.

E.S.W.

AND THEN■

Oh think! To step on shore and find it heaven!

To clasp a hand and find it God’s hand!

To breathe a new air and that celestial air!

To feel invigorated, and know it immortality!

Oh think! The storm and tempest past■a perfect calm,

To wake and find it—glory!

“My sins deserve eternal death, but Jesus died for me.”

A Sailor's Procrastination

A SAILOR in one of the New York prayer-meetings told the following story: — “In Panama, one of my brother sailors was taken very sick. I had previously on many occasions advised him to take Jesus as his guide, counselor and friend. But his answer had ever been, ‘Time enough yet.’ ‘You need a Saviour now,’ I said to him as he lay writhing upon his mattress. ‘Oh,’ said he, ‘I’ve put off seeking Jesus too long.’ I earnestly begged him to look at the cross of Christ, and there learn what Jesus had done and suffered, that a poor sinner like him might not perish but have everlasting life. But he replied with choking sobs, ‘Too late! too late!’ ‘Oh,’ he cried, no rest for me! I am going to some place, I know not where. Oh, I know not where! ‘His head fell back upon his pillow. I cried, Ned, are you dying? ‘But all I heard was — through the gurgling in his throat — ‘No rest!’ and my dying shipmate was gone.”

“That’s Done It”

HOW true it is that “There’s life in a Took at the crucified One.” Oh! how eagerly we who know and love the Lord, who was crucified for us, but is now at the right hand of God interceding for us, how eagerly we long for news that our dear soldiers and sailors should take that look and be saved!

Prebendary Webb Peplos has told of a lovely instance of this truth that happened just lately in the trenches. Colonel Savile tells it to me, and I gladly tell it to all readers of the “Message”: ■

A soldier lay dying in the trench, anxious to be saved, to have his soul safe, and begged his comrades to tell him how he could get to heaven. Another soldier higher up the trench heard his cry. He passed his Testament, and said, “Read him John 3.” When his comrade came to the sixteenth verse, “God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.” The poor, anxious soldier, with his dying breath, said, “Thank God, that’s done it!”

Emily P. Leakey

Gifts and the Givers

All your gifts, dear friends, are registered in heaven. You have strengthened our hands and given us the means of working in this way for the Lord. The importance of the work is increasingly manifested. We are sending out close on three hundred parcels every month and night after night our dear friends come and pack, and “their labor is not in vain in the Lord.” From all parts we are getting encouragement, Requests for parcels come from workers at home and abroad. We have never refused a request yet, and we hope the time will never come that we shall have to say we cannot send. If any of my readers have friends or relatives in the Army or the Navy who are willing to work for Christ in distributing His Word and books that speak about Him, would they kindly send the full address to me, and I will send a parcel.

I have never had a work for God that I have loved more than this. And if it is my last work for Him, His holy name be praised for having allowed me to do it for Him.

I am always wanting Gospels and the Testaments that fit the soldiers’ pockets. They are hungering for the Word of God. I have sent away more than twenty thousand Gospels and Testaments, and I am always wanting more. Do send me the means to get more. It is for Christ, and those for whom He died, that I am pleading. You have husbands, and sons, and brothers at the Front, or on the seas—some saved and some unsaved. In watering others, you shall be watered yourself. A Testament you help to send may find its way to one you love, and God may save their soul. I want ten thousand “How Can I Be Saved?” badly, and thousands of “Message from God” (the price Isa. 25/- per 1:000), and any gospel books in English or French suitable.

Christ is coming! Death is reaping a terrible harvest —on every battlefield. The wounded hands of the Redeemer are stretched out over the world. He says to His people, “Go Ye, and preach the gospel to every creature”—preach it by the books you send and by the help you give.

He says to the sinner, “Come unto Me, and I will give you rest.” Will you help them to come by sending His invitation to them?

Yours for Christ’s sake,

Heyman Wreford

Take this dear friend’s, as my loving acknowledgment of all your gifts, and may the Lord bless you for your love for others.

The Diary of a Soul

By the Editor

Seeking the Lost

THE picture on the cover this month speaks to us of many things. It tells us of the helplessness of man, and of the comparison of the Christ of God. The words of Jesus, with their appealing force, come to us as we look upon the scene.

“For the Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost” (Luke 19:10).

“A certain Samaritan... came where he was: and when he saw him he had compassion” (Luke 10:33).

It had been a day of fierce and continuous fighting, the dominating thunder of the cannon had shaken the world — thousands and thousands of brave and reckless men charging and re-charging ‘mid the flame and fury of awful strife, had given up their lives that day, or lay with shattered bodies moaning in their pain.

Trenches had been filled with the dead and dying, and beyond the trenches the terror of the dark woods hid the hell that raged within their vast and lonely depths. And all over the battlefield men were dying: wounded and helpless they lay where they fell when the cruel shot found them. Strong men are prostrate there, weaker than the weakest now. The fire of manhood is dying out — the virile power that made them do and dare is gone. From some parched lips broken words of prayer and appeals to God are heard; others breathe out in despairing love the names of dear ones they will never see again; others are lying in the stupor of approaching death.

And then night comes upon the scene — night with its evening star hanging like a jewel in the sky. Night with its solemn mysteries, and the pale moon, like a spectre, shining upon the desolate earth. The fierceness of the strife is over. When the Prince of Peace was born, a star shone over the manger where He lay, and the song of His advent filled the air with music that will never cease to vibrate through the ages as they pass. “On earth peace, good will towards men.” Man has broken God’s covenant of peace through all time. But the peace of God, and the mercy of God, are still for man.

The lonely figure in the picture appeals to us by its very helplessness. The good Samaritans of the R.A.M.C. have found him — lost upon the fields of death — they have had compassion on him, and will carry him where he can be tended and cared for. God bless them in their noble work.

And thank God the compassion of Christ is there. There is ONE in heaven today who came to seek and to save the lost. The Good Samaritan! The blessed Lord Himself! The story of His love to man has been read and re-read, has been told and re-told, in the trenches—when in the pauses of the fighting, the little khaki Testament, that perhaps you helped to send, has brought the Good Samaritan beside them, and as they read of the Son of God, who became the Son of man, and died to save them, they seemed to hear Him say,

“Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in ME,” and again,

“Fear not! I have redeemed thee, thou art mine,” and

“Come unto me and I will give you rest.”

Yes, the angels of the promises throng the battlefields today—there is a ladder from earth to heaven — and up and down its golden rungs the feet of angels come and go, bringing down from God the chalices of heaven filled with His oil and wine to heal and cheer, and taking back to God the penitence and prayers and faith of men.

But we must send the little khaki Testaments to them — the Book that tells them of a Saviour’s love — the lamp that shines upon their way to God. I will send, if you will give me the means to send. I get letter after letter asking me to send. Only yesterday a dear Christian wrote from France:

—

“Pardon my troubling you, but when I was at — I remember you used to send frequently a supply of gospels and literature to my friend there... I have been appointed to — for the visitation of all the British hospitals there... There are ten, and I am nearly in despair because my material has not come through. Am I imposing upon your kindness too much, dear sir, when I ask for your kind help? I shall be more than grateful. Thank you with all my heart.”

Within an hour or two I had packed two parcels and sent them on their way, and others shall follow. Thank God I have never had to refuse an appeal yet, and I am sure you will never let me.

Look at the pictures — learn from the pictures. Lady■ writes and says: “she will be much obliged for thirty more copies of the July “Message from God” with the picture of the sentry “facing the dawn.” She continues, “It has been of much interest to many, and several to whom she has given it have promised to remember those lonely ones in prayer when the dawn breaks each day.” Yes, we can pray amid all the darkness of these awful days that lonely watchers, and lonely sufferers, may be able to feel and say: ■

“God’s strong arms are all around us,

in the dark He sought and found us.”

A Visit From the Front

Last Friday I had a visit from a Christian from the Front, F. H. P. C■y, of the R.A.M.C. He came freighted with messages of love from many, to those of us who had sent the parcels to the soldiers. I was very glad to see him and to hear about the work of God, and to introduce him to the dear brother who packs our parcels. We had prayer together that God would bless the parcels sent and open other doors of service to us. He told me where the men of the R.A.M.C. had held their meetings: ■1. In a field. 2. In a booking office. 3. In the Mayor's Parlour in a certain town. 4. Over an Estaminet. 5. In a tumbledown barn. 6. In a cornfield. About forty or fifty attend the meetings — officers and privates. He told me of a prayer meeting also by the bank of a canal.

He spoke of a Christian connected with the Transport Section who was used by God to bring some of his comrades to Jesus. One evening in particular he mentioned, after a service in the Mayor's Parlour, they had an open-air meeting, and one man who had been spoken to by his friend and was anxious, was pleaded with and prayed with, and at last confessed his sins to God and took Christ as his Saviour.

Not Ashamed of Christ

He told me of one of the ambulance men who, when he was converted, had to hear the jeers and the scoffing of his comrades. At night when he was going to rest in his tent, he took from his pocket his Testament and began to read his daily portion. At once the scoffing ceased, and there was silence in the tent. Then someone said, "This is the only man among us who has ever been bold enough to read his Testament before us, Surely we can do the same." They did, and that night and the following night four of the men gave themselves to God to live for Him.

“Lord, Save My Comrades”

Another incident he told me of a dear Christian belonging to the Salvation Army. He had been wounded severely in the arm. It was found necessary to amputate the limb, so he was put under chloroform, and the operation was performed. When it was all over, and he had recovered from his unconsciousness, he began praying, “Lord, save my comrades on the battlefields” Then he sang hymns. Happy in Christ amid all his sufferings.

Our dear friend has gone back to the Front again, but our parcels will follow him, and we must pray God to make him a great blessing to his comrades.

The Blessing of the Khaki Testament

I received this letter on Saturday morning from a dear Christian soldier: —

“Once more, by the good grace of our dear Lord, I have the pleasure of writing to you. I thank you from the bottom of my heart for sending me the Testaments. They came while we were in the trenches. When your parcel came I was not long in giving them out—in fact the demand was far greater than I could supply. I had to give away my own Testament that I had in my pocket. All were so eager to get a Testament. I wish you could have seen the dear men reading them afterward in their little dug-outs. Now other Companies of our Battalion are asking me for them. I never thought when I received one little Testament myself what it would lead to. I thank God today that He has given me the opportunity to work for Him in distributing the Gospels and Testaments. We still have Our prayer meetings... Now if you can send me another parcel I will be thankful, and if you can spare me a Holy Bible I shall be grateful. The last one you sent I gave to a sergeant so that he could read to some of his men.”

Eager for the Word of God

From Corporal B. — “Thank you so much for the parcel you sent. How eager the men are for the Word of God! I have given Testaments to many tonight— to some men who are going to the trenches for the first time. I had a meeting with them on Sunday, and two came out for the Lord, and a backslider returned to the fold. If the people of God could only see how eager the men are for the Testaments and tracts you send me, or could only have a peep at our meetings — sometimes in a barn, at other times in the open air — it would amply repay them, and I am sure they would help more.... Praise the Lord for souls being saved from time to time. I give Him all the glory.”

Fighting for the Khaki Testament

My next letter is from a dear worker to whom I have sent several parcels. He says: —

“Many thanks for another parcel, which I received safely last Sunday after I had just finished distributing the two other parcels you sent. I have visited the fellows in over one hundred tents in our camp here, and I now propose (D.V.) to visit some of the camps outside. I made a venture last Sunday evening, and found the men were quite willing to accept the Gospels and books. I am getting to quite enjoy the work. It is very encouraging at times to enter into a tent and ask the fellows if they would like a Testament or Gospel, and then to see several of them hold out their hands and to hear them say, ‘Ah, yes, mate, I’ll have one of those, Thanks.’ Last Sunday a man in the R.F.A. told me that the men in his battery up the line actually fought to get the Testaments and Gospels. I enclose a couple of five franc notes. If you have any difficulty in getting them changed, please let me know, and I daresay I can arrange to get postal orders instead.”

Thousands Are Reading the Khaki Testament

An Army Scripture Reader writes: — “Once again I must thank you for three parcels — two I received yesterday, and one a few days ago. I had been without Testaments or Gospels for a few days, so you will see how pleased I was when I returned from the station at 11:30 p.m. to see them. In the dark I could tell they were from you. The need is as great as ever, and one sometimes wonders why so many men are allowed to leave England without being supplied.... I am sure we can help our dear comrades in no better way than by giving them God’s own Word. I have it from men coming from different parts of the Front, that thousands of men are reading it, and it is bearing fruit. A few days ago a man lying outside my hut was reading his Testament. I asked him if Christ was his own Saviour. He was not sure. He was led to Jesus through the Word, and was very happy when he left for the trenches. I am sure God will bless the dear friends who send His Word to lead our brave fellows to rest on His promises. Again thanking you and your friends for prayers and sympathy.”

A Colonel writes for Testaments and “How Can I Be Saved?” He says men all over the camp are asking how they can be saved.

I have hundreds of other letters, but what can I do? I want a volume every month to put them in, and I wish I could do it. It would accentuate the need. It is very real and very terrible. We must have Gospels and Testaments to send. There is real work for God being done by the parcels you have helped to send. You will be blessed for all eternity for what you are helping to do. Please send me the means to get: ■

10,000 Gospels and Testaments |

10,000 “Message from God” each month |

10,000 “How Can I Be Saved?”|

Tracts and Books and Magazines |

Bibles in English and French, not too much worn |

And the needed help to send these parcels away |

Above all, PRAY FOR US.|

“The Bread of Life can ne’er be lost,

Though scattered far and wide;

And thou shalt surely find again

Each crumb thou hast supplied.”

The Odd Man

HE was brought in by the orderlies, and not a man in the barracks from whence he had come was sorry he had “gone sick.” In a few hours there was not a patient in the ward where he was who did not wish he had been taken somewhere else. He was an “odd man,” without any friends outside the barracks; and he never tried to make any inside. No one ever knew him to do a comrade “a good turn,” while it was well known how many bad ones he had done.

In the ward the nurse was prepared to treat him more kindly than the other patients, having been told his character, and with a desire by kindness to make a change for the better, but she soon found her mistake. In oaths and curses he took delight; believed neither in God, man, or devil; knew he was dying, and that no one would be sorry when the end came; and yet he lay in his cot doing his utmost to make all within his reach as miserable as he could. He would watch the chaplains come and go, listen to their talks with a sneer on his face, fling aside the books and papers left on his cot with a contemptuous laugh, and make himself so disagreeable that one and all dreaded coming near him.

But one day, there came a new chaplain to the ward where the odd man lay, slowly dying; a chaplain with a bright, cheery smile and face, one who knew nothing about this patient; who just said a few words as he passed between his cot and the next, the cot of a man who had “gone sick” the day before. The chaplain sat down and began to talk to the man he had come to see; and the patient whom he had not come to see listened to the conversation, trying, out of curiosity, to hear what the new comer had to say. Some words stuck to him: —

“God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son... that the world through Him might be saved” (John 3:16, 17).

These words haunted him, they kept him awake that night, and the next day he was so quiet that the others thought he really was dying. They asked him, “What’s up?” And the odd man looked at them, and asked the new chaplain’s name. “Oh, he’s the one at the Soldiers’ Home down in the town. They always look up their men when they’re gone sick. It doesn’t matter what’s your religion, it’s all the same; if a man comes to the Home he’s looked after.” “Belongs to the Home, does he?” the odd man said, then was silent.

Suddenly, in the night, the orderly found him so much worse that he got the surgeon, who thought he could not live till morning. They listened while his words came painfully, and found he wanted to see the chaplain of the Soldiers’ Home. In the dead of night, the chaplain was aroused from his sleep by a loud knocking at his door, and, after hearing the message, was taken to the odd man’s cot. Then the man, who the day before had been thinking, put his thoughts into words. “You said God loved — God sent His Son to die for the world. Does that mean me?” When assured that the words certainly meant him, he said, slowly and distinctly, “I never knew anyone who loved me — my mother I don’t remember — my father died in penal servitude — I have no relatives or friends — I want you to tell me what love means — and why God loves me — I have longings for

someone — to show me what love means — I have had a hard life—I have hated and been hated in return—but I have never loved or been loved.”

So there in the hospital ward, in the stillness of the night, with the screen drawn around the cot (for they thought he was dying), the chaplain who belonged to the Soldier’s Home, told the grand old, old story of Jesus and His love, and with such effect that the odd man burst into tears. “God loves me,” he repeated over and over again, “and all my life I have fought against Him; now I am dying — I can do nothing for Him—nothing for Him who loves me — GOD LOVES ME.”

Then he lapsed into unconsciousness. The chaplain, with others, waited to see the end. But the end did not come. After a little the odd man roused himself, and, looking straight at the man who told him of God’s love, he said, “Are you quite sure God loves me?” “Quite,” was the answer. Then the odd man received a new lease of life, and rallied — the crisis had passed. “I’m going to live,” he said. “I’m going to show I love Him — I’m going to do something here — in this hospital — for Him who loves me — GOD LOVES ME■GOD LOVES ME. “When the chaplain left the odd man was still repeating” God loves me.”

Next day the men in the ward noticed a great change in the odd man. As the days passed he grew stronger for a time, and he was on the watch to do little deeds of kindness for the others. He offered to read aloud to the man in the next cot whose eyes were painful. The odd man read well; he had that rare gift of reading as if he felt an interest in what he read. He had learned to read in a reformatory, and his reading delighted his comrades. This was one thing he could do for Him who loved him, and he did it well.

The days came and went, and so did the men in the hospital. The Chaplain from the Home came and went, too; and the odd man was the helper of all, the brightest there. As he grew weaker, so the men’s eyes grew dim with sorrow, for the odd man had become the odd man from quite another standpoint. He was the man everyone loved, and who seemed to love everyone. He told the secret of his changed life and the story of God’s love; some thought if God could save and keep him, He could save and keep them, so they “Believed on the Lord Jesus Christ” (Acts 16:31), and were saved. After a time the end came; the odd man’s voice failed, and he had to stop his readings, and suddenly the surgeon sent for the chaplain, but before he arrived the odd man had gone into the Home from which there is no return. “He just had a smile on his face, and he stretched out his arm, and raised his hand,” said the orderly who was attending him, while the tears glistened in his eyes, “I thought he wanted something, so I went up, and I heard the words, “GOD LOVES ME■GOD LOVES ME.” The chaplain said, “Yes, those were his favorite words. I am not surprised they were his last.” And then he waited; for the orderly, although he had ceased speaking before the chaplain spoke, seemed to have more to say. But he did not say another word; the odd man had been his care, he loved him, he had been led to Jesus through the dead man’s influence, and he could not trust himself to say another word. There was hardly a dry eye in the ward. Somehow this odd man, who was brought in as an unloved being, was loved by all with whom he came in contact, when the messenger of death was sent to bring him home. And the secret of this lay in the fact that this man had been so anxious to show that “we love Him because He first loved us” (1 John 4:19).

There was the usual funeral, and as the strains of the Sicilian Mariner’s Hymn sounded, and the procession passed on its way to the odd man’s last resting place, the eyes of many of the men

were filled with tears. The coffin on the gun-carriage bore three wreaths — one from the men in the ward, another from the men in his company, and the third from those whom he had led to God. As they fired over his grave, the echo seemed to repeat the odd man's favorite words, "GOD LOVES ME■GOD LOVES ME."

E. C. R. W.

This Way to the Pit

A LADY, on a visit in a little village, set to work to distribute tracts to all whom she met. One day, she met a stranger in the village shop and, as he was passing out, she offered him a tract. He accepted it with thanks, and said, "Would you like to hear the story of my conversion?"

"Very much," she replied.

"Well," said he, "I was a careless, godless man. One night I made up my mind I would go to the theater to enjoy myself. As I approached the door I saw a notice up in large letters: 'This Way to the Pit.' The words flashed through my mind in a new light. I saw a meaning in them I had never seen before. 'This Way to the Pit!' I was there and then deeply convicted of sin. I suddenly realized I was walking on that broad road which leads to — hell 'This Way to the Pit!' The horror of those words seized me, and I could not shake it off.

"Shortly after my little boy begged me one Sunday to take him to a mission hall nearby. I did so. The preacher took as his text the words of the dying Saviour on Calvary's Cross: 'I thirst.' He said, 'Men and women, Jesus Christ is thirsting for your souls tonight.' And my heart responded, And I am thirsting for Jesus Christ! 'And there and then I accepted Him as my Saviour."

"This Way to the Pit." Reader! are you walking on that way? The Bible says, "There is a way which seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death" (Prov. 14:12).

Again, "Enter ye in at the strait gate; for wide is the gate, and broad is the way, that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat" (Matt. 7:14).

In the Book of the Revelation of St. John we read: —

"And the fifth angel sounded... and to him was given the key of the bottomless pit. And he opened the bottomless pit; and there arose a smoke out of the pit, as the smoke of a great furnace; and the sun and the air were darkened by reason of the smoke of the pit" (9:1,2).

"Death"! "Destruction"! "The bottomless pit"! These are solemn words, but they are in God's Book, so we cannot ignore them.

"I want to ask you a question," said a soldier to me one day.

"What is it?" I inquired.

"Do you believe in hell?" he said.

"Well," I replied, "God believes in it! He believed in it so much and He so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." 'Perish' — note that word!

"And Jesus Christ believes in it! He believed in it so much, and He loved us so much, and He was so unwilling 'that any should perish,' that He came and died for us on that awful cross to save us

from hell if only we will turn to Him and be saved.”

“There was no other good enough

To pay the price of sin,

He only could unlock the gate

Of heaven and let us in.”

“And,” I said to the soldier, “if God believes in hell, and Jesus Christ believes in it, how dare I say there is no such place?” There is such a place. The Bible tells us very plainly about it. But, thank God, it tells us also that there is pardon and heaven for the guilty sinner who will accept the free salvation offered to him by Jesus Christ.

“Would you like this book?” said a lady to a young lad.

“What is there to pay?” he inquired.

“Nothing,” she replied. “It is like salvation — it is free!”

“Thank you,” he said, “I would like it then.”

Yes, salvation is free. Glorious news! It is a free gift. It cost the Son of God a great price — even His own life. But He paid the price willingly so that guilty sinners might have this gift free for the asking. What wonderful love!

There are three things you can do regarding a gift: ■

1. You can reject it — absolutely refuse it!
2. Or you can neglect it — pay no heed to the offer!
3. Or you can accept it — make it your very own!

I ask which of these three things are you doing with regard to this gift of salvation? Remember it is just as serious a matter to neglect as to reject salvation. You have only to neglect your body, give it no food or attention, and you will die just as surely as if you ran a knife through your heart, or put a bullet through your brain. And you have only to neglect your soul, and it will die just as surely as if you deliberately rejected salvation. Oh! won't you accept it, and accept it today, for “Behold, now is the day of salvation.”?

“Men and women,” said the preacher, “Jesus Christ is thirsting for your souls tonight.” And one heart, at least, in that congregation responded, “And I am thirsting for Jesus Christ!”

Reader! what are you thirsting for? Are you seeking for satisfaction in the world? Ah! you will not find it there.

“What a rage there was for the skating rink when it was first opened,” said one girl to another; “but people soon got tired of it and it had to close.”

Yes, people soon “get tired” of the world's pleasures, for they cannot satisfy.

“My mistress can’t spend a quiet evening in the house,” remarked a servant girl. “I never saw anyone like her! She is always rushing about seeking to be amused. And in spite of it all she is not a bit happy.”

“In spite of it all”? Nay, because of it all! She was thirsting, poor woman, for satisfaction, but she sought it in the wrong direction, so remained thirsty still.

“He that believeth on Me,” said Jesus Christ, “shall never thirst” (John 6:35). “If any man thirst let him come unto Me and drink” (John 7:37).

Jesus Christ satisfies the human heart and no one else — and nothing else can. Has He satisfied you?

“I came to Jesus and I drank

Of that life-giving stream;

My thirst was quenched, my soul revived —

And now I live in Him.”

E. E. HATCHELL.

Incidents of the War

Be Strong

“Be strong!

It matters not how deep intrenched the wrong,

How hard the battle goes, the day how long;

Faint not, fight on! Tomorrow comes the song.”

M. D. B.

“A Ring of Shining Angels”

A hospital nurse who had been attending to a wounded British soldier said to him the other day, “Do you believe in God?” He answered, “I do now, but I used not to. But since the battle of Mons my opinions have changed.” Proceeding, he said, “We had a terrible time, and at last a company of us were hemmed into a large chalk pit. Suddenly I looked up, and encircling the top of the pit was a ring of shining angels. As the cavalry rushed up, the horses saw them, and there was a general stampede. Our lives were saved, and the Germans were put to confusion.” Seven soldiers, including officers, saw the angels. The soldiers gave their names and addresses, and the nurse wrote and had the story authenticated, one officer writing, “It’s perfectly true.”

Read the Following Letter

“Dear Dr. Wreford, —Your monthly book, the ‘Message from God,’ seems to carry a blessing with it, for whenever offered it is always received with joy. While walking home one evening I had the pleasure of meeting a soldier, who gladly received a copy of the ‘Message.’ This led to an interesting conversation about his service at the Front. He spoke of the gospel work among the soldiers behind the trenches. He told me of an open-air meeting that was being held; some of the soldiers present began to mock at the Word of God; he said to them, ‘Lads, before you have been in the trenches long you will be on your knees praying,’ Then a young soldier stood out and began to preach; as he preached he gathered around him about five hundred soldiers, who listened with earnestness to what he had to tell them about Christ. When they went to the firing line these soldiers sang hymns on their way; such was the power of the Word on their souls. The soldier said to me when we parted: ‘If ever a man deserved a V.C. it was that young soldier, who was not ashamed of Christ.’”

T. S.

A dying soldier on a battlefield puts his hand into his pocket and brings out his Bible. With his trembling fingers he holds a lead pencil with which he writes in the sacred volume these words, “If I die, I shall be in heaven.”

In peace let me resign my breath,

And Thy salvation see;

My sins deserve eternal death,

But Jesus died for me.

I must quote from a letter received from an English sergeant who has been for some months a prisoner in Soltau in Hanover. I sent him a parcel of books to distribute to his fellow prisoners, and some German Bibles for the men guarding him. He writes: —

Letter From a Prisoner in Germany

“I received your religious epistles quite safe, and distributed them amongst the prisoners here, and it is in appreciation of your kindness in sending them that I am deputed to thank you. I may say under these adverse circumstances your words of spiritual joy have tended to soothe one’s sorrows, and have calmed the troubled minds of many prisoners here in this unenviable role of life. May God give your health to go further with your noble work. We sincerely hope you may see many conversions to inspire you to continue this glorious mission to the glory of God. I am at present quite well, and we are having good weather. Please accept my fellow prisoners’ very best wishes, in which I sincerely and wholeheartedly join, to one whom we Honor and esteem in the name of Jesus Christ our Lord.”

“Return at Once”

THE other day I heard of a young officer in Kitchener’s Army who, owing to recent illness, had a few days’ leave. Well, the few days turned into a few hours only, for scarcely had he arrived than a wire came, “Return at once.” Now this set me thinking of that merciful Bible word, “Return.” Dear soldier, I have looked out this word addressed in the Word of God to so many classes of people, and I beg you to think about it too. I write four examples: ■

1. “Let him return unto the Lord, and He will have mercy upon him” (Isaiah 55:7). It may be you thought about God when you were younger, and in the Sunday, School learned to love Him, but as days went on you forgot. So He says, “Return unto the Lord.” Now, do not wait. Return at once.

2. In Jeremiah 3:22, it says, “Return, ye backsliding children, and I will heal your backslidings.” See how gracious God is, if you only return. He will at once abundantly pardon. So do, do “return at once.”

3. In Hosea 14:1, it says, “Return unto the Lord thy God, for thou hast fallen by thine iniquity. Take with you words and turn (return) to the Lord.” Yes, all God wants is for us to acknowledge our sin, and He will at once forgive. He will not keep you waiting if you “return at once.”

4. Job says, in chapter 22:23, “If thou return to the Almighty thou shalt be built up, thou shalt delight in the Almighty, and lift up thy face unto God.” As it says in Psalms 37:4, “Delight thyself in the Lord, and He shall give thee the desires of thine heart.” Is it not worthwhile, then, to “return to the Lord”? So “return at once.” “Come unto Me,” the Lord Jesus says.

Lastly, there is to be that one longed-for blessed return of our Lord, when all the soldiers of our Lord and King will hear the shout, the voice of the archangel, with the trump of God, saying, as it were, “Return at once.” Then, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, we shall be caught up, with the risen dead in Christ, to meet the Lord in the air, to be “forever with the Lord.” Surely we ought to look up with joy and say, “Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly,” and summon us!

Emily P. Leakey

Gifts and the Givers

All your gifts, dear friends, are registered in heaven. You have strengthened our hands and given us the means of working in this way for the Lord. The importance of the work is increasingly manifested. We are sending out close on three hundred parcels every month, and night after night our dear friends come and pack, and “their labor is not in vain in the Lord.” From all parts we are getting encouragement. Requests for parcels come from workers at home and abroad. We have never refused a request yet, and we hope the time will never come that we shall have to say we cannot send. If any of my readers have friends or relatives in the Army or the Navy who are willing to work for Christ in distributing His Word and books that speak about Him, would they kindly send the full address to me, and I will send a parcel.

I have never had a work for God that I have loved more than this. And if it is my last work for Him, His holy name be praised for having allowed me to do it for Him. I am always wanting Gospels and the Testaments that fit the soldiers' pockets. They are hungering for the Word of God. I have sent away more than thirty thousand Gospels and Testaments, and I am always wanting more. Do send me the means to get more. It is for Christ, and those for whom He died, that I am pleading. You have husbands, and sons, and brothers at the Front, or on the seas—some saved and some unsaved. In watering others, you shall be watered yourself. A Testament you help to send may find its way to one you love, and God may save their soul. I want ten thousand "How Can I Be Saved?" badly, and thousands of "Message from God" (the price Isaiah 25/-per 1:000), and any gospel books in English or French suitable.

Christ is coming! Death is reaping a terrible harvest on every wounded hands of the Redeemer are stretched out over the world people, "Go ye, and preach the gospel to every creature"—preach you send and by the help you give.

He says to the sinner, "Come unto Me, and I will give you rest." Will you help them to come by sending His invitation to them?

Yours for Christ's sake,

Heyman Wreford

Take this, dear friends, as my loving acknowledgment of all your gifts, and may the Lord bless you for your Jove for others.

NOTICE. ■The Christmas December number of "MESSAGE FROM GOD" will be a double number, 32 pages; the price, one penny. ■The number will contain an account of the Editor's visit to Brittany, and the opening up of spheres of work among the French soldiers. It is requested that orders for this number should be sent in as early as possible to secure delivery.

The Diary of a Soul

By the Editor

The Shadow of Eternity

I HAD a dream, and in my dream I thought that I was dying. I awoke with the solemnities of eternity pressing upon my heart. The world seemed far away to me, who had thus in thought hovered on the borders of the unseen. My soul seemed to be filled with dim conceptions and unexplained foreshadowings. The shadow of eternity seemed to have fallen upon me. And am I thus so near eternity? so near that any moment I may be in it? Yes, it is even so — tomorrow I may be gone. Where?

Solemn thought! I look across the seas and see the mighty shadow resting upon millions of men — men lining the trenches — manning the guns — leaping to the charge — lying like swathes of corn mown by the reaper Death, helpless, bleeding, dying, dead under the skies of God! O God! we lift appealing hands to Thee. We cannot save them, but we can pray for them. We have loved ones there — sons and husbands and brothers. Cover their heads, O God, in the day of battle! Send Thy legions of angels from the skies to guard them as we pray. And, O Almighty God, help us, as we love them and Thee, to send Thy holy Word to them. May it never be our reproach in the day of our death that we failed to do our duty to them.

We know, as one has beautifully said, “that Christ walks the battlefields of France and Belgium, as surely as in days gone by He trod the shores of Galilee.” May He be consciously near our loved ones, in the midst of the horrors and the tumult of the strife; may they hear Him say, “My peace I give unto you... let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid.”

The Shadow of the Grave

The flower of British manhood lies under the soil of foreign lands today. The shadow of eternity has enveloped them. Young, brave, beautiful in their strength, they are lost to earth forever. Across the sundering seas fond hearts are breaking because they will never come again. A hero's grave on the battlefield means an empty place at home. In "Return at Once," in October "Message," Miss Leakey tells us of a young officer's leave being stopped by the War Office telegram, "Return at once." He goes back to his regiment, then to France, and from France to heaven. Thank God he was ready for the call — he was not ashamed of Christ — and although his splendid physical and mental powers are lost to earth, the Lord had need of him, and when the Lord needs us, He calls us to Himself, sometimes from quiet sick beds, at other times from a warrior's couch of pain and blood.

The last post has sounded for him, and if the question comes, "Watchman! what of the night?" for it is night when our loved ones go, the answer comes as a voice from heaven, "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord... that they may rest from their labors." He was Christ's soldier; I knew and loved him well; he rests from his labors. The mystery of his early death we shall know when we see him again in heaven. Why his sun went down before it had reached its meridian God will tell us when He tells us all. Thou hast died on the "field of honor," for thine earthly king, but in the "grand review" of heaven thou wilt be there, and in the "Book of Life," where the names of the soldiers of the King of kings are written, thy name will be found. Good-bye, till the morning breaks and the shadows flee away. "We shall meet thee in the morning."

The Graves Are Speaking

We cannot pray for the dead, they are gone beyond our prayers, but those silent mounds of earth, with their simple crosses, are speaking to us today. Oh! friends, let the mute appeal of the dead stir your hearts to help the living.

What do they seem to say to us from their lonely graves? Listen!

Pray at home for those who have taken our place in the ranks of war.

Send the Word of God to those whose living eyes can read it, and whose beating hearts can rejoice in it.

Give them the little khaki Testament that has fallen from our dead hands; they need it now as we needed it before we died.

God will call us to account, some of us who are Christians, for the selfish ease that has possessed us when the need of souls was so great. We are resting quietly at home while thousands die for us each day abroad. What are we doing for their immortal souls? Are we helping to give them the Bibles, and Gospels, and Testaments that shall be like finger posts pointing them to Christ?

A Christian writes to me: ■

“I hope you will be able to send more Testaments and Gospels soon. I was delighted to see two parcels from you a few days ago. I gave them away the same day, and in forty-eight hours no doubt they were in the trenches... God reward you for giving our dear men His Word when going to face death.”

Another writes saying: — “Thank you very much for parcel sent, for which I am truly grateful. I enclose a post card I received from a lad in the firing line. I wonder if you can manage to send him something. May God abundantly bless and preserve you.” The lad has his parcel.

Yes, they are calling to us from the battlefields. Pray for us at home! Think of us at home! Send the Word of God to us from home! Give us the little Testament that we can carry with us to the trenches.

Dear friends, the living and the dead are calling to you. Will you help? You cannot save their bodies, are you trying to save their souls? We are told by workers at the Front that it is appalling the number of men who go on their last journey from the base to the trenches without Testaments. And it is heartrending to know that often the last sermon they hear before their death tells them they can be sure of heaven by their own self-sacrifice, and have no need of Christ. Poor, brave fellows, God help you and teach you to rely only upon His written Word! This will make you wise unto salvation.

Read this letter I received from one who has left England for the battlefield, and is conscious of his need of Christ's presence with him: —

Going into the Shadow

“Do remember me in your prayers; I feel so weak and helpless in myself. Do pray that I may be faithful to my blessed Saviour, that I may never be ashamed of Him who has done so much for me.... I have heard bad news this morning. May the Lord make me faithful to immortal souls who are going on the downward road to destruction.”

Weeping in the Shadow

The Rev. A. A. Boddy tells us how the shadow of eternity fell on a young man in the trenches. He was alongside his chum in the trench, for they were never parted — they were always together. Then a shell burst and killed his chum outright. He seemed as if he couldn't get over it. He lay all night beside the dead body of his chum and cried as if his heart would break.

The Shadow of Death

A young lieutenant fresh from home begs another to let him take his place at an observation post. His friend consents. The young officer goes off eagerly and gladly, but he goes under the shadow of death. A shell bursts above his head and he falls to die, in half an hour, riddled with shrapnel from head to foot. Young, brave, and eager one hour, the next in eternity.

A French Officer Under the Shadow

A young French officer got separated a little distance from his men; he was going through a small wood in the dark, when the German scouts caught him. Their bayonets touched his breast, and a voice whispered in his ear, "Make but the slightest noise and you are a dead man!" At once he saw that the German Army must be coming up to take the French by surprise, and that if he did not warn them his countrymen would probably be overwhelmed. He was not a coward, but instantly shouted at the top of his voice, "Here are the enemy." The next moment he fell dead, pierced to the heart, but his devotion saved his friends from surprise and defeat. The German attack failed. Oh, if we only had equal courage in serving Christ! —the courage to warn our fellow men and prevent them from falling a prey to the great enemy of their souls! Are we brave enough to warn men to flee from the wrath to come, or do we in coward ease rest careless and heedless while the devil and his hosts are seeking for the souls of men? If God were to ask you now if you had warned any of their state, or if you had helped to lead souls to Christ, what would you say?

God in the Shadow

From the Front one writes: ■

“The dear Lord was very merciful to me on the 14th. A piece of shell blew away the front of my leggings, grazing my skin; another piece went clean through my water bottle and all my clothing, making a slight wound just to the right of my backbone, while a third piece pierced my cap, going through the side and coming out at the top without touching my head.”

Another on board H.M.S. ■ writes: ■

“Quite recently we prepared to go into battle within an hour, and it was foggy, and we each knew that it would be an awful thing at such close distance, but I knew the sweetness of His presence, and I felt calm as at the most quiet time of my life, and was quite willing to leave everything to Him.... We have passed through many dangers, but we meet each night in our Chaplain’s cabin for prayer... Our Chaplain is a sincere Christian and a great help and comfort to us all.” God bless him!

“Abiding Under the Shadow” (Psa. 91:1)

A card from the Editor of the “Message” when he was in Brittany said, “You must get me some striking incident. I wish Colonel Savile would send you another.” Strange to say, by the same post came a most striking Testament incident from Colonel Savile, which shows indeed how wonderfully God preserves those who abide under His shadow and trust under the covert of His wings. I simply copy his letter: ■

“I heard of another Testament story which will interest you I am sure. An officer was marching with a column when a piece of shell struck him and was turned off by a Testament which was in his pocket, which his father had given him. But now comes the wonderful part: the shell stopped at the page with the ninety-first Psalm on it, and the first verse of that very psalm his father had written at the beginning of the book. But the wonder — or I should say, the mercies — of God did not stop there. He lay where he fell, and had to be left alone, and after a while, during the night, an ambulance wagon, which had lost its way, passed by. He called out and asked if they could take him in. They said, ‘Yes, there is just one place left.’ When he arrived at the hospital or dressing station the doctor said: ‘It was fortunate for you the ambulance found you, or you would have been dead by the morning, or anyhow lost your leg, as gangrene has begun to set in.’ It was, however, taken in time, and he is now as well as ever.”

That is a case of “abiding under the shadow of the Almighty” is it not? How I thank the good Colonel for giving it to us.

Emily P. Leakey

And now I appeal again, as I have month after month, for the means to get and to send away—

10,000 Gospels and Testaments

10,000 “Message from God” each month

10,000 “How Can I Be Saved?”

For Tracts and Books and Magazines

For Bibles in French and English, not too old or worn

For Lavender Bags with Texts for the Hospitals

Send at once. The need is now.

I want also small writing pads and envelopes and pencils. And do pray that we may be strengthened for this work which God has given us, and which He has richly deigned to bless.

A True Story

By I. I. PIPER

WILLIE H ■ became a bugler— in the Regiment during the Indian Mutiny. He was a delicate lad, but being born in the Regiment it seemed fitting that he should adopt the military calling. Shortly after Willie became a bugler, his father, as brave a man as ever lived, was killed in action, and his mother died six months later. She was the daughter of an Army Scripture Reader, and had brought up Willie in the fear of God, and he liked better going to the prayer meetings with her than joining in the horse-play of the other boys. This made the lad unpopular, and he suffered many coarse taunts and mocking gibes in consequence.

After his mother died, his life was made a misery to him by the scoffing sneers, and rude jokes, of the men of the regiment. When Willie was fourteen, the regiment was removed some miles away from the camp for rifle practice, and the Colonel wished to leave him behind, but the Sergeant-Major pleaded for him to be taken along with them. "There is mischief in the air, Colonel," he said, "and rough as the men treat the lad (and they do lead him a life), his patience tells on them, for the boy is a saint, sir!" "I don't believe in saints, and their influence," the Colonel answered shortly. "But let him go."

These were stirring times during the Indian Mutiny, and before the regiment had been away from camp many days several acts of insubordination had been brought to the Colonel's notice, and he determined to make an example of the next offense by having the culprit flogged. One morning it was reported that the targets had been thrown down and mutilated so that the usual practice could not take place. This was serious, and the rascally act was traced to a man, or men, in the tent where Willie H ■ was billeted, two of them being the worst characters in the regiment. The whole lot were put under arrest to be tried by court martial, when enough evidence was produced to prove conclusively that one or more of the prisoners were guilty of the crime. An appeal was made to produce the culprit, or culprits, all to no effect; and the Colonel, turning to the prisoners, addressed them thus: "If any one of you who slept in No. 4 tent last night will come forward and take his punishment like a man the rest will get off free, but if not each man in turn will receive ten strokes of the cat."

For a couple of minutes dead silence followed, then from the midst of the prisoners, where his slight form had been completely hidden, stepped Willie H ■. He advanced to within two yards of the Colonel and said, "You have passed your word that if any one of those who slept in. No. 4 tent last night comes forward to take his punishment, the rest shall get off scot free. I am ready, sir and please may I take it now!"

For a moment the Colonel was speechless, then in a fury of anger and disgust he turned upon the men and said, "Is there no man among you worthy of the name? Are you all cowards enough to let this lad suffer for your sins, for that he is innocent you know as well as I." But silent they stood, with never a word.

The Colonel's word must stand, and a second time Willie repeated, "I am ready, sir," and he was led away for punishment. With bared back the lad bravely stood as one, two, three strokes descended; at the fourth a faint moan escaped his white lips, and ere the fifth fell a hoarse cry burst from the group of prisoners, who had been forced to witness the scene; and with one bound Jim S■, the black sheep of the regiment, seized the cat and gasped out, "Stop it, Colonel, stop it! tie me up instead, he didn't do it, I did," and with anguished face he flung his arms round the boy. Almost speechless, Willie lifted his eyes to Jim's face and smiled such a smile. "No, Jim," he whispered, "you are safe now; the Colonel's word will stand." Then he fainted.

The next day as the Colonel was making for the hospital tent where the brave young bugler lay, he met the doctor. "How is the lad?" he asked. "Sinking, Colonel," he replied quietly. "What!" he ejaculated. "Yes, the shock of yesterday was too much for his feeble strength. I knew it was only a question of time," he muttered, "and this affair has only hastened matters." Then gruffly the doctor added, "He is more fit for heaven than earth."

"I shall never forget that sight," said the Colonel. "In the corner of the hospital tent, propped up on the pillow, lay the lad dying, and half kneeling at his side was Jim S■. The boy's face was deathly white. He was talking earnestly, but neither of them saw me." "Why did ye do it, lad?" muttered Jim, the drops of sweat standing on his brow. "Because I wanted to take it for you, Jim," Willie's weak voice answered tenderly. "I thought if I did it, it might help you to understand a little bit why Christ died for you." "Why Christ died for me?" repeated Jim. "Yes, He died for you, because He loved you, as I do, Jim, only Christ loves you much more; I only suffered for one sin, but Christ suffered the punishment for all your sins. The punishment of your sins is death, Jim, but Christ died for you."

"Christ has naught to do with such as me, lad. I'm one of the bad 'uns, and you ought to know that." "But He died to save bad ones — just them. He says, 'I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance.' 'Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool' (Isa. 1:18). Dear Jim, shall the Lord have died in vain? Listen! He is calling you, He has poured out His precious life-blood for you, He is knocking at the door of your heart. Won't you let Him in? Oh! you must, and then we shall meet again."

Standing there in the shadow, the Colonel's own heart became strangely stirred. He had heard such things from his mother, long, long ago, and the words seemed a faint echo of her own. Suddenly Jim raised a hoarse cry, and then it was seen that Willie had fainted. "I thought he was gone," the Colonel added, "but a few drops of cordial revived him and he opened his eyes, now dim and sightless." "Sing to me, mother," he whispered, "The Gates of Pearl' — I am so tired." "In a flash the words came back to me," said the Colonel. "I had heard them often in the shadowy past, and I found myself repeating them softly to the dying bugler lad: —

" 'Though the day be never so long,
It reigneth at length to evensong,
And the weary worker goes to his rest
With words of peace and pardon blest,
Though the path be never so steep,

And rough to walk in and hard to keep,
It will lead when the weary road is trod,
To the gates of pearl: The City of God.'

As the last words fell from my lips, his eyes met mine gratefully." "Thank you, Colonel," he whispered, "I shall soon be there." "Where?" I said involuntarily. "Why in heaven, Colonel!" he answered with a smile. "The roll call has sounded for me; the gates are open; the price has been paid." Then softly he repeated:

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

Once more the dying lad lifted his eyes to the Colonel. "You will help him, sir; you will show him the way to — the — Gates — of pearl." Suddenly a glorious light flashed into his dying eyes, and with a radiant, happy cry he flung out his arms as if in welcome. "Mother, O mother!" That voice thrilled the heart of every man who heard it. The light faded from the shining eyes, and the brave spirit of Willie H■ had fled to God.

By God's mercy the frozen heart of Colonel H■ was melted, under the power of redeeming love. He turned to the sinner's Friend, as the only way of escape from the wrath to come. He rested his guilty soul on the atoning work of Christ, and lived for several years afterward to tell to those around him what a Saviour he had found.

Jim S■, brought to a sense of his guilt, was led to see that the Lord Jesus died for him on Calvary's cross, bearing the judgment and curse due to him, and by believing on Him who did all, and paid all, he was saved. What eventually became of Jim I do not know. This I do know, that the Colonel, Willie and Jim, through faith in the precious blood of Christ, will meet again when Jesus comes.

Dear friend, this is a true story. Is not your heart touched as you read it? William H■ laid down his life for Jim S■. Jesus Christ laid down His life for you.

The Sword of the Spirit

IT happened in the Thieves' Hole, a common lodging-house, where a bed can be had for three-pence or fourpence, as well as the use of an enormous fire to cook by. It was Sunday morning, and a party of young men were holding a service in the kitchen. It was the preacher's first attempt.

After the singing of a hymn, the young man stood forth and gave out his text: "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin." He hesitated a moment. A blasphemer present saw his opportunity.

"What do you want," he began, "coming here to disturb us?" "We do not wish to disturb you, my friend," replied the preacher kindly; "we only wish to tell you that 'the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin.'"

"Do you suppose we are extra filthy, then?" asked the interrupter. "Not at all," was the answer; "we speak of sin stains, and declare that 'the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin.'"

"What do you know about it, youngster?" was the next question. But the young man was ready. "I know," he replied, "by blessed experience, that 'the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth use from all sin.'"

"Go to the rich and tell them your rubbish," shouted the man getting annoyed. "True," said the young preacher, "they need to know 'the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin.'" "But there are difficulties in the Bible," said the blasphemer in a different tone. "Very likely," was the rejoinder, "but there is no difficulty about this: 'the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin.'"

"Can't you tell us anything else, Mr. Ignorance?" said the man with a sneer. "No, friend, nothing better than 'the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin.'"

"But why don't your God?" "What God does not do," interrupted the preacher, "I cannot answer for; this I know, 'the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin.'"

"You make a good thing out of it, I know," was his parting shot. "We do," replied the young man. "For 'the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin.'"

As they left the field of strife they felt sore and sad, and the preacher wished someone more experienced had spoken. But when the blasphemer lay down that night, the sword of the Spirit cut into his heart, and he heard the words, "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin." When he rose the next morning he heard the same words quite clearly. All Monday, and Tuesday, and Wednesday, and Thursday, and Friday, and Saturday, over and over again, the words repeated themselves in his ears.

Sunday came again. The young preacher was sorely tempted to keep away from the place of his encounter. However, he summoned up his courage and went. The moment he stepped forward to give out his text, he was interrupted by his old enemy.

“Mates,” he said, “last Sunday our young friend gave us a good text, and it has stuck to me all the week, and I am here today to declare that ‘the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin.’ I’ve had enough of the old life; I’ve made up my mind to give it up. God knows I need the cleansing that is in the blood of His Son.”

Reader, can you say, “The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth me from all sin”? If so, what are you doing to tell the good news to others? —From “With Tongue and Pen.”

Incidents of the War

Rocking Horse Christians

ENTERING the house of one of his congregation, Rowland Hill saw a child on a rocking-horse. "Dear me," claimed the aged minister, "how wondrously like some Christians; there is motion, but no progress." The apostle says, "I press toward the mark." A man to whom the War Office had sent a paper wrote across it, "Yes, I'll volunteer if you'll send me to the Front. I don't want to muck about at home."

Christian, do you want to go to the Front? You can go with the Gospels and Testaments and books you help to send. You can go with the prayers you offer on behalf of the unsaved. You can go at any time if you help the cause of God there.

An Army Division for Jesus Christ

A dear friend writes us thanking us for the parcel we sent him. He says, "We had a glorious time on Sunday last, when one of the Royal Irish Rifles came to Christ." He tells us they are coming by ones and twos, "but we are not satisfied. Our hearts crave for the whole of our Division. It may seem a lot, but if we pray earnestly and trust in Him whom we know, nothing is too great for Him to grant us. If we believe He will grant us this request." That does Carey say: —

"Expect great things from God

Attempt great things for God"?

He asks for more parcels to be sent, and for our united prayers. Let us pray earnestly that this Army Division may be won for Jesus Christ. It is the time to work. What does C.T.S. say to us: "The hour of God is about to strike! The coming of our Saviour draweth nigh.... The devil is out and about! Then why do the Christians tarry?"

Let us all hasten to the help of those who are face to face with death in the trenches, and who want to be in touch with God. Help me to send the Word of God to them.

From Canada the following request comes in a letter thanking me for a parcel of books sent. "A father and daughter ask the prayers of the people of God for the conversion of a loved one just leaving Canada for the Front, that he may get acquainted with the Saviour of sinners."

Two Brothers Die Together

When talking together in a trench in France, two brothers were killed by a German shell. A third brother, in the same company wrote home to his parents: —

“Try and bear it, though I know it is very hard. They never had any pain, for they were killed instantly, both doing their duty in the trenches. It was done by a German shell bursting in the trench as they were talking to each other. I went and saw them buried last night.”

Listen to this brave, last letter from a son to his mother: —

“We are all in the hands of God, who knows the end from the beginning, and it is good to feel that we are in His hands.”

When he had sent the letter this young officer went forward to his death, and we trust and believe to endless life beyond.

The Parents' Watch of God

By day and night, the watch of God,
We keep, my boy, for thee —
The sentinels of loving prayers,
On guard continually.
At matin and at vesper hour,
Love's watchword still is given,
And angels know the countersign,
By open gates of heaven.
H.W.

The Real Shell and the Ghost Shell

I had in my hand the other day a heavy fragment of a German shell that had killed more than ten men on board one of H. M.'s large men-of-war. That inert fragment of iron had taken its toll of human life.

The British had captured a trench and were busy digging themselves in. A young officer passes up and down the line encouraging them. As he talks to them and cheers them with his words, from out the very sky it seems a shell comes — and bursts about him and tears his life away, and then buries itself in a huge hole in the ground.

These real shells have done their cruel and deadly work, where brave men meet their death, but the “ghost shell,” as a writer strikingly puts it, goes on upon its deadly way across the lands, over the wounded and the dead, across the seas to English homes. And there it bursts and shatters human hearts; it tears the happiness of lives and homes to pieces; it leaves a track of desolation as it goes; it is followed by the cries of breaking hearts and the sobs of orphaned children. Oh! the horror of it all. Only faith in God can mitigate the grief.

What did You do in the Great War?

This is a question that will be asked of thousands in the years to come. And many will have an answer in their scarred and maimed bodies; others will be proud to show the medals they have won on many a battlefield. The Roll of Honor, with its pathetic biographies, will tell the tale for others; and in the archives of a great and mighty nation will be kept the records of tens of thousands. But what have you done in the great war? You, a servant of Christ; you, with the knowledge of sins forgiven; you, who have a place prepared for you in heaven through unmerited grace, what have you done in this great war? Your fancied limitations will in no wise lessen your overwhelming responsibility. You will have to answer God when you meet Him in eternity.

You have lived while millions have met their death! You have beheld with your own eyes the daily need of immortal souls! You have seen the widow's breaking heart, and witnessed the sorrows of the fatherless! You have almost heard the "beating of the wings of the angel of death," as he passed through your native land! What have you done? What are you doing now?

What can I do? do you say? You can pray, and thus uphold the hands of those who are in the spiritual battlefield for God. You can help to send His Word to thousands lost without it. Think of the men in the trenches with death all around them. Think what a Gospel or a Testament sent by you might do for them. Help us to send them: seek your Saviour's blest "WELL DONE!"

What will you give for Christ today?

All your gifts, dear friends, are registered in heaven. You have strengthened our hands and given us the means of working in this way for the Lord. The importance of the work is increasingly manifested. We are sending out close on three hundred parcels every month, and night after night our dear friends come and pack, and "their labor is not in vain in the Lord." From all parts we are getting encouragement. Requests for parcels come from workers at home and abroad. We have never refused a request yet, and we hope the time will never come that we shall have to say we cannot send. If any of my readers have friends or relatives in the Army or the Navy who are willing to work for Christ in distributing His Word and books that speak about Him, would they kindly send the full address-to me, and I will send a parcel.

I have never had a work for God that I have loved more than this. And if it is my last work for Him, His holy name be praised for having allowed me to do it for Him.

I am always wanting Gospels and the Testaments that fit the soldiers pockets. They are hungering for the Word of God. I have sent away more than forty thousand Gospels and Testaments, and I am always wanting more. Do send me the means to get more. It is for Christ, and those for whom He died, that I am pleading. You have husbands, and sons, and brothers at the Front, or on the seas—some saved and some unsaved. In watering others, you shall be watered yourself. A Testament you help to send may find its way to one you love, and God may save their soul. I want ten thousand "How Can I Be Saved?" badly, and thousands of "Message from God" (the price Isaiah 25/-per 1:000), and any gospel books in English or French suitable.

Christ is coming! Death is reaping a terrible harvest on every wounded hands of the Redeemer are stretched out over the world people, "Go ye, and preach the gospel to every creature"—preach you send and by the help you give. He says to the sinner, "Come unto Me, and I will give you rest." Will you help them to come by sending His invitation to them?

Yours for Christ's sake,

Heyman Wreford

Take this, dear friends, as my loving acknowledgment of all your gifts, and may the Lord bless you for your love for others.

NOTICE. ■The Christmas December number of "MESSAGE FROM GOD" will be a double number, 32 pages; the price, one penny. The number will contain an account of the Editor's visit to Brittany, and the opening up of spheres of work among the French soldiers. It is requested that orders for this number should be sent in as early as possible to secure delivery.

The Diary of a Soul

By the Editor

THE last month of the year 1915 has come! —the most fateful year Great Britain has ever known. The world is drenched with blood and tears; hearts are breaking everywhere. As one has said “We are in the stress and tumult of a tempest which is shaking the foundations of the earth.” All over England and the Continent the bells are ringing out their message: “Christ is born at Bethlehem,” but the silver chiming is drowned by the hammering of forges and by the dominating thunder of the cannons that they make. Not only are dike foundations of the earth shaken, as nations are destroyed and rebuilt amid the volcanic upheavals caused by the mad ambitions of rulers, but faith in God is leaving us; the Son of God and His finished work is despised and set aside, “He is wounded” day by day in the house of His so-called friends; men about to die are taught that their death in battle means heaven to them. “I am the way” has no longer any significance to those who, traitors to their Lord, are trampling on His precious blood. One whose name is known all over England as a self-styled Christian teacher has said, “I do not want anyone to die for me.” This horrible War has been used by the devil to accentuate the awful cries of Calvary, “Away with Him.”

And what are we, as Christians, doing, and what have we done this year for the Lord Jesus? A Christian poet writes: —

“Another year! Another year!

Gone to eternity,

With its faithful chronicle of deeds,

And of all that failed to be.

Awaken now! Redeem the time!

Thy sun will soon go down;

Some other faithful laborer stands;

Let no man take thy crown.

‘Another year! Another year!

O God, forgive the past,

The selfish luxury of peace,

That made my anchor fast,

But left the foundering barques of souls

Around me halting down:

Oh grant me longer stewardship;

Let no man take my crown.

M. B.

We are in danger of losing our crown, some of us, and of going empty-handed into eternity. We go on as usual, calm and careless, in spite of the awful need of precious souls.

Let me ask you a question in the presence of God: "Do you know that every soldier dying on the battlefields today has an immortal soul? Do you care for that soul? Do you want to bring that soul to Christ?"

We are willing to help you if you want to work for God among these dear men, by sending hundreds of parcels of Gospels and Testaments to them. All nations are hungering for the Bread of Life, and we are hungering to send it to them. Help us by sending us the means to get thousands upon thousands of Testaments. We will send them, and God will bless you for your help.

The Great Demand

Only last week I had applications for more than fifty parcels. This is beyond our ordinary list. I have sent to all. We have now about four hundred people to whom we have sent about two thousand parcels, and who are ready to take the Word of God from us and distribute it all over the world. We send to as many as we can every month — in fact one hundred parcels are needed every week. The dear brother who superintends the packing of the parcels has a band of earnest workers with him who are ready and willing for the Lord's sake to pack and send all the parcels needed. This means that after their day's work is done they come to work for God in this way. Do pray for them, dear friends, and thank God for them also.

Let me tell you a little more about our work, and I am sure you will be in fullest sympathy. Month by month this year the work has grown, and we have been able by the kindness of friends to meet the needs as they came before us. How God went with us, and before us, and opened doors of service for us is a sacred memory. It has all been very wonderful and very blessed, and all we can say is, "His holy Name be praised."

We love the widows' mites, and the blessing that always comes with them, and thank God some of our sweetest memories are linked up with the smallest gifts. But for those who wish the information I would say that for a gift of five shillings we can send one large parcel to the Front. The parcels weigh eleven pounds, and contain Gospels, Testaments, and an assortment of magazines and tracts and booklets. In many cases writing pads and envelopes and pencils as well. For a gift of ten shillings we can send two large parcels to the Front. For a gift of twenty shillings we can send four large parcels to the Front. For a gift of five pounds we can send twenty large parcels to the Front.

A Colonel writes to a friend saying, "Please thank Dr. Heyman Wreford for the splendid parcels he has sent; they are greatly appreciated."

It is the Word of God we long most to send — the little khaki Testament that fits the soldier's pocket. But on the last page of this number you will see our other wants.

I close my Diary this month with the following striking incident which has been told and re-told, but which will bear re-telling again. It is, from the report of the Scripture Gift Mission: —

An Officer's Conversion

An officer was going his rounds among the trenches when he came across a soldier who was reading a little Gospel of John. It had been given him by a friend in Newcastle. The officer said, "Are you interested in those things? I am not. I should throw it away, if I were you; there is nothing in it." The man looked up and said, "Sir, in this book I have found peace, joy and comfort, and I have eternal life, and the fear of death has been taken away from me, and I find in this book food for my soul. You ought to be interested in such things." The officer passed on, and in a few seconds a shell burst. He turned round and saw the poor lad's head rolling away. He was so awed by this terrible sight that he went over to find the Gospel, went into his dug-out, and began reading it. He was so convinced of his need of a Saviour that there and then he yielded himself to God. He came home on leave after being wounded, and has taken back with him a large number of Gospels for distribution, and he is constantly testifying to the Lord's saving power and His goodness and mercy.

A Little Child Shall Lead Them

THE following touching true story of a child, told by a colporteur, ought to move our hearts to do what we can now: A little girl of seven years of age came up to a Bible van with the request: "Three halfpenny Gospels of St. John, please." "Yes, my dear," said the colporteur at once. "What do you want them for?" "To give them to the soldiers," she said. "Three are staying in our house. I want to give them one each, and I can write their names in them."

The soldiers belonged to the Northampton Regiment, and were ordered to the Front. Not very long afterward one of them came back wounded. His two companions had been killed in battle. The wounded man took out of his pocket the halfpenny Gospel which the little girl had given to him. His name was written in it, and it was bloodstained. "We carried our Gospels with us into the trenches," he said. "We could not part with them. They were given to us by a child at whose house we were billeted."

But the child was not content with giving the three halfpenny Gospels. On her seventh birthday her father had placed five pounds in the bank for her. The next night her mother saw her deep in thought. Presently the little girl looked up and asked timidly: "Mother, how many soldiers are there in our town?" "Thousands, my dear," the mother responded, wonderingly. "Mother, how many Gospels of St. John would five pounds buy?" the child questioned. "I would like to give all the soldiers one, mother."

It was her one wish. She was as ready to part with her five pounds as the widow was to cast her two mites into the treasury. In the tender heart of this little child the love of our brave soldiers lay deep. Well might WE ask ourselves, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?"

Refused — "Doctor," a patient said to me, "I have been to the military doctor and I have been refused."

Accepted — The Great Physician never refuses any. "Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out."

Two Soldiers who were Twice Pardoned

PRIVATE ELLIS was brought to a saving knowledge of the truth whilst undergoing ten days' bread and water confinement in one of His Majesty's prisons at Lucknow, India. For some time he had been under deep conviction, and the burden of sin lay heavily upon him. The cell in which he was confined was so dark, that he could not see his hand before his face, and his condition was wretched and miserable in the extreme. On the fourth day of his punishment, as he paced up and down the darkened cell, his past life came up before him like a panorama, and he cursed as he recalled lost opportunities. Hymns he had heard sung in gospel meetings were brought afresh to his mind, and whilst in this condition he heard a voice, in clear, distinct tones, saying: ■ "Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest" (Matt. 11:28). He listened, and a strange feeling overtook him. Again the same voice said: "Marvel not that I said unto thee, Ye must be born again" (John 3:7).

Ellis walked about the cell, and felt that the evil one was struggling to get the victory; but the love of God completely broke him down, and a verse of a beautiful old hymn came to his mind, and he repeated in faltering tones: —

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

He then prayed to God after this manner: — "O God, for Christ's sake, forgive my many sins, and receive me as Thy child." There, in solitary confinement — in a darkened prison cell — alone with God, peace and joy came into his heart, and the heavy weight of sin was lifted from his soul. He knew that he was a new creature in Christ Jesus. Old things had passed away; all things become new (see 2 Cor. 5:17). The remaining days of Ellis's imprisonment were spent in the joy of the Lord, and in the delight of His Word.

Shortly after his conversion Ellis was discharged from the Army without a character, and without a friend in the world. He found great difficulty in obtaining a situation in civil life, but eventually, by God's blessing he was enabled to obtain employment. In addition to this, God gave him a good wife and a comfortable home. When the present War broke out Ellis became desirous of redeeming his character as a soldier. Time after time he failed to re-enlist owing to his previous bad character. Once he was told that if he went to a certain recruiting office and said nothing as to his past career he would be able to join. This he refused to do. After vainly trying time after time to enlist, Ellis resolved to write to His Majesty King George. This he did, telling His Majesty of his past career, at the same time asking his pardon for the wrong done to him when in his service in India. He also informed His Majesty, that, having been converted to God, he was desirous of an opportunity of redeeming his army character.

Three days afterward he received a letter from His Majesty's Secretary, stating that, if he were medically fit, the military officials would accept his services, and the Secretary added: ■

"His Majesty directs me to tell you so,"

Ellis is now in the trenches with the British Expeditionary Force, and delights whilst serving his King and Country to make use of every opportunity of telling his comrades of the Saviour of sinners, the One mighty to save.

Appended are a few extracts from Rifleman Ellis's letters recently received by the writer: ■

"When I get the opportunity of speaking to a comrade of the love of God, made known in Jesus, I take it at once. I love to drop seed by the wayside. Someday there will be fruit, and both he that soweth and he that reapeth will rejoice together. Our regimental motto is: 'Swift and bold' — swift to spread the glorious gospel of salvation, and bold to earnestly contend for the faith once delivered unto the saints. I have been quite busy telling the lads the good news of salvation through the finished work of Christ, under shot and shell. We have a meeting every night, and sing hymns. There is quite a move in the hearts of the men in the trenches. When I start a hymn the singing can be heard above the hum of the bullets and the crashing of shells. After hymn singing I am often asked by my comrades to pray.

"In speaking to them I present both sides of the picture — God's love and His righteousness. I tell them of the Saviour Christ Jesus Who came into the world to save sinners. I also warn them to flee from the coming judgment. One after another the lads are shot down, and we know not who will be the next. I realize in a marvelous way the power and presence of the Lord out here, and His peace is wonderful.

'Oh that the world would taste and see

The riches of His grace,

The antis of love which compass me

Would all mankind embrace.'

"The other day the enemy's artillery opened fire on us; the shells burst by the dozen all around us. Some of my comrades were killed, others wounded. Two shells struck the earth close to me and shattered into a thousand pieces. The force of the explosion lifted my cap from my head. I took pieces of steel fragments of the shells out of my puttees, and off my cap. Praise God, whilst the shells are flying around I can sing: —

'Thou, O Christ, art all I want;

More than all in Thee I find.'

I can also pray: —

'Cover my defenceless head

With the shadow of Thy wings.'

It would do your heart good to see the men sit round and listen to the gospel.

“The men out here do not want praise, and oily language, because they are fighting for King and Country; they want to be right with God and feel their need of a Saviour.

“Before leaving England I used to kneel down in the barrack room to pray for my comrades. My next bed-fellow, to whom I often spoke, has accepted Christ, and is with me now witnessing for Christ. May he, and each of us, grow in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ (2 Peter 3:18).

“How blessed to be an ambassador for Christ. I have been enabled to realize in a very special way the peace and presence of God in the midst of desolation and death.

“My desire is that every Christian at home should uphold their brethren in Christ out here in prayer, and especially to pray for the conversion of our unsaved comrades.”

Now let me tell you about a personal comrade of my own regiment who was twice pardoned. The first pardon he received through the gracious intervention of the late beloved Queen Victoria. I well remember being present in the barrack room at Fort A —, in A■, when Sutherland's name was read out in an Army Order as having received Her Majesty's gracious pardon. This was for an army crime.

The second pardon Sutherland received was the forgiveness of all his sins through trusting in the Lord Jesus Christ, who was delivered for his offenses.

It happened in this way. I was lying dangerously ill in hospital in D■, in the north of I■. My captain having kindly given me the privilege of having any comrade I might choose to be with me every night, I selected dear Sutherland, who enlisted about the same time as myself. In the daytime he rested in the barracks (an old disused prison), and kept me company through the night. After coming for several nights, it became distinctly noticeable that my comrade was evidently seriously concerned about something. One night Sutherland suddenly sprang to his feet by my bedside, and began praising God. “What is the matter with you, Tom?” I exclaimed. “My sins are all gone!” he replied. “Excuse me, dear P■, I must praise God; He has pardoned all my sins.” This was his second pardon. And,

“Who is a pardoning God like Thee?

Or who hath grace so rich and free?”

My dear comrade S■, after many a battlefield experience, has departed to be with Christ, whilst God, in His infinite goodness and mercy has graciously preserved me until this present, and the very best kindness I can show my brave comrades, whom I love, is to tell them that they need a Saviour. You are making a terrible mistake if you think you can meet the claims of a holy God by sacrificing your life for your Country. It is not through your bravery or self-devotion (although every Briton is proud of you) that you can be saved.

If admission to heaven were granted on the ground of being good, or doing good, or giving one's life in battle, not a single soul would ever get there; “for all have sinned and come short of the glory of God” (Rom. 3: 23). If you desire to spend eternity with Christ you must take the place of a helpless, hell-deserving sinner, and receive from the Lord Jesus Christ the forgiveness of all your sins.

Mark you, comrade, it is through this Man ("the Man Christ Jesus") that forgiveness of sins is proclaimed unto you. There is no other way. Jesus says, "I am the way." "Neither is there salvation in any other, for there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved" (Acts 4:12).

"The blood of Christ avails for you,
His blood cleanseth from all sin;
He is the One, who is mighty to save,
You may be cut off suddenly."

Do not hesitate. "Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation." "How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation?"

Many soldiers, as well as civilians, have been asking this question recently: "Why does God allow this terrible War? Why does He not stop it?" "Soldiers, this question was put to one of your Christian comrades (whom God has used for His glory, and covered his head marvelously in many a battle), in the writer's hearing at Victoria Station on September 11th 1915, when some two thousand soldiers were returning to the battle-front in France after a short leave in this country. Let me pass on to you his reply: "In order that you might repent, and turn to God."

My dear comrade, let me ask you, "Have you done so?" Many a soldier on the battlefield and in the trenches has repented and turned to God for pardon and forgiveness through faith in the precious blood of Christ. I have seen the inside cover of a Christian soldier's pay-book filled with the signatures of his comrades who have trusted Christ as their Saviour on the battlefield. Many of them have fallen in battle; their mutilated bodies lie in hurriedly constructed graves on those fields of death, but their ransomed spirits are with Christ. Others have been preserved until now, and are witnessing for Christ on the battlefield, as letters (lying before me) from some of them testify.

I have a profound admiration for the British soldier, and for this reason I seek in love to warn him, as did the angels Lot, to flee from the coming judgment. Soldiers! if you put your trust in the Lord Jesus Christ, His word is pledged to bring you safely to glory. There is only one way of getting rid of your sins. Look away from your sinful self to Christ, and Him alone, for salvation. If you do this you will become one of those of whom God says, "And their sins and iniquities will I remember no more" (Heb. 10:17).

"The cross of Christ, what matchless love!

What grace was there expressed!

The only way to heaven above,

To God's eternal rest.

"The work of Christ was so complete,

Its glory naught can dim;

The point where God and sinners meet

Is only found in Him.”

J.J.P.

A Clergyman writes: ■ “I must send a further donation for the excellent work in which you are engaged. May God’s blessing rest on it.”

“None in Hell”

“TRACTS EVERYWHERE!” said a youth, with a sneer, as a young Christian lad handed a leaflet one Lord’s Day afternoon. “No,” said the lad quietly, “there will be none in hell,” and passed on.

God fastened that single sentence as a nail in a sure place, and he could not get rid of it. “None in hell!” seemed to echo in his ears every time he saw a tract, and ultimately he was converted.

Reader, there will be “none in hell” ■neither gospel invitations nor gospel entreaties. How eagerly the lost multitudes, in the hopeless region of despair, would welcome the first invitation of mercy; but their day is past, their time of grace is o’er. Of these there is “None in hell.” How are you treating them on earth, these golden opportunities, solemn warnings, these loving invitations of God, as John 3:16? “For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.”

Accept them speedily, for oh, remember there will be “None in hell” (Prov. 1:24-28).

Monday

John■ said, "God cannot strike me down."

Tuesday

While out driving, and turning the corner of a street, the wheel of his van collided with a post, and John■ was hurled from his seat and fell heavily to the ground, receiving an irreparable injury to his spine, and was taken to the London Hospital.

Wednesday

John ■ was visited by his landlady, who had heard his proud boast uttered on Monday; she exclaimed when she saw him, "Ah! Jack, you said that God could not strike you down, but He has done it."

Thursday

John ■ was seen by a Christian medical student, who said: “Well, friend, suppose you had never spoken again when you were thrown from your dickey the other day, where would your soul have gone?” He somewhat curtly replied, “I don’t know.” “But there are only two places, you know, dear friend, namely, heaven and hell.” He then said, “We are taught so,” but in a tone which implied that the existence of these places was only a matter of opinion

Friday

A Christian nurse put God's plan of salvation before him, and besought him to accept Christ. To this appeal he made no reply.

Saturday

About noon he died, calling for the surgeon under whose care he was. Alas! he called upon the wrong man. "Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved." There is a time when "vain is the help of man."

What God Does

SOLDIERS! take your Bibles and read for yourselves what God does.

He manifests His love

“God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life” (John 3:16).

He invites

“Come unto Me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest” (Matt. 11:28).

He assures

“Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out” (John 6:37).

He pleads

“Come now and let us reason together, saith the Lord; though your sins be as scarlet they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson they shall be as wool” (Isa. 1:18).

He beseches

“As though God did beseech you by us, we pray you in Christ’s stead, be ye reconciled to God”
(2 Cor. 5:20).

He commands

God... now commandeth all men everywhere to repent" (Acts 17:30).

He warns

“Because I have called and ye refused; I have stretched out my hands and no man regarded.... I also will laugh at your calamity, I will mock when your fear cometh” (Prov. 1:24).

J. M. N.

The Soldier's Dream of Home

CHRISTMAS and Home are blended together in the happiest recollections. The dear home circle, and the joys of reunion with loved ones appeal to every heart. The sleeping soldier sees himself in the embraces of his wife and children — happy in his dreams. He can say with the poet: —

“But for me, O thou picture-land of sleep!

Thou art all one world of affections deep;

And thy bowers are fair — e'en as Eden fair;

All the beloved of my soul are there

The forms my spirit most pines to see,

The eyes whose love hath been life to me.

They are there — and each blessed voice I hear,

Kindly and joyous and silvery clear;

But under-tones are in each, that say—

‘It is but a dream; it will melt away!’”

Alas! for many there will be no earthly home-coming. Christmas will be with us, but they will never come again. Breaking hearts at home are saying, as they see the empty chair:

“He is dead, the beautiful youth,

The heart of honor, the tongue of truth;

He, the life and light of us all —

Whose voice was blithe as a bugle call:

Whom all eyes followed with one consent,

The cheer of whose laugh and whose pleasant word

Hushed all murmurs of discontent.”

Yes, they went from us, at the call of the bullet — at the flash of the shrapnel — at the lightning stroke of the bomb — at the bursting of the mine. Death stood upon the battlefields, and sought and claimed his prey. As a writer pathetically says: “One moment the fiery mass of living valor rolling on the foe. The eager subaltern from Oxford and Cambridge; the dashing young Zouave from the southern sunlit lands; the heroic Belgian cuirassier making his last stand for his home at Liege, Louvain, Ypres; the strong, silent Slav... the world's bravest — one moment keen for flag and freedom and home — the next gone —.”

Where? To a better home we trust. Thousands are being saved through reading the little Testaments that are sent to them. We want to help them all we can to get home to God at last.

Friends! I want ten thousand Testaments AT ONCE. Will you help me to get them today?

I received the following letter from France, in which the writer speaks of the longing for home this Christmas time. We have prayed for him and his friends every day since we had his letter: —

The Letter

“Dear Sir, ■ I was reading your book, ‘A Message from God.’

Could you pray for myself and my comrades? We want to go home for Christmas to see our people and our mothers. I am writing this from an hospital. I have great faith in prayer. I pray for guidance and protection and mercy, and have found comfort in prayer. God is the only One that counts out here. I have proved it scores of times. My comrades and myself very often sing hymns in the trenches when we are weary and require comfort. For the sake of the ones at home who are dear to us and want to see us again, please pray for us... God is everything, and people would realize it if they were to come out here and see what is happening. Pray for my three best chums, B■ P■, and K—. We pine for ‘Home, sweet home,’ and are constantly

thinking of it. We have faith that God will grant us to return

very soon. Pray for us. ■ A Christian Soldier and Believer, Pte.

R. T. B.■

Do pray for them, my friends, that the soldier’s dream and longing may become a reality, and that they may be home with their dear ones this Christmas. But to those who cannot come I want to send the Word of God. Help me to do so.

A Lance-Corporal writes: —

“I am asking you to send me and two of my soldier friends a pocket Testament.”

A Corporal writes: —

“I wish to thank you for the two parcels you sent; they are always very acceptable.

I had a splendid time among some men last week. I gave away thirty-eight Testaments and ten Gospels—all I had. I could have given away another forty. I wish I had them.”

Dear friends, I want to be able to send parcels of Testaments to all who need them. I want ten thousand this Christmas.

A Christian worker writes: —

“Thank you for the parcel of Testaments and Gospels; they will be so useful’ to me. I am visiting a great many villages where soldiers are billeted, and I see fresh ones nearly every time I go, and I find in these out-of-the-way places no one takes much interest in them, and these Testaments and Gospels will be most useful.... I am exceedingly grateful to you.”

From the Front a dear Christian writes to me: — “We thank you for your great kindness in trying to meet the big demand that has been upon us.... We do indeed feel grateful, more than we can fully express on paper. It has been a real joy to have had the assurance given to us by the men themselves that the booklets given to them have been read again and again in the trenches.... Eternity alone will reveal the value of the Scriptures and booklets given away.”

Another from the Front writes: — “Very many thanks for your two parcels on Sunday last. All the English Testaments were distributed the same evening to troops proceeding to the Front...Very many thanks too for the French Testaments, Gospels and tracts. I come in contact with many French soldiers, and have distributed many French Gospels, etc., and am asked for more. The French soldiers around here know me well now, especially the men on guard, and nearly every time I pass they ask for something to read.... Please thank all the dear people of God for helping to supply the spiritual needs of our troops out here... I could do with one or two parcels every week. I visit thousands of troops in a week here, and mostly all on their way to the trenches. Not far from here we could hear the guns quite plainly only last night. May God bless you and all interested in this great harvest-field.

P.S. Will you kindly send more French Testaments?”

Dear friends, I look to God and you to be able to give a practical answer to these touching letters. I would willingly spend and be spent so that these dear men at the Front should not lack the Word of God.

Verses Written by a Soldier in the Trenches

At night, in dream,
I saw those fields round home,
Agleam,
Drenched all with dew,
Beneath day's newest dome
Of gold and blue.
All night...
All night they shone for me, and then
Came light.
And suddenly I awoke, and lovely joy!
I was at home, with the fields gold as when
I was a boy.

A Visit to Brittany

EARLY in September of this year we went to visit our dear friend Madame Lecoat at Trémel, Côtes-du-Nord, France. We went from Southampton to St. Malo, and from there took the train to Plounerin, the nearest station to Tremel. On the way we had to change trains at St. Brieuç, and while waiting for our train we saw several hundreds of French soldiers march into the station who were all going to the Front. Very smart they looked in their blue overcoats, with their knapsacks on their backs. It was too good an opportunity to be lost, and as I had a good many French Gospels and Testaments with me, I went among the dear fellows and began distributing the Word of God. Laughingly they let me put the Gospels into their pockets, then they would ask me to lift their knapsacks to see how heavy they were. I asked them where they were going. They did not know. I went to an officer and offered him a Gospel. He shook his head. I then offered him a very good Testament with gilt edges, and pointing to his pocket asked him to put it in. He looked, smiled, saluted, took the Testament, shook hands, and then put the little book in his pocket. I had no refusal, but the men crowded around me eager for the Word of God. When our train came in, and we had to get into our carriage, a crowd of soldiers gathered around the carriage and held out their hands beseechingly. I found a few more Gospels and gave to all I could. At last I could find no more, and we had to leave the station with many unsatisfied, and with one soldier standing, when all the rest had gone, sorrowful because I had no book for him. His sad face haunted me for some time, and I was sorry I had not taken his name and address. While I was giving away the Gospels on the platform a Romish priest was watching me, an elderly man with a benevolent face, and when I turned to get into the carriage he raised his hat in farewell.

When I reached Tremel I at once wrote to the Scripture Gift Mission for French Gospels and Testaments. They sent me a large parcel from Paris. I sent to French soldiers at the Front from Tremel, and our dear friends there are quite willing to make the Orphanage a distributing center for the French soldiers if means are forthcoming to extend the work to France. A dear Christian in Morlaix gave away hundreds of Gospels which I sent to him to soldiers going to the Front, and he is willing to continue this happy work if supplies are given. While at Tremel, besides sending parcels to French soldiers at the Front, I paid a visit to a dear Christian French Pasteur who lives at St. Brieuç. He told me a good deal about his work among the German prisoners. He had free access to them as most of them were Protestants; he visited them three times a week and gave them books and had meetings for them. From what I gathered from him, and from others, it seems the best way for a Protestant to work among the French soldiers is to get the addresses of French Christian soldiers at the Base or at the Front who are willing to distribute Gospels and Testaments and magazines to their comrades, and to send parcels to them.

In the French Gospels, etc., I give away to French soldiers I have this notice put in each book: —

I am hoping, as the work extends, to be brought in touch with some anxious about their souls, and my kind friends at Tremel will be only too willing to correspond with any anxious soldiers.

On our way back to St. Malo on our homeward journey we had to change at Dol, and here again we saw a large number of soldiers entraining for the Front. I had more Gospels with me, and gave them away freely to men really anxious to have them. I gave a Testament to an officer, and my wife noticed after a while that he gave it to his wife who had come to see him off, so I went to him and gave him another, telling him it was for himself. He smiled and put it in his pocket.

Everywhere I found the soldiers eager for God's Word. Not one of them seemed to have a Testament, and they all wanted them. Dear friends, our work, with that of others, must go on. There is a need for every worker in the harvest fields today. If you send me French Gospels or Testaments I will distribute them gladly. If you will give me the names of any French soldiers you know willing to work for God among their comrades I will send parcels to them. We must pray to God for France. One thing I know from what I have seen is that the men in the Army want the Scriptures. We must pray for open doors.

I have had the name of a godly Belgian Pasteur given me. He has seven Chaplains (Protestant) working with him. They are seeking to evangelize the Belgian Army. I sent him seven parcels of books, and I had a most courteous letter from him. We must pray God to help him in his work.

If I had the means I believe I know a Christian in France who would be willing to devote the whole of his time to the work of distributing Gospels and Testaments to the French soldiers. I have known him for years, and I am sure he would do the work well. This I must leave in the hands of God. I simply speak of it now and ask you to pray about it. The following letter is from him to Madame Lecoat: ■

"Dear Madame Lecoat, ■ I was glad to receive the 450 portions of the Gospels from you, and other tracts. Yesterday being the 'Fête de bon Dieu,' I distributed all the 450 portions, and nearly all the tracts. I distributed them principally among the soldiers, who were delighted to have something to read, and when the townspeople saw me distributing, they came and asked me if they could have some. I distributed three times on Sunday: first between 8:30 and 10 in the morning, second between 11:30 and 12, and third between 4 and 5. Everybody was very civil to me; there were only a few who would not accept anything, and these were mostly officers. When I walked down the street at 8.30 on Sunday morning fathers and mothers sent their little boys, only partly dressed, running after me to ask if they could have a book. Between four and five I took up my stand near the Town Hall of Morlaix, and in spite of the procession being started, people crowded round me and I was able to finish distributing the portions and most of the tracts. One soldier particularly asked me for St. John; he said he found it so interesting.... Another soldier told me he was from Le Pontou, and remembered seeing me pass a short time ago while he was guarding the bridge... When I offered him a portion and a tract he was very pleased.... Many of the brave soldiers are leaving in a few days for the Front, and I am glad to say a good many of them will have with them the Gospels and tracts. May God bless them and protect them, and may His Word be the means of converting them and bring them to know His most wonderful love.... May God bless you abundantly. — Your sincere friend in Christ, G. E. M."

When Will the War End?

THIS is the question that is being asked by millions. Parents ask it whose sons are at the Front. Wives ask it whose husbands have left them for the War. The cry comes from a mighty nation in the throes and shadow of death. How long? The greatest voice in the realm has told us that the “end is not in sight.” Statesmen warn us that we must be prepared to face great sacrifices, and that all the manhood of the nation will be required to give us victory. We must have munitions, and we [must have men, they say. Dear friends, we must have God.

The nation is not seeking God, and as long as “business as usual, pleasure as usual,” is the motto of a nation, there will be no permanent success. Are the leaders of the nation seeking God? Do we ever hear His name mentioned in Parliament or in Proclamations? We know from the Word of God, we know from history, that no nation ever prospered that failed to acknowledge Him. And yet God has been dealing gently with this nation, although His mighty hand has been laid upon it. God is warning Great Britain now. He is standing at the door and knocking. If the nation does not open its doors and let Him in, it will never be well with it.

God allowed the enemy to bombard our shores; God allowed his submarines and mines to sink our men-of-war; God allowed his Zeppelins to pour down death and destruction from the skies. Over and over again the nation has been on the eve of a mighty victory, when by some mischance it was snatched away. The casualty lists are getting longer and longer, and the world is mourning its best and bravest. All these things are the voices of God, that the nation has not yet heard, that the nation does not seem inclined to hear. Pleasure and sin are rampant in our midst. Like hounds in leash, men and women are scarcely held back from all the excesses of sin. The spirit of the nation seems to say, “While our men are dying for us abroad, we will laugh and enjoy ourselves at home. We will crowd the theaters and the picture palaces, and eat and drink and enjoy ourselves, even if the groans of the wounded and the dying rend the air around us.”

A young officer fresh from the battle-front said to me, “People take things much more seriously in France than they do in England.” An atheist, in Hyde Park, was shouting out to the people around him, “There is no God! I can prove there is no God.” There were two wounded soldiers from the trenches listening to him, and one said loudly, “We can believe there is no God in London; but we know there is a God in the trenches.” While men are dying for their country abroad, this is how the nation is living at home.

We want a Jonah to go through the land to bring the nation to its knees. We want some prophet-voice from God to rebuke, to chasten, to exhort. The nation will be scourged for its sins — most of all for the sin of forgetting God, and for blaspheming against Christ, the Son of God, and for denying His power to save.

In the days of the Armada the nation prayed, and God sent a mighty wind that swept the Armada away from our shores and destroyed it. The breath of God did more that day than all the might of England could have done.

And today God could send a storm that would wreck every Zeppelin; and God could give a power to the nation's arms that would lead to instant victory. Directly Britain prays and repents God will give victory. He says: "I will be inquired of." The Christians in our midst must be the forlorn hope of Christendom. They must throng the courts of heaven and cry aloud to God for the nation's sins. They must pray to God that the blindness may be taken away that refuses to see God in all that is happening, and to acknowledge Him in the confession of a nation's sins. Unless God is exalted we shall be debased. Our beloved King holds the hearts of all his people in his keeping; under God, he holds the national destinies of all the peoples over whom he rules in his keeping also. "By Me kings rule." So if the King would read the people, they would follow him in the acknowledgment of God, by prayer and the confession of the nation's sins. Then a people face to face with God could say, "Our eyes are upon Thee" — "the battle is not ours but God's."

But if we fill the theaters instead of our haunts of prayer; if we run after pleasure instead of seeking after God, then God will leave us, and the devil will have his way with us. One week-day given up to penitence and prayer; one hour of silence before the majesty of heaven; one mighty cry from a nation's heart to God; the sackcloth of penitence upon us from the highest to the lowest; the royalty of Britain laid before the King of kings; the warriors of England prostrate before the omnipotence of God; the statesmen of Britain seeking to know the mind and will of God — let this be done, and the sun of victory will shine out in its effulgence over all our world, and the cannons' roar will be drowned by the mighty diapason of a nation's paeon of worship,

"Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,

Praise Him all creatures here below;

Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;

Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost."

H.W.

Incidents of the War

"If Jesus Christ be God, and died for me, then no sacrifice can be too great for me to make for Him." C. T. S.

What sacrifice will you make for Him this Christmas? What shall your Christmas gift be? The following touching episode happened a day or two ago: —

"YES, BUT I WILL AFFORD IT"

I was visiting an invalid friend the other day and talking about the dear soldiers at the Front who need Testaments sent to them. After a few minutes I saw her fumbling underneath the bedclothes. "Now what can she be doing?" thought I, but soon I knew, for she produced a bright shilling from her scanty store, as she said: "Give this to your fund for sending God's Word to the soldiers." "My dear friend," I replied, with a gladdened feeling, "you cannot afford so much." "Yes, true, but I will afford it. God's work must be carried on, so I will give it." "What made you think of it?" I said. "When I read the October Message you gave me, and the Doctor's appeal for help." Don't you think, dear readers, that some of us too, who think we cannot afford any more, may say to

ourselves, as my friend did, "I will afford it"?

Emily P. Leakey

And she will be blest for her giving.

And so will another dear friend, who has denied herself of many things to give to God. She says in her letter: ■ "I am enclosing a Money Order to buy more books for the soldiers and sailors. I feel I must do this, or I shall ever regret it in eternity. I know I shall rejoice then that I helped to feed the souls of men. It gives me very great pleasure now to be able to send.... I have asked God to help me to send you all the money I can. I do wish I could do more, but God knows even the desires of His children. These splendid opportunities of helping will never come again."

An invalid writes: — "Seeing in the little book, 'A Message from God,' you are badly in need of Testaments for our brave soldiers and sailors, a poor invalid sends one shilling to help forward the great work you are doing for the Master."

A friend tells us she has had a birthday present of ten shillings given her for some years. This year she wanted to buy a Bible with it. She says in her letter: "Well, I suddenly thought of the soldiers and sailors. What I was going to spend on one Bible would buy sixty Testaments for them, and surely they needed the Word of Life more than I needed a Bible.... I made it a matter of prayer, and became fully convinced that it was the Lord's will I should send the money to you. When my birthday came I had a Bible given me just the kind I was longing for. The Lord does indeed give above all we ask or think."

A dear worker at the Front writes: — "I am truly grateful for the three nice parcels of New Testaments and literature received today. I was entirely out of New Testaments, and last night made it a matter of special prayer, and while I was praying yours were on the way."

Another tells me: — "I received yesterday a parcel of Testaments, etc., from you, and was delighted to receive them. Would that I had possessed such a lot fourteen months ago."

Another says from the Front: — "We sometimes distribute five hundred Gospels in one day; we never have too many Testaments or too much literature; the work constantly expands."

One more letter from a worker: — "Only last night I spoke to a wounded soldier, and on offering him a Testament he pulled one out of his breast pocket; it was much worn, and many of the pages were loose, but he would not have another in the place of it. 'This one,' said he, 'has saved my life on more than one occasion, and I mean to keep it and read it every day, and when it is too mutilated to read I shall still keep it.' He said that the Testaments and Gospels were much appreciated at the Front, and many who had never before read them are making a practice of reading them now."

I want you to read this Christmas number of the "Message from God" by your fireside, and as you read it think of the dear brave fellows a few hundreds of miles away in the trenches. One who had been home on leave and had returned said he had to ride for fifteen miles in pouring rain to get to the trenches, and then stand in mud above the ankles. This is done cheerfully every day for us. Do you want to send these dear, brave fellows a Christmas present? I want you to let me send them one or more of the boxes containing Testaments and Gospels and magazines, etc., from you. If

you look at the last page of the Magazine you will see you can send

One parcel containing Gospels, Testaments, etc., for 5/- |

Two parcels containing Gospels, Testaments, etc., for 10/-|

Four parcels containing Gospels, Testaments, etc., for 20/- |

and so on in proportion.

Ask God how many you shall send, and let me have the joy of sending them for you. You will have a happy Christmas then. We send plenty of "Message from God" in every box, and "How Can I Be Saved?" and Travelers' Guides, etc., etc. The box is valued wherever it goes, and we want to send one thousand away this Christmas. Please help us all you can to do this. Get all your friends to send us the request for one, two, four, or more boxes.

If only one soul is saved through the sending of a box, think of the blessing of one thousand souls for God this Christmas. We have four hundred willing workers ready to distribute far and wide, in Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, the Word of God.

The Christmas Hymn

Hark! the herald angels sing
Glory to the new-born King;
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled!
Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies;
With th' angelic host proclaim,
Christ is born at Bethlehem.
Christ, by highest heaven adored;
Christ, the everlasting Lord;
Late in time behold Him come,
Offspring of a virgin's womb:
Veil'd in flesh the Godhead see;
Hail the Incarnate Deity,
Pleased as Man with men to dwell,
Jesus, our Emmanuel!
Hail, the heavenly Prince of Peace,
Hail, the Sun of Righteousness;
Light and life to all He brings,
Risen with healing in His wings.
Mild, He lays His glory by,
Born that man no more may die,
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.

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Listen and read messages that will stir your heart for Christ and point you to deeper repentance and devotion.

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