

A MESSAGE FROM GOD 1916

by Unknown

A collection of articles and writings from A Message From God 1916, covering various biblical topics and Christian teaching.

230 Chapters

Table of Contents

0. A Message From God 1916
1. By The Editor January, 1916
2. A Soldier's Letter
3. A Splendid Gift
4. Appeal for 1916
5. A True Incident
6. Incidents of the War
7. The Verse that Saved Him
8. The Hymn After the Battle
9. "Within Five Minutes of Heaven"
10. How a Soldier Appreciates Prayer
11. We Must Have Testaments
12. A Night Service at the Front
13. "Playing with the Souls of Men"
14. What Do the Christian Soldiers Say?
15. The Antidote■the Word of God
16. Another Splendid Gift
17. The Widow's Mite
18. 3,600 Testaments
19. A Hymn Sung in the Flames
20. A True Story
21. Idols: Have You Any?
22. Saved 'Mid the Shot and Shell
23. How Testaments are Needed
24. Departure of the Trench Train From Victoria Station
25. Only a Piece of Paper
26. A Pearl Ring
27. "In His Most Precious Name"
28. A Voice From Malta
29. A Letter from the Front
30. "Comrades True"
31. After the Battle
32. Touching Funeral Service
33. A Christian on H.M.S
34. Morning Joy
35. The Lamb's Marriage
36. The King's Victory
37. The Priceless Treasure, or Who Was the Fourth?
38. Prayer for One in Danger

39. "Stand at Arms! Sir"
40. The Man Up There
41. Home from the Trenches
42. "Lies! Lies! All Lies!"
43. Roses in Gethsemane
44. The Cry From the Trenches
45. 100,000 Testaments
46. Another
47. Alive, or Dead; Which?
48. A Needed Leaflet
49. A Zeppelin Raid
50. An Allegory
51. What You Must Have
52. Tonight
53. A Long "Goodbye"
54. Suppose
55. From Battlefield to Heaven
56. "Please Send off Another Parcel"
57. The Word, A Living Power
58. The Power of The Word. "Is That All?"
59. Are You off to the Front?
60. A Working Man's Gift to the Soldiers
61. A Letter From Over the Seas
62. "One More Makes all the Difference"
63. Treasures for the Treasury
64. The Five Card Sharpers and the Fortune Teller
65. A Letter From a Belgian Soldier
66. "Am I too Late?"
67. "For God's Sake, Save Me!"
68. Two Soldiers in Heaven
69. The Last Entry in a Soldier's Diary
70. Violation and Profanation
71. "It is Finished"
72. From a Lonely Soldier
73. Only two in ten Have a Testament
74. "What About That George III. Sovereign?"
75. The Blasphemer Cowed
76. Saved Upon the Battlefield
77. No Christians in Hell
78. A Soldier's Prayer
79. "We Never Can Tell"
80. Sunday with the Soldiers

81. A Letter From a Belgian Soldier (Translated)
82. A Canadian Soldier's Letter
83. No War on the Other Side
84. He Listens, or, The Bold Sepoy
85. From a Lad at the Front
86. Tucking Him In
87. A Soldier's Safety
88. King George at a Soldier's Grave in France
89. Last Words for June
90. Eternity
91. The Name Above Every Name
92. "Fight it Out" — "Right Away"
93. or Prisoned, Pardoned and Promoted
94. Do Something Definite
95. A Fire Trench in Flanders
96. Stand To!
97. Goodbye
98. From the Trenches
99. From a Base Camp in France
100. A Wonderful Escape
101. Only One Testament in a Detachment
102. God's own Living Word
103. H.M.S. ■
104. W.S■A.B., H.M.S. —
105. Harvest Time
106. Hundreds Without Testaments
107. Facing Death Without a Testament
108. A Resolution
109. An Appeal
110. Soul Payment
111. A Gift from the A.F.D.S
112. A Thank offering
113. "When are you Going to Finish?"
114. Fred Beatson's Home Call
115. Love Your Enemies
116. "Not Afraid to Die"
117. A Dying Soldier
118. "I Thought my Number was Up"
119. A 17 Inch Shell
120. The Words They Could not Sing
121. Ready
122. The Father's Prayer

123. Devotion to Duty
124. Extract of Letter
125. The Soldier's Duty To Christ
126. The Dying Soldier's Letter
127. The Mother's Testament
128. A Post Card Found in a Trench
129. Only One in Five Have a Testament
130. A Closing Word
131. A Letter in Time of War
132. A Marvelous Escape
133. The Man who was Called Dead
134. Three Incidents
135. The Little Boy's Faith
136. The Infidel Captain
137. "You Always Cheer One up"
138. The Dying Soldier Boy
139. Just in Time
140. A Gift from Heaven
141. A Race with Death
142. From the Front
143. The Value of the Word of God
144. A Sailor Writes
145. In No. 2 Red Cross Hospital
146. The Quilt's Message
147. Dear Friends
148. The General's Speech
149. A Striking Letter
150. Drawing and Saving Love
151. The Sunday Echo
152. An Appeal for Help
153. My Appeal
154. The Lieutenant's Burden
155. Put Your Name In!
156. "Grace and Peace be Multiplied unto You"
157. "Everlasting Life"
158. The Cry of the Prodigal
159. Longing to Save Others
160. Admiral Beatty's Message
161. "You Will Tell My Mother"
162. The Last Sentry on the Western Line
163. The Sailor on the "Queen Mary"
164. Closing Words for October

165. False Spirits
166. What We Must Do
167. What Will You Do?
168. Pray for Edward Somerville
169. A Closing Word for the Diary
170. Coming Home to Christ
171. On the Balkan Hills
172. Soldiers' and Sailors' Letters
173. Called Up
174. Important
175. "Blighty"
176. Bringing in the Wounded from no Man's Land
177. The Clasp of His Mother's Hand
178. The Dying Soldier
179. A Prayer in a Sleeping Hut
180. A Gift, a Blessing, and a Prayer
181. The Prayer
182. "Those Three Lost Years"
183. December, 1916. A Thankful Heart
184. The Bird of Christmas
185. Christ and Christmas
186. Four V.C.'S
187. An Awful Responsibility
188. Good-Bye Until January, 1917
189. The Great Push
190. 1
191. 2
192. The First Night in Barracks
193. The Last Day of the Old Year
194. A Striking Leaflet
195. "Goodbye Old Man"
196. Testaments and Puddings
197. December 31st
198. Goodbye for 1916
199. Never to Come Again
200. A Resting Place
201. Telling the Story
202. What a Millionaire Might do
203. Another Million Men are to be Called to the Colors
204. The Daily Mail
205. Voluntary War Work at the Firs, Denmark Road, Exeter
206. Our Postcards

207. "They almost flew at me"
208. "It was my best friend"
209. The Unknown Friend
210. A Rush for Testaments
211. A Sapper's Need
212. "I have found Jesus"
213. Exeter Lads
214. "Trying to get us right with God"
215. Crowded Meetings at the Front
216. A Corporal's Letter
217. The Northern Patrol
218. Cheer for our Helpers
219. Groningen, Holland
220. A Lonely Soldier
221. A Dirty Postcard
222. From a Corporal
223. The Welcome Gift
224. Willing to do his Best
225. Desires for Christ
226. A Collecting Box for Christ
227. From Macedonia
228. When the Mail Came In
229. Your 5 Pence, 5 Shillings, 5 Pounds, Or 500 Pounds

A Message From God 1916

By The Editor January, 1916

I ASKED God for my message from Himself for January, 1916. He gave it to me from His Holy Word—yes, straight from heaven it came, a strength and glory to my soul.

“Thy word have I hid in mine heart, that I might not sin against Thee” (Psa. 119:11).

One has said, “The Word of God was the only rule of life to our Lord Jesus Christ,” and it should be the only rule of life for us. “He was one with the Father. He shared from all eternity His counsels. He knew in all things the mind and will of God. So surely the Son could have no occasion for the written law.... But it became Him, in taking upon Him the nature of man, to fulfill all righteousness, not after the secret counsels of His omniscience, but according to the rule laid down for us.” So constantly we hear from the Saviour’s lips, “It is written.” He had hidden the Word in His heart.

When speaking of the coming failure of His disciples and their forsaking Him, He says: “For it is written, I will smite the Shepherd, and the sheep shall be scattered.” When He drives the money-changers from the temple, He says: “It is written, My house shall be called the house of prayer.” When tempted by the devil in the wilderness, He answers him, through all his assaults, with the word of God, “It is written.” And when, after His resurrection, He meets the two on the road to Emmaus, He does not tell them anything apart from the Word of God. It says: “And beginning at Moses and all the prophets, He expounded unto them in all the Scriptures, the things concerning Himself.” And in His last interview with His disciples, when He stood on the threshold of the Father’s house, He does not tell them the secrets of the grave through which He had passed, or the glories He was going to see, but what He did was “to open their understanding that they might understand the Scriptures.”

O blessed Lord, may we follow in Thy footsteps as to this throughout this year. Open Thou our understanding; give us the power of the Holy Spirit to understand the Scriptures. Thou hast told us to “search the Scriptures,” and that they testify of Thee. Oh! may we hide Thy Word in our hearts—that the washing of water by the Word may purify our hearts by faith—that no moral death may come to us, but the plenitude of power from Thyself who wast and art the “Word made flesh”—the “Word of life.” Thus by the action of the Holy Spirit within us may we be made to live and move in the power of Thy risen, endless life.

And so I thanked God for giving me the keynote for the song of my life this year; for writing on the book of my life the golden words, “Search the Scriptures,” “They testify of Me,” and I trust as the months of the year pass on, if I am here, that I may be able to say, “Thy Word have I hid in my heart, that I might not sin against Thee.”

And God has taught me also that I must not rest until thousands have read and believed His Word. It is the only safeguard for the soul of man. The Word is a light to scatter the darkness of superstition and false doctrine—a lamp to shine upon the pathway of the Christian. I can see all things by the light of Scripture, but all is dark without it. We must test everything by the Word of

God. We must see to it that as far as it lies in our power, and we are more responsible than we think we are, every soldier and sailor shall have a copy of the Word of God, or a portion of it.

We must work together for this, you and I, dear reader, this year. You must send me the Scriptures, or the means to get them, and then I will seek to spread your gift far and wide for the good of our fellow-men and the glory of our God.

A Soldier's Letter

I received this letter today, and I ask you to pray for the dear soldier that wrote it. He says: ■ “The other day I happened to pick up one of your Testaments, and noticing on the fly-leaf your offer to help any who wanted to find Christ, I make so bold as to ask you to give me a little aid to do so. Since I have been out here I have been through some of the fiercest battles that have ever been fought, and have always felt His presence with me, but I expect you know what temptations there are in a soldier's way. I have stumbled at some and resisted others. If you, my dear unknown friend, can help me in any way spiritually I shall deem it a great honor. I am associated with a few God-fearing friends, or rather comrades, here, and if by any way you would be so kind as to send me a few religious books or leaflets I am sure your kindness will be appreciated by them as well as by myself.... Thanking you in anticipation.”

Another writes: ■ “Would you be kind enough to send me one of your khaki Testaments as I have not got one. Dear sir, the reason why I would like one of your Testaments is because I am cook, and cannot get to divine service on Sundays as I have to make the ‘dinner for the troops.’”

Another on his way to the Front writes: ■ “When coming from England I was handed one of your Scripture tracts. I should very much like to be the owner of one of your khaki Testaments, and should be very grateful if you could spare me one.”

A bomber writes: ■ “Please forward me one of your khaki Testaments.” A private writes for himself and three of his comrades, “Will you, kindly forward one of your khaki Testaments for me and my friends.” Another in the R.A.M.C. asks on behalf of himself and his chum. Another private has a Testament, but it is too big for his tunic pocket. He has seen one I have sent to his chum, and wants one like it. Another private asks for one and promises to read a portion of it every day. A lance corporal writes for four of his comrades who all want Testaments.

And so the want grows day by day. They want the Word of God, and they must have it.

A Splendid Gift

A Christian write: ■ “I have taken the liberty of writing the British and Foreign Bible Society to send direct to you one thousand of the khaki Testaments, and there will be a few here who will pray that God will use them greatly.”

They came, and they have gone upon their way to the Front, and God will bless them I am sure ■ and the sender also. I want THIRTY friends to do the same, and I know where to send them all.

A worker writes: ■ “We were delighted to get the box of books (see last page of “Message”) you sent. I know of one who accepted Christ on the occasion of his receiving a Testament which you had sent.” Another who had a box writes: ■ “If you could have seen the eagerness with which the young soldiers accepted the Testaments last night it would have cheered you.... If you can spare more Testaments I will thank you very much. It is a grand work, and the Lord will reward you.”

An earnest Christian cheer us by saying: ■ “We thank you very much for the parcel safely to hand.... You might tell your friends who are helping that they will never know the good that is being accomplished down here. Eternity alone will reveal the multitude of souls born again, built up in the faith, and kept from evil. May all your need be supplied for this most urgent and needy work which you have undertaken. God grant it for Christ’s sake.”

Appeal for 1916

I get hundreds of letters similar to those I have quoted from— letters that can only be properly answered by the help of God's people. I want to cheer your hearts, dear friends, at the commencement of 1916 in order that you may help to give me the thirty thousand khaki Testaments I am needing now.

I want them for the glory of God and for the salvation of the lost. Will you send me the £5 to buy one thousand?

A True Incident

SOME years ago, a lad employed in one of the large steel works in an important seaport and manufacturing town of South Wales, was sent by one of the “roller-men” to fetch something for him in another part of the building.

As he was running across the iron-plated floor, which is in many places as slippery as ice, his foot slipped and became entangled in the wheel of a bogie, which is the name given in the works to an iron barrow with a long T handle. Upon the barrow there lay a bloom of steel, about seven feet long and eight inches square, at white heat, and some men were employed in wheeling it from the steam hammer to the mill. In falling the poor boy was thrown down on his face, and, upsetting the barrow, the hot steel fell across his back as he lay upon the floor.

It was, of course, impossible for anyone to touch the red hot steel with the hand, but the men ran as quickly as possible, and seizing some iron bars, removed the burning mass from his back. The man who cut off his clothes told me his flesh fell from him in charred shreds. After this the boy, who stood in the midst of about sixty godless, swearing men, put his hands together and said: “O God, only yesterday I was fighting with another boy, and now I am dying; have mercy upon me, and forgive all my sins, for Jesus Christ’s sake, Amen.” This prayer went right home to the hearts of these men. It was not only a cry of agony, but self-judgment, and yet full of faith. It is impossible to describe the frightful sufferings which that boy endured, or the terrible condition in which he was carried for over two miles before reaching the hospital.

I had every Saturday evening for some years past visited the hospital to which he was taken, to hold services, and speak words of comfort to the patients in the different wards. While reading in my study on this particular day, I heard a distinct voice say, “Go down to the hospital.” Thinking perhaps I had made a promise to one of the patients, I tried to recall it, but failed, so continued my reading, when the same words were repeated. I went at once, which was on Thursday, contrary to my usual custom. It does seem remarkable that I was, led to do this, for as soon as I arrived the Matron came out to me, saying: “Oh! I am so glad you have come today; I was thinking of sending for you. A poor boy has just been brought in who has been frightfully burned in one of the steel works; he is in such great agony, and I do not think he can live many hours.” I hastened up to the long ward, which contained about twenty-five beds, where I found the poor fellow placed upon an iron bedstead. As I entered the ward, there seemed a strange and solemn silence brooding over it. There was no subdued conversation going on as usual between the patients in the beds, or between the little groups of the convalescent gathered round the windows or the fires. Feeling that every moment was of great importance, I went at once to the boy’s bed, which was placed in a corner near the door. For this I was thankful, as it gave me the opportunity of speaking to him more privately than I could otherwise have done. His body was covered with wadding soaked with oil, and a cage of iron was placed over him to prevent the bed-clothes touching him.

“My boy,” I said, “you are in very great pain I fear,”

“Yes, sir, ■dreadful pain.”

“Do you know that you are a sinner in God’s sight?”

“No, NOT NOW, sir.”

“Tell me why you are not a sinner NOW.”

“Because,” said he, “when the accident happened I prayed like this: ■ ‘O God! have mercy upon me, and forgive me all my sins, for Jesus Christ’s sake. ■Amen.’”

“But, my boy, do you think that because you offered that short prayer to God, asking for mercy and forgiveness of your sins, that they are all pardoned?”

“Yes, sir, everyone.”

“Praise the Lord!” I thought. Oh, what simple and yet grand faith the lad must have to grasp the willingness of a loving God to pardon a penitent sinner. It was, indeed, like the parable of the publican, in the Gospel, who said, “God be merciful to me a sinner”; who, we are told, went down to his house justified rather than the Pharisee. And also like the penitent thief upon the cross, condemning himself, but preaching the guiltlessness of Him who “was numbered with the transgressors, and who bare the sin of many, and made intercession for the transgressors” (Isa. 53:12), to Whom he cried, acknowledging Jesus as “Lord, remember me when Thou comest in Thy kingdom.” No sooner was the penitent’s prayer offered than the gracious answer came (as it will to all who are willing to ask in faith, as he did) from Him who, although in the agony of death, would freely embrace the opportunity of showing forth His wondrous forgiving love; snatching, as it were, a very brand from the burning; giving him the blessed assurance of pardon and peaceful felicity■ “This day shalt thou be with Me in paradise.” Oh, what matchless love and grace, shown to one who had but a short time before railed against Him!

I felt anxious to know that the dear boy was not resting upon any false foundation. I therefore selected several portions of Scripture that I thought appropriate and read them to him. After talking with him for some time, it rejoiced my heart to find that he evidently knew the way of salvation through a crucified Redeemer, and seemed to fully comprehend the epitome of the glorious Gospel■ “God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.” After singing and praying with him I left, little thinking that I should ever see him again alive in this world; but the Spirit of the Lord was evidently guiding the whole matter, that I might have the experience by which I could give testimony to the world of God’s wonderful power and saving grace, as manifested in this true incident, which, I rejoice in being able to testify, has been such a great blessing to many.

On the following Saturday evening, as usual, I went to the hospital, and was surprised to find that he was still alive, though suffering great pain. When I reached the ward, with the Matron, I shall never forget the very touching scene I witnessed. At the foot of the lad’s bed were seated his father, and three young men by the side who saw the terrible accident. They were watching him, thinking every breath would be his last. I had not been there more than a few moments when, in a clear voice, the boy said: “Father, come and kiss me, FOR IN FIVE MINUTES I SHALL BE IN HEAVEN.” As you may imagine, he went, but with streaming eyes, and kissed his dying boy.

Then he said to one of the young men: "Jack, come you and kiss me, FOR IN FIVE MINUTES I SHALL BE IN HEAVEN."

Again, to another: "Jim, come you and kiss me, FOR IN FIVE MINUTES I SHALL BE IN HEAVEN."

Again, to the third young man, whose name I quite forget, repeating the same words: "Come you and kiss me, FOR IN FIVE MINUTES I SHALL BE IN HEAVEN."

And was this all? Oh, no! In a few moments he seemed to gather up all his strength. He burst forth with one of the most powerful prayers I ever heard, so clear that it was heard through the whole ward, which was a large one; it was like the voice of another, and not that of a dying boy of about fourteen years old.

Yes, for so it must have been, as you, my dear reader, may imagine from the strain of such a prayer as this which he uttered: ■ "O Lord God Almighty, have mercy upon my father, who has not been a praying father; he never taught me how to pray. Have mercy upon my mother, who has not been a praying mother. Have mercy upon my brothers and sisters, my uncles, and aunts, and cousins, and all my friends, and may we all meet in heaven at last, for Jesus Christ's sake. ■ Amen."

A profound silence ensued; all the patients in that long ward were in tears; and when I went round to speak individually to them, many said, "I never heard anything like that before." A solemn, hallowed influence pervaded the place.

I thought what they had seen, heard, and felt, had better be left to make a lasting impression upon their minds. My usual service, after such a wonderful display of the leading and power of God's Holy Spirit and grace, might, perhaps, divert their thoughts from deep searchings of heart as to whether they were prepared for the final change.

Dear reader, are You ready for Heaven?

If not, when will You be?

What a momentous question; yet how lightly treated by the many, although surrounded by so many dangers. At any moment an accident, the slip of the foot, a runaway horse, the upsetting of a boat, a fall from a bicycle, a blow from a cricket ball, cramp while bathing, a thousand other unforeseen things might happen, being made unconscious, or even called away suddenly ■ What then? What will be the answer to the inquiry: "WHERE IS HE GONE?" Is it to be forever in glory with a loving Saviour, and the redeemed ones gone before, singing praise to Him who is worthy; or to that place where there is No Hope, No Rest, No Love, No Light, in fact, nothing to satisfy the craving of an immortal soul?

Dear reader, stop and think! Where are you going now? What will your last five minutes be?

You may ask, "Is it possible to be ready?" Surely, yes! or the Lord Jesus would not have said: "Be ye therefore ready also; for the Son of man cometh at an hour when ye think not" (Luke 12:40).

St. Paul was able to say with confidence, "I am now ready to be offered" (2 Tim. 4:6); and if it was possible for him to say this, "Who was before a blasphemer, and a persecutor, and injurious" (1

Tim. 1:13), you may, if you will only come, like the Philippian jailer, being convinced of your sins, and feeling the need of a Saviour as he did when he cried, in the anguish of his soul, "What must I do to be saved?" How sweet and simple the answer, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved" (Acts 16:31). O blessed salvation! What priceless worth! Yet nothing to pay!

Saved now; where I am, and how I am! do I hear you say? Yes! saved from all your sins; not in part, but the whole. God's work is perfect and complete. Listen, thou longing, restless soul to the voice of Jesus in answer to one seeking rest: "Her sins, which are many, are (not going to be) forgiven:... Thy faith hath saved thee; go in peace" (Luke 7:47-50). Will you, then, weary and heavy laden one,

Trust Jesus Now?

Oh, may the recording angel hear thee saying: "Yes, God helping me, I will take the Lord Jesus Christ to be my Saviour from today and forever."

"A mind at perfect peace with God;

Oh! what a word is this;

A sinner, reconciled through blood;

This, this, indeed, is peace."

Making inquiries after his death, I found that he had been in the habit of attending the Gospel Services of a very devoted evangelist, who preached in a large hall, where he had evidently learned the way of salvation, although he had not accepted or confessed it.

I was glad to hear some months after this occurrence that the dying boy's prayer had been answered. The father was so very much affected by it that he could find no rest until he found it at the cross of Jesus, where true rest and peace alone can be found. The mother and some of her children shortly afterward were brought to Christ also.

My earnest prayer is that this touching story may be blessed by the Holy Spirit to all who read it.

"Our life hangs trembling on each fleeting breath,

Awaiting but the unerring stroke of death■

Who summons oft without a warning word,

As lightning strikes before the thunder's heard;

Go■live prepared, then sudden death shall be

A sudden immortality to thee!"

"Ye shall seek Me, and find Me, when ye shall search for Me with all your heart. And I will be found of you, saith the Lord" (Jer. 29:13).

FRED. JNO. RAYNER

Incidents of the War

“An old preacher once said, ‘Many Christians know how to talk, but few know how to walk.’”■F.S.W.

“IT’S A LONG WAY TO TIPPERARY”

This is a favorite marching song of the soldiers, and it has been sung all over the world. W.E. says: “It may be a long way to go to any place or thing on earth; but to the place where all hope to go, it is not a long way.”

There are only three steps to heaven.

The first step is “out of self.”

The second step is “into Christ.”

The third step is “into heaven.”

Think of it, dear friend. “It is not a long way to Jesus Christ.” He is close to you as you read these words, and if you call upon Him He will hear you, and if you ask Him to save you, you will be saved.

One dear fellow about this time last year gave his heart to God, and became a bold witness for Him amongst the men who had known him in his sinful life. He went to the Front in August of last year. In the great advance on September 25th he was killed. “We heard from him,” a friend says, “on the 22nd of September. In this letter he said: ‘If I fall, it will be to go straight to glory, where there is no more war.’ We praise God for his bright testimonies, and for what others say of his life lived before them.”

The Verse that Saved Him

This morning's post brings me a letter from Cairo. The writer says:— "Many, many thanks for your parcel. I was much encouraged the other week when a man to whom I was speaking told me that he was converted in the trenches through the reading of a Testament that had been given to him. That well-known verse, 'He that heareth My word, and believeth on Him that sent Me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation, but is passed from death unto life.' Those words arrested him, and he there and then believed and now is glad with the knowledge that his sins are forgiven. So we will pray that the Holy Spirit will follow the distribution of the Testaments and tracts that you have so kindly sent."

The Hymn After the Battle

I heard from a dear Christian soldier at the Front an incident that moved me very much. He had been telling me in his letter how good it was to be able to tell the men of Jesus and His love, and how eager they were to hear and to have a copy of the Testament. He said, "I shall never forget once when we were under shell fire for some hours. When the fight was over all the men began to sing on the battlefield:

“ ‘O God, our help in ages past,

Our hope for years to come,

Our shelter from the stormy blast,

And our eternal home!

“ ‘Under the shadow of Thy throne

Thy saints have dwelt secure;

Sufficient is Thine arm alone,

And our defense is sure.”

“Within Five Minutes of Heaven”

The extract from the following letter will interest readers of this number of the “Message,” containing the true story, “Within Five Minutes of Heaven.” The writer says: ■ “I heard an interesting story tonight about one of ‘Jimmy Wallace’s Tracts,’ as the men call them. A man got shot on Tuesday, and in his breast pocket was a tract entitled, ‘Within Five Minutes of Heaven.’ Little did I think when I gave it to him that it would cause such a lot of talk. It was covered all over with his life’s blood, and the Quartermaster said he would send it to his mother. I know that many of the tracts found on the bodies of the dead soldiers have been sent home with the men’s belongings, and there is no telling what blessing they will bring. Poor B ■, he was a nice lad, and was to have been married shortly. Well, whatever our circumstances, our tomorrow is in loving hands■the hands that uphold the universe.”

Our dear friend, Miss Leakey, has issued some thousands of leaflets with the following words upon them, so deeply does she feel the dishonor brought to Christ by the false teaching that a man’s self-sacrifice makes him sure of heaven: ■

DYING for your COUNTRY in BATTLE will NOT save your soul but LOOKING unto JESUS CHRIST WILL save your soul.

(Acts 4:12)

How a Soldier Appreciates Prayer

“You will go on praying for him every day,” so said his father to me as we talked about him in Martin’s Lane. He, a clergyman, had told me how this young Exeter officer was in Gallipoli. He had written home and said how the knowledge that his parents and friends were praying for him cheered his heart and strengthened his courage in facing death. His commanding officer had been killed by his side, and he had been spared. “Yes,” said I, “I am constantly praying the Lord to shadow him with His wings, as He has promised those who trust in Him.” (Psa. 91:4).

Oh, you, dear soldiers, whether in the Front or elsewhere, trust in the living God, He will cover you as He did this young man. Trust and fear not. Trust in the Lord Jesus Christ, the only Saviour for poor sinners, as we all are.

Emily P. Leakey

We Must Have Testaments

Friends! I am besieged with requests for Testaments. I must have them, or refuse those who ask, and that I should grieve to do. A letter, this moment come, says: — “Many thanks for your parcel, which I received safely. Could you kindly give me some more of the following:—

200 khaki Testaments (small)

200 ‘How Can I Be Saved?’

Any number of ‘Message from God’.”

Another writes for 300 khaki Testaments. Day after day. I get many requests for parcels at home and abroad. Pray with me that the Lord’s stewards may open their hearts and respond to this urgent need. We plead for the souls of men—the never dying souls of dying men.

I look toward the trenches, and I see thousands of men there without the Word of God. I see their appealing hands cut-stretched, and I seem to hear them say, “We have the soul hunger, and the soul thirst. Oh, for the Bread of Life and the Water of Life! We want the Word of God.” My heart is sad, and my eyes fill with tears as I think of this terrible imminent need. My soul cries out to them, “I will very gladly spend and be spent for your souls.” And then the solemn apostolic injunction and warning sounds in my ears, as I bow before God in prayer: “But whoso hath this world’s goods, and seeth his brother hath need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him? My little children, let us not love in word, neither in tongue, but in deed and in truth.”

Dear friends, I am sure of your help.

A Night Service at the Front

What a solemn scene is depicted in the illustration on our cover this month! A drum-head service held in the night. The moon shining through the trees, and shedding its silver radiance on the faces and forms of brave and earnest men. The preacher, with uplifted hand, praying to God, his face illumined by the light of the lantern held at his side. What message has he given to these men, close to death many of them? He stands there between the living and the dead, and God have mercy upon him if he has “shunned to declare unto them all the counsel of God.” May God grant that he may be able to say, “Wherefore I take you to record this day that I am pure from the blood of all men.”

What a responsibility is his, and others like him, who have the opportunity of standing before tens of thousands of soldiers, and giving them oftentimes the last message they hear about God this side the grave. When the “last post” sounds for these men, will they be able to say to God in eternity, “He was faithful to his trust; he told us we were sinners and that we needed a Saviour. He told us to Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world.’ He prayed to God that we might repent of our sins, and believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and be saved. “Or will the record be,” He told us that if we died in battle we should be sure to go to heaven, that our self-sacrifice would be accepted by God in place of the sacrifice of Christ; that the cross of our dying for our country would be placed beside His who died for all. He led us to believe that our love for our country and our king was on a level with the love of the Redeemer of the world. He told us this and we believed him, and now we find we have believed a lie, and that the truth is that Christ is the only Saviour, and the only way to heaven; that all are lost for all eternity who have not come to Him for salvation.”

O God, send all these dear fellows Thy holy Word that they may read about Thee for themselves. Let us send the New Testament to them so that in the trenches, or in their dug-outs, they may find the Saviour in the Scriptures that testify of Him.

Dear friends, the more help you send me, the more Testaments I can send. A great many have responded, and are responding, to my appeal as to the boxes to be sent to the Front, but as we had to go to press early in December, there has been but little time yet for the great want to be made known. One lady has given fifty boxes, and orders for others are coming with every post. Please read last page of “Message.”

The Diary of a Soul

“Playing with the Souls of Men”

OUR duty this year, as Christians, must be to seek to counteract the fearful doctrines that are being spread abroad “that death in battle saves the soul.” Everywhere this doctrine is gaining ground. I had a letter from a Christian worker, who tells me that after giving a Testament to a soldier the question was asked him, “Are you sure of going to heaven?” His ready answer was, “Yes, because I am fighting for my country.” He had been taught that his self-sacrifice would save his soul. And Christ need never have died for him.

I had a most solemn letter from the Front from a very earnest Christian soldier to whom I had sent a parcel. He says: ■ “What opportunities there are out here, and yet some of the preachers are telling the men twaddle, simply playing with the, souls of men. What a state of things! Tens of thousands of men here, and scarcely any one to tell them the real true gospel. Surely God will require the blood of these men at the preachers’ hands!” Yes, the day of requisition will come, for God is not mocked.

Another writes me: ■ “Your tract, ‘The Sin against the Soldier and the Saviour,’ is very necessary. At the beginning of the year I spent two months among the men at Boulogne, and heard this doctrine frequently. It seemed an awful thing to hear these dear fellows simply and innocently, it would seem, putting themselves on a level with our crucified Lord.”

Another dear soldier from the Front writes me, speaking about these terrible errors: ■

“It is enough to make one sad when one thinks of it all-how grand to look away from the mere speculations of men to our blessed Lord, and find in Him all our resources. May our blessed Lord deliver these brave men out here from being deceived and deluded by the devil. May the continued supply of Testaments come along, so that all the brave boys may have a Testament of their own. I need your prayers mat amid the false hopes which the devil is spreading abroad in the Army, there may be raised up servants who will be faithful and loyal to Him... to declare the gospel of Christ to the lost and perishing amongst our brave men. I am so thankful to the Lord that I have your prayers. Eternity alone will reveal what those prayers have done, when we are in His blessed presence.... Surely the midnight cry has gone forth, ‘Go ye out to meet Him.’ Things may be looking very dark, but it is the Lord Himself we are looking for, who will change our vile bodies and fashion them like unto His glorious body. May the blessed Lord cause His glorious name to be heard during the closing moments of this day of grace, that multitudes upon multitudes may be gathered into the gospel net ere the Lord comes. I have just received another parcel of yours. Praise the Lord. May He bless you and encourage you greatly in your service for Him.”

Thank God for these faithful men who are standing for the truth of God.

I wonder that fire and brimstone does not come down from heaven upon the nation for the deep dishonor done to the Son of God in our midst. Everywhere His atoning work is being set aside, and His precious blood trampled under the feet of men. Some of the very men who are supposed to lead us in intercession to God now, on behalf of our country, are heading a crusade against Christ.

Honoring God (?) and dishonoring His Son.

One of these religious leaders says: ■

“He” [Christ Jesus] “stood for all time; He stands still, as an ideal at the head of the race; but whether Jesus the carpenter had any more right to speak about the mysteries of the universe than I or you have, who can tell? We cannot be sure.... What think you of the ideal Christ? Mark, it may be an illusion.”

And again he says: ■

“But it might startle the questioners to be told that even if the Jesus of Bethlehem had been born at some other time, or if His advent had taken some other form, the Christ would still have preceded Him. We might, by a reverent play upon His own words, say, Before Jesus was Christ is.... What name shall we give to this soul of good?... He called Himself the Christ, well knowing that the Christ indwelt every soul of man... The being of Christ was greater far than the body of Jesus could contain... and now the body of Jesus is no more, the spirit of Jesus, which is the spirit of the Christ, still indwells the souls of men. Humanity is the body of Christ; the human Christ and the divine are the same. There is no point at which humanity leaves off and divinity begins, or at which divinity leaves off and humanity begins.... Those who would see Jesus as He once was must learn to read Him in the Christ that shines through every noble deed and every holy life. For there, indeed, He is.”

And the man who has said these awful things about our blessed Lord, the man whose mind is permeated with these unholy thoughts, has been, we are told, admitted to “holy orders.” And yet we expect God to bless us when our prayers are led by men like this! Over and over again these men tell us that death in battle saves the soul. They take for their text those beautiful words, “Greater love hath no MAN than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.” This is the soldier’s passport to heaven, they say. Like the Mohammedan leaders, they tell them that the gates of heaven are under the banners of war. You may be an infidel, an idolater, an agnostic, a skeptic, a blasphemer, a unitarian—no matter—if you die in battle heaven’s gates are open for you. Your love for your fellow man shall be more potent than the blood of Christ to save your soul. You shall scale the heights of heaven with your sword in your hands.

The pulpits of England are ringing with this “sentimental blasphemy.” This is bad enough; but what shall we say of men who face thousands of soldiers, going to death many of them, and who deliberately do their best to take away all chance of salvation from them, by telling them they can save themselves. In eternity God will require the blood of these men at the hands of these false teachers, and woe betide those false guides who have led poor sinners down to hell instead of bringing them to Christ, the sinner’s Friend.

A man may be saved upon the battlefield in his dying moments, and thousands have been, we believe, but to tell a man he is saved because the bullet takes his life instead of disease at home is as wicked as it is illogical. Is the whole plan of redemption to be set aside, and God’s eternal purposes of love to man in Christ to be nullified to please the sickly sentimentality of God-dishonoring men? There is a greater love than the love of man, even if shown in death for his friends■it is the love of the God-man, who died for His enemies, praying as He died, “Father, forgive them, they know not what they do.” We can say: ■

“Thou for Thine enemies wast slain,

What love with Thine can vie?”

No human love can vie with that unparalleled love that led the Son of God to come from heaven to die for us.

A writer says: ■ “Never was there such a time when men were so eager to have a copy of the Scriptures to carry in their pocket.”

What Do the Christian Soldiers Say?

One writes and says: ■ “I often think it is the work behind the scenes that God looks upon with His smile.”

Another writes: ■ “I feel more and more that the Lord’s work out here is being done by the Lord’s own in the ranks.”

A dear worker says: ■ “The little tract, ‘The Sin against the Soldier and the Saviour,’ has been very useful in refuting the damnable heresy preached by enemies of the Cross who would dare to suggest a salvation some other way. They attempt to ‘juggle’ with such a profound fact as the atonement, and in doing so belittle the grand work of redemption on Calvary. May God’s richest blessing rest upon your efforts during the coming months.”

A writer says: ■ “The soldier dying in the trenches has no more merit than the engine driver killed in the collision, or the mother dying of heart disease brought on by years of strain. These things do not remit sins, nor win salvation. One death alone avails for these, and in none other is there salvation.”

Another tells us when he was a young soldier, in deep soul trouble, the words of the hymn:

“In my hand no price I bring,

Simply to Thy cross I cling,”

carried a ray of light to his soul. “I sought no other sacrifice,” he tells us, “nor needed one. That sufficed. And further, when I heard that ‘he that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life,’ my every question was settled for time and for eternity.”

A friend writes to me and asks me if I have seen in any shop a very large “In Memoriam” card, about fourteen inches square, intended to be sold to people who have lost relatives at the Front. There is a space on the card for the insertion of the soldier’s name, and underneath is printed these words: ■

“His Country has written his name upon her Roll of Honor because He died for her and God has written his name in the ‘Book of Life’ because he died for Him.”

“It is the most terrible thing we can imagine, and is a most insidious device of the devil to belittle the atonement of our Lord.”

What is the remedy for all this? What can save our dear, brave soldiers from falling into this delusion of the devil? We must give them the Word of God to read themselves. They are wiser than their so-called teachers; they know they need a Saviour.

The Antidote ■ the Word of God

More and more is it pressed home upon me the need of the Word of God for men today. A dear sergeant writes me from the Front saying: ■ “Thank you very much for the box of Gospel literature I received today. It is always a joy to receive it... I have had some wonderful times. Two men not long ago came out for the Lord. As they were going to the trenches in a few days we met together before they went. It was a cold, frosty night, but we went into a plowed field and had prayer together before parting... I am sending you a photo of myself and my little house under the apple tree, called ‘Ebenezer Villa.’ You will notice in the doorway a box containing some of the Gospels, Testaments, and literature you send me from time to time. I put it there so that the men passing by may take one. I must now close, thanking you very much for the parcels. How the soldiers love to have them! God bless all who help you in sending to us.”

Is not this encouragement, dear friends, for you to continue sending? We had a splendid response from our Christmas readers. More than six hundred parcels given. I asked for a thousand. Thank God for what He sent; the others will come in January. Two evenings ago our dear workers were here until twelve o’clock at night, and one hundred and ninety-one parcels were got ready for the post. Evenings like this are often necessary to supply the parcels needed. We are all in earnest, dear friends, as to our desire to send out the Word of God.

Another Splendid Gift

In January "Message" I told you of a splendid gift of a thousand khaki Testaments. I have had another splendid gift, this time from "The Association for the Free Distribution of the Scriptures." A grant has been given me enough to send two thousand khaki Testaments to the Front. The Hon. Sec., Mrs. Pridham, who wrote on behalf of the Society, said: ■ "As you are so urgently in need of Scriptures for the soldiers we are sending you a larger grant for you to expend in Gospels or Testaments as you think most desirable." This is only one of many gifts. I have had from this good society. May God bless them.

God will give us the thirty thousand Testaments soon.

The Widow's Mite

A widow who has just had one of her sons killed at the Dardanelles whilst carrying help to the wounded, has given two shillings and sixpence to buy Testaments to be given to the soldiers. God bless her!

A Colonel writes: — “May I ask you to send me out another parcel of Testaments, ‘A Message from God,’ and ‘How Can I Be Saved?’ They tell me these are quite the best sort for the men.”

3,600 Testaments

This is the gift of a dear friend. All these Testaments have gone to the soldiers and the sailors, and more are urgently needed. Our dear friend says in her letter: ■

“When I read in November ‘Message’ that men had to be sent to the trenches without the Word of God, it touched me to the quick. I felt what an awful, solemn reality it was, and I cannot withhold this money from the Lord (the money to buy the 3,600 Testaments) when the need is so great. I know God will use it for His glory. It was so remarkable that after I had sent the withdrawal form to the Bank, the text on my daily text calendar the next morning was as follows: ‘Whoso hath this world’s goods, and beholdeth his brother in need, and shutteth up his compassion from him, how doth the love of God’ abide in him? My little children, let us not love in word, neither with the tongue; but indeed and truth’ (1 John 3:17,18).

“And this morning the text is: ■

“‘Fear not, little flock; for it is your Father’s good pleasure to give you the Kingdom. Sell that ye have, and give alms; provide yourselves bags which wax not old, a treasure in the heaven that faileth not, where no thief approacheth, neither moth corrupteth. For where your treasure is there will your heart be also’ (Luke 12:32-34). So it gives me very great pleasure in sending to you to enable you to send out to the Front, and I feel I am only doing what it is my duty to do. I experience great happiness in sending. Never in my whole life has anything given me greater happiness, and I thank God from the bottom of my heart that I am able to send to help those souls in deep need.”

Read carefully the last page of “Message,” and please help me to send as many boxes as you can.

A Hymn Sung in the Flames

PERHAPS some of my readers will remember the moving story of the Pemberton Mill, which caught fire after collapsing. While all the machinery was in motion, the walls of the building suddenly gave way, and seven hundred workmen were precipitated into the ruins. Seventy-seven were killed instantaneously, and a hundred and thirty-four subsequently died of their wounds. Companies were quickly formed, who hastened to the help of the unfortunate workers, and lifted the heavy beams to release those who were buried beneath the ruins.

Each one did his best to bring help wherever cries were heard. Night soon fell, and added to the sadness of this terrible scene. The rescuers felt the need of haste, for it was winter, and the poor victims ran the risk of freezing where they lay. Unfortunately a lantern was broken, and its contents spilled. The wood, soaked with petrol, caught fire so quickly that the rescuers found themselves forced to retire.

Among the unfortunates to whom help had so nearly come was a young woman, very beautiful, very clever, and more than that, an active Christian. Her friends had been obliged to withdraw, as the heat of the furnace was so intense. How great was their astonishment when they heard the following words sung with a real expression of joy and happiness: ■

“My celestial country is glorious and fair,

Neither pain nor death shall ever enter in.

The light of that abode is bright beyond compare;

In that eternal dwelling the redeemed shall sing.”

She did not sing this hymn in a trembling voice, as one might quite naturally suppose, but firmly and clearly she continued the refrain: ■

“I am going to heaven, I am going to heaven!

I am going to heaven to die no more,

To die no more, to die no more

I am going to heaven to die no more!”

By this time the flames had reached her retreat, but their fury could not lessen the ardor of the young Christian. She continued to sing, with the same fervor, this hymn which she had doubtless sung in company with other Christians. There was heroism in the singing of this hymn under such circumstances that was far more admirable than the bravery shown on the battlefield or in a hospital ward. She went

on: ■

“Many others seek the pleasures which decay,
Which perish in the fire, or are drowned in the waves;
I have chosen Jesus as my Saviour for aye,
In eternity I’ll praise the power of Him who saves.”

The smoke by which she was surrounded now stifled her voice, so that the rescuers could only faintly hear the last two lines. Nevertheless, she began the chorus again: ■

“I am going-to heaven■”

But this refrain was never finished here below, for her happy spirit had taken its flight to that bright abode which Jesus has gone to prepare for His own.

A True Story

I SUPPOSE I was about five years old when I was taken by my mother and father to evangelistic services conducted by the Rev. Johnson in the little Baptist chapel at my old home. I was too young to carry away any distinct impression of the character of the services, but one little incident impressed itself on my memory and has remained with me ever since.

One night, I looked up in the middle of prayer (naughty little girl that I was) just in time to see the fair head of the evangelist bent over my father's in earnest conversation and to catch the latter's low-toned answer: "Not tonight." I did not hear the question, but, child though I was, I understood that my father had put off the great decision, and in my childish way I regretted it.

Eight years passed away; another evangelist visited our little Bethel and again to my father came the appeal: "Won't you decide for Christ?" and again from his lips came the answer, "Not tonight."

The years passed swiftly on, and one never-to-be-forgotten night my father was summoned to my mother's dying bed to receive from her lips one more appeal. Oh, how she pleaded with my father: "Promise that you will meet me in heaven, John," she said with a last effort, and father, whose love for my mother was great, promised. But, alas, even then the tempter was near, and again he whispered "Not tonight."

Three years more, and my father lay on his dying bed, but, alas, unconscious. Oh, how earnestly we prayed that he might rally, if only for a few moments, to make his peace with God, but in vain! Slowly but surely he slipped away from us. It seemed as if another voice than his was saying, "Not tonight." I shall never forget that awful time. As we stood watching with bitter tears the last struggle, a friend standing by whispered: "What joy for dear mother." Then the awful hopelessness of it all dawned on me as never before, and I sobbed out, "But is it joy?" What hope was there of a happy meeting? In that moment I felt I would have gladly given up my hope of eternal life if I could have saved my father.

The memory of it all has shadowed my whole life because of this. I want to say to anyone who may be putting off the day Of decision: ■ "Oh, decide now; the night of death may bring you no opportunity for decision."

"To die without hope—have you counted the cost?

To die out of Christ and your soul to be lost?

Renounce every idol, tho' dear it may be,

And come to the Saviour stow pleading with Thee.

L.G.H.

Idols: Have You Any?

“IDOLS.” I was very struck with this word in a friend’s letter who wrote to me after reading, “I will afford it,” in the December number of the “Message,” together with Dr. Wreford’s loving words of counsel how to do good. Really I think it will do my readers spiritual good to read what my friend writes, and she will, I am sure, pardon my anonymous quotation: ■ “It brought tears to my eyes. It seemed to me that God was answering my daily prayers, telling me how to do good with the gifts He has lent me. It is my earnest desire to sell my once earthly idols in order to do good both in body and soul to my fellow creatures.”

I am indeed struck with this word “idols,” so I pass it on to you and ask, “Have we not all some earthly idols that we can give up and give to God?” We cannot take any of these idols with us when we go to the heavenly home He, our blessed Master, is preparing for His loved ones, so let us look out some cherished “idol,” sell it, and give it for Testaments to send to our dear soldiers and sailors. They need them, we do not need our idols, and oh! to have the spirit of giving loving gifts to God, being determined He shall have them, whatever man may say. Like the dear Eskimo Christian, of whom our missionary speaks. He had said to the Eskimo, “You cannot afford it.” So what do you think he did? He left the money with another Eskimo, with the instruction that the missionary was not to be told until he was too far off to have the money returned. As I read of it in the C.M.S. Gazette I said, “God bless that Eskimo.”

Dear friends, ever remember an idol sold and given to God will be treasure in heaven, as our Lord says in Matthew 19:21.

Emily P. Leakey

Incidents of the War

“If I am killed I will go to hell with my load of sins, but I don’t want to be converted today and backslide tomorrow.”

So writes a private from the Front. I want you to pray for him, that God will bless him and save his soul. The one who sent me the words says, “Oh! that he may be won for Christ.” He must be.

This mourning card of a French soldier was sent to me by Monsieur Somerville, Madame Le Coat’s nephew. It was his second son who was killed. Pray for them in their sorrow.

His mother writes to me about his death. She says: ■

“In our grief we have the privilege of knowing that our dear boy was spared long sufferings. He was wounded by a bomb in-a first line trench, taken to an ambulance, but only lived a few moments. He had four wounds in the back and a fractured leg. We have the great consolation to know that his only desire was to do God’s will, and his only hope was in Him, so we know he is not lost, but one day we shall meet in that happy land where there are no partings.”

“Someday fresh grass will creep along the Belgian lanes,

Someday the flowers will open to the May;
And on the grave of my brave soldier-boy the grass will grow,
But not today.”

Saved 'Mid the Shot and Shell

A Christian soldier writes from the Front: ■

“What opportunities we have for serving God, if we are only vessels meet for the Master’s use. How glad I am to know that God is working in men’s souls, through this war. The men are quite eager to receive the Testaments, etc., but what is that even to the desire of the One Who waits to receive them? We have been having a very sharp time. When we were attacking M■ our Company was in the front line, and I lost my officer, who was killed there. We advanced a few yards at a time by short, sharp rushes. The enemy were only a few hundred yards away. We took cover in a bit of a ditch, and while waiting the order to charge a soldier crawled next to me. He seemed quite frightened, as it was the first time he had been under fire. The bullets were whistling over our heads. I asked him if he was ready if the worst did happen. ‘No,’ he replied. ‘Whose fault is it?’ I said; ‘Christ has died for you, and God is satisfied with what lie has done.’ I asked him to pray with me. He did so, just a short, simple prayer seeking God’s forgiveness; and God answered with peace and assurance in the dear lad’s heart. I asked him if he was ready now. He answered ‘Yes.’ I asked him how. He clasped my hand and said, ‘Through trusting in Christ.’ (Praise God!) He said, ‘I am not afraid now, whatever happens.’ I never saw him again alive, but I know with certainty his soul is with the One he trusted that awful afternoon It will comfort the hearts of his parents if I write and tell them about their son, and it may be the means of eternal blessing to them.”■ LETTERS FROM THE FRONT.

A soldier in the Royal Fusiliers sends me a pound to send four boxes to the Front. One box of French New Testaments. One box of Russian New Testaments. One box of Serbian New Testaments. One box of Belgian New Testaments. I can send the French and Belgian, but I have not the Russian or the Serbian. Perhaps some friend can send me some. Our dear friend adds in his letter: “If you haven’t these in print use the money for the Lord’s work in any way you like. I am sending it as a thank offering to my Lord Jesus Christ. John 3:16. God bless you in your work of faith and labor of love.”

Another writes: ■ “Please find enclosed, the tenth part of my yearly salary, as a New Year’s offering to the Lord, for the blessed though arduous work you are engaged in for Him and His glory.”

“My sins deserve eternal death,

But Jesus died for ME.”

How Testaments are Needed

From the Front a worker writes to me saying that he met a whole convoy; not one of the men in it had ever had a Testament given to him from any source. From another friend I hear that at the Front there was only one Testament among some men, and they divided it in pieces, so that each one should have some portion of the Word of God.

Another writes me from the Front, saying: ■

“I have nothing but heartfelt thanks for all the parcels you so kindly sent, and yet I am looking and praying for more—more and more are needed. Tell the Christian people in England to cease buying two and three guinea Bibles, while the men out here can’t even get the crumbs that fall from the table. As for fighting for Testaments, in a sense, why that is an everyday occurrence with me. When I visit men with Testaments, they are almost snapped from me, and I have to say to the disappointed men, ‘I am sorry I have no more.’ If there ever was a time when it was possible to leave the stamp of, eternity on these men’s lives it is now. If the opportunity is lost now, it is lost forever. Your little paper, ‘A Message from God,’ is greatly valued. I could distribute thousands of them to men who would read them earnestly and prayerfully.”

Departure of the Trench Train From Victoria Station

What a pathetic picture we have for our cover this month! The Station at Victoria is crowded with soldiers about to return to the Front in France and Flanders, and crowds of friends and relatives are there to wish them farewell. Look at the widowed mother on the left of the picture, holding her son, and gazing in his face with the rapt mother-look that he will carry with him to the trenches. How tenderly he meets her loving gaze! Heart speaks to heart in the solemn moments of farewell. And close by a British Tommy holds his baby in his arms while his wife holds his rifle in her hand. Will he ever see his child and wife again? God only knows. And in the center of the picture the old father is saying parting words to his manly son, while the mother's face is close to the shoulder of her boy. And in the front, on the right of the picture, a man and maiden stand—newly wedded husband and wife may be. The sadness of farewell is on their faces, and the shadow will be there until they meet again. But he may never come back to lift the shadow from her. Oh! the pathos of it all. Fathers, mothers, husbands, lovers, wives, the burden falls on all alike; the cruel, awful burden of remorseless war.

But as I gaze upon this parting scene that brings the tears to my eyes by its terrible human pathos, I think of another parting that the world will know some day—it may be today. I speak of the parting that will be caused by the Second Coming of Christ. Then in a moment there will be eternal separations. Those who are saved, who can call Christ their Saviour, will be taken from earth to heaven in a moment, and the unbelieving friends and relatives will be left behind. In the trenches the soldiers who are saved will leave the warfare all behind them. Oh! sinner, mind you are not one day too late for Christ. You may as well be a year too late as one minute. If you refuse Christ's salvation now, and He comes this evening, you will be too late. You may say, "I'll think about it." Christ may come while you are thinking about it, and then you'll have to do your thinking down in hell. How beautiful for the son and the mother to be together in heaven, and the father, the mother and the child, and the fine young soldier with his father and mother to spend eternity together, and the husband and the wife to gaze together on the face of Christ in glory. If it gives pain to part on earth, what will the sorrow of heart be for those who are left on earth for judgment, while their loved ones are with Christ? God bless you, and make you ready for the coming of His Son.

Thank God, I say, as I close my message for this month, for the khaki Testaments you enable us to send; thank God for the word of cheer today. "My dear brother, ■Enclosed £5 for one thousand khaki Testaments towards the thirty you need. Praise the Lord, He has put this work upon your heart." And praise God for the loving hearts that help us. The sowing is glorious, but what will the reaping be! I am sure God will send us many thousand Testaments this month.

The Diary of a Soul

By the Editor

LORD'S DAY, FEB. 6th ■In our family reading this morning one verse in the chapter spoke to my heart like a message from God. It was the 6th verse of the 9th chapter of the 2nd Epistle of Paul to

the Corinthians: “But this I say, He which soweth sparingly shall reap, also sparingly; and he that soweth bountifully shall reap also bountifully.” Here the Lord of the Harvest speaks through His servant of the sowing and the reaping. The rich must provide for the needs of the poor, so that none may be in want. God would accept a man’s gift according to his ability to give, and God loves a cheerful giver. And as they sowed, so would they reap.

These divine, principles, enunciated for the Assembly at Corinth, in the first century, have their present and personal application today. Sowing and reaping will go on in God’s harvest fields as long as this dispensation lasts. God measures our gifts by the self-sacrifice entailed in the gift. It matters not how small it is, in His blessed hands it will be great. He multiplied the loaves and fishes—two barley loaves and five small fishes—to feed thousands. He can make a “widow’s mite” enough to feed the hungry souls of hundreds of men. Read what a piece of paper did:

Only a Piece of Paper

The following illustration of what may be accomplished by one tract is recounted by a visitor: ■ “I was asked to go to a public-house in Nottingham to see the landlord’s wife, who was dying. I found her rejoicing in Christ as her Saviour. I asked her how she found the Lord. ‘Reading that,’ she replied, handing me a torn piece of paper. I looked at it, and found that it was part of an American newspaper containing an extract from one of Spurgeon’s sermons, which extract had been the means of her conversion. ‘Where did you find this newspaper?’ I asked. She answered: ‘It was wrapped around a parcel sent to me from Australia.’ Talk about the hidden life of a good seed! Think of that! A sermon preached in London, conveyed to America, then to Australia, part of it torn off for the parcel dispatched to England, and after all its wanderings, giving the message of salvation to that woman’s soul! God’s Word shall not return unto Him void.” —Ram’s Horn.

And from the British West Indies a message comes to me from faithful friends who are helping in God’s work. The writer says: “I had a letter from my friend a couple of days ago, and she says, ‘You left your October and November “Message from God” here, and I have read them both, and somehow I seemed to feel more than ever that I want to do something for those soldiers at the Front. So I am enclosing 5/-, and asking you whenever you are writing to Dr. Wreford to send it for me. I wish I could do more, but as you know I am not working now, and that is practically all I possess, but I believe God wants me to send it, and after all whatever I have has only been lent me by Him.” The writer goes on to say: “I quote her letter to you that you may see our heartfelt sympathy goes with the small sums we are able to send.” God bless them. He sits over against the Treasury.

A young Christian girl writes: “I am a regular reader of your book, ‘A Message from God,’ and I have been much impressed by your urgent appeal for Testaments and gospel literature. I enclose 5/-, for which sum I understand you can send one parcel to the Front. I do wish I could have sent you more, but I am practically the sole supporter of my widowed mother, and of three young sisters. However, you have my earnest prayers for success in your noble work, and I sincerely hope that thousands of soldiers may learn to know, as I did three years ago, that Jesus is the only Saviour of mankind.”

O Lord of the Treasury, bless her!

“One of the least” writes: ■ “Am sorry my mite is so small, but He knows why.” Yes, He knows.

“A poor old woman, who cannot do much, sends one shilling in stamps for the good of the poor soldiers and for God’s glory.” And God is glorified.

Miss Leakey sends me the following: ■

A Pearl Ring

Dear Doctor, ■ One of the first-fruits of the February number of "A Message from God" is a beautiful pearl ring to be sold to send Testaments to our dear soldiers. My dear friend says in her letter: ■ "You still need more for your work. I have no money to give, but I send a ring with this. Perhaps the proceeds of its sale will help to send out two boxes of Testaments-that is what I want." Two boxes! No, I hope four or five at least. ■ E.P.L.

This same dear lady says: ■ "Pray for my youngest boy, gone to the French Front, only eighteen." Do let us all pray the Lord to shield him, and bring him safely back to his mother and father.

“In His Most Precious Name”

This is how a gift of 1,000 Testaments comes to me. The Lord knows the giver. And in the “Harvest Home” we too shall know.

A Voice From Malta

“Thank you very much for your packet of khaki tracts just received. Already some are in circulation. Join with me in crying mightily to God that He may use them from center to circumference of this island (Jer. 33:3), and that this historic island may act as a sounding board for Europe and all the world.”

From Salonica a request comes:—

“As I have now exhausted the supplies of literature you so kindly sent for me to distribute while I was in France, I should be greatly obliged if you could forward several parcels of Testaments, tracts, gospels, etc. We have ample opportunities for distributing them here, and Testaments are especially welcome.”

What is your sowing to be this year? If you sow the good seed—that is the Word of God—bountifully, you will reap bountifully. Read carefully the last page of the “Message,” and ask God how many of those boxes you shall send to the Front. The seed of 2,500 boxes has been sown already, and we shall be glad to sow the good seed of thousands more.

I want your help. I am praying for 50,000 Testaments to help to meet the awful need of precious souls. On every battle front men are facing eternity, and looking into the eyes of death. Let us help to give them all the Word of God. I am sure when you read the following letter which has just reached me, you will feel with me that your sowing must be bountiful, and that your gift must be of necessity, and that it must be a cheerful gift; and above all, it must be a prayerful gift.

And so I close my diary for this month, passing on to you as I do so the closing words of a dear worker in France, sent to me in a letter: “We don’t pray enough, do we? We want to pray! pray!! PRAY!!!”

A Letter from the Front

"I should like to take this opportunity of again thanking you for the generous way in which you continue to supply me with Gospels, Testaments, tracts, etc. Had it not been that you had sent me those parcels, hundreds of our dear men would have gone to the trenches without God's Word; but through you they have had that priceless treasure in their pockets, and I know, from letters I have received and from what hundreds of men have said from different parts of the Front, that this Book has been, and is being, largely read. If that is so, who can tell how many men, through the reading, were resting on the finished work of Christ when they were called into the presence of God? If the Christians in England could only see how eager the men are to get the living Word I am sure I would not see so many hundreds of men leave this place daily without a New Testament. How often men come and ask for one, and I have to say, 'I am sorry, I have none!' I can give him a good tract, but that is not the same to him. Here is what has happened several times when I have had a number of Travelers' Guides and Testaments. I have asked which they would have. In every case the Testament has been chosen. They have said: 'Oh! the Testament, sir' I never give Testaments unless they really want them. You kindly ask me how often I should like a parcel. Well, the only thing I can say is, I never have enough of Testaments and Gospels, and shall be very glad to receive them whenever you can send them. The work here is most encouraging, and my testimony is this: that wherever the good old Gospel of a present salvation is preached crowds of men come, and many are really saved. To God be all the praise. If Christ is not held up the results are not the same. Oh! that there were more real reapers! We have a meeting daily at the Station, where crowds of men have to wait about for hours, and oh! how they love to listen to the story of God's love! These dear fellows are on their last journey before they meet the enemy in earnest, and they know it. How one's heart goes out to them, as we stand and watch them fall in and march to their places in the train. There are lads whose mothers are praying for them; there are husbands who have left wives and children behind them. How often, as one refers to these loved ones while giving a last word in the carriage, the tears come into their eyes. Pray for these dear fellows and for us. Pray that we may be meet for the Master's use. Again thanking you for all your kindness, and looking forward to its being continued."

“Comrades True”

THE brilliant moonlight streaming between the black clouds Which chased each other across the sky revealed a scene of pitiable desolation. The cruel storm of war had burst in all its fury over a once lovely spot, and passions of the fight had swept away the verdure of the pasture lands, and encumbered the narrow streets of the one-time village with heaps of ruins.

All day long the leaden messengers of death had flown thick as hail.’ In the yet-to-be-written history of the war the story of the Battle of ■ will stand forth as one of the most bloody and hotly contested in a struggle unequaled in the world’s history for slaughter.

As the shades of evening had fallen the foe had been forced to retreat to an entrenched position, the sounds of battle had died away and a strange and uncanny silence brooded over that field of blood and horror. The Red Cross men had, by unflagging effort, succeeded in conveying the wounded to the rear of the lines, and the cries and groans of wounded men had ceased.

After the Battle

It was on this scene that the moon looked down, and as it bathed the earth in silvery radiance its beams fell on the sleeping forms of the 42nd Highlanders, among whom lay Jim Gordon, his rifle by his side, his fair curls glistening in the moonbeams which played about his head. His handsome face was pale after the exertion of the day and the nerve-racking experiences which he had undergone, across his forehead ran lines prematurely born of the hardships of the campaign, and his cheeks were spotted here and there with what, on closer examination, one would have discovered to be blood.

His campaigning blanket wrapped about him, he lay in a deep and trance-like sleep, produced by the exhaustion following four days and nights of ceaseless activity. The gallant 42nd had played their part that day, and their ranks had been sadly depleted. Many a brave lad who but a month or two before had landed in France with a light heart had already found his grave, and the casualty list soon to be issued would be a harbinger of desolation to many a homestead. So it was not perhaps to be wondered at if, after several hours' sleep, Jim Gordon should stir somewhat uneasily, and mutter in a strange, disconnected sort of way to himself. Had anyone listened attentively they would have caught now the words of a familiar hymn, or again snatches of Scripture. As he lay there the terrible tragedy of the world-war, with the ghastly and harrowing nature of his surroundings, had been forgotten, and he had been transplanted from that Flemish battlefield to his native town in the heart of Scotland. Even the familiar khaki and trappings of military life had been discarded, and he saw himself once more as he had been in days gone by, clad in the uniform of The Salvation Army, and leading, at the open-air service on the Sunday evening, the singing of his favorite psalm, "The Lord's my Shepherd."

Once again he saw the crowd, as they stood around listening or joining in the singing — he saw the hand as it had been before the clarion note of war had rung through the land, and so many men had been called to the Colors, and there in the band, cornet in hand, he clearly descried his old chum and comrade, Jack Fraser, clad in his bandsman's uniform, a bright smile on his cheery face, joining in the singing with fervor and energy. And then, the open-air concluded, he could distinctly see the march as it passed along to the citadel, and even heard the stirring music of the march which the band played, "Comrades True!"

As in his dream he heard the band play the closing strains, Jim awoke with a start. For a moment or two he looked around him with an astonished gaze, only to realize that he had been dreaming, and to be brought to a very real and vivid sense of his whereabouts by the sight of the sleeping forms scattered around him. He once more tried to rest, but found that his thoughts would linger round the scenes recalled by his dream, and that sleep would not come. "Comrades True!" Yes, his old pal Jack and he had been true comrades; they had fought side by side in God's service for years, helping and blessing one another and enjoying a David-and Jonathan-like affinity of spirit and interest. Even after the outbreak of hostilities and the call for service they had resolved not to be parted, but military demands had to be complied with, and they had been drafted into different

battalions. In the rush and hustle of active service Jim had lost sight of his old chum, though he had recently heard a rumor to the effect that his battalion was now also at the Front.

Finding sleep to be out of the question, Jim took from his pocket his Bible, which he always carried, and opening it, his eyes alighted on his much-loved twenty-third Psalm. He read it again and again, and as he read he softly sang: ■

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

Yet will I fear none ill,

For Thou art with me, and Thy rod

And staff me comfort still.”

Footsteps approached, and he heard his name called, with orders to report at once for special duty. He sprang to his feet to await instructions. Was it to be a midnight reconnaissance, or a surprise attack on the enemy’s trenches? He was preparing for something of this sort, but soon discovered that the party was being selected for a very different object. Advantage was to be taken of the temporary lull in the firing to bury the bodies which had been brought in.

The gruesome task had to be completed in as short a space of time as possible, so that no regular funeral service could be performed, and the soldiers, armed with pick and shovel, soon had the graves ready to receive the remains of their late comrades. As the bodies were brought forward and laid on the ground ready for interment, Jim fancied he observed a red jersey protruding from beneath the khaki tunic of a Highland soldier. He recognized the uniform as that of his own regiment, and his heart gave a leap at the thought that it might be a fellow-Salvationist. Stepping forward, he turned the body over, and there he saw what seemed to freeze the blood in his veins, and nearly stopped the beating of his heart — the face of his old comrade, Jack Fraser.

Noticing the expression of anguish on the face of the soldier, and also The Army jersey worn by the dead man, the officer in command of the party asked Jim if he had known him. Jim managed to tell the officer the circumstances which enshrouded this strange discovery, and then, on the impulse of the moment, asked if he might conduct a short burial service, to which a ready consent was given.

Touching Funeral Service

What procedure to follow Jim Gordon did not know, but he pulled his Bible from his pocket, and again it opened at the twenty-third Psalm, and this he read, the men standing round giving reverent attention.

At the conclusion of the reading he asked the men to sing softly the metrical version of the psalm. How soulfully they sang it! It was evident their minds were carried back to the villages in the glens, to the peaceful kirks amid the rugged grandeur of the Scottish hills, and to the loved ones who awaited their return. There was hardly a dry eye in the little company, for by now they all knew that among those they were committing to the grave was Jim's chum.

The song over, Jim prayed, and the graves were filled in. As he looked for the last time on the dearly-loved face of his old comrade he found comfort in the blessed assurance that they would meet in the Better Land, where pain and parting, war and death are unknown.

The War Cry.

A Christian on H.M.S

He writes: ■ “Thank you for your parcels of books that you have sent me from time to time. I have distributed them in this and other ships. In one instance, when we were at a very remote island, where literature was very scarce, I sent a parcel in one of the boats ashore. An old man came on board to thank me for them. He was longing for something of the sort to read. God bless it to them.”

Morning Joy

Time flies...

But soon■one happy day,

I'll wing my upward way

To yonder skies■

A sinner saved by grace,

I'll gaze on Jesus face,

And meet those holy eyes!

Far from earth's dismal night,

In heaven's unsullied light;

With no clouds in between,

And in Christ's beauty seen,

His praise I'll sing.

Haste, Lord that blissful day,

When, in that glory's ray,

Home Thou wilt bring,

The ones for whom Thou'st died,

To see Thy wounded side;

And heaven shall ring

With "hallelujahs" grand,

For in that happy land,

The Nazarene is King.

The Lamb's Marriage

The marriage morn draws near,
The Bridegroom doth appear;
God's Lamb ■ the Father's Son,
Through death His Bride hath won ■
She to His heart so dear,
Her royal robes doth wear;
And clothed in linen white,
Stands spotless in His sight!
Heaven's anthems loudly ring,
"Let us be glad," they sing,
Honor and praise they bring,
The Lamb His wife hath won:
And, round about the Throne,
The worshippers fall down;
'Tis Jesus wears the crown;
And He is God's own Son!

The King's Victory

But lo! a vision new
Bursts on my wondering view;
And thro' heaven's open door,
Christ's ransomed armies pour
On horses white!
Clothed in their linen fine,
See how their faces shine;
Oh! wondrous sight!
Who is it leads that throng?
He Who's in battle strong,
Jesus their Lord■
Seated on His white horse,
"Faithful and True■"
Bearing a secret Name,
None but He knew■
Called, too, "The Word of God,"
By all adored:
Crowned with His many crowns,
Behold "The King of kings";
With blood-red vesture; eyes of fire,
He smites His foes in righteous ire,
And earth with terror rings.
The mandate has gone forth,
"The Lord of lords" makes war;
This is His "day of wrath,"
And victory is sure.

With sharp sword from His mouth,
The nations will He smite;
Yea, "rule them with a rod of iron,"
'Tis He who wins the fight.
Kings of the earth are slain,
Their armies bite the dust;
Fowls of the air their flesh consume,
They perish in their lust;
"Beast" and "false prophet," too,
Are cast (and both alive)
Into the "lake of fire," as foes
Who dare with God to strive:
O God, Thy counsels stand,
Eternal as Thy throne,
And victory is sure to all
Who side with Thee alone.
Meanwhile, God's grace flows on,
And strengthened by His Word,
His children wait, with longing hearts,
To see their coming Lord.

S. T.

Help us to send a Testament to all who need them.

The Priceless Treasure, or Who Was the Fourth?

I LISTENED with keen delight to a letter from a Christian worker at the Front, who wrote to Dr. Wreford his urgent appeal for more Testaments, saying, "If you could only see how the dear men who are so willing to face death, are asking, and even praying, us to give them the priceless treasure of God's Word. How often have I to say, 'I have none left!'" Ah, dear reader, do you feel what a "priceless treasure" your Bible is? And will you not make some distinct effort to supply our troops ere it be too late? There is many a small thing that has hitherto been our treasure, that we may well give up for God's work, and thus distribute His "priceless treasure" among the soldiers. And you, dear soldier, who read this "Message," will you not help by handing on the Word you have read to your comrades, letting your light shine, and so glorify your Father in heaven? (Matt. 5:16).

I must tell you of a young officer who has shined for God and brought glory to His Name. This young officer is one of three brothers who are in the same regiment at the Front-Christians, and sons of a devoted Christian mother. It was told this young officer that someone had said to his mother, "What a pity they are all in the same regiment, for they will all be, in the same danger together, and you may lose all." He wrote to his dear mother:■ "True we three are in the same regiment together, only do remember there were three men in the fiery furnace, but there was a fourth!" And the form of the fourth is like the Son of God. You who have your Bibles, turn to Daniel 3 and read the wonderful history that has been such a comfort again to us, who realize that "no hurt" can happen to any, "no shaft can hit" unless the Lord orders it, and then, if looking unto the Lord Jesus, it will be His for evermore.

Emily P. Leakey

One writes :— "Your work does my heart good, and calls forth my prayers."

Thank God!

Incidents of the War

Prayer for One in Danger

“Fear not, for they that be with us are more than they that be with them” (2 Kings 6:16)

OUR brother is in danger, Lord!

And Thou alone hast that bright sword

That never fads in danger's hour.

Oh! shield him by Thy mighty power.

Anoint our eyes that we may see

Round him a glorious company,

With strength and with salvation shod,

The guardian army of our God!

Oh, may we, like the seer of old,

See through the air Thy spears of gold!

And when our brother's faith is dim,

Bid Thy bright warriors fight for Him!

Flora Maitland Macrae.

A correspondent says: ■ “My own dear young brother is in the trenches, and wrote me the other day saying, ‘No one knows how we soldiers value prayer; we go into the firing line praying and trembling, but prayer bucks us up.’ He loves to get the ‘Message,’ which I send him, and he passes it on.”

“Stand at Arms! Sir”

Officers and men on duty in the trenches have to be ready for service at any moment. Neither the boots nor the clothes must be taken off for an hour. At any moment the attack may come, and it must not find them unprepared. When the tired officers have had their rest, and the time has come for them to resume duty, the awakening cry is, “Stand at arms! sir.” Then sleep has to be banished and the ceaseless watch resumed.

And Paul, the great sentinel of God, speaks the awakening word today to every Christian: “Stand at arms! Christian.” He cries in the darkness of a world’s sin, with all the hosts of evil arrayed against the living God; in these perilous times he cries, “Awake, thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light.” “Awake!” “Arise!” Be alive and active in the interests of God. Line the trenches for God; look through the periscope of faith for the coming foe. “Be strong in the Lord.” “Watch and pray.” “Fight the good fight of faith.” Say as you run to meet the enemy of your souls, “If God be for us, who can be against us?” and “In all things more than conquerors, through Him who loveth us.”

The Man Up There

We are told that at a recruiting meeting in Trafalgar Square, after a poem had been recited called, "The Suit of Blue," an aged, white-bearded man made his way through the crowd, and with the assistance of some soldiers, clambered on to the plinth of the Nelson Column. Pointing with his stick to the figure of Nelson, he shouted, "There's the man for me up there." He was seventy-seven, he said. He had been a soldier, a sailor, and a volunteer. He still wanted to fight. But they wouldn't let him. He appealed to all able-bodied young men to rally to the defense of their country.

I too can say, pointing upward, "There's the Man for me up there," but I am pointing higher than the top of Nelson's monument. I am pointing to the throne of God in heaven. Upon that throne my Saviour sits—the Son of God. He is there because He has been on earth to die for me, and is in heaven because He has died, "the Just for the unjust," to bring me to God. The Man of Calvary, the Man of sorrows, is the Man in the glory now. He's the Man for me up there. He is my Saviour and my God. He speaks to me— He says: ■

"Soul, for thee I left My glory,

Bore the curse of God■

Wept for thee with bitterest weeping,

Agony and blood.

"Soul, for thee I died dishonored,

As a felon dies;

For thou wert the pearl all priceless

In thy Saviour's eyes.

"Soul, for thee I rose victorious,

Glad that thou wert free;

Entered heaven in triumph glorious■

Heaven I won for thee.

"Soul, I knock, I stand beseeching,

Turn Me not away:

Heart that craves thee, love that needs thee■

Wilt thou say Me nay?"

J.M.

Home from the Trenches

“Home at last, thank God!” we can almost hear him say as he leaps up the steps leading to the open door, with the light shining through it—the glory of home. Home from the mud, the filth, the vermin of the trenches—home from the strained horror of the hourly contact with the hovering angel of death—home from the deadly terror of the shrapnel and the bullet—home, travel-stained and weary—but here it is, “home, sweet home,” where love awaits him. His glad eyes drink in the loving smile of his wife’s face, as he eagerly springs to her embrace. Close by his boy is shouting through the open door, “Father’s come home,” and the whole house rings with the joy of that home-coming. And oh! the gladness of the few days’ rest; the luxury of loving care and loving smiles; to breathe the atmosphere of home, and to feel the quiet peace of love’s abode after all the storm-tossed hours of devastating war. Thank God, too, the warriors of the Cross can look forward to their home-coming. “There remaineth a rest to the people of God.” And one glad day “leave” will be given to us to go home and rest. Then we shall forsake the trenches of sin forever—leave a scene where the devil has “dug himself in,” with all its defilements and sinful discomforts, and go home.

And the light of that home will shine upon us as we reach it; and the angels will shout our “welcome home”; and the Lord of angels will greet us at the heavenly portals; and the garments of our earthly warfare, and the weapons of the conflict, will no more be worn, for they will be no more needed. But in the high festival of heaven we shall walk with Him in white, the mighty Conqueror over death and the grave, and the song of the victor will be ours to sing, and the glory of complete and lasting triumph will be ours with Him for all eternity, in the rest and joy of heaven.

“Lies! Lies! All Lies!”

This is how a Christian at the Front speaks of the awful doctrine preached to the soldiers, that death in battle saves their souls. He continues: “Poor lads, it is hard to die on the battlefield, but to be robbed of the privilege of eternal life is a dreadful thing.” Yes, the curse of God will rest on those who mislead these brave men.

The Diary of a Soul

By the Editor

TAKE your Bibles, dear friends, open to Ephesians 3, and read the 20th verse: “Now unto Him that is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us.” Now see the beauty of the verse shine out in the following arrangement, not a word added: ■

All that we ask.

All that we ask or think.

Above all that we ask or think.

Abundantly above all that we ask or think.

Exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think,

According to the Power which worketh in us.

Ephesians 3:20.

Roses in Gethsemane

A dear Christian of seventy-three, well known to me, is passing into eternity. Just before the end he says, "I am walking through the Garden of Gethsemane; there are beautiful roses growing there." What! I thought, roses in Gethsemane! flowers amid the anguish of our Saviour's breaking heart! bloom amid the arid deserts where He trod the wilderness alone! But the beauty of the thought grew upon me, and what the dying eyes had seen I too began to see. The roses bloomed when He said, "Not My will, but Thine be done" ■ the roses of unquestioning obedience. They bloomed when He said, "The scriptures must be fulfilled" ■ the roses of the perfect life, fulfilling all that God had said; the life of one "who kept the law Himself and died for those who could not." They bloomed, too, to speak of a coming day of triumph ■ suffering first and glory afterward. "He shall see of the travail of His soul, and shall be satisfied." Let us wreath the roses of Gethsemane around the thorn-scarred brow and crown Him Lord of all. Yes, dear dying saint of God, thou hast taught us lessons God would have us learn ■ that if our duty to our God takes us into pathways of suffering and of care, the roses bloom if our Gethsemane is on our way to heaven.

I stood by another man over seventy, suffering terrible pain. We were speaking of sin, and he said, "Doctor, it does not trouble me; all my sins are gone ■ past, present and future; I am the Lord's." I smelled the fragrance of the roses of Gethsemane as I heard him speak.

Yes, we shall see these blessed blooms along the paths trodden by those whose hearts are breaking now, and whose tears are falling in the night of loneliness and prayer, when anguished and bereaved hearts learn to say, "Not My will, but Thine be done."

The Cry From the Trenches

From every trench, on every battle front, I seem to hear the cry, "Come and help us." If ever there was a time when we ought to be in earnest it is now. "Give us the Word of God," they seem to say. Let us hear the voice of God speaking to us. Men tell us we can save ourselves. What does God say? Yes, what will God say to these men by and by—these "blind leaders of the blind"? A dear friend writes to me, saying:■ "I am glad to tell you of a young sergeant in the K.O.T.B. who received one of your Gospels and has written from France to say that he was led to Christ through that Book; but as we have not heard from him for some months we fear he has fallen in the fight, but if he has he has gone to wear the victor's crown. Indeed, dear Dr. Wreford, there are thousands, I feel sure, have been won for the dear Lord in this way, and hundreds who, in their last moments, have accepted Christ through giving them the Word of God."

Yes, this is true, and gives emphasis to what I am about to request.

100,000 Testaments

I was speaking to a dear Christian friend about the need of the Word of God to be sent in increasing numbers to the soldiers, and in rising to go I said, "We will pray God to send us fifty thousand Testaments," We went on our knees and prayed for them. As I was opening the door of the room to go out I felt I had to pause, and clearly and distinctly the words were impressed on my heart, "Open thy mouth wide, and I will fill it." I turned back and said, "We have made a mistake; God meant us to ask Him for a hundred thousand." This we are doing daily now — I may say hourly. God will send them, for we must have them. We want them for God, and God will put it into the minds of some of His dear children to open their purse-strings as widely as He bade us open our mouths. We want them to meet a need such as is expressed in letters I have just received: ■

"Would you please supply Testaments to the service men whose names are given below. They are all billeted in the same room as myself, and we have commenced to read a chapter before we go to bed. They have each expressed a desire for your Testaments."

We are glad to send to any soldier or sailor who writes telling us he desires a Testament.

Another writes to me from the Front: ■

"Oh! how much Testaments are needed out here. Do you sometimes get discouraged? Please keep on, because for each person that is doing the Lord's work out here there are twenty who are doing the work of Satan... And out here we will run short of Testaments, etc., unless you at home continue to keep us supplied... So much to do, so little time to do it in. Who is sufficient for all these things? 'Jesus, the same yesterday, today, and forever.' Praise God!"

A Christian worker writes to me from France: ■

"Thank you for your kind promise to send me so many Testaments, Gospels, etc. Colonel S— kindly left three of your parcels at the station for me today, and the contents of two have gone up the line this evening. There is no slackening among the men for God's Word. The other day I went to a carriage and spoke a word with six men, and left them Testaments. When I was a little way down the train a man asked if I would come back to his compartment. I did so, and a man said, 'Sir, you are the first person who has spoken to us like this since we enlisted, and we would like to help you to get more Testaments.' They hoped I would not be offended, and gave me three francs. Today an officer, when he knew who I was and what I was doing, said, You are doing as much for your country as those who are fighting."

A Soldier's Letter

"Having just come off a route march, and feeling tired, I took off my pack with the intention of finding some kind friend to lend me a book. Something seemed to tell me to look in the box where I keep my letters from home. There I found a book entitled 'A message from God,' which I had had given me by some kind friend. I read it and found it very interesting. Will you be good enough to send me one of your pocket khaki Testaments? I should like to have one before I go to the Front."

Another

“Myself and one or two friends were recently reading a tract written by yourself. On it was stated that if a soldier or sailor desired a Testament, he might obtain one on application to yourself. Now we do desire one very much-a Testament will be very welcome. Believe me, sir, we ask in all sincerity. We are a long, long way from home, and have always been friends, and we are not altogether unacquainted with the Bible.”

Alive, or Dead; Which?

A LIVE unto God, and dead to sin, or alive unto sin and dead to God—**which?** You must be one or the other; there is no intermediate position. I was waking from a beautiful dream and these solemn words spoke in my heart: “Reckon ye also yourselves to be dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto God through Jesus Christ our Lord.” Again half asleep, I kept on saying, “Alive or dead?” and as I woke I said to myself, “These words are given me to tell our dear men at the Front and elsewhere.”

When you believe on the Lord Jesus Christ be out-and-out for Him; show your colors that your comrades may see you are dead to sin and alive unto God. I remember so well hearing of Major Vandeleur, who, when he was converted, at once stood up for God. A young officer who was speaking to me of him said, using the slang term, he was a “blue,” meaning he was religious, but then he was such a “bright blue” that everyone loved and respected him. Yes, if you are true to God, turning away from sin and striving to do your duty in His sight, you will be beloved and respected. As was the sailor on one of the battleships in Suvla Bay. Bishop Price wrote of him, “When I finished my address he sang a solo, with the refrain, ‘He died of a broken heart for thee. ‘Yes, sir,’ he said, ‘that hymn was the means of my conversion. I heard it on a gramophone.’” There is nothing more delightful than to see Christian men, officers or otherwise, showing their colors, honoring their Saviour, and trying to lead others to Him.

Do let these words ring in your ears: “Dead to sin, and alive unto God.” Keep repeating them, and ask God the Holy Spirit to teach you what they mean. “Ask and ye shall receive.” Remember God’s Word has quickening power, and this is why we so gladly put Testaments into your pockets. I so well remember a lately converted man answering the clergyman who asked, “What part of my sermon converted you?” “Not a word, sir,” said the man, “it was the text.” So keep on repeating the text I give you from Romans 6:11: “Dead unto sin, but alive unto God.”

Emily P. Leakey

A Needed Leaflet

I am so sure of the need of this little leaflet that I have printed 50,000. I hope all who are concerned for the honor of Christ will distribute them widely. The price for the 1,000 Isaiah 3/- post free.

DYING for your COUNTRY in BATTLE will NOT save your soul; but LOOKING unto the LORD JESUS CHRIST WILL save your soul.

(Acts 4:12) E.P.L.

We want Gospels and Testaments for all the nations engaged in this world-war.

A Zeppelin Raid

See the picture on the cover. A Zeppelin on its way. It is bearing within it bombs sufficient to wreck a city and to take hundreds of lives. A friend of ours told us that a Zeppelin hovered over their house for many minutes, and at last dropped a bomb which fell in their garden. A writer says: "Among the autumn stars floats a long, gaunt Zeppelin. It is dull yellow—the color of the harvest moon. The long fingers of searchlights, reaching up from the roofs of the city, are touching all sides of the death messenger with their white tips. Great booming sounds shake the city. They are Zeppelin bombs falling—killing, burning. There is a red light in the sky—a burning house—there are whispers, low voices running all through the streets." There is death in many a home. This is going on in England today, and England, instead of turning to God, and repenting of her sins, is filled with blasphemy and all kinds of sin; and with those who are dancing on the graves of dead men who have died on their behalf. Theaters and picture palaces crowded. In the pulpits men denying the divinity of Christ and His power to save. A religious leader among men saying: ■ "We are naturalizing religion; we are making it human; a matter of everyday life; we are teaching that it is a spontaneous expression of human life... We do not hesitate to sandwich a religious address between two comic songs, if need be." And God is looking down upon it all. He sees and hears the foul dishonor done to His beloved Son, and soon He will take His own people out of the world. And then—not Zeppelins dropping bombs, but, "Upon the wicked He shall rain quick, burning coals, fire and brimstone, and a burning tempest: this shall be the portion of their cup" (Psa. 11:6).

One word, my reader, "Flee from the wrath to come."

An Allegory

“WHAT a broad and lovely river! Do you know its name?”

“Sin.”

“Goodness me, Parson, who ever gave it such an ugly name?”

“God!”

“But it looks so pure and fresh.”

“Sin often does, but under its surface there are tons of reeking mire and filth—the refuse of the world for ages past.”

“Humph! Well, we don’t mean to go under its surface, do we, Bill? But on it for a bit of a jaunt.”

“Take care, it will carry you into the rapids of death and the awful Niagara of hell.”

“You don’t say so?”

“No, Jack, but God does.”

“Nonsense, see how glassy and placid the waters are—scarcely any current—as quiet as a mill-pond.”

“Ah, fair and deceitful stream, it has lured many a one on to its bosom and down to their doom. Keep off it, my dear young friends, as you love—”

“Oh, fiddlesticks. We can’t be talking religion all day, and pulling a long face, and whining like Quakers. We are old enough now to launch out awhile and see life. Never you fear, we’ll take care not to go too far. We know when to stop. Come on, Bert, Edith, Topsy—all of you, the more the merrier. Here’s a fine, gay-looking craft called ‘The Pleasures of Sin.’ Why, it’s just what we’re wanting” (Heb. 11).

“And a boatman, too—a nigger, eh? Ha! ha!”

“What’s your name, Darkey?”

“Temptation!”

“Oh, you’re Temptation, are you? Well, we want to take a trip in your boat. What’s the damage—the fare?”

“For how long?”

“We don’t know, we only want it ‘for a season.’ We don’t want to be tied to time.”

“Well, we’ll settle that, gentlemen, at the close of the trip.”

“All right, only I hope the figure won’t be too high. Parson says it may cost us our souls, but (Jack adds under his breath) he’s a crank, and he seems to hate you—always warning us against you.”

“And I hate him and his Master, too,” mutters Darkey between his teeth.

“All aboard now,” shouts Jack. “Jump in everybody. Shove off there. Take the helm, Darkey. Good-bye, Parson. Don’t look so glum.”

“Stop, one moment,” says the kind, grave-looking man they playfully call “Parson.” “Young people, if you want real pleasures, they are only found yonder: In God’s presence is fullness of joy; at His right hand there are pleasures (not ‘for a season,’ but) FOR EVERMORE’ (Psa. 16.). ‘There is a river (fairer far than the river of sin), the streams of which make glad the city of God’ (Psa. 46.). Oh, that is the river to enjoy life on. It is called ‘The river of God’s pleasure (Psa. 36).

‘A pure river of water of life, clear as crystal’ (Rev. 22.) (Just at this point, Temptation begins to play the concertina, and all send up a laugh).

“Never mind, Parson,” cries Dick, “finish your sermon tomorrow. We’ll hear more then. Haul up the mainsail, Bill. Now we’re under way.”

“Why, he’s hallooing after us. What is it?”

“There is a way that seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death” (Pray.).

“Rubbish! See how the boat glides along. Hurray! this is fine. What are those people singing over there in Peaceful Cove? Hark!”

“Oh, hear! enough to give one the shivers. Lizzie, do give us a song. Open a bottle of beer, boys. Here’s to you. ‘A short life and a merry one,’ that is our motto. See, they are signaling from Entreaty Bay. Bother them, why can’t they leave us alone? Can you read the words, Harry?”

“Turn ye, turn ye from your evil ways, for why will ye die?” (Ezek.).

“Pshew! I guess we’re not going to die just yet. Why, there’s another chap out there on Salvation Rock, roaring fit to split his sides. Shut up, Darkey, let’s hear what he is saying—”

“He that being often reprov’d, hardeneth his neck, shall be suddenly destroyed, and that without remedy “(Prov.).

“Ha! ha! Very polite, sir. Hulloo, there’s a fair current running now. How we slip along, and the time, too. Why, Nell, you’re in the blues!”

“Oh, Jack, listen to those words that man is crying from Gospel Bank. He’s got the speaking trumpet of God’s Word to his lips. Do you hear them? —they pierce me like a sword—”

Clearly the solemn words come over the waters: “He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life, but he that believeth not the Son shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth on him” (Jno. 3.).

“ ‘Shall not see life!’ Oh, Jack, that is what we came to see. Put me ashore, put me ashore; I feel this horrid current and that grinning Darkey will carry us to hell. Mother often warned me against them. Look, she’s over there on Praying Ground, and Tom’s mother too; and I see Parson as well.

Oh, Jack■”

“All right, all right. Don’t go on so. Give me the tiller, Temptation. Here’s a landing place, ‘Mercy’s Inlet’ it’s called. Well named. I guess it will just suit some of you chicken-hearted ones. Out you go now, and you, and you■”

“Well, I’m blest; four gone, and only eight of us left. Push off again, lads.”

“Glad they cleared out,” chuckles Temptation. “Ha! ha! don’t want any Methodists aboard my craft.”

“What a sweet, gentle Voice that was whispering just as we left,” says Amy. “Whose was it, Tom?”

“I don’t know; but Nell called Him ‘LORD AND MASTER’; and I think He said, Come unto Me, all ye who are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest (Matt.). And they all ran to Him, and He folded them in His arms and took them on to Praying Ground, and then all the lot went up Thanksgiving Top—away there behind us. My word, how it shines. I wish I’d got off,” murmurs Tom to himself. “What a rank coward I am; afraid of being laughed at. Parson said it’s an awful thing to go to hell over a mother’s prayers.”

“Well, well, time enough yet,” whispers Temptation.

But the time goes■precious time, trifled away in frivolous and worldly pleasures and forgetfulness of God.

“How times flies,” says Harry, with a yawn.

“Have to camp out tonight, I guess,” adds Jack. “Keep up your spirits, lads. What’s on that signboard yonder? Dingey Point, isn’t it? And dingey it is, to be sure.”

“No, Jack, it’s Danger Point.”

“Bothered if I care. I see no danger. ‘Seeing’s believing,’ they say. Give us a cigar, Harry. Shuffle the cards again. Play the concertina. Fill up the nobbler. Live for the present. Who cares for the future?”

As if in answer to the scoffing question, Amy gives a start and a cry, and Tom falls on his knees, for again a warning, thrilling voice peals from a narrow neck of land called Last Chance Stretch.

“Ahoy, there! ahoy! it’s your last chance! the rapids are near. Lay hold of the rope. Now is the accepted time.’ How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?” (Heb. 2.).

Even as the words are uttered a lifeline falls right at Tom’s feet. Eagerly the youth seizes it. Darkey tries to wrest it from him, but in a moment Tom has slipped it round his waist, and catching his trembling cousin, Amy, in his arms, with a cry, “Lord, have mercy on us!” they fling themselves overboard, and, as the boat sweeps on, kind and strong hands draw them safely to the shore.

“Last Chance Stretch. What a name,” mutters Bill. “Well, it doesn’t stretch to us now. Look, Alice, we’re passing Folly’s End your old aunt used to yarn about.”

“Gloomy hole,” says Dick; “if that’s the end of folly, we are fools indeed.”

“My word, Dick,” says Jack quite soberly, “we’re doing the pace, aren’t we? ■twenty miles an hour. How dark it’s getting. I didn’t notice the sun go down. How quickly the day has gone. I say, you fellows look a bit funky. I’m beginning to feel queer myself.”

“Wait till we get round Reprobate Bend,” says Temptation, “we’ll land then.”

Round they spin, and Darkey pretends to head the boat for the bank, but on she flies. The shadows thicken. Faster shoots the current. Swifter rushes the boat. Nearer roars the cataract. And now they enter the rapids of death, and the inky waters surge and foam, and whirl in fury. In mortal fear they turn to Temptation, but he has disappeared, and in his place there sits the grim fiend of Black Despair. With a yell they thrust him aside.

Up goes the helm of Resolution. Down come the sails of evil and worldly Desire. In go the row-locks of Thoughtful Consideration. Out go the oars of Earnest Endeavor. Oh, how they pull for dear life-pull till the blood starts from their nostrils and their veins stand out like knotted cords.

Yet, all is in vain. In a moment Despair again seizes the wheel, and all begin to cry aloud for help. But Death shrieks, “Too late!” And the night birds of hell flap their wings, and scream: Lost! Lost! Lost! And far above the tumult of the howling waters the voice of disregarded Wisdom thunders in his ears: “Because I called and ye refused; I stretched out my hand, and no man regarded; and ye have set at naught all my counsel, and would have none of my reproof; I will also laugh at your calamity; I will mock when your fear cometh” (Prov. 1.). Thus they perish!

Sighing, Shuddering, Sinking,

with eye-balls starting from their sockets, and hands clenched in agony and remorse, over the giddy falls of time they go — down, down, down into the dark and awful depths of eternal woe. Terrible scene, is it not? describing as it does the sad and abandoned end of the easy start of

A Wrong Course.

My young friends, you have seen my pen-and-ink picture allegory; now read on and learn its moral and lesson. If you are not saved, you are already in the dread current of sin’s inevitable doom; fair and bright and joyous though life may now appear.

Beware! Beware! Beware!

of Dark Temptation and of Black Despair. Scorn not, slight not the counsel of Wisdom, which echoes around you from Peaceful Cove, from Entreaty Bay, from Salvation Rock, and from Gospel Bank. Think of Praying Ground, and the loved ones who are there; and never rest till you have scaled the sunny heights of Thanksgiving Top. Heed well Danger Point, and may God save you from Folly’s End and Reprobate Bend. Even now

Mercy’s Inlet

invites you to land, or, if you are farther on than that, the rope of God’s great salvation is cast at your very feet from Last Chance Stretch. Abandon the painted charms of The Pleasures of Sin, and trust Jesus as your Saviour, Lord and Friend. Trust Him now, and He will bless you with “pleasures for evermore,” and with all the lasting joy and satisfaction of the fair “River of God”; delivering you from the treacherous river of Sin, and from

The Torrent, the Whirlpool, the Rapids, the Abyss, of “Judgment to Come.”

S. J. B. C.

What You Must Have

“You must have Christ, my brother,
Before you face the foe;
You must repent and trust Him,
Get right before you go.”

Let us help them to get right by giving them the Word of God. God bless every friend who has helped us.

Incidents of the War

“Some are too old for the firing line, but none are too old for the battlefield of prayer.” ■ D.M.

So says a dear Christian, and we are told that at the Front there is not a man in some of the trenches who does not pray. They need to pray, for of many of them it can be said: ■

Tonight

Your last deed may have been done;

Your last word may have been spoken;

Your last look may have been given;

Your last breath may have been drawn;

Your last pulse may have beaten.

IF SO YOU WILL BE IN ETERNITY! WHERE?

A Long “Goodbye”

It was night—the fateful night of September 24th 1915. Thousands of men were sleeping in the trenches for whom, when the day dawned, it would be their last on earth. Orders had been given silently that the attack would be at daybreak, and tired men who had marched many miles were taking what rest they could. But no sleep came to one young officer; he was passing from group to group along the trench to say Goodbye “to his fellow officers. Some were awake and responded wonderingly to his Good-bye, old fellow,” others he woke to bid them farewell. He felt he was going to his death, and his sense of comradeship made him long to forge this link of the last “Goodbye” into the chain of their remembrance of him. In the light of subsequent events they would never forget the pressure of his hand, for as the dawn came the order was given to charge, and one of the first to fall and die was this young officer. Young, gallant, and brave, he headed his men, ran with them a few yards, and then death came, and the long “Goodbye.” Thank God he was ready. Many bore witness to his Christian life. He lay where he fell, the morning light upon his quiet face; his soul with Christ in heaven. He was loved by all his men and fellow officers; he had the friendship of all, and these lines are true of him

“Oh: that it might be said of me,

‘Surely thy speech bewrayeth thee

As friend of Christ of Galilee,’”

Suppose

Suppose that “when the roll is called up yonder” I am there myself, but that all through the eternal ages I am unable to find a single person who is there because of my having led him to Christ—how much will heaven mean to me?

Read our last page, and help us to get the 100,000 Testaments we want to help these souls to heaven. Heaven will mean much to you then.

“For God’s sake, brother,” writes a Tommy to a Christian friend, “send something to cheer a down-hearted soldier. We cannot say or sing every time, ‘Are we down-hearted? No,’ for we are, and deep down at that.” Dear fellow, if he had a khaki Testament in his pocket he could read, “Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in Me” and “Come unto Me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.” We will send the “something” he needs to cheer him gladly—the light of God, to shine in through the windows of his soul and make it bright with heaven.

Any “Tommy” who wants a Testament to cure his downheartedness shall have it if he will send to me for it. And we will send to those who will give them to him if you will help us to do it. Five pounds will get us a thousand Testaments to send to him and others like him, and we want one hundred thousand.

From Battlefield to Heaven

A sergeant at the Front sends me this incident, one of the most beautiful I have heard for a long time. He says: ■ “One incident at the battle of H■ will be impressed on my memory forever. I went out over the Parados of the tiring line to a poor fellow who was on a stretcher mortally wounded. One of the stretcher-bearers had been shot down while carrying him, and I bandaged up his wounds as well as I could. The poor-fellow on the stretcher was calling for water. The only drop of water belonged to Sergeant J■. I fetched it and took it out under fire, and gave it to the dying man. I placed my hand in his and asked him, ‘Do you belong to the Lord Jesus?’ ‘Yes.’ he murmured. Again I gave him a little water, and then said, I hope you feel that the Lord is with you now.’ Again he gasped out ‘Yes.’ He could not swallow the next drop of water I gave him, but seeing he was dying I said, ‘Do you know you are going to be with the Lord Jesus?’ His only answer was a slight pressure of his hand on mine. One last question I asked was, ‘The Lord is with you, isn’t He?’ Again I felt the pressure of the hand. Then on a sudden his eyes glared upward to the sky■ I shall never forget that moment■ then he outstretched his hands and arms towards the heavens above him, and kept them in the same attitude for some moments with his eyes fixed, looking upwards all the time. Then the arms dropped lifelessly down to the sides of the stretcher and he was gone. How delighted I was, and yet how hard it seemed to me to have to leave him behind, when I went back to the trench again under fire. His name I never knew. He was not in my regiment; he was in the Rifle Brigade.”

Thank God for an end like this upon the battlefield, and there are many such. The sergeant who writes me had had enough Testaments from me to give every man in his platoon one, and he is hoping to be able to give one to every soldier in the battalion. We shall be glad to help him to do this.

And now, dear friends, “Goodbye” for another month. A lady of seventy-three writes to me: ■

“I had saved a few pounds in the Post Office Savings Bank for an emergency, but will transfer one pound to God’s Bank, to be used in His service, and rather than the brave soldiers should be deprived of a Testament, I will send another if really needed. I know my God will supply all my need. We thank God for the self-denying work you have so nobly undertaken for Him, and ask Him to bless you all abundantly for His name’s sake.”

The second pound came about a week after. In the presence of such faith and love I feel ashamed at the little one does. We are told that those who go forth weeping, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing their sheaves with them (Psa. 126:6). Will those also come rejoicing who have no sheaves to bring? What are we doing in these never-to-be-forgotten days?

The Diary of a Soul

By the Editor

“Please Send off Another Parcel”

THIS is the oft-repeated request from an anonymous friend in the North of England. Five shillings comes with the request. In one letter the wish is, “Please send off another parcel to the Front, one of my dear ones is there.” Yes, the Word of God is needed today by all our dear ones. “What does God say?” is the great thing, and we can only learn that from His Word.

The Word, A Living Power

From Jamaica a friend writes to me: "The enclosed draft is to provide New Testaments for the men engaged in this terrible War. More terrible still is the thought of the awful doctrines being preached by some to the poor fellows. The only way to meet such falsehoods is by giving the pure Word of God. It is not a book, it is a living power."■B.

The Power of The Word. “Is That All?”

A Christian friend, Mr. C. J. Ross, sends this striking incident to me: ■

A servant of God, visiting a military hospital, noticed a young soldier whose life, it was evident, was quickly ebbing away. “Friend,” said he, “you are soon to die; are you saved?” “No, sir,” was the earnest reply, “what shall I do?” “Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved” (Acts 16:31). “Say that again,” demanded the soldier. It was repeated.

Steadily and earnestly looking at the visitor, the young man rejoined, “Is that all?” “Yes, that is all. I can say nothing more. There is nothing, nothing more for you to do.”

Closing his eyes for a few moments, the youth at length opened them again, and raising his right hand, he exclaimed: “Lord Jesus, I surrender!” Instantly his face shone with a new-found peace, and a few days later he passed away into the presence of his Saviour.

Perhaps, reader, you have not yet discovered that the gospel is so simple on your part. You may be under the impression that you have got to do something in order to merit God’s favor. You think if you live a noble and upright life, no doubt God will reward you with heaven in the future. Is this the gospel? No, no, my friend. God’s Word plainly states that “to him that worketh not, but believeth on Him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness” (Rom. 4:5). His faith, mark you, not his works.

We, as fallen, sinful creatures, cannot contribute anything towards meeting the demands of a holy God. But the gospel is this, that what we could not do, Jesus, the blessed Son of God, has done. On the cross He “gave Himself a ransom for all” (1 Tim. 2:6). He has, in His own person, met all the claims of God against us. So perfectly has He satisfied these claims that God has raised Him from amongst the dead and given Him the highest place of honor in glory. Because of the worthiness of Christ, God finds delight in blessing sinners.

“Be it known unto you... that through this man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins, and by Him all that believe are justified from all things from which ye could not be justified by the law of Moses” (Acts 13:38, 39). There is nothing left for you to do but to take your true place as a sinner before God, and accept by faith the salvation which He so freely offers. Will you do it?

The entrance of God’s Word gives light. We must not rest until we have helped to put a khaki Testament in every soldier’s pocket. This is why I want 100,000 Testaments at once to help, do this.

Are You off to the Front?

We are all very proud of our soldiers and our sailors, and of all those who have so nobly responded to their Country's call to arms; but have you forgotten, dear friend, that it may also mean for you a call into eternity, to leave this earth for an unknown land where either happiness or misery await you?

YES, you may bear yourself bravely, and laugh at risk and danger, but deep down in your heart you know very well that

DEATH IS NO LAUGHING MATTER.

and that, when your comrades are falling all around you, it would be sheer folly to make a jest of it. You know, too, that if your own last call should chance to come the war and everything else on earth would cease to be of any further consequence to you, and the only thing that would really matter at all would be—

WHERE ARE YOU GOING TO SPEND ETERNITY?

You have time now to prepare for the war, and you have time NOW to prepare for eternity. There is nothing to pay, and nothing to do in order to get to heaven—only

“BELIEVE ON THE LORD JESUS CHRIST, AND THOU SHALT BE SAVED.”

Believe what? Why, that He is the Son of God, and that

HE DIED FOR YOU—

for you personally—BEARING YOUR SINS, and suffering the penalty and punishment of them when on the cross.

You are the Sinner, He is the Saviour: “The wages of sin is death, but the gift of God is eternal life, through Jesus Christ our Lord.” You have earned sin's wages, but He the Just and Sinless, died instead of you the unjust and sinful.

SURRENDER TO HIM THEN—give Him your heart and your trust.

AND DO IT NOW.

“For Christ also hath once suffered for sins, the Just for the unjust, that He-might bring us to God.”

“Who His own self bare our sins in His own body on the tree, that we, being dead to sins, should live unto righteousness; by whose stripes ye were healed.”

“Believe on the LORD JESUS CHRIST. and thou shalt be saved.”

Harefield. E. DAVIS.

A Working Man's Gift to the Soldiers

A working-man has given me the means to get 8,000 Testaments for the soldiers. He says in a letter to me, "Thousands are being ushered into eternity, shall we withhold the Word of Life from them?" He has given his savings to the cause of God. God will be no man's debtor, and so we are sure that a signal blessing will rest on the sending of these Testaments, and we trust that what he has done in Christ's name, may bring him a great blessing for Christ's sake. Pray God to bless him.

A dear friend writes to me: ■

"Dear Dr. Wreford, ■I called at the B. and F. Bible Society on Thursday and arranged for the early dispatch to you of one thousand khaki New Testaments, and shall be glad to learn of their due arrival."

Another writes: ■ "I am sending you this month nine hundred khaki Testaments as a gift."

A Second Lieutenant writes: ■

"Your little monthly was handed me last week, and I thank God for the work He is carrying on through you in distributing the Gospels amongst our men at the Front. Enclosed is a small check; it's the last sovereign I have, but I know He keeps the treasury."

A Letter From Over the Seas

The following letter is beautiful for its simple faith in God and love for precious souls: ■

“Dear Dr. Wreford, ■ Since reading the February ‘Message from God’ I have been wishing very much to write to you. The booklet seemed to bring a message straight to me, for I realized more than ever how desperately the fighters need the pure gospel, when false teaching is being spread among them. I had lately got in hand a small sum, and I felt that my Lord was pointing out to me the way in which I could best use it to His glory. I believe that He is guiding, and so it does not seem strange that all that week my daily portions both at home and at school contained precious promises of provision for the future being in God’s hands. The passage, ‘Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat, neither for the body what ye shall put on... (Luke 12:32-40), decided me to send as much as I could in a lump sum. You can use it now, and you want it. We look for our Lord, and know not when He may return, so we want to make use of that which He has entrusted to us while we have opportunity. God can bless others without using us, but I feel very glad that He has given us the chance to serve Him, as if He is very close and has asked in His graciousness for this little gift. Even in this world we feel pleased when one we love asks us to do something for them. Should He not return soon, things will probably be harder all the time, but even then we need not fear, for He will not let us suffer material want unless He sees it is for our spiritual blessing. Please use the enclosed in whatever way seems best to you, who know the great need.”

A soldier writes: ■ “I write to thank you for the pocket Testament which you so kindly sent me. I have completely made up my mind to take Jesus for my Saviour, and to confess Him among men.”

“One More Makes all the Difference”

So said a lady, looking up into her friend's face with sparkling eyes. "Remember one more makes all the difference." I went on my way thinking, "one more makes all the difference." One more what? Ah! there are many "one mores": one more day to live! one more penny, shilling or pound to give! one more soul to save! one more pleasure, one more sin, one more aching heart to comfort, or one more loving heart to grieve; one more soldier to help, or one more sailor to neglect; one more Testament to send to the Front, or one more parcel to neglect sending. "I gave him my Testament," says an Army Scripture Reader, "the only one I had left." Will you not send him "one more," and win one more soul for Jesus? Yes, a gem for the crown of Jesus. All the good "one mores" you do, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus (Col. 3:17). Think of the one more parcel of Testaments I ask you to give as a call from Jesus, just as that dear, tired-out hospital nurse said, when seeking a little rest. "One more" bell rang. "There," said she, "Jesus is calling; He wants me." Yes, He would have you to send HIM one more parcel of Testaments today. "Remember, one more makes all the difference" in the one hundred thousand we are anxious to send to our soldiers and sailors.

Emily P. Leakey

Treasures for the Treasury

A Silver Salver. A Silver Box.

A Gold Bracelet.

A letter from the giver, which says: ■

“The bracelet is not an ornament. It is a treasure given me by a loved friend now with the Lord, many years ago. It is indeed a glorious privilege to give a treasure or two for the work you are doing.... These trinkets I give for Him, who for our sakes became poor... our precious Jesus. I hope they will realize enough to send a good number of Testaments to our lads at the Front. May God richly bless your work.”

The Five Card Sharpers and the Fortune Teller

“Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way? By taking heed thereto according to THY Word.”

A FRIEND of mine was coming on a train once when five of the nine in the carriage began to play cards; they were evidently sharpers, and before long challenged others to play with them, but all declined. At last they turned to my friend and said: “We can see by your face that you fully understand the game; come, take a turn.” “I did know the cards once, but it is so long since I played that I forget.” “Nonsense! you could win all our money, if you only tried,” they said. “Perhaps that would not be very much, anyway I will not attempt it. Five of you are enough for your game; we will look on,” he replied.

As they still pegged away at him, he at last said: “Gentlemen, I tell you I cannot play; but there is one thing I can do.” “What is that?” they asked eagerly. “I can tell fortunes.” “Capital! Will you tell ours?” “If you wish it, but I warn you it may not be very flattering.” “What card will you want?” “The five of spades, please.” And it was handed to him with expectation of great sport. “I shall require one other thing, if you do not mind,” he further said. “What?” they asked a little impatiently.

“A Bible.”

They could not produce one. “No, but you had one once,” said the fortune-teller, “and if you had followed its precepts you would not have been what you now are. However, I have one.” And to their dismay he produced it. A pistol would hardly have been a more unwelcome object. But the fortune-teller began: “Gentlemen, you see these two pips at the top of the card? I wish them to represent your two eyes; this one in the middle, your mouth; and these other two your knees. Now, in Revelation 1:7, I read, ‘Behold, He cometh with clouds, and every eye shall see Him.’ This corner is the Nazarene, who shed His blood for sinners like you and me; and your eyes shall then see Him, when you stand before Him to be judged. That is the future of your eyes,” he continued. “Now concerning your mouth and knees, let me read Philippians 2:9-11, ‘Wherefore God also hath highly exalted Him, and given Him a name which is above every name; that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in heaven and things on earth, and things under the earth, and that every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father.’ From this I foretell that your knees will bow to Jesus, and your tongue that used to say, ‘Gentle Jesus,’ and ‘Our Father,’ will have to confess that He is Lord of all. Your eyes will see Him, and when you see Him your knees will grow weak, and you will fall before His majesty.”

They got more than they bargained for, but he gave them some more: “Gentlemen, that is only the first reading of this card; now for the second, if you please. These five spades represent five actual spades that are already made, and may ere long dig the graves of you five sinners, and then your souls will be in hell crying in thirst for a drop of water, and you will wish you had never been born.”

The five card-sharpers were getting more and more fidgety, but it was useless, for they could not get out, as the train would not stop until it reached Reading. “Gentlemen,” continued the

fortuneteller, "you may escape this terrible future, and my fortune not come true, if you will do what I did, and perhaps I was the worst of the six. My eyes saw Jesus dying upon a cross for ME, in my stead, bearing MY doom. My tongue confessed Him Lord, and my knees bowed to Him in lowly submission. If you do this, I can foretell the very reverse of all I have said. I have told your fortunes, as I promised, and if I am right, you ought to cross my palm with a shilling apiece; but I do not wish your five shillings, I will be content if one of you will promise to try the Saviour whose blood cleanseth from ALL sin."

They would neither pay nor promise, but as the train pulled up at Reading they tumbled out as if the carriage had contained a smallpox patient, leaving my friend in possession of the five of spades. "Stop," he cried, "here is your card," which he tossed after them.

Recently walking near his home at Shepherds Bush, London, he was accosted by someone saying: "Good evening, sir." "It is a good evening, if ALL your sins are forgiven," was the rejoinder. "Yes, and I am glad you are still at it," replied the stranger. "Still at what?" "Telling fortunes." "That is not my line." "Well, you told mine more than ten years ago." "I think you are mistaken," said my friend. "No, anyone who has once seen you can never mistake you." He then recalled the ride from Oxford to Reading. "Ah! I remember, and you left like a lot of cowards, without paying the fortune-teller." "I am your payment. Your words came true of three of us; three spades have dug their graves. The other one I saw at Reading a few days ago; he is anxious to be saved from the fortune you foretold and is attending religious meetings. As I parted with him I said, 'Sam, don't forget the five of spades.'"

"And what about yourself?" "When you saw me I had been to a sister's. I was right down miserable. Mother had just died; calling me to her bedside she had said, 'William, kiss your mother, and I leave you this scripture, "Behold, He cometh with clouds, and every eye shall see Him"' (Rev. 1:7). When you quoted these very words it seemed as if my dear mother rose up and frowned upon the cards. That text followed me. I drank and drank, and drank again, but continually I heard, 'Every eye shall see Him.' At last I went to California for the gold diggings. As soon as I landed, having nothing to do, I stopped to hear some singing. The singers formed a little procession, and I followed to a mission. When the young man got up to speak he gave out his text, 'Behold, He cometh with clouds, and every eye shall see Him.' It was more than I could stand. That night I bowed my knees in submission, saw Jesus as MY Saviour, and with my tongue confessed Him."

He was soon going back to the diggings, but that one interview was good payment for the fortune-teller. W. L.

A Letter From a Belgian Soldier

“Monsieur, ■In the midst of the tumult I am happy to have a moment for you, to send this little witness of sincere affection, and to tell you above all how happy I am in Jesus, our King and Saviour. What a companion! What peace His presence procures for us in the midst of the trials and dangers which surround me daily! I prove every day His care. How many times I have felt myself in the shadow of His hand, and His mighty arm! I pursue my way in joy, rejoicing in an incomprehensible peace. He has been my salvation, and He is my strength. I write you, my dear sir, for this reason, to exchange some letters, and to speak of the love of our Heavenly Father, for it is a great consolation to me, who am between life and death. ■J. J. C., 3e Bataillon, 4e Compagnie. Armée Belge en Campagne.”

If any of my readers would like to write to this dear soldier, I will give them his address, or forward letters.

SOLDIERS! —You cannot be saved without Christ. “Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved” (Acts 16:31).

Incidents of the War

“Thank you very kindly for all you have done for us, but we want more. WE ARE GOING OUT TO FACE DEATH. We want something for our souls.”

This was a Tommy's comment on a social entertainment to which he had been invited. Yes, they want soul-food. Help us to send it to them. Another Tommy writes: “only God's Word tells a man that he is a lost sinner. His fellow-sinners and his own heart tell him that he is not so had after all. Happy the sinner who sees in the Word of God that he is already lost... There are many candidates for hell. Satan has many zealous agents, and the Lord has many half-hearted servants.”

“Am I too Late?”

A widow's piteous appeal at a soldier's grave in France

“Am I too late? Where is he?” a widow cried, kneeling down in the mud and clasping the coffin containing all that was left of her husband. Then in an agony she wailed: “O my darling, come back to me! How can I live forever alone?” Some of the men of the burial party had been joining in the Lord's Prayer over the body. Then they reversed arms, and the “Last Post” was sounded—and then came the cry of the breaking heart: “O my darling, come back to me! How can I live forever alone?” A Christian lady knelt beside her, and taking her hand talked to her of the hope beyond the grave. What comfort is there for such sorrow but the loving-kindness of Christ? Oh! to give them all the Word of God, that tells of a Saviour's endless love!

“For God’s Sake, Save Me!”

A wounded Tommy was lying on the ground, and the battle was raging around him. He cries in his agony, “For God’s sake, save me.” A comrade hears him, lifts him up, slings him across his back, and hurries away as fast as he can to a place of safety. He has snatched his comrade from the jaws of death. “For God’s sake, save me.” How often have I heard in my soul that cry from the trenches and the battlefields: the cry of souls seeking Christ when face to face with death. There is only One can save them in that awful need, but He is always ready and willing to save, and He would have us send them His Word to read about His salvation.

Read this incident sent me by a Christian friend: ■

“WON’T YOU COME TO CHRIST NOW?”

The battle raged, shot and shell were dropping into the British lines like rain from the clouds. A stray piece of shrapnel lodged itself in a soldier’s cheek, seriously damaging one of his eyes. At the same instant as the shot struck him he felt a touch upon his shoulder and a voice whispered in his ear, “Won’t you come to Christ now?” He turned, but saw no one at the moment. It seemed a voice from heaven. Looking along the trench, he saw a young soldier running quickly. Listening, he heard the same question being repeated in the ear of every man whom the young soldier passed.

“Won’t you come to Christ now?” The words went home to the soldier’s heart. He considered for a few seconds, as he lay wounded in the trench. The shell might have meant instant death, but he had been preserved. The opportunity was seized, and there in the trench, lying badly wounded, he gave his decision: “Yes, I will come to Christ now.” He came and found those words spoken by the Lord Jesus Christ quite true, “Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out” (John 6:37). Today he lives in Ireland, a bright testimony to the grace of God.

Reader, allow me to whisper that question in YOUR EAR: “Won’t you come to Christ now?” You have heard the gospel often, no doubt, and have had many opportunities of accepting Christ as your Saviour. You may not be in such a perilous position as the soldier of whom you have read, but, be sure of this, death is busy today. Are you prepared? Oh! turn to the Saviour. He is able and willing to save you. Able, because He has met every claim of God against you. He has borne in His own Person all the consequences of your sins. Willing, because He loves you and desires to have your trust. Let your heart go out with the soldier’s, and say, “Yes, I will come to Christ now.” God grant it.

C. S. Ross

Two Soldiers in Heaven

Lance-Corporal Dennis Woodward was born at West Bromwich in 1884. He was a bright lad and easily led. "I often thought about my soul," he said, "but no one ever spoke to me about eternal things." For several years he was employed as a barman at an hotel in Birmingham, and during this time gave way to drinking, gambling and card playing. At the age of twenty-five he left his situation and, with a comrade, went off pleasure-seeking. Having spent their money, they soon, like the prodigal of Luke 15, began to be in want. In this condition Woodward and his comrade turned into a hall where gospel preaching was going on, and God, in His grace, saved both that night. After some eighteen months of bright testimony for the Lord, Woodward joined the Christian Colportage Association as a colporteur, being-stationed at Southport. For some three and a half years he was much used of God in this neighborhood, ever delighting in telling those around him of the love of God in giving His beloved Son to die for guilty man. At the outbreak of the War he, in company with five other Christians, enlisted in the 7th King's Liverpool Regiment. These six kept together, and testified for the Lord amongst their comrades in France. On June 20th 1915 (Lord's Day morning), Lance-Corporal Woodward was hit in the head by a hand grenade, and in two minutes his happy spirit had departed to be with Christ. To his beloved wife he would often say, "I shall be satisfied when I awake with His likeness." His favorite hymn, which he delighted to sing, was: ■

In loving kindness Jesus came,
My soul in mercy to reclaim,
And from the depths of sin and shame
Through grace He lifted me.
He called me long before I heard,
Before my sinful heart was stirred;
But when I took Him at His word,
Forgiven He lifted me.
His brow was pierced with many a thorn,
His hands by cruel nails were torn;
When from my guilt and grief forlorn,
In love He lifted me.
Now on a higher plane I dwell,
And with my soul I know 'tis well,

And whilst I live I mean to tell

His love who lifted me.

In a letter written a few days before his death he wrote: ■

“I am full of gratitude to God for His faithfulness. I am keeping well, and praising God for the wonderful way He has preserved me through many dangers. I am proving Him to be the faithful God, the God of all comfort and grace, even when we are expecting any moment to be blown up by the enemy’s artillery, the Lord draws near with words of peace and comfort.”

We give extracts from a few other letters: ■

“Waiting upon God in prayer is what we should all be doing more and more, that we might be strengthened. We need His strength. In Him is plenty, and all grace He gives. In Him is fullness. He is sufficient for all. I was speaking today with a man who desired to talk with me on spiritual things. I spoke to him about the way of salvation. Please pray that God will bless him.”

In the next letter he speaks of an officers’ prayer meeting: ■

“There has been a terrific bombardment going on for hours. I have never heard anything like it. We are expecting to make a big attack, and many are thinking seriously at the thought of being in a charge. The officers, I believe, went to a secret place for private prayer for five or ten minutes. I have had a talk with some of the men, and they were interested. I also gave them a Gospel of John each.”

His confidence in God is shown in the next extracts: ■

“The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him. His love is upon all His children for their good. He neither slumbers nor sleeps. This encourages us to put our whole trust in Him. He is able to keep us.”

Extract from his last letter, written three days before his death:

“I pray God that you (his wife) may be strengthened each moment of the day. I can say: ■

‘Moment by moment

I’m kept in His love,

Moment by moment

I’ve life from above.’

How precious the thought that the Saviour loves us every moment, and cares for us every moment, keeps us, protects us, strengthens us, gives grace for every moment! How precious also are Thy thoughts unto me, O God, how great is the sum of them! I am poor and needy, yet the Lord thinketh on me.”

Corporal Wilfred H. Henshaw

Corporal W. H. Henshaw belonged to the 3rd Loyal North Lancs. Regiment, and departed to be with Christ whilst a prisoner of war in Germany, from wounds received in action, December 30th

1914. He was buried at Aachen, Germany. The following is an extract from a letter received a short time before his death: ■

“Will you pray God I may have His presence with me, and never bring His name to shame by my conduct? I can say, when shells are bursting and bullets whistling all around me, ‘Safe in the arms of Jesus,’ and think that any moment I may be in His presence, who has taught me to love Him.”

One of Corporal Henshaw's Christian comrades described him as the finest Christian soldier he had ever seen. J. J. P.

The Last Entry in a Soldier's Diary

The following is a part of a letter from the parents of a soldier killed in action recently: ■ "Willie's things came home a fortnight ago. It was a very hard trial to us; it seemed so little for one we held so dear. Well, his diary came with them, so I must tell you the last entry: ■ 'Dear mother and father, I am going into this fight with Jesus in my heart. Have no fear if anything should happen to me; I am safe in His keeping; He will watch over me.'"

And now, my reader and I must say "Goodbye" for another month. The time is short; if work is to be done, it must be done now. A correspondent says: ■

"I understand that for the sum of 5/- you will send a parcel containing Gospels, Testaments, and an assortment of magazines, etc., to the Front. Will you kindly send two parcels for me? I enclose 10/- in payment."

We are also sending a Testament to every soldier or sailor who asks for one. We had about one hundred and fifty applications last week. Please study the invitation to every soldier and sailor on the last page of cover.

The Diary of a Soul

By the Editor

FIVE hundred years before Christ—that is, close on two thousand five hundred years ago—the voice of a prophet of God was heard in a godless land, and as he cried his message was: "Your priests have violated God's law, and you have profaned God's holy things■you have put no difference between the holy and the profane, between the clean and the unclean" (Ezek. 22). If this man of God were living today, and moved about among us, his voice would proclaim a like message, for in this land of ours the same sins are committed that he denounced so long ago, and worse ones also.

The holy things of God. What are they?

- 1.|The divinity of the Lord Jesus.|
- 2.|The inspiration of the Scriptures.|
- 3.|The immortality of the soul.|
- 4.|The personality of the Holy Ghost.|
- 5.|The fall of man and salvation through Christ alone.|
- 6.|Justification by faith.|
- 7.|The future punishment of the wicked.|

All these “holy things” of God have been “profaned” by men. Many deny these great truths today. And there can be no salvation, according to God’s holy Word, unless these truths are accepted and held.

Violation and Profanation

To violate the holiness of God's righteous laws, and to profane the holy things that are in the sanctuary of His justice and His mercy, must bring His judgment on nations and on individuals. To break down the hedge that separates the "holy from the profane," and the "clean from the unclean," is to face the flaming sword that turns every way, to keep the way of the tree of life.

The finality of God's purposes will never be altered to suit the convenience of those who, in this compromising age, "sandwich religious addresses between comic songs." This is violation and profanation; this is putting no difference between the "holy and the profane," between "the clean and the unclean." And yet in God's sight the difference between them is as the difference between heaven and hell.

“It is Finished”

This is the message that flames from heaven for all the world to see today. Calvary is God’s ultimatum to the world. There love shone out in surpassing radiance■the love of God in Christ■there sin reached its darkest hour when it cried, “Away with Him.”

The decrees of God are fixed and final; the same for the twentieth century as they were for the first. Man’s progress is always away from God. The way of faith is always towards God. Faith is wanted now■to believe and to accept. The weariness and helplessness of the human heart is voiced in that all-important question:

“What must I do to be saved?”

And the glory of the sacrifice of Christ and the completeness of His finished work, shine out in the one and only answer to the question: “Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.”

From a Lonely Soldier

This touching letter from the trenches reached me a day or two ago, and it tells out in its simple pathos what thousands of men are feeling and needing now: ■ “Dear Sir, ■... I have been out here for five months, and I was a bad lad before I came out. I find it is about time I was doing something for my soul, because my pals are falling every day, and I never know when my time will come. We are only fifty yards off the Germans, so I want to be prepared for what may happen. I have but few friends in this world, and often I think of the only One who will be my friend, and that is our dear Lord.” Within half an hour of receiving his letter a Testament was in the post for him. Oh! Friends, you will help me, I know, to send to hundreds of thousands like him who feel their want of Christ.

Only two in ten Have a Testament

Read carefully this letter which has just come to me by post from the Front. The writer is an eager worker for the Lord Jesus Christ. He says: "Many thanks for all your kind sympathy and prayers. Also for the many packets of post cards and four parcels.

I have also received four from Colonel S... It is most encouraging how the men continue to be so eager to get any portion of God's Word. I don't find more than two in ten who have a Testament... Ah! if friends could only be here for one day and see, as I do, the men going off daily, and know what awaits so many of them, and also knew that their only hope must be in God through His Word. A man writing from the fighting line a few days ago says: 'It seemed a small affair, but we lost nearly all our officers, and it was a very small battalion when we marched back after the attack, but we did our job...but at what a price!' I am afraid people in England are getting used to the War. But these men's places must be taken by others, hence the continual stream going up. You know how many Testaments there are in one of your parcels. I could have used one hundred and fifty of your parcels yesterday, and many would have gone without then. That is from here alone. Christians at home don't realize the stream of men that are passing into God's presence daily. Pray that these dear men may be ready. They are all some mother's dear boys...or some woman's husband. Pray, pray. I was among them from 1 p.m. till 12 midnight yesterday."

Can you read this without tears? And can you wonder at my constant appeals to you for the Word of God? This is only one letter. I get scores telling the same story: men going to death without the Word of God in their pockets. I am sure God will make you send me the 100,000 Testaments I am wanting.

“What About That George III. Sovereign?”

“I had a letter from a friend in which the writer says: ■

“After reading your little book, ‘A Message from God,’ I fait I would like to give you something towards the work, under the Holy Spirit’s power of saving the souls of the dear unsaved soldiers by sending out Testaments, etc., but as I have given as much away lately as I felt I ought to, having such heavy liabilities to meet, I put the thought from me. Continuing to read, I read of the lady who gave the bracelet; then the Holy Spirit said to me, ‘What about that George III. sovereign that has been put away as a treasure for the last twenty years, doing nothing and no use to anybody?’

Now I give it to God, praying for blessing upon His work that you are carrying out. It was considered worth 25/- twenty years ago; it should be worth more today. You will sell it for as much as you can get, and I hope it will be 30/-. You can tell me, if you like, what it realizes. I am one who has been saved from the horrible pit and whose feet are now planted on the Rock, and the horrors of hell that I have been saved from through grace grip me so that I feel I would give all I have if it would save those I love, and my desire goes out for all.”

A Surgeon-Major sends me a check and asks me to send Testaments, etc., to the men of his old brigade. He says: “This is the best present I can send my ‘old brigade.’”

This morning’s post brought me requests from thirty-one soldiers for Testaments. A day or two ago I had requests from seventy in one day. The four weeks that have passed since we commenced sending out the post cards have brought us nearly seven hundred requests for Testaments. This is in addition to the parcels of Testaments that go week by week. The very first Testament which was applied for was used by God to the salvation of the one who received it. We trust to receive by post requests for thousands of these Testaments. Any who wish for packets of post cards to circulate among soldiers at the Front can have them by applying to me for them.

The Blasphemer Cowed

The boldest blasphemers are often the greatest cowards. "I will give you ten shillings," said a man to a profane swearer, "if you will go into the village graveyard at twelve o'clock tonight, and swear the same oaths you have uttered, when you are alone with God." "Agreed," said the man; "an easy way to make ten shillings." "Well, come tomorrow and say you have done it, and you shall have the money." Midnight came. It was a night of great darkness. As the swearer entered the cemetery not a sound was heard; all was as still as death. The gentleman's words came to his mind. "Alone with God!" rang in his ears. He did not dare to utter an oath, but fled from the place crying, "God be merciful to me a sinner."

Saved Upon the Battlefield

AT the outbreak of the present War a young man, full of enthusiasm, answered the call of the country, and enlisted in an Irish regiment. Without any desire after God or concern about his soul's eternal welfare, he had lived a most reckless, ungodly life, making the most of the "pleasures of sin." As every one experiences who has sought after the enjoyment of the world, instead of being satisfied, our young friend was discontented, and the more he followed the course of this world the more discontented he became. Thinking that now he would find an opportunity to gratify the desires of his heart, he was delighted when, after a few months of training, his regiment was ordered to France, but he had not counted the cost. Almost immediately after arriving upon the Continent he found himself in the trenches and face to face with an ordeal which he had not anticipated.

For days the roar of the artillery was perfectly deafening; the sky overhead was brilliant with the bursting of shells; men were falling around him dead and wounded. The subject of our narrative had never before considered being placed in such a position, and now the longing after pleasure, which had previously filled his heart, gave place to serious thoughts regarding his sins and his future. During the battle of La Bassee he thought that his last day in this world had really come, so terrific was the conflict. For a few moments he gazed upon those who had fallen at his feet, and wondered when his turn would come. The thought filled his mind that he must meet God, and of this he was certain, that if killed at that instant he was altogether unprepared. He had lived for himself, and his only object in the world had been pleasure. What was he to do? There was no gospel preacher there; no one to whom he could turn for help and advice. If he cried to God, would God hear him?

In an instant he was upon his knees, and amongst all his comrades in the trench he cried to God for mercy. Amidst the din of battle God heard that simple prayer, and the young man arose from his knees feeling as if he were a new man and possessing courage and strength to stand firm.

Wounded shortly afterward, he was invalided home, and the writer, to whom he told his story, met him at a military camp in the north of Ireland. His face beamed with a heavenly joy as he narrated the story, and he said that never previously had he been so happy. He was preparing to leave for France again, but on this occasion under quite different circumstances. Instead of going to seek satisfaction, his heart was fully content, and he had with him a Saviour who promises never to leave nor forsake those who trust Him.

The young man had cause to be happy; he had discovered the only source of satisfaction. Perhaps the reader is feeling that the world, with all its pleasures, cannot give what he has expected. Let me tell you of One who loves you ■ One who has died for your sake, One who now asks you to trust Him as a Saviour, and seeks to make you happy in this world and the next. No matter what you have been, the Lord Jesus will receive you just as you are.

The Lord Jesus Christ is willing to receive you now. Through the work accomplished at Calvary's cross, and in virtue of His precious blood shed, He is able to save the guiltiest sinner. "The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin" (1 John 1:7). "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners" (1 Tim. 1:15). "The Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost" (Luke 19:10). C. S. Ross.

No Christians in Hell

“CAN you tell me where I can go to avoid meeting these Christians?” Such was the question asked one day by a godless commercial traveler. He was traveling by train and found in the car with him some believers in the Lord Jesus. They were speaking and singing of their Saviour, and it was more than our friend could stand. Had they been speaking about politics, or the weather, or had they been singing worldly songs, he might have reconciled himself to their company, and joined in with them. But they spoke of a Saviour whom he did not know. They sang of His precious blood, whose cleansing power he had not proved, and it was a distasteful subject to him.

By and bye the train stopped at a station, and he got out, taking his baggage with him, and took his seat in another compartment. The train started, and he began to feel more at home. Before very long, however, the sound of singing fell on his ear. He looked up from his newspaper and listened: “How sweet the name of Jesus sounds, in a believer’s ear.” Such were the words that he heard. “These troublesome Christians again,” he thought; “why can’t they leave a man in peace?” But the singing and conversation continued, and he was compelled to listen to what was to him the most distasteful of all subjects.

Soon the train came to a standstill once more, and he got out, thinking he had got to the end of his annoyance. He had now to go by a steamboat for a short distance, so he went on board, hoping that it would be more cheerful there than in the train. But hark! What are those young men talking about? Christ was their theme. He rose up in despair, and left the saloon. The first man he met on deck was the engineer. “Is there no place where I can get out of the way of these Christians?” he asked. “Yes, in hell,” replied the engineer. The engineer was a worldly man, and spoke without thinking of the seriousness of what he said. But these words, uttered in jest, continued to ring in our friend’s ears: “In hell you won’t find any Christians.” It was an arrow directed by the Spirit of God, and He used it to awaken and convert this godless man.

The engineer’s words were true; there are no Christians in hell, for the Lord Jesus Himself has said: “He that heareth My word, and believeth on Him that sent Me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation, but is passed from death unto life” (John 5:24).

SEL.

A Soldier's Prayer

“Lord, mail my heart with faith and be my shield,
And if a world confront me, I'll not yield.”

QUARLES

“We Never Can Tell”

WALKING up the Barnfield Road, I saw a very pretty young lady looking up with beaming eyes into the face of a young officer as she said, “Do tell me, when have you to go?” “We never can tell,” he answered; “all we have to do is to be ready!” In a moment flashed into my mind, “Be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not, the Son of Man cometh” (Matt. 24:44). Yes, just as our soldiers have to hold themselves ready, so we who are the soldiers of Christ our King; we are told to be ready, waiting for the summons. Reader, are you ready? Have you found that God, the great God in your Friend, who has sent His Son, the Lord Jesus Christ, as your Saviour, and to give you His Holy Spirit to make you ready. I was reading of a man in India who did not know the way, so seeing a fakir sitting by the wayside he asked him to tell him the way to Barisal. The devotee did not answer, but when the man asked again, he replied, “Can you tell me the way to God?” Yes, this is the important question for all of us—soldiers, sailors, civilians—all. “Do we know the way to God?” Are we ready, for we know not when the summons will come? “Be ye therefore ready.”

Emily P. Leakey

Sunday with the Soldiers

A LITTLE while ago, at a camping-ground, I was distributing gospel literature from tent to tent, and stopping to speak to one of the occupants, soon had a cordon of bright, young and honest looking fellows surrounding me. I began to address them all, and pressed upon them the necessity of accepting Jesus as their Saviour; the Way, the Truth, the Life; the name of Jesus Christ, the only passport into heaven's gates. One of them, much older than any of the others, a quiet speaking man, interrupted by asking a twofold question: "How do you know that such a man as Jesus Christ ever existed? Have you seen Him?" Looking him in the face I said: "In all my Christian experience you are the only person who has put such a question to me. If you ignore the evidence fully given in the Holy Scriptures, what have you to say of the historical references by other writers? The greatest opponents of Christianity did not raise the question. Tom Paine, in his book, 'The Age of Reason,' never doubted the existence of Jesus Christ. Voltaire, with all his vehemence, never asked it. Renan, in his life of Jesus, though milder, yet more subtle in his writing, did not entertain such a doubt."

All that were standing around were eager to catch every word. Then I told them of an instance that happened many years ago on Peckham Rye. I was listening to a debate on Christianity versus Free-thought, and a dear, white-headed old Christian took from his pocket a pamphlet containing an extract from a speech by Colonel Ingersoll. Now the said Colonel built a college in Chicago, U.S.A., and devoted its use to the propagation of free thought. The dear old man handed the pamphlet round for us to see, and then read the extract. It ran thus: "When I read of Jesus, His life, His acts, and in dying as Man for man, He commands my respect, my admiration, and my tears." Turning to the one who put the question, I said, "You see the Colonel had no doubt about Jesus Christ living on the earth, and I hope that he was convinced of His being his Saviour and Lord before he died. What a trophy of redeeming love and grace he would have been."

"Now as to the second part of your question: 'Have you seen Him?' I answer candidly, I have not with my natural eyes, but I am longing to see Him face to face." Then said he, "You believe in Him, a man you have not seen, and expect us to follow." I returned to my appeal to them all to accept Jesus as their Saviour, then come what may, they would be safe for eternity, and the Spirit of the Lord gave me a word of convincing power. Looking around to them all, I could see they were all too young to remember the Duke of Wellington. I asked, "Have any of you heard of the Duke of Wellington?" They shouted at once, with a touch of derision, "Yes, yes, of course we have." I said, "I expected to hear that response from you, seeing you are soldiers. But," said I, "are you sure he lived? Have you seen him?" "No, we have not, but everyone knows about the Duke of Wellington." "I too know there was such a man; he was called the Iron Duke. I was a boy when his funeral took place at St. Paul's Cathedral, London."

Turning again to the questioner, I said, "What a strange thing for you and others to ridicule me for believing in a person I have not seen. I am in a good position to ridicule you all, for none of you ever saw the Duke of Wellington, yet you all believe about him. But I am in earnest, greatly

desiring you, one and all, to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and you will be saved eternally. Just listen for another minute or two before time to leave the camp. Though I have not seen Jesus with these natural eyes, yet by faith I can see Him continually each time I think or read 'the sweet story of old, when Jesus was here among men.' Perhaps some of you remember those words at Sunday school, and that He was crucified and died for sinners, such as you and I. And I am longing to see His blessed face, and if you all accept Him as your Saviour you too will see Him and praise Him forever."

The questioner looked at me seriously, and said, "I never thought of it like that." I shook hands and said: "I am glad you do now." On leaving, the dear lads said, "Come again next Sunday, sir." I replied: "Do take Jesus as your Saviour, my lads, then we shall meet in 'heaven above, where all is love.' Good evening to you all." J. P. C.

A Letter From a Belgian Soldier (Translated)

“Sir, ■I found your address on a little Bible, and as this is a dark hour, you may perhaps be him whose word, whose faith, brings life. You say that you will be glad to help make me know God and Jesus Christ. Speak to me then, enlighten me. The truth! what is over all? I want to see them in full daylight, for, in spite of myself, I am tormented by the infinite. — J.F., Armie Beige.”

ANOTHER

“Sir, ■I have the honor of requesting from your great kindness a copy of the Old or New Testament. One of my comrades tells me that these books are sent free. This being so, I shall be grateful if you will send me this book free of charge.”■Belgian Soldier.

Please pray for these two dear soldiers. I have just sent five thousand additional Gospels to Trumel, Brittany, to be sent to French and Belgian soldiers, and God is working among them, as these letters testify.

Incidents of the War

“Since being at the Front, I do not want to hear any more about God, and there are ten thousand like me.” So spoke a wounded Canadian soldier in a hospital ward, but he accepted a tract and read it. Please pray for him.

A Canadian Soldier's Letter

From the Front another Canadian writes: ■ "Dear Dr. Wreford, ■ I was very pleased that you sent the New Testaments to the soldiers who sent their cards to you. The men like them very much, and there are others asking me for cards for Testaments, but I have given them all away. I would like to get more cards if you have them to send. I am glad you send gospel books with them, especially the tract about, 'Will Death in Battle Save?' as so many believe that it will, but we know that salvation is only through the precious blood of Christ."■ P. R.

No War on the Other Side

After one of the battles, the French and German wounded and dead lay together at dawn near Blamont, many of the wounded awaiting the merciful touch of death. A French private handed his water bottle to a German officer lying beside him, who was groaning with agony and thirst. The officer drank, then kissed his enemy's hand with the words of reconciliation, "There will be no more war on the other side."

He Listens, or, The Bold Sepoy

Did you read in the Standard how two wounded Sepoys at Brighton ventured to address our King when he visited the hospital, and how graciously His Majesty listened to what they had to say and to ask? What one of these dear Indian soldiers said has taken hold of my mind, and may it, dear reader, lay hold of yours. He said, "He listened, and that is enough." So he felt sure the King would consider his request. Now just think for a moment. The King of kings listens, His ear is always open to the cry of the needy sinner, the sorrowful or the afflicted and bereaved. He, the King of kings, listens, and that is enough. You may be quite sure He will not fail nor forsake. His ear is never heavy that it cannot save (Isa. 59:1). So be like the bold Sepoy speaking to our King George; come boldly to the throne of grace, that is, the King of kings, that you may obtain mercy and find grace to help in time of need (Heb. 4:16). "Whatsoever ye ask the Father in My name He will give it you" (John 16:23). So ask boldly and believingly, and when you receive what you ask, praise Him, thank Him, and then do what you can to tell others that "He listens, and that is enough." Emily P. Leakey

From a Lad at the Front

“Just a line or two as I want you please to send me one of your khaki Testaments, as I have not got the Word of God. I have been reading one of your books, “A Message from God.” Do you know, before I enlisted I was a good Christian lad, but I fell off from God. But I thank Him that one of your books came into ray hands. I have been reading the story about ‘Comrades True’ about the Salvation Army lads it brought to my mind when I used to stand in a Salvation Army open-air ring, and of the many times when I have sung,

‘The Lord’s my Shepherd, I shall not want.’

But I thank God I can sing it now from my heart. I am only a young lad, but I am not ashamed of Christ never, and will never be ashamed of letting my pals know I am a Christian... I shall be very thankful if you will send me one of your Testaments, as I. shall be going into the firing line in a few days’ time and would like one before I go.” C.E.

Tucking Him In

A Colporteur says: ■ “One night, when the men had got into bed my co-worker went round with a cheery word for each. Stopping to tuck one man in, to the amusement of the rest, he said: ‘Once a man, twice a child. Ah, my lad, I expect your mother has tucked you in like that many and many a time.’ ‘She did,’ said the soldier, his voice softening with the memory of his mother. ‘Aye,’ the Colporteur went on, ‘and I expect she taught you to kneel down before getting into bed, and say, “Gentle Jesus, meek and mild”; or, “Our Father, which art in heaven, hallowed be Thy Name.” ‘Yes, that she did,’ was the quiet response, while a sudden silence came over the scene. For the Colporteur had passed on to speak of a love even stronger and more tender than that of a mother’s. It was a straight, homely talk of the sinner’s need and the Saviour’s sacrifice to meet it, but simple and direct as it was, not a man there was ever likely to forget it.”

A Soldier's Safety

Our loved ones are as safe with God in the trenches as at home. There is no danger under the shadow of God, and no harm can come to them whom God protects. We need more prayer. A mother writes me: "I do desire the prayers of God's people for my three dear boys in France, that they may be brought to see their need of a Saviour ere it is too late. Please accept the enclosed 'Widow's mite.'"

King George at a Soldier's Grave in France

Bare-headed our King bends reverently over the grave of one of his dead soldiers, who has been slain fighting for England. We know not where he died, or how he died, but we know he has fought his last fight—he has passed into the silent ranks of the dead, and no earthly roll call will ever speak his name again. In unknown and unremembered graves are thousands of the loved and lost to earth. But not one soldier's grave who died in the ranks of the King of kings will ever be unknown to Him in whose service they lived and died. He who has the keys of the grave saw the hurried burial 'mid the battle storm; He saw where the mangled form was laid; He gave His angels charge of His soldier's burial-place, and when the day of the first resurrection dawns the soldiers of the King of kings shall be raised from their graves and rise upward to meet their Lord in the air, and through the ranks of angels they shall pass to the grand review of heaven. And when the roll is called up yonder they'll be there.

Last Words for June

Testaments are greatly needed everywhere, and that is why we entreat you to help us. Read page 84 of the "Message." We are sending parcels now to every continent. We will send a parcel to any Christian soldier or sailor who will distribute them for love of Christ and precious souls. We have been enabled by God's goodness to send three thousand five hundred parcels, and we are longing to send three thousand more. But we want one hundred thousand Testaments to put in them.

The Diary of a Soul

Eternity

THIS question must be considered, “How can you face an eternity that contains your unpardoned sins?” Can you die in peace when your sins are waiting to accuse you before the bar of God, and the myriad voices of your uncounted iniquities will shout for your damnation there? Sinner, you are not safe one moment in your sins. You may say, as the business man did, “Do not bother me about eternity” shortly after he died of paralysis of the brain, and went into eternity. You may die soon—today, perhaps. You, cannot hide from death. I saw a man who was dying get under his bed to hide from death. I heard of a man who said, “I hope I shall die drunk, then I shall know nothing about death.” But after death! What then? The judgment. The awful judgment of a holy God against unforgiven sin. And your sins must be pardoned and forgiven before you can enter heaven. Nothing that defiles can enter there. They tell our soldiers that if they die in battle they will be sure of heaven.

Lieutenant-Colonel Williams, in his book, “Death on the Battlefield: Is it Salvation?” says: ■

“During some operations on one of the Indian frontiers, a young officer lay dying at a frontier post. He was dying of sickness contracted during the operations, but dying for his country as truly as if he had been struck down by one of the tribesmen’s bullets. Another officer, himself an ungodly man, said it was dreadful to hear him cursing his servant right up to the time of his death.”

Can a man go cursing through the pearly gates into heaven? Can a drunkard reel along the golden streets to the throne of God? How can a man who denies his God on earth face Him in eternity?

Many men face to face with death will read these lines. Soldiers it is because we love you that we tell you the truth. A blasphemer can be saved, a drunkard can be saved, an infidel can be saved—but only faith in Christ can save them. Nothing that you can do will give you a right to heaven. Only the precious blood of Christ can cleanse the sinner from his sins. The Rev. J Oliver Hornabrook tells us the following incident, which will illustrate what God can do to change a man’s life and make him fit for heaven.

“I’VE DONE IT, SORR”

He says: ■ I was sitting in my hut on a brilliant morning about three weeks ago, and a rough-looking fellow came rather sheepishly to the opening of the hut. I hailed him, and chatted about anything to put him at his ease. He was an Irishman from Cork, with a decided Irish accent. He had served thirteen years in the Army, and had been through Mons and the Marne and endless fights since. After talking about his experiences, he suddenly said, ‘Do you think it is possible, sorr, for me to be a better man?’ I said, ‘I am sure of it, but what sort of a man have you been? He told me he had been a terrible drunkard and swearer, and everything that was bad. ‘I’d do anything for rum■kill a man to get it■drunk from Monday, to Monday■lost my sergeant’s stripes several times through rum, I tried three times to come to your tent, sorr, and got to it and then went away again because I’ve been so bad, I thought you’d kick me out!’ I talked to him for a long time, and pointed out his only hope, and eventually he went away. Next morning he came again, his face beaming,

and said, 'I've done it, sorr! I've given myself to God.' He told me that last night he had gone on the hills and prayed and ' wept like a sheep,' and God had there forgiven him. I gave him a New Testament-the first he had ever had in his hands. Since then he has been to me several times. He has read through the New Testament twice. One thing which seems to have greatly struck him was that I did not rebuff him when he first came to my tent. 'Ay, sorr the fourth time I came,' he said 'it was worse than taking a trench; I thought you'd bombard me.' He is going on fine, and will make an excellent Christian. His face has completely changed in a fortnight."

The Name Above Every Name

A very remarkable story was told by Rev. E. Aldom French, of the Tooting Mission. One of the finest members they had at Tooting was a lad who had been born in a horrible Lambeth slum and converted in the Lower Tooting Mission. Soon after the outbreak of War he joined the Army and spent some time at the Front in France. A while since he was home on leave, and went to class and told something of what Jesus had come to mean to him, concluding his testimony with ■

“Happy if with my latest breath,

I may but gasp His name,

Preach Him to all and cry in death,

‘Behold, behold the Lamb.’”

He went back to the Front, and one day was telling the men around him what a wonderful Saviour Jesus was, and pleaded, “Oh, men, give yourselves to Jesus Christ.” Lost in his message, he exposed himself for a moment, and even as he spoke he was shot dead by a sniper.

“Happy if with my latest breath,

I may but gasp His name.”

“Fight it Out” — “Right Away”

Yes, if you have any wish to be saved, “fight it out,” as this dear officer did at the Front, of whom I will tell you in his own words. It is grand to hear of a man willing to “fight it out,” and not ashamed to own it. Some officers, young or old, are not “out and out”; they believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, go to Communion, but are ashamed to speak of Him. Think of it, whether soldier or officer, are you ashamed of Him, the Lord of glory? This officer was a splendid athlete, and most popular among his men, but not a believer until he fought it out. He says in his letter: “I must tell you my reason for writing; it is a splendid one, you will agree. I have given myself to the Lord—yours and mine. I had been thinking about it for some time, so on Sunday night, in my bedroom at the billet, I fought it out and saw myself without hope, death and hell staring me in the face. I opened my little Testament at the third chapter of John’s Gospel and read until I came to the sixteenth verse. When I reached it, I stopped and read it over several times, and right away saw the truth and believed. Oh! it was so easy, nothing to do but believe. It’s grand to be free. No matter what happens, I know I shall meet my people here or in glory■that word, ‘whosoever,’ meaning me. Many a time have I seen this portion, but it had no message for me, but now all is changed and I praise Jesus’ name every day since.”

There are many more “whosoEVERS” that want to be saved if only they “fight it out” “right away.” Do not put it off. “Fight it out” today.

EMILY P. LEAKEY.

or Prisoned, Pardoned and Promoted

BERNARD ELLIS was born in a large manufacturing town in Lancashire on the first day of September, 1889. From his earliest years he acquired a roaming disposition. Left to wander at will (his mother being at the factory all day), the lad soon became notorious for his pilfering habits. He would frequently visit the public market and steal there from anything and everything he could lay his hands upon. Much of this kind of evil may have been partly owing to his having to frequent public houses and drinking saloons in company with his parents.

His mother, a typical Irishwoman, six feet in height, and a staunch Roman Catholic, owing to a disagreement with the priest over domestic difficulties, sent young Bernard to a Protestant school, but hatred of school discipline and love of wandering were particular characteristics of the lad at this time. At the age of twelve he lost his mother and leaving home shortly afterward, traveled the country with first one and then another side show, meanwhile carrying on a regular system of pilfering with his employers. This went on until he was sixteen years of age, when being in Liverpool, hungry and penniless, he joined His Majesty's Army, enlisting for seven years with the Colors and five years in the Reserve. Having selected the King's Royal Rifles as the regiment he desired to serve in, he was sent to the depot at Winchester.

The military life of Ellis, from the time of enlistment until he was finally discharged the Army with ignominy, was one long catalog of Army crimes, some trifling, others serious-absence from parade, breaking out of barracks, disobedience of orders, attempting to desert, insubordination and insolence, were some of the offenses committed whilst serving in this country. These were followed by more serious ones after his arrival in India, viz., theft, disobedience of Commanding Officers' orders, and wanton destruction of kit, uniform and bedding. One court martial was followed by another, and various punishments ranging from three days' cell to six months' imprisonment, were meted out to him. On one occasion, whilst on a thieving expedition, Ellis narrowly escaped committing murder. His last sentence was one of, six calendar months' imprisonment, and discharged the Army with ignominy. Whilst undergoing this sentence in a military prison at Lucknow, Ellis, in a fit of temper, cut into shreds every scrap of his kit, clothes, and bedding. For this he was sentenced by court martial to ten days' solitary confinement, with bread and water, in a darkened cell.

On the fourth day of this punishment, as he paced up and down the 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 hidest 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 became new (see 2 Cor. 5:17). The remaining days of his imprisonment were spent in the joy of the Lord and in the delight of His Word.

Some four months after his conversion Ellis was sent to England and 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 his native town. In addition to this God gave him a good wife, and a comfortable home; he also soon began to take an interest in gospel work, and would frequently address gospel meetings at the gates of the foundry where he was employed, and from the steps of the Town Hall.

When the present War broke out, Ellis became desirous of redeeming his Army character. 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 for some time to re-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.”

With this letter in his possession Ellis started off once again to the recruiting office, and re-enlisted in the King’s Royal Rifles.

This was 14th October, 1914. After serving some months in England he left Salisbury Plain for France, and both in and out of the trenches it was ever his joy and delight, 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.

It was my privilege to correspond with him and (through the kindness of the Lord’s people) to send him from the time of his arrival in France until his “Home Call,” Testaments and gospel literature for distribution amongst his comrades.

Appended are a few extracts from his letters 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. We have been quite busy under shot and shell telling the lads the good news of salvation through the finished work of Christ. 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 arms 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 defenseless head

With the shadow of Thy wing.'

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."

"I was up to the knees in mud in the trenches when your parcel of Testaments and tracts arrived, but I soon got rid at them. The lads were delighted to get them; may God bless the seed sown, and grant that many may know Him whom to know is Life Eternal. And this is life eternal, that they might know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent' (John 17:3)."

"I am more than glad:1 that I know the Lord Jesus Christ as my 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)."

"We have all sorts come to our gospel meetings when out of the trenches ■atheists, R. C.'s, Unitarians, and those who think (because oftentimes they have heard it preached, alas!) that death in battle will save them; others think that they, can, like the dying thief, be saved at the last hour, forgetting that whilst one thief was thus saved, one was lost; but, thank God! every question asked can be solved by the Word of God."

"I thank God that He saved me; and has kept me ever since. When I was first converted I did not know Genesis from Revelation. When in the trenches, every spare moment I get I use it in reading the Word of God. Some chapters I have read twenty times in one day. Oh what comfort I find in God's precious Book!"

"I am very pleased with the hymn sheets and the tracts you sent; may God bless the same to the salvation of precious souls!"

"We are having a gospel meeting tonight amongst our comrades, as tomorrow we go again into the trenches. Many, perhaps, will never come out alive again. May God prepare their hearts to receive His Word!"

"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 shall uphold their brethren in Christ out here in prayer, and especially to pray for the conversion of our unsaved comrades."

After serving six months with the British Expeditionary Force, Rifleman Ellis was promoted Lance-Corporal, and three months later (24th February, 1916), was Promoted Lance-Sergeant on the field for gallantry, viz., "bringing into a place of safety, under a heavy machine gun fire of the enemy, a wounded comrade who had been left behind." The same night, whilst a party of his regiment were engaged in a dangerous occupation, the enemy turned a machine gun upon them, and Sergeant Ellis was mortally wounded. Shortly afterward his ransomed spirit had departed to be with Christ: he was absent from the body, present with the Lord.

One of Sergeant Ellis's comrades (the bed-fellow referred to) wrote thus: ■ "You will be sorry to hear that the Lord has called Bernard home, but we shall meet again when Jesus comes. He was a good worker for God, a brave soldier of his King and Country, and he it was that led me to the Saviour."

Another adds: ■ "We have lost our best friend in the regiment. Bernard has made a great difference to me since I first knew him, and has shown me many wonderful truths from the Scriptures. He was loved and respected right through the regiment. He was a good servant of Christ, and a brave soldier."

A third writes: ■ "Ellis and I have stood side by side amongst our comrades and proclaimed the gospel of salvation. The earth is poorer, far poorer, for the departure of so noble a spirit. Here in

the fighting line we miss him terribly, but thank God for the testimony he has left behind. We have often read God's Word and prayed together. He was ever active in the Lord's service, and ready at all times with words of cheer and comfort. I shall always thank God that ever I came into contact with him."

The subjoined is a copy of a letter sent to and graciously acknowledged by H.M. King George: ■

"To the King's Most Excellent Majesty.

"Sir,—A desire has been expressed that your Majesty should be informed of the brave and gallant conduct, and death, of Lance-Sergeant Bernard Ellis, King's Royal Rifles, in France. Your Majesty will probably remember that this was the soldier who was discharged the Army with ignominy, and who, at the commencement of the War, vainly tried to re-enlist, and who eventually wrote to your Majesty for permission (which was most graciously given) to do so. On the 24th February Lance-Corporal Ellis was promoted Lance-Sergeant for a gallant action on the battlefield the previous day. The same evening he was mortally wounded, dying the next morning.

"Here before me lies a communication from one of his comrades telling the sorrowful news; he also adds that Sergeant Ellis was a good worker for God, and a brave soldier of his King and Country, and he it was that led me to the Saviour.

"I am enclosing a copy of Two Pardons (for which see Ellis), 'Willie the Bugler,' 'The Royal Invitation,' and Private J. Wallace's letters from the Front, with desire that your Majesty may be pleased to accept the same.

"I remain your Majesty's faithful and dutiful servant, ■"

Dear friend, you have been reading of God's wondrous Ways of grace in bringing to Himself Bernard Ellis. All who wish to spend eternity with Christ must enter the same way as he did, viz., take the place of a helpless, guilty, hell-deserving sinner, and receive from the Lord Jesus Christ the forgiveness of sins. "Salvation is of the Lord."

There has never been a sinner who came to Jesus in this the day of God's grace who was ever turned away. God's righteous claims have all been fully met in the death of Christ. The work (the only work) that saves was gloriously completed by Him on Calvary. God is infinitely satisfied with that work, and He longs that you should be satisfied with that which satisfies Him. May the heart language of every unsaved reader of this story be in substance that which fell from the lips of dear Bernard Ellis on New Year's Day, 1911: ■ "O God, for Christ's sake forgive my many sins, and receive me as Thy child." So shall the happy experience of joy and peace in believing be yours. The Scripture saith, "That if thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved" (Rom. 10:9).

J. J. P.

Incidents of the War

"When the War is over, I think I shall go and live in France, because during the War France has discovered she has a soul, but England during the War has found out that she has no soul." These are the words of a Christian working at the Front.

Sad it is, as an officer said to me the other day, "Men will not seek God in England, and so God cannot help us." The sins of England are causing the death of thousands of Englishmen. What an awful price this to pay for our pleasures!

Do Something Definite

Do something definite, or help others to do it. Think of the value of an immortal soul! Think of the tens of thousands without Christ! Help us to send them the Word of God. If we fail in our duty now, thousands will ask us in the great day why we failed. What answer will you give?

A Fire Trench in Flanders

This is a photograph of a section of a British trench in the actual firing line in Flanders. Last week, after a service in one of these trenches, fifteen soldiers decided for Christ. Here prayer meetings are held, and hymns sung, and here, alas! many a brave man meets his death. Every man that holds these trenches must have a khaki Testament to fit his pocket. Help us to send them to them.

Stand To!

This is a command constantly heard in the trenches. When the men hear this command they must be awake and alert; they must leave everything they are doing, and take their rifles and their helmets, and be ready to attack or to repel an attack. Stand to! though the storm of battle bursts around you, and the hurricane of shot and shell make a pathway for the feet of death. Stand to! stand bravely! If death comes, die at the post of duty, Christian soldier, your Captain bids you stand to! "Watch and pray." "Resist the devil and he will flee from you." Hold fast that which God has committed to you until the day when He will require it at your hands. Stand to! in life and live for Him. Tell your comrades of His love and lead them to Him.

"Get thee, watchman, to the rampart!

Gird thee, warrior, with thy sword!

Be ye strong as ye remember

That amidst you is the Lord.

Vain the leaguer! our foundations

Are upon the holy hills,

And the love of the Eternal

All the stately structure fills."

Goodbye

Good-bye, dear reader, for another month. Remember our daily needs to carry on this work. Remember us in your prayers to God. Pray that every Testament sent may win a soul for Christ, and that every parcel may be richly blessed. We are told that there are a few in each regiment standing boldly for the truth. Let us help them, for

The Word of God commands us.

The souls in need entreat us.

The love of Christ constrains us.

The Diary of a Soul

By The Editor

AT the desire and suggestion of the War Office there has been an alteration made in the invitation post-card which we are sending to the soldiers and sailors. The postcard, as it is printed below, has the sanction of the War Office authorities, so it may be used freely by workers among the soldiers and sailors, and by the men themselves.

During the last two months 6,000 of these cards were sent to us, and to every one we sent a Testament. If anyone has not received their Testament it is either because of an insufficient address, or because they are wounded and in hospital, or that they have fallen on the field of battle. If those who have not received their Testaments will send to me again one shall be posted at once. I am so thankful that the officers are writing for Testaments as well as the men. One day last week I had requests for Testaments from nine lieutenants and three captains. This is the card we are willing to send in packets to workers or to the men themselves: ■

AN INVITATION TO, EVERY SOLDIER AND SAILOR

This Card is sanctioned by the War Office Authorities "The Firs," Denmark Road, Exeter, England.

DEAR FRIEND,

If you have not a Testament and want one to fit your pocket, I will give it to you: Please fill in the space below with your NAME, RANK and UNIT, and post this card. Do not mention your Brigade or Division.

Yours for Christ's sake, HEYMAN WREFORD.

Name, Rank and Unit...

A Major write: ■ "I beg to acknowledge, with many thanks, the parcel of books, etc., which will be distributed among the men today after church parade."

A Christian soldier writes: ■ “I beg to acknowledge, with many thanks, receipt of the New Testament. I am a Roman Catholic, but appreciate your generosity, and will treasure your gift and ask a blessing on your good work. ■J.S.”

From the Trenches

A soldier writes from the trenches: ■ “I thank you very much for your kindness in sending me the Testament, which I was glad to receive. Sir, my friends here in the trenches have been asking me to send for some post-cards, so that they may send for a Testament themselves, so if you will be so kind as to send me out a few cards I will give them to the boys in the trenches., I hope to hear from you soon. ■J.H.W.”

From a Base Camp in France

“Dear Sir, ■Many thanks for Testament. It was much admired. I am but orderly, in a hut of over ninety men, and would be much obliged if you could send me some Testaments. Several of the men want them, especially as we have not much time for services, having to work Sundays. I have been up in the trenches, and know God’s power to keep one anywhere, and for eternity, through Jesus. —G. M.”

A Wonderful Escape

J.W., in letters from the Front, writes: ■

“A man came to me last night and showed me his Testament, which had been pierced by a bullet just before, and which broke the skin near his heart■a wonderful escape. I told him to thank God. I also told him of the escape he could have by believing the contents of the Book.”

Only One Testament in a Detachment

“Dear Sir, — Just a few lines to say I got your Testament quite safely. I was glad when I thought of the night I was in the Church of England Hut, and a comrade came to me and asked me if I had got a Testament. I said ‘No,’ and he gave me a card to Fend to you to get one. I shall treasure it through my everyday life, and in my spare moments I shall read it. When I showed it to the boys they all said they would like to have one also. I am sorry to say mine is the only Testament in our detachment. I promised the boys I would write to you for a parcel of them. —J.H.”

A Rifleman says: ■

“I had a Testament when I came out, but unfortunately it got lost in an attack we were making... I should like another.”

A Chaplain writes: ■

“The parcel of Testaments you kindly sent me a few weeks ago have now been distributed. I give out at the morning parade that I have them, and always get a large number of applications before night, especially by men about to leave for the Front. Would you kindly supply me with some more? I think it is one of the best services rendered to our brave fellows, and greatly appreciated by them.”

God's own Living Word

A Christian worker at the Front writes: ■ "When I returned from the station yesterday and saw the parcels you had sent me, I just stood in the doorway and said, 'Praise the Lord.' Then I prayed that God would bless you and the kind friends who enable you to carry on such a glorious work. I always feel happy when I can offer a man God's own living Word."

H.M.S. ■

“I have just received your beautiful Testament and leaflets, also the packet of post-cards, for which I thank you. They will come in very useful for my friends when I send to the Front, and also my mess-mates. We have mid-day prayer meetings, and also every evening, and we get quite a good number of chiefs and sailors attending them. During the recent action our ship came safely through, but we were ready to meet God.”

W.S. A.B., H.M.S. —

He writes and says: ■

“A few days ago, while resting after my day’s toil, I happened to pick up a small book written by you: ‘How Can I be Saved’ I read it almost through, but I am sorry to say I have not seen the way in which you point out to sinners to travel towards salvation. But I have another motive in writing to you. For two years I have been on rather intimate terms with a shipmate who is an atheist. My friendship with him has helped to shatter my faith, and I am coming to think the same as he does. So I want you to point out to me how I may strengthen my belief in God, and overcome this atheist feeling. We have been through the Dogger Bank battle together. I got wounded while I was standing at his side, and he came through it unscathed. We also did three months at the Dardanelles. I received a slight shrapnel wound, and here again he escaped. I have seen him stand on our ship’s deck and mock at God. I have heard him ask God to prove His strength by striking him blind or dead. So try and endeavor to point me out a way to overcome this feeling.”

Harvest Time

A soldier writes: ■

“I am writing to ask you if you will send me a box of your tracts to distribute among the soldiers. I have heard that they have been used by God to bring many to the knowledge of salvation, and it is my earnest desire, by His grace, to help in this great work.”

Another says: ■

“Will you send me a Testament to the address above. I am going on my final leave next week, and I shall need one.”

Hundreds Without Testaments

“I am meeting hundreds of men who have never had a Testament,” a worker writes me. “These men swarmed around me for Gospels and Testaments. It is an opportunity that we shall never have again in meeting these men with the Word of God. Can you spare me another parcel?”

Facing Death Without a Testament

Private W.M■, I.R.R.A. writes from the Front: ■

“I should esteem it a great favor if you would kindly send me a few more Testament cards and Testaments. I ask for these because the fellows make such a rush for them. I went down to a Recreation Hut and called for just one moment’s attention. I then told them that for young men who were present who had not a Testament I was there to give them one at once, or to procure one for them by means of your magnificent gift cards. By the grace of God I gave away your fifty-seven cards and the thirty-five which preceded them in less than two hours... I must not forget to thank you for the lovely Bible you sent me.... It is really astounding to find how many dear comrades are facing death without Testaments, and how they rush for one too! The need is urgent, very urgent, and it is with a sad heart that I refuse any of them.... May God bless your most gracious work for our comrades.”

A Resolution

“I write to thank you very much for the pocket Testament you have sent to me. My comrade would be very pleased if you would kindly send him one. I have now made up my mind to read a verse of the Testament every day, and to take Jesus Christ as my Friend and Master.”

An Appeal

Dear friends, we must have Testaments, and we must have them at once. The sanction given by the War Office to our post-cards will open wide a door of service with immense possibilities. The next few months we shall need tens of thousands of Testaments. We want your help, and we want your prayers. We are receiving now nearly one thousand post-cards a week from soldiers asking for Testaments. This is in addition to our boxes which we send. Will you help us to meet this great and growing need? The letters you have read will show you the reality of the need, and the following letter will show you how God repays us for all we do for Him.

Soul Payment

“Dear Doctor, — I wish to write and thank you on behalf of myself and others in my unit for the blessing you have brought us by the literature you have from time to time sent us. Personally, one of your tracts, given to me by a comrade, was the means of calling me back again to Christ at a time when I was beginning to forget all my early teaching, and was gradually drifting into the depths of vice and sin. I can never thank you enough in words, but I would like to express my feelings, by helping you all I can to do the same for others as you have done for me. There are many men in my unit who, I feel sure, would turn as I have done, but they have not the heart to try by themselves, with practically no encouragement. It is in cases such as these that your literature is an invaluable aid, and if you can manage to send me a supply as soon as possible, it will be an enormous help to me in the work God has directed me to carry out, and which, with His heavenly guidance, I hope to bring to a successful conclusion.”

A Gift from the A.F.D.S

From Mrs. Pridham, the Hon. Secretary of the Association for the Free Distribution of the Scriptures, I have received a gift of £10 to be expended on Testaments. This good and generous society has helped me many times before, and I can but thank God for the timely gift that has enabled me to buy a large number of Testaments for the soldiers and sailors.

A Thank offering

A father and mother make me a present of one thousand Testaments as a thank offering for the safe journey of their son to India.

Another friend sends me the money to purchase one thousand khaki Testaments.

For every gift, large and small, I thank God and take courage. Had it not been for the generous help of our many friends led by God to give, the work would have ceased long ago; but now, thanks be to God, a wider sphere is opening before us, and as God has brought us to it He will sustain us in it.

I could fill this number of the "Message," yes, a year's volume of the "Message," with letters from those who need our help, and letters from those who give us help. The Day will declare it all, and God shall have all the glory.

“When are you Going to Finish?”

I delight to record passing remarks that speak to the point of our earnest desire to work while it is day, for the night cometh when no man can work. Dr. Wreford's coachman was posting at the General Post Office pile after pile of Testaments and parcels for the Front, Salonica, Malta, India, Egypt, etc., in answer to the soldiers' cards sent home asking for Testaments, etc. The coachman had no idea an old clergyman was watching him, when he was startled to hear words said in a kindly tone: "Shall you soon have done? When are you going to finish?"

When I heard this I immediately added, "Not until the War, this awful War, has ended-and then, maybe, we shall have to work harder to help those who return." Alas, for those who do not return! What shall we continue to do to point those to Christ? Oh! friends, help us to give them the Word of God whilst you have the opportunity. So many in England do not think about their souls, but still go on planning for pleasure. Two ladies met in High Street yesterday. "Which of the cinemas are you going to this evening?" "Don't know; one, of course!" "When are you going to finish pleasure?" thought I, and think how you can help your brothers dying for their country?

Emily P. Leakey.

Fred Beatson's Home Call

THIS is the photograph of the late Private Fred Beatson, King's own Royal Lancaster Regiment. Fred, who was always a quiet lad with a fondness for horses, joined the Army when nineteen years of age, and for some time was groom to an officer. He was well-liked by his comrades, the more so perhaps by reason of his retiring disposition. On August 5th 1913, having finished his seven years with the Colors, Fred returned home. After his return his colonel wrote him asking if he would rejoin, offering him promotion to sergeant. But his love for home and home associations led him to refuse. On the 5th of August, 1914, he was recalled to the Colors from the Reserve, and shortly afterward proceeded to France. In writing home he would often remark that the cheerful letters he received kept him from falling into many ways that are open to the life of a soldier. In his last letter, written a few days before his death, he spoke hopefully of a speedy return, concluding with the well-known Sankey's hymn and parting salute of the Christian soldier.

After taking part in the famous retreat of Mons, the battles of the Marne and Aisne, he was killed in action on the 18th of March, 1915. Now, comrade, look at this discolored copy of "Within Five Minutes of Heaven," one of what the soldiers call "Jimmy Wallace's tracts." It is stained with the life's blood of Private Beatson, the soldier whose photo you see above. It was taken out of his pocket in this condition after he was killed. Poor lad! and he was looking forward to being married at the first opportunity.

"My boy was a staunch Christian," said his mother. "I too love the Saviour," she added "and now wait the time when we shall meet again, when parting and sorrow are unknown." Thank God,

"Those who love the Saviour never

Say a long, a last farewell!"

Dear comrade, if you should be summoned into eternity as suddenly as dear Beatson, would death mean for you the entrance to glory? or would it be endless despair? Think of the boundless love of the Son of God, who came from heaven's glory to the shameful death of the cross to save guilty sinners from the wrath they so richly deserve, and do not forget that your eternal salvation or eternal damnation depend upon whether you receive or reject the Son 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" (John 3:36). J.J.P.

Love Your Enemies

DEAR soldiers, you who have Testaments, open them at Matthew 5 and read verse 44 and 45; there you will see what your blessed Saviour said: "Love your enemies." In the Times and other papers we read occasionally now how beautifully some of our dear soldiers have carried out Christ's injunction. One I heard of was leading a German prisoner, and seeing he was fainting with hunger, he gave him his own rations and went without himself. Another heard a wounded German crying out for water; he handed him his flask. The German, in grateful thanks, said: "We are all one." And in the Times of May 29th I read how a corporal in the Royal North Lancashires gave his life for his enemy at Vimy Ridge. "One of our chaps was so upset by the cries of a wounded German that he crawled out on hands and knees to help the lad to come in. He got to him and started back. Both were hit by machine gun, and later we found them both dead, holding each other's arms. The act made a great impression on our Hun prisoners, and several of them asked to be present when we laid them in the same grave." Do let each one of us remember that our blessed Lord died for us (each one), His enemies. He loved us so that He allowed Himself to be put to death, to be crucified, that our souls might be saved.

Emily P. Leakey

“Not Afraid to Die”

“I AM NOT AFRAID TO DIE,” exclaimed a young soldier as he lay mortally wounded on the field of battle. He had seen some of the unspeakable horrors of this present War, and had thereby been brought face to face with the truth of that solemn scripture, “It is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment; so Christ was once offered to bear the sins of many, and unto them that look for Him shall He appear the second time without sin unto salvation” (Heb. 9:27, 28). Putting his trust in the Lord Jesus Christ, he could look at death without fear.

Death is a very solemn matter, and it is being brought home to many hearts at the present time in all its seriousness as never before. No person can deny that man is a dying creature. How blessed to be prepared, and to be able to say, “I am not afraid to die.” Only a Christian can truly say this.

For the sinner, judgment follows death, and this is a fact that people do not like to think about today. They live as if there were nothing beyond this life. But what about your sins, my reader? In the unchangeable Word of God we find it plainly stated that you are subject to the judgment of God because of your sins. Read Romans 3:19. Have you yet discovered this fact?

But God, in His great grace, has provided a remedy. There is a way by which you may know the blessedness of having your sins forgiven. The glorious message is sent out into all the world, and all are invited to accept the salvation which God offers.

The Lord Jesus Christ has borne all the judgment. In His own Person upon Calvary’s cross He has forever put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself (see Heb. 9:26). “Christ was once offered to bear the sins of many” (Heb. 9:28). Can you say He bore your sins? You may be among the “many,” if you will only receive the Lord Jesus as your personal Saviour. If so, you can face death without fear, knowing that you are free from every atom of judgment. God will never raise any question in regard to your sins if you are a believer in the Lord Jesus Christ, because Christ has answered for all, and God has been glorified in the putting away of sin.

The matter of your soul’s salvation is of the deepest moment, and we would sound a note of warning in the ears of every unsaved sinner. The future is unveiled, and we know the portion of every person will be either the eternal bliss of heaven or the sorrows of the lake of fire.

Are you prepared to die? If not, seek God’s salvation now, before it is too late. The large, loving heart of God flows out to every sinner. He is ready to save and to pardon the guiltiest in virtue of the work accomplished by His Son on Calvary’s cross.

C. S. Ross

A Dying Soldier

Lines by Corporal W. A. Gardner, 1st Royal Montreal Regiment, Canadian Contingent: ■

A soldier lay on the battlefield: ■

As he heard the cannons roar,
He thought of his loved ones far away,
And he thought of that golden shore.
He looked at his wounded comrades,
As here and there they lay,
And, as he closed his eyes in peace,
These words they heard him say:

“The battle now is over,

And the victory is won;

I am going home to Jesus,

Who loves us every one.

I am far away from the homestead,

Alone in a foreign land;

I have heard the voice of my Saviour,

I have felt the touch of His hand.

“Put on the gospel armor;

Leave every flag unfurled;

Tell of the love of Jesus, ■

Tell it to all the world.

Tell them there is a mansion

Prepared for us on high; ■

I hear the angels calling,

I wish you all GOODBYE.”

These words they tell the story

Of a soldier's love for God,
Who fought for King and Empire,
Now underneath the sod.
His soul is safe in heaven,
The Master called him home,
There are flowers forever blooming
From the seed that he has sown.

Incidents of the War

"Maybe I am on the road to hell; that's my business." So wrote a private to me a little while ago. It may be his business, but it is our business also. If I saw a blind man going towards a precipice, would it not be my business to warn him? If I saw a man sleeping on a railway track, and I knew an express train was coming, would it not be my business to wake him up and see him into a place of safety? If I see a sinner going to hell, it is my business to get him, if I can, to flee from the wrath to come. So I ask my readers to pray for this dear fellow, that he may be saved. If he is blind, God can give him sight. If he is asleep in the track of God's judgments, God can wake him up.

“I Thought my Number was Up”

A young cadet came to me as a patient—one who had come over with the Canadian contingent. He was telling me about a battle he had been engaged in at the Front. He was in a wood, and the English batteries and the German batteries were both shelling the wood. A huge shell burst not far from him and made a vast hole in the ground. He thought no two shells fall in exactly the same place, so he crept into the cavity made by the shell and lay down. Shortly after another shell burst a few yards away and buried him almost completely. He said, “I thought my number was up.” He was dug out and after a while recovered. What he said about no two shells falling on the same spot made me think of another place of safety. The Cross of Calvary was the place where the fury of the wrath of God fell upon the head of the Sin-bearer—the Lamb of God. “He appeared once in the end of the age to put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself.” I am safe if I accept what Christ has done as meeting all my need. “I am crucified with Christ,” the apostle says, and “there is no condemnation to those who are in Christ Jesus.” If I identify myself with what my Substitute did for me ■ “He loved me, and gave Himself for me” ■ I shall be safe from all the judgment that is coming upon this world. I can say, “Rock of Ages, cleft for me, Grace hath hid me safe in Thee.” There is shelter, there is safety in the Rock of Ages, and nowhere else.

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

A 17 Inch Shell

An officer in the Field Artillery was telling me about these huge 17-inch shells. The sound of their passage through the air is like an express train, and when they fall and explode they made a hole in the ground fifty feet across and thirty feet deep.

He told me that one day he saw a soldier standing petrified at the sound made by one of these shells coming. He had no power to move from the spot where he was and to fly to a place of safety. Where he stood he was just in the line of the shell. As it fell it drove the poor man before it right into the earth!

But the wrath of man, terrible as it is, is as nothing compared to the “day of wrath” that is coming upon this world. When the great day of His wrath is come who shall be able to stand?

No sinner will be able to flee from the wrath of God then, but will have to fall before its awful fury. When it falls upon the sinner it will drive him straight to hell. Now the cry to the sinner is, “Flee from the wrath to come.” There is a way of escape now. There is a Saviour who calls you, and will save you now.

The Words They Could not Sing

A telling extract from a brave man's experience, related in the Evening News:— "I'll tell you a funny thing, sir. On Sunday the parson held a service on the battle-field very near the trenches. Three hundred of us stood up in the field. The parson said prayers. We had hymns. We were all singing away in a fine style when we came to the lines, 'Can a woman's tender care, Cease towards the child she bare?' Funny thing, sir, but do you know, we couldn't go on singing it. We had to leave that verse out."

Ready

Miss Agnes Weston tells of a young naval officer who wrote to her just before his first battle: ■
“We are going into action tomorrow, and I’m jolly glad. I want to fight for my country and for the right. I know that I may never come out alive, but, living or dying, Christ is with me.”

In the conflict which followed the young officer was mortally wounded, but there was no shadow of fear on his face as he passed through the dark valley, for the Lord had whispered, “Courage; be of good cheer!”

The Father's Prayer

"Lord, cover his head in the day of battle." So prayed a Christian soldier for his young son at the Front. A shell struck the trench where the lad was, and he was buried, but a beam, displaced by the shell, fell just above his head, and the falling earth fell upon the beam, and he was preserved. God did cover his head in answer to his father's prayer.

Soldiers, Face the Truth

DYING for your COUNTRY in

BATTLE will NOT save your

soul; but LOOKING unto the

LORD JESUS

save your soul.

(Acts 4:12)

E.P.L.

Devotion to Duty

The picture depicts a temple scene. It is an incident in the naval battle in the North Sea. In the face of death and destruction these brave men serve their guns to the end—until the last shot is fired, and the last man lies down to die. This is how men serve their country.

Many stirring deeds of British heroism we can recall. There was the story, for instance, of the gallant man in the Northumberland Fusiliers who was charged with the mission of carrying an urgent dispatch. When within two hundred yards of his destination he was brought down by a bullet. Although he must have been suffering terribly he managed to drag himself across the intervening ground, literally fell into the dug-out, put his hand upon his breast, where the precious missive lay, feebly murmured, "It is here," and fell back dead.

How do men serve their God today? A young soldier goes from a Christian home, as officer or private. For King George he drills and obeys and perfects himself in the soldier life; he is willing to face hardships of all kinds, and in the trenches or on the battleship he is never ashamed of the service of his King, and is at all times willing to die for his country. But what about his God and his Saviour? How often is his allegiance to Christ undermined? How many letters do I get from soldiers and sailors telling me that they were Christian lads and loved the Lord before they left home, but the camp life made them lose all their faith. They became ashamed of Christ. A young recruit in the R.N.R. writes on leaving home for the first time: "He alone doeth all things well. In Him and Him alone do I put my trust... Ah tell me more of Christ... I want to know more.... Yes, it is well with my soul... Oh! Doctor, if ever I have been brought close to Jesus, it's now. Write to me when you have time, and tell me more about Jesus." Dear lad, he loves his Saviour, and is not ashamed to confess Him.

The following letter shows the reality of knowing Christ when face to face with death. It is given to me by Mr. 'J. J. P., to whom it was sent: ■

Extract of Letter

From Private James Wallace, 1st King's Own (Royal Lancashire Regiment):

“July 5th 1916. 7:30 p.m. I write you a line lying on my back at a little behind the firing line. I have been hit in the stomach by a bullet. How peaceful I am and yet only a short distance away tens of thousands are fighting for their lives. How sweet to know that nothing happens by chance■that all things work together for good to those who love God. As I jumped over the parapet when advancing to the attack I could not help but sing: ■

‘Jesus, Lover of my soul,

Let me to Thy bosom fly.’

How calm I was, knowing He never fails, no matter what surrounds us. ‘I can praise Him for all that is past, and trust Him for all that’s to come.’ Truly God is good, a very present help in trouble. I can say, like the Psalmist, ‘For Thou, Lord, hast made me glad through Thy work; I will triumph in the works of Thy hands’ (Psa. 92:4).”

The Soldier's Duty To Christ

Christian soldier! your duty to Christ is plain and positive: "Take up your cross and follow Me." You are as bound to work for Christ where you are as you were in the Sunday School or the Bible Class at home. Do nothing where you are that will make you ashamed to look your mother in the face when you come back.

God bless you.

The Diary of a Soul

By the Editor

I READ a paper called "The Multitudes," and I was so much struck with it that I make an extract from it for my Diary.

GOD CARES! DO WE?

There will come a day when we shall stand in His presence. What will it be to look in His face that was so moved with compassion for the heart-hungry multitude, to see that He indeed meant what He said, that His hands were really pierced; and that down there on earth we had some pieces of metal or of white paper that men call money, that we tossed it lightly away or held it fast; or worse still, spent it upon ourselves, until the one chance in all eternity for giving His gospel to a lost world was gone forever, and it was too late! That opportunity is still ours. God grant that we may ask Him now: "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?"

Through midnight gloom from Macedon

The cry of myriads as of one,

The voiceful silence of despair,

Is eloquent in awful prayer,

The soul's exceeding bitter cry,

"Come o'er and help us, or we die."

Acts 16:9. How mournfully it echoes on,

For half the earth is Macedon;

These brethren to their brethren call,

And by the Love which loved them all,

And by the whole world's Life they cry,

"O ye that live, behold we die!"

S. J. STONE, M.A.

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This is the cry from every battlefield where dying men are, from the trenches, from the rest camps, from the hospitals. God cares! Do we?

A British officer thus described the most terrible part of the awful tragedy of the battlefield:— “It is not the shrieks of the wounded as they fall. It is not the sight of the dead as they lie there; but it is the cry of the wounded boys, crying for their mothers, and there is no one to do anything for them.”
God cares! Do we?

The Dying Soldier's Letter

This letter was published in the Echo de Paris. It was written by a French private soldier as he lay dying on the battlefield of the Marne, and it runs as follows: ■ “This happens on Thursday, in the department of the Marne, in the environs of■. I am waiting for help that will never come, and I pray God to take me, for I am suffering horribly. Adieu, my wife and darling children; adieu all my family whom I have loved so much. I ask those of my comrades who find this note to forward it to Paris to my wife, together with my notebook, which I am leaving in the same pocket of my greatcoat. Calling up my last energies, I am writing this stretched out, with my two legs broken, under a hail of lead. My last thoughts are for my children, for thee, my darling wife, the companion of my life, my beloved wife.” God cares! Do we?

Do you care? If you do, help us to send Testaments to these dear lads that want them so. My heart weeps as I think of the awful, terrible need. Every day I am brought face to face with it, and every day it sends me on my knees in earnest prayer to God that He will incline His stewards to send me tens of thousands of Testaments for the dear lads at the Front.

The Mother's Testament

One writes: ■ "A mother sent her lad at the Front a New Testament, writing his name inside. He wrote loving thanks, but said it would have been even more precious had she written 'From Mother.' Another was promptly bought, the words 'From Mother' written after his name, and sent off. Back came another letter of thanks, adding that he had passed the first one on to a comrade! Has your boy a New Testament with him? Oh, what thousands of mothers today would give anything to have back lost years with past opportunities of reading and praying with their boys—those clear boys now in the thick of battle, but about whose spiritual welfare they are not sure. While we have time let us influence all we can. Pray on, dear mothers; it is the best way by far to reach your dear ones. God understands, and will answer." God cares! Do we?

A mother writes to me: ■ "I thank you for the Testament you have sent my son. Will you please forward one each to my other sons, and also one to a friend?"

A private writes: ■ "Would you be kind enough to forward me one of your New Testaments? I have seen one that you have sent to my bed-mate, and I am sure he finds it very handy. He is always reading it, and thinks the world of it, and I am sure I shall do the same."

A driver says: ■ "I had the pleasure of receiving the Testament you sent to me. My chums all require one. Will you kindly send one to them?"

A lonely soldier writes: ■

"This is the first time I have had the pleasure of writing to you, but I feel I must write after reading one of your little books given to me by an Army Chaplain. I was a good, Christian lad before I went out to France; now everything seems changed, for I felt so lonely, and miserable, and ashamed of myself, until the chaplain gave me one of your books and cheered me up. Sir, will you be so kind as to send me one of your khaki Testaments? I am sure it would help me to be a good lad again."

A lance-corporal writes: ■

"Ever so many thanks for the beautiful little Testament you have sent me, and for the post-cards. I am sorry I could not give the cards out, as I was just going over the parapet in the big advance when they were placed in my hands, so I put them on the top of the parapet so that others could get them if they wished. I thought that was the best thing I could do."

A Post Card Found in a Trench

A gunner in the South African Heavy Artillery sends me a post card filled in with the name and address of a corporal who wanted a Testament. It is stained with what seems to be blood. He says: "Dear Doctor, ■The enclosed post-card was picked up on the battlefield somewhere in France. I happened to come across it in a trench recently occupied by the Germans. I thought perhaps it may prove of some interest and value to you. With every good wish, from R. S■, gunner." Pray God the dear fellow knew Christ as his Saviour!

Only One in Five Have a Testament

One of the R.A.M.C. who has to go through the clothing of soldiers who have died on the field of battle says that only one in five has a Testament in his pocket. Think of it, dear friends!

What a responsibility is ours in the presence of this terrible truth! God cares! Do we? Do you?

If you care, help us at once to meet all the appeals that reach us. Twelve hundred men went into a battle in one regiment, and only one hundred came out. The dead are gone never to return, but for Christ's sake let us help the living. One writes me: ■ "I have just received your kind letter and little khaki Testament.... I am going to the firing line, I may return or I may not, but in any case you will know that the good you have done is going overseas to be done there tenfold."

A Closing Word

My Diary must close for September. What numbers of beautiful, appealing letters are beside me that I have no room for now. I feel sure you will send me what I want. For what you have given, I thank you with all my heart, for the sake of Him who died and for the sake of those for whom He died. All gifts acknowledged by Dr. Heyman Wreford, The Firs, Denmark Road, Exeter.

A Letter in Time of War

My dear friend, J.P.C., of Gosport, sends me the following incidents in one of his most interesting letters: ■

A Marvelous Escape

“My niece is very pleased with the parcel you sent, and I am to thank you for it. She gives encouraging news of her son, who ridiculed his mother before he went to war. He is only twenty, and was injured in the Dardanelles affair, when he had a marvelous escape. His machine gun was smashed to pieces, his wrist watch torn off, but he escaped with a few bullet wounds. One of his unit found the watch two days after minus the strap. I have seen that watch. The dear boy tells that before going into action several of them went, with their officer, and kneeled down and prayed, and those that escaped met again, with others not of the previous party, to thank God. The dear boy is still unfit for any but very light duty.”

The Man who was Called Dead

“She speaks of her brother, who always bore a character the reverse of Christian, that he speaks now of better things, unworldly things, and we are all so glad. He went through the Ber War, and many were his marvelous escapes, yet no sign of a change. But I think the battle of Mons aroused him to a sense of his condition before God. He was blown out of the trench and his rifle smashed to pieces. Descending on his head, he was thus rendered unconscious and put down amongst the dead. He partly recovered consciousness, but was unable to move, and heard his name called—dead. One of the others saw him move his foot, and told the officer, who said, ‘Take him to the rear; he won’t last long!’ But he recovered, and after a few months in a hospital at Marseilles he wrote in his jocose way: ‘They are putting me together to send me home.’ What a trophy of the mercy of God! I have not seen him, but I have seen his wife, and dear little son of six years, and he desires her to bring him up rightly.”

Three Incidents

1st “I don’t believe in God”

My friend continues in his letter:—

“While I am writing I must tell you of three little incidents. First, early in May I offered a Testament to a stalwart fellow in khaki. He scoffed at it, saying, I don’t believe it; ‘I don’t believe in God; neither do I believe in a hereafter.’ After a moment’s thought I said, I am not surprised to hear you say you don’t believe in God, or His Word, but I am very sorry for you. You must have read it, or you could not say that. Let me persuade you to read it again.’ He replied, ‘I do not wish to; religion is all a failure.’ ‘I can quite understand what you mean, but the Lord Jesus Christ, of whom this little Book speaks, is not a failure but a great success, as a Saviour of sinners like me, and may I add, you? Try Him.’ His manner changed from bitterness to interest. After a little persuasion he took the Testament, and I said, ‘I shall pray for you, and God will bless you.’ He went away cheerfully, saying, ‘I will read it again.’”

2nd— “I have been to Hell”

“As I was returning from Spring Vale to Ryde I met three men, two of them in uniform. To these I gave Testaments, to the other a ‘Message.’ He refused it. Not being in uniform, I thought he was a friend, and was surprised to hear him say, ‘I don’t want anything of that sort.’ Have you been to the Front?’ ‘Indeed I have,’ he said fiercely, ‘I have been to hell.’ ‘Then,’ said I, you would like to try what heaven is like.’ ‘Don’t talk about such things to me. You people are trying to do good, but I don’t want to hear about it.’ I said, I do not know a better name for that terrible conflict you have been in: it was hellish, but you will appreciate what heaven is like, and God has made the way easy to get there. Do try by taking Jesus as your Saviour, then I shall see you there.’ Love conquered. He took the ‘Message’ and a card for a Testament. His companions chaffed him. He replied, ‘The old gent is right.’”

3rd— “I’m all right now”

“Last evening I was watching two wounded men returning to quarters, when one of them with crutches said to the other, ‘That’s the old gent that used to visit us in the guard-room.’ I went to them and said, ‘I do not remember your faces.’ ‘We remember you, sir. You gave me a Testament.’ ‘Have you got it?’ ‘I left it at home as a souvenir of the war. I would like another.’ I gave them each a card for you. The one on crutches was in pain, so I did not detain them long. He said, ‘I’m all right now’■ meaning with God.”

The Little Boy's Faith

A little boy said to a Colonel: "My father, when he gets to the Front, won't he give them 'socks'?" "Yes," said the Colonel, "I hope he will come back all right." "Why, of course." "How do you know?" "Because I pray for him every night." "Oh, I see." "Yes, and I'll pray for you if you go." ■F.F.M.

The Infidel Captain

In the battle of the Aisne one evening one of the men, wounded by a bursting shell, was lying in a trench. The captain was an avowed infidel. A great debater he had been in his college days, a strong-minded man, a man of strong character, and a man who openly declared his belief that Jesus Christ was an impostor. He went up to the soldier, one of his own men.

“Can I do anything for you, lad?” he asked.

“You might read something about Him,” said the dying man, tugging away at the New Testament in his pocket.

There were the shells all round, there was the roar of battle, and the captain felt dazed. But he could not refuse. He opened the Gospel and began to read. It was a passage in John: “In My Father’s house are many mansions. If it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. If I go to prepare a place for you. I will come again, and receive you unto Myself.” There was a pause. Then he read on: “Peace I leave with you; My peace I give unto you.”

He looked at the man’s face. There was a dying pallor over it, but such a bright smile of peace and joy. The captain turned away. By-and-by, when he turned again and spoke, there was no answer. He saw the soldier lad had gone home. He went to do his part in the fight. Within half an hour he was drawn back to the trench, looking once more upon that face, beautiful in death. He said: “Oh, lad, you have got something that I have not got. I could not go out like that. I wish you would come back and tell me all about it!”

Before long that captain became a simple and true believer and follower of Jesus Christ. All things are real when men are face to face with death and eternity.

“You Always Cheer One up”

SO said a lady friend to me at the entrance to the Cathedral Close, just under that fragile bridge put up by the Mayor, Burnett Patch, in the year 1814, that connects the Archdeacon’s garden with the Chancellor’s. “You always cheer one up,” she kept repeating, and I felt cheered that she thought so, for at family prayer that morning I had asked I might speak a kind word to someone during the day. Nevertheless our talk was not a cheerful subject, for it was about the War and the attendant grief, sorrow and pain it has brought on thousands, and the still sadder sorrow that England, as a nation, has not yet returned to our God.

I was much struck with the remark a young officer made when home for a few days’ leave, and seeing the usual society pleasure going on. He said, “In the trenches nothing matters but God.” True, get God, the indwelling Holy Spirit, in your heart, and little else will matter. Then, as I said to my friend, nothing can separate us from Him—height, nor depth, nor any other creature, death nor life (see Rom. 8:38).

E. P. L.

The Dying Soldier Boy

AN Army Chaplain tells the story of one dying lad. "I had a very pathetic experience the other afternoon. I was visiting the hospital, and when I entered one of the wards I came across a lad who was quite delirious. He had been wounded in the head. I passed from bed to bed, and spoke to every patient, and was about to leave the ward when I saw this lad beckoning me. I immediately went over to him, and asked him if there was anything I could do for him. He told me he wanted a drink, so I went to fetch him one. When I came back I found that his mind was wandering, and this is what I heard him say: ■

"God never forgets us. Although we are lying here sick and suffering, He is still watching over us, and Jesus Himself seems to come round and He says, "Is there anything you want, lad? Can I do anything for you?" "Then he became conscious again, and said: 'Are you still there, sir?' 'Yes, lad.' 'I do hope my mother is not worrying about me, sir. I do wish she was here, for I want her so badly.' Just as I laid my hand on his brow his mind went again. 'Is that you, mater? I have been wanting you so badly.' Then he commenced to sing softly, 'There's a Friend for little children.' Once more his eyes opened, and the old question was asked, 'Are you still there, sir?' 'Yes, lad.' 'Do you think my mother would come if you sent for her, sir?' 'Of course she would, lad,' I replied. 'Then, will you bring her, sir?'

"I told him that if he would promise to go to sleep I would do what I could to bring her. He closed his eyes and turned his head over on the pillow, and said, 'Good night, daddy! Good night, mater!' As I turned from the bed the sister said, 'Poor boy!' and I found I had a large lump in my throat. The next day he died. And so the tragedy of war goes on. This morning it was heart-breaking to see the grief of a man and his wife grieving at the graveside over the body of their son ■ their only child."

Just in Time

Mr. Johnson says: ■ “One young soldier came to me at the retirement from Mons and said, ‘Will you give me one of the New Testaments?’ As we had not any time for eating or resting, I said to him, ‘Well, my lad, if you will come to me at the next stopping-place I will give you a New Testament.’ He did so, and I gave him one gladly. After the battle of Landrecies, when I was in the hospital waiting for the men from the firing line not many yards distant, one was brought out so much battered and wounded that I scarcely recognized him until he said, ‘Mr. Johnson, was it not a good thing you gave me that New Testament? ‘I found that he had read it on the Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, and that he had made such good use of it since I had spoken to him of Christ that he had sought and found Him as his Saviour! I did not see that lad again. One of the saddest times I have experienced was at Soupir on the Aisne. All my stock of Bibles and Testaments had been distributed. Some soldiers asked me, ‘Have you a Bible, have you a Testament?’ and I had to say ‘No.’ Then they said, ‘Have you not even a Gospel?’ I said, ‘I am sorry I have not.’ It was sad to see those poor fellows going away disappointed.”

Incidents of the War

A Gift from Heaven

"I have much pleasure in sending the enclosed as a contribution towards your funds for sending gospels and tracts, etc., to our soldiers at the Front. Since I last wrote to you my dear mother has gone to be with the Lord. Shortly before her death she expressed a wish to contribute her mite towards your work, in which she was much interested."

Thank God for the interest of His people. We are face to face now with overwhelming possibilities. Today 125 soldiers and sailors sent cards for Testaments. Among those cards were requests from 6 majors, 6 captains, 6 lieutenants, 11 sergeants, 10 corporals, and 86 privates. To each of these a Testament has been sent today. We need your prayers. God is richly blessing the sending of these copies of His Word. But we must have Testaments, and our prayer is continually to God to send them to us. For ■5 we can get nearly 1,000 Testaments, and for five shillings we can send one parcel to the Front.

A Race with Death

“The defenders of an advanced post were in imminent danger of being cut off, and a summons for help had to be sent at all costs, though it meant almost certain death to anyone who ventured across the shell-swept zone. Every unwounded man responded to the call for volunteers, and one by one the messengers faced the awful fire, only to fall before they had sped many yards. At last only one man was left. He ran the gauntlet, got through, and saved the situation.”

This is the true story of the picture on the cover this month. And what a stirring lesson for every Christian now. The bravery of the soldiers and sailors has been told by pen and picture over and over again. For King and Country they will die. On earthly tablets are emblazoned the deeds of heroes, and on the roll of honor is inscribed many a gallant name. And God wants men to live and die for Him. He wants names for the “roll of honor” in heaven. He wants men brave enough to lead a forlorn hope against sin and unrighteousness in this world. Said a soldier of God once, “We shall have all eternity to celebrate the victories, but we have only the few hours before sunset to win them.” Yes, the sunset hour is very near to some of us. God calls for volunteers today. “Who is on the Lord’s side?” A Christian sent me the following extract from a letter written about one of God’s warriors. He says: “I visited a magnificent young officer from Queensland, whose eyes have been blown out, and his right arm shot away three inches below the elbow, and his left knee shattered by a shell, but the doctors hope this last will get well again. I spent forty minutes with him; he is a modern Havelock, who prayed with his men and led them in that never-to-be-forgotten dash up Gaba Tepe. There he lay, radiant with the joy of the Lord, and he said to me, ‘I never was more happy in all my life, in spite of all my pain. I never dreamed that the Lord Jesus could give so much joy.’”

In his “race with death” he won through. God gave him his V.C. ■ Victorious Christian ■ and God will give him the victor’s crown by and bye, when his darkened eyes will see again; will see the King in His beauty in the light and joy of heaven.

And what of you who are cowards in the Christian fight, who when your Captain calls for volunteers hang back and forsake His colors? What of you who once enlisted in His army and swore to serve Him, but who are recreant in thought and word and deed? You will never win through to the golden gate; there shall be no victor’s palm for you; the heavens will be silent when you die, and the oblivion of the renegade and the traitor will be yours. God help us to be true to our Saviour and never be ashamed to own Him as our Lord.

From the Front

One writes: ■ “Dear Sir, I would be very pleased if you would send me a New Testament. I think I need one. I nearly lost my life last Saturday while bombing, and I thought it was a warning to me to turn over a new leaf. If you would send me one I would be very thankful. ■H.S.”

The Value of the Word of God

A signaler writes: ■ "I thank you for your precious present; it is most certainly precious to me as a young Christian. The reason I wrote to you for one of your Testaments was because the one I had has been worn by constant wear and tear in the trenches for over six months. I have been a Christian for three years, and during that time I have found the real value of the Word of God, and also the presence of an 'unseen Saviour,' Jesus Christ. I have tested His keeping powers on the field of battle, and praise His holy name, the grace that saved me is also able to keep me. On the eve of June 30th the eve of the great battle, I spent all my time in close communion with God, because I knew that when the morrow dawned we would have to undergo one of the severest ordeals in the course of our life. When I finished my prayers, I got on to my feet like a 'young giant refreshed with new wine.' I had such great confidence in God, and I was prepared for any emergency. As I went into battle next morning these were the words that rang in my ears, 'Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world.' Dear Doctor, if you know of any who are coming out here, do beg of them to accept Christ before they come, for after seven months of this awful War I may say that the greatest enemy we have out here is our old enemy sin.... Before I close I beg an interest in your prayers for this section and for myself... I pray that God's richest blessing may rest on your good work among the soldiers, and may the sweet peace of God rest and abide with you until 'the morning dawns and the shadows flee away.' ■R.W."

A Sailor Writes

“God’s word cannot be altered; it is my defense by day and night, and truly in these last days there is a departing from it. God help us to keep it as our chart; it will bring us safe to the heavenly port, where we shall drop the anchor. No more war, no more storms; all our enemies overcome by the blood of the Lamb.

■S.R., H.M.S. ■.”

In No. 2 Red Cross Hospital

A City missionary tells how a wounded soldier got his Testament. This is his letter to me: ■

“Exeter. April 13th 1916.

“Dear Dr. Wreford,—On entering a ward in our Exeter No. 2 Red Cross Hospital a few days ago, I was accosted by one of the nurses, who asked me if I could direct her to an address printed on one of your booklets: the one entitled, ‘The Sin against the Living God and Sentimental Blasphemy,’ She told me she was a stranger to Exeter and did not know her way about the city. Of course it was your address she was inquiring for, and I directed her how to find your house as plainly as I could. She then told me the reason she wanted to see you. Pointing to the notice on the booklet where it says: ‘Any soldier or sailor reading this, who has not a khaki Testament to fit his pocket, if he will write to me I will endeavor to send him one at once,’ she said, ‘I have promised to try and get a Testament for that dear fellow up there in the corner of the ward.’ Taking out one (for, thanks to your kindness, I always have a good supply when visiting our wounded men), I said, ‘This is what you want; these came from Dr. Wreford.’ I also gave her one of your ‘Message from God,’ and other booklets, for the soldier. After speaking and giving booklets and Testaments to others in the ward, I eventually got around to where the man who had asked the nurse to get him one of your Testaments was lying. I found him very happy, although he was suffering much pain. He had been wounded by shrapnel in the face, lower jaw, right arm broken and both knees. He told me he wanted a Testament because his Bible was too heavy for him to hold up to read in bed. He is compelled to lie on his back, believe. I said to him, ‘You evidently find comfort through reading the Word of God.’ He answered ‘Yes, I do.’ He told me that just before I entered the ward he had received a letter from his young lady who lives at B—, and she had enclosed your booklet with your address on, and after reading it he asked the nurse if she could help him to get a Testament from you. Needless to say he was very grateful.

“Yours very sincerely, F. G. WAKEFIELD (City Missionary).”

The Quilt's Message

A poor boy lay ill in a hospital. Over him was a quilt made of bits of calico and white squares, on which were written texts of Scripture. It was the gift of a woman whose son was in the army. The boy was seen to kiss over and over a bit of calico, a crimson leaf with a dark background. They thought his mind wandered. After a little he asked: "Where did the quilt come from?" "It was sent by a good woman with a note pinned to it." At his request they brought the note. His hand trembled and his cheek grew white as he saw the writing. "Read it slowly, please," he said, "it is from my mother; that bit of calico was part of her dress." When they finished he pointed to the text: "I have sinned... and am no more worthy." They read the parable to him. A few days afterward he said: "I was a great way off; but God met me, had compassion on me, and His love fills me with peace."

Dear Friends

One has said, "Prayer goes up to heaven to fetch something down, and praise goes up to heaven and stays there." My daily, hourly prayer is that I may be able to help to put a Testament in the pocket of every soldier so that he may be able to hear God speak to him at any moment. And God is answering prayer: the blessing comes down and the praise ascends.

The Diary of a Soul

By the Editor

WE are sending out the second 100,000 post-cards to the soldiers, and every week brings us more than 1,000 requests for Testaments from individual soldiers. When shall we realize the awful need? When shall we see the imploring hands held out to us from the battle-fronts, and hear the impassioned cry, "Give us the Word of God"?

A Christian sergeant writes: ■ "Our battalion is well fed, well equipped, but is starving for God's message, the distribution of which must give you unbounded pleasure. We have only been out here a few weeks... and the battalion's strength is gradually going down, and the eternal welfare of many comrades is nil. Can they not participate in your blessed gifts? I may mention that I have great joy in reading a portion of Scripture every night (when convenient) to my ever ready and eager, listening comrades. 'The alley man' is bombarding us again, so I must say adieu! May the Lord's richest blessing be yours! ■ I am, yours in Christ's keeping, H.H."

And from a lance-corporal I get the following: ■

"The night before I went home on leave, I was in reserve trenches, and one of our platoon said he did not like the notice on the back of 'A Message from God' which says, 'Dying for your country in battle will NOT save your soul; but looking unto the Lord Jesus Christ WILL save your soul.' He thought that it was only right that God should give them a place in heaven if they died fighting for their country. I had the joy of passing on God's Word to him. I left for England the following day, and when I came back again our regiment had been in one of the worst bombardments they have had, and he was amongst those who answered the 'great roll call.' I only saw his grave last week, but I trust the day will come when I shall meet him again, for I was told he accepted Jesus Christ the night before he died."

The General's Speech

On the 14th December, 1915, an Australian general made a stirring speech at the Melbourne Town Hall. The following extract is taken from the report in the Times: ■ “I believe that when the Day of Judgment comes ■ and I believe in a Day of Judgment ■ the man who has fought and died at Gallipoli — I do not care what he was, whether he was the biggest scoundrel that ever walked Australia, until he redeemed himself by dying, or not ■ I say when the Day of Judgment comes that man will be all right.”

This is all wrong and false. A man cannot redeem himself. “We are redeemed by the precious blood of Christ.” Every soldier may be saved if he believes on the Lord Jesus Christ, but he cannot save himself, “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” (Eph. 2:8, 9).

A Striking Letter

I received this letter a week or two ago: ■ “Dear Sir, ■ Only two weeks ago a gentleman of culture and good social standing, told me that he had had a talk with a certain Professor of Divinity lately (and with whom he agreed), who said that our young men just now were offering a sacrifice as great, if not greater, than Christ’s! Oh! I was speechless, but I feebly tried to say something, but it was so unexpected and sudden that I could only cry, ‘God help me,’ and ‘God help him.’ This man’s only son has lately gone to Mesopotamia, and he is in despair. When your leaflet came into my hand (‘The Sin against the Soldier and the Saviour’), sent me by a dear friend, I thanked God and took courage, and sent your leaflet to my friend saying, ‘The enclosed expresses my views better than I can say them,’ and begged him to read it. Pray that God may use it to set him right...”

Drawing and Saving Love

Lieutenant-General B. W. D. Morton says, in a letter to Miss Perks, "I want you to kindly tell the soldiers that the Bible has taught me three truths of the greatest importance to everyone in this world. These three truths were uttered by the Saviour of the world. The first truth is one that puzzled me much. It is in John 6:44, 'No man can come to Me except the Father which hath sent Me draw him.' It struck me, how can I ever know that the Father hath drawn me to Christ? You see I was getting a bit troubled, but the Master came to my help and I came across Matthew 11:28, Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' This put me in better spirits, and I thought, 'Oh! I'll come all right, plenty of time.' But a kind word from the same Master struck me all at once. You will find it in John 5:40: 'Ye will not come to Me that ye might have life.' The truth at last was now before me.

"The Father draws.

"The Lord Jesus says 'Come.'

"Man will not come.

1. I have yet to meet the man whom the Father has not drawn.
2. I have yet to meet the man to whom the Lord Jesus has not said 'Come.'
3. I have met many among men (at one time myself) of whom it was true, 'Ye will not come.'"

The Sunday Echo

The men in the trenches are working for God, hundreds of them, and their letters breathe out the true spirit of love for God and love for their fellow men. One says, thanking me for a Testament I sent him: ■

“You will be pleased to know I am one of Christ’s children, and if I can forward on the great Christian cause and help someone to find Him as their Saviour.... I shall be pleased to do so. Words cannot express all that I feel and have felt of God’s presence while in among the shot and shell. How He has cheered, and comforted, and screened me front dangers in a thousand ways! He has given me coolness of mind and courage of heart, and I am thankful to Him tonight for all that He has done for me, and also for what He is still doing, and is going to do, and if I had a thousand tongues I would use them all for God’s glory. May God’s richest blessing rest on you, and the good work you are doing for Him, is my sincere prayer.”

Another writes: ■ “Would you kindly send me two pocket Bibles, one for myself, the other for a comrade whom I hope the Lord will bring to Himself through reading it?”

Below you will find a block of a Weekly Echo, which is put up in a conspicuous place at the Front for men to see. The sender says in his letter: ■ “Dear Brother, ■These Weekly Echoes speak to men who would not listen to the Word spoken by word of mouth; nevertheless, who shall say they were not warned?

H.L.W.”

An Appeal for Help

“Dear Brother, — I am sending an appeal for help. I love Jesus, but being the only Christian in my battalion it is so hard to live, although my Bible is my constant friend. My father sent me your address.” Pray for him, dear friends.

Another appeal: ■ A Christian worker at the Front writes: “As I find great difficulty in getting supplied with Testaments and literature, I have been told you would gladly assist me. I should value your help very much. Our dear boys appreciate the Testaments so much, especially those going up to the firing line.”

My Appeal

My table is covered with letters, and I should like to put them all in, but I cannot. In humble dependence upon God I ask my dear Christian friends to send me at once the means to get Testaments. My heart aches at the thought of having to refuse a single request. Some days we post close on three hundred Testaments to individual soldiers who write for them. At this present moment we know where to send thousands. Will you help us to send them? For £5 we can purchase nearly a thousand Testaments, and for 5/-we can send a parcel to the Front.

The Lieutenant's Burden

I am sure our dear soldiers like to read about their brave fellows who show the grand spirit they are of, not considering themselves, but thinking of others. Doubtless many there are who would be wearing the military cross or verse were their deeds known to the authorities, and had the same power to distribute to each one for his noble act. I wish to tell you of one such. G■ is a young officer whose life God has spared when twice at least others were killed at his side. He got into the terrible zone of fire, two shells exploding at the back of his head. One knocked him sitting and nearly blinded him. He was thrown into the trench and fell on a bayonet firmly held in the hand of a dead British soldier who had two dead Germans lying on him. The bayonet ran into his thigh. When he recovered from the shock he got his wound tied up and then, what do you think he did? He carried a burden! He didn't call it a burden. Oh, no, a glorious pleasure. He carried one of his own wounded soldiers for three miles to Fricourt, a place of safety. When I read of his act of courageous mercy I could not help thinking of our Lord and Master, who carried the burden of our sins in His own body on the cross, and offered Himself as a sacrifice for sin that we might be saved. Soldier, have you thought of what Jesus, the Son of God, has done for you? Think now and read 1 Peter 2:24.

Emily P. Leakey

Put Your Name In!

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

“He—Jesus—was wounded for transgressions, He was bruised for iniquities, the chastisement of peace was upon Him, and with His stripes is healed” (Isa. 53:5).

“Grace and Peace be Multiplied unto You”

“I have dwelt much upon these words, and I think something of this spiritual arithmetic has been shown me. Let me take the figure 1; alone it makes but 1, let me bring a cipher beside the 1, and the 1 Isaiah 10, and another, and it makes 100, and another and it makes 1,000, and so on. Now Christ is this 1 to me. I bring my nothingness to Him, and to me His value is increased; and just in proportion as I bring more and more of my unworthiness beside His excellence, just so much is His grace and peace multiplied to me.”

“Everlasting Life”

THE soldier lay on his death-bed in the military hospital, and bore his pain with the unflinching fortitude that comes of long drill in obedience to order and control over feelings. Days came in, gray and cheerless, after nights of alternate sleep and suffering. The hours passed heavily, though he seemed to heed not their length. No gentle hand of relative or friend smoothed his pillow. No kindly word assured him of loving thought or sympathy. The well-formed face lacked the brightness that tells of inward joy; for Corporal Stuart, though of fine appearance and noble outward bearing, had been worldly and reckless. Disease had stealthily asserted its hold, and his ill-regulated life hastened its course, until it became too powerful for him to fight against and laid him low.

It was during one of those weary afternoons that a Christian lady passed near his bed, on her way to carry flowers to a soldier in whom she was interested. Stuart's cold and defiant look and flashing eye caught her attention and called out her compassion. He looked so friendless and so lone, she could not pass him again without a word of cheer. With patient tact she drew from him in few words the statements of his hopeless illness, and then she spoke of comfort even in suffering.

“Comfort, indeed! I can find none, lady,” he said; “they put me right, as they call it, for a few minutes, and then I long to be moved again; they give me a drink or food, and I crave for something I can't get—no! there's no comfort—none!”

Burning to tell him of real satisfaction, she spoke of the woman at Sychar's well, and repeated Christ's words to her, in John 4:13, “Whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again,” and told him he was right, for there was no lasting comfort in this world's supplies. “I wouldn't care if only I was well and strong; a soldier ought to have no feelings,” he said impatiently. “And now I see why God has laid you here—to show you where you may find that which satisfies, and to tell you that you ought to have feelings which are good and tender and holy,” she answered.

“You mean it kindly, but it's all over with me now. I held out as long as I could, and now there's no life left in me worth anything.” And he clenched his hand to hide a spasm of pain.

And then she repeated the other verse (14), “But whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life.” “It will never be ‘all over with you’ if you possess that ‘everlasting life.’ Oh, soldier, stranger to me though you are, will you not believe it, and ask of Him—Jesus Christ—the great Saviour of sinners? It is His gift, and He will freely give you the soul-satisfying water—everlasting life.” He took the offered hand, and gave a thankful look into the kindly face, and said, “You remind me of my sister who died. I think she would have understood what you say; they used to call her a Christian.”

Darkness was over the building; the noise of music in the barrack yard was silenced. That servant of Christ had left her Lord's own words with a heart that all unconsciously was thirsting for life and grace and peace, and away in her home she prayed for the soldier lying helpless and lonely and

dying. He slept a feverish sleep, he tossed from side to side, but no rest; no water could quench his thirst, no medicine ease his aching heart, no look of doctor or nurse give assurance or comfort. Towards the return of day a chill came over him, a sinking of despair; and the obstinately quiet man seemed forced to speak as the attendant came to his side, noticing how ill he was.

“Will that lady come here again to see that lad?” he asked. “I cannot tell. Why do you want to know?” he answered. “Because I wish to see her. If she comes in, just ask her to come over here.” She did go, and needed no asking; it was to him, she knew, she had been sent. She saw how weak he was, scarcely able to remember her words, and she thought it better to repeat only Christ’s own words, and pray that He would glorify Himself and save that soul. Bending near the dying man, she said slowly, “Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life.” All was quiet, and she thought perhaps he had not heard, till he looked up with eager gaze and whispered quickly: “Go on—it begins to help me; say it all again.” Three times she spoke those glorious words, and then said, “None but Jesus can do helpless sinners good. Lord Jesus, save—oh, save this soul!” and she saw his trembling lips move as if in prayer. She felt his thankful clasp of her hand as she said, “Good-bye,” and in his eyes she thought she saw a ray of hope and trust.

Another night came on, and Stuart startled the comrade who went to give him some water by saying: “Did you hear it, lad? Hark! that distant chime.” “No, no; ‘tis midnight, mate,” he said, “and you are bad; lie still.” “Eh, but I can hear. Listen! There— ‘the water that I shall give him’ —you hear that, don’t you?” “You’re dreaming, man; there’s nothing I can hear,” and he was leaving his side when, with another effort, Stuart said: “Oh, lad, I know—I see it now; she said it was His gift.” And sinking back exhausted, his face lighted up with a smile, and putting up his finger he said faintly, “Can’t you hear it now? It’s sounding on so sweetly. ‘The water that I shall give—everlasting—life—’” “His head fell back as he uttered the last word once more with firmer tone— “life.” But in that ward they called him “dead,” for none there could understand how Jesus gives “everlasting life.”

S. HARVEY-JELLIE

The Cry of the Prodigal

IT was somewhere in France, in one of the rest camps occupied by a battalion just out of the trenches, that a young private was trying to serve his Master by using the opportunity to distribute a parcel of tracts that had been sent to him by the Christians at home. He sought to speak a kindly word as he passed on the little Gospel messages to his comrades. Some received them gladly, doubtless remembering the escapes they had had while serving in the front trenches; others were indifferent and cared little for such things; but our young friend proceeded, seeking only to please his Lord and ever lifting up his heart that God would bless both the printed and spoken message to some needy soul. Coming across a very young soldier, he gave him that well-known tract entitled, "Can you undo?" and with a little word was 'passing on when he was struck with the expression on the lad's face as he gazed at the title. Turning back and putting his hand upon his shoulder, he said kindly, "What's the matter, chum?" With a sob the young fellow exclaimed, "Oh, my God, I wish I could undo my life since I joined the Army!" and then, touched by the sympathy shown him, told the story (alas! all too common).

At home he had a godly father and mother and a loving sister, all of whom had committed him to the Lord as he was leaving them after his last furlough. His mother's good-bye haunted him, and now he remembered afresh her parting message: "Never leave God out of your life, my son, and look ever to the Lord Jesus for guidance. He will keep you whatever the circumstances." Alas! what a change! Neglect of prayer and reading God's Word had commenced a decline that had led him into depths of sin. Drink, gambling, immorality held him fast, but now his conscience was awakened, he remembered the words of that one whom he revered so much, and with a heart filled with remorse and shame he cried, "Oh, if I could only undo!" But the past could not be undone; yet, thank God, it could be forgiven, for the blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth from all sin.

Possibly this story may fall into the hands of someone who has forgotten his mother's God, and, like the prodigal, has gone into the far country. Like him may you come to yourself and say, "I will arise and go to my Father, and say unto Him, Father, I have sinned against heaven and in Thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called Thy son; make me as one of Thy hired servants." Then you will discover afresh the Father's love, and will receive a Father's welcome.

May this little incident lead our readers to continue in unceasing prayer for these dear lads, many of whom have left Christian homes, that they may be kept from the snare of the Evil One; also to pray for the young men who are seeking to serve the Lord in their regiments, that their testimony may be used in leading many of their comrades to Christ. From "Links of Help"

Longing to Save Others

WE were awaiting the order to go. "Over the top, boys, and the best of luck," was the cry, and from the trench one could hear the cries of the wounded who had already fallen down under the heavy hail of lead that the machine guns were sending forth, sweeping the parapet. One of the section, Pte. Gordon, seeing on our left men of the same regiment lying and groaning in pain, wanted to go over and bring them in. "He could not," he said, "stand it any longer." Again we heard his plea, "Let me go; I want to save them." It was an impossible job, to have reached any man the other side of our barbed wire, but as we left him for a moment he jumped over the top, to be immediately killed by the side of our own wire. He wanted to save men, and died longing to bring them in. When our order came to go over we passed him on our way, and we all thought him a hero. When I saw his grave later on I could not but say, "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

Reader, Pte. Gordon died longing to save others; wishing that he could only reach those dying ones. Around you men and women are dying in their sins, are you longing to try to get them saved? Are you trying to bring them in to the doctor or the dressing station (mission room), where they can get first aid help to the only One who can cure them? Jesus calls for helpers. He calls for volunteers. Who will answer His call? Who will go into the highways and byways and bring them in? It may not be your privilege to have to go over the top; you may not have to go over into "No Man's Land" to bring them in, but God wants you to go into the homes, into your tents, your huts, and by His grace and power win men for Christ. Have you today that deep longing to get men in? If not, then ask God to give you that desire. Oh! that today you might go out and win one man for Christ, what a glorious harvest we should have!

I was standing one day at the corner of a hut somewhere in France when a comrade came by. He had been at the canteen drinking, and he said, "Hello, Bun-wallower! daren't you say a prayer for me?" and believing it to be God's will I placed my hand on his shoulder and said, "Yes, for God loves you." That night I had the joy of seeing him give himself to God. Since that time he has gone to meet Jesus, but not before he himself had led others to Him, who is so ready and willing to save. Today then, let us hear His voice and go out, with a burning desire to win men for Christ and to bring glory and honor to Him who gave Himself for us that we might be His forever.

J.R., Lance-corporal

Incidents of the War

READ the casualty lists, and think! Look at the black garments in the streets, and the silent agony on the faces of the bereaved, and think! Go to a munition works, see the bombs and shells in the making, and think! Think of the human agony begun ere each has run its course, and such are made and fired by the million. War is Hell indeed! Every moment we live is a moment of slaughter and agony. Every breath we breathe some fellow human being is being killed, mutilated, or torn in pieces by some abominable invention of the devil! Who says "Business as Usual," or "Pleasure?"

None but the devils of hell or elsewhere. To every thinking soul with a heart the last thought at night and the first in the morning and throughout the day is "Hell as usual." And the worst is we are becoming accustomed to it. ■ C.T.S.

Admiral Beatty's Message

“Until England is taken out of her self-satisfaction and complacency, just so long will the War continue. When she looks out with humbler eyes, and prayer on her lips, then she can begin to count the days towards the end.”

“You Will Tell My Mother”

In the Dardanelles an Australian soldier lay dying. A hospital nurse kneeling on the ground held his head in her lap. He smiled as the Chaplain knelt beside him; then he clenched his teeth as spasms of pain twisted his body. As he listened to the story of the Saviour's love he clasped the Chaplain's hand and looked with earnest eyes into his face. And then, with heart at rest, he gave his last message, "Sir you will tell my mother." Yes, the mother must know that her boy has gone to heaven from the storm of war to the endless peace of God. A father and mother at a large London station are bidding farewell to their eldest son, a Life Guardsman. They pleaded with him to come to Christ before he went into battle. He was impressed, but he did not yield. After he was gone the father and mother made it their daily prayer that their boy might be saved. A week passed, and then a letter came from the Front. As the mother read it, she burst into tears of joy their boy had been converted. In his letter he said that their lives had such an effect on him, and their parting words of Godspeed had so remained with him, that on his way over the sea he had felt compelled to get on his knees and cry to God for salvation.

The Last Sentry on the Western Line

The battle trenches run for hundreds of miles from the ocean to the borders of Switzerland on the western Front. Every inch has to be patrolled and guarded by night and by day. The hardships our men have endured in these trenches can scarcely be conceived. In wintry weather, up to their waists in liquid mud, men constantly being drowned in shell holes; thousands of rats running along the parapets and up and down the trenches, and vermin covering the bodies of clean and healthy men. One lieutenant wrote home about the loneliness of his watch at night in the trench. The dead all around him in the darkness, and under his feet as he trod his measured beat. When the trenches are bombarded an officer told me you just have to sit down with your back to the trench wall and wait. A shell may burst in the trench and maim or kill you, or the parapet may be smashed in and you may be buried underneath. All these hardships are cheerfully faced by brave and trained men, resolute to do their duty. And the unbelief and pleasure and sin of England is causing the death of thousands of these brave men. It is inexplicable that women can throng the theaters and cinemas when their dearest are thus face to face with death. We ought to be on our knees crying to God for these sentinels whose watchful guard is keeping us safe. The man in the picture, close to the tossing sea, must think of home across the pathless deep. His loved ones are on the other side; will he ever see them again? God in heaven bless our soldiers! May every man in the trenches have the Word of God in his pocket. Help us to send the Testaments to them. Held us at once, and God will bless you.

The Sailor on the “Queen Mary”

He was an atheist and known amongst his mates as an unbeliever. When the explosion happened on the Queen Mary he was blown into the sea. In a moment, while battling for his life, his whole history came before him, and he cried to the Lord that he did believe in Him and he would believe in Him. At that moment a hand laid hold of him and pulled him out of the water into a boat. He was taken to another ship and put to bed. A doctor and his orderly came to attend to him. While they were bending over him a shell came through the side of the vessel, passed over the bed where he lay, leaving him uninjured, but killing both the doctor and his orderly. He Was so overcome by this second deliverance from death that he became out and out for Christ. He is now preaching the gospel at Portsmouth.

Closing Words for October

An earnest worker writes from the Front: ■

"Many thanks for packets of Testaments. I trust all the dear friends who enable you to supply me so liberally may have as much joy in so doing as I have in giving them to our dear men."

Another says: ■

"I could do with parcels at once; the dear fellows are eager for the truth. There are regiments here with no Testaments. Fifty thousand men want a lot of providing for. I tell them there are no infidels in France amongst our troops. Ten minutes in the trenches knocks all the infidelity out of them. They will pray there if they never prayed before!.. Pray on for us, victory is sure through the blood."

Yes, we must pray and work. We must send the Testaments and pray God to bless them.

The Diary of a Soul

By The Editor

False Spirits

FALSE SPIRITS are abroad in the world today and doctrines of devils are taught and received. Men are denying the Lord that bought them with His own blood; false prophets are among the people and false teachers are privily bringing in “damnable heresies” (2 Peter 2:1).

A correspondent who is serving as a private with the R.A.M.C. writes as follows: ■ “During one Sunday morning service at the hospital reference was made to the life of our soldiers. The preacher believes that their souls will pass through to God, whether saved or not, and that their fighting will purify others and draw the coming generation nearer to heaven. He prays for their departed souls. What can you make out of this, and what can be done to stop this spreading evil or delusion, which many ministers are supporting, using the Word of God deceitfully?”

How can we detect these “false spirits”? By their fruits ye shall know them (Matt. 7:15,16). From the spirit-world today there is a world-wide revolt against the atoning work of the Lord Jesus Christ. It is a most striking fact that during the most vital war that Great Britain was ever engaged in ■ what has been proving a struggle for national existence ■ every fundamental truth of God has been assailed in our midst. The atoning work of the Son of God is being deliberately set aside, and the last message is being given over and over again, by so-called ministers of God, to soldiers about to die, that death in battle saves the soul.

Nero fiddled while Rome was burning, and surely the devil today can rejoice to see a nation rushing away from God. Never were the theaters and music halls fuller than they are now. They tell us they are getting larger houses, and paying larger dividends than before the War began. The land is full of sin, and the pulpits, many of them, are full of blasphemy. A thin veneer of conventional religiousness is deemed sufficient to hide the festering corruption that lies beneath.

Listen to these faithful words of a follower of Christ. He says: “Do people know how eager the soldier is to talk about serious things? We are told the most touching stories of the British soldier, showing how deeply he feels, how seriously he takes, this War, and how faithfully he entrusts himself to the mercy of God. Such men as these, do they want comic songs before they go into the trenches? Comic songs! Does any rational man suppose that comic songs are better for courage than a psalm or hymn? Are not these songs a national shame for us?”

Yes, they are a shame to us indeed, and the whole wicked spirit that pervades Great Britain today is a shame to us and a defiance to a holy God. Millions of copies of newspapers are sold on the Lord’s Day, actors and actresses and paid entertainers are brought out to the Front to amuse men moving under the shadow of impending death. I had an extract from the Morning Star sent to me by a friend lately, and I reproduce it now: ■ “After a recent concert given for the entertainment of a number of soldiers one of them was asked to propose a vote of thanks. He rose and said: ‘We are all very grateful for the amusement afforded to us tonight, and we appreciate all the musical talent brought for our enjoyment — but we are off to the Front tomorrow, and I do not know how to die! I am not prepared to meet God. I only wish there had been something for our souls tonight.’”

Dear fellows, they are hungering for the Bread of Life, and they are given stones; they want heaven, and these men with their comic songs and entertainments are leading them down to hell! God's great day of wrath will come for those false men, who often under the guise of religion are doing the work of devils. "They want to know how to die!" My heart bleeds when I think that these men who know they are not prepared to meet God are given a diet of "comic songs sandwiched between religious addresses." How can they be taught the holiness of God when an uproarious comic camp song ushers them into His presence? How can they be taught the sinfulness of sin, if the "Amen" of a prayer is the prelude to another worldly song and burst of merriment.

What We Must Do

We must pray for them, and give them the Word of God. We must thank God that in the ranks there are real men of prayer, working unceasingly for the salvation of their comrades. Six thousand soldiers are writing me every month for a Testament, and I wish it were sixty thousand. Through the kindness of friends I have been able to supply all who have sent. A dear Christian in Australia has enabled me to purchase eighteen thousand Testaments. A mother sends me a gold lever watch that belonged to her daughter now in heaven, and wants me to sell it to send Testaments to the soldiers. A Christian in the North of England sends me a spade guinea to get Testaments. Children are sending their pennies, women their jewels, for Christ's sake. Will you help to win these men for Christ? Will you do what you can to put a Testament in the pocket of a soldier? For 5/- you can send a parcel to the Front, for £5 I can get one thousand Testaments. Millions are longing for the precious truth. A dear friend sends me the following: ■

"I Have Found Jesus"

"I have found Jesus." Now these are words I have just read (September 15th) from a dear soldier at the Front. He adds: "I have found the great truth at last, out in the trenches," and yet some people at home, in unrepenting England, are saying, "We have done enough; we are tired of helping to save souls." Tired! tired of working for God? Shame on you. Turn to God yourselves and then by His loving mercy and grace seek to win others whilst there is time. Even if it were only this one soul who has found Jesus, would it not be worth while sending thousands of Testaments to the Front? Now a million more men are called by the War Office. Think a minute—**one thousand thousand**—and then think again, "How can I help to supply them with God's Word?" Dr. Wreford must receive money to buy the Testaments as well as money to send them. Pray, pray, that you may no longer be tired, but become vigorous to help him; or alas! you may be one of such of whom it was said by an Indian gentleman speaking of England, "I am sending my son to England to be educated lest he should become a Christian." Yes, thousands have become Christians in India and China owing to the Word of God taken to them by our missionaries, and hundreds of our dear soldiers and sailors are turning to God in this War owing to the Word of God as well. Therefore, dear readers, hasten to help that many more may be led to say with truth, "I have found Jesus."

Emily P. Leakey

P.S. ■ **Second thought.** These same words were said two thousand years ago by a man called Andrew. He went to find his brother Peter, and said, "We have found the Messiah" (which means Christ, i.e., Christ Jesus), so he brought him to Jesus (John 1:41-42). Will you not, dear soldier, seek your own brother or fellow soldier and bring him to Jesus, and thus save a soul?

What Will You Do?

November has come, with its fogs and rain and cold. Our dear soldiers have to face these conditions. Remember the words of the Christian sergeant in October "Message" ■ "Our battalion is well fed, well equipped, but is starving for God's message." Will you not help to feed them with the Living Bread? If you will help me I will send to every soldier without a Testament. Read the last page of "Message."

Pray for Edward Somerville

He is the son of Monsieur and Madame Somerville, of Tremel. His mother has sent me his photo, and has given me some details concerning him. She says in her letter: "He was twenty-one when the War broke out, and was serving his two years in the Army when the War was declared. He was in the band, and in consequence was 'brancardier.' He was wounded in the knee and taken prisoner on August 22nd 1914, at Messin, in Belgium. First he was taken to Ohrdruf in Thüringen, then in December he went to Erfurt. In June, 1915, he was removed to a reprisals' camp at Soltau in Hanover, where he remained till October, and was then taken back to Erfurt, where he passed the winter. In April he was again taken to Ohrdruf, and from there sent to a reprisals' camp in Russia called Rakischké. His last letter, dated July 20th, which we received on August 28th tells us that he has gone about eighty miles more to the north of Russia, but he cannot say more... Our dear boy says that it is in such circumstances that they appreciate the privilege of belonging to Christ. He alone can strengthen him and give him the courage to endure all. Pray for him, and for us, that our faith fail not. The inscription on the photograph is his address, which means 3rd Co., 21st Section 1 No. 63."

This dear soldier bears the marks of what he has suffered on his face, but he bears it all with Christian fortitude and resolution. I ask you to pray that he may soon be put in easier circumstances. He says he did not think it possible that the human body could endure such hardship.

A Closing Word for the Diary

Next month (D.V.) we issue our December number of "Message," and it will be a double number of thirty-two pages, and the price will be one penny. It will contain a supplement, and in it I hope to give an account of our work and of our needs. The Publisher, Mr. Race, would like your orders for this number as early as possible, so that he may make arrangements for printing, etc. I want you all to read this number, for I hope to make it tell you the story of our work for God among the soldiers and sailors. And now I will close my Diary with a letter from a dear soldier who had one of the Testaments that you have helped to send given to him, and this led him to write to me.

Coming Home to Christ

"I am writing you a few lines because I think I ought to, although it is extremely hard to write to a perfect stranger, but I feel you are a friend and a dear one at that already.... I was home on leave and returning back to barracks, and passing near a theater, my attention was drawn to a crowd of people listening to a man who was doing his very best to convince the crowd of the love of Christ. I stopped and listened and it did me so much good. He told us all how he had been saved, what he had been and what he was now. After listening for some time I was presented with a New Testament, and on inspection I found your name and address■hence this letter. Arriving back in camp, when I lay down to try to sleep I could not for thinking of my sins. Tears came to my eyes, the first for many a day, and I was not comforted until I had prayed to Him and asked for forgiveness. I awoke this morning and felt easier in my mind than I remember ever doing before. Dear friend, do please remember me when you pray tonight. Please do write to me soon.... Thanking you for the Testament, and hoping you will have every success in your work. ■ D.J.C."

IF YOU WANT TO KNOW MORE ABOUT THE WORK, OR TO HELP US IN THE WORK, WRITE TO■ DR HEYMAN WREFORD,

THE FIRS, DENIVIARR ROAD, EXETER.

On the Balkan Hills

One of the R.A.M.C. writes: ■ “Having found one of your tracts blowing about on the Balkan Hills, I happened to be the lucky one to find it. When I had read it through I came across your name and address at the bottom. I therefore decided to ask you for a small pocket Testament, for I can say that ever since I picked your tract up and read it I have turned over a new leaf, and started to trust in God for guidance and support. Do send me the Testament, I want it to read. I am just resting in my dug-out, listening to the shells bursting. ■ A.E.E., Greece.”

A Lance-Corporal says: ■ “I was glad of your last parcel, and I can assure you the New Testaments did not last long, for we were in billets, and I simply stood and handed out tracts and New Testaments till I had finished. Then, having a nice crowd of men, I told them of One able to save to the uttermost. Four days later we were in one of the hottest corners, and many of the listeners were among the wounded. ■ Lce.-Cpl. I.R.”

Soldiers' and Sailors' Letters

H.M.S.■

One writes: "I am sorry to say, as far as I know, I am the only one among our ship's company that is taking a stand for our Lord and King, so you can imagine the joy I felt at the willing way the men received the booklets, and the way several of them asked for the Testaments. It really did me good. ■ F.R."

From a Corporal: ■

"I have been asked by the men if they sent to you for a Testament would they get one? Of course I told them to write, so you will get a lot of the regiment writing for a Testament. I have filled in a form and am sending it to you. I am a believer in God. ■G.H."

Another writes: ■

"It is wonderful to know what strength God can give you to do His will, and the great faith that has taken hold of our souls and has made us so much more trustful. I wish that there was time and space to tell you of all His love and goodness, but that would fill volumes. The Christians at the depot here meet every evening for forty-five minutes for our prayer meeting, and it is there we meet God face to face, and we never go away unbled or unstrengthened. Our numbers are continually growing. Last night we had fifty-four, and when I tell you that three months ago there were only two you will see that God is here and that to bless. I had intended to keep your Testament as well as the one I have already, but last night, as I was getting into my hammock, a new recruit, who came here last week, asked if there was room for him to sleep between my chum and myself for the night as his quarters were full. Of course we said, 'Certainly,' and having twenty minutes before "pipe down," we chatted together. God told me to ask him if he had a Testament. He said, 'No, he had not,' so then I jumped out and got yours out of my kit-bag. He was very glad to have it. Well, Doctor, I have decided to ask you to send me on a dozen Testaments as soon as possible. I feel it is God's will that I should do something more for Him. ■N.G."

Called Up

A soldier writes: ■ "I have been called up (not, by the way, the calling up I'm looking for when our blessed Saviour comes for His own). I want some tracts and Testaments to distribute among the men.... Thanking you in anticipation." Yes, the soldiers of Christ will soon be called up and caught up. Someone is coming! Coming from heaven for His own. Soldiers! take your Testaments and read 1 Thessalonians 4, verse 13 to 18. You will see there Who is coming, and for whom He comes. Will He come for you?

Incidents of the War

Important

Every soldier that fills in the post-cards we send has a Testament sent to him. If any who send do not receive the Testament it is because the address is either indistinct or not sufficient. We never neglect to send, and the more who apply to us for Testaments, the better we are pleased.

“Blighty”

Lance-Corporal Roberts writes: ■ “We were holding the front line, expecting every moment to get the order, ‘Get dressed,’ ready for being relieved, and I was making a final visit to see all were ready. I stayed to speak a word to one of the sentries. He said, ‘Give us a match, Corporal,’ but as I said I had not one, he said, ‘Oh, I forgot, all you have here is tracts!’ ‘Yes,’ I replied, ‘and all you want is Jesus.’ ‘Oh, no,’ he said, all I want is Blighty.’ I passed on to the next sentry, when suddenly I heard the sound of a rifle and a cry, and on going back I found the sentry with a bullet in his head. Death, not Blighty, was his portion. Reader, he did not want Jesus; he only wanted the dear homeland; but in a moment he had passed into eternity. You also may not want Jesus; you only want pleasure, fun, life; plenty of time, you say, to think about Jesus when you are old. You may not be in the firing line watched by a deadly sniper, but death may be near you. Where are you going? To heaven or to hell? Are you living in sin? Then you need Jesus and His precious blood to cleanse you. God does not desire your eternal loss, but gave His Son to save you. Will you not seek Him now? You need Him to save you, to keep you from sinning; you need Him when the bullets are flying around you, and you will need Him in the hour of death. The one who trusts the Lord Jesus does not fear death, or the judgment after death. Comrades, you need Him. Why not turn to Him now and accept Him as your Saviour?”

A grand appeal this, from a soldier to soldiers. May God bless it to many. And when they long for the earthly “Blighty,” where their loved ones are, may they be ready for the heavenly home, and believe what the Saviour said, “In My Father’s house are many mansions, if it were not so I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you.” This is the true home where every Christian soldier shall spend the years of eternity in the place prepared by Christ for him. Will you be there?

Bringing in the Wounded from no Man's Land

"We see in our picture, by Matania, a party of R.A.M.C. men bringing in the wounded from No Man's Land after an action on the Western Front. They are hauling the men over the broken ground so as not to draw the enemy's fire. The work of the R.A.M.C. between the lines is extremely dangerous, and one which calls for great personal bravery. After an attack has taken place the work of bringing in the wounded begins. Creeping on hands and knees for no standing thing can live in No Man's Land during the daytime the R.A.M.C. party approaches the wounded and hauls them back over the broken shell-pitted grounds to the British lines in safety. Any slight depression in the ground is taken advantage of in this dangerous work. In many cases the work can only be performed at night."

A scene of desolation and death, where the dead and the wounded lie as they have fallen, and the work of rescue is a task of the greatest danger. Often the work can only be done at night, and even then the risk is great, for sometimes a star-shell, like "a thin, luminous thread," rises up into the dark sky and bursts into dazzling radiance over the scene. Then if any movement is seen the rifles crackle down the line. Again, often a searchlight shines upon the battlefield, making all as light as day. Still brave men face all this, and gradually drag the wounded back into the British lines. I have known officers and men who have had to lie with their bleeding wounds in shell holes half full of water, and unable to move, for twelve or twenty-four hours, until they could be rescued. How blessed to have Christ with you on that storm-swept battle scene.

Lance-corporal Roberts tells us of one who was brought in dying. He says: "I have just lost a real chum. He was badly wounded as he went up to the firing line. He told his comrades he was not afraid to die as he was ready. As they carried him down the trench he was clasping his Testament and smiling, and tonight around the grave I carried on the message to those present. His life has been a fine testimony for the Master. The night I rejoined from hospital I heard him speaking to the men on the gun team, telling them they knew not the hour or the day when the Son of Man should come."

Yes, the dear fellows want Testaments. My reader, help us now to send the Word of God to these brave men. Do not hesitate and say, "I'll think about it." While you think, men are dying. Send to me today. See the last page.

The Clasp of His Mother's Hand

A Christian mother died with the hand of her little son clasped in her own. Years passed, and the boy grew to manhood, reckless and abandoned in character. The memory of his mother's prayers, and of the lessons he had learned at her side, seemed to have faded away. From one excess of wickedness into another he plunged until his cup of iniquity seemed full. Then, through the mercy of God, he was converted. Speaking of his life of sin, he said that hardened as he seemed, and indifferent to all things sacred, there never was a time when, tempted to sin, that he did not feel the clasp of his dying mother's hand, drawing him from the paths of sin to the ways of holiness, with a force which he found it hard to resist. That mother, though dead, was yet speaking to her boy. Soldiers! with praying mothers, think of their prayers now. Some of you have mothers in heaven; tears often fill your eyes in the trenches when you think of what she did for you before she died. If you are killed in battle, will you meet your mother in heaven? Think of the cradle song she used to sing: ■

"There's a Friend for little children

Above the bright blue sky;

A Friend who never changes■

Whose love can never die."

Do you know this Friend?

The Dying Soldier

It was just after the battle of ■ where hundreds of brave men had fallen and hundreds more were wounded, that a soldier came in haste to the Chaplain's tent and said, "Chaplain, one of our boys is badly wounded, and wants to see you at once." "Hurriedly following the soldier," says the Chaplain, "I was taken to the hospital, and led to a bed upon which lay a noble young soldier. He was pale and blood-stained from a terrible wound above the temple. I saw at a glance that he had but a few hours to live upon earth. Taking his hand I said, 'Well, my brother, what can I do for you?' The poor dying soldier looked up in my face, and placing his finger where his hair was stained with his blood, he said, 'Chaplain, cut a big lock from here for mother ■ for mother, mind, Chaplain!' I hesitated to do it. He said, 'Don't be afraid, Chaplain, to disfigure my hair. It's for mother, and nobody will come to see me when I am dead tomorrow.' I did as he requested me. 'Now, Chaplain,' said the dying man, 'I want you to kneel down by me and return thanks to God.' 'For what?' I asked. 'For giving me such a mother. O Chaplain, she is a good mother; her teachings comfort and console me now. And, Chaplain, thank God that by His grace I am a Christian. Oh, what would I do now if I wasn't a Christian? I know that my Redeemer liveth. I feel that His finished work has saved me. And, Chaplain, thank God for giving me dying grace. He has made my dying bed "feel soft as downy pillows are." Thank Him for the promised home in glory. I'll soon be there ■ there where there is no war, nor sorrow, nor desolation, nor death ■ where I'll see Jesus, and be forever with the Lord.' I knelt by the dying man and thanked God for the blessings he had bestowed upon him ■ the blessings of a good mother, a Christian hope, and dying grace, to bear testimony to God's faithfulness. Shortly after the prayer he said, 'Good-bye, Chaplain; if ever you see my mother tell her it was all well!'" SEL.

A Prayer in a Sleeping Hut

The camp seemed to be sleeping under the quiet sky, and only a sentry's footfalls broke the silence. Inside the military huts, however, voices and laughter could still be heard. "Lights out!" and yet in the darkness one hut was noisy with songs and jests and conversation unfit to be described. Thirty soldiers lay in their bunks, and some of them were half asleep: the rest sufficiently awake to utter their thoughts without restraint. Most of them had been but a short while in the Army, and they were strangers to each other, for their homes were widely scattered in all parts of the country: they had not been able to return thither to say good-bye, though they were to leave for France on the morrow, so they hid their feelings under mocking words and evil language.

Drowsiness was getting the upper hand of them by eleven o'clock. One man, evidently desiring to hear some higher, holier word before he slept, startled all the others by an abrupt question: "I want to know if there is one Christian man in this hut?" The man opposite asked why, not too politely.

"Well," answered the first speaker, "I want to know if there is a Christian here who is man enough to stand up now and pray for us chaps, that we may have a safe passage to France tomorrow."

There was a pause; every man seemed to be holding his breath. Then somebody stirred in his bunk and sat up, and a quiet young voice said: "I am a Christian. If you chaps really mean it, I'll be glad to pray with you and for you."

"Yes, chummy, I do mean it, thank you," was the reply. "Now, you chaps, be quiet. Let's hear him pray."

A moment's silence, while the Christian soldier slipped out of his bed and knelt down in the dark.

"Now, lad, go on."

After the first sentence his words came easily, and he asked for a voyage untroubled by mines and submarines: then there stole into his mind other words, which were not his, but God's, and he spoke out text after text that made plain the way of salvation. "The blood of Jesus, Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin." "Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out." The clear tones went on, repeating similar verses, and they reached every corner of the sleeping-hut. It was changed from that moment. As the prayer ended ■ "for Jesus Christ's sake" ■ a hearty "Amen" resounded from every bed; and then ■

"Thank you, lad. Good-night."

"Well," muttered a soldier, thoughtfully, "there must be something in that chap to make a boy like him pray like that in front of all us wicked fellows!"

No wild word broke the stillness after that. The powers of evil were baffled. In the morning the man who had asked for prayer went to the lad and thanked him again, and at seven-thirty all who were leaving for "somewhere in France" hurried up to shake hands with him.

“Good-bye, and God bless you!” he kept saying.

So did the Lord Jesus Christ strengthen one of His soldiers to fight the good fight of faith, and to confess Him openly before men.

A Gift, a Blessing, and a Prayer

A Tommy writes me from the Front. He sends a gift, a blessing and a prayer. He says: ■

“Enclosed please find P.O. for 5/- with which to send a parcel to the Front. May God’s richest blessing be upon those whom it reaches. God be praised, and may God bless you for the splendid work which you are doing. One who is really grateful to you.”

The Prayer

“God forgive me for my sins, which are many and great; make me happy; help me to do that which is right; bless those who pray for me, bless my friends, bless my enemies, bless those who love me, bless those who hate me. Bring this terrible War to an end, when it is for the best and Thy pleasure. I pray for the wounded soldiers, both of the enemy’s and the Allies. Comfort the wounded, comfort the dying. Give the doctors skill whilst performing operations. I am really sorry for my sins, please forgive me. Help me to lead a life more like that of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Help me to do good. Bless my dear father and mother, and sisters; help them in their work. For Christ’s sake, who died that our sins might be forgiven, hear me and answer my prayer if it is Thy pleasure and for the best.”

“Dear Sir, please ask God to hear my prayer, and please pray for me. — A TOMMY.”

“Those Three Lost Years”

A brave soldier lay mortally wounded, knowing that very soon indeed he must die. Several years before he had given his soul into the Saviour’s keeping, and in the prospect of death he could confidently say, “I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him.” But why that sad expression on the manly, handsome face? It is no thought of his comfortless surroundings; it is no grief that his deathbed should be near the field of battle, far from all his loved ones, that so moves the Christian soldier. No, listen to his words to a comrade: “I die as a Christian, and I die contented; but oh! if I could but have died as a Christian worker!”

He was a Christian when he entered the army, and had always kept an unsullied reputation, but he had not “shown his colors,” and stood out boldly as a servant of Christ, and this was his bitter grief. He wished to see his family again, he said, but far, far more to recover lost opportunities, and be able to use his influence in the service of Christ. Again the dying man speaks: “I am peaceful in view of death,” he repeats, “but not joyful and glad. Those three lost years keep coming back upon me.” He tells those of his comrades whom he can see of his mistake, and how it grieves him, and begs his Saviour’s forgiveness for lost opportunities of service.

Then, after lying with closed eyes for a few minutes, he says to his companions, “Do you suppose we shall be able to forget anything in heaven? I would like to forget those three lost years.”

How true are Christ’s words, “The night cometh when no man can work.” Oh, let all of us who are God’s children lay these words to heart and pray that we may not have to mourn over our time on earth as lost time. Having first believed on Christ, it is our duty and privilege to confess Him before men.

“I dare not work my soul to save,

For that my Lord hath done;

But I would work like any slave

For love of God’s dear Son.”

Goodbye

Let Lance,-Sergt. H. H. speak the last word to you this month: ■ “My comrades still come to me and ask for Testament cards so that they may send for Testaments. I should be greatly obliged to you if you would send me about two hundred cards. To be candid, I think the trench mortars put the fear of God into their hearts. It is my earnest prayer that that fear may stop there.”

The Diary of a Soul

By The Editor

December, 1916. A Thankful Heart

FROM the depths of a thankful heart I sing of the mercies of the Lord to me this year. We can say with the Psalmist, "Thy faithfulness shalt Thou establish in the very heavens." Yes, God is faithful. I desire to thank Him, as the year passes from us, for all the blessings He has bestowed. The wondrous way in which He has led us, the loving-kindness that has raised us up such a host of friends, and the sense. He has given of His presence with us all the time and all the way. And as I review the past twelve months, I think of the host of letters I have received from Christians in all parts of the British Empire. Every continent has sent its help and its cheer. Our little rivulet of service has been widened and deepened by God into a river of opportunity. Thank you, O my many friends, on land and sea! May God bless you for every loving word. I cannot tell you how you have cheered me in long hours of service. Your prayers have given strength and purpose to all that has been done. God will bless you. He has seen the tears of gratitude and heard my broken prayers of thanks and praise, as I have realized my deep unworthiness of all your loving sympathy. But God has given me the work, and you are helping me to do it. To God be all the glory.

If I have forgotten to thank any, God has not forgotten. I promised in November "Message" that this number should contain an account of our work and of our needs. I shall tell you a little, but my dear soldier and sailor friends will tell you more. Their letters will speak eloquently of all the work and all the need.

Dear fellows, to whom you have helped me to send Testaments, I know you and I will see hundreds of them in the glory of God! What meetings on those golden streets! What praises from those lips redeemed! Many of Christ's soldiers I have known have fallen upon the battlefield. I shall hear from them no more on earth, but they have served their God in the trenches, at the base, and elsewhere, and now their work is done. At this Christmas-time there will be thousands and tens of thousands of nameless graves in France and Flanders and elsewhere, and many an empty chair in desolated homes, but the soldiers of Christ have found their home in the mansions of God.

The Bird of Christmas

On our cover this month there is a picture of a robin on a soldier's bayonet. The bird of home has come to the trenches to cheer the soldiers there with its presence and its song. The glad, eager eyes of the soldier are fixed upon it, and a private writing from the trenches during the winter campaign says, "A plucky little robin used to come into the trench, much to the soldiers' joy. Sat on the end of my bayonet like a Christmas card, he did," wrote the Tommy to his family. It was God's little messenger to cheer and comfort, to speak of the gardens and hedgerows of dear old "Blighty," of the snow on the fields around the village home, and the bells sounding out their message over the landscape. It brought to remembrance, too, the faces of the loved ones in the homeland: the dear parents and wives and sisters and sweethearts praying for their "boys" this Christmas-time, and saying, "We will keep the holly until they return. God grant it." It spoke of the warm fires burning, and the family gathered round; "letters from the Front" brought out and read and re-read, and the photos in khaki passed from hand to hand and talked about and loved. Sweet bird of God, the most friendly of all birds, thy song of home was sweet indeed, and thy red breast warm with all the pleasant thoughts of happy times and happy days.

What messengers from God can we send to the trenches? What sweet songs can we bring to these dear men we love so well? I want to send one thousand parcels this Christmas to the Front and elsewhere: parcels containing books that speak of God and Christ. Each parcel costs five shillings, and I am sure my friends will give me that privilege and joy. And I want one hundred thousand Testaments as my Christmas present this year.

Christ and Christmas

All the world was out of course when Christ was born. There was no room for the Lord of glory in the inn where Joseph and Mary were resting. They were so despised and in such poverty that the only place for Jesus to be cradled was the manger. What a world! It had no room for Him who was God manifest in flesh. When my dear father was near his end his thoughts were all of Christ. He turned to me and said, "Is it not wonderful, He who was rich for our sakes became poor?" Yes, it is wonderful indeed. Despised in the inn, and glorified in the heavens. God had told His angels of the birth of Christ, and they had flocked out of heaven to see the wondrous sight—the glory of their presence paled the light of stars, and their song rang out in exultant strains, "Glory to God in the highest; on earth peace, good-will towards men." God was glorified through all the universe by the birth of Christ—in the highest heaven and the deepest depths. "On earth peace," Yes, in a scene where all were in rebellion against God; in a world filled with death and wounds and sorrow and sin: "on earth peace." He is the Prince of peace; His gospel the gospel of peace; His home the abode of peace." "On earth-peace." "Peace I leave with you, My peace I give unto you." These are His words who has made peace by the blood of His cross, "and those who believe in Him can say, He is our peace."

"Goodwill towards men." As one has beautifully said, "Christ's birth was the expression of God's complacency in men. The Son of God did not become an angel, but a man. He was God from all eternity, and He became man."

This proved, beyond all question, "what an object of love men were to God."

And what of this Christ today? What of Him who laid His glory by and became a man to die for us? The world in the days of His flesh cried, "Away with Him," and now He is at the right hand of God the world that cast Him out still says, "Away with Him." Preachers are telling the soldiers everywhere that because they sacrifice their lives for their country they are sure of heaven. Another tells us that "Calvary is crowded with crosses." Can blasphemy go further than this? If these preachers could only stand before the cross of Christ at Calvary and realize what the power of omnipotent love did there to save the soul, would they have dared to speak thus? If they had known what it was to stand lost sinners before the holiness of God, would they not have realized that the stupendous work of man's redemption could only be settled between God and Christ alone? If these false preachers had been really converted men, would they not 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?

What does St. Paul say? "Though we, or an angel from heaven, preach any other gospel unto you than that which we have preached unto you, let him be accursed" (Gal. 1:8).

A Christless cross no refuge is to me,

A crossless Christ, my Saviour cannot be,

But Jesus crucified I rest in Thee.

Four V.C.'S

Some of you have read of the heroism of four V.C. men: Ritchie, the drummer who, sitting on the enemy's parapet, 'mid shot and shell, beat the charge and rallied the leaderless soldiers; Miller, who was sent on a dangerous mission, and, though wounded unto death, brought the message and dropped dead as he delivered it; Short, who, though urged to go to the rear when wounded, remained at his post that he might still be of some service; Jackson, who carried helpless comrades to the place of safety. We admire and honor these heroic men for their self-sacrifice: have we no gratitude and honor for Christ, who gave Himself, not to an honorable death, but a death of shame, that we might be saved?

An Awful Responsibility

What a responsibility these false preachers are taking upon themselves. They deliberately send men on their last journey to wounds and death, with the devil's lie ringing in their ears, that if they fall on the battlefield they will go straight to heaven. This awful blasphemy has led me to bring out the following leaflet: ■

CHRIST THE JUDGE, NOT THE SAVIOUR

I should not like to have to meet the LORD JESUS in eternity, if I had told a sinner in his sins that he could save himself by dying for his country, and so did not need the atoning work of CHRIST.

I should expect the LORD JESUS to say to me: "IF THE SOLDIER CAN DO WITHOUT ME, YOU MUST.

DEPART FROM ME."

Heyman Wreford.

"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" (John 3:36).

Good-Bye Until January, 1917

We have been together, dear reader, for another year. It has been a real joy to me to talk to you and tell you of our needs month by month, and the way that God has blessed us. I wish to emphasize, in saying "Good bye," that I shall never forget the loving help of friends all over the world this year, and I shall always remember, as I contemplate my twelve files of letters, what wonderful stories of God's love they contain. They are indeed "living epistles" many of them. Scores who have written to me will write no more; they have passed away, but they have left records behind them of undying faith. "Good-bye."

The Great Push

ON and ever on is the command. The ceaseless thunder of the mighty guns, the rat-tat-tat of the machine guns, the crack of the rifle, the poisonous gas and the scorching flames, the death-dealing bombs, the whirr of the airplanes, the charging of the eager hosts, all the effective strength of modern warfare must be used to its utmost now. The enemy has to be pushed back, to be defeated: this is the high command. And so the "Great Push" goes on. As a poet says:

“Not a moment the charge must be stayed,

For no pity the battle delayed.

On we press in close ranks by our dead,

Leave our wounded where fallen they bled.

At all costs the day’s work must be wrought;

For our dead and our wounded we fought,

For their sakes not a pause must we dare,

For their sakes lying helplessly there,

For their sakes as we pressed on our way,

Closed the ranks, sped the charge, won the day.

And now in the battle of life,
 In the thick of the old ceaseless strife,
 When those terrible gaps come again,
 On the heart smites the blank and the pain,
 And we know in our anguish too well
 What we lost when thus stricken they fell;
 Still that word of command on the ear,
 Through the blank and death-silence rings clear,
 'Close the ranks!
 Press forward where they led the way,
 Close the ranks, speed the charge, win the day■
 Close the ranks!'

Yes, the message comes to the soldiers of Christ today. It is the day of the "Great Push" for them. The hosts of sin are crowding on upon the battlefields of life. The huge guns of daring unbelief are sounding, "There is no God." The poisonous gases and scorching flames of blasphemy against the Person and work of Christ are being poured out from the deep trenches of hell, where the devil has "dug himself in." How are we to meet this foe? By constant, unremitting service to our Captain. "Not a moment the charge must be stayed." We must never think we have done enough. "At all costs the day's work must be wrought." Paul, God's great general, exhorts us to the fight. "Fight the good fight of faith," "Endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ," "Watch thou in all things, endure afflictions, do the work of an evangelist, make full proof of thy ministry." He died on the field of battle, and his dying words are an inspiration to us to

"Press forward where he led the way,
 Close the ranks, speed the charge, win the day."

He died on the field of victory. Listen. "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith." Brave soldier of Christ, well done! True hero of the Cross, fighting, suffering, dying, thou hast passed through every opposing host to the golden gates of heaven. What are we doing in the war for God now, in this "battle of life," in this "ceaseless strife," with sin and Satan? Are we keeping the banner of Christ flying? Are we storming the citadels of sin? Do our comrades know we belong to Christ? Never was there such desperate need to be true to our Saviour as now.

Let me tell you of one of Christ's heroes who won his way to heaven.

"DON'T DENY CHRIST I NEVER DENY CHRIST!"

These were the words of a boy cadet. Words written on the books of God in heaven. But let me tell his story. He was one of eight boy cadets, who had been sent from England to join their regiments in a foreign land. They fell into the hands of their enemies; seven of them had their throats cut, the eighth (the boy I am writing about) was left for dead, but he managed to crawl away and hide in a ravine. For four days he lay hidden, suffering agonies from his wounds. Then he was found and carried back a prisoner. He was thrust into a hut where a Christian catechist was confined. This poor man had been a Mohammedan, and he was being tortured by his jailers to make him give up his faith in Christ. He was just on the eve of giving way when this brave English boy became his companion. The lad learned all, and did all he could to sustain his companion's courage. Boy though he was, 'his heart was full of love for his Redeemer. He was Christ's soldier, and true to his colors. With flushed face, and earnest voice, he said:

"Don't deny Christ! Never deny Christ!"

They were rescued, but four days after his release the brave English lad died of his wounds. His brave soul went to the Saviour he loved so well, but his burning words:

"Don't deny Christ! Never deny Christ!"

will live forever. Ah! parents with boys like this, thank God, thank God. Thousands of young men from Christian homes in England are in the ranks today. They used to read the Bible and pray at home, but alas! they never do it now. They deny Christ many of them in thought and word and deed. Dear lads, brave as only English boys can be, be true to Christ. Let me tell you of another young lad who was true to Christ.

The First Night in Barracks

He had been a member of a prayer circle and M.S.C. in a town in the Midlands, who found further resistance useless, so was at last compelled to don the khaki and make the best of it. "Perhaps after all," he mused, "God has some wise purpose in this." He will never forget his first night in barracks. When the bugle sounded, and each man sought his straw bed and blankets for the night, a miniature war raged in his bosom. Should he read his portion, as he was accustomed to do, and afterward go down on his knees to pray before these thirty careless young fellows? After a time he drew out his pocket Bible and sat down to read his "chapter." Whilst so engaged the conflict within waxed hotter and hotter. "It is not necessary," a voice seemed to reiterate. "It would be a mockery to attempt to pray here. You can speak to God after getting into your blankets." He was about to yield and slip quietly into bed, but, bracing himself for the occasion, he dropped on his knees and began to pray. He was conscious of a strange hush, the curse, the flippant jest, and the loud laughter ceased, and as he rose a feeling of joy thrilled his soul as he realized that God had given him the victory.

Next morning one of the worst of his companions. Taking his hand in both of his, the speaker asked bluntly: "What are you, anyhow?" "I am a believer in the Lord Jesus Christ, a sinner saved by grace," was the quiet answer. "I know that," said his comrade, "but how did you get saved? I tell you I would have liked to have done what you did last night when you knelt down to pray before us all." The Christian soldier, not many years old in the spiritual life, had the joy of telling the other the way of salvation. "Now I know," he told the writer, why it was I was compelled to enter the Army."

Reader, "Don't deny Christ! Never deny Christ!"

"Press forward where He led the way,

Close the ranks, speed the charge, win the day."

Incidents of the War

"Humanity lies wounded, bleeding and robbed on the road of life, and calls aloud, not for priest or Levite, but for the good Samaritan." ■ Dr. C ■

ONE OF OUR POSTCARDS AN IDENTIFICATION DISC

I have just received the following letter from a Lieutenant in the Yorks Regiment, B.E.F.: ■

"Dear Sir, ■ I am enclosing one of your printed post-cards which one of my sergeants handed to me. While on working fatigue I told one or two men to bury as decently as could be some poor British soldiers killed during the Great Push, and this card was found on one to be the only means of identification. Private Gaul was buried decently and a cross with his name put over his grave. I leave it to your discretion as to informing his people (if you know them), as they may think he has been buried some time ago. — Yours faithfully, ■. P.S. ■ The man evidently wished for one of your books, so trust he was prepared for the great adventure."

I have the card in my hand now, dirty and blood-stained, the card found on the dead body of a British soldier. He had filled in the card, Pte. A. A. Gaul, 9333, Lewis Gun Section, 1st Norfolk Regt. The opportunity did not come for him to post it, but the desire was in his heart to have the Word of God.

If any reader of this little book should know where he lived, and would send me the address, I will communicate with his friends.

The Last Day of the Old Year

“Ye’ll take your Bible, Duncan?”

“Yes, mother; it’s safe in my kit.”

“Ay, but, lad, I wish you would choose to follow the Lord, for then we should know you were ready for anything.”

“Don’t you worry, mother!” was the half-laughing response. “I know the Bible from A to Z.”

“You know it well enough with your head, Duncan,” answered Mrs. McIntyre, with tears in her eyes and a wistful look at the lad’s face. “But you want Christ in your heart as well.”

There was no time to say more, for the father and sisters, and the brother, who was a minister, gathered round to say farewell. A little later Duncan left Glasgow, with his unit, for the Front. He was the only member of his family who had not surrendered himself to the Lord Jesus Christ, and consequently many prayers followed him. Although he thought he knew the Bible from A to Z, although shells were flying and death busy all around him, Duncan resolutely closed his heart to the One who had often knocked at its door. Still those prayers were going up from his home in Glasgow, and the answer came at length, and not in ways that anyone would have guessed.

A shell, laden with high explosives, fell within two feet of the young soldier, and he was blown into the air without a moment’s warning. In his fall his back was severely injured, and he was carried to hospital for treatment. Later he was sent to a rest camp, and classed as unfit for active service. To that camp came one whom we will call Captain Thompson, and he was in search of a servant.

“Send McIntyre; he’s well enough now to act as orderly,” said one of the officers in command. Duncan soon mastered his new duties, and as he went in and out of Captain Thompson’s tent he noticed that a Bible always lay on the little table beside the camp bedstead, and sometimes he found his master in the act of reading it.

The Captain was evidently taking note of his man, for one night he handed to him a copy of a well-known Christian paper. “Have you ever seen it before?” he asked. “No, sir: though it is very much like one that we always have at home.” The officer asked one or two questions about that home, in such a way that Duncan willingly answered them; and his replies showed that his parents, and, indeed, all of his family, were truly Christian people.

“And what of yourself, McIntyre?” “Well, sir, I know the Bible from A to Z, but I haven’t got as far as my people have.” “It seems to me,” said Captain Thompson gently, “that God has spoken very plainly to you lately. Why don’t you settle with Him now?”

Duncan went away in silence. The morrow was the last day of the old year, and his face wore an anxious expression that the Captain noticed. “Have you thought over what we were speaking of last night?” he asked. “Yes, sir,” answered Duncan, nervously looking at the floor. “I couldn’t sleep for thinking of it; but I still believe that something must happen to me to make me turn to Christ.”

“Whatever do you mean, man? Surely enough has happened to you already! Haven’t the prayers of your family been going up to God for you for years? Didn’t that shell nearly send you, all unprepared as you were, into eternity? Isn’t it God Himself who has sent you to a Christian officer who can help you, and is praying for you? Come, come, my lad, give in to the Saviour tonight! Think what a happy New Year your mother would have if her prayers for you were answered.”

The eyes of the young Scot softened and grew suspiciously moist. “My!” he murmured, “‘twould indeed be a happy New Year to her!”

“Then go, and yield to the Lord now, lad.” Duncan saluted and went away to his tent. There he knelt and weighed the matter before God: the cost of decision, the sin of refusal, and once again Christ conquered, and the Lord Jesus became his Saviour and his Lord. He sent the news to the home in Glasgow, where every heart rejoiced. And a little later the blessing of renewed health was added to Duncan, who was passed by the doctor for active service, and thus enabled to join his battery once more.

E. M. R.

A Striking Leaflet

Miss Leakey, one of our greatest helpers, who has contributed month by month to the pages of this Magazine for many years, has issued a most important leaflet, which has, been printed and reprinted, and has been read in the trenches and fastened against the walls of dug-outs, and which has been much used of God. It is reproduced here: ■

Soldiers, Face the Truth!

DYING for your COUNTRY in

BATTLE will NOT save your

soul; but LOOKING unto the

LORD JESUS CHRIST WILL

save your soul.

(Acts 4:12) E. P. LEAKEY

“Goodbye Old Man”

This is an incident on the road to a battery position in Southern Flanders. The soldier's horse is dying, and few things upset a gunner as much as that. He has unharnessed the dying horse, and is taking his last farewell, ignoring the shouts of his impatient companions. “Good bye, old man,” He says as the eyes of his loved and faithful steed are glazing in death. What a lesson for us. Do we care as much for the man's soul as he does for the animal he has learned to love? Are we withholding from him the loving service that we ought to render? He may want the Word of God. Shall we send it to him? Shall we show less devotion to these men than they do to their horses? God forbid! We will send them the Word of God and pray that God may save their souls.

Testaments and Puddings

Two of the daily papers are raising £60,000 to send puddings to the troops at Christmas. They raised £1,100 in one day. We are glad this Christmas fare should be sent to the dear fellows at the Front. But surely it should be possible to secure from our readers all we want in the way of parcels and Testaments to feed their immortal souls!

There are two things I want you to do for me, for Christ's sake, this Christmas.

1. I want means to send 1,000 parcels. One costs 5/-.
2. I want 100,000 Testaments. £5 will buy 1,000.

December 31st

Three young men were seated together the last night of the year. Two were saved and one was not. The two Christians were pleading with their companion to come to Christ. He listened impatiently for a while, and then said, "I don't want to be saved, and if there is a hell I am willing to go to it." There was silence for a while, and then one of his companions took his watch from his pocket and said, "Do you decide here, in the presence of God, on this last night of December at fifteen minutes past eleven, to reject Christ as your Saviour, and to choose hell as your eternal portion?" He answered, "I do."

What is your decision? Will you end the old year with Christ as your Saviour, or reject Him?"

Goodbye for 1916

Remember each of us is individually responsible to God for our service. We can each say, "I am only one, but I am one. I cannot do everything, but I can do something. What I can do, I ought to do; and by the grace of God I will do."

Never to Come Again

The Story of our Work and its Needs told largely by the Soldiers and Sailors themselves.

As you read, remember only One in FIVE of the soldiers going to wounds and death has a Testament. Another MILLION men are being called to the Colors. We want your help to supply them with the Word of God.

A Resting Place

Having been laid aside by illness, I have had to give up my practice for a few weeks. Some part of this time had to be spent in bed, and then I went to the quietude of Rockford Villa, Brendon, North Devon, when my good friend and hostess does all she can to help me on the bed of convalescence. This is the same quiet, beautiful spot that I wrote the "Memories of the Life and Last Days of W. Kelly" in 1909. Here the voice of many waters is heard day and night as the Lyn pursues its musical way over boulders and down the cascades from its heather cradle on Exmoor to the sea at Hamouth. And many a lesson have I learned from the foaming stream, as I have walked along its banks down to Watersmeet and Lynmouth; or upwards to its source by Maims-mead and Bagworthy, to where, under the shadow of Dunkery Beacon, it has its birth. It goes singing all the way from moorland solitudes to the embrace of the absorbing sea. Its talking waters pass over stony beds, through sweet Devonshire meadows bright with tender flowers, through bracken and gorse golden with yellow glory, underneath o'erarching trees, or thundering down a rocky chasm: a sweet voice praising God, anon forming pools of solemn beauty, speaking the deep content, of God. But on and ever on, obeying the call of the restless sea, until at last, o'er shining sands, the journey ends in the embrace of the glorious ocean.

So should our lives be: a psalm of praise to God. 'Mid light and shade, by day and night, making melody to God from the cradle to the grave. Here by the talking waters have I been able to write about our work for God among the soldiers and the sailors. Here have I spoken with the men in the trenches as they wrote me fragments of the story of the Great War. I have been able to enter in larger measure while here into the needs of the brave fellows at the Front. My daily post has brought me hundreds of letters that I have loved to answer. I trust that the story told of need and opportunity will move your hearts to help still more the work of God and enable us to send the many thousands of Testaments to soldiers and sailors that are so greatly needed now. If I have to refer to myself in this narrative it will be simply because I cannot write without doing so. It is the work that God has given me, and I have done it for God. I have thrown all my heart and energies into the work because I loved it so, and feel how needful it is in these sad days for every servant of Christ to do his best. And as the waters of the Lyn do their little part in helping to swell the volume of the sea so we should do the work that is allotted to us, and so help to fill the ocean of opportunity that lies before all God's people today.

Telling the Story

I have heard it said, "The people at home want the gospel as much as the soldiers; is there not a fear of their being neglected?" This argument is a bad one in every way. If you know a man is dangerously ill and likely to die, and he is unsaved, would you not go at once to that man and leave no stone unturned to bring him to Christ? Would you not be more anxious for his soul than you would for the man's soul who walked the streets perfectly well? Perhaps you ought to be as anxious about the one as the other, but the Good Samaritan, loving all, went where He was most needed. At home you can get a Bible or a Testament in five minutes, if you have not one in the house. Out there, at the Front, they are starving for the Word of God, tearing Testaments to pieces to make it go as far as they can. How wrong to tear up the Testaments, you say, perhaps. How wrong of you, at home, not to send them Testaments. Have you done your part? Out there they have fought for the Word of God. I have had many a heartache when the pleading letters have come to me. "Do send me a Testament!" A worker writes to me, "Please don't stop the Testaments, whatever else goes short." A Tommy says in a letter, "I thanked God when He put that little Testament into my hand."

A dying soldier in a trench says to a comrade, "Can you tell me anything about God?" His friend says, "I'm afraid I cannot, but this little book may help you." He gives a Gospel of St. John 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. Perhaps that man's death, and the story of it, may do more good read in England than a hundred sermons. He knew, this dying man, that death in battle would not save his soul, but he found in the precious Word of God just what he wanted. If a soldier or sailor is saved through reading the Testament, he goes from the battle to heaven, from death to glory; but if he comes home a really saved man he will bring the gospel with him, and take care that his wife and children, and his friends know what great things the Lord has done for him. So by sending the Testaments to the soldiers we are helping to evangelize England. A rough soldier saved at the Front writes to his wife: "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." Yes, England will be flooded with the sunshine of God's love to sinners when the saved soldiers return, bringing their Testaments with them.

I sometimes think I could "depart in peace" if I only knew that every soldier, of every nation, had: the Word of God in his pocket, but when we are told by workers among the soldiers on their last journey to the Front, for many of them, that only two in ten have a Testament, and by a Christian soldier, who has to search the dead, that only one in five have a Testament■the same proportion thus strangely verified■we feel that there is an overwhelming need for the work we are trying to do, and that God's blessing must rest upon the distribution of His own Word.

What a Millionaire Might do

If I were a millionaire I think my first thought would be to send to every regiment in all the armies enough Testaments to supply every man with a copy. I am not a millionaire, but I have the unspeakable privilege of being able to tell God all about it, as every Christian has. He can incline the hearts of His stewards to help us in our work, and in a day God could send us all we need in this respect. What is £500, or £1,000, or £10,000 weighed against the value of one immortal soul? We have the testimony that hundreds have been blessed and saved by the Testaments we have sent. Those who read the "Message from God" can see the truth of what I say. A wounded officer said to me the other day, "I will give you ten per cent of my 'blood-money,' when I get it, to send Testaments to the men." A Christian friend who has helped me more than once said, "You will want thousands of pounds." He sent me means to buy five thousand Testaments. Of course we shall want thousands of pounds, and God knows it, and I want you, dear friends, to know it, and then while health and strength are given we will do our utmost to supply the terrible need.

Another Million Men are to be Called to the Colors

Think what that means—a thousand thousand. Help us to send to these brave men. Do not hesitate and say, “I’ll think about it.” While you are thinking men are dying, and the opportunity given to you now to help may have passed from you.

The Daily Mail

I wish my reader could sit by my side while I open my daily letters for a week. There would be no hesitation about your giving then. You would do as that dear working man did who gave his savings to send eight thousand Testaments to the soldiers, and those two dear teachers who gave enough to send four thousand each. You would do as that father did, who gave us one thousand Testaments as a thank offering for a safe voyage given to his soldier son. You would emulate the widow who sends her mite, and the school children who give their pennies, and the mother who sends me a gold lever watch that belonged to her daughter, now in heaven, and wants me to sell it to send Testaments to the soldiers. The watch cost £11 17s. 6d., and is as good as new, only having been used six months. (I should be glad if some kind friend would make an offer for it.) You would do as thousands have done, help on the work by practical sympathy and prayer. I wish I could write a book containing the story of the giving of the last two years. Not only the gifts of money and jewels, but the priceless gifts of Christian love repeated over and over again. If my poor prayers can bring a blessing to them, they will be blessed indeed.

Voluntary War Work at the Firs, Denmark Road, Exeter

At the commencement of the work I sent off the parcels myself, but one of our dear workers soon came with an offer of help. He was accustomed to packing in his daily work, and he volunteered to do it all for me after his day's work was done. Soon others came forward to work as well, some to pack the boxes, others to tie them up; some to put the Testaments into envelopes ready for the post, some to put the little labels inside the Testaments, others to put our post-cards into envelopes ready to be sent to workers among the soldiers and to the soldiers themselves, until we had between thirty and forty workers for God.

I do ask you to thank God for these dear workers, and to ask God to bless them. One Christian writes me and says that since she saw their photos in the "Message" she has cut them out and placed them on the wall of her room so that she can pray for them every day.

Our Postcards

In April, 1916, we commenced what has proved to be, I think, the most successful branch of our work, and that is the sending out of post-cards to the workers among the soldiers. This is a sample of the card we now send. On the front is my address.

THIS CARD IS SANCTIONED BY THE WAR OFFICE AUTHORITIES "The Firs," Denmark Road, Exeter, England.

DEAR FRIEND,

If you have not a Testament and want one to fit your pocket, I will give it to you. Please fill in the space below with your NAME, RANK and UNIT, and post this card. Do not mention your Brigade or Division.

Yours for Christ's sake, HEYMAN WREFORD.

Name, Rank and Unit.....

About six thousand of these Cards are filled in and sent every month.

for 30 /-we can send a Testament to one hundred Soldiers at the Front post free. Will you send one hundred? The fact that I have had given me in writing from the War Office their sanction to the distribution of these cards has given a wonderful impetus to this work. What led to this sanction being given is one of the marvelous evidences of God's blessing resting upon our work. It is an evidence also that the heads of the War Office have the highest interests of the soldiers at heart. From colonels down to privates, I have had these cards sent to me for Testaments.

A Lieutenant asks me to send enough for four hundred men.

A Captain writes: ■ "Will you allow me to thank you for the Testaments you are distributing among the men of my Company. I believe it is very much appreciated, and whether so or not the kind thought for them does much good. The recruits who have lately joined are an extremely nice lot of men."

A Colonel constantly writes for Testaments for the men under his command. In the letters you will read what the N.C.O.'s and privates think of the post-cards.

“They almost flew at me”

A LANCE-CORPORAL WRITES: ■ “No doubt you will find that you will get several post-cards belonging to the 14th ■. Well, sir, they are those you sent me to distribute, and they almost flew at me when I asked them who would like a post-card, and I soon got rid of them... Please send me some more. L.-Cpl. J. H.■.”

“It was my best friend”

DRIVER A. H. O ■ WRITES: ■ “Will you send me one of your Testaments? I have lost the one I had; and I do so miss it... It was my very best friend. May God bless you for the good work which you have done for our soldiers and sailors.”

The Unknown Friend

A PRIVATE WRITES: ■ “Please send me one of your Testaments, as I am a humble Christian, earnestly seeking Christ and endeavoring to live a sincere Christian life. One of my comrades gave me your address and told me to write to you, and this I am doing.... My dear unknown friend, I sincerely trust that God will bless you for your splendid work... If there is anything I can do for you, I humbly offer you my services, so trust you will remember me in your prayers, and so bring a blessing on the life of your brother in Christ. Pte. E. F■.”

A Rush for Testaments

“Many thanks for the box of Gospels and tracts which I received yesterday. You should have seen the rush for Testaments when I opened the box; they were soon all gone, also many of the tracts, and I have seen many of them reading them, Roman Catholics as well, and a number of them are now singing the hymns out of the red Gospels of John. Oh! brother, it is good to see such eagerness amongst the men for the Gospels. Let us pray more earnestly that God will bless those silent Messengers to many an unsaved soul, for we know that the gospel is still God’s power to salvation, to everyone that believes it. Dear brother, my prayer is that God will bless you in the work you have undertaken for Him. — Pte. H. L■.”

A Sapper's Need

“Just a line to let you know I found one of your little booklets in the trenches entitled, ‘The Sin against the Living God and Sentimental Blasphemy.’ Would you kindly send me a khaki Testament for my pocket? I saw on the back page you would send a Testament to any soldier who wrote. I have been out in France eighteen months, and never had one, only an old one I found in the trenches, which I have yet. ■ Sapper R. D—.”

A PRIVATE WRITES: ■ “We had a small book of yours thrown from the train by someone, so I am just writing to ask you if you would be so kind as to send me a khaki Testament that would fit my pocket. One that I can pull out and read in my spare moments. ■ G.W.M.”

“I have found Jesus”

ANOTHER PRIVATE WRITES: ■ “I have received your beautiful Testament with many thanks. I find it a great comfort to me out here in the trenches. I am over forty, but I have found Jesus, and I have great peace of mind now, Doctor., I read a portion of, the Scriptures every day, and I find great comfort in doing so. I have found the truth at last, thanks be to God. —W.H.”

Exeter Lads

ONE WRITES: ■ “Just a small gift from an Exeter lad towards the sending of Testaments, etc., for the soldiers. May God bless your honorable work.”

ANOTHER WRITES: ■ “Dear Sir, you are doing good work. A lot of my chums have received your gift. It is a great treasure to anyone. I am an Exeter lad myself, and I have attended your meetings regular and also my chum. He would like your gift as well, please. Would you kindly send me some post-cards and I will give them to my chums. Dear sir, I hope to be able to see you when we get leave again.”

“Trying to get us right with God”

“Your Testament reached me all right today. I was surprised at getting it so soon, as I thought it would take two weeks at the least. However, I am delighted to receive it, as my old original one is falling to pieces. My chums all admire this precious little book, so if you will send me some post-cards I will pass them to my chums, and so enable them to send to you for one. I must now conclude, wishing you all success in your glorious work for us in trying to get us right with God. ■Pte. W. H■.”

A friend writes: ■ “I am enclosing a P.O. for 2/6 for your work amongst the soldiers and sailors. The sum is small, but the Lord can make a little go a long way.”

Wants to be a Christian

A TOMMY SAYS IN A LETTER: ■ “Thank you for the New Testament I have Just received. I shall be very grateful for your help to become a Christian, if you will really help me to become one of God’s soldiers.”

A Testament Postcard in a Dugout

A Signaler WRITES: ■ “Thank you for Testament you have sent me, and which I value more than anything. How I came into possession of the post-card which I sent to you was in this way. While relieving another battalion in reserve billets, and having been there before, I was well accustomed to the dug-outs, which was well for me. On entering one of these dark recesses I accidentally placed my hand on a good number of your post-cards. I lit a match and read one through, and afterward handed them round to the boys, and I am pleased to say they are going to send to you as I am. The remainder I took up to the Signal Office and placed them on the table. Trust me, I will try my utmost to do my best in your effort to comfort us in our hour of need and peril. ■ F. S. W■.”

“I want you to help me to heaven”

F.B., H.M.S.■ “Dear Sir, ■ Just a few lines to let you know I received your letter quite safe. Thank you for sending the Testament, and I want to give my life to the Lord Jesus, and if you have a ‘register’ number for me put me in it. I want you to help me to heaven.”

Crowded Meetings at the Front

An earnest worker who has been home for a needed rest writes on his return to me: ■ “I have had some blessed experiences since coming back. If anything I find the men even more anxious to listen to the ‘old, old story’ than ever. After one crowded meeting I took, numbers of men sat round while I again tried to explain God’s way of salvation. Four of these decided, but still remained eagerly listening till I had to leave them. Most of these left for the Front late that night, but one has come to my place daily for Bible reading and prayer. Almost the first man I met when I came back was a sergeant who had decided for Christ about three months ago. His first words when I asked how he was were, Oh! Mr. M— I can’t tell you how happy and contented I am.’ He looked it, praise God! I shall be very thankful if you can again send parcels as usual, as I have very little of the Word left. ■ J.M.”

A Corporal's Letter

"I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your most beautiful gift (a Testament), which I received this morning. You have no idea how it interested the men of our company when they knew that by sending a postcard they could receive such a useful and splendid gift. I was very badly off for one until I received yours. When at home I devoted my time in nothing else but trying to do what was in my power for our Lord and Master, and I continued to work for Him until I landed in France. Then temptations came stronger and stronger, until I thought of the time when I was at home, and I looked to Christ for strength to overcome these temptations, and I am proud to say He comforted me, and led me back to the road of salvation. I have distributed all the post-cards you sent me, and was pleased to see all my men sit down and fill them in and post them, and with the help of God my companion, Signaler R.W., and I will do our utmost in spreading the gospel throughout France as well as the trenches. Dear Doctor, I am, thank God, anxious to work for the Master, and if you could supply me with any gospels or tracts I should be much obliged. Before closing I beg an interest in your prayers for this company and for myself, and may God's blessing rest on your good work for the Master. ■Cpl. G. C. H■."

The Northern Patrol

S.G., H.M.D., NORTHERN PATROL: ■ "I now have pleasure in answering your kind and encouraging letter, which I received on arriving in from sea last week, and I am greatly delighted with your kind message to me. Sir, I also received the Testament and books which you sent me. I shall be very glad to pass them on to my shipmates around me. I have a fine chum here in another ship along with my own, and through him I found out your address, and now I am glad to be able to let you see the way in which the Lord's work spreads. If you would like to send me a parcel of Testaments to distribute I would gladly accept them and pass them round, and so try and help you a little!"

Cheer for our Helpers

An earnest worker at the Front, who has had many of our parcels, writes: ■

“As one looks back over these last ten months only, and thinks of the thousands of men who would have gone into the fighting line without God’s Word in their pocket but for your kind sympathy in sending the Testaments to me, and so giving me the real joy of passing them on, who can say how many were able to rest on some of God’s glorious promises through reading the Testaments? The Holy Spirit has been given to reveal Jesus through the Word. I took a service for the Chaplain last week, and invited any who wished to decide for Christ to come to my tent, and five came: four seemed to trust for salvation, the other did not seem so clear. The four came again next day for prayer and reading the Word. The day after they left for the Front.... I am afraid the War is too far off for the people in England to realize what this War is meaning for our dear men. As I write I can hear the booming of the guns. I try to imagine what the thoughts of our men, especially the married men, are just before they go over the trenches■not after, but before■when the order is given to be ready, and they have to wait. Oh! pray that just then God will reveal Himself to them in such a way that they will trust Him. He can do it. Then if they come back they will live for Him, if not they will go to be with Him. God bless you and all the kind friends who have helped.”

Groningen, Holland

“Dear Sir, ■ I am very grateful to you for the prompt manner in which you have sent me New Testaments (khaki, pocket size). Might I suggest, as we have over fourteen hundred men here, and we never know if Holland will be involved in this War later, that if you can send me at least one hundred Testaments, I will faithfully promise to distribute them to men who I think will gladly accept them. I don’t advise many tracts to be sent, though a few will be acceptable... If you can spare two hundred Testaments so much the better, and they shall not be wasted. ■ 1st Class Petty Officer E. H. S. C—, Hawke Battalion.”

A Lonely Soldier

PTE. A. P. WRITES: ■ “I am very pleased to say I received your parcel of tracts and Testaments quite safely. I thank you very much for the same. I have distributed them among my comrades, and they were very glad to receive them. I am sorry to inform you that I have not a friend in this wide world to look to, but I think I have found one at last, and that is you. My mother died when I was three years old, and my father got killed in work as a bricklayer, and I was the only son. So you see I am proper destitute. ■ A.P.”

A Dirty Postcard

One of our post-cards covered with mud front and back has been sent me by a private who wants a Testament. He writes: ■ “I have had the great fortune to pick up the enclosed post-card a few yards from our firing line, and not having a Testament I should be very grateful if you could let me have one. ■ G. H. H■.”

From a Corporal

“We have forty-one men on this station, and they would all like one of your Testaments if it is not asking too much of you... You know how hard it is to profess to be a Christian in a barrack room, and I am sure a lot would if they had encouragement, and the Testaments will give them that encouragement. I hope you will write to me and let me know how I can be brought nearer to God. I have been in the Army now nearly two years, and I was getting into very bad habits and had nearly forgotten my early training when saw your ‘Message from God,’ and it kind of brought me back to my senses, and by God’s power I will go along the narrow path to the Kingdom of God. God alone knows the trials that beset a soldier; the path is hard and stony; but with God’s grace I will win through in the end. I would be comforted if you would pray for the men on the Battery and myself. A soldier gets hold of a lot of books that are not fit to be read, so if you have any books to spare that will do them good I will give them to the men, and that will help your work. I hope to hear from you soon and also hope that you will mention me in your daily prayers. ■ Corpl. M. W■.”

The Welcome Gift

PTE. E. R. SAYS: ■ “Just a line to thank you so much for your welcome gift, which I received a few days ago. I shall always cherish it, and think of him Who did his best to satisfy the many wishes of a soldier who perhaps is in the thick of a fight, or resting after a well-fought victory. Early every morning, just before attending the ‘first parade,’ physical jerks at 7 a.m., I read a small portion from your book, ‘The Holy Bible,’ and it makes me put all my heart into my work and drill. ■E.R.”

A PRIVATE WRITES: ■ “Please excuse me for not writing before as we have been on a charge and were successful. Now I must thank you very much for the Testament; it was safely received before going into action.”

A GUNNER WRITES: ■ “Will you please accept this P.O. for 5/- in Christ’s name, to send the Word of Life to my comrades in arms. I should like you to spend it in Testaments, and to send them to the Front. I was reading one of your booklets, entitled ‘A Message from God,’ and I saw that the need was great. ■G.H.”

Willing to do his Best

S.C., H.M.D. S■, NORTHERN PATROL, WRITES: ■ “I was more than glad when I received your parcel today. I have given every man on board the ship that I am in a Testament, and one of each kind of the other books and post-cards, and I was very glad to see them take them. I have also given some out to others on different ships. I am willing to do my best. ■G.S.”

Desires for Christ

L.-CORPL, H. O ■ WRITES: ■ “I have in my possession one of your Testaments, for which I must kindly thank you. I was very much struck by your words inside: ‘If I can help you to Christ do write to me.’ That is why I am writing, as I think, sir, you are just the one who can lead me as a shepherd leads his flock. I want to win my place in heaven, even as the words in your little book show me that I can do. ■ H.C.”

A Collecting Box for Christ

A dear friend in the North has had a collecting box made and put up in his shop. He has put a notice on it speaking of our work among the soldiers and sailors, and he gives a copy of "A Message from God" to any who are interested. He has already sent the result of three openings of the box. Boxes in the home or in other places might be blessed by God. I have heard lately from a friend who has one at home, Remember for 5/- you can send a parcel to the front. See last page of "Message."

T. T., H.M.S.■, NAVAL BASE: ■ "I beg to acknowledge, with many thanks, receipt of New Testament. I have now made up my mind to read a verse of the Testament every day, and to take Jesus Christ as my Friend and Master."

From Macedonia

FROM MACEDONIA, A SOLDIER WRITES: ■ “Thanks so much for your beautiful little Testament I received quite safe, and I have seen several more here. We are having some lovely meetings. God be with you and spare you in good health, and guard you from all danger. ■ W.S.”

When the Mail Came In

“I have the greatest of pleasure, by the help of God, in acknowledging the Testament which I received quite safely yesterday. The men were most surprised when I told them what it was. They were playing a very evil part when the mail came in, and the first things to come out of the bag were Sergt. W■’s and my Testaments. The game was stopped at once, and I am very pleased to say everyone that was present wanted a post-card to send for a Testament. We had a word of prayer, and gave a lot of the post-cards to these men, and I am organizing a little meeting whenever I get the opportunity to help my comrades, who are practically strangers to the Lord’s Word. Sergt. W—and I are together, and we purpose to hold meetings every night, when we are out of the trenches for a rest. Will you then be so kind as to send me a parcel of Gospels, tracts and Testaments? ■Cpl. G. H■.”

Your 5 Pence, 5 Shillings, 5 Pounds, Or 500 Pounds

NINETEEN CENTURIES ago, five thousand men sat down upon the grass, hungry and tired and far from home. The only provision to be obtained was in the hands of a lad-five barley loaves and two small fishes. One who was there made the remark, "What are they among so many?" Jesus Christ had said, "Make the men sit down." Before that seated host He took from the lad the five barley loaves and the two small fishes. He looked up to heaven, and His lips moved in prayer. Then He began to divide the five loaves and two small fishes. And as He brake them, He passed the portions to His disciples—passed them until ten were fed, then twenty, then fifty, then one hundred, then one thousand—and the wonder grew, as the wondrous meal went on. The bread was enough to feed five thousand men, and they had of the fishes as much as they would! Nor was this all, for when ALL were satisfied, there still remained of that marvelous feast fragments enough to fill twelve baskets. Enough and to spare. Divine fullness supplied all human need, and the end was more than the beginning.

And what Jesus did then He can do today. There is a mighty host of men, not five thousand, but more than five millions, who are hungry, and tired, and far from home. They want the Bread of Life. You may say, "I have but 5d., 5s., or ■5 to buy Testaments with for the soldiers, but what is that among so many?" Put it into the hand of Jesus, and your gift shall be multiplied by almighty power and almighty love, until an host is fed, and in the multiplying there will be left over a basketful of blessing for you.

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