

A MESSAGE FROM GOD 1918

by Unknown

A collection of articles and writings from A Message From God 1918, covering various biblical topics and Christian teaching.

207 Chapters

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A Message From God 1918

Notice

I am very sorry to tell my readers that, owing to the great increase in the price of paper and other expenses caused by the War, the Publisher has been obliged to raise the price of "A Message from God" to one penny a month. I am sure my' friends will see the reason of this, and will not let their interest in the Magazine be any the less. ■Editor.

A Challenge for 1918

“What think ye of Christ?” (Matt. 22:42.) This is a question, my reader, that you will have to answer before God one day. You will not be asked in eternity what you think of “creeds” or “isms,” or “man-conceived theology,” but what do you think of Christ, the Son of God, the Saviour of the world? What do you think of His life, His death, His resurrection and ascension into heaven? What do you think of His atoning sacrifice? and have the words “It is finished” any significance to you? When Jesus was on earth in the country of Cæsarea Philippi, with His disciples, He asked them a question, “Whom say ye that I am?” Simon Peter answered: “Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God.” The answer of Jesus to this confession of faith was: “Blessed art thou, Simon Bar-jona; for flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee, but My Father which is in heaven.” (Matt. 16:15-17.)

And a like blessing falls on those today who own the Divinity of Christ, and who trust in His finished work, But never was there such blasphemy against the person of Christ as there is today. Blasphemy at home, and blasphemy at the battle front.

Blasphemy on the Somme

It was on the Somme, the scene of some of those terrible struggles that cost us the loss of thousands of brave lives. Another attack had been planned, the details had all been outlined, and each officer and man had been assigned his duties. One of the brigades that had been resting was returning for the attack, and the various battalions, before taking the place allotted to them, were drawn up and addressed by the Padre. He reminded them of their duty; pointed out that they had been told their objective, and urged the men to put forth every effort to reach it. "But men," said he, "some of you may fail; may fall in the attempt; yet remember if tomorrow you die in the effort to accomplish the task that has been set before you, everlasting bliss will be your portion, for he that dies in seeking to defend his country's righteous cause will surely die a righteous death."

A few hours later these brave fellows took their places in the trenches, and awaited the time for the attack to be made. This proved to be one of the hottest battles of the Somme, and very many of the lads who had listened to the deceiver's words were ushered into eternity.

Does your indignation rise at the thought of such a message being delivered on such an occasion? Yet it is well that we remember that thousands of so-called preachers of the Gospel in this country and on the various battle fronts have no better message for our gallant troops who are face to face with death than this masterpiece of the devil. Surely it is high time that we awoke out of sleep. Let us be up and doing. Thank God, there are true heralds of the Cross laboring among these men who have a better message to tell, of One Who is mighty to save and able to keep. May "We be their fellow-helpers in prayer, and plead with God that He may bless their message, and that hundreds of our young men may be saved.

H. G. H.

These are brave, outspoken words, such as are needed today. Our hearts bleed for those dear lads at the Front, who oftentimes at the point of death, have to listen to a Christ-less Gospel, and the lies of the devil, instead of the truth, of God. The Men who preach these doctrines are worse than the fiends of the bottomless pit. We are told, "the devils.... believe and tremble," but these men do not believe, and preach their unbelief to Others. God forgive them for seeking to lead brave and earnest men to destruction.

“O God! Stop Their Mouths!”

A Christian Worker writes to me: ■

“Dear Doctor, — Just a line, trusting you are well, and happy in the labor of our Lord. I was reading the last “Message from God,” and was much blessed with the testimonies of the lads At the Front. God bless them, is my prayer, and save them before they enter eternity. Oh! when we think of the delusions that are preached out at the Front by some of the preachers! O God! stop their mouths! They are preaching souls to hell. Thank God, you have had such an honorable privilege to, preach and write against such errors. God bless your leaflets to the boys, and I pray that God will continue to touch the hearts of His people to send means to you to forward the Word of Truth to our dear lads, and to the French soldiers. ■Your loving brother in Christ. W. T.”

What think ye of Christ? This is the challenge to the world today. It rings from heaven clearly and distinctly-Goo’s summons to the human soul. It must be answered. “Whom say ye that I am?” The eyes of the ascended Son of God are looking down from heaven upon the world today■the world He lived in for three and thirty years■the world He died in, when on His Cross, “He Who knew no sin was made sin for us,” and where “He bore our sing in His own body on the tree.”

The Shadow of the Cross

The shadow of the Cross of Christ lies right athwart the world. It looms with its overwhelming significance over all the destinies of man. It is the center of the universe of God; it is the pivot on which all things turn for the good of man and for the glory of God.

It limits the pride of man, and brings all his glory to the dust. It stands as a monument 'twixt earth and heaven of the most tremendous tragedy the world has ever known its mighty mysteries the angels have desired to look into, and the majesty of the suffering it records is written in blood upon the earth, and before the throne of God in heaven.

Those who make light of the Cross and its sacrifice do so at the peril of their souls. There is no way to heaven but by Calvary. There is no Saviour but the One Who was crucified. It is our duty as Christians this year to be true to Christ. To denounce the lies that would make nothing of His atoning work, and say with the poet■

“Set up Thy standard, Lord, that we,
Who claim a heavenly birth,
May march with Thee to smite the lies
That vex Thy groaning earth.”

■T. H.

The best way to scatter this deadly darkness of unbelief that is spreading like a dread eclipse everywhere, is to let the light of God's Word into hearts and lives. Let every soldier and sailor have a Testament—and do it at once. I beseech you for Christ's sake to help us to fight this awful evil. Read the last page of this “Message” carefully and prayerfully. Dear friends, we have begun another year—probably the most eventful in the history of this country. We have had wonderful blessing in 1917; we shall have far more in 1918 if we work in the light of His second coming. He may be here any day, any moment—may we be found with ready tongues to answer the challenge of the Saviour, and be able to say with all our hearts: “Thou art the Christ the Son of the living God,” and may we be “like unto them that wait for their Lord.”

Yours for Christ's sake,

Heyman Wreford

A French Twenty Franc Note

A letter came to me today, which when I read it, moved me very much. It had come all the way from New Zealand, and it bore a message that cheered my soul. The writer says: ■

“Please find enclosed twenty franc note (fourteen shillings and eight-pence) for circulation of the Gospel message by Testament, or Gospel Tracts among the soldiers. My brother, who was in the New Zealand Field Ambulance, was recently killed in France. Just prior to his death, he gave this note to a comrade to change for him—a wish that God in His wisdom made it unnecessary to fulfill.

“As my brother was an earnest Christian, whole-heartedly engaged in seeking to win others to Christ on the battlefield, I feel that I shall be furthering the purpose of his heart and life in entrusting the money to you for the above object. No doubt you in England will have no difficulty in getting the note changed. ■Yours in the bond of Christ,

H. R.”

Will our Christian readers pray that a special blessing may rest on the distribution of these parcels. The twenty franc note is represented, so that my readers may see the gift for themselves.

A Guiding Light

There is a storm at sea. Eager eyes from the shore watch the incoming of the Lifeboat, full of rescued sailors. A sailor stands in the surf, the wild waves washing round his knees. In his left hand he has a lifebuoy with a line attached. In his right hand he holds aloft a lantern with a strong light coming from it and shining over the deep. The light is in front of him, hiding him, but revealing the danger on the sea and the path of safety to the shore. The man was hidden, and the light was seen! What a lesson for us! We are bound to exalt Christ, the Light of the World; let His light shine over the great deep of human sin, to guide poor wanderers home. Let His message ring out all over the world: "Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest." Like the great apostle, may we be able to say this year, "We preach not ourselves, but Christ Jesus the Lord." Then the Light that shines shall glorify our hearts, and "give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ."

His Lamp Am I

To shine where He shall say■
And lamps are not for sunny rooms,
Nor for the light of day,
But for dark places of the earth,
Where shame and wrong and crime have birth,
Or for the murky twilight gray,
Where wandering sheep have gone astray;
Or where the light of faith grows dim,
And souls are groping after Him.
And as sometimes a flame we find,
Clear-shining through the night;
So bright we do not see the lamp,
But only see the light,
So may I shine■His life the flame■
That men may glorify His Name.
Annie Johnston Flint

Abide with Me

The Rev. A. Bingham tells us that a young soldier was mortally wounded in one of the great battles. When he realized that he was dying, he began to sing:

“Abide with me, fast falls the eventide;

The darkness deepens; Lord with me abide;

Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes,

Shine through the gloom and point me to the skies;

Heaven’s morning breaks, and earth’s vain shadows flee;

In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.”

Far away from loved ones■far from home■wounded to the death, the soldier found in the love and presence of Jesus His Saviour and Friend, rest and peace. And his comrade in the Hospital remembered his dying song, and passed it on that it might become a message to many another when they came to die■

“In life■in death■O Lord, abide with me.”

Christ Alone

Dear Soldier, ■Believe me, it is not religion, nor Christianity, but Christ and Christ only, Who can save you. Who is Christ, you ask? Christ is the anointed Son of God Who gave Himself an offering for sin, instead of you, the sinner. Said a soldier to Mr. Varley, of the S.C.A.: "I want to be converted, how can I be?" "By coming to the Lord Jesus Christ." There is none other. "All power" is given unto Him to convert, regenerate or turn round the poor sinner■as you and I are■and make him a new creature by His own Spirit, the Holy Ghost. If you do not know Christ, you know nothing to save you. Religion cannot save you. Christianity cannot save, but Christ, the blessed Saviour, can and will, if you will only "Come." Come and ask Him now. Do as Dr. H■did. When he was a young man, his eye having caught that text in John 6:37: "Him that cometh unto Me, I will in no wise cast out," he says: "I flung myself on my knees, and cried, 'O, Christ, I come to Thee,' and fifty-years have passed since then, and no one has been able to pluck me out of His hand." Dear friend, soldier, or sailor, or citizen, no one can pluck you out of His hand■the hand of the Lord Jesus Christ■if only you come. Oh! come quickly to Him whilst there is time■ere it be too late.

Emily P. Leakey

A Treasured Testament

Extracts of letters from Miss A. A. L■.

Extracts from a letter, Pte. F. P., France:— “You will wonder what has happened to me not writing. I have-been transferred to a fighting regiment, and have been in action, and carried out with shell-shock, with which I am dumb, but with our Father’s help, I am hoping to regain my lost speech. I have lost one thing I treasured, and that is my pocket Testament. Will you ask dear Dr. Wreford to send me one, and send my kindest regards to him?”

I am sure the readers of “The Message” will be interested to read a short extract from this soldier’s letters.

“You are right, if we can’t meet on earth, we will meet in our Saviour’s promised land. I am pleased to say I am learning the way to truth, and right, and how to be a Christian servant of God. It is just as Jesus said: ‘Suffer little children to come unto Me.’ So I am coming, — coming to be one of God’s children.”

Incidents of the War

“We will not make the great mistake of thinking that his dear soul was saved just because he died bravely and rightly. That is not the Bible’s teaching. There is only one death that saves our sinful souls; it is the death of Jesus. The happy ones in heaven, we read (Rev. 7:14) have “washed their robes in the blood of the Lamb,” not in their own blood. They are forgiven and welcomed by the holy God, only because His Son bore their sins on the Cross, and they looked unto Him and were saved.” ■Bishop of Durham, in a letter of comfort to a sorrow-stricken friend.

“I am sure the Word of God is the good old way that will certainly bring me to my Father’s house.” ■Bishop Beveridge.

His God, His Mother and His Girl

“One New Zealander came and walked up and down the deck with me,” says the writer. “We had a quiet talk together. He is a devout Christian man. He told me a touching story of one of his officers who had been shot on the Peninsula.” This officer had gone out with a party of men at night to a listening post on “No Man’s Land” between the two lines of trenches. Suddenly the Turks had turned on a machine-gun and had brought down the whole lot.

The next day four of these could be seen lying in the sun, wounded, and although their comrades tried to effect a rescue, nothing could be done. Snipers kept up an incessant ger by day, and at night the enemy shelled continuously.

“Three days went by before our fellows were able to secure the ground, and by then they were all dead. Three of them had crawled close together, and the lieutenant had got in his left hand a couple of photos■one of his mother, the other probably that of his fiancée! In his right was his pocket Bible, open at the twenty-third Psalm. He had evidently been reading it to his comrades. His thumb was gripped tightly at the verse■ ‘Though I pass through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me.’ It’s just what he would do. He was a fine Christian man, sir.”

A good testimony, wasn’t it?

“It’s a Terrible Job, but it Must be Done”

A dear Christian sends me the following incident in a letter: ■

“A nice young fellow whom I met in the train. He got into my compartment at Lancaster, his mother and sister, wife and child all giving him a last, tearful farewell. He then fell back on his seat and covered his eyes for a few minutes and said to me: ‘It’s a terrible-job, but it must be done.’ I found he had been fifteen months at the Front■had been over the top twice, and got safely back. He was, most respectful when I told him of the one great death that alone can save the sinner who trusts it■the death of Jesus. I promised to sends him a Testament.

“I trust you are now keeping better, and that you are still able to carry on your noble work for Christ. ■T. R.”

Blind for Ten Days

Private I. W. B. writes to me and says:

“Dear Doctor, ■ Just a line to let you know I have not forgotten your kindness in writing to me while I was in France. Well sir, the reason I have not written you for such a long while is because I have been in Hospital. I was gassed on July 31st and have been in Hospital until September 29th I have had a very trying time of it ■ the gas affected my eyesight, and that kept me from writing. I was blind for ten days, and it was awful, sir, but then I remembered that Christ gave sight to the blind, and although I could not read my Testament, yet, thank God, He has given us the great privilege of praying, and that is what I did, and I have my sight back. I am at present awaiting my discharge, and then I shall be able to carry on with the good work. I feel more than ever what a wonderful Saviour ours is, and how He keeps His promises to us, although we often break ours to Him, He has kept me in quiet times, and through a year of danger and bloodshed. He has kept me, and now I shall work in a humble way to try and repay His goodness to me. I must close now, sir. ■ I remain your brother more than ever in the Master’s work, Pte. I. W. B.

Pte. W. G. writes: ■

Dear Sir, ■ May I thank you for your book “How can I be saved?” ■ It shows one so plainly how we can be saved. It has helped me also, as I have been reading it, to see my Saviour more clearly as my own personal Saviour, and by His help and guidance I hope to do more for Him, in helping others to know the same Saviour in the future than I have in the past.”

The Soldier's Dying Message

Out on the battlefield a soldier lad is dying. He says to his comrade ere he dies, "Tell them at home I died for England with a good heart." His friend came back to England with the dead soldier's message. When he reached London it was late at night, and as he walked along by Piccadilly and Trafalgar Square, and saw the theaters and music-halls pouring out their thousands; as he watched the open sin of the streets, and heard the laughter of the pleasure-seekers, his thoughts went back to the battlefield stained with his comrade's blood, and it seemed to him as if that blood cried out for vengeance on those who cared nothing for his sacrifice, but only for their wantonness and sin. He could not give the message. Was this the England his comrade had died for with a glad heart?

Yes, the willing blood, shed on a hundred battlefields the blood of our nearest and dearest will rend the heavens, and call on God to witness against the heartlessness of those who live in such a way while others die. "The Daily Telegraph," speaks of an officer, whose dying words were:

"I am dying for a country that will forget me in a few months." The valor of the English may be seen on every battlefield, but the shame of England, at this time of War, will leave an indelible stain, that blood and tears will never wash away.

The Father's Quest

At the time of the American Civil War, the report of a battle with heavy losses came to hand. A Quaker named John Hartman, went immediately to headquarters, and asked, "Has my son, John Hartman, answered to his name?" "No," was the reply "he must be on the field among the wounded." The old man went with a lantern over the stricken field, looking into face after face to try and discover his son. Suddenly the wind blew out the light in the lantern, and he could see no more. But undaunted, he cried out, "John Hartman, it is your father! it is your father!" "One wounded soldier moaned aloud, "Oh, my God, that it were my father!" Still the old man pursued his sorrowing task, shouting, "John Hartman, it is your father seeks you." At last there came a faint response "Here, father, here." His son, sorely wounded, lay on the ground. The father stooped over him, lifted him, and carried him to a hospital. And today John Hartman lives to tell the story of his rescue. The Good Shepherd is seeking for His lost, wounded ones on the battlefield of life, calling them to their Father. God grant that they may respond to His call.

Heaven in His Face

The Rev. R. M. H■. says of a wounded man in a Hospital at Cambridge: "He has ten shrapnel wounds in his legs, but he has heaven in his face."

Any soldier or sailor who wants a Testament to fit his pocket, can have one by writing to Dr. Heyman Wreford, The Firs, Denmark Road, Exeter.

We can scarcely realize the importance of the work among the French and English soldiers now. As I said before, France can be evangelized today through her soldiers. About one hundred and seventy French soldiers are sending every day for Testaments. The opportunity, if we let it slip, may never come again. Our responsibility is great indeed. With your help, I will go on sending more and more Testaments, and we will pray as we send. May our hearts be indeed rejoiced at the commencement of the year by your loving response to my appeal.

Heyman Wreford

Please read prayerfully the last page.

“Give Me One to Take up the Line”

A driver from Salonica writes: ■

“May I thank you very much for the parcel of New Testaments and Tracts which have arrived safely? I hadn’t opened the parcel five minutes when the boys swarmed around me, saying, “Give me one to take with me. I am just going up the line, give me one. Now I have only one or two left. I told each one that if they were in need of a friend to look to Jesus. ■E. P.”

From Private H. T. D., Salonica

Dear Dr. Wreford, ■

"I now take this opportunity of thanking you kindly for parcel of Testaments received safely last week. My dear wife wrote you for them, as letters from here are limited. I shall always be delighted to receive more Gospels and Testaments, as the need is great for the Word out here. You will be pleased to know we have some grand times on the Lord's Day at the Y.M.C.A. tent, and I am sure it would do those in the dear Homeland good to see us out here in Macedonia.

I ask for your prayers, please, for those of us here who maintain allegiance to the Lord. Really it is uphill work all the time for a Christian, but our colors are nailed to the mast. We stand for Christ and His word, fully realizing that we are not alone. Never before have realized the power of prayer so much as I do now, when I am far from my loved ones. It is a great comfort to know prayer is answered, and that they are safe in His keeping.

With every good wish-praying that God will greatly bless you in your noble work for Him. —Yours in His service, H. T. D."

The Bible Class in the Dug Out

“Last Friday,” wrote home one man from the Front, “we had a Bible-class in a dug-out not one hundred and fifty yards from the Germans! I had given to the men several copies of the Active Service Testament. The men had stuck their bayonets in the sandbags forming the wall, and then placed a candle in the flat end of the blade for light.

“Of course, we could not sing, lest we should betray ourselves, but we read parts of the Testament, then prayed, and then discussed what had been read. More than once German bullets from machine-guns pattered against the parapet so hard that we could not hear what was said. But yet the men were all keen on the meeting, and they look forward to those nights with pleasure. Several who had no Testaments asked me if I could procure copies for them.” “Sunday at Home.”

A Grateful Letter

A Private in the East Yorks Regiment sends me the following letter: —

Dear Sir, ■I am writing these few lines on behalf of the men in my company who have received Testaments from you, and they are all delighted with them, and asked me to thank you very much for them. Will you be kind enough to send me a few more post-cards to enable me to give them out to the remainder of the men who have not a Testament in my company. You are doing wonderful work amongst the troops cut here, and I cannot tell you how much the men appreciate your glorious work and often talk about you. Only the other day one of the worst characters in my company asked me how we got these Testaments, so I showed him one of your post-cards, and he asked me if I would write to you for one, so I filled in the post-card for him, and I sent it to you. Well, I think this is all this time, hoping to bear from you soon. —Your friend. Pte. G. D.■”

The Diary of a Soul

By the Editor

The Presence of Christ

NOT long after the War commenced, I was preaching in a theater at Southall one Sunday evening. We had a large audience, and towards the end of a solemn service, I saw a gentleman rise from his seat and leave the theater. In a short time he came back again, leaving only when the meeting ended. He left the following note written in pencil on the seat he had occupied: "God bless you, Dr. Wreford. I have been brought into the presence of Christ tonight, God bless you." I have never, seen him since, but I trust. I shall one day meet him with Christ forever.

We can never be saved unless we are brought into the presence of Christ. Every saved sinner has had to do individually with Christ. We can never come to the Father but by Christ. "No man cometh unto the, Father but by Me."

The following letter shows what the presence of Jesus means to a soldier at the Front: ■

THE PRESENCE OF JESUS

Sergeant-Major Mode tells about a lad brought up in a Sunday school. He had had the best mother in the world, he said, but she was dead. He was sure she was gone to heaven. "Four days ago," says the Sergeant-Major, "his home call came. Inside his pay-book was found an envelope from his wife, and he had written, the following while in the trenches: ■

"Jesus! the name that charms my fears,

That bids my sorrows cease;

'Tis music in the sinner's ears,

'Tis life, and health and peace.

"He breaks the power of canceled sin,

He sets the prisoners free;

His blood can make the foulest clean,

His blood avails for me."

That was the last he was known to write.

And this is the record of the triumph of the saintly Bellett as he neared the presence of Christ in heaven: ■

"MY PRECIOUS LORD JESUS"

Clasping his thin hands together, while tears flowed down his face, he said "My precious Lord Jesus, Thou knowest how frilly I can say, with Paul, 'To depart and to be with Thee, which is far better.' Oh! how far better! I do long for it! They come and talk to me of a crown of glory. I bid them

cease. Of the glories of heaven! I bid them stop. I am not wanting crowns; I have Himself, Himself! I am, going to be with Himself! Ah! with the Man of Sychar: with Him Who stayed to call Zaccheus; with the Man of the eighth of. John; with the Man Who hung upon the cross; with the Man Who died! I am going to be with Him forever! I am going to exchange this sad, sad scene which cast, Him out, for His presence!”

Our First Letter of the New Year

We were much grieved at the great delay in the production of the December "Message from God" owing to the illness of the printers. We feared that it would seriously affect the Christmas giving of our friends towards our Testament fund. But the first letter we opened on January 1st encouraged us in our belief that God would overrule everything for our blessing. The letter came froth a dear friend in New Zealand, and this was the message he sent:—

"Dear Brother in the Lord Jesus,

"I was thinking of your work among the boys at the Front and in camp, etc. I made out a money order form to send you five pounds; then I felt the Lord leading me to make it ten pounds; so suppose you must be in need of the ten pounds. Please accept the same for sending Pocket Testaments to the lads and men at the Front, or to any returning in need of same. The entrance of God's Word giveth light. We are praying that many thousands may be saved through reading God's precious word. May God continue to own and bless your labor for Him; your work is for eternity, and you are serving a Good Master. (1 Cor. 15:58.) ■Yours in Him, through grace, E. M."

A New Year's Motto

A dear friend sent me the following beautiful lines for the new year: ■

I asked the new year for some motto sweet■

Some rule of life by which to guide my feet;

I asked and paused—it answered soft and low,

“God’s will to know.”

Will knowledge then suffice? I then replied;

But ere the question into silence died,

The answer came— “Nay, this remember too,

God’s will to do.”

Once more I asked, “Is there still more to tell?”

And once again the answer sweetly fell,

“Yea, this one thing all other things above,

God’s will to love.”

— Anon.

To the Bereaved

“Weep not! or weep as those, whose hope
Is stronger than their sorrow;
Tonight our loved and loving sleep,
But Christ will bring them home tomorrow.”

“She had found her resting-place in the promises of God.”

“He feared men so little because he feared God so much.”

■ Under the bust of John Lawrence in Westminster Abbey.

Life in Death

“Well, Jennings, so you have buried the poor fellow that died the other day?”

“Yes, sir, he’s buried, and a solemn time it was. I felt it very deeply.”

The last speaker was a powerfully built man, whose bronzed face told its own tale. He had been a sailor, and was now a coast-guardsmen. As he spoke there was a trembling of the voice, which coupled with a tear, hastily brushed away by his horny hand, revealed a kind heart. “Were all the men at the funeral?”

“All that could be spared from the different stations within reach were there, sir.”

“Where was he buried?”

“In the old cemetery; we all marched there. The men felt his death very keenly. We all liked poor Bill. The service was very solemn, and I wondered who would be next. As we came out of the cemetery; my mate, who was walking with me, said to me, ‘What wonderful words we’ve heard, In the midst of life we are in death!’ ‘I know something better than that,’ said I. ‘What are they?’ Said he, looking astonished. ‘Why, in the midst of death we are in life!’”

“I suppose he was still more astonished, Jennings?”

“That he was, sir, and I told him what a real thing eternal life was, and, though the poor sinner might be surrounded with death, yet, believing in Jesus, he had life.”

“It must have struck him forcibly.”

“I believe it did, and I am looking to God to teach him the truth of it.”

Good old Jennings, he little knew the way God would take to teach this lesson.

Not long after this we were alarmed by hearing that Jennings had met with a bad accident, and lay dangerously ill. I hurried to see him. He was in bed and in great distress. He told me how he was hurt.

He said “There was no moon last night, and as I came away from the boat-house after making my report, I hurried up the hill, and as I got into the Chine Road, under the trees, I could hardly see my hand before my face. I had got about half-way along the road, and as I was walking on the edge of the raised path, my foot slipped. In a moment I was down. The distance was not very great but, in falling, the muzzle of my pistol struck on the curb of the high path, and the butt struck right up under my ribs, and seemed to strike my heart.”

“Poor fellow, that must have hurt you terribly.”

“It certainly did, and although after I had a little sleep, I was able to go down and do my morning duty, I got so bad in the after part of the day that I fainted, and was obliged to be helped home, and

here I am, helpless, and every now and again feeling as if rats were pulling the strings of my heart, and gnawing my inside.”

After praying with him I left. I did not realize how ill the poor man was. The next day I was sent for, and on arriving at the house found his poor wife weeping bitterly.

“Oh, he is going to die,” she said.

After trying to comfort her, I went to his room. One of his comrades was there helping to nurse him. A look at my friend’s face showed me that death was written there. Oh, how changed in a few brief hours! He recognized me, and held out his hand.

“Glad you have come. I am going home fast,” he said. “Jennings, do you remember your words the other day?” For a little he could not answer, a paroxysm of pain shook his strong frame. As soon as it was passed he smiled, and said slowly: “In the midst of death we are in life.”

“Tell me, dear Jennings, is it real to you now?”

I shall never forget his reply.

“In awful agony! awful agony! but in deepest joy! It is all right with Him,” and he reverently pointed up. Again his body was torn with anguish, and the sweat fell from his brow through his suffering. Seeing his poor wife weeping, he said: “Don’t cry, Liz, God will take care of you. Come here give your heart to Jesus. Promise me you will join me up there.”

The poor wife sobbed out “I will.” He smiled, and gave her a look of earnest love.

A number of fellow-workmen gathered in his room to take a farewell.

Holding out a hand to each, he drew them in turn to him, and looked on them long and, lovingly, and said, “O friends do get hold of my Saviour, do trust in Jesus. Shall I meet you up there? Remember, Jesus says, ‘Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out.’ It might have been your lot to have been laid down like this, but thank God, I am ready.”

The scene and the words spoken will never pass from my memory. Strong men bowed their heads and wept like children.

After a while Jennings motioned me to kneel. I earnestly pleaded that God would save his wife, provide for her and the children, and save these dear friends, and give a quick and happy release to His suffering child.

For a time there was silence, broken only by the sobs of one man, and half suppressed groans from the poor sufferer. Then taking his hand once more I said, “Good-bye, dear Jennings, you are in His hands.”

“Aye, forever,” he replied.

As I left the room, I took a last look he smiled and pointed up.

A few brief hours and he was “Absent from the body; present with the Lord.”

There was a large gathering at the funeral. The service was very solemn and heart-searching.

One read the Scripture, "O death where is thy sting? O grave where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin; and the strength of sin is the law. But thanks be to God Who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." (1 Cor. 15:55-57.)

Then an earnest preacher pointed to the coffin, covered with the Union Jack, and said: "The mightiest nation on earth might well hesitate to fire a shot at that coffin, for the might and power of England would rise to protect the honor of the flag which covers it; and friends a poor sinner covered by the banner of God ■ 'His banner over me is love' ■ is safe, though all the powers of hell and earth combine against him. God protects the honor of His flag, and shelters all beneath it."

Have you trusted the blood of Jesus?

Are you under God's banner?

If so, "If God be for us, who can be against us?" (Rom. 8:31.), Reader, can you say, "In the midst of death I am in life? "If not, there is a gracious, loving Saviour, Who says, "I give.... eternal life." (John 10:28.) Will you have it? May you claim this amazing gift; it is freely offered to you without money or without price. ■ H. L.

A Water Seller in the East

In the East water is often very needful, and very difficult to obtain, so the water-seller is welcomed, and for a trifling sum he supplies the water from the carrier on his back. Our blessed Lord gives us the “water of life,” “without money and “without price.”

Some One is Coming

Someone is coming! An event of the most tremendous importance will soon take place. The glory of the approaching advent of the coming One is shining over the world today. The mighty power of the Holy Spirit is swaying the hearts of millions. Over all the world God is gathering out His own.

It is the last Gospel call, I firmly believe before Christ comes. There is a hush, and a rapture, and an expectancy. Even this great War is being used in a way many little dream of to bring sinners to the Saviour. Why do we not use more the splendid opportunity given to us now to evangelize the nations through the soldiers? Oh! if we only knew the deep longing in the hearts of the soldiers for the Word of God! O friends! why should only one in five of these dear men have a Testament? What a fearful indictment against our Christianity this is!

Do you not feel the importance of doing all that lies in your power to ensure that every soldier and sailor shall have a Testament? The world's great need is the Word of God. A soldier in Palestine writes, saying: "We have no Testaments, and we lack all external means of grace." We have sent some Testaments at once. Another soldier writes home: "One to whom I gave a Testament has been killed at the Front in Flanders, leaving a widow and one child; the wife told me how he prized the little Testament, and made blessed use of it to her comfort in remembrance."

Peace, Perfect Peace

A Letter Sent to Miss A. A. L —.

I have received the kind permission of W. H. C.'s parents to write a brief account of their beloved son (for Dr. Wreford), who died of wounds in France, October, 1917, only nineteen years and three months old. He had only been out there about five months. His mother writes: ■

“Perhaps it might be the means of comforting others.”

She refers to her precious boy's last, letter, written the day before he was wounded, and continues:

“I can assure you, it has been a great comfort to us, knowing that even when surrounded by the horrors of War, his mind was kept calm, trusting in the Saviour. A shell burst, and rendered him unconscious from which he never recovered, but died a few hours afterward... The shortest letter the dear one has ever written to us, but oh, what a lot it contains I... I can assure you, it has been a great comfort to us. I have written an exact copy of it, thinking perhaps you might like to have it.”

“My Dearest Parents, Monday

“I am enjoying a sweet peace that no one can understand save the children of God.

He is with me and I am perfectly happy, and my soul is at rest because I know that He is mine.”

Your ever-loving son,

Willie

The Long Well at Errington

It is Lord's Day morning. The snow has been falling heavily, and the park-like fields around the Vicarage at Ebrington, where I am the guest of the good Vicar and his wife, are white with their fleecy covering. In the near distance, the Cotswold hills are putting on their beautiful robes of white. Between the trees the gray tower of the Church is seen, and dotted here and there, the village homes—charming thatched cottages—the beauty of the countryside.

This is an old-world village of about five hundred inhabitants, with a delightful winding street, and the cottage homes with their gardens bright with flowers in summer, tucked away in restful corners. The old frequented paths have been worn by the long generations of the past, that have left their impress upon the present. Scarcely anything speaks of change. Standing amid the peaceful calm of these quiet homes and by-ways, we can fancy ourselves living centuries ago. The pleasant pasture lands are the same, the charm of cattle-grazing and the country sights and sounds, the music of birds, the ringing of the bells, and the wealth of nature's sweetest gifts bestowed, are all unaltered.

And in these cottage homes the story is still the same—a son, or a brother, or a husband gone to the War. Some alas! never to return. The mother with the sun bonnet in our picture told me her son was on the Eastern Front. He spoke in his letters of the heat of the climate—often too hot to sit down, the water too warm to drink almost. He told his mother how he longed for a drink of the cool water in the “Long Well” of his village home in, Ebrington. In the picture you can see the “Long Well,” with the mother standing by it—a well that for centuries has supplied the village with water for man and beast. We hope her son may soon be home again to drink the water he longs for now, and I trust he has drunk of the “water of life.” His longing, reminds us of the time when David was in the cave Adullam. In exile there he longed for a drink of water from the well that was by the gate of Bethlehem, his village home, where he lived as a boy, and often quenched his thirst at its waters. Three of his mighty men of war fought their way through the host of the Philistines that guarded the well, and brought the water back for David to drink. He prized their love and devotion too much to drink the water procured at such a price—so he poured it out unto the Lord.

Our blessed Lord thirsted upon the Cross in order that by His death and resurrection He might be able to give us the “Water of Life” freely. If we drink this water Jesus gives, we shall never thirst again.

Read John 4.

Incidents of the War

A Private writes “From what I hear, Christian soldiers are badly needed in the Army, especially when the preachers tell the poor lads that they will go to heaven if they die on the field of battle. Ah! no, we know better. It cost our Saviour too much in His dying on Calvary for sinners to enter heaven by their own merits.”

“TELL, MY WIFE I AM READY”

The Rev. T. N. Tattersall speaks of a chat he had with Private Downs, of the Welsh Regiment, Whom he found in Hospital recovering from a wound. He related how he had lost his chum. They were sharing a dug-out together, and had agreed, should either fall, to write, home the terrible news. His friend said: “You will tell my wife I am ready, that to “God I have given my, trust.” Just before he fell he sang “Jesus is tenderly calling, thee home.” Little did he realize how near was his own call. A bullet struck him in the head.

Cried Like a Child

A Chaplain says: "I have been round to write for those who are too ill to do it for themselves.

"One poor fellow-a Scotch sergeant, who had had a heatstroke, dictated to me what he wanted put down, and when it got to the stage of sending his love to his four little children, he broke down completely and cried like a child himself. I couldn't comfort him at all."■Padre.

A Swarm of Locusts

A soldier from Ebrington, Pte. B■., has sent home from the Holy Land to his parent the following photograph of a swarm of locusts. If you look well and closely at the picture, you will see swarms of these insects on the ground. They fly in such multitudes that often they darken the light of the sun. Where they pitch they destroy everything — a prosperous, fertile country becomes a barren desert if the insects are not destroyed. A lady who has traveled a great deal, tells me that trains are often stopped by swarms of locusts, which pile themselves in heaps on the railway tracks, and the wheels of the engine are made so slippery by the crushing of them that it cannot move.

What a picture, my reader, of what sin does in the human heart! It eats up every good thought and desire, and spoils the whole life. You must know that your drunkenness and blasphemy, and immorality is destroying every good impulse that you ever had. The only way these Eastern people can save their crops is to destroy the locusts that devour them. This they endeavor by every means to do. The only way for you, a sinner, to save your soul, is to have your sins taken from you. The only One Who can do that is the Lord Jesus. “He bore the sins of those who believe in Him in His own body on the tree.” To be freed from sin, and to be saved from its results, you must “Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world,” and you must “Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.”

A Lost Testament

“Ah! but I got another, it was given me when I lost all my things except my watch—given me by a dear comrade soldier, who loves God, and who loved my soul, too.” This was told me today (December 5th) by his dear, motherly friend with whom he had lived for twenty years before he went to the Front. He came back wounded in both legs, and other places, but full of praise to God for his merciful preservation from death■ “and,” said my friend, “the Testament he lost was one of yours (i.e., Dr. Wreford’s),” and the one that was given him so kindly by his comrade■who had two■was also one that we have sent to France to our dear soldier. Another thing told us was how grieved he was when the platoon had the privilege of Holy Communion■only one soldier beside himself attended. It grieved his heart that so many did not care to “this do in remembrance of Me.”

Emily P. Leakey

“Jesus, Lover of My Soul”

A soldier sends the following from the Front: ■

“We sang ‘Jesus, lover of my soul’! How I love that hymn! Many a time as we walked up the ruined way to the trenches have I sung it, just softly inside. Nobody realizes the meaning of ‘Cover my defenseless head’ like the boy marching with bullets ‘pinging’ overhead! Then speculation goes by the board, and the small doubts disappear in the magnitude of realizing that there is nothing in the whole world to assist or protect, save faith in a loving God. Then it is that one realizes the great defenselessness, and the fact that there is ‘no other cover.’”

From British Fort, Khartoum, Sudan

A Gunner writes: ■ “Just a few lines to thank you for your Testament I am very glad to say I am a Christian. I have found the Lord a great help to me out in this trying place. I have been converted three years, and have spent a happy time in His service, and trust by His grace, to always serve Him faithfully. We have a little tent out here in which we hold our meetings.... Dear sir, I am glad of the interest you have shown in me by writing, although I don't know how you got to know me, but I believe God's hand is in it; thank you for the tracts and booklets. I should like a few more tracts to give away, and I should like to hear from you again. I think your straight 'Message' truth very good indeed. May the Lord bless your efforts to carry on His good work for Christ's sake. I am enclosing a small photo, hoping you will like it. The cloth which you see on the back of the helmet is a protector from the sun, as the rays are very strong here, and a lot of men have suffered with 'Heat stroke,' and there have also been some deaths. ■Yours in Christ, Gunner W —.”

The Diary of a Soul

By the Editor.

Killed

I AM holding in my hand as I write, a returned envelope. It had contained a Testament we had sent to a Belgian soldier. He had filled in the post-card — and we had sent him the Testament, but it arrived too late. On the returned envelope is written in French “Killed.” Thank God we are not always too late; but we feel, dear soldiers and sailors, how important it is for you to send at once, if you have not a Testament. This notice is for you.

“Have You Heard the Earth Crying?”

Stephen Graham, in his book, “Russia and the World,” tells of a Russian who asked him the question: “Have you heard the earth crying?” Mr. Graham asked him what he meant. He replied:

“Why, I’ve heard her crying. As I lay in the grass, with my ear to the ground, I heard her. Like this—oo-m, oo-m, oo-m. It was the time the soldiers were being mobilized, and women were sobbing in every cottage and at every turning in the road, so it may only have been that I heard. But it seemed to me that the earth herself was crying, so gently, so sadly, that my own heart ached.”

And Mr. Graham said: “I understood what he meant. One night in September, when I saw the first big, moist, yellow leaves come down on the wind, a thought whispered itself to my heart—the soldiers are dying! As I lay abed, long, after midnight, and listened to the moaning wind, I thought, what many will think this autumn—the leaves are falling, falling-and away, far away on the battlefield, the soldiers are dying, dying.”

Yes, they are dying, dying; their wounded bodies forming, a bulwark between their nation and the foe. Dying; and some of them unprepared for death. A Sergeant writes me of one of his men who was wounded; who said to his chum: “I don’t want to die yet. I am not prepared to meet my God.” The Sergeant continues:—

“This fact only came to my knowledge today, but it has aroused in me a sense of my responsibilities. Hitherto, it has been a word here and there, as opportunity offered, but now it is impressed upon me that something more active is necessary. If you could send me a parcel of your publications, I should be deeply grateful, and if you could include a few Testaments, I will see that they are well distributed... We are a small company, about one hundred strong, and do not get the services of a Chaplain. I should like to do something for my King and Saviour, and if, you can help me in this way, you will greatly oblige. ■Yours sincerely in Christ, Arthur S. Butcher, Sgt. R.E.”

Yes, the earth is crying to God now, for men are dying—dying—and the immortal souls of tens of thousands are passing into eternity. They want the Word of the living God. A soldier writes from the Royal Flying Corps: ■

“Dear Sir, ■You were kind to send me a pocket Testament a few days ago, for which I thank you. Since then I have been chatting with the men here, and find that there are only about seven out of a few hundred who possess a Testament, and I have promised to supply their wants through your generosity; therefore I should be glad if you would send me a parcel of, say, one hundred, for me to distribute with further supply if needed—the men are anxious to do right, ■

L. T. W. G.■”

The Earth and the Soul

The earth is crying as it bears its load of death—the manhood of nations lying cold and still upon it. And the souls are crying all over the battlefields today—motherless, wifeless, homeless, face to face with eternity. Do you not feel the burden of these souls upon you; precious souls, never dying souls? Oft in the night I hear the voices from the scenes of war. I see the wounded lying, and I hear their voices calling, and they want the Lord Jesus—the Saviour of the world.

The Burden of Souls

When I was a lad of sixteen, many, many years ago now, I read in a book written about China, that in that vast empire, at every tick of the clock, a soul passed into eternity. The burden of these never-dying souls rested as an intolerable burden on my own soul. I cried weeping to God, over and over again, out of my aching heart, to let me go and tell those dying millions of the Saviour. It was not to be. God had Work for me at home, but I can never forget the soul-agony that was mine in those anxious days. And have we not had the same feelings today, as we think of the awful slaughter of the battlefields? Thousands of immortal souls passing from those scenes of carnage into eternity every day. And the value of each soul is more than the universe; the quenching of the light of life in those brave eyes is of more importance than the darkening of the sun would be; and the silencing of those heroic hearts by death of more account than stilling the music of creation. This is true of every soul, but it seems to have an added significance as we read the death roll of millions.

Oh! thank God for Christ, the personal Christ, upon the battlefield. Thousands of dying eyes see Christ, and, thousands of dying lips confess Him. "Come unto Me," says Jesus, and they answer, "O Lamb of God, I come." Yes, mother's prayers are answered where brave men die. The Word of God is precious, and the dying lips repeat the invitations and the promises of God.

Oh! let us pray as we never prayed before, that a time of wonderful blessing may be given to our soldiers and sailors now. That the Testament given may be read and re-read; and that the songs of Zion may ring out from thousands of hearts and lips. This is the Christian soldier's marching song to heaven: ■

"Alleluia! Sing to Jesus!

His the scepter; His the throne;

Alleluia! His the triumph,

His the victory alone.

Hark, the songs of holy Zion

Thunder like a mighty flood;

'Jesus out of every nation,

Hath redeemed us by His blood!'"

Lance Corporal Roberts, 1st King's Liverpool Regiment

I called to see our friend in the Ward 2A, of King George's Hospital, Stamford Street, Blackfriars. He has been severely wounded. He sends this message to his friends: "Soldier Comrade, I am writing this letter to you from hospital, where I am just getting better from wounds received at Cambrai. I was hit in the head and shoulder, and lost the use of my arm and leg; also my speech and memory; but can now praise God that I am almost restored, and having got speech and memory, I can also use my legs, and now am waiting the time coming when I shall be able to use my, right arm. Christian comrade, join me in prayer for this. Unsaved comrade, pray for yourself that when you are called upon to be as near the valley of the shadow of death as I have been you may be ready to meet Jesus if He calls you to join Him up higher."

Letter From “One of the Missing”

Those who read the beautiful article “The Night Before the Battle,” in December “Message from God,” will remember that three out of the five who had that meeting in the shell-hole before the battle were reported “missing.” It was feared they were killed or taken prisoners.

I have just received a letter from one of the three Private W. Dines, 17th Middlesex Regiment, written from the Auxiliary Hospital, 9, Cedars Road, Clapham Common, London, S.W. 4. I give it to you to read for yourselves—it seemed to me such a wonderful sequel to that pathetic meeting. This is the letter: ■

“Sir, — I hope you will excuse my writing to you, but after being a prisoner of war in Germany since last April, I was repatriated, and sent to the 1st London General Hospital. While there, a comrade in another ward gave me a December ‘Message from God.’ The incident that interested me very much was ‘The Night Before the Battle,’ on the Scarp, which describes the meeting of five Christian soldiers of the 17th Middlesex Regiment in a shell-hole the night before the battle. I happen to be one of the missing men—badly wounded and taken prisoner—but, thanks be to God, still alive and rejoicing in the love of Jesus. I had my right-leg taken off in Germany, and have had to have another operation over here owing to the bad way I was operated on. Still, thank God, I am back in the dear old homeland once more. I prefer to draw a veil over my treatment in Germany. If it were not for the parcels from England, I doubt if any of us would have lived to come back. Should this be inserted in ‘Message from God,’ I should like to send Christian greetings to all comrades in His service. I should also like to get into communication with Private Bishop; who wrote the incident. I hope you will excuse my occupying your time, but I thought you would like to hear from another one of the five who was at the meeting in a shell-hole, seeking God’s help and strength for the morning (of battle). ■Yours in Christian bonds, Pte. W. Dines.

“P.S.■Please excuse pencil and writing, as I have only just got up from the operation.”

Question and Answer

A few years ago, on visiting Plymouth, I was asked to call—by a retired Major in the Isle of Wight—upon a brother officer, Colonel Rimmington, who had been two years in bed with a dislocated hip.

After viewing his helpless condition, and introducing myself as a fellow-Christian, I asked him the following question: “As you lie upon this bed in weakness and loneliness, what is the character of the truth ministered to your soul by the Holy Spirit, that affords you the greatest amount of spiritual nourishment?”

Lifting his eyes to heaven, he cried with a loud voice:

“Jesus my Lord! I never can tell,

What it has cost Thee to save me from hell!

“If I say that once, I say it one hundred times a day!”

I told an old woman about Colonel Rimmington, and what he repeated one hundred times a day.... The old lady broke in with the remark “I expect, sir, that he had been a great sinner!”

“Not so great a sinner as I have been,” I replied.

Who, reader, is to determine whether our sins are great or otherwise?

I think it is the party sinned against, and that party is God. If anyone, had injured you very much, ailed another remarked that you had not been injured much, you would think that you would know best, being the party injured!

The Psalmist said when convicted: “I have sinned against the Lord,” and “Against Thee and Thee only have I sinned.”

All sin is an arrow aimed at God.

It would tear God from His throne.

Sin is an infinite evil, because committed against infinite love, infinite goodness, infinite holiness, infinite justice.

As John Bunyan said when dying: “Sin is the dare of His justice, the rape of His mercy, the jeer of His patience, and the contempt of His love.”

“Sin being infinitely evil and odious, it is proper and suitable that God should hate it infinitely, and be an infinite enemy to it. If infinite hatred of sin be suitable to the Divine character, then the expressions of such hatred are also suitable to His character.”

“Sin is the most expensive thing in the universe pardoned or unforgiven. Pardoned, its cost falls on the atoning victim; unforgiven, it must forever rest upon the impenitent soul.”

But, some reader says, do I not remember a verse of an old hymn: ■

“The guilt of twice ten thousand sins

One moment takes away!

And when the fight of faith begins

Our strength is as our day.”

And that verse is sound divinity.

It is blessedly possible by one look of faith to the crucified Saviour to be loosed forever■in one moment of time■from the accumulated life load of sin. Try it, young man! Try it old sinner! Take up the language of a truly contrite and repentant sinner of long ago, who — advancing the very greatness of his sin as a reason why God should forgive him, said: “Pardon mine iniquity, for it is great.”

You will then never tire of saying: ■

“Jesus my Lord, I never can tell

What it has cost Thee to save ME from Hell!”

R. M. Holman.

Sam, Second Lieutenant Irish Guards

August 23rd 1898—September 9th 1917.

Son of Robert Vesey Stoney, Rosturk Castle, Westport, Ireland.

IN a quiet room in the west of Ireland, a lady knelt in prayer asking God for a son, like Hannah of Old, and vowing that she would lend him to the Lord as long as he lived. She rose from her knees with the assurance that her petition was granted; and when a year later the little son was born, the grateful parents named him Samuel, "Asked of God."

The child grew sunny, bright and happy, a peculiarly roving' and lovable disposition; and for nineteen years was the life and joy of his home. He was brought up in the belief that the Bible is true from cover to cover, and the boy learned the truths of thy Gospel, and to love his Saviour as a flower turns to the sun. There was no special religious crisis in his life—just a gradual development from the baby, prayers learned at his mother's knee to the mature faith of the man. Can such prayer, constantly repeated, give a clue to the joyousness of his life, "O God, please make us enjoy ourselves"; and indeed he did enjoy life to the full, having such high spirits that it was often hard to get him to be serious for five minutes at a time.

He was educated first at St. Clare School, Walmer; and the manly type of Christianity taught there contributed not a little to the making of his character. Then he went to Harrow, where he worked steadily, becoming in 1916 the head of his house (Mr. Vassall's). The previous autumn, when seventeen years-old, though not caring for a military career, he entered his name as willing to join Kitchener's Army. His mother said to him, "Sam, have you counted the cost?" He replied, "I have thought it all out, and am quite ready to die, if that is what you mean." She said, "It is quite easy to die; to live is much more difficult; and if it should be that you have but two more years to live, what work will you have to show your Saviour when you meet Him?"

This train of thought probably matured the boy, and made him throw the whole strength, of his nature into his subsequent responsibility as head of his house. He loved Harrow with a passionate affection, and the good of the school was of supreme importance in his eyes.

When he left the school. Mr. Vassall wrote: "He became head at a very difficult moment. The sudden departure of all the older boys to become officers left a serious danger that good tone and tradition might disappear, and a laxity of discipline take their place. Proceeding gently at first, Sam gradually established himself as a respected and trusted leader. His high principles, transparent honesty and justice won "for him the highest regard of all the house. Never has the moral tone and general character of the house been higher. The testimony I should like to bear to him is my deep thankfulness for having known him, and my gratitude for the glorious help he was to the younger boys here. He always ascribed any good in himself to you and his friends, but his humility was such that he never saw what he was giving."

From the Harrow Cadet Corps, Sam obtained a commission in the Irish Guards, and, went through the training with his usual keenness and spirit. He was sent out to France on September 20th Writing to his father on starting "I am perfectly safe; soul and body in God's keeping, so don't worry." He was a favorite with his brother officers and men, though life was not altogether easy, as this letter to a relative shows: "I should like to witness for Christ, but I find it pretty hard. You say one should only mix with Christian people. To start with, that is almost impossible, especially in the Army; and also one's mission in the world is to help others. A Christian man's influence on non-Christians can be tremendous; and one will become much more of a muscular Christian by mixing with others, and a muscular Christian is the only sort worth having."

On October 8th he writes: "It is a great comfort and joy to me to know that I can always pray to God in every trouble and difficulty, and ticklish moments, and that He will always hear me, be with me, and give me help and guidance. His presence with me grows more and more evident, and more of a reality day by day. I know too, that He will be with you, to keep you from being anxious or worried."

On the 9th Sam went into action for the first and last time. The Times says: "The Guards did to perfection all that was asked of them... there was obstinate fighting about a point known as Strode House, but it was finally rushed by a frontal attack."

The Colonel writes: "He was a good, keen boy, and would have made a splendid soldier. I saw him just before he was killed, and just before we reached our final objective. He was full of keenness and excitement, and was doing splendidly. "He was killed instantaneously leading his platoon, and died a very gallant death."

He left a letter to his parents to be posted in case of his death, of which the following is part: ■

....."I am going into the line tonight; tomorrow at 6 a.m. I go over the top. The 1st Battalion Irish Guards have the honor of taking the furthest objectives..... Another thing you have done for me, for which I can never thank you enough, is leading me to Christ. At the present moment I feel perfectly happy. I know that God will be with me during the attack, to help, guide and comfort me, and —if He sees fit —protect me from all harm and danger. I know that if I die I shall go to my Father's House, and be there before Him till you come; and that in case of my death He will comfort you.... This knowledge is enough for any man, and I thank you and Him for it.

"I do not want you to think of my death, I have merely been called on in front to get your abode ready for you. When you think of me, think only of the day when I, your well-loved firstborn son, shall usher you into the Presence of my God and your God, and lead you round the blissful abode of the saints of God, and kneel with you before the great and glorious King, and give Him praise and thanks.

"During my life I have tried in a sort of way to follow Him, and with His help to do what He would have me do, and I am content that at Harrow I did something of what, I should have done, and did serve Him a bit■To God be the praise."

Thus did the Lord re-call the gift He gave, and has promoted him to the glorious life above, where "at Thy right hand are pleasures for evermore."

This little sketch is written for the glory of God, and to show how, Christ can strengthen and help one who trusts Him. The power is not in man's virtue or goodness, but in the living God.

Should anyone who reads this not know Christ as his Saviour let him come at once to Him who "died for our sins and rose, again" (1 Cor. 15:3, 4), and is now sitting at the right hand of God making intercession for us. Let him ask Him to forgive all his sins through His precious blood, and to enable him to lead a new life. Then let him believe that Christ has put away all his sins, and that now in the power of the Holy Spirit he has been given the strength he needs to live to the glory of God, for Christ is able to "save to the uttermost," and "Able to keep you from falling, and to present you faultless before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy."

Incidents of the War

Watchwords for 1918

“I’ve no business in life but the work of Christ” ■

Henry Martyn.

“Let us advance upon our knees.” — J. H. N.

“The prospects are as bright as the promises of God.” ■ A. Judson.

“We want men who love God supremely, and souls next.” ■ J. H. Taylor.

A worker Writes: “I need more New Testaments. Will you kindly send me a good supply? The men simply break the lines to get at them. I could do with 1,000.” W. A.

Burying the Dead

A soldier writing from the Front says: "I witnessed one of the most horrible scenes that ever a lad could witness last night. About eight o'clock, some officers of the Army Medical Corps asked for volunteers to bury the dead. About twenty of us turned out and went. The first grave we dug was about thirty feet long and three feet deep, and would you believe it? we put fifty-three Scotchmen into it thirty-four of the Black Watch alone. It was something horrible, and every man of us was crying all the time we worked, and when after we, had placed them all in, and, the burial service was going on before we covered them over three or four fainted, whilst the others cried so loudly that you could hardly hear the minister."

Help us to send Testaments to these dear lads dying so bravely at the Front and on the seas.

Fellowship

To have fellowship is to know each other intimately, far more than just a casual acquaintance, a daily-knowledge, a constant knowledge, and a growing knowledge. Now, dear soldier friends, this is just what I would like for you to have with the little Testaments you carry in your side pocket. Have fellowship, a growing knowledge of the precious Word of God; read it, think — about it constantly, as a daily companion. Believe me, this will introduce you to the glorious Author of the Book—the Holy Spirit—and at any moment in the day or night, you may have fellowship with Him—the third Person in the Holy Trinity—one with the Father, and the Son, our Lord Jesus Christ. Fellowship or communion of the Holy Ghost. When you are quite alone, no eye looking at you, no one to speak to, all the more you can commune with Him, and feel He is near. A dear old friend of mine used to walk so slowly and sedately. “How is it you walk so slowly?” said I, “Because I make a point of praying when I walk and communing with my God.” I was very struck at a passage I read in a leaflet. I am sure the writer will be only too pleased at my copying it for you to read—for you who have begun to, know the blessed Lord as your Saviour: “The life of faith is a life of intimate friendship. A man who was seen to walk along holding his hat a little off his head, when asked the reason, reluctantly told it. ‘Well, if you will know, I will tell you. As I walk along the street I have such fellowship with the Lord Jesus that I feel He is close by me, and I lift my hat in token of reverence.’” Yes, yes. The Lord is ever present, leading, guiding and protecting His beloved children, and desirous that they should commune with Him. Oh blessed thought to have “a little talk with Jesus” whenever we will.

Emily P. Leakey

A New Form of Red Cross Work

We see here the Red Cross Motor Field Kitchen, under the direction of Miss Jessica Borthwick, dispensing hot soup to the wounded on the battlefield.

How thankful we are to God for these comforts for our brave and wounded men. Yes, they need the best we can give them for body and for soul. The hot soup could not but do good to the suffering body, but alas! pernicious doctrines, like poison, are given oftentimes to men anxious about their souls.

A New Zealand Mother's Prayers

A great, stalwart New Zealander, of twenty-four or five years of age, was leaning his head upon the reading-table in Maundrell Hall. The colporteur went across and, laying his hand upon his shoulder, said, "Thinking of home, laddie?" "Hey, boss I was." "Thinking of your mother?" "Yes." "And your mother is thinking of you." The tears coursed down his cheeks as he said: "I was just thinking of my home-leaving. Father and mother took me into the front room, and said, 'John, you are going away, and we don't know whether you will ever return. We would like to commend you to God.' Mother took one hand, and father the other, and we knelt round the table. I will never forget my mother's prayer as she asked God to save her soldier boy." The poor fellow wept as he continued: "Oh, sir, I would give the world to know my mother's God! "Before the interview closed, that young soldier had given himself to Jesus Christ, and he is still progressing in the heavenly way.

“Khaki”

Said a Christian soldier recently: “It is an honor to wear khaki” The same good young soldier remarked: “They tell me that all who die for their king and country on the battlefield go straight to glory. But, he added solemnly, “khaki is not the robe of Christ’s righteousness.” This is the popular sentiment of the present day■one, sees it in the newspapers, one hears it in the drawing-room, that all dying, soldiers will receive a crown of glory. Dear readers, it is an awful delusion. A heavenly inheritance cannot be won by any, earthly performance of duty; eternal life cannot be gained by a soldier’s death. This is one of Satan’s modern ways of getting men to deny the power of the atonement. “Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God.” “Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish,” is written for all who wear khaki. No human act of heroism can reconcile a sinner to God; no good work of devotion or sacrifice can gain admission to heaven. There is only one way of salvation■the way of Calvary. There at the foot of the cross may those in khaki, as well as ordinary folk, seek and find mercy-in God’s appointed way. There God’s love and justice-meet. There repentance and forgiveness of sins are joined together.

Dear readers, keep to old-fashioned truths; walk in the old paths; give no heed to lying fables. Living or dying, we all need to pray the prayers of the soldier-king: “Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow,” “Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me.” S. E. L.

“A Sinner Saved by Grace”

Miss A. A. L■. has had a letter from S.F. whose wonderful conversion was recorded in December “Message from God.” He tells her he has narrowly escaped death from a shell, he was unconscious for two days. He had been suffering from shell-shock and loss of memory, but he says: “I am still praising God for His love to me,” and he signs himself “A sinner saved by grace.”

A French Soldier's Letter

A French soldier writes to me: ■

Paris, December 14th 1917.

“Mother has found one of these post-cards, and it is a light to me. I lost my dear Bible a long time ago, and should be very glad, to possess a New Testament. I promise to read it every day, and to return to the path of light, which was shown me by my dear ‘Pasteur.’ I must leave soon to join my regiment, and then, more than ever, I shall need the hand of Jesus, our kind Saviour, to Vide me. You see, dear sir, the. Studio often gives bad advice to a young mail whose faith is not very strong; although I live with my mother, who is a good soldier of Christ. ‘How happy she will be when I get the dear book of which she so often speaks to me. Will you also send one to my father, who is himself a good Christian? I own, to my great shame, that I have left this good way. A thousand thanks, dear sir, and be assured of my great gratitude, and my promise to faithfully serve my heavenly Father.

“Mother, will have great need of courage when I go, but she will be glad to know that I have God for a friend. Poor mother, I would ask you, sir, to pray for her. If you only knew how good she is! ■
A. F.”

Extracts from a Chaplain's Letter

To Dr. Heyman Wreford, Exeter:

"Dear Sir, ■The enclosed post-card came to my notice during my work of censoring letters.

"I should like to assure you of the value of the world in which you are evidently so actively interested.

I find that there is a most eager demand for New Testaments, which often it is difficult for Chaplains to supply adequately.

I should be very glad indeed to cooperate with you by distributing any such which you can send to me.

I find work amongst men in fighting units to be very inspiring. They are remarkably keen to avail themselves of opportunities for worship. ■Yours truly, G. H. C., C.F."

A French Emigree

A French emigree writes to us and says: ■ “Sir, It is a poor old emigree who asks your help. Since I was forced by the bombardment to leave my home, I have had no prayer book of any sort. Then I saw by a soldier’s post-card that you were good enough to give Testaments to the soldiers who asked you for them. I thought you would not refuse an unfortunate old woman. If you will do this, be sure, sir, of my gratitude. ■ Mes Civilities Empressees, Mme.

D —. C —, Refugee a Noirleau.”

The Diary of a Soul

By the Editor

National Repentance

ON every hand we see evidences of the demoralizing effects of sin in our midst. Pride and arrogance seem to reign supreme. And yet the nation ought to be humbled in the dust in penitence and humiliation before God, in order that Almighty power might come to the help of a people sorely stricken and tried, on account of sin.

The whole Christian world laments that there has never, since the War began, been a definite call to humiliation before God: The rulers speak of the righteousness of the War— of the sins of the peoples at war with Great Britain. Some even go so far as to say tint God must bless England because her cause is just. Thus is the sepulcher whitened, that contains, the bones of, a dead faith in God and the Son of God, and all that vital Christianity stands for.

Admiral Beatty; the Commander of the fleet says:—

“England still remains to be taken out of the stupor self-satisfaction and complacency in which her flourishing condition has Steeped her; and until she can be stirred out of this condition, until a Religions Revival takes place at home, just so long will this War continue. When she can look on the future with humbler eyes and a prayer on her lips, then we can begin to count the days towards the end.”

It is the duty now of every Christian man and woman to do what those in power have not done—humiliate themselves before the God of all the earth, and pray for a nation that will not repent, until it does repent.

Abraham Lincoln’s proclamation, dated March 30th 1863, called on the great American nation to humble itself before the offended power of God, to confess its national sins, and to pray for clemency and forgiveness. These are the words of his proclamation referring to this:

“I do by this my proclamation, designate and set apart Thursday, the 30th day of April, 1863, as a day of national humiliation, fasting and prayer. And I do hereby request all the people to abstain on that day from their ordinary secular pursuits, and to unite at their several places of public worship, and their respective homes in keeping the day holy to the Lord and devoted to the humble discharge of the religious duties proper to that solemn occasion.”

May God grant that before we come to the end of April a week-day may be set aside in England for national humiliation, fasting and prayer.

A Christian writes me: “I firmly believe that if we had set apart a week-day for intercession and humiliation for national sins’ the War might have, been over, two years ago; but we do not like the word humiliation, we, are afraid of what Germany will think!”

We are told to fear God and not Germany “The fear of man bringeth a snare,” but “the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom.”

This month finds us with post-cards ready for the Italian soldiers. We are sure they will be as eager for our Testaments as the English and the French soldiers; have been, and are still. Will any worker among the Italian soldiers please write to us for Italian post-cards which they can distribute to the soldiers? We are deeply anxious to reap a rich harvest for God among the soldiers this great nation.

Incidents of the Battlefield

TWO men stood side by side in a trench in Flanders, waiting for the signal to go “over the top.” As they stood there, amidst the intense excitement of the last seconds, the younger of the two, a lad of eighteen, turned to his comrade; and said, half wistfully: “We may be done in any minute, and I wish I knew what will hap to me if I am?”

The elder looked scornfully at the lad, and replied: “You should have thought of that before!”

Eagerly the boy turned upon him. “Have you thought of it? Are you ready to die?”

“No; I am not,” was the rejoinder, cut short by the signal’ and the rush which followed it. A few moments, and the lad had fallen, shot through the heart; but the elder man escaped., without even a scratch. As he sat, some months’ later, in a soldiers’ home, and told me this tale, he added uneasily:

“I often wish now I could have said something different to the poor lad.”

“You would now, I hope,” said I. “Are you ready to die?”

“Yes,” he said, “thank God I am. I could not get rid of that question: ‘Are you ready?’ It kept worrying me as I thought of poor Jim, and I felt as how I’d been spared and he hadn’t, and it seemed like a warning. So I got a Testament, and I began to read it, to try and find out how to get ready. One day I came upon the words, ‘Whosoever shall, call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved,’ and I thought that that needn’t take long to do. Something then seemed to say in me: ‘Why not now?’ So I just, looked up, and I said, ‘Lord, save me and get me ready, to die,’ and He did it, then and, there, and I knew it. And now am trying to follow HIM, and to help others; but that doesn’t bring, back times ‘that are gone, and it’s too late to help Jim.” Are our lips sealed when they should be open?

The battle was over, and the stretcher-bearers were busy at their work. A party of them came upon a soldier badly hurt, whose life was ebbing rapidly away. As they lifted him tenderly on to the stretcher they recognized him, for he was a man well known in his regiment as an infidel and a scoffer. What, then, was their surprise when he opened his lips and whispered faintly:

“Which is the way to God?”

One of the bearers was a true Christian, and he bent over the poor sufferer and said:

“Jesus Christ is the way to God.”

“Can I find Him?” murmured the dying man.

“He is not far to seek; He is here, by you,” was the reply. “He has been looking for you for many a day. Just say, to Him: ‘Lord Jesus, forgive all my sins, and take me to God,’ and He’ll do it.”

The hands were stiffly folded together, and the lips were seen to move, and bending over him the words could be faintly heard: "Lord Jesus, forgive all my sins, and take me to God."

A hush fell over the little company, and they stood silent while the man lay exhausted, with eyes closed waiting for the end. Suddenly he opened his eyes, half-raised himself up, and said, in a loud, clear voice "Thank you, Lord Jesus," and then fell back dead.

"Him that cometh to Me, I will in no wise cast out."

In a little room adjoining one of the wards in a big military hospital, a man lay in great pain. He had been put there as a specially serious case. Terribly wounded, he had lain out in the open some hours before being rescued, and during that time memories of the past had come crowding in upon him. He had been a heavy drinker before he joined up, and the remembrances of his past, cruelty to his wife, and other sins rose before him. Then came a period of unconsciousness, followed by a dim realization of the removal from the battlefield and the subsequent journey back to England; but when he finally came to himself in the quiet of the little room in the hospital, the voice of conscience once more made itself heard, and he realized he was not fit to die. Yet death seemed drawing daily nearer, in spite of all the skill of doctors and nurses.

It was thus that I found him one day, with a look of distress in his eyes which told of a trouble deeper than the physical pain he was enduring, and. I spoke to him at once of the Saviour, our Substitute, Who had borne the punishment of all the sins which oppressed him. He hardly seemed to take in what I said; but I knelt by his bed and prayed that the blood shed for him might cleanse him, and that the Holy Spirit would make this blessed cleansing real to his soul.

When I rose from my knees, I saw a look of peace on his face which told me the prayer had been answered. Just as I was about to speak, the door opened, and in came another visitor. I told her briefly of his need, and she turned to him and said:

"You have no need to worry over your sins; anyone who gives his life for his country, as you have, is all right."

The man smiled faintly, but he shook his head, and said: "Ah lady, that is a mistake! When I lay out there in the open, I knew I had done my bit. I hadn't failed king and country; but that didn't help me to face God. I wasn't fit to die, and I knew it, and it has been an awful trouble to me every day since. But just now, as I heard that lady's prayer, I saw that Jesus had been punished for all my sins and I might go free, and such a peace has come into my heart! How wonderful of Him to die for the likes of me! No, I'll not be afraid to die now, because He has forgiven me."

What can wash away my sin?

Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

What can give me peace within?

Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

M. W. J.

Bendigo

By R. M. Holman

I remember, as a young fellow, one sunny afternoon, when stretched out upon the grass of the old Cholera Cemetery of Nottingham, seeing beneath me and approaching the gates, a very long and curious-looking funeral procession. It was the burial of the noted converted pugilist, Bendigo.

Thirty years afterward, when converted myself, and staying with a converted physician of Nottingham ■ Dr. Brooks ■ I borrowed a camera, and getting the doctor to stoop down on all fours, I used his broad back to obtain the photograph shown. Some skillful and loving hand had carved from massive granite this magnificent lion. The text is from Isaiah, and I believe it is: "A little child shall lead them." Anyhow the idea was the old fighting lion had become a lamb.

Now what could affect such a transformation? How could the heart of the hardened old sinner become as the heart of a little child? By what power could so mighty a change be wrought?

The answer is to be found in 1 John 1:7: "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin."

Bendigo was in prison. The day his sentence expired his old companions met him with raw beef steak and hot ale, at the jail gates.

God had other purposes. These hell-hounds were baffled of their prey. The Holy Spirit of God took this devil's champion (in whom the human element had almost disappeared and been replaced by the animal) in hand, convicting him of sin. Now a violent tearing struggle began in his soul. His cry was "My sins, my sins, and the judgment day." Then the same light which showed him his sins revealed to him his Saviour, and he began to shout: ■

"By faith I see my Saviour dying

On the tree.

To ruined sinners He is crying ■

'Look to Me.'

He bids the guilty now draw near,

Hark, hark! His precious words I hear

So soft, so sweet, they banish fear'

'Mercy's free.'"

His life from this point was not long, but long enough for him to valiantly serve his new Master, and show by the consistent holy life he lived, the reality of this great change.

“It seemed as though I awoke from a dream
How sweet was the light of day!
Melodious sounded the Sabbath bells
From towers that were far away.
I then became as a little child,
And I wept and wept afresh,
For the Lord had taken my heart of stone
And given a heart of flesh.”

Sent to Miss. A. A. L■France,

“Dear Friend in Christ,

“I have been praying that I might get some Christian literature to take round to my dear comrades, and here I am with a beautiful variety of them right in front of me. Oh, what a wonderful God! This is about twenty times since I have been out in France that God has given me direct answers to prayer. Praise His holy name, Now, dear friend, I would like you to join me in very earnest prayer that God will speak to each dear lad, as I give him one of these beautiful tracts or books, for God’s Holy Spirit was never needed more than it is today, especially out here in the midst of dangers.

“I wrote to Dr. Wreford telling him about the wonderful blessing added to one of his Testaments, so you may tell him now that I have given it to another dear lad, who gave his heart to God the other evening, and I trust it will be a blessing to him.

July 2nd

“I am so sorry to hear of the dear Doctor being so ill. Kindly give to him my deepest sympathy in his sad bereavement, and I promise faithfully not to forget him in all my prayers, and my comrades in Christ here are praying for his recovery, and that God will give him the strength, and mightily bless him in his great work for the dear Master.

“Oh, I feel so happy■glory, to Jesus. I have such a lot of loving friends, and Jesus has given you all to me■praise Him! I think it is glorious, to know each other when we are on the same road. Oh, that all the dear saints in the world would taste of Jesus and His love. ‘Wondrous love that drew me to the fold.’

“Oh, won’t it be glorious when we all meet in that land above—no more sorrow, no more tears. I love to think about it, it cheers me along the narrow way.

“I thank you very much, dear sister, for your kind wishes regarding my darling wife, father and sister. Will you please pray for them, that they may be strengthened by the Holy Spirit?

“My wife is such a sweet darling, and we were so—happy till this War broke out and parted us. Still, praise the Lord we have one comforting thought■that is, come, what will, we shall meet at the throne of grace when Jesus calls us home.

“God has given me some most wonderful answers to prayer. Only the other week we only had about seven to our meetings, and I just got the Christian brothers to join me in a week of prayer that God would send our comrades along to the meetings, and oh, it’s just wonderful, we get such a lot in now, we hardly know what to do, as the saying is. We are so full of joy for answered prayer. Hallelujah! Praise Jesus, my Jesus.

“Dear Friend, what do you think? One of your tracts has been blessed so soon. We had a glorious time last evening. Nineteen dear lads gave themselves to Christ, one of them through reading one of your dear, tracts, and I spoke about the same thing as the tract spoke about, without knowing it,

was it not wonderful? ■John 3:16. God, knew it, I didn't. Praise His precious name, but I want to see more than nineteen. I want to see all the men here, and our dear hospital nurses and doctors as well, praising God. Why not?

"All things are possible with God. If I've only faith enough to believe His blessed promises. Oh, what joy we missed through not believing God's promises.

"I am sure you are wondering when I am going to finish, but I feel so happy in Christ. I could write about His wondrous love forever. Oh, there's no friend like Jesus, no, not one. Oh, how I long to be with Him, that I may praise 'Him as I ought. Oh, won't we be a happy family up, there. Hallelujah!

"I have shown your dear letter to my Christian brothers here, and they all wish me to send you their very best wishes in Christ, and we shall always remember you in our prayers, and ask God's blessing upon you. ■Ever your faithful brother in Christ Jesus, Will H. Jones."

“Come in Time”

I was much pleased with the answer my old gardener gave me, whom I met in the Barnfield one Sunday limping along with two sticks, as he is suffering from rheumatism. Often have spoken to him about his precious, never-dying soul, begging him to come to Jesus. I never felt certain that he had, until this last day I met him, when he said with a joyous smile: “I have not left it to the last moment. I have come in time.” I rejoiced with him there and then, and had a nice talk about the Lord Jesus and His willingness to save all who come, and then the dear man said he was “looking forward to the Lord’s coming again, when we should, be caught up to meet Him.” Emily P. Leakey

The Man Christ Jesus

The Son of God! The Saviour of the World!

1. "Never Man snake like this Man."■John 7:46.
2. "This Man receiveth sinners."■Luke 15:2.
3. "This Man hath done nothing amiss."■Luke 23:41.
4. "This Man was the Son of God."■Mark 15:39.
5. "Not this Man, but Barabbas."■John 18:40.
6. "This Man was counted worthy." — Hebrews 3:3
7. "Through this Man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins. "Acts 13:38.

P. A. Grandjean

Editor of “La Bonne Nouvelle” (French), and “La Buono Novella” (Italian).

Monsieur P. A. Grandjean was born in Switzerland in 1852. His parents were Christians. He was converted in answer to his godly parents’ prayers. He says: “I never knew what happiness was until I came to Jesus.” He went to Canada, and there founded “La Bonne Nouvelle,” which has a circulation of ten thousand copies a month. He is occupied in missionary work among the lumber camps in Northern Ontario. He preaches the Gospel to them—going to them in a sleigh in the winter, and sleeping at night outside the sleigh in a sleeping-bag, hearing howling of oftentimes the owling of wolves around him.

His address Isaiah 64, Moy Avenue, Windsor, Ontario, Canada. He tells me he is willing to send a Testament free to French and Italian soldiers, and to correspond with any who are anxious about their souls. May God bless our dear friend, who still at sixty-five is working hard for God, and counting upon God for everything.

“The resurrection of Christ rests on far fuller evidence, and surer and better grounds than any event in history.”

William Kelly

“I see the joyous change in life of brave soldiers, hardy sailors, great lawyers and statesmen, the leaders of mankind, who were once unbelievers, but now accept the Book and the Saviour.”

John Macgregor

“O thou my soul, forget no more

The Friend Who all my misery bore.”

Incidents of the War

Sunday with the Soldiers

October — 1917

“Whilst addressing the men in the D. R., the Corporal of the Guard, a Christian man, unlocked the door, came to me and—pointing out one of the defaulters who was listening very attentively—said to me: ‘I hope you will do him good, sir.’ I replied: ‘I can do him no good, but I can direct him to One Who can and will—the Lord Jesus Christ.’ The Corporal was greatly interested in this man, and was anxious for his soul’s salvation. He (the Corporal) asked me how long I had known the Lord. I said ‘Fifty years.’ ‘That is a long time,’ he said, as he looked steadfastly in my face. I said: ‘You asked me to try and do this man good. What about yourself, may. I ask?’ ‘I am with you,’ he replied. I looked searchingly in his face, and discovered that I had seen him a few times before, and—grasping his hand—said, ‘Thank God. His side is the best.’ I went on speaking. He listened a few minutes, then went out and turned the key. I distinctly felt the Spirit’s power, and held the listeners’ attention intensely. Three or four were deeply impressed. Some of them had been wounded. I spoke to one and said: ‘You have been wounded twice?’ ‘Yes, but that chap (referring to the man I had mentioned) has been wounded three times.’ My heart was filled with compassion, when he said ‘That is true, sir.’ ‘Suppose you had been killed?’ I asked, what would have been your end? Eternal misery or eternal joy?’ The arrow found its mark. The poor fellow could not reply, but his face betokened his dismay. ‘Now my lad, I will tell you what I think,’ I said. ‘When I see those stripes of gold that tell of your wounds, I know you have been wounded in fighting for your king and country, and that includes me, and I thank you and all that have suffered thus. And then come those words, in Isaiah 53: But! but!! but!!! He (Jesus) was wounded for my transgressions, and yours too. My dear lads—all of you—read the full description given in the Gospels. He was crucified on Calvary’s Cross for sinners, and that includes me, and I believe it, and therefore I am saved from the wrath to come.’ My heart was melted, as I said: ‘Think of it, my dear lads, how cruelly He was served before He was led away to be crucified. Pilate ordered Him to be flogged. I saw scores of men flogged in H.M. service, and when I read that Jesus was flogged, I cannot express my thoughts adequately. And lads, He was insulted in a way which any person would feel the greatest insult—they spat in His face twice. ■Yes lads, they spat in the face of my blessed Saviour.’ I had to pause, for my inmost soul was moved. Then I concluded with an appeal to them: ‘Won’t you come to this Jesus and be saved? Oh! how love Him.’ The Corporal’s friend looked at me—his eyes tear-like, as mine were—holding his hand. ‘What is your answer? Decide now.’ He hesitated before answering—still holding his hand. At last he said: ‘I will now.’ All I could say to him was ‘Thank God.’ Three others were impressed. I am praying for them.” J. P. C.

German Attack on a Battery

During the severe fighting on the Western Front, in which our troops have taken many important military positions, heavy German counterattacks have been launched against our troops, and it has been necessary to reinforce the barrage by bringing forward either units or batteries of our Royal Horse Artillery. Our picture depicts one of these batteries while on its way attacked by German snipers. From the nature of the work, the men cannot fight them, and their whole endeavor is concentrated on saving the guns and getting them to the position they were ordered to occupy.

Pray for these brave men, in danger every hour. Pray for their salvation. A soldier writes to me from Mesopotamia: "I have no fear. I am ready and waiting for the hour to come when He sees fit to call me."

“See They Kneel”

When the King of England stood facing the Scots at Bannockburn, he saw them kneel in prayer. Turning to a General on his right hand, he said:

“See, they kneel; they kneel to ask my mercy.”

“Yes, sire,” was the answer, “they kneel, but not to thee, they kneel to God.”

And the God Whom they acknowledged gave them victory.

“One learns to love these men,” relates one of our chaplains. “Last Sunday night I was called out to a man who was, asking for me. I found he wanted the Sacrament. After I had given it to him, he said, ‘Now I want you to write and tell my father that I’ve done what he has wanted me to do for, years I’ve given my heart to God and taken the Sacrament. Tell him, I shall never see him here again, but I’ll wait for him in heaven.’ He died a few hours after; and just before he died I heard him whisper the last verse of ‘Abide with me, fast falls the eventide.’ Another of our boys, a Sunday school teacher, died singing ‘When I survey the wondrous cross.’ Another boy, whose agony was terrible, exclaimed: ‘I haven’t got all the pain; some of it’s on Him, and I can’t help being happy’; and his face was radiant with victory as he said: ‘Tell them I wasn’t afraid to go over the parapet, and I wasn’t afraid to die, because He was with me all the time.’ Surely we can say ‘Our people die well!’”

A Minister writes to me: ■

“I am working among the troops here a good deal, and am wanting suitable tracts or booklets. Have just received one of yours in jotter, a reply to Bottomley’s article (“Does an heroic death wipe out past misdeeds?”). I should very much like some of them, and specimens of others you may have.... We need to be alive to the terrible deceptions of the day, and to oppose them. Wishing you great success in your efforts. ■Yours in Him, T. B. G.”

We Are All Sinners

A Private in the B.W.I.R. writes:

“I have given the boys the Testament and the post-cards, and they have asked one how I managed to get them. I told them I wrote to a gentleman for them, and they turned and said to me: ‘Try add get one for me.’ Then they went and told each other, and they all want one, so I send this to you in the name of the Lord to remember us. We are all sinners, and we want something to help us on our way to our Father which is in heaven. ■D. F.”

Parcels of “Message from God”

I shall be very glad to send to Christian-workers among the soldiers parcels of back, numbers of “Message from God.” Please write to the Editor of this Magazine for them — address on last page.

Important Notice

Many times we have been unable to send Testaments and to answer letters because the soldiers have failed to put their address■in some cases the address has been torn off. We are always sad when we cannot send. Please write clearly and distinctly, and always put the postal address.

The Pilot's Smile

We have had but one aim, in all our endeavors for the soldiers and sailors, and that has been their eternal good. The Lord has given us the work■opened doors of service for us, and strengthened our hands day by day.

Friends all over the world have helped us, and are helping us. The great Societies for Bible and Testament Distribution—the British and Foreign Bible Society and the Scripture Gift Mission■have made possible for us what would have been impossible without their help. We have been enabled to procure their Testaments and send them to all parts of the earth. May God bless them abundantly. None can realize like those who are brought face to face with great needs what we owe to their great and generous organizations.

And we are all working for a Master Whom we love. We are told by a traveler about a vessel off a rock-bound coast, caught by a storm which threatened its destruction. In the midst of all the terror one daring man, contrary to orders, went to the deck, made the dangerous passage to the pilot house, saw the steersman lashed fast to his post, holding the wheel unwaveringly, and inch by inch turning the ship again to sea. The pilot saw the watcher and smiled. Then the daring passenger went below and gave out a note of cheer. "I have seen the face of the pilot, and he smiled. It is all well." Blessed is he who in the midst of earthly stress and storm can say with equal assurance, "I have seen the face of my Pilot and He smiled."

The Diary of a Soul

By the Editor

Pray, my readers, night and day, that from the heart of the Nation a mighty cry of penitence for sin may rise to God, and that the rulers of the Nation may not be ashamed to acknowledge a Nation's sins to God.

A Startling Sermon

The following cutting from the Exeter and Plymouth Gazette was sent to me: ■

The Rev. Donald Fraser, of Liverpool, began his ministry at George's Chapel, Exeter, by preaching morning and evening to large congregations. The preacher delivered a startling sermon in the evening, in which he declared that the central idea of orthodox Christianity■that it required a Saviour to die for men—was a Pagan idea, and was responsible for the state of Europe today, the Kaiser being the apotheosis of it. Such teaching would have to be cleared out, lock, stock and barrel, or civilization would disappear. A direct attack was made upon this doctrine, and its number was up.

When I read this I thought, it is easy for Mr. Fraser to scoff at the faith that has been dear to the human race for centuries. It is easy for him to speak of clearing out the teaching of the Crucified; but his words are as the froth on the tops of the waves that is blown away by the winds, while the

sea of God's purpose, full and flowing, goes on just the same. He is only shooting peas at the "Rock of Ages," and using his spear of straw against immutable decrees. The Saviour, who died for men, has been the Hope of millions and so He is today. He says, to Mr. Fraser, and others like him, "Search the Scriptures... they testify of Me." When Jesus Christ was on earth, God spoke from heaven and said of Him: "This is My beloved Son." Today, God is sneaking to the world by His Son. "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life; he that believeth not the Son shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth upon him. "These are solemn and significant words, and equally solemn and significant are these words of Christ, "If ye believe not that I am He, ye shall die in your sins," John 8:24. There are thousands in England today preaching the blasphemy uttered by Mr. Fraser: The deep dishonor done to the Son of God in our midst is bringing God's judgment down upon the nation. Who mentions the name of Jesus now? The question was asked when Jesus was on earth. "Have any of the rulers... believed on Him?" How many, believe on Him today? "He is despised and rejected of men" by such men as Mr. Fraser, who talks of clearing out orthodox Christianity, "lock, stock, and barrel," but while he declaims against the majesty of God's salvation, and derides the Son of God, "He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh; the Lord shall have him in derision." Psalms 2:4.

An Honest Rector

About the same time as Mr. Fraser's sermon was sent me, a letter came to me from Western Australia. This is an extract: ■

"A memorial service was held in the church on Advent Sunday, and I was sorry to hear, our Rector say, in the course of his address, that the Sacrifice of Calvary was being re-enacted daily by our boys on the battlefield. Having just received the leaflet of yours, 'Does an heroic death wipe out past misdeeds?' I forwarded one to him, also a booklet entitled 'Unbelief the A 1 sin of today,' in which is a paragraph called 'The fact of Christ.' I took the liberty of pointing out how incomparable is the death of Calvary; Our soldiers dying for the salvation of their friends' bodies; the Saviour of the World shedding His blood to redeem the souls of His enemies. The soldiers die, honored as heroes; our Saviour dies ignobly, despised and rejected of men■the burden of a world's sin upon One Who was holy. The desertion of His Father■the mock trial and crown of thorns■all this and more, that His enemies might share with Him His Father's Kingdom. I signed my letter 'A Parishioner.'

"On the following Sunday the Rector publicly thanked whoever had written to put him right, acknowledging his mistake, and saying that he thought at the time that it was a dangerous thing to say. He quoted from your leaflet ('Does an heroic death,' etc.), and preached a splendid sermon on John 3:16 and 1 Timothy 3:16, and finished up with Galatians 1:8.

"I felt glad because he is such a well-liked man, that people would take notice of his, word, and he had before seemed to imply that a soldier making the 'supreme sacrifice' would be all right with God."

This Rector was a brave and honest man, he saw his error, and publicly acknowledged it. Would to God that Mr. Fraser would do the same. What could he give us in the place of the salvation of Christ he seeks to take from us?

Thank God, on sea and land, men are trusting Jesus, as the following incident will tell.

The Mine Sweeper's Hymn

A Chaplain working among the mine-sweepers, the Rev. Harold Burrows, relates the following touching incident: ■

“One of our truly religious fishermen, a mine-sweeper, was put in another boat for certain purposes, where the men were strangers to him. One day when sweeping for mines he was in the wheelhouse with another man, when something seemed to tell him that danger was near, and that he should not hide his faith in God under a bushel, even-of modesty. So he began to sing,

‘One step I see before me,

‘Tis all I want to see;

The light of Heaven more brightly shines

When earth’s illusions flee.’

“Imagine the man’s delighted surprise,” says Mr. Burrows, “when his comrade, evidently another of the ‘shy, modest,’ religious men, joined in the next verse. Then they sang the last verse together:

‘So on I go, not knowing,

I would not if I might;

I’d rather walk in the dark with God

Than walk alone in the light!

I’d rather walk by faith with Him

Than walk alone by sight.’

“God kept them safe then, and they soon became fast friends. A month later the second man sustained an accident which was to prove fatal. When the friend visited him, he asked for the same hymn to be sung. It was, and smilingly holding the hand of his comrade, the gentle, brave soul passed away murmuring,

“By faith — by faith — with — with — with Him!”

War Reminiscences

By Corporal J. Roberts

I was laying out one day wounded, and laying near me was a comrade of another Platoon with a serious leg wound; how well I remember him saying, "I am dying," so I crawled over to him and did all I could to stop the bleeding. I asked him, "Are you ready to die?" He said "No, I don't want to die, to face the unknown." When the bullets ceased flying around I was able to speak to him of the only One able to save him from death and the judgment to follow; and by faith he accepted Jesus Christ as his Saviour, and I could hear him as we lay there (taking all the cover we could from bursting shrapnel!) crying "Lord help me," and later on when I left him in Hospital, he said he was quite certain God had saved and cleansed him. I can hear the skeptic say, "That was only his fear of death," well, he did not die, but was sent home to our Depot in Wales. He roved by his life that God had made a new man of him. He has since been killed in the firing line, but not before he had proved a great help to me out here, and I know I shall meet him in the Father's Home above.

The Dying Smile

One day “the attack” was over, and we were busy helping the wounded. One man lay on a stretcher, dying; the R.A.M.C. had done all they could for him. As I was on duty near him, I went and asked him, could I help him, but could get no answer. I asked him “are you right with God?” his only reply was a smile; I told him “Jesus is waiting to receive you,” and read a little from my Testament, he raised his hand, touching the book, opened his eyes to the sky, raised his hand, smiled, and was gone to meet Jesus. I found, by the well-marked Testament in his pocket, that he knew the Lord as his Saviour.

M. M. Worthing

France and Italy

Our Italian Post-Cards are now ready, and any Christian worker who would like them to give to the Italian soldiers can have them. The French soldiers are still eager for the Word of God. We expect great blessing from the circulation of the Word of God in France and Italy. The increase in the price of paper, printing and binding may make it increasingly difficult to get supplies, but God is all-sufficient.

I should be extremely thankful for the gift of Italian Testaments.

Any soldier or sailor who wants a Testament to fit his pocket, can have one by writing to Dr. Heyman Wreford, The Firs, Denmark Road, Exeter.

From Ebrington to Heaven

One of my happy memories of Ebrington, a place of many happy memories to me, is the remembrance of the visits I paid to Mrs. Spencer, who passed from Ebrington to heaven whilst I was there. She lived about a quarter of an hour's walk from the Vicarage on the Hidcote Road. I was asked to go and see her by the devoted Vicar, the Rev. W. J., Guerrier, and it was my privilege to spend some happy seasons, of prayer and praise with her. All through her life her one thought had been to exalt Christ, and during her last illness she was so anxious that everyone should know that she was trusting in Jesus only, and in nothing that she had done. She said to her daughter, "Tell everybody I am only trusting in Jesus."

At another time, about three weeks before she passed away, she said, "If anyone were to tell you Annie I had been a good woman, or that I had lived a good life, you stop them. If I were to trust in anything but the blood of Jesus, I should be lost."

She said many beautiful things in these last days about Christ, and her trust in Him, to me and to others, and especially to her daughter. About a week before the end hymns were being sung in the home, and she joined very heartily in the chorus of one of them:

"Ah 'twas love, 'twas boundless love,

The love of God to me■

It brought my Saviour from above,

To die on Calvary."

Then she asked them to sing to her the hymn■

"How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,

Is laid for your faith in His excellent Word!

What more can He say than, to you He hath said■

To you who for refuge to Jesus have fled?"

This beautiful hymn was sung, through■the hymn our fathers and mothers loved to sing.

"E'en down to old age My people shall prove

My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love,"

and then on to the triumph of the last verse,

"The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,

I will not■I will not■desert to its foes;

That soul though all hell should endeavor to shake,

I'll never no, never no, never forsake!"

With her feeble voice she laid emphasis on this verse especially the last two lines, of glorious promise and everlasting security.

"That soul-though all hell should endeavor to shake,

I'll never no, never no, never forsake!"

she repeated over and over again "Never, never."

About three days before the summons came she was very tired and she said to her daughter, "Annie, If my heavenly Father stops my breath before I wake again, remember it will be His will, and it will be quite right-everything has been done that can be done, and I shall die trusting in my Saviour in His blood and righteousness, and I shall trust him to present me faultless before the Throne."

How beautiful this blessed trust in Jesus! Reader, is it yours? If you should die tonight, would you pass away trusting in your Saviour; in His blood and righteousness, and can you trust Him as dear Mrs. Spencer did to present you, faultless before the presence of His glory?

On her last night on earth about 8:30, she was talking to someone unseen. She said, "Oh I take my child with me." And then she said, "Oh I satisfy me with Thy love Lord Jesus satisfy me with Thyself now. 'None but Christ can satisfy' none." Then she began to sing, but no one could tell the words she sang-perhaps, it was-the beginning of the eternal song in heaven that will never end for her.

And so the last hours on earth were, passed; the tired heart beating fainter as the sands ran out then on Thursday morning, March 7th at ten minutes to five, the Home call was given, and her happy spirit passed from Ebrington to heaven.

She was buried on the following Monday at Winderton. The hymn she chose to be sung at her funeral was the one sung at her husband's burial.

"How sweet the name of Jesus sounds."

Her memory is fragrant with love to Christ; and in these days of darling unbelief and denial of the divinity of the Lord Jesus, it is blessed indeed to be brought into contact with one who loved her Lord, and trusted implicitly in His finished work.

Scientific unbelief can never say, "I know whom I have believed," it can never rest with calm certainty upon the promises of God. The narrow confines of human life hedge in the skeptic; he sees and knows nothing beyond the portals of today but before the Christian's rejoicing eyes, wide vistas open, upon which the light of God is shining. Heaven itself is revealed to the eyes of faith, and the ladder Jacob saw, still reaches from earth to heaven, with the blessed feet of God's own angels, ascending and descending on it. They bring down from heaven the hallowing blessings of the risen Christ to believing hearts, and take back to God the prayers and praises of redeemed and adoring lives. But it must be Christ. He is the only One Who can bring the blessings

of heaven to us. He is the only One who can, through His precious blood, and righteousness, present us faultless before the presence of. His glory. May Mrs. Spencer's faith in Christ exalt the Saviour she loved so well, and bring many of my readers to Him.

“I Hate Prayers”

Someone said these words, these sad, awful words, “I hate prayers,” but dear soldier or sailor or whoever you are, reading the “Message from God,” whether you are in England or in France, in Italy or the North Sea, I hope and entreat each one of you never to say or feel those three sad words, “I hate prayers,” for if you do now, the time may come when you may want to pray and cannot. Have you ever read those awful words of God in Proverbs 1:24 to 31, when the Almighty declares, “Then shall they call upon Me, but I will not answer,” “for they hated knowledge and did not choose: the fear of the Lord.” Oh! dear friends, choose the fear of the Lord, now■today; if you never have before, begin to pray now, “God be merciful to me a sinner.” He will hear and at once forgive the past. He delights in mercy. He says in Psalms 32, “Blessed is the man whose iniquity is forgiven, whose sin is covered.” Your sin covered? What with? Covered by “the Blood of Jesus, Which cleanseth us from all sin.”

Dear friends, do believe my testimony. There is nothing so wonderful as the Power of Prayer.

Get in love with prayer, make prayer your delight; constantly look up, with a prayer, if only a word or two; as Jabez in 1 Chronicles 4:10, “Oh that Thou would'st bless me indeed.” “God granted him that which he requested.” When you have learned to love prayer, see what you can do for others! by praying for them. Fancy, you may be the means of saving your comrade's soul or saving one of your own dear family. I heard of a wonderful answer to prayer to — day that the late Bishop Bickersteth told my friend, showing the power of prayer. In a certain parish, now many years ago, a clergyman was appointed who held very high Ritualistic views not in accordance with the views, of the parishioners, so one man said “I shall leave the church and go somewhere else, or not go at all.” His friend replied, “No, do not do that, but come to my house every Monday evening and let us pray for him.” They did and continued in prayer, and the Lord hearkened and, heard it, and soon the clergyman came right, round and preached Christ crucified plainly and simply, so that souls were saved and learned to love the Saviour and the power of prayer.

Emily P. Leakey

Goodbye for May

It is a deep joy to me to feel that each month I am writing to thousands of friends. Friends who are interested in the Work of God among the troops. Friends who uphold our hands in prayer and loving sympathy. The Lord is coming, and He may be here any hour. If we work in the light of His coming what blessed service ours will be. I have been reading the life of the heroic Mary Slessor, the Missionary at Calabar. We are told she spent hours upon her knees in prayer and tears, as the awful need about her pressed upon her soul. "Oh! Britain," she cried "surfeited with privilege! tired of Sabbath and Church, would that you could send over to us what you are throwing away."

What a prayer! Only those who enter into the deep need of human souls can pray like that.

And the need is great today. Think of battlefield's where the dead lie in heaps, thousands upon thousands slain. Where are the immortal souls? Have you been exercised about them? Have you helped to send them the Word of God? Do you know what a Testament is to them? A gentleman wrote to me today for 100 Testaments, and says the men are mad to get them. The following incident will show you what the Russians, thank of the Word of God.

A Russian Preacher and His Sermon

Mr. Stephen Graham says this about an incident in evangelistic work in Russia.

“The preacher was an enthusiastic Russian barber, and the sermon was simple and sweet.

“Read the Gospel, brothers; the whole sense of your lives is in the Gospel. If you are in doubt which way to act, turn to the Gospel; do not ask other people, do not try to remember what other people have done, but be guided directly by the words of God. And if you have sinned, and if your past life has become unbearable to you, do not despair, turn to the Testament; it is Just one big forgiveness from beginning to end.”

And the Book that speaks of “this big forgiveness from beginning to end,” we want to send, with your help, to hundreds of thousands of soldiers and sailors. Read the last page of this “Message.” ■ Yours for Christ’s sake, Heyman Wreford.

Incidents of the War

The Time is Short

The time is short!

If thou wouldst work for God, it must be now:

If thou wouldst win eternal garlands for thy brow

Redeem the time.

I sometimes think my thread of life is slender —

That soon, for me, life's labor will be wrought:

Then grows my heart to other hearts more tender

The time is short.

A Peasant of Savoy

We recall a true story of a peasant of Savoy, who, as he was setting forth to the fields for the autumn plowing heard of the death of the second of his sons, killed in the Vosges. The oxen were yoked in front of the house. The postman handed him the letter, bearing the heading of the Prefecture. He went into the house to fetch his spectacles, read in the presence, of his wife, who, anxious, had followed him, and in that of the neighbors, who already knew the news, and then, handing the paper to the companion of his life of labor, said simply:

“God found them ready.”

He added slowly

“My poor wife!....”

And he went off to his ploughing.

He Did Not Know the Way

“Can anyone show me the way?” It was his last cry, they said, repeated again and again, as they passed on “over the top,” leaving him dying in No Man’s Land. Afterwards, talking over the day’s work and experiences, they remembered it, and wondered what he meant. A Christian man among them explained, adding, “Did any of you tell him?” “No,” they said; “we didn’t understand. We didn’t know what he meant.”

If he had had a Testament in his pocket, it would have shown him the way to Christ.

A Letter from the Front

Soldiers! You cannot tell the joy your letters give to your loved ones at home. Your words, written maybe in your dugout, or in the trench, or in Hospital, are bright with the light of love. How often your letters are stained with tears and prayed over by mothers and wives and friends. And how the letters sent to you from home are valued. How tenderly every act of love given in by-gone days is thought of when face to face with danger. A Sergeant writes to me: ■

“I have to look back on my youthful days and thank my dear mother, who taught me the narrow way. As I read one of your tracts which spoke of British mothers, I thought of mine....”

“I Should Have Died a Sinner”

Pte. F. A. writes from the Front: ■

“Dear Dr. Wreford,

“I feel I owe so much to you for many tracts and that beautiful Testament I have received from you. I thank you most heartily for them all.... I feel that had it not been for the good work you have done, and are doing, I should have died a sinner■but thank God I am saved. Through reading the Testament and tracts, I have seen the glory of God.... If we could only hear that the whole of the British Army were converted, what a glorious victory that would be. ■Your friend and brother, F. A.”

Lincoln Comforting a Dying Soldier Boy

American soldiers will look on this picture with great interest. Abraham Lincoln is seen here comforting a dying soldier boy. He was the President of the United States, during the period of the fearful civil war over the slavery question, between the Armies of the North and South. Frequently he went among the boys of the Northern Army encouraging them, and visiting the wounded on the battlefield, and comforting them with messages from the Bible—pointing them to the Saviour of mankind. He was a great and a good man. Thank God there are many today who, on these awful battlefields, are pointing dying men to the Lord Jesus, and may many an American soldier find the way of Life from their ministrations.

“He is Always with us”

Extract from a letter from Sergt. F. A. ■, sent to Miss A. A. L—, from France:—

“As we were going along our front line, one of the men came to me and said, God is with us tonight, Sergeant,’ I said, ‘Yes, rather He is always with us,’ and then he said, ‘I know that you are a God-fearing man, and I have been waiting for a chance to ask you.’ I then knew that some of us were trusting in God for His help, because we had great need of “His help that night.... I was expecting to be taken prisoner that day... I feel sure it is only in answer to the prayers of those at home that I am quite safe today. Praise be unto God our Father and the One Who does care for us and keeps watch over us at all times. I was reading the following words: ■

‘Trusting as the bullets fly,

Trusting as the Zepps go by,

Trusting as the bombs do fall,

Trusting Jesus, that is all’

tonight, and I thought how beautiful they are. ‘Trusting.’ To put our soul in thze trust of Christ.... We know that it is safe, and that nothing can destroy it. Oh, how we need to learn to put our whole trust in Jesus.... I must ask you to pray for me. The world is lull of trouble, but, thanks be to God, we have a place to look forward to where there is no trouble. Now may God bless and keep you all till we meet again. ■Yours in Christ, F. A.”

In the Foret de la Nieppe

In the picture we see an English private, and a French sergeant, both severely wounded in a trench, binding each other's wounds—then they faint from weakness brought on by loss of blood. They were both rescued, being discovered by a dog.

England and France were helping one another in their need on the battlefield, and we must help them both.

The spiritual need of the English and French Armies is extreme. Never more so than now. We are seeking to do what we can by the help of our many friends to give the Word of God to hundreds of thousands of these dear brave men. A great effort is being made to hinder our work among the French soldiers, please pray that it may be strengthened and increased, and with your help and the blessing of God it will be.

A Corporal's Thanks

Dear Dr. Heyman Wreford, B. E. F.

"How to thank you for the two splendid parcels of Testaments and tracts I do not know, but I do ask our Heavenly Father to pour out a very rich blessing upon you for the manner in which you have assisted us here in our work for Him. It is hard, sir, to play the game straight out here, for at times we get so fed up that some of us could cry with a good heart. After a long and trying day's work one requires great enthusiasm to labor on at the Christian meetings; and if it were not for the kind Christian praying friends in the Homeland, who encourage us with assistance in various ways, I am sure our meeting's would not have survived twelve months even. Thank you very much.... Yours in the Master's service,

"H. E. G■"

The Diary of a Soul

By the Editor

A Touching Letter

THIS morning my post brought me a most touching letter. It moves one's heart to read it. I want you to read it with me and let us praise God together for it: ■

“Dear Dr. Wreford and Brother in Christ,”

It is with a heart full of gratitude and joy to God that I sit down to write you this morning. I am sure you will be able to join me in thanking Him for His wondrous and preserving care over us in once more bringing us together (my wife and I) after an absence of over four years. I have been privileged to write to you and to join in the very beautiful work in which you are engaged whilst I was in Eastern waters. It is the desire of my wife and myself to send this sum of £10 as a thank offering to God, for His love in bringing us together once more. We feel confidence that you will put this gift to the very best advantage in the work of God, and so we can unite together in silently preaching the Gospel to yet another number of these who are outside the fold. We pray that God in His mercy will abundantly bless you and those engaged with you in furthering this work of love, and trust that we each one may see and hear of great blessing. God bless you, dear Doctor Wreford, and may He still continue to preserve you during this very trying time, and keep us looking unto Jesus, the Author and Finisher of our Faith. With love to the end, I remain, yours very sincerely in Christ, B. W■.”

Our dear brother has indeed cheered our heart. May his gift and his dear wife's, sanctified as it is as a thank-offering to God, be used mightily by God. It will send very many Testaments and parcels to the brave men on land and sea. It will lift up our hearts in praise to God for giving this light of Gospel love to shine out for Him in these dark days. I have felt sure that the efforts of Satan to stop our work among the French soldiers would be thoroughly defeated and that God would bring untold blessing out of the opposition.

Sympathy for France

Very many letters have come to me sympathizing about the hindrance in our work among the French soldiers: One says: ■

“We will indeed unite in prayer’ concerning the difficulties for sending Testaments to French soldiers.”

Another dear friend writes: ■

“As I read the ‘Message from God’ this morning, my soul was wrung with agony, and I, wept before the Lord. I feel it was of Him that you sent me the leaflet ‘A real need for earnest prayer,’ for it proved to me that my burden in prayer of late for France has inn given to me by His Holy Spirit. I have had to pray for you, and the soldiers and Testaments, and the evangelization of France very much of late.”

Another writes and says: ■

“I was more than sorry to hear about the French troops not being allowed to have the Word of God. How disastrous; but ‘greater is He that is in you than He that is in the world,’ and prayer can still work miracles. I will pray and get others to pray.”

Another writes: ■

“Most truly do we both feel for you■it is grievous, and both the Doctor and I unite in truest’ sympathy and prayerful remembrance. Such intense disappointment after all this long time you have been sending to the poor French soldiers and giving them the Word of Life. But... it is Satan’s doings, stirring up opposition—he knows he has but a short time... He tries to wear out the saints of the Most High.”

Our dear friend, Miss Leakey, has had a most encouraging letter from one well-known in our country. She has sent the following to me:—

“Patient Faith”

Two words of great importance, true words, for it is patient Faith that wins—just like Abraham’s Faith of old, he believed what God promised and patiently waited the issue. I received a letter on April 15th with these telling words “patient faith” written to me concerning dear Dr. Wreford’s work for the French soldiers which Satan is evidently trying to stop. A lawyer friend, a Christian, wrote to the thus: “Nothing but Prayer can meet this. I do indeed hope that God will counteract this scheme of the enemy of souls for depriving the men of the life-giving Word. Dr. Wreford must not be worried! Patient Faith will be rewarded in the end, in God’s own time,” and then he adds, “What a terrible crisis the War has arrived at. We feel that God is chastening us, not more than we have deserved, and we are joining with other Christians all the country over, in confession of our National Sins and prayer that God in His mercy may deliver us. Yet, we know that His great plans are working out and the mysteries will be solved, and probably soon.” God grant it, I repeat, and

He will if only the Nation would turn to God and repent.

Emily P. Leakey.

So dear friends there is an insistent call for prayer now. We must pray and work. I am glad to have been able to bring our needs before you— you will carry them with us to the throne of God, and by faith we shall be able to say this month and every month: “My God shall supply all your need according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus.” Philippians 4:19.

Yours for Christ’s sake

Heyman Wreford.

1. Rather Go to Hell; the Last Call

A gospel service had been held some years ago at a hall in the Channel Islands, after which a number of Christian friends, desirous that others should know the Saviour, wended their way to the sea-shore to hold an open-air service.

When near the spot selected, one of the number turned aside to ask a man who was lounging about to come and hear the oft-told story of God's boundless love to sinners. But alas! he was a hardened sinner, and, twice refused the loving, earnest invitation, supplementing his second refusal with the awful words, "I would rather go to hell than hear the Gospel."

Did he forecast his own judgment? Did he unthinkingly make his lasting choke between heaven and hell? Be this as it may, the solemn fact remains, that the same evening at ten o'clock, this blasphemous trifler was seized with illness and before the belfry clock chimed the midnight hour he was dead.

2. I'll Take my Chance for Eternity

Another solemn instance I remember of refusal to come to Christ. A Christian nephew said to his uncle, "Come along, Uncle George, and hear the gospel tonight. There's a soldier who went through the South, African War to speak, and you'll hear something to do you good for time and eternity." The speaker was a fine, stalwart young fisherman, who had just been converted to God, and like all the royal family of heaven, he wanted to see his friends and kindred saved and happy too. But Uncle George had no desire to, hear of things eternal. Long continuance in sin, and several narrow escapes from a watery grave, had hardened the aged fisherman against God and His Gospel. He was the slave of drink and spent most of his earnings and evenings in the public-house.

Looking at his nephew, who stood awaiting his answer, the old man said in a determined tone, "I'll go to no such place, Johnnie, my lad, and I'll take my chance for eternity." Further remonstrance and invitation only drew forth a torrent of angry words, so the young fisherman had to go, heart-sore at his uncle's indifference to the, things of God.

Three nights after that aged fisherman dropped down dead in the public-house, and was ushered suddenly and without God, into that eternity he had spoken of so lightly.

Reader! Do not trifle with God, or mock His Word. So surely as God has said, "The wicked shall be turned into hell" (Psa. 9:17.) so surely He will do it. But equally sure is the salvation of the sinner who comes to God, reposing in the merits; the atoning death of Jesus Christ as his only plea for salvation.

3. "I Don't Believe in God"

"Do you know about the Lord Jesus, friend?" a Christian asked a man who had listened to the open-air preacher, as he handed him a booklet. With a look of disdain he answered, "No, I believe in none of these things; I don't believe in God, nor do I believe in a hereafter."

"But there is death, and you know you cannot escape his clutches. Are you not afraid to die?"

"Not I," he answered boldly.

"Possibly not. You have a good set of nerves; but what about 'after this the judgment?'"

A slight twitch on his face, and his admission that, "if there was such a thing it was a fearful prospect," indicated to us that even in his avowed unbelief there was the terror of the judgment before him. "Flee from the wrath to come."

A Remarkable Answer to Prayer

Indeed, a most remarkable answer I felt sure it was, and so I determined to find out. Although a perfect stranger to me, I wrote to his mother living in the north of England sending her a card with the sweet words, "He (Jews) healeth the broken-hearted" and saying "will you tell me, did you pray that you might hear of him after his death?" Her answer was the following: "Yes, Miss Leakey, I did pray, earnestly, that in some way, or other I should hear something more of my dear son, and then I got that letter from that kind soldier that was a direct answer to my prayer. I believe in prayer and am always praying for my boys—this is the second son gone—and it is a relief to get any news concerning them." So now dear friends let me say a word about prayer. Mothers go on praying for your sons in the war—at the Front or in the Navy, or wherever they are, cease not to pray—and sons or daughters go on praying. Prayer is the power of God, given to His children to use for His glory. Now to tell you the remarkable answer to this dear mother's prayer. A friend of mine visiting the wounded soldiers in one of our Hospitals was asked by Bombardier M—if she would write to this mother and send her a letter he had found in the pocket of a dead soldier. This was how it happened: Lately in the trenches somewhere in France, he with his corps were waiting, when a bomb came and crashed through the ground throwing up a number of corpses—18 were found—and evidently God put it into the heart of this Bombardier to see if he could find any word of new or comfort that he could send to any relative, The bodies had been buried last October; searching the dead bodies he found in one man's pocket a letter with his mother's address (either to her or from her), so now the mother's prayer is answered and this kind soldier told her he had buried her son and placed a wooden cross over his grave. I think this soldier's action one of the most beautiful I have ever heard, and the answer to the mother's prayer the most remarkable. Fancy a bomb tossing up these dead bodies and so being the means of answering prayer.

Emily P. Leakey.

Just Three Things

“I once met a scholar,” says Bishop Whipple, “who told me that for years he had read every book that he could which assailed the religion of Jesus Christ; and he said he would have become an infidel but for three things. ‘First, I am a man. I am going somewhere. Tonight I am a day nearer the grave than I was last night. I have read all such books can tell me. They shed not one solitary ray upon the darkness. They shall not take away the only guide and leave me stone-blind. Second, I had a mother. I saw her go down the dark valley, where I am going, and she leaned upon an unseen Arm as calmly as a child goes to sleep on the breast of its mother. I know that this was not a dream. Third, I have three motherless daughters (and he said it with tears in his eyes); they have no protector but myself. I would rather kill them than to leave them in this world if you blot out all teachings of the Gospel.’”

Incidents of the War

General Foch And Prayer.

A Frenchman who knows General Foch says that he an ardent believer in the power of prayer. “We shall yet be saved by it,” he says, “and it will not be the first time in this deadly struggle.”

“The thoughts of man have taken the place of the Word of God they will no longer have its authority; the will of man will no longer have the authority of Christ.” — J. N. D. “Christianity is a crime which the world can never forgive.” — J. N.

A Godly Preacher's Answer

John Nelson, a godly preacher, was urged by some to leave off preaching, he replied, "If you can persuade the devil to be still for a month; but if he goes about like a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour, and God hath put a sword into my hand, I am determined to attack him wheresoever I meet him; and wheresoever I meet sin I meet Satan."

N. Y. D.

In an hospital in France these letters were printed on a card, hung over the bed of a wounded soldier. The "Tommys" in the ward, in their usual jocular way, said the letters meant "Not, Yet Dead." In a similar mood they translated three letters which were further down the card, "S.W.B." (South Wales Borderers) into "Soon Will Be."

These letters, "N.Y.D.," were really intended for the guidance off the Doctor and meant

Not Yet Diagnosed

That is, the wounded soldier had not yet been medically examined, and the wound had not been located, or the disease specified.

But; dear fellow sinner, if you are still unsaved, "N.Y.D." ■not yet diagnosed, not yet proved or detected as a sinner■cannot be said of you, for our God has diagnosed your disease Unerringly. Many a Doctor has treated a patient wrongly, through not knowing what the disease was, but God makes no mistakes.

From Eden's gates tin to the Cross, and on to the present hour, man was proved to be a sinner, under law, and under grace■God's verdict, His diagnosis is■

All Have Sinned

And the world is now subject to the judgment of God (Rom. 3:19).

A soldier, dying in the trenches, was heard to say to his mates before he passed away, "Can you tell me anything about God?"

Now, dear reader, we want to tell you something about God, of His wondrous love, of His matchless grace to you. May these words, just as you read them, be blessed to your soul.

This God, against whom you have been sinning so long,

Loves You

and loves you just as you are. Yes, you, with all your sins, with that hard, careless heart of yours, the fact■the unchanging, blessed fact■remains, God loves the sinner, but He hates your sins; and the proof of His love is, He gave up the Son of His love to suffer on the Cross instead of you, and to bear the judgment of God on account of sin and sins.

Now, we do not ask you to wait till you feel this love, but to believe what He says. Remember God cannot lie. "Christ died for the ungodly." Do not listen to what your own heart says.

Let me tell you of another soldier who, some time ago, was mortally wounded in the trenches. He cried out to his fellow soldiers around him, "I'm dying and I am lost, tell me how to be saved?" Alas! none of the soldiers could help him. But one said, "I know a young soldier down the line, he knows." He ran and brought a young Christian soldier. He had his Bible with him, and turned to John 3, and read to the dying soldier how Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, "even so must the Son of Man be lifted up," and then the prophet would proclaim to the dying men around him■

Look and Live

And as many as looked away from their wounds and from themselves to the brazen serpent were healed and saved. The poor dying soldier looked to Christ, and as he passed away, he said, "I see it, I see it." How simple is God's way of salvation!

Dear reader, do look now, for

"There is life in a look at the Crucified One."

Some time ago, some soldiers were leaving the North of Ireland going to the Front, and as they were leaving by train, some of the bystanders cried out "Give them Hell." This sad expression is often used of the awful fighting that goes on in the trenches. But, some time after this, some Evangelists miter also leaving for work among the soldiers in France, and some fellow Christians, in bidding them goodbye, said, "Give them Christ." How precious this is! To tell not of religion, or sacraments, or going to Heaven because one dies on the battle, field, but of HIM, the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world.

It is Christ you need, a loving Saviour, who will never east you out. It is Christ and Christ alone will save you.

Christ on the Cross for you,

Christ on the throne for you,

Christ coming, to the air for you

Will you take Himself just now as you read these words? For

"He loved you and gave Himself for you."

R.T.

A Private's Joy

A Private wrote to me and said: ■

“Dear Sir, “I am so overjoyed that I do not know what to do with myself. As soon as I opened your parcel and saw what was in it, all the men in my tent threw sneers at me and said I was getting religious. I told them I was. About an hour after one of the men asked me if I could get him a Testament, so I said I would; then others came and asked me, so I have written out six postcards for them.”

The Conversion of Corporal John Roberts

Corporal John Roberts, of the 1st King's Liverpool Regiment, was for twelve years a tram guard, before joining the Army at the outbreak of the Great War of 1914. He was an atheist, a speaker for, and member of the "National Secular Society." He says: "The brightest day of my life was the day of my conversion. One day I was busy punching tickets, asking the usual question, 'Where to?' of my Passenger's. I was asked by one, 'Where to are you a Christian?' I promptly said, 'No, I don't believe in religion. I only believe what the poet wrote: "I sent my soul to hell to the invisible, some letter of the after-life to spell."' The answer came, 'Heaven and hell are as you make them here below.' I promised, however, I would attend some sort of a meeting to be held that night. As the men left the car, one said to me, 'Jesus wants you.' Those words clung to me all day. I went to the service. I had been to secular meetings, and spoken up and down the country, but never had I seen such a meeting as that. It did not interest me, but as I was going out I felt a touch of the shoulder and heard the words, 'Jesus wants you.' What did He want me for? I was an atheist, and did not want Him. 'Jesus wants you' came to me again. 'All right,' I said, 'I will see what He wants me for.'

"I was then a young man of twenty-three years, and one not sentimental or easily to be pilled, so I followed and went to the penitent-form to see if the words 'Jesus wants you' were real. And a faithful man of God told me of a Saviour who died for me, but I could not believe it. He suddenly said, 'Are you willing to become one of the salted ones of this world?' Was I willing? As soon as I was the light seemed to break through. I forgot everything that I was; all I wanted was to know Him that wanted me. I felt like a sick man who suddenly gets a new lease of life, and I leapt to my feet praising God, and went, home to tell my people that I was now going to believe in God and serve Him. This happened at Star Hall, Manchester, on October 10th 1907. Since then I have, by His grace and power, found Him the All-Sufficient One. ■John Roberts." M.M. Worthing.

A Sergeant's Letter

S. M. R. N. ■

A Sergeant in a South African Native Regiment writes from the front in France: ■

“Dear Mr. Wreford,

“I am sure you will perhaps be astonished to get a line from one you have never seen. One day, as I was going about in the camp, I picked up one of your pamphlets, ‘How can I be Saved?’ I read this touching sermon with great interest, and it is beginning to make me a new man, and it is working very stubborn against Satan. Your little book has become my comforter. The Word of God is really wonderful—the true sense of it never appeared to me before. You made it so explicit and so inviting. Many representatives of Christ have preached to me on several occasions, but they never touched my heart so seriously as to convince me that the world I live in is shrouded by the darkness of sin, and that my sins help to make the world more dark. Ah! if I could but help, I would cease to have part in an association of crime against my Saviour. I hope, by the help of God, to be a true follower of Christ. You will help me, Dr. Wreford; I know you will. One cannot help yielding to the invitation of his Lord in the way you put it. I am a native of South Africa; my family are all Christians. My father died in the Lord in 1899; he told us that he was going Home to rest and that we should seek to get where he is.... You may send me another sermon—send one you think will help me on my way. ■Yours faithfully,

“S. M. R. N. ■.”

In his next letter to me, he thanked me for my letter. He told me the chaplain would be glad of a parcel, and that he would do what he could to bring others in his regiment to Christ. May God bless him!

Extract from Soldier's Letter from France

"If we want to win this war, the nation in general must turn to God in prayer. Ask Him to help us. I cannot understand how anyone can fail to see that, seeing we have been on so long as we have and come to no decision.

"I am glad to say I feel the Presence of God very close and it is a great comfort to me.

"I could not be happy without Him, now, and I should love to be home and be able to do some work for Him.

"It would seem nice to be able to go to a place of worship in England. (Private) H. W."

“Yes, He Will”

A soldier with the Expeditionary Force says: “I took the, Testament. I never read it until wounded, and with three others (one mortally) to pass the time waiting for Red cross men, the silent Testament came out. I read aloud the place that opened to me■Matthew 7 verses 7 and 8 especially, I had to read this twice over to the eleventh verse. The dying man said, ‘To knock mil not able, and to seek I cannot; and if I ask, will God Almighty hear me?’ And two comrades, with tears in their eyes, shouted out to him, ‘Yes, He will.’ He died saying, ‘I wish I had known this before, but I must trust He will. Good-bye all!’”

Helping the Helpless

We see in this picture the Royal Naval Division helping Belgian soldiers and refugees during the retreat from Antwerp.

The wounded are being led by these brave soldiers, the children are being carried, and the weak and helpless are being raised and supported. They are fleeing from death and worse than death. They are refugees who have lost all their earthly possessions, and who, but for the help of these loving hands, might have lost their lives. Behind them the glare and the smoke of their burning homes, the thunder of terrible war sounding in their ears, before them safety and rest.

Oh sinner, do as these refugees are doing■ “Flee from the wrath to come.” You will find plenty of kind hands to help you on this road to safety and to God. We will help you by sending you a Testament if you have not one, and kind friends will help us to provide all that are needed.

Another Sergeant's Letter to Miss A. A. L■:

"I am off duty today, so I can sit at ease, and send you quite a king letter....We are not so much exposed to danger as those who have to go in the trenches. Still at times we have to work along our first line of trenches, and we see the slaughter of mankind. We experience the danger and at times we are the sorrowful bearers of heavy casualties amongst our own boys.... One of our chaps was standing by the officer in charge. He remarked 'How lucky you chaps are,' and before he had finished speaking he was numbered with the dead, by the shrapnel of a shell which dropped within a few yards from them. The lad told me he was dumb-struck, for he was so close to the officer that no one could pass between them. When he came to himself, he took him to the dressing station. After seeing the wonderful handiwork of the Almighty, don't you back up the writer of these beautiful words■

"Not a single shaft can hit

Till the God of Love sees fit.'?

Daily, as I see His hand of protection over me, I find that I cannot love Him enough. 'All the way long it is Jesus.' How sweet it is to trust Him. 'He careth for thee.... Now He has gone up in glory, leaving behind Him the consoling promise,

"I will be with thee.'

"I have not received parcel, but believe it is near. Up to this morning some of my men were asking me if the books and tracts had come. "Indeed Jude 24 is lovely, and we trust Him to keep us.

"Ah! here's the parcel; it's just in. I shall, start to work at once to distribute them. Now they are calling me; what must I do but close? 'Where duty calls we must obey.' I am, yours in Christ,

"F. G■(Sergeant)."

Saved for Both Worlds

“It saved my life for both worlds” said a soldier of a copy of the New Testament which he had carried into action in his pocket. The bullet passed into it, and rested on the word “everlasting” in John 12:50. “And I know” said Jesus, “that His life everlasting.” Finding what had taken place after the engagement; he said to himself there and then: “If this is His commandment, then I give myself to Him now.” Two days later he was wounded in the spine by a fragment of shell, it is feared fatally. So he was saved: just in time. — W. G. B.

Help us then to send to every soldier or sailor who asks us, a copy of the Scriptures.

The Diary of a Soul

By the Editor

I HAVE just been reading again “The Dairyman’s Daughter,” by Legh Richmond. In one of the letters Elizabeth wrote to Mr. Richmond, the flowing very solemn passages occur. She had been speaking of the duties of the Christian life—the grace and mercy of the Lord Jesus Christ, and that if we lived more by faith in the Son of God we should endeavor to get all we could to seek after God. But now I will let her own words speak: ■

“These thoughts have been much on my mind since the death of ■. I trust the Lord will pardon me for neglect. I thought it was my duty to speak or write to him; you remember what I, said to you respecting it. But I still delayed till a more convenient season. Oh! how I was struck when I heard the Lord had taken him so suddenly. I was filled with sorrow and shame for having neglected what I so often resolved to do. But now the time of speaking for God to him is over.... Now the night of death has come upon him. No more work to be done. If I had done all that lay in my power to proclaim reconciliation by Christ to his soul whether he had heard or no, should have been clear of his blood. But I cannot recall the time that is past, nor him from the grave. Had I known the Lord would have called him so suddenly; how diligent I should have been to warn him of his danger!”

How affecting are these words; and how they speak to us today. “Had known.” Do we know? Do we realize the awful nearness of death to our loved ones these awful days? Have we done all that lies in our power for them? Are we clear of their blood? The night of death is coming for thousands of them, and when that night comes no man can work. We cannot follow the dead with our prayers, or speak of Christ to those who can no longer hear. For all eternity we shall never be able to recall the time that is past, or call them from their graves to speak of that eternity and the salvation of their souls. What a wail of sorrow are these words of hers: “But now the time of speaking for God to him is over.” Over forever! Did I tell my husband about his Saviour before he left me for the Front? Did I kneel beside my boy and beg him to put God first in all his life and trust in his Redeemer? Did I put the Testament in his hand and beg him to read it day by day? And when the “bad news from the Front” desolated my home and broke my heart, could I feel and know that I should meet again my loved in Christ to part no more?

I would press upon my own soul and upon the souls of all my Christian readers the deep necessities of today. I am going to give you a few letters from the Front; a few taken from hundreds I receive, showing how the soldiers value the Word of God. They give vivid pictures of their lives, their thoughts and their needs. Oh! how my heart goes out to them as I read. I wish they knew how I loved them, but what is ten thousand times more important, I wish they all knew how Christ loves them.

“Into Thy Hands”

Private I. F. ■ writes: ■

“Dear Sir, ■ Many thanks for the welcome Testament book which I have just received from you. I happened to find your post-card in a small ‘dug-out,’ so I thought it rather lucky that I should come across same in securing the Book I had been longing for. I am sure if all the boys had one they would find God’s messages a great help to them during their sorrowful moments like myself. I always look to my Father for His great care, like the text I often think of ■ ‘Into Thy hands.’ Let me thank you once more.”

“We Have Given Our Hearts to God”

Private James N■. says: ■

“Dear Sir, ■Just a short answer to your ever welcome parcel, and I must say I appreciate it very much. Then another two chums and myself go out for two hours into a wood beside our camp, and spend our time reading your little Testament; my chums have each one exactly the same, and we have given our hearts to God, and we pray every night for Him to forgive all our sins, and we pray to God for to finish the War soon, and my chums and I send our best wishes to you.”

A Dead Soldier's Testament

The following affecting little letter I received, and it cheered me to know that God had used the soldiers' Testament to comfort and bless the soldiers' soul: ■

Dear Mr. Wreford,

"Some time during this great European War, you sent some Active Service Testaments to the men at the Front. One of them was received by a Corporal R. Wallace in the 15th Hussars. He has since been killed at Bourton Wood, near Cambrai, on November 25th. I am writing to thank you very much for your gift to him, as I know it was properly used, and often. I received the Testament from his chum last week, and that is how I found your address. The little Book is much stained, and dropping to pieces with use It is the only thing we have back of his belongings, so it is very precious to use 'We were all very much upset by his death, but he served his country to his fullest ability, and now he has gone to serve a Higher King, which be found with the help of a Chaplain as well, who has since been killed in Frantz. His officer wrote and said he was loved and admired by all, his men for his unselfish ways. Thanking you once again, I am, sir, his cousin. ■Yours truly, MAY WALLACE."

Thank God for the Testament read and re-read, and for the godly Chaplain who helped Wallace to Christ■they both behold His glory now.

The Loved Ones at Home

Gunner Frank E. B—, of—the Tank Corps, B.E.F., writes: ■

Dear Sir, “I, received a letter yesterday from a dear old Christian friend in Scotland, and enclosed was one of your pamphlets, ‘A Message from God.’ It was very helpful and encouraging to read the experiences of some of our brave Christian comrades. A Christian’s life in, the Army is not an easy one, ‘but if God be for us, who can be against us?’ I also read in your interesting book that, you would send a Testament. I should be very pleased with one if you could spare me one. I, like many others of our brave lads, am away from dear ones at home. I have a dear wife and child, and mother and father, but although many miles apart, we are under the wings of our Saviour Jesus Christ; and to those who put their trust in Him, the burden of life is not so heavy. Sir; I can tell by your pamphlet you are a busy Christian man, but if, you have a moment to spare I should like you go send a message of comfort to my loved ones at home who feel it very much at my absence.

“I wish more men would realize the love of our Saviour. I myself find out what a great thing companionship is in the Army, and if at times I cannot be with earthly companions, I know that my Heavenly Father is always with The, and that He is the best of all friends.

Please excuse me if I have taken up any of your valuable time, but it is a treat to write to Christian friends about the love of God. ■Yours sincerely in Christ, F. S. B■.”

We are always ready to write or get some Christian friend to write to the loved ones of the soldiers if they wish it. Miss A. A. L■. wrote to Mrs. B■. Anxious wives have written to us, about their souls, and we wish more would.

Testaments Like Good Pals

A Lance-Corporal says in his letter: ■

“Thank you very much for sending we that little Testament so very quickly. You have no idea what a great deal of good you are doing by giving out these books to us. They are just like good pals to us in times of trouble and adversity, and a great comfort when we are in temptation and anxiety.

■H. H. L■.”

Writing for Advice

A boy fifteen years old and a cripple, writes to me from Bedfordshire: ■

Dear Sir,

“I have read your book called ‘How can I be saved?’ and I have read ‘Have you a difficulty?’ and I can understand them, but I do not know that I am saved, and I am writing to you for advice. ■T. H. A—.”

“The Best Friend, is Jesus”

Sapper George Knowles says in one of his happy letters to us:

Dear Dr. Wreford:

“Very many thanks for your kindness in sending me two parcels of Testaments. I received them safely, and have already commenced to distribute. They came at a proper time, and oh, the joy of going round with the precious Word of Life ‘Free.’ I do like that word Free. I am often asked if I am selling them; how glad I am, to say ‘No, I am giving them away Free.’ Through the grace of God I continue witnessing for Christ, Who continues to give encouragement and blessing. I was speaking to a Jew last night; he was more than interested, and became anxious. Oh! I do pray God to open his eyes to see Jesus as his own personal Saviour. I find still that the best Friend to have is Jesus. O praise His name, He lifted me, and He keeps me “lifted” too.’

“It is grand to be saved and to know it, but it is better to be saved and show it.

“As the days go by, amid all the din and confusion there is out here; amid all the difficulties, trials and dangers the Tommy has to face and endure, my Saviour becomes more precious to me■the salvation proves more real., He died to set me free; He lives to keep me free.

“Though I change, circumstances change, other people change■my Saviour knows no change. No one can keep like Him. No one can whisper words of cheer and comfort when we are beset behind and before with danger like He can. ‘Oh! how sweet to call Him mine.’

“The Lord bless you, dear Doctor, and your helpers in Christ Jesus. ■

Yours affectionately in Him, GEO. KNOWLES.”

What a comfort to know that thousands of soldiers at the Front are serving Christ and doing all they can at all times and in all places to bring their comrades to Christ.

With the Italian Army

We see in our illustration a body-of Italian Infantry returning to the Front. As we look upon these fine fellows marching we think of their immortal souls, and we long to put into the hands of every one of them a Gospel or a Testament in Italian. There is a great desire among these soldiers for the Word of God, and we shall be glad to send Gospels in Italian to any workers among these soldiers.

A German Proclamation

This proclamation was issued by the Headquarters of the German Military Government at Udine, to the inhabitants of conquered Italy: ■

Proclamation

A house-to-house search will be made for all arms weapons and ammunition.

All victuals remaining in the house must be, delivered up,

Every citizen must obey our labor regulations.

All Workmen, Women and Children over fifteen years old are, obliged to work in the fields every day, Sundays included, from 4 a.m. to 8 p.m.

Disobedience will be punished in the following manner.

(1) Lazy workmen will be accompanied to their work by Germans. After the harvest they will be imprisoned for six months, and every third day will be given nothing but bread and water.

(2) Lazy women will be obliged to work, and after the harvest receive six months imprisonment.

(3) Lazy children will be punished by beating. The Commandant reserves the right to punish lazy workmen with twenty lashes daily.

Christ's Proclamation

"Come unto Me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

"Him that cometh unto Me, I will in no wise cast out."

No Testaments for the French Soldiers

For the present we are forbidden by the French War Office from sending Testaments direct to the French soldiers■none are allowed to do it. We can but hope and pray that this barrier may soon be removed. I have had a firm but most courteous letter from the French Ambassador's office in London asking me to refrain from sending. I can but bow to this decree and pray. God is omnipotent, and we trust in Him. Thank God that all over France there is a great inquiry for God's Word, and we are able to send thousands of Testaments to French homes. I have by me hundreds of letters from French soldiers thanking me for the Testaments I have been able to send.

There are very many Christian soldiers in the French Army we know, and we must pray for them that they may be able to be a blessing to their comrades.

Goodbye for July

Dear friends, never dish, I need your prayerful sympathy more than now. Pray earnestly for France and Italy. The devil is seeking to close all doors against the Lord Jesus and the Book that speaks of Him. We can supplicate the Power that can bend the hearts of all men to His will. We can and do call on Him Who holds the universe in thrall. He will come to our aid I am sure. We will stand still and see the salvation of the Lord.”

Our work among the English soldiers is being abundantly blessed. Today two hundred soldiers have sent to us individually for Testaments■mostly from the battle fronts■and this goes on day by day. It is there, in an especial manner, men feel their need of God. We are told that before an engagement hundreds of men are seen upon their knees praying to God.

Owing to great pressure of work I have not been able to answer letters as quickly as I should wish. I know I shall be forgiven. I thank all who have helped, and who are helping on the work. The day is soon coming when sowing will give place to reaping, and then the joy of Harvest Home.■Yours for Christ’s sake, HEYMAN WREFORD

“Suppose I Had Been Death?”

“What is your business?” “Oh! it is just to speak a little about the soul and its eternal interests. But I see you are busy.” “Well, yes, I am, very.”

The preacher put out his hand to say “Good-bye,” and, drawing close to the astonished man, whispered solemnly in his ear, “Suppose I had been death?”

God and the Soul

A young girl was lying fast asleep whilst the curtains of her bed were burning. A spark fell upon her forehead. She awoke with a start just in time to save herself from a, terrible end.

Prepare to Meet Thy God

A young man walked into a gospel meeting one night. During the service his attention, was attracted, by a black banner hanging up in front of the audience with these words on it:— “The coming of the Lord draweth nigh.” (James 5:8.) During the meeting the banner was turned, and these words confronted him: “Prepare to meet thy God.” (Amos 4:12.) God spoke to that young man in awfully solemn tones by that banner, and his conversion soon followed.

“Do You Think it was Jesus, Sir?”

How near the Lord Jesus is to the soldier on the battlefield who looks to Him! Our dear friend M. M■., of Worthing, has sent me the following beautiful incident. It is a true story of a wounded Highlander in the Boer War.

Out on the veldt in the lonely night,
A wounded soldier lay■
A surgeon answered his cry of fright,
And he searched 'mid the faces gray,
Glad at heart if he yet might be
A comfort to friend or enemy.
Over the boulders here and there
He stepped till he found his man;
And a quiver of sympathetic care,
Through his quickened pulses ran,
As he gently raised from its stony bed,
That dying lad's unconscious head.
The kindly touch brought a gleam of light
Into the dying eye,
Which scanned the surgeon's kindly face,
In wondering surprise,
And he said, and his tones a question bore■
“Have you not been at my side before?”
No, do you say? Yet someone came,
As I lay on my rocky bed.
And He spoke such pitiful words to me,
With His hand upon my head.
What did He say? O sentence blest!

‘Come unto Me, I will give you rest.’”
“Do you think it was Jesus—Jesus, sir?”
But reason failed once more;
And the kindly surgeon was fain to stay,
Till the sufferer’s need was o’er.
And presently on the midnight chill
His voice rang out o’er-the silent hill.
“Oh! see, He is there again,” he said,
“And He is beckoning me.
“I am coming, Lord,” but as he spoke,
His wounds broke full and free;
And his soul went out of his prison gate
To the city of glory where Jesus waits.
Do you think it was Jesus? I do, I do,
And I bless Him with all my heart,
That He should be so near, so true
To do a Saviour’s part;
So near to comfort, so swift to claim
That dying sinner who knew His name.
He spoke to Abraham as a friend—
And Jacob held Him fast.
He cleared the eyes of the sightless man,
Who called Him as He passed.
And now by the bed on the mountain side
He comforted one for whom He died.
Not often doth He appear today,
In bodily form to bless.
But come, Lord, come in some gracious way,
At the end of my wilderness.

Be my call as clear and my heart as glad
As that which was given that Highland lad.
Anon.

Don't Pick Holes

It is quite true, some people try to find fault and pick holes in the conduct of other people. I heard of one soldier who did not profess to be converted or serve God, who said of one of his comrades, who was a converted man—that is, one who knew he was a sinner, but who had looked to Jesus Christ as his Saviour—he said of him: “He converted indeed, he gives way to temper,” etc., etc. But, dear, unconverted man, you little know the striving and fight it is for a converted (or turned round man) to conquer his bad temper and lusts of the flesh, but I will tell you the way, for dear Colonel B told me himself how he conquered his passionate temper and became the most patient of men. He said: “My dear Emily, God taught me to pray, and whenever I felt my wicked temper rising, I used to rise up, leave the room and retire to pray.” Yes, yes. Prayer for the Holy Spirit to come and—fill the heart and lips, will conquer the hottest temper. Try it, dear converted soldier, sailor, or civilian, and you will in His strength soon be able to shout “Hallelujah! He is mine, and I am His. He no longer lets me give way to temper.”

Emily P. Leakey

Incidents of the War

“More than ever I feel that there are millions who will never get any portion of God’s Word unless it be given to them as a free gift. The only way of bringing the Gospel to nine out of ten is by the printed page. This must be done by giving ‘without money and without price’ to those who wish to possess.”■From a letter.

Making Hay While the Sun Shines

The smell of the new made hay is pleasant perfume, and the work of the harvest field in summer weather has a great charm. The farmer is glad when the fields are mown, and the hay is gathered in. When the sun shines and the days are long, the work is soon done; then rest comes, and the quiet content of accomplished labor. And so in God's work we have our appointed place, and when our day is over, the laborer rests with God. I have just had a letter from a father, speaking of the home-call of his daughter. Frail and weak in body for years, we are told, "she did a good deal of work among young people, corresponding with many of the girls who answered the Bible questions. When she went to be with Christ she had two shillings and sixpence ready to send to me for Testaments to be sent to the troops. She often sent to me sums from her pocket-money for that purpose. A short account of her last hours has been kept to be sent to many who knew her., I felt I should like a wider circle to know how gently the Lord Jesus took Phoebe Houseman home from fields of service to be with Himself. This is part of the short account:—

Fell Asleep in Jesus, May 15th, 1918

“The first intimation we had that the end was drawing near was after she had requested us to read a little earlier; we knew she was getting weaker, but did not expect the end so soon. She did not seem to know—as far as we could tell—that she would not get well, for she was looking forward to getting out again. We thought sometimes she was doubtful about it.

“I read the Twenty-third Psalm; and she seemed to enjoy it, as I heard her respond to it once or twice.

“At 9:45 she cried out ‘Lord Jesus, Lord Jesus.’ I prayed over her, and asked the Lord to remove the pain. Afterward I said, Jesus will help you to bear the pain, She said, ‘He is bearing all the pain.’ To her, mother she said, ‘Jesus has a lot of work to do, and He wants me to help Him, but I feel so tired.’

“We called Stephen downstairs, and I took him to her and said: ‘Stephen is here, have you a word for him?’ She said, ‘Come to Jesus, Stephen. Jesus wants, you. Jess loves you,’ and she repeated the appeal to him to come, and he promised he would. She said: ‘Satan wants to do anything he likes with me, but you won’t let, him, Jesus?’—this with such child-like trust. I said: ‘Is Jesus with you all the time?’ She said, ‘Yes, all the time,’ and kept talking to ‘Him and about Him until the end. I said to her, ‘Can you see Jesus?’ She said, ‘Yes, I see Jesus in glory,’ and then she continued talking to Him. She was completely absorbed in Jesus; her flow of conversation was all Jesus and His love. After she stopped speaking I said: ‘Is Jesus with you?’ She said ‘Yes’ in a faint whisper. In a few moments she was gone, without any struggle, at 10:45 p.m., to be forever with the One she loved and tried to serve. Jesus was with her to the end. She needed Him when the pain was so great. He took it away, and when Satan came to do his worst, He was still there to defend her. Most truly she was ‘Safe in the arms of Jesus.’

“We can praise the Lord for His mercies to her in taking her to Himself from this scene where she had suffered so much and so long.”

So passed away one of our helpers in our work among the soldiers. She was a friend indeed to the soldiers and the sailors.

A Soldier's Letter to. Miss a. A. L

“.....I am so pleased to be able to say I have already seen a blessed work wrought by my stand for Christ.... One of the lads of my own room gave his heart to God during the evening service. He testified to my prayers and courage being the means of this act... Thanks so much for ‘Message’ and Testaments. I pray God may strengthen me spiritually to work onward for Him in the spreading of His Word.

“My prayers shall include our Doctor's needs and, the removing of the obstacle regarding the Gospel work among the French soldiers.

“ ‘Jesus shall reign, where'er the sun

Doth its successive journeys run;

His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,

Till suns shall rise and set no more.’

“May the dear Lord grant you His blessing and strength to go forward into victory, through Jesus Christ. ■Yours, kept by the grace of God, Private N. W—.”

Private S. R's Letter

“Dear Sir, —Would you kindly forward me one of your Testaments, as I have had a very lucky escape with the one had. Unfortunately, a piece of shell struck my right breast pocket, and it happened that it struck the top of my Testament; this must have turned the piece of shell, therefore it shattered my book. Everyone said it must have saved my life. I have been out here ever since the beginning, and have always carried one, so I am in great need of one just at the moment.”

A TOMMY WRITES■

“I thank you very much for the Testaments you have sent. I am sure it is very kind of you to think of us boys out here. I feel very lonely. I feel I have not a friend in the world, so the Testament will be a great help to me Private P. H. E■.”

The Diary of a Soul

By the Editor

A Solemn Edict No Testaments for the French Soldiers

BY the advice of friends, and I feel sure under the guidance of God, I have sent the circular I sent out with the June "Message from God," called "No Testament for the French Soldier," to every member of the House of Commons and the House of Lords. I am sending it also to some of the clergy and ministers of the various denominations. I also hope to send it to the Army and the Navy leaders. I have sent the following letter with it: ■

The Firs,

Denmark Road,

Exeter.

To ■ July, 1918.

Will you kindly read the enclosed paper? May I ask you to do what you can to get me permission to send the Word of God to the French soldiers? I am sure that the honoring of God's Word will be a presage to victory.

I do not want to carry on any "religious" propaganda among the French soldiers; I only ask for permission to put the Word of God into the hands of men who may soon have to meet Him.

I am, your obedient servant,

Heyman Wreford.

I do trust that the awful edict that seeks to sever a man from the Word of his God may be repealed. No nation ever prospered that set aside the Word of God. If this insult to God is perpetuated it must darken the whole course of the war. An edict from an earthly King, Emperor or President would be respected and its contents read. Surely a Book, with a Message, from the King of kings, should not be withheld from those for whom and to whom it is written.

I ask the prayers of all God's people that I and others may again be able to send God's Word to the French soldier.

I append extracts from a few, of the many letters I have received.

Grieved to the Heart

One writes: ■

"I am grieved to the heart that an hindrance has been put to your sending French Testaments. The Lord will overrule it. Deep sympathy. ■A. P."

A Major writes: ■

"Sorry to hear about French Testaments.....■Yours in prayer, E. W."

F. M. O. says: ■

"I am grieved for the poor French soldiers, and pray the way will be opened for them to have the Word of God."

So Sorry for the French Soldiers

A. W. writes: ■

“So sorry for the French soldiers. I cannot find words to express what I feel about their forbidding God’s Word to be ‘sent to them.’ I am praying for them, and trust soon to hear the glad news that the way is again opened for you to send.”

A Private's Prayer

Private A. W. writes: ■

"I am praying much about France, that God will break down the barriers, that His servants may go in with His word. Please accept the enclosed' Li to be used for Testaments to the men at the Front as you see best."

A. L. says: ■

"I pray that God will overrule Satan's work in stopping the distribution of God's word in France. May God rouse up by His Spirit those who know Him and believe in Him to witness fearlessly to the truth as never before."

A Terrific Responsibility

A Colonel writes: ■

“Without doubt, it is not encouraging to receive such a reply to your letter as you have from the French Military Attaché.

“Those in authority take upon themselves the terrific responsibility of fighting against God. He works in such a different way to our way, and no doubt He will bring good out of what to our poor finite minds we cannot understand. However, you have the consolation of knowing that you have done your part. ‘Look up!’... I enclose 30s. towards tire distribution of God’s Word from my dear wife: ■Yours heartily, in the good and sure hope.”

A Terrible Decree

M. I. W., writes: ■

“It is indeed a terrible decree, which forbids the circulation of God’s Word among the French soldiers. May the power of God, in answer to believing prayer, speedily be manifested by a revocation of the order issued by the Commander-in-Chief of the French Army, and in its stead the granting of a permission for the spreading of the Scriptures among them.”

A Lady of eighty-eight writes: ■

“I am much distressed at the forbidding to send the New Testaments to the French soldiers..... The national sins, I fear, prolong God’s heavy’ chastisement, and keep back victory and peace. The indifference is appalling, when every family (with very few exceptions) is mourning the loss of dear ones, and yet there is very little national repentance.”

From a Gentleman in France

I conclude my letters for this month with one from a French gentleman of influence in Rheims and another from a French soldier: ■

Dear Sir

“Please send me two exemplars of the Ancient and New Testament, one for myself, and the other for my daughter, Marie. V■

“Our town, Rheims, is filled with ruins and desolation by the Huns, and the reading of the Holy Scriptures will give us the courage to support our exile. ■Yours very truly, E.C.”

From a French Soldier

France

Dear Sir and Friend

“In reply to your, esteemed letter received today. I am very disappointed that I cannot obtain, possession of those Testaments which give such great pleasure to many poilus, for they help us to a great extent to endure the hardships of this terrible War. They drive away black thoughts from our minds, and calm the mental suffering of those who, like myself, being orphans, have left at home a mother, a grandmother, and a young brother and sister, whose only support is my mother’s work.

“So, dear friend, as soon as it is possible, I shall be infinitely grateful if you will kindly send me those Holy Books, which will enable me to endure the War with patience and to wait for the end of this strife.

“Trusting in the grace of God, dear friend, I wish you the’ best of health, and send you my kindest regards. ■P. N■.”

Our Resource Is in God

We are filled with deep sorrow■still we trust in God. We know not yet what the result will be of the appeal we have sent far and wide. Some have said, "It will cost a great deal," but if one soul is worth more than the universe, and we are seeking with a single eye the souls of men, God will see to it that all we need is given for the furtherance of His work. The increase in the cast of paper is enormous, and the rate of postage higher, but there is no limit to the possibilities of Christian faith. We have been blessed with open doors in every direction, and with wonderful cases of blessing. God has so far enabled us to send to every soldier and sailor, and to every worker who has sent to us for Testaments and tracts.

Many Italian soldiers are sending to us for Testaments, and all over France we are sending the Word of God to civilians.

We have been exceedingly pressed with work on account of all these things, and I ask the kind forbearance of my friends if answers to their letters have been delayed. ■Yours for Christ's sake,
Heyman Wreford

A Runner Delivers his Message and Falls Dead

The Army Runners are picked men, of great courage and endurance. Their duties are most important, and they have to carry them out in circumstances often of the utmost danger. The story of our picture (a true one) is of a British runner, mortally wounded, falling dead in the act of handing to an officer the message which had been entrusted to him. He had indeed been faithful unto death." The following beautiful story brings vividly before us how these men live and die: ■

"Gone to His Death"

The Rev. O. S. Watkins gives the following pathetic description of the death and burial of a motor-cycle scout. He says: ■

"No men are braver, and very few render more important service, than the motor-cycle scouts. They are, many of them, students from Oxford and Cambridge. Their intelligence, knowledge of languages, and general resources are a great asset to the British Army. Their work, however, is perilous in the extreme. One of these had lost his way, and had actually ridden through two villages occupied by the Germans when, at Douai, a bullet found its way to his heart. When the Germans retired from the village, the villagers carried him tenderly into a cottage, straightened the fine young limbs, and covered him with a clean, white sheet. They placed a bunch of newly-gathered flowers upon his heart. He was carried, to his last long rest by the old men of the village—the young men had all gone to the War—and as they passed through the village, the women came from the houses and laid flowers upon the bier.

"Slowly they climbed the hill, with many a halt to rest the ancient bearers, while ahead boomed the heavy guns, and at their feet they could see the infantry advancing to action. At last the hill-top was reached, crowned by the little church, with 'God's acre' all around. They laid him in the hastily-dug grave, the peasants—with uncovered heads—listening reverently to the reading of the burial service in a language they could not understand. Before the service was finished shrapnel shells were bursting over the hill-top, and the peasants quietly moved to the partial shelter of the wall, still with uncovered heads.

When the final 'Amen' was said, the Chaplain stood for a moment gazing down into the grave and thinking of all the brilliant possibilities wrapped up in that splendid young fellow 'gone to his death,' when one of the old men, forgetting his fear of the guns, came forward to the graveside, and cast earth with unconscious dignity upon the body lying there.

"'You are a brave man,' he said, and our friend. You have given your life for our country. We thank you. May you sleep well in the earth of beautiful France." And the old men under the shelter of the wall added 'Amen.'

"Thus they go—the grand old Field-Marshal, 'neath the weight of years, the brilliant General, in the full tide of useful service; and the young man, his life-work scarce begun! Thus they go, and the flower of our nation's manhood with them."

You cannot read this without tears; without thinking of the brave young lives gone from earth forever. Gone to their death—dying bravely for their earthly king and country—but leaving behind them as they go breaking hearts and sorrow that cannot be appeased. Oh, brave young lives! Thousands and tens of thousands like you on the battlefield today, are we caring for you? Are we loving you as, we ought? What shall we say to God about you by-and-bye when we stand before Him? You, “faithful unto death” in your work; we, some of us, at ease at home, and often thoughtless in our estimate of your splendid needs. Oh! if we could help your grand, fearless manhood to be given to Christ! Oh! if we could know you died with the name of testis on your lips.

Oh! God, we cry to Thee, Thou eternal lover of the souls of men! For the sake of Thy beloved Son, Who died that we might live, grant that to thousands of these dear fellows on land and sea the knowledge of a Saviour’s love may be given; so that when the earthly wreath of victory has faded in their dead hands, they may be crowned in heaven, “more than conquerors” through Him Who loved them.

In the presence of these heroic dead, I appeal to the living now. Never, be ashamed to follow Jesus, or to confess His name. Upon, the battlefield of Calvary He fought the most awful conflict the world has ever known. He goes alone I have watched the gathering of His foes I have seen the unfurling of the banners of hell, and I have listened to the awful battle cries of demons, that rang around, Him as He faced them all. He stands alone—God’s Man, and God’s beloved Son. He is Lord of angels, but no-legions of angels surround Him now. He is King’ of kings, and Lord of lords, and yet He is crowned with thorns, and robed with the purple robe of mockery.

All His followers have left Him. One has betrayed Him. One has betrayed Him with a traitor’s, kiss; another has denied Him with oaths and curses; and all “forsook Him and fled.” The whole world is against Him. The devil is there with the serried legions of the damned. The angels of God Are there, silent witnesses of a conflict in which they cannot take part. High priests, scribes and pharisees are there. Ten thousand voices rave around. His cross, “Away with Him! Crucify Him!” Jews and heathen mingle together in one common hatred of the Man Who came to redeem the world. And so He died—alone—the grandest death the world has ever known. He was “faithful unto death,” and before He died the message was given to earth, and heaven, and God, from those closing lips, “It is finished”; and the shout of a Conqueror was heard in heaven, while the darkness of awful tragedy lay athwart the world.

Through weakness and defeat,

He won the meed and crown

Trod all our foes beneath His feet,

By being trodden down.

Bless, bless the Conqueror, slain,

Slain in His victory; Who lived,

Who died, Who lives again,

For thee, my soul, for thee.

Let us crown Jesus in our hearts, Lord of all. Many brave soldiers and sailors do.

A Vision of the Cross

“And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto Me.” (John 12:32.)

I dreamt I saw the Saviour’s Cross

Upon a little hill;

With pleading tones I heard Him cry:

“Come unto Me, why will ye die?

Come, whosoever will.”

Methought I saw a man in tears,

All stained with sin and filled with fears■

He heard, he looked, then sang: ■

“I do believe, I will believe

That Jesus died for me,

That on the Cross He shed His blood,

From sin to set me free.”

Next came a maiden, young and fair,

Whom none could charge with sin;

I marveled much to see her there:

She wore an earnest, anxious air:

No peace had she within.

She listened to the Saviour’s voice,

It made her drooping heart rejoice■

She heard, she looked, and sang: ■

“Nothing in my hand I bring;

Simply to Thy Cross I cling;

Naked, come to Thee for dress;

Helpless, look to Thee for grave.;

Foul, I to the fountain fly■

Wash me, Saviour, or I die.”
I saw the tottering form of one,
And near him was his grave,
And yet his eyes ne’er turned that way;
Onward he pressed without delay,
His heart was light and brave,
His pilgrimage about to end,
He gazed upon the sinner’s Friend■
In quavering accents sang: ■
“In peace let me resign my breath,
And Thy salvation see;
My sins deserved eternal death;
But Jesus died for me.”

T. Robinson

Heather Lea, Kirkby-in-Furness.

(Leaflets.)

“Scant Not,” “Hi!” “Hi!”

I wonder how many of the “Message” readers know, that these two words are in the Bible? If you will turn to 2 Kings 4:3, you will read in that beautiful account of the poor widow and her one pot of oil, that the prophet Elisha told her to go and borrow vessels, adding the words, “Borrow not a few.” Now, in the margin...of a reference Bible you will see that “borrow not a few” means “Scant not, or it would say: Do not be scanty in your asking, but ask and ask and ask until you have all you need to pay what you owe and live on the rest.” This is just what our blessed Lord Jesus Christ said so emphatically: “Ask and ye shall receive” not ask and ye may, abut shall receive. So in the matter of asking God to supply all your need,” scant not,” whether for body or soul. What He has promised He is sure to give. I remember so well that cabman-by Queen Street Station, Exeter, who shouted out so loudly “Hi! hi!” to a poor beggar man, who had just received a gift that he evidently had been half afraid to ask for: “What I promises, come and ask. I never refuse what I promise.” Now, dear soldier, or sailor or civilian, God says: “Look unto Me (the Lord Jesus), and be ye saved.” Saved by a look at the crucified (Isa. 45:22.) One sin all forgiven at once and forever if you only look—and grace given every moment if you “ask” to keep you looking, which will keep you from sinning for God’s saved ones sin at times if they forget to ask and look. So “scant not” to ask.

Emily P. Leakey

Incidents of the War

Sir William Robertson says: ■

“It is only when the whole Empire unites in prayer, as well as in work, that we can look forward with confidence to a successful conclusion to this tragic War, and to a just, and righteous peace.”

How One of Our Testaments Came Back

Driver Selway, of Exeter, employed by the London and South-Western Railway, put a Testament into my hands that had been thrown out of a train passing through Exeter. He found it on the platform. On the first outside cover was written: ■

“To Heyman Wreford, Exeter. — Kind regards.”

Inside was written: ■

“This Testament was picked up in German East Africa. It has been through the campaign, and arrived safely in England So have I.”

On the next blank page inside was written: —

“With compliments from B. Tricket, 25th Royal, Fusiliers. This Testament has been, through the East African campaign.”

On the inside of the last page of cover was written: ■

“This book was given to Mr. Midgley on the 9th of April, 1915, and he was invalided home to England in April last, 1916.”

And on the back outside cover this message:—

“Picked up on October 16th 1917, while in action in German East Africa.”

“Exeter■Throw out of window if we pass.”

And so this much-traveled■and we trust much■read■Testament has come into our hand's again after three years. We shall keep it as a treasured possession, and trust the first recipient has found Christ through reading it; also the others through, whose hands it has passed again to me. I am putting this in the “Message,” so that the friend who wished me to have it may know I have received it, and to say again that: ■

Any Soldier or Sailor who wants a Testament to fit his pocket can have one by writing to Dr, Heyman Wreford The Firs, Denmark Road, Exeter.

Only yesterday two hundred and twelve soldiers sent to me from the various battlefields for Testaments, and thank God thousands col requests are coming every month.

Private Gordon's Communion

Sunday evening at the Front. For a time the fierce bombardment had lessened, and the senses, no longer stupefied by the roar of sounds, could return to one-familiar thoughts.

Private Gordon, mechanically feeling in his pocket, touched his little Testament, and drew it out with a flash of joy. He was a lad who had been brought up in the slums, and one day he had been taken to a Mission Service where Christ, had met with him He had joined the number of God's people, and until his enlistment in the. Army he had found all his pleasure in the simple meetings.

He was sitting in a square little nook behind a thick wall of sandbags, and his mind went back to the simple room with its band of worshippers. Evening service would be just over, and why, of course, it was the first Sunday in the month.

Then they would be meeting at the Lord's Table, with Christ in the midst. How he missed those gatherings! Would he ever join the others again? He longed for the opportunity, never fully-valued till it was past.

Suddenly a thought flashed into his mind—why not join them now in spirit? He glanced round him. His comrades were either at work or occupied with their own affairs. He took up a biscuit, broke off a crumb, and lowered his head in earnest prayer for those at home.

Then, lifting his water-bottle, he put it to his lips, and drank a sip in memory of the Blood Which was shed for the remission of sins. He murmured softly: "Because He loved me so," and at this thought a glow of rapture filled his spirit. He knew that the communion of saints was possible, even in the midst of, sorrow and of death; and Christ Himself had met with him, to strengthen and to bless.

Firenze

Clasping His Bible in Death

Could any more touching testimony be received as to the value of the work of spreading the Word of God than the fact that our lads who, are facing danger and death in the firing-line long to help to spread the Gospel to others? There are many evidences that in the moment of danger and death the Word of God is the possession the soldier prizes most of all. After a recent engagement, when a trench was lost, and finally re-won, one of the British soldiers was found dead upon his knees—shot through the back of the head—even in death clasping the Bible firmly in his hand.

General Byng

The following incident is related by the Chaplain-General of the Canadian Forces: ■

“No wonder Byng is such a success. No wonder the men adore him. For when the men were ready to go over the parapet, when everything had been done that, could be done to obtain success, Sir Julian went down on his knees and prayed for God’s help.”

A Letter to Miss A. A. L

My Dear Sister in Christ, ■ France

“Very many thanks for letter.... also lovely parcel of tracts, etc. I am just going to take them round to the boys when I have written this letter....

“Dear friend, the fighting is still very heavy out here, but I think Germany is on her last legs, so we shall all soon be home; but I often wonder what will the home-coming be to some who have lost their all in all in this world, and are without Christ. Oh, that it were possible to show them our Friend, to point them to our all in all, our Messed Saviour. What a difference it would mean.

“... I am glad to tell you that quite a number of the boys here have received Testaments from the dear doctor; also we are having some very encouraging meetings lately, all glory be to God. Ours the blessing... God bless you and yours... is my humble prayer. Kind wishes to the doctor. — Yours in Christ’s service, ‘Till He come,’ W. J.”

What Some of the Soldiers Say

One kneeling beside a worker prays: "Oh Christ, I am in the dark, but I just want You."

Another who had a Testament given him, told the donor:

"Well I guess my old mother in Kentucky would be glad to know I had that Book."

Another Mr. Byonell speaks of. He asked a young lad:

"Well lad; so you are going over the top?" "Yes, sir." "Is it all right, lad?" "Well sir, I don't know. I am not sure. I would like to have a word with you." "Come inside, my boy." They went into the little room; when they came out there was a glory on the bay's face that could only come from the presence of God. He said: "It is all right now, sir. I can go over now." Two days after this lad was in the presence of.

The Diary of a Soul

By the Editor

The Persistence of Faith

WE cannot please God without faith. We must have faith in order to be saved from sin and its judgment. We must have faith, as saved men and women working for our Saviour, in His power to help us in every hour of need.

Such an hour is with is now. The world needs more than ever it did.

CHRIST AND THE BOOK THAT SPEAKS OF HIM

Walls, like barriers, are barring the way for the Scriptures to reach men, who are eager to know the truth. I have my Bible open now to the words: "By faith the walls of Jericho fell down, after they were compassed about seven days." Have we faith to compass these walls, until they fall down before the power of God in answer to our faith? Kingdoms have been subdued through faith; promises have been obtained through faith; man's weakness has been changed into the strength of God through faith. Dear friends, the word is: "According to your faith," and "Have faith in God," Will you pray day by day that the millions of the French and Italian soldiers may have a copy of 'the Scriptures for themselves? "All things rare possible to those who believe." Letter after letter has come to me, speaking of the sorrow of the writer that we are not allowed to send to these soldiers. We can but stand still and see the salvation of the Lord.

In the picture before us we see a Frenchman and his wife, weeping amid the ruins of their desolated home: Weeping over the loss of every earthly possession. This awful wrong Committed on man by his fellow-man may to a certain extent be repaired, but nothing can repair the loss of an immortal soul. I shall never forget at St. Brioux how eagerly hundreds of French soldiers pressed around me begging for a copy of the Testament. They were just going to the trenches, and they wanted to take the Word of God with them. And so they do now. God bless them. A French soldier writes to me: ■

Dear Friend,

"It is a pity you can no longer send to the poor poilus, but I hope you will be able to send later on."

Another says in his letter:

"I acknowledge your letter received on the 3rd instant, and I thank you for having been pleased to warn me of the hindrance the French military authorities have put up against the sending of your Pocket Testaments. I should have been glad to get one in English."

Thank God for the desire! He knows and He cares. We can leave it all in His blessed hands. He can open ways we know nothing of now, and He will. Thank God, among the English Army the work toes on with much blessing.

Two Chaplains' Letters

A Chaplain at the Front writes to me: ■

"I write to thank you for the most acceptable parcels of Testaments which you sent to me last week. I do not throw them at the men by any manner of means, but it is splendid to see their anxiety to get one. I started out yesterday (Sunday) with my haversack full, and yet hadn't enough to satisfy the needs of the second Battery I visited ■C. F."

The Rev. ■ C. F., writes: ■

"I have been shown one of your printed post-cards inviting soldiers to apply to you for a Testament, and should be very grateful if you would be so kind as to send mesa supply of the same post-cards, so that I could give them to men needing them."

NOTE. — I shall be glad to send a supply of post-cards to any Christian worker among the soldiers. All the soldier has to do is to fill in the postcard with his correct address, and a Testament is sent to him by return. (See page 143.)

Harvest Days

We must sow before we can reap, but the wheat-fields of God are covered with golden grain, and harvest days are coming. Shall we have a sheaf which we have gathered from the fields of time, to lay before our Saviour's feet in eternity?

Yours for Christ's sake,

Heyman Wreford

A New Translation

Just lately I was sitting on a strong piece of brick wall that somehow has got firmly fixed in the sand, facing the Atlantic Channel that beats on the end of the Exmouth Warren; Exmouth on the one side, and Teignmouth stretching out on the other. The sun was shining brilliantly on this, the calmest day in June we have had during the three weeks I have been here. The sea was lovely-covered with tiny wavelets incessantly breaking on the shore. Suddenly a loud whirring sound saluted my ears, and an aeroplane rode past, and gradually steered out of sight on its way, I suppose, to Plymouth. It was the sea that kept my thoughts upon itself, and the wondrous number of the wavelets, that each shone as a star in the mid-day light, thousands and thousands of brilliant points unceasingly shining forth 'the brilliancy each one caught from the sun. It made me think, "Am I shining back the rays of the Sun of Righteousness 'in my small corner'?" for He bids us shine. Are you shining, dear reader? And then I remembered an incident of my girlhood, when I heard a good missionary speak with enthusiasm on the shining of some Christians in Africa, and to my great delight he ended his speech by elucidating a text that had always seemed to me rather ambiguously translated in our English Bible. The text is in Isa. 11:9.: "For the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea." Dear reader, think a moment before I go further. Think, what are you doing to help the knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ to spread in the earth? Have you got, His Word■a Testament■yourself? Are you reading it? And are you helping that others may read it, too■specially the soldiers of Britain, France and Italy, and shall we not say Germans also, who are forced to fight? Oh, let us shine whilst we have the opportunity. Now the missionary who, shining for, Jesus in Exeter Hall at a C.M.S: meeting, ended his speech in a rapturous voice with the text to which I have alluded, only with this difference: "For the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the sea is covered with waves."

Emily P. Leakey

Soldiers Finding Christ

Our dear friend Sapper George Knowles sends me the following letter: ■

My Dear Doctor,

"I am enclosing for you two letters written by Private Astington. One was addressed to me, and the other to his wife.

"Oh praise the Lord He is still honoring His own Word. I am still happy, and feel like singing all the time.

"I steal into a field at the rear of our office when it is dark, to pray and be alone with God. Oh! the joy of it. It keeps my armor bright. God loves to hear and answer prayer.... I pray for you and your helpers in Christ.... I have been speaking to a last tonight, who told me he was converted in April, -1915, but fell away again in July, 1916. Lie was deeply touched tonight, and I have hopes he will come back to the Lord, Who is willing, yea, waiting to receive him. ■Yours affectionately in Christ, George Knowles."

Private Astington's Letter to George Knowles

Dear George,

"I feel I must write a few lines to you, thanking you for leading me, a sinner, to Christ, Who died for all sinners.

"I feel so happy now that I could cry for joy. Oh! if men would only be led, what a happy world this would be. I hardly need say that I received a mixed reception. I distributed some of the tracts to every man in my hut. There are thirty all told, and out of the-thirty there was one man who refused to have them, and told me, to take them from his bed, which I did. Well, my heart aches for that man; pray God he will repent before it is too late. Well George, I sat on my bed, and I had joy in my heart when I saw some of them reading the tracts, and I went over to each one and asked them if they had a Testament, and only one had got one. One in thirty!

"Well, I gave each man a postcard to send to Di. Wreford, and they were so pleased.

"This little incident only serves to show how very much good work there is needed out here. Words cannot express my gratitude towards you for the way in which you led me to Christ my Saviour. May God bless you now and always. ■ Yours, in Christ, F. ASTINGTON:"

His Confession of Christ

To My Own Darling Wife,

"I feel that I must write and let you know that I have accepted the Lord Jesus Christ as my Saviour, and my love, I am so happy to be saved. Oh it's glorious to have such a feeling of content. It would do you good to see me down on my knees at night praying to God—mind you, it takes a bit of doing, with eighteen men in the hut who have known you for twelve months, but I don't mind a bit; I shall have my reward in heaven.

"I will tell you how it came about. Well, whilst I was in the forward area, as you know, I was constantly in danger of death; and of course, since I came down here where it is fairly safe, it has come to my mind like this:

"Fred Astington, cannot you see that you have a chance left to accept Christ?"

"You have been spared God has been a friend indeed to you. Will you not come to Him NOW■while there is yet time?"

Well, I considered it over, with the following result. I went down on my knees, and asked God to forgive me, and I accepted our Lord Jesus Christ His Son, as My Saviour.

"Well, my love, now I am saved, and so, so happy that

I feel like singing all the time,

My tears are wiped away;

For Jesus is a friend of mine,

I'll serve Him every day.

I'll praise Him, praise Him all the time.

"Well my love, I know you will be overjoyed to read this letter, and your dear mother will be pleased too.

"I have had a New Testament come to me from Dr. Wreford, who sends them out here for soldiers, and I have sent to my mother for a hymn-book, so you see I shall soon be armed well with the Word of God, and my love, there is nothing like it.

"I, love to read my Testament At night. Please read the little book and keep it safe....

"God willing, when we do Meet it will be a happy day for you, my love, to see such a change in your dear husband. ■FRED."

13-3-'18.

(Copied by permission by Sapper Geo. Knowles, R. E.).

These letters are happy reading, dear friends, and so is the following letter sent to me by a soldier whom I have known all his life: ■

Letter from Pte. C. H. M. Hill, Coldstream Guards

July 18th 1918

Dear Dr. Wreford,

“Just a line Doctor, to thank you for your kindness in sending me a Pocket Testament and tracts. The Testament was just what I needed. When I joined at first I took a small Testament with me, with the Gospel of St. Matthew only in it I read a portion every day since I enlisted, and I find it a great source, of joy and help in my daily life, and I think I know Matthew nearly by heart.

“I have found the Lord Jesus Christ as my Saviour since I have been in the Army, I was at a Y.M.C.A. meeting at Caterham, in Surrey (which is the Guards’ Depot), on Sunday evening, when the words of the speaker moved me to such an extent that I felt myself convinced, that I was a sinner and I needed a Saviour. From that time forth I have served my Master, and found Him never wanting. He has helped me over numerous troubles and trials that beset a soldier’s life. It is a hard, life for a Christian in the Army, but one can always find a good Christian chum, and thank God, I had such a churn. I am very sorry to say I have not been to chapel for eight weeks. I am in a hospital suffering from septic impetigo in my face and ears. It has been most painful, but I am now getting Witter, with God’s help. It has made me deaf for a long time, but my hearing is gradually returning. I am sorry to see from your monthly ‘Message from God’ that Testaments are not allowed to be sent to the-French soldiers. It is bard that these men are barred from reading the Gospel.

“God has His plans, and He will open up a way. We must trust Him, He knows best.

“I often-think of these beautiful lines I once read: ■

“ ‘Lonely?’ no not lonely,

While Jesus passeth by,

His presence fills my chamber,

I know that He is nigh.

“Friendless?’ no not friendless,

For Jesus is my friend,

I change, but He remaineth

True, faithful to the end.”

“These words have often helped me on my way, especially when I was so ill with this.

“Continue your good work Doctor, and may God help, keep and bless you, and give you strength to continue it. — Believe me to be, Yours in Christ, CHARLES HILL

“P.S.— I have now been in the Army nearly six months.”

Incidents of the War

“Ever of them that have richest dower,

Will heaven require the more ■

Ours is knowledge, affluence, power,

Ocean from shore to shore.

East and West in our ears have said.

Give, oh I give us your Living Bread;

But we eat our morsel alone.”

Bishop Chadwick

Gift of a Rajah

I know of an Indian Rajah who, in giving his twentieth contribution to one of the national funds, deprecated the compliment-paid him by a grizzled Indian General, a friend of earlier days, by saying: "It is nothing; it is, nothing; but it is all I have."

What are we giving to help on God's work among the men who are dying for us?

The Corporal's Bible

A Chaplain sends the following interesting story: "Yes, I've got a Bible sir, and. I've carried it through many a scrape; but I've got another at home, the Bible our Corporal gave me out in France, and to me, sir, it's the best Bible in all the world. We loved our Corporal—all of us! He, was a man, sir, and a Christian; and he did his duty as a christian should. He had been a choirboy of a Church in London; and my word, his religion was a real one; it made him live clean, and speak clean, too. He was always joking' with us fellows, but could not stick the boys swearin' and talkin' profane. 'Why do you talk like that?' he, would say. 'Why can't you drop those words which do you chaps, such harm?' We often laughed about it, and sometimes chaffed, him for it, but loved and respected him all the same. Of course, he could have had us up for swearin', but he never did. I guess he hoped in time we too would all speak clean. But I shall never forget his last mornin', sir. The Germans had been busy strafin' us all night, and just as the light was beginning to come I found the Corporal, white as a sheet, and bleedin' terribly. I ran and knelt by his side, and tried to raise his head, but could see all was up with him. 'George,' he says to me, "I'm dying. Take my pocket book and papers, and send them home to mother. But keep my Bible. Yes—there it is, in that pocket! Keep my Bible to remember me by. 'George,' he says, you're crying old chap. Oh, don't cry for me. I'm so happy. Far happier than you who are left behind! Why—don't you know? ■it's what the old Book tells us about, bein' happy when we're going home!"

An Earnest Worker's Lament

“The sad feature is that while many are anxious to listen to the sweet story, few are willing to tell it. A Scotch minister here openly preaches that “each and every soldier is repeating the sacrifice of our Lord, and all who fall will go at once to glory.”

Khaki No Substitute

One of the most tragic features of “the present distress” is that our brave soldiers, instead of being warned to flee from the wrath to come, are being told that if they lay, down their lives for their country they will go straight to heaven! Well has this shocking blasphemy been called “the substitution of khaki for the blood of Christ.” It has, indeed, been asserted that all that is meant by this strange doctrine is that to lay down one’s life for one’s country must be taken as a proof of faith in Christ. As a matter of fact, hundreds of German soldiers have gone from butchering Belgian children, and dishonoring Belgian women, to lay down their lives for their country. Thus rape and murder are atoned for by dying for one’s country! No, the love of country, cannot, blot out One sin; the blood of Christ cleanses from all.

I Cannot but He Can

I CANNOT get rid of my sins,

but HE CAN blot them out: ■

“I even I, am He that blotteth out thy transgressions for My own sake.” (Isa. 43:25.)

I CANNOT save myself,

but HE CAN save me: ■

“Wherefore He is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by Him.” (Heb. 7:25.)

“For by grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves; it is the gift of God.” (Eph. 2:8)

I CANNOT hold on,

but HE CAN hold me: ■

“And I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of My hand.” (John 10:28.)

“He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day.” (2 Tim. 1:12.)

I CANNOT resist temptation,

but HE CAN help me: ■

“He is able to succor them that are tempted.” (Heb. 2:18.)

“Able to keep you from falling, and to present you, faultless before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy.” (Jude 24.)

E. M. H.

Miss A. A. L

sends the following letter: ■

In the Field, 23-5-18.

“.....I have realized the all-sufficiency of the promise: ‘My grace is sufficient for thee,’ and I have been constrained to say, out of a heart overflowing with gratitude: ‘I will rejoice in the Lord, I will rejoice in the God of my salvation.’ As I have often remarked before, life out here is anything but conducive to growth in grace, but just.’ Recently have been able to look far above my everyday surroundings, and have by God’s grace been... ‘In the world, yet not of the world, which is, of course, essential to happiness in Christ.... The knowledge that you, and other dear friends are praying for me is a great stimulus to me, and my own personal prayer is Lord, increase my faith.’ Faith in the divine promises is simply indispensable, and the promise that ‘While they are yet speaking I will hear,’ is comforting.....■ “Yours in His service, LANCE-CORPORAL W. B■.”

“P.S.— I am always pleased to receive your letter and ‘Message.’ Sincerely hope that dear Dr. Wreford has quite recovered”

This dear soldier was very unhappy when you sent me his first letter; the second letter I had from you. You will rejoice in knowing he is so happy, and has been restored some time in soul. ■A. A. L.

A Ship Saved by Seagulls

A pilot related recently how he detected a floating-mine by the presence of seagulls whilst in the English Channel, "I observed a ring of gulls," he said, "sitting on some floating object. On examining it more intently, I saw it was a mine, with prongs, and upon each prong was perched a seagull. I deviated the ship's course slightly, and so averted a disaster."

So God used these birds to save a ship from destruction. To save the sinner's soul today, God gives the faithful warning of His Word. He warns us of the perils that surround our lives, and of the awful danger that awaits an unsaved soul.

If we heed God's warnings we shall escape the wrath to come. If we do not heed, we shall be lost forever. Lance Corporal Roberts tells us an incident of God's protecting care: ■

Buried Alive

“One day whilst in the reserve trenches near La Bassee, four of us were in a dug-out when a Boche shell burst on the top and smashed in our dug-out, and we were buried alive. My three companions started to try to make themselves heard, and then to start trying to dig themselves out. Knowing the impossibility of so doing, I started to pray, knowing my God was able to hear and answer prayer.

“My comrades interrupted and asked, ‘Couldn’t I get something done? but, believing that digging was impossible’ I kept on praying. Then we started to sing, and we sang praises unto God, and the strangeness of hearing hymns sung attracted the attention of the other men of my section to our plight, and they started to try and dig us out; and after being buried for about twenty minutes we were lifted out, proving the Word of God to be sure: ‘Thou shalt be delivered.’ As we got into the trench we just knell down and thanked God that once again He had done great things for us whereof we were glad, so that in confidence we had put our faith in Him. ■CORPORAL JOHN ROBERTS.”

The Brave Christian Sergeant

Here is a story which makes the heart thrill with its grandeur, its glory of supreme self-sacrifice, its simple beauty. It is the record of what a noble soldier will do and dare: ■

“It occurred,” writes my authority, “during a particularly bad night. The water in our trench was a foot deep, and the enemy’s line only a few yards off. Just as the last light of day was merging into a specially dark night, one of our men was hit by three bombs at the same instant, and was killed. We picked him up, and put him on a waterproof sheet. Though we were all used to the fearfulness of War, this lad’s death seemed particularly hard, for we loved him. It hit each one of us in that trench right behind the throat, so to speak. He was so young, so good, of fine high spirits, and he had always set us such a Christian example. Also he was one of a new draft that had only been out a fortnight or so, and we felt an older man could much better have been spared. To bury the young fellow was full of big risks, for the enemy had our place well marked, and all night their rifles swept the space between the trenches. All the same, a small party of us dug a hole on the top, a few yards in front of our trench, and we placed the dead lad in it. Then the astounding and unique thing happened! Our Sergeant ordered us all back into the trenches, but he remained behind alone by the grave. ‘Boys,’ we heard him say, ‘our dear comrade was a true Christian, and I’m going to see he gets proper Christian burial, for he deserves it!’

“And would you believe it? ■ I can hardly realize it even now ■ our brave Sergeant stood straight up amidst that awful hail of lead from the Germans, and calmly, touchingly read all the Burial Service over our dead comrade, just as if it were an ordinary graveside. Bullets pelted round and over him, but he just took no notice of them. He read the service quietly, and with deep reverence. And—aye, I’m not ashamed to confess it too—many of us, Who had never prayed for years, joined in as well as we could with him, often saying the words after him, right to the end. It did us—and will do in future, — a power of good towards leading us to God.

“The grand, brave Sergeant! Not a single bullet even touched him. It was a miracle, that’s all I can say. We are all even yet impressed by this, for unless angels guarded him, it seems utterly impossible to tell how he escaped. But he did; and then he came back quietly to the trenches, where many of us shook his hand warmly. But we could not speak a word. Yes, our Sergeant is the finest fellow I’ve seen out here.”

N. R. VENNOR

Australian Mother's Sacrifice

Bishop Taylor Smith, Chaplain-General to, the Forces, preaching at Westminster Abbey, told a story of self-sacrifice. A wounded Australian soldier in a military hospital, who was asked about his home and family in Australia, said: ■ "There were six of us lads and mother. We all enlisted, and left mother alone it was her wish. She said she hoped no boy of hers would hold back when the Mother Country called. And now five of us are asleep, buried on the battlefields of France, and I am the only one left." There were a few moments of silence, and then he added: "But, I have not told you the worst. When I got this wound-someone cabled to my mother that I had been killed, and that telegram killed her."

Any Soldier or Sailor who wants a Testament to fit his pocket can have one by writing to Dr. Heyman Wreford, The Firs, Denmark Road, Exeter.

“No Man Cared for My Soul”

Dear Dr. Wreford,

I am enclosing you notes value—, for your Soldiers' and Sailors' Funds.

“I was struck the other day in coming across the 142nd Psalm, 4th verse: “No man cared for, my soul.” I thought how applicable this was to the soldiers and sailors by the nation as a whole. May it come home with power to the hearts of all those that know the Lord Jesus Christ as their Saviour, that we may use every opportunity to let the soldiers and sailors have the Word of God, and that they may, believe-it to the saving of their souls. Trusting you will be richly blessed in your work and praying that you may have health and strength to carry it on. ■Yours sincerely, A. B. C.”

The Diary of a Soul

By the Editor

The French Soldiers

I HAVE had hundreds of letters, from the highest to the lowest, telling me of their wish that the French soldiers should have the Word of God. Hundreds are praying for this, and God is hearing, and will answer in His own good time. So convinced am I of this that all trouble about it seems to be dishonoring to God.

GREAT BLESSING AMONG THE BRITISH SOLDIERS

There seems to be a wave of blessing passing over our soldiers and sailors. Letters reach us well nigh every day, speaking of God's blessing to the writer.

A FRENCH SOLDIER

Private Bailey, of the B.W.I.R., writing to me, says: "Warfare in soul-winning is not an easy job, and we must prepare to fight to a finish."

Private E. M■to whom we sent a Testament, says in a letter to me, thanking me for the Testament: "I am not a real living Christian, but I felt a new man as soon as I read John 3:16."

“Christ for Me”

Corporal I. W. King writes, putting at the head of his letter, “Christ for me.”

Dear Brother in Christ,

“Would you be so kind as to forward to Private P. E. D■, No. 2, Company, A.S.C., a pocket Testament; he has asked me for one.

“At present I am out of them, and I have not any of your postcards left. I have had the pleasure of distributing over fifty of your Testaments in this Company; also a large number of your cards in various other places.

“I would be very pleased if you would let me have a supply of postcards and a few tracts.”

A Chaplain's Anxiety

From the seat of War in France, a Chaplain writes to me: Convalescent Depot, France

Dear Sir, "I am Chaplain of the above depot, and I am anxious to satisfy the demands of the men for New Testaments. I may say that I have distributed forty in one week to men who said they really needed them. My stock is now exhausted, and I am asking you if you can send me a continuous supply. I should be extremely grateful for them, and they will be the means of leading many a soul to Christ. I minister to over two thousand men.... Thanking you in anticipation, Yours sincerely, C. F."

NOTE. ■We are arranging to send him two parcels a week.

And so the mighty need is ever brought before us, the need of men facing death to have the Word of God given them. We are more and more thankful that through the kindness of our friends we are enabled to give to all who ask our help. We do not believe that well of kindness will ever dry up.

A Record of the Work

It is our purpose, if the Lord enables us, to issue an account of God's work on land and sea each month. We hope our friends will find the Magazine of interest, as it will deal largely with work among the soldiers and sailors. The size of the Magazine will be that of the "Message," but it will be twelve pages, instead of sixteen as in the "Message." The price will be the same.

The Power of Prayer

God has been teaching the nations to pray. God's people all over England and America have been unceasing in their supplications before Him. And so the enemy is being slowly driven back, and we trust that soon the dawn of peace will shine. What a need there is for prayer now! Unbelief spreading all over the world; the spirit of Anti-Christ everywhere manifest; the need of precious souls ever before us. Let us cry mightily to God that there may be a great outpouring of the Holy Spirit over all the world in these closing days of this dispensation. We want to help to send the Word of God everywhere. We want to be among those who carry out the message of the King: "Go out into the highways and hedges and compel them to come in, that My house may be filled."

So help us, dear friends in October as you have so willingly in the past, and above all pray that our God will continue to bless in the future as He has done during the four fateful years that have gone.

Yours for Christ's sake,

Heyman Wreford

Led by the Holy Spirit

Yes, we may be quite sure if we ask God to direct and to guide us He will answer prayer and teach us by His Spirit what to do. Never was there a more decided answer than the following incident which was told me last week: "A man who visits our Hospital for wounded soldiers, and gives away Testaments and tracts, saw a soldier lying, as he thought, sound asleep. He would not disturb him, so he chose a little lavender-bag, and placed it close to the man's nose. The man opened his eyes widely, saying: 'What is that?' 'Only lavender; I thought you might like the smell.' 'Read me the text that is pinned to it,' said the soldier. 'It is: "My son, give me thy heart.'" 'Surely I will,' said the soldier, with a start of joy, 'but how did you know my name?' 'I do not know your name,' said the Missionary, but God sent you the text. 'My son' is my name, and God has asked me for my heart. I yield it to Him."

May the dear soldier be kept always yielding himself to God his Saviour. Have you, dear reader?

Emily P. Leakey

“The Man That Died for Me”

MANY years ago I wanted to go as a Foreign Missionary, but my way seemed edged about, and as the years came and went, I went to live on the Pacific coast, in California. Life was rough in the mining country where I lived with my husband and little boys. I heard of a man who lived over the hills, who was dying of consumption, and they said: “He is so vile, no one can stand it to stay with him, so the men place some food near him, and leave him for twenty-four hours.” And added, “They’ll find him dead some time, and the quicker the better. Never had a soul, I guess.”

The pity of it all haunted me as I went about my work, and I tried for three days to get someone to go and see him, and find out if he was in need of better care. As I turned from the last man, vexed with his indifference, the thought came to me, “Why don’t you go yourself? Here’s missionary work if you want it.”

I’ll not tell how I weighed the probable uselessness of my going, or how I shrank from one so vile as he. It wasn’t the kind of work I wanted.

At last, one day I went over the hills to the little abode or mud-cabin. It was just one room. The door stood open, and up in one corner, on some straw and colored blankets I found the dying man. Sin had left awful marks on his face, and if I had not heard that he could not move, I should have retreated. As my shadow fell over the floor, he looked up, and greeted me with a dreadful oath. I stepped forward a little, and there came another oath. “Don’t speak so, my friend,” I said. “I ain’t your friend. I ain’t got any friends,” he said. “Well I am yours, and—” but the oaths came thickly, as he said, “You ain’t my friend. I never had any friends, and I don’t want any.”

I reached out, at arm’s length, the fruit I had brought him, and, stepping back to the doorway, I asked him if he remembered his mother, hoping to find a tender place in his heart, but he cursed her. I asked him if he ever had a wife, and he cursed her. I spoke of God, and he cursed Him: I tried to speak of Jesus and His death for us, but he stopped me with his oaths, and said, “That’s all a lie. Nobody ever died for others.”

I went away discouraged, I said to myself, “I knew it was no use.” The next day I went back again, and I went every day for two weeks, but he did not show the gratitude of a dog. At the end of that time I said, “I’m not going anymore.” That night, when I was putting my little boys to bed, I did not pray for the miner as I had been accustomed to do. My little Charlie noticed it, and said, “Mamma, you did not pray for the bad man.”

“No,” I answered with a sigh.

“Have you given him up, mamma? Ought you to give him up till God does?”

That night I could not sleep. “That man dying, and so vile, with no one to care.” I got up and went away by myself to pray, but the moment I touched my knees, I was over-powered by the sense of how little meaning there had been to my prayers. I had had no faith, and I had not really cared, beyond a kind of half-hearted sentiment. I had not claimed this soul for God. Oh! the shame, the

shame, of my missionary zeal! I fell on my face, "O, Christ, give me a little glimpse of the worth of a human soul!" Did you, Christian, ever ask that and mean it? Don't, do it unless you are willing to give up ease and selfish pleasure, for life will be a different thing to you after that revelation.

I stayed on my knees until Calvary became a reality to me. I cannot describe those hours. They came and went unheeded, but I learned that night what I had never known before, what it was to travail for a human soul. I saw my Lord as I had never seen Him before. I stayed there until the answer came.

As I went back to my room, my husband said, "How about your miner?" "He is going to be saved." I said. "How are you going to do it?" he asked. "The Lord is going to save him, and I don't know that I shall do anything about it," I replied.

The next morning brought a lesson in Christian work I had never learned before. I had waited on other days until the afternoon, when, my work being over, I could change my dress, put on my gloves, and take a walk while the shadows were on the hillside. That day, the moment my little boys went off to school, I left my work, and, without waiting for gloves or shadows, hurried over the hills, not to see "that vile wretch," but to win a soul. I thought the man might die. There was a human soul in the balance, and I wanted to get there quickly.

As I passed on, a neighbor came out of her cabin, and said, "I'll go over the hills with you, I guess."

I did not want her, but it was another lesson for me. God could plan better than I could. She had her little girl with her, and as we reached the cabin, she said, "I'll wait out here, and you hurry, won't you?"

I do not know what I had expected, but the man greeted me with an awful oath; but it did not hurt as it did before, for I was behind Christ, and I stayed there. I could bear what struck Him first.

While I was changing the basin of water and towel for him, things which I had done every day, and which he had used, but never thanked me for, the clear laugh of the little girl rang out upon the air like a bird note.

"What's that?" said the man eagerly.

"It's a little girl outside who is waiting for me."

"Would you mind letting her come in?" said he, in a different tone from any I had heard before.

Stepping to the door I beckoned to her, and then, taking her by the hand, said, "Come in and see the sick man, Mamie." She shrank back as she saw his face, and said, "I'm 'fraid," but I assured her with, "Poor sick man, he can't get up; he wants to see you."

She looked like an angel; her bright face, framed in golden curls, and her eyes tender and pitiful. In her hands she held the flowers she had picked off the purple sage, and bending towards him she said, "I am sorry for 'ou, sick man. Will 'ou have a posy?"

He laid his great, bony hand beyond the flowers on the plump hand of the child, and the great tears came to his eyes, as he said, "I had a little girl once, and she died. Her name was Mamie. She cared for me. Nobody else did. Guess I'd been different if she'd lived. I've hated everybody

since she died.”

I knew at once I had the key to the man’s heart. The thought came quickly, born of that midnight prayer service, and I said, “When I spoke of your mother and your wife you cursed them; I know now that they were not good women, or you could not have done it, for I never knew a man who could curse a good mother.”

“Good women! Oh, you don’t know nothing about that kind of women. You can’t think what they was.”

“Well, if your little girl had lived and grown up with them, wouldn’t she have been just like them? Would you have liked to have had her live for that?”

He evidently had never thought of it, and his great eyes looked off for a full minute. As they came back to mine, he cried, “Oh, God, no? I’d killed her first. I’m glad she died.”

Reaching out and taking the poor hand, I said, “The dear Lord didn’t want her to be like them. He loved her even better than you did. So He took her away where she could be cared for by the angels. He is keeping her for you. Today she is waiting for you. Don’t you want to see her again?”

“Oh, I’d be willing to be burnt alive a thousand times over if I could just see my little gal once more, my little Mamie.”

O, friends, you know what a blessed story I had to tell that hour, and I had been so close to Calvary that night that I could tell it in earnest! The poor face grew ashy pale as I talked, and the man threw up his arms as though his agony was mastering him. Two or three times he gasped as though losing breath. Then clutching me, he said, “What’s that, woman, you said t’other day ‘bout talking to somebody out o’ sight?”

“It’s praying. I tell Him what I want.”

“Pray now, pray quick. Tell Him I want my little gal agin. ‘Fell Him anything you want to.”

I took the hands of the child, and placed them on the trembling hands of the man. Then dropping on my knees, with the child in front of me, I bade her pray for the man who had lost his little Mamie, and wanted to see her again. This was Mamie’s prayer: ■

“Dear Jesus, this man is sick. He has lost his ‘ittle girl, and he feels bad about it. I ‘se so sorry for him, and he’s so sorry, too. Won’t You help him, and shew him where to find his ‘ittle girl. Do, please. Amen.”

Heaven seemed to open before us. There stood One with the prints of the nails in His hands and the wounds in His side.

Mamie slipped away soon, but the man kept saying, “Tell Him more ‘bout it, tell Him everything but, oh! you don’t know.” Then he poured out such a torrent of confession that I could not have borne it but for the One Who was close to us that hour. You Christian workers know how HE reached out after that lost soul.

By-and-by the poor man grasped THE strong hands. It was the third day when the poor tired soul turned from everything to Him, the Mighty to save, “The Man Who died for me.”

He lived on for weeks as if God would show how real was the change. I had been telling him one day about a meeting, and he said, "I'd like to go to a meeting once. I never went to one of them things."

So we planned a meeting, and the men came from the mills and the mine, and filled the room.

"Now, boys," said he, "get down on your knees while she tells 'bout that Man that died for me."

I had been brought up to believe that a woman shouldn't speak in a meeting, but I found myself talking, and I tried to tell the simple story of the cross. After awhile he said, "Oh, boys, you don't half believe it, or you'd cry; you couldn't help it. Boys, raise me up, I'd like to tell it once."

So they raised him up, and between his short breathing and coughing he told the story. He used the language he knew:—

"Boys," he said, "you know how the water runs down the sluice boxes, and carries off all the dirt, and leaves the gold behind. Well, the blood of that Man she tells about went right over me, just like that; it carried off 'bout everything. But it left enough for me to see Mamie, and to see the Man that died for me. Oh, boys, can't you love Him?"

Some days after there came a look into his face that told the end had come. I had to leave him, and I said, "What shall I say tonight, Jack?" "Just good-night," he said. "What will you say to me when we meet again?" "I'll say 'good morning' up there."

The next morning the door was closed, and I found two of the men sitting silently by a board stretched across two stools. They turned back the sheet from the dead, and I looked on the face, which seemed to have come back nearer to the "image of God."

"I wish you could have seen him when he went," they said.

"Tell me all about it." "Well, all at once he brightened up 'bout midnight, and smilin' said: I'm goin', boys, Tell her I'm going to see Mamie. Tell her I'm going to see "the Man that died for me," an' he was gone."

Kneeling there, with my hands over those poor cold ones, that had been stained with human blood, I asked to come to understand more and more the worth of a human soul, and to be drawn into deeper sympathy with Christ's yearning compassion, "Not willing that any should perish."

Mrs. J. K. Barney

Incidents of the War

"Seek Him Who breaketh spear and bow,

Though not a clash is heard;

Seek Him Who lays the legions low

By His almighty word.

Cry, cry to Him, the Lord of peace!

'Tis He Who "maketh wars to cease."

Lucy A. Bennett

Story of a Khaki Testament

One of the finest officers it has been my privilege to meet told me the following pathetic story: "After the battle of Bois-en-hache, on the left of Vimy Ridge, he was sent with a N.C.O. and eight men to the battlefield to place crosses on the graves of the Sussex men who had fallen. On arriving there, he found the body of a young lad lying in a shell-hole up to the waist in water, and still unburied. He told the corporal to hand him his identity disc, and on it was the name of Private Garrod. Then he saw a khaki Testament sticking out of his breast pocket, and asked for that to be handed to him also, and although it was soaked with water, he could see that the boy had filled in the decision form at the end of the Testament with his name. Then one of the party told the lieutenant that when the lad had fallen wounded into the shell-hole, the men in the trench nearby could not get to him on account of the fierce enemy fire going on; but he was seen to pull out his little Testament, read a few verses, and then replace it in his pocket. After that he cried a little, and then passed away to meet his Lord, whom he had previously decided to serve. After the lad had been buried, the officer, as they stood around the grave, thanked God for the lad and all those fallen trusting in Christ.

J. W. Moodie

One Sunday Afternoon at the Front

A Christian Sergeant writes: ■

“One Sunday afternoon we had just finished trenching in a wood. All was complete. I had been reading to four others in my dugout’ and prayed. We were holding a short service. I had just finished smoking, and we were heartily singing that beautiful hymn,

‘All hail the power of Jesu’s name,’

and had got through the third verse, when we were suddenly called to man our rifles, as the sentry had seen the enemy approaching and given us the warning. Over us scream harmlessly the big shells; some fall in front, some behind. Over comes the shrapnel and bursts over us; then the spurt of rifle-fire begins.... But we go on singing the chorus■ ‘Crown Him,’ right on to title finish, although the enemy is only one hundred and fifty or two hundred yards away.”

“Without Fear” At the Front

An affecting story is told among the troops sent to France from Ontario. A certain young officer was wont, before going into battle, to read to his men the Twenty-third Psalm, and another Psalm that the narrator failed to identify. At one time, as he led into the field of battle, he turned and said to his men: “Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil.” These were the last words his troops heard him speak, for he fell that day, and was instantly killed. His was no carnal confidence. “The righteous is taken away from the evil to come.”

Letters Sent to Miss A. A. L

France, 27/6/18

"I received your welcome parcel of Testaments, and I was very pleased to get them. You will have time to send me another one before I go up the line if you can spare them.... I will see they are all given out by prayer. I always pray about these books before I give them out, as I think it is best to do so I like your message■1 Cor. 15:58; also Jude 24. These are very precious promises.

"Tell Dr. Wreford I have got great blessing and strength from reading the news in "The Message from God." It contains good news every month. I am always glad to get these books, and so are the men, too..... ■Your brother in Christ■Lance-Corporal W. C."

Bringing Food to Starving Men

The Italian Alpini are noted for the desperate courage which makes them fight to the death against odds which are often so overwhelming as to make the issue a foregone conclusion. The picture on the cover depicts an incident during the great retreat last November. A band of Alpini was holding a mountain position against the enemy, and found themselves surrounded. In the face of the fire from the Austro-German guns it was impossible to effect a retreat. In fact, this band of intrepid men had determined to hold out as long as their ammunition lasted. They held fast, and at length bread was brought to them by their aviators, who flew over the position and dropped their precious freight of loaves to the starving men below them.

So hundreds of brave and starving men were kept alive by bread rained down upon them from the skies. They were in a place of death, and were fed from above.

This is a picture of men and women in the world today, in the place of danger and of death-in danger because the wrath of God may fall upon them at any moment; of death because "The wages of sin is death," and "The soul that sinneth it shall die," and the sinner before God is "dead in trespasses and sins." To feed the starving souls of men and women in the place of danger and of death, the "Bread of Life" was sent down from heaven. Christ said: "I am the Bread of Life: he that cometh to Me shall never hunger." If you come to Christ your soul-hunger will depart and you will be fed with the heavenly manna. Christ can satisfy every heart that trusts in Him. If men were as eager to satisfy soul-hunger as they are physical needs, what blessing would rest upon their lives!

His Last Hymn on a Stretcher

Miss F. E. Elliot, who has been working under the auspices of the Soldiers' Christian Association in France, spoke of her experiences. The S.C.A. had no attraction but the Gospel; nevertheless the huts are filled from 10 a.m. to late at night. Christian risen testified to God's keeping power away from home. Others who had merely strolled into the hut had met God there. Miss Elliot proceeded to tell a beautiful story. A young soldier of nineteen, son of earnest Christian parents, had been out nearly two years. He witnessed in his company to the saving and keeping power of the Lord Jesus Christ. Some of his comrades—men accustomed to drink and swear—did not like this Christian boy, who was so faithful to what he believed and knew, and they' gave him a bad time. Then came the day when the lad and a Christian Corporal went together into the firing-line. In two or three days the boy was wounded. The Corporal told her that tears rolled down the men's cheeks when they saw the boy was hurt. In the midst of the firing they placed him on a stretcher to take him to the field dressing-station at the end of the trench. As soon as he was on the stretcher they were astonished to hear him sing. In a beautiful voice, in spite of wounds,, he sang "Jesu, Lover of my soul." His voice was then like the voice of an angel. When they arrived the boy was in glory. The last words he sang were: "Safe into the haven guide, Oh, receive my soul at last." The Corporal got the mother's address, but two days afterward the Corporal was wounded, and he lost all his kit, including the address, so the poor mother has not heard how her boy died, and that his death had been the means of blessing to several of the men standing by.

How a Soldier Was Saved

The following letter has reached me from Mrs. Carre, of Guernsey, and made me happy: ■

Dear Mr. Wreford,

“You will be glad to hear how wonderfully God has used one of your little books, ‘A Message from God.’ A soldier that I know bought some chocolate at the canteen, and asked for some paper to wrap it in, when your little book was given as waste paper!! He put it in his pocket without thinking any more about it. Later on he felt he wanted to read his wife’s letter, when out came the ‘Message from God’ with the wife’s letter, which impressed him very much, having been brought to his notice in that way. He read the ‘Message’ through, and it fairly gripped him, and through the grace of our loving Heavenly Father, this soldier is now out and out for Christ his Saviour. He kneels to pray in his tent morning and evening, and loves his Testament very dearly. He simply drinks in the things of God, and is filled with His wonder-peace. There are ten soldiers in his tent; two are now believers, and are praying for the conversion of the others. May God answer prayer! I must tell you that the faithfulness of one boy has had great influence on this soldier, who through your ‘Message,’ decided for Christ. Praise God for His wonderful, lovely way of drawing souls to Himself. It has made me realize how all-powerful He is.”

We trust workers on every battlefield will send to us for parcels. We have sent close on eight thousand to various centers, and will gladly send to any Chaplain, or worker, or soldier who wants to distribute the Word of God to English, French, Italian or Belgian soldiers.

Any soldier or sailor who wants a Testament to fit his pocket, can have one by writing to Dr. Heyman Wreford, The Firs, Denmark Road, Exeter.

A Gunner's Letter

B.E.F., France

“Allow me to offer you my many thanks for the parcel which I received last night, containing postcards. They are both helpful to me and to the boys out here. You would be surprised to see how, when we have a few spare moments, they are devoted to hymns and prayer; even the biggest gambler joins us, and now that we have a God-loving Sergeant over us, he helps us well, so wherever there is a Testament needed, your post-cards will come; in to action.

“Again I thank you for your extreme kindness both to the boys and myself■they all thank you from the bottom of their heart for such a kind gift. It is more than tongue can tell to see the gladness shine in their eyes since I started this little work for Christ.”

“So may God bless you in all your work and undertakings for us out here. Letters and suchlike are as good as bread and meat to us more so when they bring Christ with them. — Your brother in Christ,

W. R. C—”

The Diary of a Soul

By the Editor

TODAY we have received two hundred and thirty-two post cards from two hundred and thirty-two soldiers asking us for Testaments. These requests have been our daily joy for four years now, and thank God we have heard of great blessing. It is the Word of God that is needed now more than anything else, Christ and the Book that speaks of Him. We must keep this before us day by day, and never rest until we rest with God forever. We must be unceasing in our efforts to combat, not only the sin of the streets but the sin of unbelief that is dishonoring the Sacrifice of Christ and casting derision on Gethsemane and Calvary.

The General and the Chaplain

A General said to an army chaplain: "What you need to preach to these men is that, when they spring out of the trenches and go over the top, and a German bullet lays them low, they go straight into heaven, having made the great sacrifice."

"General," he replied, "pardon me, I have got my orders as to what to preach from another head-quarters, and I am not going to try to obey two generals. I love our men," he continued, still addressing the general, "for the glorious stand they have made, but the way I present Christ and the gospel never can be exceeded in its adequacy."

"For the man who springs at the signal and goes over the top of the trench you cannot make the gate wider than I make it, or wider than Christ's own terms, which meet every circumstance. Besides, the sacrifice of a million soldiers for any cause does not come within a million miles of the unique alone sacrifice of the Lord Jesus Christ for the sin of the world." Then he added: "I am in sympathy with all that can be said about the heroism of our soldiers, and what they are doing in these days of tremendous sacrifice, but let the cross of Christ—that mighty sacrifice—stand where the New Testament puts it. Paul would have said: 'If salvation can come by patriotism, then Christ has died in vain, and the cross was not needed.' What is more, the soldier does not believe in this clap-trap; he does not want to hear it, for he knows better."

Anon.

The Men do not Believe it

An officer said this to me one day. We had been speaking of what was preached at home and at the Front, that the self-sacrifice of men dying for their country was their salvation. He said, "The men do not believe it, they laugh at it, they know better." Read this story of two soldiers: ■

Two Soldiers; a Contrast

Here are two contrasted death-bed scenes nothing teaches so forcibly as contrast. A soldier was dying of fever; it was evident that he was sinking, and some of his comrades dropped in to see the end. Suddenly looking round upon them with terror in his eyes, he exclaimed, "Mates, I'm summoned to the roll-call, and I am not ready!"

Yet another soldier lay dying. As he lay propped up on pillows unable to utter a word, for the end was near, his friends around his bed saw a wondrous look of recognition illumine his dying eyes, and, as they watched him, reaching out his hand, he slowly raised it to his brow in the familiar military salute, as though he had anticipated in his experience the sentiment of a familiar hymn,

"Onward comes our Great Commander.

Cheer, my comrades, cheer."

And with his hand still raised, and the smile still on his face, he fell back and breathed his last. ■A.

Dear fellows, they want Christ, they want to be born again and they know it. The following incident will bring home to us the need of the New Birth—a change of heart and a change of life.

John 3:7

A certain village church possessed a fine-toned bell, of which the villagers were very proud. By some accident it became cracked. A blacksmith was engaged to repair it. He riveted it so skillfully as to render the crack invisible. The bell was rehung, but oh! the appalling discord when it was rung! It was taken down and recast. The result was a new bell of sweeter tone than the old one. Man has devised many apparently clever schemes for the restoration of sin-diseased hearts. They are all failures. A new heart molded by God Himself is the only remedy. My Note Book.

Yes, God alone can save the soul, and there is only one sacrifice that avails to put away human sin—the finished work of Jesus.

Yesterday I had the following beautiful letter from a wounded soldier, who anxious about his soul, wrote to me■I answered his letter pointing him to Christ, and sending him some books to read. This is the letter I had from him yesterday:—

“O Lamb of God I Come!”

My dear Dr. Wreford,

“I must lose no time in writing to thank you for writing ‘What is there after death?’ I am in bed and have lain there reading your book, and when I reached the end I knew I was saved. I can now say in answer to the text you wrote in your last letter, ‘Come unto Me, all ye that labor, and I will give you rest,’ ‘O Lamb of God I come!’

“How can I thank you for showing me the way to the ‘still waters,’ and I know you will forgive me for writing at once in bed. Again thanking you I am most sincerely yours, A. S. B. D. Pte.”

Yet another letter come to cheer us in our work, and to give us greater love for it.

When we think of the desolated homes—the widows and the fatherless—our hearts cry out to God that we might be able to cheer and comfort such. We should be glad to write about Christ to any in sorrow now. The picture we reproduce is one whose pathos will appeal to many.

If any soldier or sailor would like us to write to their wives or send them Testaments and books we will gladly do so. We want to be a real help to souls in these terrible days.

Records of work on land and sea

This is the title of our new magazine, the first number of which is appearing in November. It will be the same size and the same price as "Message from God," and will deal with Christian work and workers all over the world. Any who would like to see a copy shall have one posted to them free of all cost. Any who wish to take it in regularly will please write and let us know.

Yours in Christ Jesus,

Heyman Wreford.

My Soldier Boy

A munition worker writes to me: ■

Dear Sir,

“I have read most of your lovely books that have been presented to my friend and myself at our work, and It is a great pleasure to me. I am writing to you now on behalf of my soldier boy, who is in Ireland doing his duty, and I should be so pleased if you would forward hiss one of your Testaments, and help him on to the, path that leads to our Saviour, for it is through reading your books that I have been changed and am a new girl.■I remain, Yours, sincerely in Christ, A Munition Worker:”

How gladly we read this letter and sent her “soldier boy” the Testament at once, and as we put it in the envelope we prayed, “God bless her soldier boy and save his soul.”

Any who wish us to send Testaments to their friends have only to write to us and ask us, and a Testament will be sent at once free of all charge.

The Soldier and His God

Private Edwards of the Royal West Kents writes: ■

“At midnight the order came to proceed to— in fighting order the guns were roaring, it was a terrible sight, an aviator bombed us, killing one or two and wounding others, one poor fellow lay a mass of blood and bits of flesh. But I am sure God is with us. Another night we were ‘bombed’ by an aviator, many poor horses were killed. Those who knew the Lord could see by our safety and death all around us, the Lord’s power to control aviators. I met a dear comrade, Private Hawkins, we used to get together behind some haystack for prayer; and we did pray, although without fear of death, yet death was all around us. The last time we met for prayer was in a barn and we realized God’s presence.

“One day I crossed a road and a shell fell just where I had been standing, this bombardment was terrible, and we got to shelter as best we could to a spot called ‘Hell-fire Corner,’ dead mules, horses, and men all round. I tried to impress upon the men the serious position we were in, and to ‘get right with God.’ I prayed with them, and asked them to trust God. Some seemed relieved, others utterly careless.

“I shall never forget my first place on guard, a few inches from my hand was the corpse of a German soldier sticking out of the parapet. Several of our lads were killed here.

“The next morning my dear comrade H■ came up with other wounded, in a terrible state, bleeding from the mouth, trying to say a cheery word. He went to the dressing station and I saw no more of him.

“I was on a machine gun section of seven men. I knew two of them, one I knew in England, and we decided to chum together. In all these times of strain the best possible thing to do, is to trust God. I prayed constantly and pleaded with the men to do likewise. As we lay in a shell-hole waiting to advance, a shell exploded close to us, blowing my rifle and bayonet, which I was holding tightly, out of my hand, leaving me half-buried and dazed, my comrade Frank C■ should ‘Edwards,’ thinking I had been killed. I answered as best I could, and he called my attention to the flaming parts of the shell close to my head, it was a miraculous escape, a proof of the power of God. I only had a few cuts on my face and hands. Orders came to advance, and I had to go without my rifle and bayonet. It was simply wonderful to see our ‘Barrage’ at this time. I had to secure a rifle from one of the dead as we advanced. Our officer and sergeant were killed, and Private ‘manned the gun.’ Private T■ was shot by my side, I afterward wrote to his wife. At last we had the order to ‘dig in,’ Frank and I dug for all we were worth■I never worked like it in my life■shells were dropping all around, it looked almost impossible for a fly to live■dense gas was passing overhead. It cheered us to see four of our aviators hovering over us. We had lost touch with our Company. I prayed and prayed as never before, I did not fear death in the least, but thought of home and loved ones■I pleaded with dear Frank—to trust God now and forever, he, said he would and prayed with me. In that ‘fiery furnace’ I felt God nearer to me than ever. I said to Frank, ‘we are coming through.’ He

said, 'It's impossible.' I said, 'I feel sure of it.' I asked in those hours, that I might live nearer to Him, and by His grace I will. After some time we spied our officer, and made off to him, under shell fire all the time, we reached him finding only a handful of our men left. My daily text for that day was Jer. 23. 23. 'Am I a God at hand saith the Lord, and not a God afar off?'

"While we were waiting for 'relief' amid the terrible bombardment one day, I prayed that our God and Father would prevent any shells dropping near us. Praise Him, that prayer was answered, not a shell dropped near us. At the break of day, we looked for miles over the battlefield, it was a sight to make any man think, we passed men dead and dying, the poor pack mules with their loads, and the driver lying beside them, dead. Transports wrecked, and yet our supplies had been maintained, being almost famished with thirst, we drank the water collected in empty petrol tins. Presently we reached a cook-house where plenty of good food awaited us I, being nearly exhausted, was helped along by a comrade. After a rest we marched to our 'Rest Camp.' I was reported 'sick,' and then had to go to hospital. It was a pleasure to persuade different boys to go for a walk to some quiet place for prayer, in a meadow or field. It was always refreshing to read the soldier's Psa. 91. The evening before we left there, dear Frank and I had a time of earnest prayer in a shell hole.

"The air raids continued nearly every night. Once about fifteen horses were killed. When the raid signal was given, I resorted to prayer. 'He is our burden bearer.' Psa. 68:19. 'He knoweth our way.' Job 23:10.

"It was a gloomy time when the roll was called after our return from battle. I was one of seven left in my platoon, and four of us seven had to go in hospital. It was a hard matter to say good-bye."

M. M. (Worthing.)

Those Dear Animals

“God’s dear animals” said a friend to me. God even uses an animal sometimes to carry out His purpose. We had a letter from the Front just lately, and a soldier told us of his horse. He said “the ostler had given my horse his feed, but somehow had forgot to put any before the next horse. Well, sir, would you believe it? my dear horse took up part of his food and placed it before the other horse.” Another true story I read in “Ashore and Afloat,” of a dear horse when his master was shot down, withdrew from the cavalcade, picked up his rider by his clothes, and carried him to some soldiers some distance off. These are most interesting anecdotes of animals, but now I have a remarkable story of a faithful dog to relate, which God used to the reclamation of one of His children, who had rebelled against Him because it had pleased His Father to take his sons and daughters to Himself. This gentleman gave up his faith, but his wife remained firm in the assurance that “He doeth all things well” she said, “I was dumb; I opened not my mouth.” They had a faithful collie, and this dear woman, having a long way to go to church morning and evening, always took the dog with her, which lay down quietly in the seat during the service. At last the time came for the wife to pass away. “Absent from the body, present with the Lord.” Her husband was yet more hardened against God, and replied, “Why has God done this?” After the burial, one Sunday, his master saw the dog go down the garden path and continue its way along the road, so he followed it to see where he was going. The dear dog went straight to church and walked into his mistress’s seat and lay down, watching and waiting as it were, and God used this faithful creature’s act to soften the man’s heart. He burst into tears and sobbed out his shame and sorrow there before the Lord, and came back to his Lord and Master from that day. For years the dear dog was his companion, and he often said, “Ah, he is my best earthly friend, he led me back to my Saviour.”

Emily P. Leakey

A Letter to Miss A. A. L

France, September, 1918.

“Dear Miss A. A. L■,

“It gives me the greatest of all pleasures to write and thank you very much for sending me the parcel, containing the wonderful ‘Message from God’...We have experienced some heavy fighting, and, oh, how glad and happy I am to come through it all. I am sure He has preserved and protected me. What a grand assurance it is to know one is saved by His grace. Our present Chaplain has just won his third medal, which is the vs. He is such a nice gentleman, and lives up to his position..... He delights to be in the line with the boys, talking to them about their souls, and if they are prepared. He has been where no man would go; his one aim is to die on the battlefield.... I must now conclude.. God bless you.

I remain, Yours in Christ. Pte. S. R. H.”

A Dream of Home

“After one of our late offensives,” writes a soldier, “feeling tired and somewhat home-sick, I lay down, and, pulling out my pocket Testament and my latest letter from home, I started reading. I had just finished the 14th chapter of St. John, ‘My peace I give to you,’ Then taking up my mother’s letter, I read it over and over. At length overcome with fatigue, I fell asleep to dream of mother and peace. I dreamed I was a child again, with mother at my side telling her ‘Go-to-bed stories,’ and smoothing my brow with her soft hand. Presently the guns started booming, and I realized that I was not in dear old ‘Blighty,’ but ‘somewhere in France,’ with the trench dog licking my fevered brow.”

The mother’s love is always with the soldier—the dear home-love of his childhood. Thousands of mother’s prayers are recalled on the battlefields today, and the texts learned at the mother’s knee have often brought her boy to Jesus.

Acclaiming the Victors

What a moving picture. A town in France has been wrested from the Germans by our brave British soldiers. They march through the emancipated streets amid the sobbing and the shouting of those whom they have delivered. Rank after rank, with fixed bayonets, they pass along, and everywhere they are acclaimed. A proud day this for the victors—a proud day also for those who have been rescued. These grand soldiers have opened the gates of freedom for the oppressed. The oppressor has been defeated and has no more power over them.

What a picture of salvation! We, as sinners, were in the hands of an enemy far worse than the Germans. We were “led captive by the devil at his will,” we were the prey of the destroyer. There was no hope in our lives, and “we sat in darkness and the shadow of death.” But the day of our redemption came—we were not saved by an army—but by One. Not with the playing of joyful music and the shouting of rejoicing hosts, but our salvation came ‘mid darkness, storm and death. The cry of a breaking heart went up to heaven when we were redeemed. “My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?” Shouts of hatred and derision rose against the One who came to deliver us out of the hands of the devil.

The hand that was going to emancipate a lost world was nailed to a cross; and the love that felt for us as no other love could, had to find vent in the sublime petition sent to God in Heaven, by the Son of God crucified, “Father I forgive them, they know not what they do.” Yes, He died, “The Just for the unjust, to bring us to God.” We are saved by His death, we are healed by His stripes, rest comes to us through His weariness, and solace for our souls from His deep agony. He wept that He might wipe away our tears. He went through the dark gates of death, that He might open for us the portals of the skies. He paid for us, the vast indemnity that holiness and righteousness demanded as the price of our pardon. To save us, He took our place—bore the judgment of our sins—and bids us to believe on Him and be eternally saved.

Incidents of the War

“Oft had the angel unto others come,
And borne while yet he prayed the spirit home,
At last the white-robed messenger one day,
Knocked at his heart and beckoned him away.
The Master calls for thee; he quickly rose,
The work is ended comes the sure repose,
The Cross so bravely borne at last laid down,
Above him glitters the unfading crown.”

“In Immanuel’s Land”

During a Gospel service in one of the Open-Air Mission “Soldiers’ Welcomes,” the well-known hymn, “The sands of time are sinking,” was sung, and one of the soldier lads present afterward told the following story: ■

“I was one of a stretcher-bearing party, one night, not long ago, and we went out on to the battlefield to bring in the wounded and dying. We came upon four very serious cases, and as we were carrying these poor fellows in, one of them, who was fast dying, began to sing ‘The sands of time are sinking,’ and the others took it up also. The dear lad had led the singing and came to the last verse:

‘With mercy and with judgment

My web of time He wove,

And aye the dews of sorrow

Were lustered by His love;

I’ll bless the hand that guided,

I’ll bless the heart that planned,

When throned where glory dwelleth

In Immanuel’s land.’

“Just as he finished the last words he passed away, doubtless to sing ‘in Immanuel’s land.’ This experience made me realize, more than ever before, the unspeakable blessing of knowing Christ.”

Five O'Clock

Many will remember that eventful morning when news of the terrible battle of Jutland was allowed to reach us, and how our hearts went out to the brave men who laid down their lives to protect our shores. In addition to the slain, there were many seriously wounded. One of these lying in a large naval hospital, though suffering considerably, maintained the cheerfulness so characteristic of our gallant seamen. On the locker by his bedside there was a collection of shell fragments which he was keeping as souvenirs of the dreadful fight, and, calling to his comrades, he raised a laugh by saying, "Look here, lads, when I get out of this I am going to start a Marine Store." At that moment the doctor entering the ward, followed by the nurse, came to his bedside, and the wounded leg was prepared for examination. Presently a grave expression appeared on the doctor's face. Laying the bandages over the injured limb he took out his watch, and with a significant look at the nurse who was standing by, said, "Five o'clock." For the moment the sailor laddie thought there was to be another operation, but something in the doctor's manner arrested his attention, and laying hold of him in alarm, he said, "Five o'clock, doctor. What do you mean?" The good man tried to turn away, but was restrained by the patient's hold. Looking kindly into his face, he said, "My lad, I am sorry to tell you, but mortification has set in, and by five o'clock it will prove fatal." With a look of dismay the brave seaman turned to the doctor, and said, "Oh, doctor, am I to die so soon? Why, I promised to meet my mother in Heaven, and I am not saved." Then as the terrible seriousness of the situation dawned upon him, he cried, "Oh, doctor, pray for me. Will you?" But good and kind as the doctor was he was not a praying man, so turned to the nurse, saying, "I can't pray, nurse, can you?" The nurse shook her head and replied, with a break in her voice, "No, doctor, I fear I cannot."

Here was one of our brave sailors on the brink of eternity with horror and darkness filling his soul, and no one to commend him to God, nor point him to the Saviour. But the Holy Spirit, who led Philip to the side of the Ethiopian's chariot on the way to Gaza, had led a Christian worker, unknown to the narrator of this story, to visit the patients that afternoon, and speak a word for the Master. As he was passing, the doctor, seeking relief from his dilemma, turned and asked him if he could "make a prayer." Mr. G■ came to the bedside, and hearing the sad story, at once began to point the dying lad to the One who gave His life, in order that poor guilty souls might be eternally saved. After kneeling and commending the sufferer to the God of all grace, he left the ward to visit in other parts of the hospital, promising to return again. This he did before the fateful five o'clock was reached, but on entering the ward he was met by the nurse, who, with a sad countenance, said, "You are too late, sir. The boy has passed away, but he asked me to tell you that it was all right. He said he was trusting in Christ alone, and was now quite sure that he would meet his mother in Heaven."

September 6th 1918

“Dear Father and Mother,

“Some say there is or cannot be any God; but I have proved it. Some one seemed to speak to me when I was in a shell-hole, and they said: ‘Don’t fear, I am always with thee.’ And I felt twice the same.

“O, I haven’t half thanked the Lord that I was spared to come through it. It was like a new world to get back in an old barn for a few days’ rest, before we go into the line again. From your loving son, Bert. God bless you all.”

What I Positively Know

I know I have forgiveness of sins from Col. 2:13.

I know I am justified from Acts 13:38,39.

I know I have peace with God as I read Rom. 5:1.

I know I am saved as I read Eph. 2:6-8.

I know I have everlasting life from John 5:24.

I know I cannot be lost from John 10:28-30.

I know I am fully blest from Eph. 1:3.

I know I am now God's son from 1 John 3:1,2.

I know I am an heir of God from Rom. 8:17.

"Thy Word to me is better than thousands of gold and silver; sweeter than honey that drops from the comb."

A New Guide in a Fog

Fishermen of all countries seemed to have lived nearer to God than other people. Constantly in danger, the spirit that broods over the deep has always been real to them. It is this feeling of the nearness of the Creator that makes them the most religious of men.

“When I was at St. Ives,” said a man to his companion, “I walked down to the shore, and there was a thick fog out at sea. On a little headland, a number of fishermen’s wives and daughters were gathered together singing Sankey’s hymns. I asked the women the meaning of this singing, and they replied that the fishermen, being unable to see the shore in the dense fog that prevailed, might be lost; but they knew their own position from that of the singers, and could guide their little boats by the singing. ‘Listen, and you’ll hear them answer us.’ The women sang the first part of the hymn:

‘Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on His gentle breast,
There, by His love o’ershadowed,
Sweetly my soul shall rest.’

“Then far out at sea, the fishermen replied:

‘Hark ‘tis the voice of angels
Borne in a song to me,
Over the fields of glory,
Over the jasper sea.’

“I was entranced. The whole place seemed to be holy ground. As one of the fishermen said to me:

“‘We’ve naught to do but to serve God and catch fish.’”

A Feeling of Relief

A soldier says: ■

"It was while seeing after the cleaning out of my bed this morning, that I picked up close by the bed of one of my chums, a booklet, "A Message from God" I read it carefully, and it was with a feeling of relief that I had at the bottom of the last leaf your kind offer of pocket Testaments to sailors and soldiers. Would you please address one to: Pte. W. R. S.— B. W. I. R. 87100.

"I had been always seeing lots of chums with the Testaments, and one chap promised me a post-card to send for one, but the booklet came in before."

How glad we are to respond to appeals like this. Gladly will we send to any soldier or sailor who writes to us for a Testament, and gladly will we send Post Cards, free of all cost, to workers to give to soldiers without the Word of God, all they have to do is to send in the Card and rest it, and a Testament is sent to them at once.

The Diary of a Soul

By the Editor

We are most pleased at the reception accorded to our new Magazine, "Fruitful Fields." It is a companion Magazine to "A Message from God." We hope in its pages to speak of Christian work all over the world. As we say in our first number; "We want to encourage the sower, the reaper, and the gleaner. We want to help to make the need of the world known; to exalt the Son of God, the Saviour of the world; and to circulate far and wide the Book that speaks of Him."

The price is one penny a copy, and sample copies may be had of either the Editor, The Firs, Denmark Road, Exeter, or of the Publisher, F. E. Race, 3 and 4, London House Yard, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.4.

The End of the War

From the sea to the Alps, as a writer has said, France is “lacerated to the bone.” Endless miles of ruins stretch away in all directions—a pitiless scene of death. But amid these ghastly scenes of desolation, there are thousands of smiling faces—the work of reconstruction has begun. The writer goes on to say, “Wounded men are filtering back from the front, reserves waiting their turn, old men and women, and their grandchildren huddled, with the remains of their possessions, on a creaking cart drawn by a lame old horse, returning, perhaps, to a heap of ruins which they may still fondly claim as home—one and all bear the stamp of trials bravely borne and of the light of triumph come at last.” And not alone in France is the havoc of war to be seen—in desolated Belgium and over most of the Continent of Europe, and across to Asia Minor, up and down the length of the Holy Land. In the old world and the new the tramp of armed millions has been heard, and the boasted civilization of today has been the means of the death of millions of the human race, and the devastation of millions of square miles of territory.

To satisfy the mad ambition of a ruler the world must almost perish. But today, he, whose shadow seemed to eclipse the world, lies trembling beneath the ruins of the collapse of that mighty structure of human pride and vain glory, which he had raised. He who sought to hold his scepter over all the world; to sit as King on Olivet, and own a greater throne than mightiest Caesar had, has now to take the crown from off his brow and pass his days and nights in terror. He has sown the wind, he will reap the whirlwind—his proud banners are trailing in the dust, his mighty armies are no more. His throne, with others linked with his, in desperate wickedness, have tottered to their fall. Write over these fallen glories, these darkened palaces, these torn robes of majesty—these discarded crowns, the words of God, “What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul, or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?”

No reconstruction of these fallen dynasties, broken down beneath the weight of intolerable guilt. What answer can they give to the widow and the fatherless? How can they face the pitiless storm of the rain of tears, and the crying of the bereaved in every land? Can they restore the manhood of the world lost to earth through them and theirs? Can they re-people the desolated homes, restore the parent to the child—the husband to the wife—refill the empty chairs? Alas, no. They pass on to their doom, and leave behind them death and desolation to mark their going.

Reconstruction of Human Homes and Lives

Ruined cities will rise again—homes will be rebuilt, and man, as years go by, will seek to forget the fearful nightmare of four years of awful war. He will till his ravaged fields, amid the acres of graves that surround them. Happy children, in the coming days, will play amid the flowers that grow where brave men lie, and these sweet flowers will hide the battle scars. It must be ours today to help to reconstruct human lives in a divine way. Eternity is peopled with the dead who have been torn from us, but for the living we must care with greater longing than ever, or else the lesson of four fateful years will be lost indeed. We must not cease to send the Word of God to those who need it. There is a danger of God and His beloved Son being forgotten as the imminence of danger passes. We must seek to fan thee fading fires of anxiety of soul into the flame of earnest desire. We must ask the question, “Where are the nine?” and seek to find those who have not yet returned to praise their God.

We must try to follow the soldiers and sailors to their homes, and help to bless the wives and children. There is a great work for God’s people to do now. The world needs Christ and the Book that speaks of Him.

No Armistice with the Devil

Some may think because an armistice has been signed by the Allies, with Germany, and the great war is over, that there is no need of our continued efforts to send Testaments to the troops—but we have signed no armistice with the Devil—we are still at open war with this great enemy of mankind. We hope to be unrelaxing in our efforts on land and sea, to defeat him. He is the foe of God and man—he hates the Lord Jesus, and he hates the Book that speaks of Him.

We love the Lord Jesus, and we love His Word. We are more convinced than ever that these are the last days, and that the last Gospel invitation is going out, “Go into the highways and hedges and compel them to come in, that my house may be filled.” And Christ is coming, and men are dying without Him. On land and sea death is busy—the cannon have ceased their thunder and death no longer haunts the battlefields, but disease is raging all over the world, and thousands are dying.

Earth’s Christless millions need His Word and they must have it. We must still continue to sow the good seed of the Word all over the world. India’s millions need it—Ethiopia is stretching out her hands for God’s Word—the far isles of the sea are crying for it—every continent wants it, and the efforts of God’s servants must be unrelaxing, until Christ comes, to lift the burden of sin from the hearts of men and women by the emancipating power of the Word of God. As long as our friends help us, and God will see to it that they do we are sure, we shall keep our staff of workers busy sending out the Word of God all over the world.

December, 1918 the Dawn of Peace

The sky is flushed with the light of victory and peace, and before you read this, thank God, the fighting part of the War will be over. What a hearty “thank God” has risen from all the world! The earth stands aghast at the awful desolation wrought by the ambition of man. But amid these ghastly ruins, these millions of dead, a voice seems to speak to all the world■ “Sin entered into the world, and death by sin; and so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned.”

The scene in our picture is called “German Frightfulness in France.” As the Germans were forced to retire, they have laid in ruins many of the villages and towns of the French, and probably some places will never be rebuilt. The picture shows an Australian patrol passing through the wreckage of the Rue de Peronne in Bapaume.

Poor France, poor Belgium, we say■we might say also poor world—cursed on account of man’s sin. “On earth peace;” the angels said, and He who came to earth, “God manifest in the flesh,” was the Prince of peace. But man in his sin, made war with God and His beloved Son, and crucified the Saviour of mankind. The only peace that can remain on earth now, is the peace of God that reigns in the hearts of those whose sins have been forgiven. “There is no peace saith my God to the wicked.” “God is angry with the wicked every day.” If you would know peace on earth, you must know Christ as your Saviour.

Reader! I am going to make my last appeal to you this year. I want you to read every word of it. Are you justified by faith, and have your peace with God? Nations want peace from war—but it is your peace with God I want to speak to you about. I want you to be sure of heaven when you die.

Days of the Last Gospel Call

Let us be in earnest now, you and I, dear reader. God is speaking to the world today by His Son. We must either accept or reject God's personal appeal. No longer by angels or prophets is the world warned or invited now, but God, in the person of His Son, Himself comes down to speak to men. Think of it. God comes into a man's life and tells that man that He loves him. There is no excuse for any one if they slight the love of God. God loves you, do you love God?

Reader! this is my last appeal to you this year■we have had many talks together, you and I, throughout the year, and now I want, by God's help, to bring you to decision. God is speaking, God is inviting, God is blessing, God is waiting to bless you. God will have heaven full, and it is filling fast. When the last soul is saved, the Lord will come. Ah! dear friend, one thing I know that you will be for all eternity, either inside or outside heaven. And the death knell of the world is sounding; can you hear it? Will you be warned by me now of coming judgment? I may never be able to appeal to you again, but you shall not say in eternity that I did not warn you in time. I appeal to you to come to Christ at once. I appeal by His everlasting mercy to the lost; by His divine compassions, and His perfect sacrifice that avails for one and all; by His loving invitation, and His blessed promises. I appeal to you in the name of God, who sent His Son to die for us; I appeal to you by the Son who came from the Father to reveal His love. I appeal to you by the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven. I appeal to you by the terror of the Great White Throne, and the everlasting hell; by mercy and by judgment, by light and by darkness, by the 411elujahs of heaven, and the wailings of the lost. Will you, come to Christ? Will you be saved? God grant that I may not appeal to you in vain, but may the Spirit of God make you willing in the day of His grace and love. If any of you are anxious about your souls, and would like help, write to me, and I will try and help you■I want you saved this year■you can see my address on the last page.

The Christmas Parcels

Loving hearts at home will not forget your temporal needs this Christmastime. Many a scene similar to the one in our picture, will be realized in the homeland. Packing the parcel for the soldier-daddy will be a great joy to wife and children, and lover and friend.

The picture on our cover shows what the reception of the parcel may be like. Here we see the parcel opened in the French farmhouse, away from the firing line, where the British soldiers are billeted. The French peasant woman is holding up her hands with astonishment and delight and the letters from home are read and cherished. Oh! the joy that earthly love and care can give. And in our next picture we see

A French Sentry's Christmas Gift from Home

He holds it proudly in his hands for all to see■his Christmas gift from home.

These gifts from earthly homes are valued highly, and rightly so, but alas! when a gift is offered to us from the heavenly home how little it is regarded. "The gift of God is eternal life," and yet men often will not have God's gift. God's gifts are not for one season, but for all time and for all eternity■the blessing the gift of God brings me today, will last forever. "I give unto them eternal life, and they shall never perish." Oh! may we all this Christmas time accept God's proffered gift, and in the face of men on earth and angels in heaven, say, "Thanks be unto God for His unspeakable gift."

We trust workers from everywhere will send to us for parcels. We have sent more than eight thousand to various centers, and will gladly send to any Chaplain, or worker, or soldier who wants to distribute the Word of God to English, French, Italian or Belgian soldiers, or civilians.

Any soldier or sailor who wants a Testament to fit his pocket, can have one by writing to Dr. Heyman Wreford, The Firs, Denmark Road, Exeter.

I wish you "Good-bye," dear friends for 1918. I thank all the dear friends who have helped and cheered us through the year. It has been a year of much blessing and encouragement. If the Lord does not come we shall face the New Year, we trust, with a greater determination to win souls for Christ.

Yours for Christ's sake,

Heyman Wreford.

Who is Your King?

This is a grand subject. It is a great thing to know and be the friend of an earthly king, and it is very few who ever can be known to, and be spoken to, by an earthly king, but there is one King who can know, and speak to, and save you and thousands, nay, millions of people, if these people are willing to know Him. He is Lord of lords, and King of kings, the Lord Jesus Christ—who is God over all and blessed forever. I want you to know Him, to seek His Face, and be like that dear, rough, wounded, Australian rancher, who said to Mr. Wakefield, the City Missionary in Exeter, with a gladsome voice, “The King who wore the crown of thorns will be the King I shall serve in future.” Oh, blessed man, whoever he is, to know and serve the King of kings—Do you?

Emily P. Leakey.

Incidents of the War

O Saviour! what a price Thy love has given,
To bring e'en one lost sinner safe to heaven;
And what Thy joy, if e'en the battlefield
Fruit, of Thy triumph shall abundant yield.

C. G.

The General and the Evangelist

A young Christian soldier, who was dying in a hospital in France with enteric fever, wrote home:—
“It is terrible to hear dying men being told that a crown of glory awaits them, because they are laying down their lives for their country. It makes my blood boil to hear dying men so deceived. Why don’t they send out men who can tell them how they can be saved?”

A General told an evangelist that he must preach this to the men. “I take my orders from the King of kings,” replied the evangelist, “and He bids me preach salvation for the lost through the atoning death and blood-shedding of Christ alone, and that there is salvation in nothing else!”

“Without shedding of blood is no remission” (Heb. 9:22). “The blood of Jesus Christ, God’s Son, cleanseth us from all sin” (1 John 1:7). ■F. A.

A Thankoffering

A mother writes: ■ “Now as a thank-offering to God for all. His goodness to me, I am sending thirty shillings, so that one hundred more dear boys and men may have a chance of having a New Testament.

“My two sons have been at the Front ever since 1914. My eldest is now in Hospital expecting his discharge December 6th. My youngest is still at the Front, and thank God, safe and well. I would like you to send him a Testament. He is a good lad, but we know that is not everything. I know that you will pray for him that the Holy Spirit will take the Word of Life and use it that he may indeed drink of it and live forever to the glory of God. Please just put his name and address inside, and then ‘Drink F■, and live forever to the glory of God.’ Nothing else, please. We know that God will work out His own plan; we will just trust, wait and pray.”

A Letter to Miss A. A. L.

France, July 30th 1918.

“...The dear Doctor sent me two parcels of Testaments and tracts, one lot in French, and one in English. God bless him.

“...I am pleased to say we are having splendid meetings lately, the other night a French soldier came to one of the meetings, I gave him a Testament and some tracts written in French, he seemed delighted. Truly God’s Spirit is working in our midst, may it please our God to pour down a mighty blessing... Praise Him, I have given quite a lot of French Testaments out, and the French civilians round received them gladly, some took two, so as to give one to their soldier son or husband, so I just gave God the glory. He is opening up the way, what a wonderful Saviour. ‘Whatsoever ye ask in my name, ye shall receive.’ Truly He is answering our prayers on behalf of the French soldiers, wonderful power■prayer and faith... Asking God’s richest blessing upon you and yours. Kind wishes to the dear doctor. ■In Christ’s service, W. J.”

In Loving Memory of a Son

A mother writes: — “I am sending twenty shillings to you to send four parcels of Testaments and tracts to soldiers and sailors, in loving memory of a dear Christian son, who fell asleep November 21st aged 21 years; and also for our only son, who is now fighting in the Holy Land, and who wishes to be a missionary (D.V.) for Christ’s sake.”■G. I.

This shows what the condition of things at the Front was. Our brave men are still exposed to all the hardships of a rigorous winter. Pray for them and send them the Word of God.

A lady writes: ■ “Dear Sir,

“You will rejoice to hear that God has saved a Staff-Sergeant at the Canadian School of Cookery, through reading about ‘Jim’s Letter to the King,’ in the August number of ‘Message from God.’ He told me today, for the first time, that he has seen the light. He is anxious for the other men, and is confessing Christ, simply and faith- fully, and through his conversion it was made easy for me to speak to them collectively.”■E. A. H.

A Touching Gift

Dear Dr. Wreford,

"I am forwarding to you £2. Please send five shillings' worth October 'Message.'

"My eldest brother was killed in action on September 30th.

"The £1 15s. was forwarded from France to his wife by one of the officers of the same battery.

"His broken-hearted wife has not the heart to spend this money for her own personal use, so she forwards it on to you towards Testaments for the soldiers, that they might know the way of life.

"The Lord's hand has been very heavy upon her during the past two years. Their only child—a sweet, winsome girl of five years and three months—was removed from their midst two years this month, after only two days' illness, my brother having to join up the following August. Now her husband, whom his wife idolized, is taken from her." Still, we know the Lord is good, and He never makes a mistake. "We have the joy and consolation of knowing he is now with the Lord, his Saviour. He has read and passed on many of your booklets, and the 'Message from God,' which I used to send out to him regularly.—Yours sincerely in the service of our dear Lord, S. S. S."

Let us pray that this consecrated gift may be much used by God. Let us pray for the sorrowing widow that in thus seeking to bless others, the comfort of the Redeemer may be hers.

Shot at Dawn

A Christian friend sent me the following touching story for “Message from God.”

He had to take a railway journey, and as was his custom, asked God to put him into a carriage where he could speak of Christ to some soldier or sailor, who needed Him. This is his account of his journey: ■

“At the junction on the main line, a few miles from my home, as the express drew up, (I again lifted up my heart in prayer that the Lord would undertake) a porter opened the door and pointed me to a seat in a compartment where five soldiers were—four young Flying Corps men and a wounded and discharged man now on home service.

We soon got friendly, and with a little encouragement the wounded man told us his story, which gave me a grand opportunity of putting the gospel before each of these dear lads, and work was done for eternity.

At the outbreak of war he was in Argentina, a civil engineer engaged in railway work. At the call of his country he flung up a good post and came home, enlisted, and for twenty-nine months served in France. Three of his special pals were killed in one engagement, one on each side of him, and he expressed gratitude that he had been spared. But of all his experiences there was one that stood out as the turning point of his life. After a long march a lad of nineteen, a great favorite in his company, told off for sentry duty, was found asleep at his post, was court-martialed, and sentenced to be shot at dawn.

The narrator was one of the firing party ordered to carry out the sentence stern discipline demanded.

The poor lad was tied to a tree, and the Provost Marshal asked him if he had any last request, any letter he wished to be written, but he said ‘No!’ ‘Surely there is something you would like to be done.’ Yes,’ said the boy, ‘I would like to sing a hymn before I die.’ Permission being granted, he sang:

“There is a green hill far away,
Without a city wall,
Where the dear Lord was crucified,
Who died to save us all.
“There was no other good enough
To pay the price of sin;
He only could unlock the gate

Of heaven, and let us in.

“O dearly, dearly has He loved,

And we must love Him too,

And trust in His redeeming blood,

And try His works to do.”

As the clear voice rang out on the still morning air there were few dry eyes among the listeners.

‘I learned that hymn in the Sunday school, sir! Now, I am ready!’

The military order was given, the fatal volley fired, and that young soul passed through the gate trusting in a just God and a Saviour” (Isa. 45:21, 22). ■J. L. S.

A Thankoffering

“Dear Dr. Wreford, ■I enclose. £5 for Testaments for soldiers as a thank-offering to the Lord for bringing back to us one that has been a prisoner of war in Germany since September, 1915. Trusting your health is still improving. A brief postcard will do for acknowledgment, on which you might kindly state: ‘Received for Testaments for the soldiers as a thank-offering to the Lord.’■Yours faithfully in the Lord, F. R■”

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