

A MESSAGE FROM GOD 1919

by Unknown

A collection of articles and writings from A Message From God 1919, covering various biblical topics and Christian teaching.

174 Chapters

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A Message From God 1919

By the Editor

January, 1919.

We have entered a solemn and momentous year. A year full of the greatest possibilities and responsibilities for the Christian. The War is over and peace is close at hand. Armies will be demobilized, and we are told that a new world will be ours when peace really comes. But what has the peace cost? It has cost our nation one million British dead. It has robbed the world of well-nigh ten million men, It has made another ten million scarred with war for life. It has taught fifty million men the art of killing one another, and it has wasted about thirty thousand million pounds of the world's money. This is the cost of the peace that has come to us. I am thinking now, as I write, of the ten million precious souls that have passed into eternity during the progress of the War. The awful city of its dead numbers more than the whole of London — a population greater than our Metropolis wiped out of existence in four years of awful carnage! Oh! what a ghastly hecatomb this poor world is! Millions perishing in the ways of death. The feet of man swift to shed blood—destruction and misery in their ways; the way of peace they have not known, there is no fear of God before, their eyes. These are words of stern condemnation on the ways of man from God Himself. Ten million of the world's dead, the toll of this horrible war—and each one of these precious souls worth more than the whole world stained with their blood. As I pause and think, the mighty army of the dead seems to pass before me. Rank after rank, battalion after battalion, army after army. I see them with their eager feet pressing onward on their way, the flush of exulting manhood in their cheeks, and the fire of youthful vigor in their eyes. They pass onward proudly to their doom—the earth trembles beneath the thunder of their passing—ten million men! and as they pass I seem to see them salute the war lords of the earth, and cry the old Roman salutation: “Those about to die salute thee.”

And now the earth they trod so proudly has taken them to her bosom, and in their passing they have shadowed the world with a tempest of tears, and sighs. Who shall answer to God for these souls? Oh! thank God for the stories that have come to us from the camps, and dug-outs, and trenches, and hospitals of the work of Christ among these dear men.

Are you not thankful now, dear friends, for what you have done to help those men to Christ? I think of the Testaments you helped to put in their pockets, and think of the knowledge of salvation that came to them through reading them. God be thanked for four years and more of happy service among the forces.

The Day will declare the number of the: saved. But what of the living now? Since the Armistice there has been a cessation of giving for Testaments. Does that mean that our friends think the work is done? It has only just begun. The men are still eager for the Word of God—and they are eager for their wives and sweethearts to have Testaments also. Friends, we must go on with God, and for God. Let the memory of the dead stir your hearts more than ever to work for the living. During the next month I shall know clearly what God would have me do; and I shall know, too what you think I ought to do. I shall be glad to hear from friends.

A Christian Soldier's Bravery

A dozen rough but brave soldiers were playing cards one night in the camp. "What on earth is that?" suddenly cried the ringleader, stopping in the midst of the game to listen. In a moment the whole squad was listening to a low, solemn voice, which came from a tent occupied by several recruits, who had arrived in the camp that day. The ringleader approached the tent on tip-toe. "Boys, he's praying!" he roared out. "Three cheers for the parson!" shouted another of the group as the prayer ended. "You watch things for three weeks! I'll show you how to take the religion out of him!" said the first speaker, laughing. He was a big man, and the ringleader in mischief. The recruit was a slight, pale-faced young fellow of about eighteen years of age.

During the next three weeks he was the butt of the camp. Then several of the men, conquered by his patience and uniform kindness, begged the others to stop annoying him. "Oh," said the ringleader, "the little ranter is no better than the rest of us. He's only making believe to be pious. When we get under fire you'll see him run. Those pious folks don't like the smell of gunpowder. I have no faith in their religion."

In a few weeks the camp was broken up, and shortly afterward the troops engaged in a terrible battle. The company to which the young recruit belonged had a desperate struggle. The brigade was driven back, and when the line was reformed behind the breastworks they had built in the morning, he was missing. When last seen he was almost surrounded by enemies, but fighting desperately. At his side stood the big fellow who had made the poor lad a constant object of ridicule. Both were given up as lost. Suddenly the big man was seen tramping through the underbrush, bearing the dead body of the recruit. Reverently he laid the corpse down, saying, as he wiped the blood from his own face, "Boys, I couldn't leave him—he fought so! I thought he deserved a decent burial."

During a lull in the battle the men dug a shallow grave, and tenderly laid the remains therein. Then, as one was cutting the name and regiment upon a board, the big man said with a husky voice, "I guess you had better put the words Christian Soldier' somewhere. He deserves the title, and it'll be some amends for our abuse." There was not a dry eye among those rough men as they stuck the rudely carved board at the head of the grave. "Well," said one, "he was a Christian soldier if ever there was one; and," turning to the ringleader, "he didn't run, did he, when he smelt gunpowder?" "Run?" answered the big man, his voice tender with emotion, "Why, he didn't budge an inch! But what's that to standing for weeks our fire like a man, and never sending a word back? He just stood by his flag, and let us pepper him—he did!" When the regiment marched away, that rude headboard remained to tell what a power lies in a Christian life, even among the ungodly. ■The Bugle Call.

A Happy New Year for Lille

Lille, the capital of Northern France, after being four years under German rule, passed into the hands of the Allies on October 17th, and was the first great city to be freed from German oppression. The people of Lille had suffered every insult, every torture that Teutonic ingenuity could devise, but they welcomed their deliverers with flags innumerable, and flowers.

On the morning of their emancipation, the people arose as usual, very depressed. One English woman told the correspondent of "The Morning Post," that she cried nearly all night, thinking she would never see our troops. But before breakfast a servant rushed in and said, "There are no Germans left in Lille." The news flashed through all the city. Still incredulous, they ventured out, and sure enough no Germans could be seen. What happiness filled their hearts as they thronged the happy streets. And then on a glorious autumn day, the soldiers of Britain came in at the western gate of the city, with bands playing, and people cheering in thousands—none could doubt their deliverance, now. So a happy New Year has come for Lille owing to their great deliverance.

If you, my reader, would have a happy New Year, you must know what it is to be delivered out of the power of Satan. If you are still unsaved Satan has been your master all your life, and the hosts of your sins has possessed you as the Germans did Lille. When the happy day comes, and God grant it may be today, that you can say, "My sins are gone," then you will know what deliverance is, and you will look as happy as the girl in our picture, who brought the happy tidings of salvation to the home in Lille.

What I Have Seen

I have seen the light of heaven on many a brow where the death-dew lay. I have seen it in many an eye that was getting dimmed to earthly sights. I have heard the ecstatic joy of the redeemed souls within sight of heaven; they have waved their hands, their dying hands, to the angels coming out to meet them from celestial shores; they have seen the Lord, and wept for joy at the glory of that sight. The unutterable rapture of perfect peace has fallen upon them as the very shadow of God; and when they left us, we knew we should find them again amid the angels of God in heaven. Let me tell you of one who died with a smile on his face:

“A Smile on his Face”

God’s wonderful power in keeping aright the hearts of His servants, even amid the horrors of war, is shown in the following incident just to hand. Bandsman Robert Collingbourne, of Winton, Bournemouth, was in the fighting of the eventful March 21st. His chum, writing to Bob’s widowed mother, says of him, “He was the best-loved lad in our platoon; his life was transparent. We fought that day side by side, and as we entered the battle he sang:

“Every step of the way, dear Lord,

Every step of the way!

For Thou art mine and I am Thine,

Yes, every step of the way!’

“A piece of shrapnel pierced his heart, and before I could get close to him he had passed from the roar of the guns into the presence of his King. There was a smile upon his face.”

And now let me tell you of one who missed his last chance, and pray God that may never be you:

The Last Chance Missed

A young man was pressed by his friends to attend some special mission services. As an excuse for not doing so he said he had to go to New York. When he reached the city it was in the midst of a tremendous snow-storm, when the snow fell to a depth of twelve feet. For hours he toiled stumbling through the snow, and when at last he reached his hotel he was in a state of collapse. A doctor who was called to see him, after examining him, said, "Have you a mother?" "Yes, and a wife." "Where do they live?"

"In New Jersey." "I'll send for them." He looked at the doctor, and said, "You don't think it's as bad as that?" "Yes, they must come quickly, you have pneumonia." He turned his face to the wall, and cried, "I have missed it! I have missed it!" The doctor said, "What do you mean?"

He replied, "I had nothing to bring me here. I merely came to get away from the meetings, and judgment has followed me." His wife and mother hurried to the bedside, but all he could whisper was, "I have missed it." The lamp of life flickered, and as it was going out he gasped, "I have missed it! I have missed it!" and was no more.

What an awful thing to die in your sins-to die without Christ, or any hope of heaven. God deliver you from a death like that. And yet God wants to save you-I am as sure of that as I am of my own existence. God wants to save you.

Letter to Miss a. A. L

Italy

“... A good many friends of Jamaica, including my family and many others, send on behalf their deepest thanks to you and Dr. Wreford, after receiving some of your wonderful tracts, sent by me to them.

“I would be pleased if you could oblige me by sending some tracts to my mother, she is quite interested in them (here follows address, Jamaica). Accept my deepest thanks also, on behalf of my soldier comrades. My address is same as usual. I must now close. With all good wishes, accept a friend’s regard. — Yours in Christ, (Cpl.) H. C., B.W.I. Regiment.”

With the Wounded Soldiers

Miss M. E. G R writes to me, speaking of her interview with two wounded soldiers. It is so full of interest I am glad to print the letter.

Dear Dr. Wreford,

“The summer before last, when visiting near Stroud, my cousin took me to see some wounded soldiers. We found that as the majority were convalescent, they had gone for an outing—all save two. One poor fellow, who had been wounded at Neuve Chapelle, had, previous to the War, been in India, and though his wound had healed, he was suffering with malaria. After a little chat, I took his poor, thin hand in mine to say farewell, adding: ‘You will be surprised to hear that you are the first wounded soldier I have seen.’ He looked very surprised. I continued: ‘My home is in a remote village in Devon, and we never see any there. We women of England are very grateful to all you men for having gone to the Front to keep off the enemy, for had you not done so the Germans would have invaded England, and would have treated us as they have the women and children of Belgium.’ He responded: ‘Yes, they would have.’

“I continued: ‘So I feel that you have been wounded instead of me, and I am very grateful. This reminds me of a verse in the Bible about the Lord Jesus which says: “He was wounded for our transgressions” —yours and mine—and it is so wonderful to think that He was wounded for us, although we were His enemies. Now you can understand my feeling grateful to you for being wounded instead of me. How much more grateful should you and I be to the Lord Jesus for having been wounded for our transgressions.’

“ ‘Thank you, Miss,’ he said feelingly, as I left him.

“Stepping down the ward, I came to the other soldier—a younger man—who was going home the next day on leave. Telling him a little of what I had said to the first man, I added: You men never know how soon you may have to meet death.’ He answered seriously: ‘No, we don’t.’ I continued: Therefore it is very necessary that you should be ready to die. God tells us in His Word that “all have sinned” —you have sinned; I have sinned. Sin is a disease of the soul. We know very well that if we have any disease of the body, and we don’t get it cured, it will grow worse and worse, and end in death. It is just the same with the disease of the soul, sin—if not cured—will land us in hell. There is only one cure for this disease, sin, and that is the precious blood of Christ. “The blood of Jesus Christ, God’s Son, cleanseth us from all sin.”

“And so I left them, earnestly looking up for the salvation of both these men.”

The Light is on, or “Venez a Moi.”

“Yes,” I said to my sister friend who was guiding me down the velvet carpeted staircase, in her handsomely furnished house, “yes,” said I, “you will never fall if you keep in the light,” for she had switched on the electric light, “for now the light is on, I see my way,” and thus I hope it will be to the dear French soldier who has written to “The Firs” to ask for someone to write to him whom he can consult and tell his “misères.” Dr. Wreford thought I had better answer his letter, so I wrote: “Cher amie, lisez dans votre Testament Matthew 11:28-30, et ‘Venez a Moi.’” (Translated: “Dear friend, read in your Testament Matthew 11:28-30, and ‘Come unto Me.’”) If you do this and come to the Lord Jesus, He will at once save your soul, and be a Friend forever, Who will be your light, and keep you from falling, to whom you may tell all your miseries and fears. He ever lives to make intercession for us. I hope all who read this, will come to Jesus at once and thus be saved from falling forever. Praise the Lord.

Emily P. Leakey.

Incidents of the War

The Signing of the Armistice

November 11th will be always remembered in the history of the world, as the day when an armistice was signed to put an end to the most fearful war the world had ever known.

When the maroons sounded at 11 a.m., the whole empire seemed to go delirious with joy. But amid the rejoicings of millions there was an undercurrent of sadness. "The Daily Express" speaks of a woman in her cottage garden to whom one spoke of the general happiness. Her reply was: "Yes, she had heard the, news, and she was glad the killing was over, that Peace had come at last. Bat... it had came too late for her. My man is sleeping at Ypres, and my only boy at Bullecourt■so what have I to rejoice for?"

Yes, they will be coming back, thousands, and tens of thousands of them to their kindred and their homes■but alas! many will be left behind. In many a home sad-faced wives and parents will weep over the memory of those who lie in foreign graves. Many, like the two in our picture, may look at the earthly honors won by their dear ones, but the awful sorrow of the world, what can alleviate that?

The Horrors of Captivity

In the very worst days of the Roman Inquisitions, men and women were not treated more cruelly than they have been in Germany during this war. A French writer, M. Edouard Helsey, in a dispatch from Nancy, says: "I have just seen one of the most pitiful sights of the War—a picture of misery which no peace can efface from human memory—three or four thousand prisoners of War huddled in a barrack courtyard, bent with long suffering, with colorless eyes, and features drawn by the memory of the past.

"The most destitute are the British, who were kept in slavery and in touch with the Front. They shivered in faded, ragged clothing too large for them, coats sewn with string, tattered trousers, and convict's caps.

"Some were so thin, so exhausted, and so cadaverous that one was astonished to observe a spark of life in them. Some wore nothing but a horse blanket, which they drew round them with the slow, mechanical movements of a dying man. One poor devil, with a face like putty, emaciated cheeks, and a vacant stare, shivered in a woman's garment. The faces one saw were reminiscent of outcasts in a night refuge.

"After vainly trying to make them shout 'Long live Germany!' they were turned loose without food, and walked for two days, sleeping in the fields. Several fell exhausted before the American lines, and, being unobserved, lay all night in the icy cold. They return with deep hatred in their hearts.

"Many were killed by Allied shells while working at the Front. At Dortmund they were thrown into cellars and tortured with whiffs of poison gas.

"'We look haggard,' said one, 'but you ought to see the cemeteries.'"

A Cemetery for British Soldiers in France

Here we see an illustration of a cemetery for British soldiers in France. The Women's Army Auxiliary Corps look after these graves. They have made them bright with Michaelmas daisies. No weeds are allowed to grow on the little paths which divide the rows of graves, and everything is being done to make these last resting places of our men beautiful. Thank God that the souls of these dear men have been cared for as well as their bodies. Are we not thankful now, dear friends, for the hundreds of thousands of Testaments we have sent ■ Testaments that have been read and re-read by many whose bodies now lie under the soil of France and Flanders? You will hear in heaven, the story of how many of these men found Jesus through the little Testament, God's finger-post to point them to their Saviour.

The Two Armies

An Army of British soldiers is marching through Germany, with bands playing, and the men singing. This is the victorious army of occupation. They are met by another British army, an army of starving men, who die by hundreds by the roadside. This is their story told by one who has seen them: "In droves of several hundreds at a time they started out to walk from Forbach or from Kleinbittersfeld, on the Rhine, distances of fifty or sixty miles, to the French lines. No food was given them, not even a mouthful of bread. All of them were in shameful rags.

"I talked yesterday to thirty of them, all British soldiers captured in March or April, and all told me that they had never had any clothing from the Germans. They started on their long march in boots with the soles dropping off, or else in wooden clogs.

"None had socks their feet were bound up with cotton rags. Some had overcoats, some had none. Many of them had sold their overcoats and stout British ammunition boots, even their solitary shirts, to their guards for potatoes and extra bread.

"They had no food, and were tramping through country in which they could not inquire their way because they could not speak either French or German, and in which people have literally nothing to give to anyone after their own bare needs have been satisfied.

"They are in such a state that French officers, who are well used to the sights of war, were horrified to see men in such a case. Some of them certainly died by the roadside of cold and exhaustion only a few miles from their friends.

"How many died there is no means of knowing. Some men I talked with told me positively that in their party five had died. Others told me of two deaths or three among their parties. The big droves, by natural process, split up into groups, which clung together for company as long as possible.

"One lad told me of a comrade in his regiment captured with him in April, with whom he had shared the hunger and brutalities of prison camp life for over seven months, who dropped like Heine's grenadier on reaching the abandoned German front trenches, and died within a few miles of help.

"Neither of them knew where he was, and at two o'clock on Sunday morning, when the ice was forming on the puddles in the shell-holes, and there was not a light in sight, or a friend—or even an enemy—to help, there was nothing to do but to wait until the exhausted man was dead, and then go on alone."

Why They Suffered

"It would be difficult to overstate the misery of these poor countrymen of ours, whose fault was that they were British soldiers. I have as yet met only one Rumanian and heard of few Italians who have been treated in this way, but there is no doubt that it has happened to thousands of British soldiers.

“The men who are being made to suffer are the British, and it is done intentionally.

“All the prisoners I have spoken to since the Armistice was concluded, of whatever nationality, agree upon one thing■that is, that while all are starved, the British are hungrier and far worse treated than the others.”■ “Express.”

Our Work for 1919

What is it to be? I cannot find words to express my gratitude to God for raising me up such a host of friends to help me, and all our workers, to send the Word of God to so many thousands of soldiers and sailors. What of these poor broken men you have just been reading about? We can do nothing more for the heroic dead, but we do thank God for what we have been able to do for them. What of the living? What of the men who are still in France and Germany, and on the seas? What of those who are going about our streets maimed for life? This afternoon a letter has come from a Christian worker. In it she says: ■

“What a blessing this awful War is over. Praise God that the soldiers are still asking for the Word of God. Though the earthly war is over, the spiritual warfare is still raging strongly. God bless you more and more abundantly, and grant you health and strength to ‘carry on.’”

I have today sent two parcels to Southern India, six parcels to France, Belgium, and Italy, beside my English parcels. The soldiers are still most eager for Testaments.

A door is opening for us in India, where the Spirit of God is working mightily among the sixty million outcasts of India. The last Gospel invitation is going out, and Christ is coming.

I have had more applications for Testaments from soldiers this week, than for some weeks past. If God means us still to go on with this work He will tell our friends, and they will help us as during the past four years. It is all in the hands of God. We want no work that He cannot own and bless. He has been manifestly with us all the four fateful years that are gone. I shall be glad to hear from Christians about future work. In my new magazine, “Fruitful Fields,” I am speaking about God’s work all over the world. Will my Christian friends write to me for a copy of this magazine? I want it circulated among the Lord’s people. I ask your prayers for strength for myself and my dear helpers for this year. I ask for guidance in service. I am longing to “carry on,” if it is God’s will. Pray that we may all be guided.

Yours for Christ’s sake,

Heyman Wreford.

Books for the Troops

Needs Greater Than Ever

From the "Times" we extract the following:■ "Nearly fourteen million publications have been given in response to the appeals of the Camps' Library, for literature to the troops during the War, representing in monetary value about £300,000... Already by every post letters come from the Armies, saying "Don't stop sending books, we want them more than ever we did before, for now we shall have more leisure."

The Diary of a Soul

By the Editor

German militarism, and German Higher Criticism, and so-called Kultur, have wrought the most fearful havoc on the bodies and the souls of men. It will take generations to restore the material damage done to countries that have been over-run and despoiled; it is beyond the power of man to bring back the dead to re-people the desolated homes. The soul-damage that has resulted from the blasphemy of German Higher Criticism, God alone knows. We can see its effects in the undermining of the beliefs of the various sects of Christendom. The faith of men shaken as to the Inspiration of the Scriptures, and all the great truths that they contain. German Kultur has thrown every moral precept to the winds; has taught the world what the devils think in hell, and has opened all the floodgates of human sin to deluge the world with unparalleled iniquity.

We do not know what we owe to God as a nation for deliverance from this awful foe to God and civilization. We ought upon our knees to express our gratitude day by day. We ought to seek to win for Christ thousands of the brave men on land and sea, who have fought so bravely for us.

Do not let us close our work among them because the War is over. Help us still to send forth the Word of God, and you will be doubly blessed in your giving.

A Victim of German “Kultur”

One day I went to visit a North of Ireland man who had been repatriated. He was not much more than skin and bone, for his cheerful spirit and indomitable good humor had brought him a considerable amount of punishment from his captors. He was lying with half-opened eyes, although really asleep. Thinking he was awake, I spoke his name. Instantly he started and sat up, shrinking back as he carried his hand to his forehead in salute. When he saw who it was he gave a great sigh of relief and lay down again, but the perspiration was showing on his face, and he could not speak for some time. He thought he was back in Germany.

“Is It True That Peace is Coming?”

A few weeks ago I went into a ward where some forty returned prisoners were sitting beside their beds awaiting the visit of a doctor. The moment I entered every man sprang to attention, some of them supporting themselves on their crutches, and saluted while maintaining a rigid posture. I was not in uniform, so there was no need for the men to be so painfully on the alert. There was something sharper than British discipline behind their action. It was the merciless cruelty of an iron system of discipline which had scant mercy upon the broken man, and they feared the most inoffensive-looking stranger. For weeks the poor fellows who have had the hardest treatment can only lie quietly in bed or sit pensively beside it. They soon tire of reading, and do not want to talk all they ask is to be let alone. War, suffering, captivity, and brutality have knocked all the strength and nearly all the spirit out of them. It is not easy to reach them with the comfort of the Gospel. They emerge slowly from their crushed condition, but one feels with sadness that something has been shattered which may never be restored.

Rev. Dr. Carter.

Kicks and Blows

“Swine” and “dog” seems to be the current manner of address where British are concerned in German prison camps. Kicks and blows with the butt end of a rifle were their daily-portion. Our men tell of comrades dropping on the way to work from hunger-dysentery, and being beaten with rifles until they got up and went on and died over their work; of men who were refused admission to hospitals being carried out dead from the huts while German sentinels stood by laughing; of men, with acute dysentery, crawling out at night for relief, and dying on the ground under the eyes of an indifferent sentry.

Cofined While Alive

About five hundred returned prisoners, mostly London men, arrived at Cannon Street Station yesterday. Several of the men related horrible stories of brutal treatment by the Germans.

A young R.A.M.C. non-commissioned officer stated that in the last camp at which he was, out of one thousand five hundred men originally forming the camp, only forty-seven were left when he came away. Over five hundred had died from starvation and exhaustion, and the remainder had been removed to various German hospitals.

“The worst sight of ail that I came across was near Soissons. I was working in a hospital where an English prisoner was suffering badly from dysentery. While still alive he way put into a coffin, and some German soldiers were preparing to nail the lid of the coffin down protested, but the Germans laughed and proceeded with their task, and afterward informed me that they had nailed the coffin lid down with four and six-inch nails.”

A Plaistow man had a horrible tale to tell of the methods of punishment adopted at Lemberg. For the least offense men were put in steam ovens and left there to become unconscious.

The Kaiser's Letter

In these wonderful days when events follow one another with such astounding rapidity, it is well for us, in our daily thanksgiving to Him Who has done such great things for us, to bear in mind what might have been.

A paragraph appearing in an evening paper a few days ago deserves the widest possible publicity, and may well provide food for thought: ■

“One of my correspondents has unearthed from a French publication—the Bulletin of the Society of Comparative Legislation—the following extract from a letter addressed by the Kaiser to the late Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria at the beginning of the War. To the best of my recollection, it has not been published in this country before, but in any case it should not be lost sight of today: ■

“ ‘It rends my soul, but all must be put to fire and sword: men and women, children and the aged must be slaughtered, neither a tree nor a house left standing. By these methods of terrorism, the only ones capable of making any impression on a people so degenerate as the French, the War will be ended in less than two months, whereas if I pay regard to humanitarian considerations it may drag on for years. Therefore, despite all my repugnance, I have had to choose the first course, which will spare much blood, although appearances may suggest the contrary.’”

If France was to be treated in this way—what might England have expected?

Arthur Mercer

Wimbledon.

Why do I bring these terrible things before you? I do it to show what man will do to his fellow-man. I do it to make you flee from the wrath to come, because if you get forever into the hands of Satan, your afflictions and sufferings will be a thousandfold worse than those inflicted by the Germans. Oh! flee from the wrath to come.

“Help Me; I Am Dying!”

A battlefield worker writes: Three days and three nights I had worked. Fully exhausted, I lay myself down at last to sleep. Toward midnight I was awakened by a call to visit a badly wounded soldier. I was very much inclined to refuse the messenger seeing that I was so very weary. However, as the man informed me that the soldier was in a very bad way, I arose with an effort, and went with him. Never shall I forget the expression on the countenance of the wounded man as I looked into his face. Upon asking him what he wished of me, his reply was: ‘Help me—I am dying;’ I told him how gladly I would, if such were possible, carry him in my hands to heaven. I explained to him the Gospel of Christ as well as I was able. But he wearily shook his head and answered me only with the words: He cannot save me; all my life have I sinned against Him.’ I reminded him of his home, and told him his believing mother would be praying for him. One promise after another I held before him, but all with the same result. Then said I to him: ‘I will now read you the account of a conversation with a man that Jesus had while He yet walked in the flesh on earth.’ I began to read to him slowly and with emphasis the third chapter of the Gospel of John. While I read he

Kept His Eyes Steadily upon Me,

and it seemed as though he was receiving the Word of God with intense desire, as a dry and thirsty land receives the rain. As I came to the place: ‘As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have eternal life,’ he interrupted me with these words: ‘Is that in the Bible?’ When I answered him in the affirmative, he exclaimed: I did not know that. Oh, please read it once more!’ Upon his elbow he raised himself half up with his last remaining strength, and listened with great attention while I read again, slowly and earnestly, the words that had so appealed to him (John 3:14,15). As I finished he exclaimed: That is good, that is beautiful. Oh, please read it yet once more!’ As I read it the third time his eyes were closed, and he lay exhausted upon his bed. On his face was a peaceful smile and his lips were whispering. As I bowed over him I heard these words repeated: ‘As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up; that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have eternal life.’ The dying soldier opened his eyes, looked at me happily, and said: ‘It is enough—read no more!’ As I came next morning into the hospital I found his bed empty. Upon inquiring from the guard how it had gone with the man, he told me that the soldier had died shortly after my departure, but in great peace of soul. He said the dying man’s last words before he departed this life were: ‘That whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have eternal life.’”

“Help me, I am dying.” This is the inarticulate cry of thousands today. They are dying without Christ, and they want the Lord Jesus. It is an awful thing to die unsaved. Better never to have been born than to die without Christ.

The Harvest Past: An Unbeliever's Wail

He had often been invited to the Saviour, but seemed engrossed in the pleasures of the world. Football, billiards, and cards occupied his days and his nights; even on Sunday, I fear, he read and discussed them. But God will not be mocked. Although "rich in mercy" (Eph.2:4), and not willing that any should perish (2 Peter 3:9), He is Sovereign, and will not always be trifled with. In an hour that strong young man was laid upon a bed of pain, and the doctor said he must undergo an operation as the only hope of saving his life. When he heard that verdict, he said, in tones of bitter agony: "Then it is all up. I have lost my soul, bartered it for pleasure." Then, as if remembering the instruction of his early years, he cried out in agony: "The harvest is past, and I am not saved." Twenty hours later he was in the eternal world.

Sel.

Two Dying Messages

It is no matter who they are, I think everyone will receive with saddened pleasure, and perhaps give heed thereto to a message sent from a dying bed, just before death closes the eyes and seals the lips forever in this life.

The first one I write of was sent very many years ago by a very rich but most godly old gentleman to his grandchildren:

“Tell them to follow their grandfather’s God. For there no is redemption but in Christ Jesus.”

Isn’t this true? Let us think of it: there is “None other Name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved.” (SEE Acts 4:12.)

The second message I give to you, dear reader, was sent by a beloved niece of mine just before an operation took place. She had given her whole life to serve her Master, in striving to win souls for Him. She sent an urgent call to her husband’s parishioners. It was this:

“Do tell them, if they wait to find Christ until they come to this (die), the pain is so bad that it will be too late.”

Oh, dear friend, do listen to her words, and come to the Lord Jesus Christ Now, NOW, now! Don’t put it off a minute. Come now■ “Now is the accepted time.” He will save now.

Emily P. Leakey

Water from a Hole in the Ice

Our soldiers in Italy are exposed now to the rigors of winter. Our picture shows the difficulty sometimes of getting water. A hole has been made in the ice to get at the precious water.

I remember when in the East going from Jericho and the Dead Sea. We had started about three o'clock in the morning, but the heat was terrific, and we could get no water. When we got to the Convent of Mar Saba, we could scarcely speak for exhaustion and thirst. Fortunately, some monks of Mar Saba were returning home with beautiful water in tin pails. They generously allowed us to drink as much as we liked. Never in my life have I had so sweet a draft. What must it be to have a thirst that can never be slaked—to be like the rich man down in hell, praying for a drop, one drop of water, to cool his burning tongue, tormented in the flame. O sinner flee from the wrath to come. How gladly we assuaged our thirst with the cool water at Mar Saba offered by the monks. Your soul thirst can be quenched forever with the water of life. which Christ will give you. He says, "Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life."

From the smitten rock in the desert the water came forth to refresh the thirsty Israelites. From the smitten "Rock of Ages" on Calvary, the water of life flows freely out to all mankind, and the invitation is: "Whosoever will, let him drink of the water of life freely." Can you say:

Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Grace has hid me safe in Thee,
Where the water and the blood,
From Thy riven side which flowed,
Are of sin the double cure,
Cleansing from its guilt and power.

Incidents of the War and the Peace

There is strange brightness

In that spirit home,

And may we not when sadly on the heart

Life's shadows come,

“Draw back the curtains,” till we feel its light

Making the present and the future—bright?

Sel.

Home on Leave

The sailor is home once more, away from the stormy waters of the North Sea — away from the fear of the submarine and the mine—home to tread the village street once more; a child on either side of him, and the mother waiting in the home for father come at last. He has just passed the old church he has known since he was a boy, and 'mid the snow that lies thickly round, his heart is warm with love and joy, for he is home on leave.

Oh! the joy of these home-comings now, when tens of thousands of happy soldiers and sailors see their loved ones once again. But oh! the sadness in many hearts. How many will never come home again, and we have to sit in the shadows and think of all the loving ways of those who are lost to us on earth forever. They have gone to the heavenly home, to be for “ever with the Lord.” I have seen many a dear one go from earth to heaven.

At the Cross Roads

One who dreamed a strange dream thus relates an experience which led him to decide for God and for everything that is highest and best. He saw himself old and infirm, leaning on a staff, and with uneven step, tottering toward an open grave. His hair was long and white, his face and hands were wrinkled with age and care just before he slipped into a yawning grave he looked back along the whole pathway of life. He saw a point away back in his youth where the road forked. One road led up and up till it reached the land of peace and of God's glory; the other road led down and down till it entered the open grave.

He saw that he had made the wrong choice in his youth, and he cried aloud; "Oh, to be again at the cross roads!" With this cry he awoke, for he had been asleep. He looked at his hands■they were not wrinkled and old; he felt his brow■it was not furrowed with care; he examined his locks■they were not long and gray; he was not leaning upon a staff■it was a dream. He was not old, but was still young; his life was all before him, and he was "at the cross roads." After such a vision it did not take him long to decide to choose the right path-to enter in at the strait gate, to take Christ as his salvation. Make your choice in time!

How the Light Shines

A private writes to me: ■

“Will you kindly forward me one of your Testaments, as I am in bad company, so one of your Testaments would be a good thing as I could read a few verses when I am being tempted, and a few verses every morning and evening would do me a world of good. I am glad someone, who is a follower of the Lord Jesus Christ, thinks of us poor lads in the Army. My age is eighteen years and two months. ■Pte. F. S.”

Pte. J. H. Ong, 49th Field Ambulance

I have had many letters from this dear servant of God, and have sent him many parcels. He has been a faithful distributor of God's Word, and God has blessed him much. The last parcel I sent to him came back again, and on it was written "Deceased." God had taken His dear servant home. I have heard no particulars of his death. I should be glad if any of his comrades should read this, and be able to give them me; I should be so thankful. This is a photo of the label of the last parcel we sent to him, as it appeared when it was returned to us. The following is a letter he sent to me from the Front: —

Pte. J. H. Ong, 49th Field Ambulance, B.E.F., writes:—

Dear Dr. Wreford, "I was much pleased by the quick response to my appeal for the Gospel literature and Testaments. You will be pleased to know that the whole of them were widely distributed among the men up the line, in various parts where our aid-posts lay, in going backwards and forwards as our duties in stretcher-bearing takes us. It gave one much joy to see how the boys were eager to have them.

"One place where some machine gunners were in a dug-out, about twelve of them, at my suggestion of holding a little service among them, they heartily assented to it. We had a real blessed time, and in spite of all outward circumstances—the noise of guns, and shells, and bullets whizzing outside—we lifted up our hearts to God in prayer, and meditation on His Word. The hymns also spoke so real to us as we lifted up our praises—"Rock of Ages" and "Jesus, Lover of my soul"—and then closing with that beautiful hymn, suitable and in accordance with the earnest appeal to the men to come to Christ and accept Him as their own personal Saviour, "Just as I am, without one plea." The power of the Holy Spirit was in our midst as I asked them all to do what the words of the hymn said, and in the most touching way they all expressed to me how glad they were that someone had come, and they had had that beautiful and happy time of worship. To those who had no Testaments I was enabled, by your kind gift, to give to such, and also some helpful Gospel tracts that you sent also. The next night some signalers, hearing our hymns, also desired a helpful service, and Christ again was preached, by tract, hymn, and word from the Master. I was led to tell them of my conversion, and gave the men my testimony of the saving and keeping power of God in Christ Jesus our Lord. I also supplied a New Testament, to those that needed one, from you. And so in various ways the seed has been scattered, and the Word of Life given to those who constantly are exposed to dangers. I send my warmest thanks to you, and my deep appreciation for the quickness with which you sent them to me, and pray God to bless you in your labor of love for Him, and richly bless the Word scattered, and give the gracious increase upon it that our Lord and Saviour may see of the travail of His soul, and be satisfied in men turning to Him. With warm, Christian love, hoping that you are better in health than you have been. From your humble servant in the Lord, Pte. J. H. Ong,"

Would anything but Christ and His salvation have appealed to those men face to face with death?

I give my friends also the contents of his last letter, showing the true, brave spirit of this servant of God:

Private Ong's Last Letter to me

49th Field Ambulance, B. E. F.,

August 7th 1918

Dear Dr. Wreford,

"Many thanks for the parcel of Gospel literature and Testaments received. The Lord is with us and blessing them much. I have seen many carefully reading them, and could they read anything better... the simple, straight, telling way the Gospel is told. Could you send me another parcel? I like to give them up the line where most of the men go, and there is no other means available of bringing Christ to my comrades. My prayers are with you, and God bless you. I am not at present with French troops, but will let you know when I do get among them again, A comrade in my 'bivvy' gave himself to Jesus Christ, and three men at a little open-air service last Sunday knelt down and repeated: ■

'Just as I am, without one plea,

But that Thy blood was shed for me;

And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee.

O Lamb of God I come,'

at our Gospel meeting held just behind the lines. Though there is much to make one sad because so many are not ready if He should come, or call for them, yet signs are not wanting that God is blessing the means put forth, and your literature is widely distributed and many have received New Testaments, but still I find many without them.

"My heart is full, Doctor, to you, and I know not how to thank you for the generous and liberal way you supply me.

"With much gratitude and good wishes,

"Yours in Christ,"

(Pte.) J. C. ONG."

I sent him all the parcels he wanted, and I am only too glad to send to any Christian worker who is willing to distribute the Word of God to those who need salvation.

Extract of Letter to Miss a. A. L

In France.

“...I was very glad to receive the little books. They were very good ones. I let my comrades read them.

...Remember me to the. Doctor. I shall always be glad to receive a letter from him... I am sorry to say I have not given myself to God yet. I want to know if you can help me in any way.... You know I should like to be saved... I will draw to a close, hoping to hear from you soon. Private T. T.”

Pathetic Giving

The Old Age Pension

Dear Sir,

“I have by me 3s. 6d., given to me from a working woman to give away for God’s cause. It is her first old age pension, and she wants to give it to God, she says. She can’t get more as she takes in lodgers.

■J. H.”

Testaments Instead of Flowers

Dear Dr. Wreford,

“Please accept the enclosed 20s. towards your good and great work. A dear niece of mine has just passed away to be ‘forever with the Lord,’ and instead of sending flowers to put on her dear body I am sending this to you. I know that, could she speak to me now, she would say, ‘Send the living Word to dying men.’ God bless you in your labor of love. ■M. S.”

Do help us to send the living Word to dying men. See last page.

A Gift for the Absent

Dear Doctor,

“I am enclosing you a check or £3, being a part of the estate of my deceased daughter, E. E. N■, who was called to her heavenly rest a few weeks since, after a brief illness of seven days—influenza and pneumonia. If she could speak to us I am quite sure she would approve of the manner in which I am disposing of a portion of her earthly belongings, as she manifested an intelligent interest in your work for the Lord. ■A. B. N.”

88th Birthday

Dear Dr. Wreford, “I should like to mark my eighty-eighth birthday by asking you to accept the enclosed check for £5, to be used as you think best for the poor soldiers in France.”

The Children's Gift

Dear Dr. Wreford,

"I enclose 10s. towards the 'seed sowing.' About 5s. of it comes from some little girls in a Bible class, the result of going without sweets, etc., nearly all in halfpennies and farthings. I thought, perhaps, if you could remember it, you would kindly give me a message for them by way of encouragement. Yours in the Hope, E. J■."

A Thank-Offering

Dear Sir,

"Please receive 10s. note from Mrs. G. as a thank offering for restored health, to be used to send the Word of God to soldiers and sailors. I also received 10s. note from A. J. for the Lord's work, and may the Lord add His blessing! ■A J■."

The Diary of a Soul

By the Editor.

I HAVE been exercised much of late at the terrible disregard of Christendom to the claims of Christ upon the world. He, the only begotten Son of God■the Saviour of the world■is scarcely mentioned, even in so-called Christian circles. People speak of God, but rarely of Jesus Christ. They will speak of the Father, but ignore the Son. The denial of the Father and the Son is the great sin of the world today. And yet God is speaking to the world by His Son. No blessing can come to man from God but through Christ, and no one can ever claim God as Father but through Him. "No man cometh unto the Father but by Me," are the words of the Son of God, and He came to reveal the Father. To neglect the Son is to court damnation. "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life; he that believeth not the Son shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth on him." If this verse is true, and, it is true, no man or woman in the world will ever see life (eternal) if they do not believe on the Lord Jesus Christ.

An eternity without Christ means an eternity of darkness and woe. A man who was executed, as he was about to die, exclaimed in anguish of soul: Eternity! O how long! Yes, eternity will never end, and the punishment of Christ-rejectors will never end. Before you, unsaved sinner, as you read this, are the unmeasurable ages of eternity. Where will you spend that eternity?

How Christ-Rejectors Die

A preacher said: "I have seen men and women of fashion die, and I never saw one of them die well. The trappings off, there they lay on the tumbled pillow, and there were just two things that bothered them—a wasted life and a coming eternity. I could not pacify them, for body, mind and soul were exhausted in the worship of costume, and they could not appreciate the Gospel. When I knelt by their bedside they were mumbling out their regrets, and saying, 'O God O God.' Their garments hung up in the wardrobe, never again to be seen by them. They died without hope, and went into eternity unprepared."

Oh! how solemn all this is. There is a blight over all the world because of its rejection of Christ. It is the eclipse of faith. Christ is in heaven at the right hand of God, and from that heaven He looks

upon the world for which He died. His wounded hands seem to be outstretched towards mankind, and His tender invitations to a world of weary men and women is: "Come unto Me.... and I will give you rest." And as they linger in their coming, the tender lament is given: "Ye will not come unto Me, that ye might have life." And God has been saying to the world for two thousand years: "This is My beloved Son; hear Him."

I had a dream a night or two ago. I was in a meeting of Christians who honored Christ, and one rose and said:

"Let us sing the hymn:

"Glory, glory, everlasting,

Be to Him who bore the Cross;

Who redeemed our souls by tasting

Death, the death deserved by us!

Spread His glory,

Who redeemed His people thus."

My soul was filled with joy as the meeting rose to honor Christ. I woke with the glory of this recognition of Jesus filling my soul. And by-and-bye in the glory everlasting we shall be able to say with full hearts: ■

"Thou art the everlasting Word,

The Father's only Son;

God manifest, God seen and heard,

The heaven's beloved One;

Worthy, O Lamb of God, art Thou,

That every knee to Thee should bow."

Let us then, as Christians, during this month, and every month, seek to bring the sinner and the Saviour together, seek sinners in the highways and hedges and compel them to come to Christ. Give away His Word to all who need it. Write to me (see last page) for parcels of Testaments, etc., if you want to work for Christ. There is a great work to be done now, and if not done now it will never be done at all.

For Christ's Sake

I was in Egypt some years ago, and, among other forms of service, held some meetings for soldiers. One night I got into conversation with a big Sergeant in a Highland regiment. He was just as bright and shining for the Lord as it is possible for a saved soldier to be. I said: "How were you brought to Christ?" He replied: "There is a Private in the same Company who had been converted in Malta before the regiment came on to Egypt. We gave that fellow an awful time. The devil got possession of me, and I made that man's life a positive burden to him. Of course, I did not know then, as I know now, that it was the devil who had got hold of me, and was making me persecute him so. Well, one night, an awfully wet night, he came in from sentry-go. He was very tired, and very wet, and before getting into bed he got down to pray. My boots were heavy with wet and mud, and I let him have one on one side of his head and the other on the other, and he just went on with his prayers. Next morning I found those boots beautifully polished by the side of my bed. That was his reply to me, and it just broke my heart, and I was saved that day."

That soldier had learned to recognize a God-made opportunity, and as we live in close relationship with our Lord Jesus Christ we, too, shall acquire that intuitive faculty which will enable us to see an opportunity and to embrace it. It may not always be the opportunity for speech. Sometimes it is an opportunity for silence, and I have known silence to be as effective a witness for the Lord Jesus as ever speech could be.

"For Christ's sake," should be whispered in our hearts at the hardest of our duties and along the darkest of our way.

A Brave Boy

One of the most dramatic and heroic acts of this world-War was the noble self-sacrifice of a mere child of fourteen years. An Alsatian Boy Scout, whose father had been killed in Alsace, offered his services to the colonel of a regiment near Altkrich. Knowing every path, mountain trail, and road, brave and intelligent, he was accepted.

During many weeks he rendered valuable services, bringing information enabling French progress and capture of prisoners. One day the colonel asked him to make a longer and more perilous quest than usual. Our young hero started, full of zeal and hope, and was allowed to take his dog Fidele. Having to sleep out for two nights, he knew his dog would not betray him.

All went well for a long while, though the journey was full of perils. Suddenly two burly Prussians barred his path, and he was taken before the enemy officers in charge of the nearest post.

Asked his name, "Karl Webler," he replied. "Where do you live?" "With my mother at Altkrich." "Your father?" "Killed." "You bear a German name and speak German. Why are you helping the enemy?" "I am Alsatian and love France, my motherland." "Stupid young fool," said the officer, "do you know your fate—a spy?" "Yes, sir." "Do you love your mother?" "With all my heart." "Very well. You love your mother, and would like to live. I will let you go and give you one hundred francs if you will tell me how many regiments and how many batteries are defending Altkrich." "No, sir, I cannot." "Why?" "Because I promised never to betray my country." "Idiot!" The officer then said: "I will give you five minutes. Accept my generous offer, or you die." The fateful minutes finished. "Well?" "Sir, I cannot and will not betray my country."

A few minutes afterward the little hero and his faithful dog were dead. The story was related by a prisoner who witnessed the scene.

The widowed mother, now childless, broken-hearted, but proud, points visitors to the two medals sent her by the French Government ■ "La Medaille Militaire," and "La Croix de Guerre."

A Hospital Ship Torpedoed by German Submarine

A ship filled with doctors, nurses and wounded men on the way home to the Hospitals of England, is torpedoed without warning by a German submarine. The barbarous cruelty of such an act can never be surpassed. Thank God many were rescued before the ship went down, but many perished, among them the wounded, the helpless and the dying. Let us thank God that He has delivered us from falling into the hands of these wicked men. It is a great mercy to be saved from the wrath of man, but what a blessing to be delivered from the "wrath to come." Only faith in Christ can save us from that. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved."

I should like you to read a letter I received from a United States Chaplain.

An American Chaplain's Letter

American Red Cross Military Hospital,
Paignton, England.

November 25th 1918.

From E. A. Spencer, A. Chaplain, A.R.C.M.H. 21.

To Dr. Heyman Wreford,

The Firs, Denmark Road, Exeter.

Thy dear Brother in Christ,

Allow me to in this way express my sincerest thanks for your much appreciated Bible literature and other religious matter, which we were in such dire need of at the very time of its arrival. Words cannot express my gratitude for the reality of answered prayer in this matter, and that God made it possible to receive His Word from the hand of so faithful a friend as you. Again let me thank you in the name of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, for your help at this most propitious time. ■Yours in His service,

Earl A. Spencer, Mass., U.S.A.

P.S.■We are evacuating the entire hospital group this week. Future address: U.S.A.

A First Aid Station

This is a drawing of a French artist, M. Paul Thiriat, and he brings before us a picture of the wounded on the battle-held only a few hundred yards off.

“These Red Cross posts,” a writer says, “were established in any Flemish cottage or farm that seemed most suitable for the purpose. The Geneva flag is hoisted above them conspicuously in the hope that the enemy will refrain from firing in that direction. In the main they were intended as extemporized posts for slight wounds only, but Red Cross motor cars are kept handy either to carry off the more serious cases to the base, or to shift all the patients if the post becomes untenable.”

What a blessing these shelters were to the wounded — shelter and care for them from ready, loving hands. This awful War on the one hand has brought out all that was devilish in the heart of man, as shown by the methods of warfare; on the other hand it has brought out all that was most human and loving in the care of the wounded and the dying. Thank God, too, for the millions of copies of His Word that have been distributed, for the daily prayers that have ascended to heaven on behalf of the heroes of the battlefields. This work is needed still, the world is filled with thousands of maimed men whose hearts are ready to receive, salvation now. They have looked death in the face, these men, and they want a hope beyond the grave.

Incidents in a Railway Carriage

By R. I. Morgan

Dear Dr. Wreford,

From the commencement of the War I have made it my practice, when travelling by rail, if possible, to get into a compartment where there were soldiers or sailors. On a recent journey I found myself in a compartment with two handsome young bluejackets returning to their ships in the North Sea, who, though they did not look more than twenty-two or twenty-three years of age, had four "overseas" chevrons on their sleeves. In addition, there were two soldiers, one discharged soldier, and two men above middle age. As soon as the train had started, and they were about to light up their cigarettes, I said: "I take a great interest in you soldiers and sailors, as I have three sons in the Army, or rather I had three, but one was killed whilst leading his men in a night attack." The cigarettes were dropped, and each man gave me a sympathetic look. After a moment or two I turned round to the "bluejacket" sitting next to me, and said very quietly "If you had been instantaneously killed, as my son was, where would you have gone?"

The sailor lowered his head and said, "Don't know, sir." Someone in the compartment said, "He'd have gone West." I knew that was the way they had in the Army and Navy of saying that a man had been killed, or had died, but I slowly repeated the words, "Gone West"; and then asked, "Where is that?" There was no response, but almost immediately the oldest man in the compartment, in a pleasant manner, said, "I believe if we are thankful, and do our best, all will be right in the end. We have our consciences to tell us what is right or wrong."

"You are on the right track, my friend," I replied, "but you have not got far enough. Our consciences alone will never get us to heaven trod has given us a surer and an infallible guide, and that is His holy Word, the Bible. If our consciences are in line with that Word, and we obey it, then all will be well in the end."

Immediately the discharged soldier who sat in the further corner, in a somewhat aggressive manner, said: "I don't believe the Bible; what's the good of that? I'm a Freethinker. Do you believe that our lives are all mapped out for us?" "Certainly," I replied. "Then what is the good of believing anything or doing the things you say we ought to do?" Thinking he might have been on the Western battle front, I said: "Have you ever seen a piece of tapestry made?" "Yes, in France," was his reply. "Well, then, that tapestry was not made by one impression or by one stroke, as you might cut out a piece from a sheet of metal, or as you might have seen gold and silver coins struck out of bars at the Royal Mint; but there was an outline and a design for that piece of tapestry, and the design had to be filled in. So it is with your life and mine: God has a plan for each one of us, but we must fill up the design ourselves. He is not going to compel you or me to do it as He wishes, but He has given us full instructions in His holy Word, the Bible, which you despise. We are all sinners, and God says, 'The soul that sinneth shall die,' but He does not want you to die, because He has provided a Substitute for you in His Son our Saviour Jesus Christ, who gave His

life on Calvary's cross. Now God says, 'Whosoever believeth in Him shall not perish, but have everlasting life.'

The Freethinker then said, "Do you believe it was ordained that yet should be in this compartment this morning?" "Certainly," I replied: "and shall I tell you why? That when you stand before the judgment seat to receive the things done in your body, whether good or bad, you will not be able to say you were never shown the way of salvation."

All eyes were now turned towards the corner where the Freethinker sat, as if anticipating a rejoinder, but he sank back in his seat and was silent. Being in an express train, I was able to speak for a considerable time without interruption, and then turned round and said to the Freethinker, "Do you see it now?" "Not quite; when I do I'll think about it," was his reply. "You may never have another opportunity. God says, 'Now is the accepted time.' You may be killed in a railway-accident this very day. Now is the day of salvation."

As I drew towards my journey's end, I related some wonderful answers to prayer which I had experienced, and as I did so the "bluejackets" eyes filled with tears; while on reaching my destination, the first man to jump up with a smile on his face to hand me my portmanteau from the rack was the discharged freethinking soldier. I shook hands with them all, expressing the hope that we should all meet "when the roll is called up yonder." I am sure the Holy Spirit worked in that compartment that day.

On Taking Drugs

I have been greatly shocked lately in reading of two inquests on women who have died, evidently from taking too large a dose of some drug or other to which they have accustomed themselves in order to obtain sleep or freedom from some pain or other. May I entreat my readers never to listen to the suggestion of the evil spirit who tempts you to injure your moral character or your poor weak body by taking morphia, opium, laudanum, or any drug unless ordered by your doctor, who most certainly will stop it when your ailment is better, nay, cured. I was talking to Dr. Wreford about these cases, and then I told him something that happened to myself thirty-eight years ago. He at once said, "You must write that for the 'Message,' for taking drugs is a most insidious sin, and many now are undermining their lives in consequence, and may be their souls. I replied, "I don't like writing about myself." "But you may do good if you do it, and it is right to think of others and not of self." "True," I again replied, "I will think about it." So now here is what I told him.

I had said it must be Satan who gets people to take drugs. When I was utterly worn out with grief for my darling sister, who died in 1881, striving to bear my loss patiently, although tears were my meat, as it were, day and night, I, one morning, went to a drawer where there was a bottle of laudanum secreted. I took it up and distinctly heard in a loud voice, "Drink it, and your grief will stop." "No, Satan," I replied, "I won't drink it." So I opened the bottle at once and threw the laudanum away. The devil vanished, and has never renewed his effort to make me take drugs. Dear reader, may the gracious Lord Jesus, by His Spirit, deliver every one of us if a similar temptation should assault.

Emily P. Leakey

Great Need of Testaments

Letter from the Front to Miss A. N. L. ■ :■

France, 21st November, 1918.

"I went round our men's billets on Sunday with a parcel of the good books, 'The Message from God.' I was surprised at the number of men who asked me for Testaments. I would be pleased if you could send me a parcel of Testaments as soon as you can, to give out; they will be greatly blessed, I think, here. I had two to give out on Sunday, and several made a rush for them... I would like you to send them in time for Sunday, if possible... I must not miss these opportunities... Tell Dr. Wreford that the 'Message from God' is a book which is a means of blessing in many ways."

December, 1918.

"I received your welcome parcel of Testaments and tracts, and I have been round to the men, and given them out. I can do with some more Testaments if you can spare them... When I went round with those Testaments the other day they went like ripe cherries; everyone wanted one, and some men, I am sorry to say, were disappointed. But I have promised them one... A want you just to send another parcel... These men like Dr. Wreford's books, the 'Message from God.' I have seen them fold them up and send them home, and it may be the means of someone's conversion. I will be greatly obliged if you will do this for me, and keep me interested with the men. ■Your brother in Christ, L. Cpl. W. O."

“He is Thinking of Me”

A lad of seventeen years lay dying in a Dublin hospital. He was constantly visited by a lady, who, going in one day, saw that the end was drawing near. She bent over the dying boy and said, “Is the Lord Jesus with you? Are you thinking of Him?” Looking up, while a bright smile passed over his worn face, the boy whispered, “I can’t always think of Him because of the pain; but when I am not thinking of Him, He thinks of me.”

Incidents of the War and the Peace

“Sinners, it was not to angels

All His wondrous love was given,

But to those who scorned, despised Him■

Scorned and hated Christ in heaven.”

The British Dead

An American writer says, speaking of the British dead during the War, “that were ‘it possible to marshal them four abreast it would take at least a fortnight if they marched continuously day and night before they could pass through London.”

And every dead man has an immortal soul, and is living now in eternity. Living forever! Where? The answer we must leave with God. We can help the living. Many of them are coming to Christ. I had the following letter: ■

“My Soul is Right with Him”

A soldier writes to me: ■

Dear Sir, Somewhere in France.

“I was reading ‘A Message from God,’ and I saw some of the boys were sending to you for Testaments, and I thought I would write to you. I was talking to some of my chums, and I found out that some had no Testaments. Will you please send me a parcel? I suppose you would like to know if my soul is right with Him. Well, I am glad to say it is. I have it pretty hard at times, but I supplicate to Him in prayer. I have been one of His children for over a year now. I am glad I have taken Him as my Saviour. He keeps me safe, and makes me happy. I never can repay to Him what He has done for me. I could not repay Him if I gave my life■my life can never repay what He has done. I am fighting for Him, and I give myself into His hands. — From one of His children, SIDNEY C—.”

A Soldier’s Gratitude

Dear Brother in Christ,

“In gratitude to our God for preserving and sustaining grace whilst in Belgium and France, principally at Ypres, also at Arras, Bapaume, and Cambrai, I am sending a thank offering of 10/- for the distribution of the Gospel amongst my comrades, many, alas! who do not know the cleansing power of Jesus’ blood, and I pray that God’s blessing may further rest upon your labor of love, having seen the blessing of salvation conveyed through the distribution of tracts and Testaments. Truly He has said, ‘My word shall not return unto Me void!’ I have seen this proved over and over again. With Christian greetings, yours in our soon coming Lord, F. BENNETT.”

Wishing the Prisoners were Home

Dear Dr. Wreford,

“Please accept this small gift from me. I wish it were a hundredfold more. I read over your valuable little books, and then send them on to others, so if I cannot help you, I do hope others will. May God bless and reward you for all the pains you have taken to send out His Word to men who were facing death daily. I am truly thankful the war is over. How I wish all the prisoners were at home,

but many wives here have not heard from their husbands for months. With all good wishes for the new year, and trusting that your good work will spread all over the world. I pray each day that 'all peoples' may have God's Word to read. ■Your sincere friend, G.W. —”

A Thank offering for Peace

Dear Sir,

“Please accept this P.O. for 5/- as a thank offering for peace, and may God give you health and strength to carry on the good work to save the souls of men in the future as in the past. Thank God the War is over! Yours sincerely, W. H■.”

At Dawn

A Christian friend, Mark J. L. Strain, sends me the following letter: ■

Dear Dr. Wreford,

“A dear Canadian Christian soldier heard me tell the story of the boy ‘Shot at Dawn,’ and wrote the enclosed lines, which many think well worth publishing, as they may reach some other soldier-lad’s heart with the glorious message.”

At Dawn

Down came the rain in a steady slant, and the mud and slush was such

As almost to quench the ardor of the gavest in the bunch

As they splashed and tramped thro’ chalky clay■that awful chalky clay!

Towards the end, as the Laddie said, “the end of a Perfect Day”!

You know what it is to tramp all day in that steady insistent rain,

Wet to the skin, and the straps of your pack so tight you breathe with pain;

And the clay of the tortured shell-ripped land hangs to your feet like lead,

And the night comes down and the ruined towns disappear like ghosts of the dead!

Through the narrow winding trench, stolidly humping on,

Hardly a sound save squelching noise, as on! and ever on!

Oh! would we never reach the end? and away from thoughts of home!

Thoughts that hurt, and■ah! here we are! Somewhere on the Somme!

The Lad was put on sentry-go, for “Fritz” might spring a surprise;

The flares that went up were not so bright as the light in that laddie’s eyes:

His heart was glowing with happy pride■he was playing a manly part■

He was just nineteen, and a Christian too; to Christ he had given his heart.

But you know how it is when the hours drag on, and the stars sink low in the sky;

The boy was so weary — all danger seemed past. “No, I will not close my eye!

Well, just for one minute, after that flare, I’ll be able to see better then.

“Then awake with a start, and” No! I wasn’t asleep; yet I thought I saw mother again.

As she came to the train to bid me good-bye, and kissed me so soft on the cheek;
Then stepped aside to let Sweetheart Nell, so soft, demure, and sweet,
Whisper■whisper in my ear■whisper—what■” Ah! his head sinks down;
Nature denied will claim her price—the laddie sinks to the ground.

Dry-lipped and wan, he faces them, the judges of his fate:

“Slept at his post! Shot at dawn!” Just nineteen! “Said she’d wait!”

“O Jesus! don’t let mother know; I’m her only one, her boy; And Nellie, said she’d wait■she
whispered! ■and now I’m to die!”

Dry-eyed and wan, he faces the squad, in the murky dawn of France.

“Have you any message to send, or a letter to write perchance?”

“None! no request to make? Not a single thing to say?

What about your friends in England far away!”

“What! Sing a hymn? Certainly! We’ve got a few minutes to spare.”

Then he straightened up and his shoulders squared, and out on the morning air
His clear young voice rang pure and sweet, and the tears rolled down my cheek;
Facing death he sang so brave, in the murky dawn and bleak:

“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 none other good enough

To pay the price of sin;

He only could unlock the gates

Of heaven, and let us in.

Oh, dearly, dearly has He loved,

And we must love Him too,

And trust in His redeeming blood,

And try His work to do.

I learned it, sir, in the Sunday School. That’s all, sir, I’m ready now.” Then the fatal order■rapid
volley■and the young life’s laid so low; But the spirit’s fled to heaven above, to Jesus on the

throne, Who paid the price on that “green hill,” and now has called him home!

T. M. Gilmore. Stillbrook. Sask Canada.

Our Work for March

Our work is to go on sending Testaments and booklets every day all through the month. We ask your prayerful help to enable us to do this. Read what a Testament did for a, Roman Catholic soldier, and what it did for him the Word can do for thousands of others. The need is world-wide, so we must sow beside all waters. We ask you to help us in His Name.

Roman Catholic Soldier's Conversion

A letter from a soldier who has received definite blessing is full of encouragement: "I am so glad to speak about the Saviour," one soldier said who received a New Testament in July. "I have been saved when I read these words, 'By whose stripes ye were healed' (1 Peter 2:24). Healed by the stripes of Christ on the cross, the shedding of blood! As a Roman Catholic I was hoping to be saved by my works. What a deceitful way! I have to thank God that I did meet you. I shall never be without my New Testament."

The Diary of a Soul

By The Editor

I HAVE just come from the death-bed of an old patient of mine: The wife and daughter, one on either side, are watching with tear-dimmed eyes the passing of the loved one. He is close to the eternal shores, but he tells us "it is all well, he is rejoicing in hope of the glory of God." So the earth journey ends, the labored breathing ceases, the hacking cough is over, and the tired traveler of seventy-five is with his God forever. How solemn is the passing of a soul from the worn out tenement of clay! By pathways known only to God the emancipated, spirit seeks its home and rest.

Death, with every passing second, takes its toll of human life; yet how little does death enter into the calculations of human lives. Reader, are you prepared for eternity? Have you no soul longings after God? No desire to be pardoned of your many sins? Have you no wish for a hand to wipe away your tears; for a voice to take all sorrow from your heart? For a love to satisfy every longing, of your soul? Or will you die as the poor maiden did, longing for a light that did not come. She was only twenty; she died just before day break, and she dictated these verses on her death-bed, unable to write them herself:

Death At Daybreak

"I shall go out when the light comes in;

There lie my cast-off form and face.

I shall pass down on her way to earth,

As I seek for a path through space.

I shall go out when the light comes in;

"Would I might take one ray with me!

It is blackest night between the worlds,

And how is a soul to see?"

How is a soul to see unless Christ is the light of that soul? Some of you may say, I do not fear death, and I do not believe in hell. "You may say," If there is a hell, God will be too merciful to send anyone there." You do not know what sin is, and what the sins of your life have been, or you would not speak in that way. Sin is so terrible in God's sight that when Christ was made sin for us, God forsook Him. Remember this in God's presence now, every sin you have ever committed has to bear its punishment. Either you must bear the punishment of your life's sin down in hell, or you must accept what Christ, the blessed Substitute for sin, has done for you. Either you or Christ must be judged for your life's sins. Faith says, "He bore my sins in His own body on the tree." If He bore the punishment for you, you are free from punishment, but your sins cannot pass unchallenged and unpunished by a holy God. Read this: ■

Look, Look, Yea, The Three “So’s”

(Psa. 103 11, 12, 13: P.B. Version).

1. Look, as high as the heaven, so is His mercy. The grandeur and vastness of His mercy.
2. Look, as wide as the East is from the West, so far hath He set our sins from us. The measureless completeness of His pardon.
3. Yea, like as a father pitieth his own children, so the Lord is merciful unto them that fear Him. The marvelous tenderness of God's Fatherly pity.

M. E.

And now read the following two letters from a young soldier, and learn to trust the Saviour that he trusted.

Two Letters from a Young Soldier

The two following letters were sent for publication by a sister of the soldier. She says, “the testimony is so clear and simple that we trust it may be used of God to the salvation of precious souls. My brother left for Camp Custer, Michigan, on the 24th of June, unsaved and seemingly-unconcerned, though he lived under the sound of the gospel all his life. But from his first day in camp the reality of life and eternity came before him, and he wrote in every letter home that he longed to be able to say that he was saved, and asked us to pray for him.”

1st Letter (over there).

Dear Mother and All, ■This letter leaves me thousands of miles away from my dear little home in U.S.A. But, oh, mother, I am the happiest boy on earth■the good news have come; your prayers are answered. I was saved for time and eternity two days ago; all my burdens are rolled away—praise the Lord! It is wonderful beyond measure how now I can bring all my troubles and cares to Him, and how He bears my many burdens. I am living with a bunch of boys who curse and swear most of the time; this hurts me terrible, but I speak to them when I can, and pray that they may have their eyes opened.

Oh, mother, pray for me in this matter! God has chosen this road for me, and sure ‘twas best, and now His rod is a comfort to me My many prayers have been up to this time that I might return home in safety, but now they are only as the Lord wills. My home is in the glory; praise His name! God has given me good health all the time, and I can trust Him for all that’s to come. Remember me to all my friends with Christian love. ■I am yours, saved for all eternity, BERT.

2nd Letter (over there).

Dear Folks, ■I have so many things I would like to write about, but will only tell you the most important. First, if you have not yet received my other letter, I will tell you the greatest of all news, and that is that mother’s prayers have been answered, and I am saved for time and eternity. I surely feel like the happiest soldier in the army. I am now a soldier of the cross of Jesus Christ. Oh, how He lightens all my burdens! As I lay myself down to rest at night, oh, the wonderful sweet peace He gives me! No more fear for the enemy of this world Death. If it is God’s will that I should

return to my dear little home in the West, well; if not, my home is in the Glory, praise His name! I am enjoying good health, thank God. Well, dear mother, all is well. I would like very much to see you all again, but if not, the ways of the Lord are always best. Pray that I may stand fast in the faith, and always speak a word for my Saviour. It is just trust without wavering. Remember me to all my friends. May God bless you all for Jesus' sake.

■With Christian love, Bert.

Another Way of Looking at it

Two young soldiers were talking about the service of Christ. One of them said, "I can't tell you all that the Lord Jesus is to me. I do wish that you would enlist in His army." "I am thinking about it," answered his comrade, "but it means giving up several things; in fact, I am counting the cost." An officer passing at that moment heard the remark, and laying his hand on the shoulder of the speaker, he said, "Young friend, you talk of counting the cost of following Christ; but have you ever counted the cost of not following Him? "For days that question rang in the ears of the young man, and he found no rest till he sought it at the feet of the Saviour of sinners, whose faithful soldier and servant he has now been for twenty-seven years.

Demobilization

Our vast Army is being demobilized as quickly as possible. Men, released from service are coming home by tens of thousands. All through the land there are happy homes now. The empty chairs are filled — the loved voices are heard once more. But, alas! in many a home there will be no return. Husband and wife sit together in their lonely home, and comfort one another and talk of the son who was killed in the war. Many of us will have to face that sorrow until we meet our loved ones again.

I had an exquisite little poem sent me the other day written by Bishop Chadwick, which I must copy for my readers. It brings tears to the eyes, it is the music of a requiem in the soul. He says: ■

“It singeth low in every heart,
We hear it each and all;
A song of those who answer not
However we may call.
They throng the silence of the breast,
We see them as of yore,
The kind, the true, the brave; the sweet,
Who walk with us no more.
‘Tis hard to take the burden up,
When these have laid it down;
They brightened all the joy of life,
They softened every frown.
But oh! ‘tis good to think of them
When we are troubled sore;
Thanks be to God that such have lived,
Though they are here no more.”

But we must not demobilize. The warfare against sin and Satan must be carried on relentlessly. Our workers all want to “carry on,” and we are praying to God that this may be the desire of all our friends that we should “carry on.” I have had some most encouraging letters from many friends. Do read our last page and give us your prayerful help for Christ’s sake.

From a Lance Corporal

Dear Dr. Wreford,

“Allow me to write you a few lines of appreciation. During the past days I have noticed a large number of your Testaments and tracts amongst the troops. Being a worker in the vineyard of Christ I am led to write and tell you that your work is not in vain... If I can, in any way, be of help in conjunction with you, it will give me the greatest pleasure. ■Yours in Christ, E.D.N■.

From an Evangelist

Dear Dr. Wreford,

"I am using your card just to express a word of warmest gratitude for the unique service you have rendered to the Lord by ministering to the deepest need of the men who stood between us and the enemy. I believe you have been amply rewarded with the joy of the Lord during the past years, and it is sweet to know that with the sight of our coming Lord you will be given also to see many souls to whom you have directly been used. His richest blessing be upon you, and upon each one of your helpers. —Yours faithfully, D. E (evangelist)."

Another writes: ■

To Dr. Heyman Wreford, "Please accept the enclosed small donation towards the fund for providing Testaments to be distributed among the soldiers, from one who has seen the blessing attending your work."

As You Can

The above three words always give me a joy, for we know perfectly well that no man could make the sepulcher sure against the resurrection of our blessed Divine Master, Jesus Christ. Pilate said unto them, "Ye have a watch, go your way; make it as sure as ye can." It seems almost as if this heathen Roman Governor knew what would happen. Perhaps he remembered his wife's message, who had learned in a dream that he had better "have nothing to do with that just man" (Matt. 27:19). The name of Pontius Pilate is more often in the four Gospels than any other with the exception of our blessed Lord Himself, the Son of God, who is one with the Father and the Holy Spirit, three Persons but one God. We all know how much Pontius Pilate had to do with our Lord's trial and crucifixion, how he could have delivered Him, but he did not. He was for ten years Procurator in Judaea, but shortly after our Lord's death he was ordered to Rome owing to his barbarous treatment of the Samaritans. He was then banished to Vienne in Gaul, where it was said he committed suicide. At any rate, Vienne has a monument dedicated as the Tomb of Pontius Pilate. Switzerland also claims to be the place where he died. The Swiss say so, the great mountain Pilatus being named after him in the Bernese Oberland, and so distinctly seen at Lucerne. They suppose he wandered to the summit and drowned himself in one of the lakes there, and when the wind howls that he is wailing, wailing on Pilatus. We know he said one true word, "Make it as sure as ye can." But the Lord rose that Easter morn, for they could not make it sure against the glorious purpose of God, who has made it sure that all who believe in the Lord Jesus Christ are quite sure of salvation. The foundation of God standeth sure (2 Tim. 2:19). Jesus is the one Foundation to build upon; no other surety for life eternal, but Christ Jesus. "No man is sure of life, (see Job 24:22), but he that believeth on Jesus Christ hath life, and is sure of eternal life.

Emily P. Leakey

The Army of Occupation

We are having many requests from soldiers in the Army of Occupation for Testaments. Many have sent from Germany today. We trust all our friends will pray for us that we may be able to send God's Holy Word to all who ask for it. We are getting requests from all quarters.

Incidents of the War and the Peace

A German Woman's Cruelty

The records of awful cruelty practiced by the Germans on their Russian captives are too terrible to be believed almost. And German women were as bad as German men, as the following instance will tell: ■ On one occasion when the Tzar and his Consort were visiting a military hospital in Moscow, the Emperor approached the bedside of quite a young soldier and noticed that both his eye-sockets were empty. On His Majesty inquiring how such a dreadful accident had occurred, he was told that the wounded soldier was lying on the battlefield unable to move.

A German sister of mercy (?) came up to him, but instead of giving him help, she took out of her pocket a sharp stiletto, put both his eyes out, and then left him to die, if he had not been found by some members of the Russian Red Cross Brigade.

On hearing this harrowing account of merciless cruelty, the Emperor turned pale with suppressed emotion; horror and dismay were depicted on his mobile features. For a few moments he could not utter a word, then, stooping, the Tzar pressed his lips to the unhappy man's forehead, and in a low but clear voice promised to have him provided for until the end of his life.

We are told also of Prince Joachim, the German Kaiser's son, ordering the epaulettes to be torn off from the uniform of Russian officers, and for them to be struck with them across the face, because they declined to sweep the streets, saying that their soldiers would do it under their supervision. At last, half-dead with hunger, fatigue and misery, the officers gave in and took the brooms, and while they were thus degraded Prince Joachim snapshotted them. "It seems incredible," says the narrator of the above, "that an Emperor's son, the great-grandson of Queen Victoria, should be such a man."

Slaves of the Kaiser

One of the sisters of mercy of the Russian Red Cross who visited the concentration camps of the Russian prisoners in Germany writes to say she will never forget the moment when she first came in contact with the sufferings of these wretched creatures, "the slaves of the Kaiser." They cried out to her, "Sister, we have not enough to eat." "Sister, they beat us unmercifully." "Sister, look at this wound; the sentinel gave it to me with his bayonet." "Sister, for mercy's sake get bread for us; at the rate we are fed we shall not live to return to our country." She saw the mud huts where many Russian soldiers had their limbs frozen, where they were devoured by vermin and contracted typhoid fever and cholera. She saw the wounds made by ferocious dogs. All these things well-nigh broke her heart and filled her with grief that could never be forgotten.

A Letter About Pte. J. H. Ong

In February "Message from God" I said I should be glad if any of Pte. Ong's comrades could give me any particulars of his death. I have received the following letter from Pte. S. G. Scales, which I am sure my readers will be glad to read: ■

Dear Dr. Wreford,

"In this month's edition of 'Message' I noticed your inquiry as to Pte. J. H. Ong, of the 49th Field Ambulance, B.E.F. Whilst home on leave last week, and at Eastbourne, I met a friend, now demobilized, who was a sergeant in the 49th Field Ambulance, and I mentioned to him your desire for particulars. He told me that Pte. Ong was killed on or about August 21st in Bucquoy Village, south of Arras. With three other stretcher bearers he was carrying a case through the village, when a shell arrived and burst right in the stretcher squad, killing him immediately and one or two others, wounding all but one man. Pte. Ong's remains were taken by his comrades and buried at Bucquoy. It is believed that the lad who picked him-up was Pte. Rice, of the same Ambulance. It appeared from what I could gather that Ong was a faithful servant of the Lord Jesus. He had to stand a deal of chaff at first, but patiently continued in well-doing, and in confessing the Saviour's name. After a while his comrades were ready to do anything for him, and his death was felt by them all. ■With love in the Lord, yours in Him, S. G. Scales."

Thank God for this added, testimony to a devoted life for... God and His beloved Son. I am glad we were able to supply him with all the Testaments he asked for his work.

I have more to speak of him next month.

A Letter to Miss a. A. L■

Germany, Dec. 23rd 1918.

Dear Sister in Christ,

“Please forgive me not answering you before. I duly received a letter, and two parcels, from you. One contained the ‘Message’ and other books, which the boys to whom I gave them were very pleased; and the other was the French Testaments and papers, which the Belgians were very pleased at receiving. It would have done you real good to see their faces light up, as I was privileged to. We are at a place called M■, on the Rhine. We crossed the border on December 4th and arrived here on December 16th. I praise God for His goodness to us this year, in sending us the much desired suspension of the War, which I trust will be for good. Of course everybody today is very glad that God has answered our prayers in such a way. There is only one place that I would sooner be than here, and that is with the wife and son in Canada, where I hope to be soon. God bless you. —Yours in the Master’s service, F. J. H —, Canadian Engineers.”

A Missing Husband

Mrs. A. G. Garnham, of the Post Office, Fersfield, Diss. Norfolk, writes to me: ■

To Dr. Heyman Wreford,

“Thank you so much for ‘Message from God’ for February, also for your letter. It seems too awful to read how the poor boys were treated by the Germans. I am very worried and anxious myself at present, as my dear husband was captured by the Germans, March 21st 1918, and I do not know where he is. The last letter he wrote to me was dated October 2nd 1918, so as most of the prisoners have returned, I wonder what has become of him. I should be so grateful if I could hear any news of him. The War Office can tell me nothing at present only that they have sent out his name and number to be searched for. I will send you his name as you might be able to help me in some way. He has had much prayer resting on him for a long time. It seems so hard to part from those we love, and to know they may be ill-treated. It is more than two years since I have seen him. This awful war has ebbed so many of their loved ones. I see by the papers there are more than 64,000 to be accounted for. ■Yours sincerely, A. G. Garnham.

My husband’s name and last address:—

307740 Pte. Alan George Garnham, 2/8 Lancashire Fusiliers, last heard of at Friedrichsfeld Camp, Germany.”

If anyone can relieve this anxious heart, will they please write direct to Mrs. Garnham, or to Dr. Heyman Wreford, The Firs, Denmark Road, Exeter? We give his photo with this article, and this may bring him to the remembrance of some reader.

Shot at Dawn

Mr. J. Loudon Strain writes to me about this: ■

Dear Dr. Wreford,

“I am obliged by the parcel of March ‘Message from God.’... I have heard from dear Gilmore, who wrote the lines ‘At Dawn’ (in March Message), that within a fortnight of his reaching home at Shellbrook, Sask., he lost his wife from influenza, and is left with two motherless children, so he is passing through deep waters. Last night a Christian Canadian quartermaster-sergeant, at my house, told us he traveled with a wounded officer from London on Wednesday night, and gave him a copy of the ‘Message’ with ‘Shot at Dawn.’ The officer told him it was most remarkable, as he was in the same corps when the lad was shot, and there was tremendous indignation about it. Had he been a drunken scoundrel it would have been different, but his singing A hymn before death was known over a large area and much talked About. The officer had been wounded eight times himself... This is the third testimony I have had to the veracity of the little story. ■ Ever yours sincerely, J. Loudon Strain.”

The Boy who Died with a Smile on His Face

In the issue of "Message from God" for January of this year we told the story of the death of Bandsman Robert Collingbourne, of Winton, Bournemouth, who sang as he went into battle:

"Every step of the way, dear Lord,

Every step of the way!

For Thou art mine, and I am Thine,

Yes, every step of the way."

He was killed singing, and died with a smile on his face. Towards the end of January I received the following letter which interested me very much indeed.

Dear Dr. Wreford,

"I have just come back from visiting Mrs. Collingbourne, the story of whose boy is given on page 6 of your January 'Message from God.' She was much surprised and delighted when I showed it to her, and I promised her I would write to you on my return and ask you to send some copies of the 'Message' for her, and we prayed together that God would make them a blessing to all those who knew the lad in Winton. I enclose 8/6 for 100 copies of 'Message from God' for January. ■Yours sincerely, J. M. H■."

Zeppelin Raids Over London

This picture shows the tracks of raiders and position of bombs dropped by the German airships within the Metropolitan area during the seven Zeppelin raids over London. These raids took place from May 31st 1915, to October 19th 1917. The track of each raid is shown in the sky by dotted lines, with arrows showing the direction in which the Zeppelins traveled. The number of dead and injured is marked for each raid, and the time of each raid is put on the body of the Zeppelin taking part in it. A great deal of havoc was wrought to property, and many lives were sacrificed. Thank God the danger is over now, and the air raid shelters are no longer needed.

Studying this map and tracing the areas of destruction, made me think of the time that is coming, when, as the Psalmist says: "Upon the wicked God shall rain snares, fire and brimstone, and an horrible tempest; this shall be the portion of their cup." In that terrible day there will be universal destruction on all the world, not on defined areas, but a universal destruction. From the skies the Germans dropped their bombs of death; from heaven God will rain down His consuming judgments. And the apostle Peter speaks of a terrible day that is coming for the world. He says: "But the Day of the Lord will come as a thief in the night; in the which the heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat, the earth also and the works that are therein shall be burned up."

There was shelter and escape for many when the Zeppelins were raining down destruction, in the "air raid shelters," provided for those in danger. But when God's judgments fall there will be no escape for any. The cry will be, "The great day of His wrath is come, and who shall be able to stand?" A voice from heaven calls to a guilty world today, "Flee from the wrath to come." God has provided a shelter where all will be safe from coming judgment who trust in Him. The apostle Paul speaks of that shelter when he says, "There is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus." This is the refuge provided by God. Are you safe in Christ? Is Your life hid with Christ in God? If not seek that shelter now.

“Someone’s Son”

A hospital in Scotland, seven or eight hundred wounded men there, many of them dying. A Christian writing to me about the hospital says: “One poor lad last week I saw, his head swathed in bandages, only his face to be seen, and that covered with disease. I said to the orderly, ‘This lad seems to be very ill.’ ‘Yes,’ he replied, ‘there is no hope of his recovery.’ He then entered a door close by, and after closing the door he began dancing to music from a gramophone. This showed how much respect was paid to the dying man. Dear lad, someone’s son, one for whom Christ died. All I could do was to say in his ear, ‘God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.’ May the Lord Jesus bless this sowing of the good seed, His own precious Word. I see by your booklets that you invite workers to ask for books. I will gladly distribute any that you care to send me. ■Yours in our Lord, J. R■.”

The Diary of a Soul

By the Editor

The Morning Cometh

THIS world is a scene of darkness and of death; a scene made dark and dead by sin; where Satan reigns and the rivers of evil flow. And amid this darkness and death I seem to hear around me the laugh of the mocker, asking the sneering question, "Watchman, what of the night?" What is the answer of the Watchman to the scoffer's question? "The morning cometh," Yes, the morning cometh. The children of the day watch for the morning light to shine—the Morning Star to appear. There is a dawning on the hills of faith that tells of coming day, and music thrilling from harps unseen that blends with the music in hearts on earth that long for the coming day. The morning cometh. We watch and wait. The peace of the morning has shone into our hearts, and the promise of it cheers our souls. This is how the morning came with its blessed peace to one passing through a night of suffering. A young girl is dying in a hospital ward. A lady bends over her, and says, "Will you tell me your name, dear?" "Agnes," she replied. "You have listened to a sweeter voice than mine?" "Yes," she softly said, "here in this bed He met me, my loving Saviour, in the night, four months ago. He came and spoke peace to my soul. He saw me suffering, and He spoke to me, and I am going to be with Himself."

The next day the lady came and found: the girl dying. She knelt by the bed, and put her ear close to her mouth and heard her whisper, "He gave me peace! perfect peace! abiding peace! Soon I shall have everlasting peace with Him." And so she passed away. The morning had come after the night of pain.

I remember a night when I could not sleep. I was restless, weary, and depressed. The shadows of the night seemed to have fallen about my heart. I rose from my bed, and opening my window stood to watch the coming of the morning. I saw the first gleam of the dawn shine in the sky. There were no sounds of man to be heard, but the breath of the young day kissed my cheek, and from the trees I heard the martin song of the feathered choir. And as I gazed at the growing brightness, and listened to the melodious music, the peace of the morning seemed to fill my heart, and when I knelt to pray my soul was eased. I thought a bright morning is coming, a "morning without clouds." I shall be glad to see that morning, whether I behold it through the gates of death, or when my Saviour calls me home. Oh! hasten, blessed time!

Yesterday I was cheered and comforted by some lines Miss Leakey read to me. I told her of their beauty, and today she placed in my hand the following: ■

A Precious Gem

A lovely little poem was sent me this morning. After rapturously enjoying it myself, I thought I would read it to Dr. Wreford. He said, "Why, it is a precious gem." "Why?" "Why! because it speaks an unerring truth that the 'presence of Jesus' is worth all. The rest of a heart that in His heart reposes!" Yes, dear reader, get the Lord Jesus dwelling in your heart and you will have a joy that no one can take from you. Here is this lovely poem by Minnie Hardwick. I am sure she will not mind it being printed again.

Emily P. Leakey

On the Hill

There's a sweet little lane with the wild roses growing,
There's a steep uphill road where the rough winds are blowing,
And I turn wistful eyes to the lane in its beauty,
While I shrink from the hill, with its stern call of duty.
Yet I look once again, and behold One awaits me!
One who stands on the hill—while the rose lane is empty!
And I'd rather, with Him, walk where rough winds are blowing
Than alone in the lane, with the wild roses growing.
O the presence of Jesus! worth all of earth's roses;
O the rest of a heart that in His Heart reposes!
My eyes see the beauty, the lane calls me still;
But my heart finds its rest with the One on the hill!
Minnie Hardwick

Can This be True?

Dr. Campbell Morgan's Latest

Under "War Notes" the "British. Weekly" (February 27th 1919) gives prominence to the following:

■

Dr. Campbell Morgan's Great Sermon

Dr. Campbell Morgan preached a really great sermon on Sunday at a memorial service for eighty men connected with Highbury Quadrant Church and Missions who fell in the service of their country. He asked his audience to look on those who died, in the light of the declaration that "These all died in faith," for so to see is to witness the transfiguration of the sackcloth, the transmutation of the base and ignoble, the transformation of the tragedy.

He went on: "Our boys and men went forth believing in the triumph of righteousness—the setting up in this world of a better order, the order that harmonizes with the will of God, and God's faithfulness to His covenant. They went out, not knowing whither they went, nor caring. They followed the gleam, marched to the light. That was their faith—the victory of righteousness—the setting up in the world of a better order, and their quiet, glad, merry certainty that God cannot be defeated."

"What matters it that, instead of singing Onward, Christian Soldiers! they happened to sing, 'It's a long, long way to Tipperary'? They were saluting the flag! They were saluting the promises of God! They were handing in their allegiance to a Divine purpose!"

It is deplorable that such a professed student of the Holy Scriptures as Dr. Campbell Morgan should so woefully misread the Word of God as to confound the Saints of Old (Heb. 11) with the battle heroes of the twentieth century, and liken the singing of a popular song to "Saluting the promises of God." ■ A. H. C.

I hope for the sake of the thousands who have listened to his preaching that Dr. Campbell Morgan will tell us this is not true. The "British Weekly" calls it a really great sermon. If it was preached I should call it one of the greatest insults to our Lord that has ever come from a preacher's lips. Not a word of Christ and His atoning work—how can anything that man can do at his very best—men like Nicodemus or Saul of Tarsus—lead to a "triumph of righteousness"? How can fallen man set up a "better order" in the world, or do anything that "harmonizes with the will of God"? The "victory of righteousness" was only won by the Lord Jesus Christ, and we are righteous alone in Him. "For with the heart man believeth unto righteousness; and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation." (Rom. 10:10.) "For Christ is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth." (Rom. 10:4.) There is none righteous, no, not one." (Rom. 3:10.) The Apostle Paul sums up in Phil. 3:4 to 7 verses the "triumphs of human righteousness," as believed in and trusted in for years by the self-righteous Pharisee, Saul of Tarsus. Then as he surveys these cast off theories from the standpoint of a sinner saved by sovereign grace, who had put on by faith the

righteousness of Christ, he says, "I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord; for whom I have suffered the loss of all things, and do count them but dung, that I may win Christ, and be found in Him, not having mine own righteousness, which is of the law, but that which is through the faith of Christ, the righteousness which is of God by faith."

Thank God we do not follow a "gleam," "but press towards the mark for the prize of our high calling of God in Christ Jesus." Thank God we are marching to "the light, the light of the knowledge of the glory of God, in the face of Jesus Christ." Our faith rests not on "gleams," or human efforts to right the world, but on the sure foundations of the death and resurrection, and the atoning work of God's beloved Son, our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. He is the center around which all God's great purposes of grace and glory revolve. If I wish to salute the promises of God, which are all bound up in Christ, it cannot be by singing worldly songs, but by singing the song of the Redeemed, begun on earth, but to be sung through all eternity. "Unto Him that loveth us, and has washed us from our sins in His own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and His Father; to Him be glory and dominion forever and ever."

(Rev. 1:5 and 6.)

Children and the Word of God

I want you to read carefully and prayerfully what I have written on the last page of this number of "Message" about this.

Yours in Christ Jesus,

Heyman Wreford

Going Back to Canada

I have received this "Good-bye" letter from Pte. Dave McDonald, 7th C.E. Battalion, sent from Bramshott Camp. He says: ■

Dear Mr. Wreford and Brother,

"Received part of your letter which Mr. Matthews, who has helped me greatly, has sent me. Praise the Lord for the help I have received in the Mother Country. I have never been sorry I enlisted, and I am going back with a Friend I did not have coming over. One thing I can say, that the servants of God in the S.C.A. preach Jesus and Him crucified, and that is where we must start, for if the Cross is not preached how are men to see?

"We are just ready to go to Canada, and although there is much confusion in the camp we have a room here in the S.C.A. which is very dear to us all, and what fellowship we do have around God's Word!

"I was able to have half a dozen photos taken, and I am sending you one. Pray for me that I may be ever in His will and doing it from the heart willingly.

"Now I will close, thanking you for your help and the parcels you sent me while across the Channel.

"Yours in Jesus, "Dave Mcdonald"

The Sailor's Prayer

A sailor gave the following wonderful testimony in a Mission Hall in Glamorgan a short time ago: He said he was a three-year-old child of God. He had been acquainted with all kinds of sin and vice. His appetite for drink and gambling was so much that he would do anything to satisfy this craving. However, a little over three years ago he was called to his father's, death-bed, and his father said, "My boy, I am going home"; to the Lord, but what will I tell your mother when I reach there? You promised her that you would give yourself to the Lord. You have not done so, my boy. What shall I do?" The old man prayed so fervently that no one could stand the scene. The son, who was then forty-seven, ran out of the room and flung himself on the couch in another room, and prayed that the Lord would save him just then. He asked the Lord to grant him another petition, viz., that his father should live another six months, so that he could bear the fine news of his conversion to his mother, who had reached the heavenly home. There were two doctors and a specialist in the house, and in the room with the patient at the time the very ground seemed too sacred for them to stand on it, and the patient seemed to perplex them. They had previously given him up, and said that he had

But Very Few Hours to Live

But there was a change in the man which they did not understand. "And do you know," said Mr. J■, who was giving his testimony, "God granted my father to get about again for six months—yea, for seven months; and when out one day in the street for his usual walk, he suddenly dropped dead. Oh, the grip that answered prayer has had on me, and is still having. Thank God," he said, "He saved me, and He keeps me." After my conversion I had to face my old company, but I was determined to do it straight for the Lord. Then I asked Him to help me to do it honorably. I went right into their midst and said, 'Boys, I am a different man now. I have been converted. The Lord has saved me, and I want you now to help me live an upright, honest life by not tempting me with the gambling and drink. Help me, boys!' and I cried bitterly. There was not a dry eye in the place, and they all with one accord said, Yes, brother, we will do as you say!' 'Thank you,' I said, 'for I want to live a real Christian life among you here, and if I can do it here, then I can anywhere.'" It was really good and refreshing to listen to this heartfelt testimony, so simple and so real. May this "sinner saved by grace" be greatly used of God to prove the efficacy of prayer, the saving power of grace, and all to the glory of God. ■

Rev. E. Wern Williams

Two Very Needy Engineers

In one of the large steamers bound for India lay an engineer on his bed, suffering from a malady which, to all appearance, must soon end in death.

A mate of his came to his bunk one day, and in a frank way said, "Bill, you seem to be suffering a great deal."

"Yes," replied the sick man; "but, O Tom, the suffering of my body is nothing compared to what I am suffering in my mind. I am dying, and going to hell! ■do pray for me."

Tom was speechless, but the poor sufferer continued, in tones of agony, beseeching him to pray. Torn said with sadness and distress, "I cannot pray, Bill, I have never prayed, and don't know how."

The dying man again besought him, when suddenly his mate recalled a verse of Scripture which when a child he had heard in a Sunday school. These are the words: "The blood of Jesus Christ God's Son, cleanseth us from all sin." So, falling on his knees he prayed, "Oh, Lord, here are two dreadful sinners; save my mate and me! One drop of Thy blood is enough for us both."

They wept together, and prayer arose from those two hearts, to Him who loves to listen, and who needs not words well ordered and arranged, but understands a sigh, a groan, when the heart is too full to speak.

He heard their cry, and saw their tears of true repentance, and spoke peace to the troubled soul of the dying man. When some hours after Torn asked him, "Do you really believe?" he answered, "Yes, I do. I can see my way quite clear."

Faith is the way of life;
Believe in Christ and live;
Fly to the shelter of His blood,
And peace with God receive.

Some time after, Bill, the engineer, passed away in perfect peace, in the full assurance that "the blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth us from all sin," and that he, sinner though he was, was cleansed and made fit to enter the presence of Him who loved him, and is gone before to prepare a place in the mansions in the Father's house for all who believe on Him.

The other engineer still lives to praise the Lord, who drew him, a poor lost sinner, to Himself; and he delights to tell of the matchless grace and love that snatched him and his mate as brands from the burning.

Surely the God of all grace and love can, and does, work in mysterious ways His wonders to perform, and whether on land or sea, can draw to Himself those who shall be to the glory of His

grace.

“This is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.” E.S.

A Soldier of Christ

Pte. J. H. Ong, 49th Field Ambulance

Readers of the "Message from God" will remember that in the February number I spoke of the death of Pte. Ong, and asked for particulars. In the April "Message" I printed a letter from Pte. Scales, speaking of the manner of his death. On March 6th of this year I received a letter from the Rev. Dr. R. Middleton, of St. Michael's Rectory, Norwich, which he has given me permission to publish.

Dear Dr. Wreford, "I am sending you a copy of two letters from the chaplains at the Front telling of Mr. Ong's death. In your February issue of a 'Message from God,' you ask for information, hence the enclosed.

"Mr. Ong was one of my most devoted Sunday-school teachers, and one of the first converts I had when I came to Norwich. He was a most exemplary Christian, full of love for the Lord, and always willing to do his bit, either in our open air meetings, or anything else. His dear wife is a member of my congregation and an earnest Christian. He has left one boy and one girl behind.

"We mourn his loss, and miss him very much. He is a real loss to our prayer meeting.

"May I thank you most sincerely for so kindly sending him literature for his work amongst the troops. I also sent him tracts, etc., so that he was doing really the work of a missionary.

"With Christian love,

"Yours in His service,

"Robt. Middleton, B.D., D. Litt."

In my letter of thanks in answer to this kind letter I asked Mr. Middleton if he would object to my telling others the story of Pte. Ong's conversion, and if he could let me see his photo, and if I might put it in the "Message." His reply, sent on March 11th was:—

"Yes, certainly, publish my letter if you wish to do so. Anything for the Lord! The time is now very short, and our Blessed Lord is coming, very soon. Let us give our testimony before it is too late.

"Mrs. Ong will be very pleased to have her husband's photo reproduced in your little paper. I am sending you our own copy. I had several like Mr. Ong in the Army doing grand work for the Lord. To Him be the glory.... The Lord abundantly bless and encourage you in your grand work.

"Yours in His service,"

"Robt. Middleton, B.D., D.Litt."

The Chaplain's Letter

August 26th 1918.

My dear Mrs. Ong,

"I am most awfully sorry to be the bearer of sad news to you about your husband.

"Pte. G. H. Ong, of the. 49th Field Ambulance, who, in the course of his duty carrying a wounded man to the dressing station with another bearer, was killed with his comrade and the patient by a shell.

"May God help and comfort you, as He alone can, is my earnest prayer for you; and I trust you will look up to Him for strength to bear this blow, remembering the sure and certain hope of resurrection to eternal life for him and you.

"He is very well spoken of by all who knew him, living as he did a life close to God, straight and clean. I buried him, with the others, in an orchard at Bucquay, 57B, NEF, 28a, 20. God bless and comfort you with His strength!

"Believe me,

"Yours sincerely,

"Rev. S. E. R. Fennings, C.F.,

"Md. 31st Div., Artye."

Corporal G. Woodhatch's Letter

To Dr. Heyman Wreford,

The Firs, Denmark Road, Exeter, Devon, 29th Casualty Clearing Station, B. E. F., Germany,

March 10th 1919.

Dear Sir,

"While at Etaples a few weeks ago, your booklet, 'A Message from God,' given me, and my notice directed to your enquiry about Privat J. Ong.

"I was with the 49th Field Ambulance at the time of Ong's death, and am able to give you the information you desire. I would have written long before this, but the day after I received the booklet we left for Calais to go from there to Germany. We have, since arriving here, been busy on account of influenza, but as, we are less busy now I am taking advantage of a little quiet time to write to you.

"Possibly someone else has seen your inquiry and has written, too, but here are the facts as I know them. Joe, as he was known by everybody, was carrying, with three other stretcher-bearers, a wounded man during the 'stunt' on August 7th at Bucquay. Another wounded man was walking behind the party. Joe and another Christian man, named Johnston, were the rear bearers. A shell burst behind them, killing them and the walking case instantly. Another bearer named Perkins died from his wounds at a C.C.S. the same day, while Travis, the fourth, was wounded in the leg and eventually got to England.

"Their comrades buried Joe and Johnston with the dead patient near some trees just off the road. The patient on the stretcher, I believe, escaped further injury. I think Perkins must be the comrade of the 'bivvy' whom Joe mentioned as having given himself to Christ. Travis wrote to me some time after from Weymouth, and by his letter I gather he has been helped and changed by his experience and by his contact with his Christian comrades.

"Joe Ong was a fine fellow. He was respected, and, I think I can say, loved by practically all in the ambulance. He always had a cheery word. His friendship was a help to the believers, and his conduct and example were a purifying influence among his comrades. He had the reputation for being courageous and calm at his duty while under fire.

"Even before I joined the 49th Field Ambulance I heard about Joe Ong from a Sergeant-Major, who inquired where: I was going when I had alighted at a railway station while on my way to the ambulance. This was Sergeant-Major Lille', and he told me Joe was trying to start a branch of the S.C.A. in the ambulance. It was cheering to get news that such a man would be there in my new surroundings with whom I could have fellowship. The branch was started and we had our meetings when we could get together, and they were really helpful times.

"It was a sad day when I lost Joe, and the whole Ambulance seemed full of regret that Joe' should have been killed.

"Owing to an attack of influenza I left the Ambulance at Le Ouesnoy in December, while it was on the way to Belgium. I got to Rouen and later to Etaples, from whence I was sent to the 29th C.C.S., which was at that time near Bapaume. I was attached temporarily to a stationary hospital beyond Doullens, and later on went to Calais to get the train to rejoin my C.C.S. in Germany. It was while at Etaples, on my way to Calais, that your booklet was given to me at the close of the meeting by a comrade who happened to ask about my unit. I am very happy if I have been of any service to you, and if you desire further information about our late friend I shall be pleased to tell you what I know.

"We are in Bonn, and I believe the S.C.A. is preparing to start a hut there. I hope so, for it is the best and most spiritual association of any for soldiers that I know. I don't know how long I shall be here, but am expecting demobilization in a few weeks." With best wishes for you and your work,

"I am,"

"Yours in Christ, "Fred G. Woodhatch, "Cpl. R.A.M.C."

Thank God there were thousands like dear Ong in the Army, and eternity will declare what they were able to do for Christ among their comrades.

Incidents of the War and the Peace

Glad Work is Going On

Dear Dr. Wreford,

"I am sending you 30s. for the soldiers. I see from your Magazine that you are still sending the Testaments and parcels out to them, and I am so glad to think that you are. May God bless you in this work and give you continued strength to go on.

"Yours truly, J. B■

“The Dear Book”

Last month, February, 1919, I heard from a dear boy who had not written for some time—his last letter was from the trenches—and he tells me, going over the top on October 3rd a bullet struck him. He had in his pocket a book I had sent him, and he writes, mentioning gratefully Dr. Wreford: “If it had not been for the dear book it would have gone through my heart.” How thankful I am to God for saving my dear friend’s life, and bringing him back to his home in safety, and I am longing to know the great change has taken place in his young life, without which, the Saviour Himself tells us, we “cannot see,” “cannot enter the kingdom of God.” (John 3) I feel so deeply the importance of these solemn words that I beseech my reader to pause, and think, and listen to the word from the lips of the Son of God.

“Ye must be born again.” But it may be you have a real, earnest desire to know that you are saved.

I leave with you John 5:24. This precious word has been used to countless souls. “Hearth,” “Believeth,” “Hath everlasting life.” A. A. L.

The Warrior's Rest

“There’s peace and rest in Paradise,”
In weary hours we say;
And oh, that we had wings like doves,
That we might flee away!”
But in our better hours we grasp
The warriors’ sword again;
And long the good fight yet to fight,
The patient watch maintain.
Our Lord deigns to have need of us!
We kindle at the thought;
On! ‘till night falls upon the field,
And the good fight be fought!
On! ‘till the armies of the skies,
Shall welcome us above;
And glory hosts with us proclaim,
Our Captain’s wondrous love.”
The Diary of a Soul
By the Editor

Ebb and Flow

I AM gazing from my window at the Manor House, Shaldon. Before me is the Estuary of the river Teign. It is low tide—the lowest tide I have seen here. The vast mud flats forming the river bed are all exposed in their desolate wastes, and seem to stretch almost from shore to shore. The raucous cries of the gulls come to me, as they hover and pitch on the spongy morass—else silence and deadness pervades all.

A few hours pass, and from over the sandy bar the white foam of the incoming tide is seen—the strength of the mighty sea is advancing in all its exhilarating beauty, and soon the ocean has reclaimed the desolated shores, and glad and sparkling waters, fresh from the fountains of the great deeps, redolent with the breath of God, and charged and purified by the divine alchemy of sun and wind, and ever moving seas fill with their glorious splendor the scene before me.

What a change! The dead has been made to live, and the transforming power of strength and ordered beauty, directed by a power omnipotent and beneficent, has restored everything. And upon those covering floods, with tidal fullness full, the harbor boats pass and re-pass in the busy labors of the day. What lessons we learn from the ebbing and flowing of the sea!

I walked amid the graves in Ringmore Churchyard. All around me was the ebbing tide of human life. There was a row of infant graves, pathetic in their littleness. Such texts upon them as, “Jesus called a little child to Him,” “Suffer little children to come unto Me.” These tiny tombs were near a grave I had gone to see, the grave of a Trinity pilot. On his tomb were the words, “He has crossed the bar” his tide of life had passed out into the sea of eternity. I saw also the grave of a young girl of nine called Adeline. These: words embalm the ebbing of her life: ■

“See the buds so rudely torn,

Blooming in the land of rest;

See the lambs from suffering borne,

Resting in their Saviour’s breast.”

And close by the desolation of a heart and home as the tide went out was recorded over the passing of the life of a dearly-loved wife named “Hannah,” aged twenty-six: ■

Had He asked us well we know

We should cry, ‘Oh, spare this blow!’

Yes, with streaming tears should pray,

‘Lord, we love her; let her stay.’

“But the Lord doth naught amiss,

And since He hath ordered this,

We have naught to do but still

Rest in silence on His will.”

The tide of life passes out into the sea of eternity, leaving lonely homes and desolate wastes of life. Are we ready for our passing? When the call of the sea of eternity comes to us, and we have to cross the bar, what shall we find beyond? Will the Divine Pilot be our guide, and a haven of eternal rest our bourne? or shall we have to meet the mists of doubts and fears, and face the storms that bring destruction in their pathway? Will ours be the shining seas lit with the summer glory of the light of God, or will they be lonely in their dread darkness, and will death and judgment be the messengers He sends to meet us?

God save us from making shipwreck of our lives. I will give you the story of one who went out over the bar to meet the fury of the storm of God's wrath against his unforgiven sins, and who had to cry as he faced the ocean of death: "Lost! Lost! Forever lost"

“Lost! Lost! for Ever Lost!”

Peter Cartwright, the Backwood's Preacher, tells us a most solemn story in his autobiography. He says "There was an interesting young man at one of our revival meetings, well educated and gentlemanly in all his conduct. He boarded at a house I frequently visited. He was serious; I talked to him, and he frankly admitted the real necessity of religion...but he said he was not ready to start in this glorious cause, but that he fully intended at some future time to seek religion. I urged him to submit now; that in all probability he would never live to see so good a time to get religion as the present. He admitted all I said, and wept like a child; but I could not prevail upon him to start now in this heavenly race.

"As our meeting was drawing to a close, I was anxious to see this young man converted, but I was not permitted to see it. I had to leave the meeting before it was over to go to another town. The day after I left this young man he was taken violently ill. His disease was rapid, all medical aid failed, and he was shortly given over by his physicians to die. He sent post-haste for me to come to him. I hastened to him, but never to the last moment of my recollection shall I ever forget the bitter lamentations of this young man: 'Oh!' said he, if I had taken your advice a few days ago, which you gave me in tears, and which in spite of all my resistance, drew tears from my eyes, I should have now been ready to die. God's Spirit strove with me powerfully, but I was stubborn and resisted it. If I had yielded then, I believe God would have saved me from my sins; but now, racked with pain almost insupportable, and scorched with burning fevers, and on the verge of an eternal world, I have no hope in the future. All is dark, dark, and gloomy. Through light and mercy I have evaded and resisted God, His Spirit, and His ministers, and now I must make my bed in hell, and bid an eternal farewell to all the means of grace, and all hope of heaven. 'Lost! Lost! Forever lost!'

"In this condition he breathed his last. It was a solemn and awful scene. God forbid that I should die a death like this! But how many are there that have lived and died like this pleasant young man; approve the right, but choose the wrong; put off the day of their return to God; wade through tears and prayers of ministers and pious friends, 'till they make the dreadful plunge, and have to say, 'Lost! Lost! Lost! Forever lost!' O sinner, stop and think before you further go! Turn; and turn now to God."

What an awful thing to die like that! to put out to the sea of eternity for eternal shipwreck, crying as you cross the bar: "Lost! Lost! Forever lost!"

Now let the story be told of one who went "over the bar" in happiness and peace.

"JESUS TOOK MY PLACE"

Many times I have heard the wounded say, "I would far rather lose a limb than be gassed." So many of our brave soldiers never seem to recover from this awful gas poison. Private Norman Mitchell was no exception. He joined up three years ago, and was soon sent to France. After being there one year he had leave to return home, and was married; then returned to France and was mercifully preserved till about three months before he died. He was gassed, and was unconscious

for some time. From the Base Hospital he was later brought with a convoy of wounded to Weymouth Military Hospital. In my visitation I came in touch with Norman. The Lord laid him upon my heart. I visited him twice a day, read the Scripture and prayed with him; as did the Vicar, the Rev. F. E. Coryton. For some time there seemed no response, not until about three weeks before he passed away, then he began to ask questions: "What religion do you belong to?" "Which religion is right?" etc. At last he said, "We are all sinners, and I am the worst of sinners." I shall never forget the day the light broke in. His wife, who had been sent for, was sitting one side of the bed; his aunt, who had been a mother to him (his mother died when he was young), sitting the other side, and I was standing at the foot of the bed. He made a sign he wanted me to come near. The wife and aunt saw this and went away, and I was

alone with the dying man.

The struggle, the perspiration, the twitching of the lips, I shall not soon forget. There seemed to be a battle within with the powers of darkness. After reading him some passages of Scripture, Isaiah 53:6; Romans 3:23; John 3:14-16, he seemed to rest in John 1:12. When he first believed it seemed too wonderful. For a moment he looked at me with a glare of the eyes. He was the first to break the silence: "I see it now. Jesus took my place. I believe it. Yes, that's it; even for Norman Mitchell," again quoting John 1:12. I saw the wonderful change take place at the entrance of God's Word. I called his wife and aunt to the bedside; and he confessed before them his faith in the finished work of the Lord Jesus. I said, "You will now meet your mother in heaven. She died trusting in Jesus and praying for her boy." Then, turning to his aunt and his wife, he said, "Bella, will you meet me there?" Between her sobs she said she would meet him in heaven. We were all moved to tears; it was a wonderful sight. The aunt said, "This boy has been prayed for hundreds of times, and now, thank God, he is saved." The joy that filled his soul as the days went by was manifest. He delighted to have the Scripture read to him. He gradually got weaker. I asked him one day if there was anything I could do for him. He thanked me, and said, "Come and see me often." His

last day on earth

came; he was so weak, scarcely able to speak. The nurse met me, saying, "He is just dying; I am afraid he won't know you." The wife was on one side, the orderly the other; I stood at the foot of the bed. I shall never forget the sight. I said, "Norman, is the Lord Jesus very precious to you?" He opened his eyes, looked on me, a smile on his face; then he lifted his hand up as high as he could, then let it fall. I waited a few moments, then said, "Good-bye, Norman; through the finished work of the Lord Jesus we will meet you in heaven." His eyes opened, the hand lifted up, a slight movement of the head, and a sweet smile; but too weak to speak. But that look spoke so much. He never spoke again. Half an hour later he had passed away. With confidence we can say, "Gone to be with the Lord, which is far better." A trophy of grace. John C. Gray

And the ebb and flow of human tire goes on continually. Millions die, millions are born, and the vast ocean of eternity will receive them all.

There is one tide that is ever flowing—the grace of God to sinners. There has been no ebb to that flowing tide since Jesus died on Calvary, but be and bye when Jesus comes, and He may come today, then it will be ebb tide for a lost world. The "moaning of the bar" will not cease until in

millennial days, the full flowing of a glorious sea will flood the world with glory.

What a state the world is in today! What need there is for every Christian to work for God. The appeals sent to us for Testaments and tracts are continuous. We are told that if every Church and Chapel were filled every Lord's Day, that there would be twenty-five million people outside. And yet how few are to be found to listen to the Gospel now! We must send the Word of God among the masses. God's message of love must be made known far and wide throughout the world.

Very Joyful News!

Dear Mr. Wreford, B.E.F., France.

I am writing to tell you some very joyful news. I accepted the Lord Jesus Christ as my own personal Saviour on the 1st inst. I was of the Roman Catholic Communion formerly, but had become dissatisfied with its doctrines owing to its lack of definite teaching on salvation. A little khaki bound Testament was placed in my hands at the end of last month, and I read your kind message. I searched the Scriptures and found what I was in search of—a definite promise of salvation through belief in Him, who died for us all.

I thank God for sending His Divine Son for my redemption, and I thank you for sending me that dear Book with the loving, helpful message in its forefront. Please write to me; I should very much like to hear from you. Closing with my best wishes in your great endeavor to spread God's Word, believe me to remain, yours sincerely in Him,

(Pte.) P. J. C —.

A Lieutenant Writes

Dear Sir, Pte. W. B. —, to whom you sent a Testament, has unfortunately been killed in action. I have therefore taken the liberty of keeping the Testament for my personal use. Your post cards I have distributed to the men in my company.

May God bless the Testament to him!

Wants to Get Right with God

Dear Sir, I am writing you a few lines to ask your help and advice. I have just been reading your Magazine "A Message from God," and I thought I would write to you about the way of life. I am anxious to get right with God. What must I do? I have professed conversion so many times in the past that it seems like mockeries to me. I really begin to think at times that I am too bad. Do you think there is any hope for me? I wish I could think so. Will you please pray that I may be under deep conviction of sin; also my loved ones at home, because there is not any of us who are saved.... May God bless you in your work. ■ Yours sincerely, H. W. R■

Never Heard of God

A Pte. T. N■ writes: ■

Sir,

Will you kindly forward me a small Testament, as I am in great need of one? I am being drawn into greater temptation every day. Will you also send one on to me for a chum who is bedridden, and who has never heard of God. So I think it would do him a world of good, him being a soldier like myself.

A Chaplain's Testimony

Dear Dr. Wreford, I am extremely grateful to you for your regular supply of Testaments. I may say that during the last four weeks more than four hundred Testaments have been given to the lads in this depot. I am glad to tell you that they asked for them themselves, and I believe the majority of the lads are searching for the light-more today than ever. Thanking you once more for your help in the Master's work. ■Yours sincerely, A. A. D■ (C.F.).

A Scene in Russia under the Bolsheviks

“The scene depicted on our cover shows women of Moscow arriving outside an official food depot. They find confronting them the notices: ‘No bread,’ and ‘No bread will be distributed today.’ The latter does not mean that there will necessarily be food tomorrow. The notice does duty for several days on occasion. The Government seeks to cloak a breakdown of bread supply by explanations that the snow has prevented its arrival in the city, refusal to sell on the part of the peasant farmers being the real trouble. On the broken window is fixed a list of the amount of bread ‘obtainable’ each day at the depot according to the Moscow categories here set out. If these women are in the first category, they can obtain half a pound of bread; if in the second, they can obtain three-eighths; if in the third, only one-eighth of a pound.”

This pathetic picture must appeal to our hearts, and make, us pray for unhappy Russia: Tens of thousands there dying for want of bread. A Russian writer (Leonid Andreieff) says: ■ “I turn (to Europe) with my dying prayer Save our Souls (S.O.S.). God knows how the help is needed. To know that for the dead there are not enough graves in Petrograd. In martyred Petrograd...they barely believe, not only in man, but in God. It is hard to preserve life. It is almost happiness to be released from life.”

This is a picture of what is happening to millions today. No voice can speak for God publicly there now. God and Christ are blasphemed from one end of the Empire to the other. Oh! let us pray without ceasing not only for Russia, but for ourselves. Pray that God will send a mighty revival in our midst, and that His Word may have free course■may be distributed far and wide. Terrible as it is to hunger for the bread that perishes, what must soul-hunger be? We are responsible to help to meet the need of perishing souls. Governments must seek the bodily welfare of the nations, but every Christian in the world must carry the Bread of Life to those in need. ‘We must never say to those with soul-hunger, “No bread will be distributed today.” We cannot perhaps all preach, but we can all help to send Testaments to those without Christ. And the whole world needs Christ. Some know their need, others do not. We know they need the Saviour, therefore we must send them the Book that speaks of Him. Please read our last page.

Woman Falls Dying of Starvation

“The woman in the picture has collapsed through faintness owing to lack of food. Her baby has fallen from her arms upon the snow. One woman who still preserves the remnants of social feeling attempts to assist her, but the ninety and nine pass by with little more than a glance in her direction. She has been endeavoring to cross the Znamensky Square to reach one of the Government depots, from which alone food is obtainable. But her strength has given out, and she has fallen by the wayside. A newsboy stares down at her, but makes no movement of assistance. Strolling by is a typical soldier of the Red Army with a girl on each arm.... They stroll by without stopping.” The world moves on unconcerned while the woman and her baby die.

God give us prayerful hearts for the woes of the world today, and a longing desire to do all that lies in our power for the souls of the unsaved everywhere.

Incidents of the War and the Peace

A Thankoffering to God

Dear Dr. Wreford, I am sending the enclosed as a thank offering to God that my son has returned home from Russia safe, and in good health. Pray for him that he may be saved.

L. T■.

A Mother's Loss

An elderly man accompanying a worried looking woman was traveling by train. Presently the woman began to count on her fingers: "One, two, three," "One, two, three," over and over at intervals in a sing-song tone. Two girls in the same carriage tittered. One of them leaned over and whispered something to her companion. Both giggled. Each time the woman counted her fingers the girls tittered. The man seemed irritated. Suddenly he turned to them and said, "You perhaps will cease your stupid giggling when I tell you that this is my wife, and that she has lost three sons in the War. I am now taking her to an asylum."

“The Old, Old Story”

March, 1919. How our hearts were cheered last week by the news a beloved nephew had arrived home safely after a long absence, and it recalls the sorrow, when the call came, to leave those he loved so well, how eagerly letters were looked for, and the comfort it gave to read how the Lord sustained, guided and blessed. The sweet fellowship of two Christians on the voyage out made all the difference. I enclose a brief extract, which I trust may be of interest, written to his dear wife. “In my No. 6 letter I told you all about the services on the ship, which grew out of a little Bible reading started by W■. So many men came we had to move to the upper deck, where we had a Gospel service every night. It was simply glorious, and words cannot describe it. We used to get three to four hundred men every night, and they listened splendidly while W—and one or two others told the old, old story’ of a Saviour’s love, and we had to praise God for many who were definitely brought from death unto life. The scene, too, was one which could never be forgotten■the great crowd of men on the deck, clinging to the rigging, rails, life-boats, and every part from which they could hear, and the sound of the old hymns, ‘Just as I am,’ rolling across the water was beautiful. I shall never forget the singing ‘All hail the power,’ on the Sunday evening we left Aden. We were steaming across the Arabian Sea, it was a glorious night,, and the way the old hymn rolled away over the sea, and then seemed to come back and echo round the ship, was wonderful.”

Space will not allow more. Is that “old, old story” precious to your heart? “It is the power of God unto salvation to everyone that believeth.” A. A. L.

A Letter of Encouragement

17, Raleigh Road, Exeter.

Dear Sir,

It is now three weeks since I returned from France, and I feel I must thank you for parcels of literature and Testaments sent to me for distribution while there. I am sure you would feel amply repaid for the labor and sacrifice that your work must have entailed, could you have seen the eagerness with which the tracts and Testaments were always accepted. When first I went to France I spent some time at a place where there was a continual flow of men always passing through on their way to join their battalions in the line, and I am reminded especially of one great batch of men who were awaiting medical inspection. As I passed them I took from my pockets a few tracts and Testaments, and so great was the appeal on all hands that I returned to my sleeping quarters and turned out all that I had. When Testaments and tracts were exhausted, I distributed all the post cards you had kindly furnished me with, and I can assure you many of those men realized, as thousands have done during the War, that the one thing that really mattered was the solution of the great question: What must I do to be saved? and they were evidently aware that in those little Testaments lay the secret which is so important to every thinking man when he has to face almost certain death.

I was continually moving after leaving that place, but whenever opportunity was afforded me, I had only to send you a line, and by the quickest time it was possible to come, I had a supply of Testaments and printed messages. Again, I must thank you, and assure you that the work of sending clear and distinct messages of God's plan of salvation must return a rich harvest, and that over and over again it has been clear to me that the work has been owned and blessed by God to very many precious souls. — Believe me, yours faithfully, Charlie Amery.

A Pleasing Incident

A very pleasing incident in our work amongst our soldiers has lately occurred which I think will give pleasure to those who so willingly continue to help, for I assure you, dear readers, the work continues as necessary as during the War, and money is needed just as much. I was slowly crawling (owing to loss of breath) up the Barnfield Road when Dr. Wreford overtook me. He gave me his arm to lean on. When we got as far as the Drill Hall, I stopped and said, "What is going on here?" for flags of all kinds were being hung up and decorations of all sorts. I spoke out rather loudly, "What is going on here?" A gentleman in khaki most politely came forward saying, "We are entertaining some soldiers this evening." I soon found out to whom I was speaking (Mr. C. E. Ross). He then told us of his desire to save the returned soldiers in our villages from the public-house, so he has provided recreation rooms in at least six villages for the various platoons. I said, "Have you provided Testaments for the men?" "No," he replied. "Would you give them to the men if Dr. Wreford gave you some?" "Yes, indeed I would." "How many?" "About one hundred and twenty" was his answer. "You shall have them tomorrow."

Mr. Ross warmly thanked us, and the books were sent. The doctor and I rejoiced that the opportunity was presented to us. Now something more has come to rejoice our and your hearts, dear readers. Mr. Ross most kindly wrote me: "I have visited Ide, Alphington, Exminster, Kenton and Star-cross distributing your kind gifts at each place. They were received at every place with the most respectful gratitude, and I was requested in every instance to convey the grateful thanks of the recipients who received such a gift, perhaps the most precious they will ever receive. In addition, please accept my very grateful thanks, and as I have taken one, I shall feel with my men that we are united in that bond of fellowship and hope in Jesus Christ which will, I trust, bring us to a joyful resurrection."

Let each one of us pray that a great blessing may result from this reading of God's Word.

Emily P. Leakey

“Killed with Kindness”

A released prisoner of war, after three and a half years in a German camp, writes of their reception in Holland: “When I got over the border I could have wept aloud for sheer joy and thankfulness, and when the general called for three cheers for his Majesty he just saved the whole of us from breaking down. Dirty, unkempt, and ragged, dressed just in the same filthy clothes in which we left Germany, we were marched up to the gorgeous reception-rooms, and waited upon by ladies who did all they could to show us a hearty welcome. It was simply past all description to feel like we did that first night, with a bed to sleep in after three and a half years on the floor, and to be free and unguarded went to one’s head like spirits. Oh, how thankful I am to God for having brought me through all my great trials and that cruel time of suffering!”

What Our Soldiers Sang

A commanding officer, placed by accident in partial command of a division, spoke to me (says the London correspondent of the "Nation") of what happened to it as it lay for forty-eight hours without food or water, and hemmed in on three sides with a greatly superior force of Germans. I recall one incident. At the moment when a trenchful of men were making ready to go over the parapet for a raid, the officer heard a subdued sound of singing. He sent a sergeant to stop it, for silence was imperative. The man came back with tears in his eyes. "What were they singing?" he was asked. "Jesu, Lover of my soul!" A few minutes later many of the singers were dead.

The Diary of a Soul

By the Editor

"I SUPPOSE I must go, sir," said a dying man of seventy-two to a Christian who visited him. He clung to life, and had no hope beyond. His hair was gray, his cheeks were furrowed by the plow of time, and when asked if he was ready for eternity, his answer was, "I suppose I must go, sir." We hope he received the gospel, which was plainly put before him.

The burden of these precious souls going into eternity seems to press upon our soul. We have requests for about two thousand Testaments each week. At home and abroad, on land and sea, the appeal comes to us for the Word of God. How to meet this great demand is our anxiety before God now.

A Town Missionary's letter comes today: ■

Dear Dr. Wreford,

I should be very grateful for a supply of gospel tracts, etc., just now. Preaching the gospel of God's grace in the towns and villages around we can put the gospel into hundreds of homes and pass the Word of God to individuals each week, and amongst the socialists and labor party on the Lord's Day morning, when hundreds are congregated together.

W. G. S■.

An Appeal for the Young

I have received the following letter. I have had requests for thousands of Testaments for the young, and I feel sure that great blessing will rest upon them if we prayerfully put the Book of God into their hands. This is the letter: ■

Sir, May 7th 1919.

I have a Standard 4. of sixty boys in the school. Out of these thirty only have a Bible or a Testament. The others have neither. It is great drawback to them during the Scripture lesson. Knowing of your gift of Testaments—having had a Testament sent me while on active service in France—I was wondering if you could see your way clear to send on to me a few of your Testaments. The school is in a very poor neighborhood, and you would be supplying a great want by giving these boys something which they could take into their own home. —Yours sincerely, C. B.

I sent him a few Testaments. Thank God many are getting really interested in the work amongst the boys and girls. Look at our streets, and the need will meet you on every hand. In every town there should be a special effort made to reach the boys and girls now. A lady writes: ■

Dear Sir,

I heartily wish the effort for the children every success. I have pleasure in enclosing towards Testaments for children as proposed in "A Message from God," May number, 1919. ■ Yours in sympathy, J. H.

When we think of the hard conditions of life for the children in many of our mining and industrial centers—the life of the homes, the life of the streets — it seems as if the cry of the children for our help is one that must be listened to.

The Cry of the Children

'Tis the cry of the children-calling,
Calling to God on high;
The cry from the streets uprising,
"Oh I help us or we die."
Far out on the peopled highway,
And up from the desert sands,
By the sea of life they are pleading now,
Lifting their little hands.
Thank God for the love that can shelter■
The charity that bears,
On the bosom of human pity,
The children's cries and prayers.
On them rests the Master's blessing,
Blessing that all may win;
What has been done for the children
Has aye been done for Him.
O Christ of the little children!
Shepherd of lambs like these!
The balm of Thy love shines o'er them,
Like light on summer trees.
And the voice of the dear Christ speaking,
Over their troubled sea,
Still tells of a heavenly greeting■
"Let the little ones come unto Me."
H. W.

Had I the means I could put a Testament into tens of thousands of children's waiting hands, outstretched for them at this time. As the means are sent to me by God for this purpose, I shall be only too glad to help to meet the present pressing want.

Gifts for the Outcastes in India

Mrs. Pridham, Secretary of the Association for the Free Distribution of the Scriptures, has sent me £10 for Gospels for the Outcastes of India. This is only one of many gifts I have had from this generous society.

A Christian writes me about the outcastes, and says: ■

Dear Brother, I enclose check to help you to send the Word of God to the outcastes of India. May God bless you and your labors in spreading the good news to these poor people, as well as to our soldiers and sailors ■Yours; in Him,

I get many letters asking for Testaments and Gospels in Tamil. Pray earnestly for those who are working among-these perishing millions.

Work Among Italian Soldiers

I get many requests for parcels for Italy. Everywhere it is the same■the Word of God is wanted. Oh! to be a millionaire for Jesus Christ these days!

This is any burden for this month: The need of Testaments. May God grant that you may have a prayerful interest in my appeal. ■Yours for Christ's sake, Heyman Wreford

A Marked Testament

The mother of an officer who died in the Service called upon me one day with a dozen copies of the New Testament in which she had carefully marked the chief gospel verse! from Matthew to Revelation. She wished me to distribute these Testaments among the soldiers in memory of her dead son. One of these I gave to a Christian, an ex-soldier of the Highlanders, who handed it to a man who was ill with consumption. This man sat one afternoon in the Princess Street Gardens, Edinburgh, and read one by one all the verses the lady had marked. He was unhappy and anxious, and he read eagerly, for he began to realize that the words he was reading were the words of salvation and life, and he, a lost and dying sinner, needed both.

At last he came to John 5:24, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that heareth My word, and believeth on Him that sent Me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation, but is passed from death unto life." He read no further that afternoon, for those precious words of the Lord Jesus yielded him that which his soul craved, and he went back to his quarters a happy man—happy because he had found life out of death through the Son of God, and was assured of it by His own sure Word.

A few weeks after that red-letter day in his history he was admitted to the Longmoor Hospital for incurables in the city, and this proved to be the commencement of a time of much blessing to the inmates. Through his happy life and testimony five other inmates were brought into the joy of God's salvation, and this was long sustained. He lived for one year in the hospital, and was wonderfully happy in the prospect of going to be with Christ his Saviour. "Put my body in a white coffin and not a black one," was his startling request, "for I am going to a marriage and not a funeral. My departure will not be defeat and death, but victory and life." We acceded to his request, and his body was put in a white coffin. And those believers who gathered at his grave, and there were many, realized how truly his was the victory, as with a ring of triumph these words thrilled their souls: "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

The blessing to that dear man's soul and all that followed resulted from the reading of the New Testament carefully and prayerfully marked by the hand of a Christian lady, and it may be the relating of these facts will lead others to serve the Lord and souls in a similar way. John Davies

The Last Day you will Live on Earth

That day will come. Many of you will not welcome it, but it is near you—the great eclipse of death, shadowing the sun of earthly life; the slowly beating wings of the terrible angel of death hovering over you, and you cannot flee from it. The inexorable word goes forth that you must die, and you must die. If death could have been bribed, men would have given millions for a few years' lease of life; monarchs would have given their kingdoms, and kings their crowns, but no—when the hour comes for you to go, you must go. You dread the journey to eternity; you have made no provision for it; you have no chart or compass to direct you, no friend to meet you, no home to go to. You are leaving all your friends behind you; your wife holds your hand, your children weep around you, all are in tears beside your dying bed. The clock is ticking out the seconds, telling loudly of eternity. The shadows rest upon the hushed room, and the firelight gleams upon the wall. You look around, your eyes rest on the faces of your loved ones, and on the familiar objects in the chamber. You think of the quiet house, of the rooms downstairs, of the life indoors and out of doors, of the coming in and the going out, and the daily living and the daily life.

How strange, and yet how terrible the thought that in a few hours you must say “good-bye” to it all. “O my wife!” you cry, “cannot I stay longer with you? Wreath your arms, your dear arms, round my neck, and keep me here; I cannot leave you and the children, and go alone into the darkness that I dread.” Vain is your appeal! The earthly love you cling to now, and which, may be, has strewn your way with flowers, can only be yours to the end of life. Take your last look at the beloved face, print your last kiss on the faithful, loving lips; press the trembling hands for the last time, and then, amid a storm of sobs and tears, with the eyes growing dim with the coming darkness, and the ears growing deaf to all of earth, as you near eternity you must go alone out of this world into the world to come.

Oh! why did you live without Christ? Why did you die without Him? All your life He had been saying, “Come unto Me,” and now that you are “dead” without His love brightening your pathway, and “lost” because He has never found you, methinks I hear a solemn voice over your soulless body, “I would, but ye would not.”

Shall you die like that? Die in unavailing sorrow and regret; a Christless end to a Christless life!

You need not; you may be saved from such a death today. You may have the assurance now that Christ will never leave you nor forsake you.

The Call

A Voice that calls! ■

That calls down all the ages long,

“Come unto Me.”

Yet souls, all careless of the things above,

Rush on, nor heed that Voice of deathless love,

That calls and calls.

A Voice that speaks!■

That speaks with sad and breaking heart,

“Depart from Me.”

I called you through your joys and through your tears,

I called you through the long unheeding years,

What could I more?

O Jesus of the open gate! O souls outside!

Answer the call while yet the door's flung wide.

Minnie Hardwick

From Darkness to Light

Some time ago a City Missionary was asked, at the close of a meeting, to visit a dying man. He gladly complied, and soon he found himself in the presence of the well-known fruit peddler, Bill Sykes. The missionary, opening his Bible at the third chapter of John, read the story of Nicodemus. Sykes listened respectfully, but his only comment was, "That's funny." His ignorance disconcerted the preacher, and in sheer desperation he closed the Book and prayed. A woman at the bedside, thinking the preacher was about to leave, said, "Bill Sykes, pull yourself together and listen." The missionary then read the story of the Brazen Serpent, and this drew the remark, "That's clever, isn't it?" The case seemed hopeless, and the preacher left promising to call again. This he did many times with similar results, but one day on visiting him, Sykes said, "Do pray for me; I want to be saved." It was happy work now telling the old, old story simply to this thirsty soul, and after hearing that the Saviour bore his sins and suffered on the cross of shame for him he said: "I see it all now; He suffered for me then." "Yes," replied the missionary; and the dying man was led to rest upon the Saviour, Isa. 43:25 being the scripture which seemed used to his blessing: "I, even I, am He that blotteth out thy transgressions for Mine own sake, and will not remember thy sins."

From time to time his friends called, and if the missionary was there, Sykes was always anxious that they should hear the same good news. "You can have it for nothing, mate," was his remark one day; and again, "Give him that little bit." "What bit?" "That little bit about Christ taking my place, and how He bore my punishment for me." To the close of his life he was filled with joy in his newly-found Saviour. "Aye, sir," said he to a visitor one day, "it was that little bit did the business." This was Bill's way of expressing the truth which many ignore, Substitution.

The word would no doubt have puzzled him, but he knew the blessed truth of it. "That little bit," is what men need today, not a learned discourse upon some popular theme, but the simple story of the love and death of Christ. Dear reader, is that little bit your joy? Have you learned that the Lord Jesus suffered and died in your stead? If not, open your heart's door to the Saviour now. J.W. H. N.

The Prince of Wales and the Stretcher Bearers

A soldier told in a letter home how he was standing at a certain place when a motor-car with two officers in it came up, and almost at the same time there arrived two couples of stretcher-bearers with wounded men who had to be carried in some way or other to a hospital seven miles distant. The bearers were accosted by one of the officers, who, asked where they were taking the wounded, and what hospital would receive them. They told him. "Put them in my car," said he, "and the chauffeur will drive them right there at once. They will go quick, and more easily too!" "But, sir," expostulated the other officer, who was, from his words intending to remain at or near the place where they then were, "that will mean you must walk back! And, may I suggest, sir, seven miles is not an easy stretch after you've been going about for hours?" "Never mind!" cheerily replied the other, "I'll walk, if by that means we can get these poor fellows attended to sooner." Off went the easy-running car, and its owner some time later set out to walk those seven miles back again to his headquarters. The young officer was the Prince of Wales!

These two men would say from their hearts, "God bless the Prince of Wales." It was a kindly act for our future sovereign to perform. We can pray that the blessing of God may rest on him for it. The son of the King of England did a noble deed that day, but think, dear reader, what the Son of God has done for us. He has seen us wounded by sin and Satan on the battlefield of life, and He has loved us and cared for us and died that we might live.

He took the guilty sinner's place,

And suffered in his stead;

For man — O miracle of grace! ■

For man, the Saviour bled.

The Fullness of Christ

There is not, a want in the sinner but there is a corresponding fullness in our blessed Redeemer. Is the sinner hungry? Let him come to Christ, and he shall be made to partake of the Bread of Life. Is the sinner thirsty? Let him come to Christ, and he shall be permitted to “drink of the wells of salvation.” Is the sinner sick? Let him come to Christ, and he shall have life and vigor infused into his soul. Is he naked? Let him come to Christ, and he shall receive a beautiful robe. Is he blind? Let him come to Christ, and he shall have his eyes opened to see wondrous things. Is he deaf? Let him come to Christ, and his ears shall be unstopped to hear the voice of uncreated harmony speaking peace to his happy soul. Is the sinner burdened? Let him come to Christ, and his burden shall be taken away. Is the sinner longing for rest? Let him come to Christ, and he shall have sweet repose. Is he trembling under the apprehension of future wrath? Let him come to Christ, and he will find that there is “no condemnation to them which are in Christ”; for, according to the Scriptures, “being justified by faith,” he shall have “peace with God.”

Yes, no matter what may be the sinner’s wants or woes, Christ is suited to his case in all things; only let him come to Christ, and he shall be made rich and happy throughout all time, and throughout eternity, Assuredly, then, it is the sinner’s interest to come to Christ.

Incidents of the War and the Peace

The Dangers of Transatlantic Flight

Fourteen and a half hours after leaving Newfoundland the British airplane containing Mr. Hawker and Commander Mackenzie-Grieve, was obliged to come down into the sea, being unable to continue their Transatlantic flight to Ireland owing to the choking of the filters. They were rescued in an exceedingly rough sea, after one and a half hours' effort, by the crew of the Danish ship Mary. There was joy throughout the world at their rescue from death.

The disaster of this attempt to cross the ocean shows us that man's best efforts are often doomed to failure. Man cannot command success in any of his adventures. He may be, and often is, successful in what he undertakes, but there is always the liability of failure.

There will be no failure for those who put their faith in Christ as to their journey from earth to heaven. Every saved soul will be taken safely to the shores of eternal rest.

“Thy Word Giveth Light”

Yes, quite true, if we give God’s Word to men, women and children, God is sure to give His blessing with it. Many people have an idea now that our gallant soldiers have no need of Testaments since November 11th, when the armistice was signed; but, dear friends, many of them need it more than ever; so many new men are being enlisted. Hear what my dear friend, Colonel Savile, says, when he sent me £3 for Testaments: “I know they are wanted as much as ever for those armies staving in France and Germany.” As there is no fighting, the men have more leisure, and if they will only read they will be sure of blessing, for the Bible carries out its great work entirely without human agency. Only see they get the Testaments.

Listen to what a woman in Morocco said to a Christian Missionary: “I have never seen a Christian’s face before, but years ago a man passing through our country left a book with my father, who read it to us. It told us of the Saviour and my father, believing in Him, died trusting in Jesus, and I am trusting in Him also.” The entrance of God’s Word gave them light; so do let us pray more about it, and give more to help on this glorious work of circulating the Scriptures. The Rev. W. Knight said to a friend, “Read the Bible itself every day, and don’t care so much for books ABOUT the Bible.” Very good advice. The Bible is the chief weapon of our warfare for Christ.

Emily P. Leakey

“Time is so Short”

I have written this short extract to show how one heart, recently brought to Christ through reading “A Message from God,” is now seeking to win other souls. May we, who can say “He is precious,” be found also in real earnest to bring others to know Him (John 17:3). Will the reader ponder these words, “Time is so short,” and I must add, “Eternity is long,” and how great the value of one soul? It was a great cheer to read the following: ■

“I can truly say the ‘Message’ was the means of bringing me to Christ, our loving Saviour, and now ‘I am able to say that I am His, and He is mine.’ How grand it is to know that He is mine forever. I shall be very pleased indeed if you will send me a few books to distribute to others.... As you say, dear friend, ‘Time is so short,’ and there are so many going down.”

A parcel was sent, and I quickly heard again.

“I have nearly distributed them all, and I have asked God to bless each one who will read them. I should be very thankful if you would send me a few Testaments to give away.”

I was glad to hear again this morning, and my young friend writes: —

“God’s Word and books I have safely received today. What a great work it is to take God’s blessed Word round to the men; so many perishing souls there are today. May the dear Saviour bless and touch the hearts of those I distribute these books to. I enclose a small donation to help on the great work of our Saviour.”

My dear friend closes asking me to send more Testaments and tracts. May God indeed use him to many precious souls.

A. A. L.

A Mother's Gratitude

Dear Sir, ■Please accept the enclosed 10/- to send two parcels to Army of Occupation as a thank offering that my four sons have been kept in safety while doing service for King and country. Two of them are still out, but I believe God will bring them home safely in His own good time. And may He bless you abundantly in your labor of love. —Yours sincerely, waiting and watching for the coming of our Lord Jesus,

M. A.

The Man for Whom Christ Died

As we went about among the passengers about to sail, we came to one fellow, a foreigner, tall, swarthy, and forbidding in appearance. "Methodist?" I asked. Instantly his countenance changed to rare brightness, and he replied, "I am the man for whom Christ died."

It was, a very simple reply, but I do not know that I ever had one that thrilled me more. He said he was a Congregationalist, and that he had a lot of Bibles on board, in the vernacular, that he was taking "home" with him. He said, "Our folks in Cusomomatri never see Bibles, and never knew the real way that Christ died just for them. I'll tell them." Then, warming to his subject, he said, "I'll tell them I prospered in this Am-e-re-ca, that I bring home big pile of lira (money), earned in my business, and best of all, I have learned good news, and am the man for whom Christ died."

The dear fellow enjoyed our talk with him greatly, and in parting said, "I am glad you came. This beats all. I have seen missionaries sail from this port time and again, Baptists, Congregationalists, Methodists, but this beats all."

S.

Three Deaths

How uncertain life is. There is danger and death on every hand. Some years ago, I was in the last carriage of a train on the Metropolitan railway, and as we swept around a curve, I saw a man come down from a bank and try and cross the line. He was not quick enough; the buffer of the engine struck him; and as the train swept by, I saw him extended on the opposite rails, on his face and hands. Was he dead? I could not tell. Was he saved? I did not know.

In Paris, one day I walked into the Morgue; and there behind the glass partition, on the stone slab, I saw the dead body of a man.

He had been dragged out of the river Seine, and there he lay, with his working clothes on, dead. I thought as I gazed upon him, what of his soul? He was in eternity, where was he gone?

I saw one of the finest men I ever looked upon in my life, die in a hospital ward. A man in the prime of life, with broad and muscular chest, and a massive frame. He had fallen from a tree and injured his spine. He was unconscious when I saw him, and breathing deeply. I stood and watched him till he died. His weeping sister said to the nurse afterward, "He was a good brother."

I longed to know if he was saved, but I could not tell.

Oh, my reader, what of you? Death may come to you at any moment; is your soul saved? I know One who is ready to save you this moment. It is Jesus. I know what would save you before you put this little book down. It is faith.

"Without faith it is impossible to please God." Just now believe that Jesus died for you, take your place as a sinner, Jesus saves sinners. His blood was shed for sinners; He is filling heaven with saved sinners. He calls you to repentance now. He offers you eternal life. This moment come to Jesus.

Memory of the Dying

John 14:26. — “But the Comforter... shall bring all things to your remembrance.”

Mr. Watson closed with a pathetic story of a wounded soldier, who lay with forty others, all wounded unto death, and as Mr. Watson spoke to him of Jesus Christ, the man said, “All that I learned in the Sunday school and from my mother has come back to me as I lie here. It is wonderful the things that I remember now.”

Captain Rev. E. L. Watson in “Baptist Times.”

The Diary of a Soul

By the Editor

The Signing of the Peace

We are told: ■

“By six o’clock when the first round of the Peace salute was fired, a dense crowd had gathered in front of Buckingham Palace, and as soon as the first shot from the artillery in the park was heard the small Royal Standard on the Palace was hauled down, and a much larger one hoisted in its place. The King came out on to the balcony and made a speech.... He said: ‘Peace has been signed. So ends the greatest war in history. I join with you all in thanking God.’”

And the mighty crowd that had been cheering the Royal Family over and over again, sang:

“Praise God from whom all blessings flow,

Praise Him all creatures here below,

Praise Him above ye heavenly host,

Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.”

After the Prime Minister had signed the peace on behalf of his King and country, he, while the rest of the Plenipotentiaries were signing, wrote a letter to the King, telling him that peace had been signed. This letter (reproduced on next page) was sent to the King by aeroplane from France.

Why do I rewrite this page of British history? To turn our minds to higher, holier, things. Thankful we are, indeed, for the peace that God has given us, and we all with one heart say, “Praise God.”

But the peace of nations, and among nations, is not the peace of God. The agony of the earth, long drawn out through years of awful strife, is seeking amelioration from its sorrows in the Hall of Mirrors at Versailles. But not one word on that treaty signed there, that has altered by its clauses well nigh all the maps of the world, and has sought to bring a chord of harmony out of all the discords of mankind■not one word has been inscribed there that can tell how a sinner at war with God can know what it is to have peace with God.

It is a human document, the best doubtless that human brains could devise but it will ever carry with it the limitations of the human mind. It cannot give to the nations any hopes beyond the bounds of time. And the great tragedy of the soul stands confronting us■the soul in every human being■the soul that must live forever■the soul that must one day meet its God.

What is the charter for the nations that will give peace to man at war with his God? By whom has it been signed and ratified? What are its provisions?

The charter for the nations is the Bible—the inspired word of God. Peace for man at war with God has been settled and proclaimed. Its provisions are all clearly defined, by minds inspired by God, in the Book of God.

This charter of peace has been signed and ratified by God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost. It has been proclaimed on earth, and ratified before the throne of God in heaven.

In Romans 3 verse 10 to 20, we read the condition of all the world before God, and the character of every man and woman in the world. Please read these verses.

In John 3:16, we read the proclamation of God to man, “born in sin” and “without hope and without God in the world.” Man at war with God.

The Proclamation of God

“For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.”

The Proclamation of the Saviour, the Son of God

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

The Proclamation of the Holy Ghost

“Therefore, being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ.” (Rom. 5:1.)

If you will take God’s wonderful Book and read it for yourselves, you will see written there in letters of gold the imperishable and unchangeable provisions of grace that God has made for the human race. And remember as you read that “forever the word is settled in heaven.” And again remember that heaven and earth shall pass away; but God’s words shall never pass away. These words of mercy and, judgment will last in their integrity as long as God lasts.

Ah! men and women who may read this, would to God I could put the Word of God into your hands, and into the hands of every human being, and by believing prayer bring the winds of blessing from the four quarters of the world to blow upon you with Pentecostal power, so that the fact of the everlasting love of the everlasting God might fill your hearts, and you might know that the Son of God has made peace for you by His finished work on the cross of Calvary, and that His first word in resurrection to His gathered disciples “Peace”!

Your soul demands for its eternal peace a treaty of peace divine in its conception, and in its every clause. This you get by faith in Christ — the Christ of scripture. The Christian says, “He is my peace... who hath made peace.”

And when this poor world, shaken now by the wild convulsions and earthquakes of wars and internecine strife, shall be utterly destroyed by the judgment of God, there will be a home of peace for all who trust in Christ, and the peace of God which passeth all understanding shall rest as a diadem on every child of God.

Dear friends, help us to send far and wide God’s treaty of peace to a world at war with Him and pray that His Holy Word may be blessed among all the nations of the earth. Please read our last page.

“Keep on”; “Cheer up”

These are two messages that have been sent to me lately. A great worker for God writing to me said: “A merchant in London, whom I know well, wrote me yesterday, urging me to keep on with the work. It appears that in one of my recent letters, I almost complained that the work was a little too heavy at my present age. I pass on to you his two words, ‘Keep on.’”

A day or two after another worker writing to me sent me the message, “Cheer up.” So “Keep on” and “Cheer up” was the spiritual tonic I needed, and I thanked God for the messages. We must “keep on” until God says “b”■we must “cheer up,” for in “due season we shall reap if we faint not,” and “we must not be weary in well doing.” And our Master says, “Let not your heart be troubled, ye believe in God, believe also in Me.”

There is no way out of sin to God, except through sacrifice. But the only sacrifice that could efficaciously deal with sin before God was that of Christ. W. K.

Showers of Blessing

It has come at last — the blessed, blessed rain! It has come from reservoirs of cloud to refresh a parched and heat-dried earth. And every leaf has held out its little cup to catch the life-preserving shower, and every flower has bathed its lips in grateful moisture. O'er all the land the steady, persistent falling of these showers of God has been welcomed as a benison of Almighty goodness. Now shall the glad promise of the harvests rest on ten thousand freshened fields■now shall the rivers and the streams rejoice, and every gladdened flower and shrub and tree in every vale and on every hill shall praise the Lord.

And all over the world, parched with the sirocco of sin, there is a need for “showers of blessing” from above. In every land the drought is felt. The hunger and thirst of the human soul is terrible in its reality.

David Brainerd felt it when his soul spoke in these grand words: ■

“I cared not where or how I lived, or what hardships I went through so that I could but gain souls to Christ. While I was asleep I dreamed of these things, and when I waked the first thing I thought of was this great work. I longed to be a flame of fire, continually glowing in the service of God, and building up Christ’s kingdom to my latest, my dying moment.”

And J. A. Packer, writing of Russia, said: “There is no country in the world offering richer dividends for Christian service than Russia. The fields are white to harvest. The people are ravenously hungry for the Gospel.”

May God grant that the doors may soon be open again for the Gospel to enter from without, but we must pray that the blessed showers may continue to fall within.

In a Hospital Ward

A Private writes from a hospital. He feels the need of the “showers of blessing” there. He says: ■

Dear Sir,

Many thanks for Bible and enclosures received today. There are about sixty patients in this ward, very few of whom have Bibles of their own. Would it be possible for you to help me in this matter?

■Yours in Christ, J. G■(Pte.)

We are glad to help him and trust that God will bless the parcel sent.

For the Children

A teacher writes: ■

Dear Dr. Heyman Wreford,

It is laid upon my heart to write and ask you if you could spare me a small parcel of Testaments for the children. I am teacher to about fifty girls, most of them from the poor law schools. They are really asking for the Word of God, and not all have Bibles. ■ Yours in Christ,

C. C ■

We are only too glad to send and trust the “showers of blessing” will descend upon the school.

More About the Children

A lady engaged in work among the young writes: ■

Dear Dr. Wreford,

Enclosed are two one pound Treasury notes to your New Testament Fund, with our interest and our prayers.... For some years I have had a Bible class in my home. On Wednesday evening last I read to them your appeal: "Any soldier or sailor who has not a Testament to fit his pocket can have one by return and post free by applying to Dr. Heyman Wreford, The Firs, Denmark Road, Exeter." I queried, "Should you think there would be many applicants?" The answer regretfully was, "Not many." And then I read to them, "A very great demand," which almost took their breath away. And the result was the two pounds sent you.... I was very much touched, that amid all your work you should think of the children. I questioned your statement that hundreds of children were asking for the Word of God. But I discovered afterward that you are right.... Child after child has come to me saying they had no Bible in their home. This is a proof of the need.... These little girls repeat the Scriptures to each other, and in their homes, and so it is my little way of spreading the precious Word amongst the people. So will you please send me a parcel of the Testaments. ■ Yours very truly, A. M. W■.

A parcel was sent and prayed over, and we trust the if "showers of blessing" will not be withheld from these dear children.

These arid wastes of human life lie all around us. We must pray and work. Pray that the blessed showers may descend and send the "Water of Life" and the "Bread of Life" far and wide.

The Boys Going Home

A Christian soldier writes to me from a training depot in England as follows: ■ June 21st 1919.

My dear Brother,

Just a post-card to let you know that I am now in camp in England, and hope very soon to be on my way to Australia. It is still my desire to do all in my power to extend Christ's kingdom, so would you please send me on a parcel of tracts to distribute on the boat. This is probably the last letter that you will have from me, and my humble prayer is that God will use you more and more in His service of love to a perishing world. In conclusion, I send you my Christian love. —From your brother in Christ,

G. H. Turner.

We sent him a large parcel at once, and we trust we shall hear from him again in Australia. We must pray for these boys going home, and we should love to keep in touch with many of them.

A World Call

These letters are enough for this month. I have hundreds by me■they come every day. There are millions of men and women in darkness, and they are calling for the Light. From India, Africa, Mesopotamia, France, Germany, and elsewhere, voices come to us asking for the Book of God, and as we can we are answering the call.

The world's need is the Christian's opportunity. Pray earnestly that the blessed showers may descend far and wide in this last Gospel Day of Jesus Christ before He comes. I ask you to read our last page.

Yours for Christ's sake,

Heyman Wreford

(John 3:16.)

“God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.”

One cold, wintry night a poor Irish boy stood in the streets of Dublin—a little city Arba, homeless, houseless, friendless.

He had taken to bad courses, and become an associate of thieves, who were leading him on the broad road to destruction. That very night they had planned to commit a burglary, and appointed him to meet them in a certain street at a certain hour. As he stood there waiting, shivering, and cold, a hand was suddenly laid on his shoulder. It was very dark; he could only see a tall form standing by him; he trembled with fear; but a kindly voice said, “Boy, what are you doing here at this time of night? Such as you have no business in the streets at so late an hour. Go home; go to bed.”

“I have no home, and no bed to go to.”

“That’s very sad, poor fellow! Would you go to a home and to a bed if I provided one?”

“That would I, sharp!” replied the boy.

“Well, in such a street and at such a number (indicating the place) you will find a bed.” Before he could add more, the lad started off. “Stop!” said the voice; “how are you going to get in? You need a pass. No one can go in there without a pass. Here is one for you; can you read?”

“No, sir.”

“Well, remember that the pass is ‘John 3:16’; don’t forget, or they won’t let you in. ‘John 3:16.’ There, that’s something that will do you good.”

Joyfully the lad rushed off, repeating his lesson, and soon found himself in the street and at the number indicated, before a pair of large iron gates. Then his heart failed him, they looked so grand. How could he get in there? Timidly he rang the bell. The night porter opened, and in a gruff voice asked, “Who’s there?” “Me, sir. Please sir, I’m John Three Sixteen,” in very trembling tones. “All right; in with you, that’s the pass,” and in the boy went.

He was soon in a nice, warm bed, and between sheets such as he had never seen before. As he curled himself up to go to sleep, he thought, “This is a lucky name, I’ll stick to it!” The next morning he was given a bowl of hot bread and milk, before being sent out into the street (for this home was only for a night). He wandered on and on, fearful of meeting his old companions, thinking over his new name; when, heedlessly crossing a crowded thoroughfare, he was run over. A crowd collected; the unconscious form was placed on a shutter, and carried to the nearest hospital. He revived as they entered.

It is usual in the Dublin hospitals to put down the religion, as well as the name and address, of those admitted. They asked him whether he was Catholic or Protestant. Sure he didn't quite know. Yesterday he was a Catholic, but now he was John Three Sixteen. This reply elicited a laugh. After his injuries had been attended to, he was carried up into the accident ward. In a short time his sufferings brought on a fever and delirium. Then was heard in ringing tones, and oft repeated, "John 3:16! It was to do me good, and so it has."

These persistent cries aroused the other patients. Testaments were pulled out to see what he pointed. What could he mean? and here one and there another read the precious words, "For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." ("It was to do me good, and so it has!" the sufferer cried.) Luther called this verse "The Miniature Bible." When those poor sick folks read the tender words, and heard the unconscious comment "It was to do me good, and so it has!" the Spirit stirred within them; God the Holy Ghost used that text then and there to the conversion of souls. There was "joy in the presence of the angels of God" over sinners that repented. The sovereign power of God the Holy Spirit used this one text from the lips of a poor ignorant boy in that hospital ward, and souls were saved.

Consciousness returned, and the poor little fellow gazed around him; how vast it looked! and how quiet it was! Where was he? Presently a voice from the next bed said, "John Three Sixteen, and how are you today?" "Why, how do you know my new name?" "Know it! You've never ceased with your John Three Sixteen! and I for one say, Blessed John Three Sixteen!" This sounded strange to the little lad's ears. To be called "blessed" he for whom no one cared. "And don't you know where it comes from? It's from the Bible."

"The Bible! What's that?" The poor little waif had never heard of the Bible—that blessed Book, God's Word to man. "Read it to me," he said; and as the words fell on his ear, he muttered, "That's beautiful! It's all about love, and not a home for a night, but a home for always!" He soon learned the text, saying, "I've not only got a new name, but something to it!"

Days passed on, and there were changes in the ward, but our little friend never felt lonely; he fed on his text and its precious words. Another soul in that ward was to be won for Christ by his means, and now in simple, conscious faith he was to be the agent of blessing.

On a cot near him lay an old man who was very ill. Early one morning a nun came to his bedside, and said, "Patrick, how is it with you today?" "Badly, badly!" groaned the old man. "Has the priest been to see you?" asked the nun. "Oh, yes; but that makes it worse, for he has anointed me with the holy oil, and I am marked for death. I'm no' fit to die—oh, what shall I do?" "Patrick, it's very sad to see you so," she gently answered. "Look! here are these beads, they have been blessed by His Holiness the Pope, and they will help you to die happy." She placed them around the man's neck, and then, wishing him goodbye, went out. But how could a string of beads ease a dying man facing eternity, with his sins unforgiven? Poor Patrick groaned aloud. "God ha' mercy!" he cried; "I'm such a sinner; I'm no' fit to die. What shall I do? Oh, what will become o' me?"

Our little fellow heard his miserable words. "Poor old man," thinks he; "he wants a pass." "Patrick," he called, "I know something that will do you good—quite sure—it has done me." "Tell me, tell me quickly," cried Patrick. "If only I could find something to do me good." "Here it is! Now listen, John

3:16. Are you listening?" "Yes, yes; go on." "John 3:16■ 'For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.'" Through these words Patrick found peace in his dying hour, and entered into everlasting life-another soul brought to Christ in that hospital ward by means of a single text blessed by the Holy Spirit.

Our little friend recovered. For long, John Three Sixteen was his one text. God blessed his simple faith; friends placed him at school, and now he is an earnest hearty worker for the Master.

"Blessed are they that hear the Word of God and keep it." (Luke 11:28.)

A Mother's Tears of Joy

A dear old lady came forward at an informal reception at the close of a recent Sunday evening service to have a word with the minister (writes the Rev. J. H. Bateson). Of course, it was about her soldier-boy that she wanted to speak. He had given the promise of all that is good and beautiful, and, alas! he turned away from his mother's God and went far, far away into the far country. "But I prayed for him-day and night I prayed for him." Tears ran down her cheeks as she told how the wanderer had returned. Oh, the joy of it! "God answers prayer," she said. "God answers prayer—I know it because I have proved it!"

A Place of Safety

“The name of the Lord is a strong tower; the righteous runneth into it, and is safe” (Prov. 18:10). “This was the thought in my mind,” said Private E. Foster, 10th Scottish Rifles, “when on the night of August 18th, 1918, we were advancing over ‘No Man’s Land,’ and I came across” four Germans, “whom I called to surrender, which they immediately did, afterward conducting them back to more men of our company. Shortly afterward the enemy came over, and attacked one of our platoons, quite a number of my comrades being killed, wounded, or taken prisoner. On one side of the road a lance-corporal machine gunner (W. Clark), a bright Christian witness amongst his comrades, was holding the Germans back whilst we were retiring. Having exhausted his ammunition, and being himself wounded, the lance-corporal unscrewed the butt end of his rifle and threw it at the enemy. He was eventually taken prisoner. During the retirement a heavy machine gun fire was kept up by the Germans, and here it was that a bullet made the impression which you here see on my steel helmet, wounding me in the head and finally entering the ground. By the Lord’s help I was, however, able to assist in bandaging other wounded (all the time under heavy rifle and machine gun fire), before going down to get my own wound attended to.

“Some of my comrades have often teased me about being a Christian, and taking prisoners, but I am sure the War has made many of them realize there is something in being a Christian. Moreover, being subject unto the higher powers, I felt that I was serving the powers that be which are ordained of God (see Rom. 13:1, 2). Some time ago a Christian sergeant told me that he felt more safe (when a murderous fire of the enemy was being poured into them) at the remembrance of Psalms 91:2, than in the eight-feet thick concrete roofs of the enemy’s dug-outs.

Ah! many a brave soldier, strong and courageous, has plunged into the thick of the fight trusting to some good fortune not to be touched, and yet when nigh to death his heart has failed him. I could tell you of many a soldier of the Regiment who, before going into the thick of the fight, would say to one another, ‘Let us get close up to old Jimmy, we shall sure to be all right then.’ Why! Because Jimmy was wont to exclaim, ‘The beloved of the Lord shall dwell in safety by Him, and the Lord, shall cover him all the day long.’ Thanks be unto God for His unspeakable gift (Christ). Millions through faith in His precious blood know their sins are forgiven. “Do you?” J. J. P.

The Untasted Gift

This is what numbers are doing now. Many soldiers, many sailors, many civilians, high and low, rich and poor, they have a wondrous gift of blessed food, but they take no trouble to eat it. But not for the same reason as that of the dear sailor I am going to tell you about. He, dear man, felt himself so highly honored by receiving a gift from the Queen. It was a beautifully ornamented box of chocolates meant for him to open and eat, but the gift so kindly sent was never opened and the chocolates never tasted. He, poor, dear man, thought, it being a gift from the Queen, it would never do to eat them. This puts me in mind of God's gift to man of His Word, telling us that He sent His only beloved Son to be the Bread of Life, to be tasted first and then eaten, fed upon, and that daily, continually through life. The Queen had her portrait on the box cover, and the King of Glory, who has given us His Word, has His portrait in it, and we must search and find it. We must not only treasure His Word, but must taste it. I remember a dear Christian woman saying to me when I was a young girl, about another person whom I was anxious about, because she did not love the Bible, "Ah" said she, "she has not tasted the blessing in the Word of God." Reader, have you tasted? See Psalms 34:8,1 Peter 2:3, and Jeremiah 15:16. Yes, if you care about your precious soul, read God's Word, taste it, and eat it; it will be the joy and rejoicing of your heart.

Emily P. Leakey

“Home, Sweet Home”

The music of home sounds in our ears, for Christ is coming to take us home; but there are millions who, if He came today, will be left behind for judgment. It is to these we want to send the Word of God. For these we plead now, at home and abroad.

The Diary of a Soul

By the Editor

Christ or Chaos

IN the early days of the history of the Church of Christ, at the time of the ten Roman persecutions, the following hymn, the earliest known Christian hymn, was sung by the followers of Jesus Christ. It was sung by men and women who, like those enumerated in Hebrews 11:

“Through their faith... wrought righteousness, obtained promises, stopped the mouths of lions, quenched the violence of fire... out of weakness were made strong... they were stoned, they here sawn, asunder, were tempted, were slain with the sword, they wandered about in sheep skins and goat skins: being destitute, afflicted, tormented... they wandered in deserts, and in mountains, and in dens and caves of the earth.”

As they suffered they sang, as Paul and Silas in the innermost cell of the dungeon at Philippi.

The Christians' Evening Hymn

“Hail! gladdening light, of His pure glory poured,
Who is th' immortal Fattier, heavenly, blest,
Holiest of Holies-Jesus Christ our Lord.
Now are we come to the sun 's hour of rest,
The lights of evening round us shine,
We hymn the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit Divine!
Worthiest art Thou at all times to be sung
With undefiled tongue,
Son of our God, Giver of life, alone
Therefore in all the world Thy glories, Lord, they own.”

How our hearts thrill as the music of their singing comes to us today! Those who sang these exalted strains, suffered even as the martyrs suffered in Hebrews 11, and as those suffered whose story is told in the Acts of the Apostles. Stephen, with his heaven-lit face; James slain with the sword; Paul persecuted as none have ever been save the Christ he loved and served. And all around these blessed martyrs, as they lived and died, was the chaos of heathendom. A vast desert of unbelief stretching well-nigh over all the world, and the shadows of a night of sin resting upon it, and in the midst of the darkness the voices of the desert heard. The hollow roar of the lion as he seeks his prey; as the devil today goes about as a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour. The “wild, half-fiendish laugh of the hyena,” sounding like the mockery of demons over the woes of earth, and great bird's like evil spirits “rushing through the night-air,” that feed on human flesh. Just as the Psalmist tells us happened in Egypt when the plague of darkness fell upon the

land; God sent evil spirits in the darkness to terrify the Egyptians. These were the days when the heathen gods were worshipped, when Apollo had his feast day, Diana her shrine, and Pan his grotto.

But amid all the chaos of the evil of those days, the Christ of God was worshipped. It was then as it is now, "the cross of Christ changed all it touched; death became victory; and the loss of all things here, eternal gain."

The followers of Jesus, peaceful amid all the horrors of persecution, sublime in their faith amid all the faithlessness around them, could say in the face of judges who sought to make their good evil, "We are Christians, and no harm is done among us." And so out of their very weakness they were made strong, no manner of dying could terrify them; they counted it joy to be bound up in the bundle of life with Christ; they realized their immortality; they knew that when Christ their life should appear, they would appear with Him in glory.

Those days are a picture of the days in which we live. Vast deserts of evil stretch everywhere around us. Instead of the worship of heathen gods and goddesses, we have the rule of the devil throughout Christendom. The laws of God and man set aside; men doing that which is right in their own eyes. Christ dethroned in human hearts, and chaos reigning. The cry of the world today concerning Christ is, "Away with Him." "We won't have this Man to reign over us." One of the most awful signs of the times is the demand from a large section of our nation that Russia is to be let alone." Russia! where even the very children are taught to renounce God. Where they are bribed never to utter His name, never to pray, never to go anywhere where they can hear about Him, except in blasphemy. Where children are taken from their mother's arms to be brought up in Communistic schools, and all home life and parental rule is done away with. Russia! where the souls and bodies of young girls are ruined by law! Russia, whose bitter cry of despair is rending the heavens now! Russia, where a weekly periodical is being published called The Red Gospel, a caricature of our Gospel, and full of blasphemous attacks on the words of Scripture, and the Christ of Scripture; a land under the iron hand of the Bolsheviks, whose tenets are, "High wages, no work, no taxation, take other people's property, no punishments." These doctrines of devils are rapidly spreading in our own country; and at conferences of men engaged in labor we find resolutions of sympathy with the Bolshevists passed, and objections made to any interference with them.

Yet the people of God in Russia are turning longingly to England, praying for our prayers and sympathy. But it seems as if Satan was doing his utmost to keep Christ and His people out of that stricken land. Russia today seems to be a picture of what the world will be when Anti-Christ reigns. The spirit of this "man of sin" is filling the world with the corruption of unchecked and increasing sin. Christ is coming! and directly our Lord conies and takes His people out of the world, and the Holy Ghost returns to heaven■and that may be today■then the rule of the devil on earth will be universally manifest, and the world will be swept by the devastating fury of the wrath of God.

If ever we needed to pray, it is today. If ever we needed to work for Christ, it is today. We know it is Christ or chaos for individuals and for nations. Where Christ is set aside, room is made for the enemy of our souls to come in like a flood in this century as it was in the first. Christ gives completeness to the life, and salvation through faith in His finished work brings ordered living, and permanent joy, out of the chaos of sin and death.

Our duty as Christians is to bear witness for Christ day by day, and help to spread the knowledge of His Word over all the world. I have been asked for parcels of Russian Testaments for Russian seamen and soldiers. I have sent what I have and want more. India is eager for the Word of God. I have no Tamil Testaments. Colporteurs from Italy are sending for Italian Testaments and tracts. Hands all over the world are outstretched for the Scriptures. From France: we get requests every day. We are constantly sending to the Armies of Occupation. The children are seeking Christ. A boy writes to me: ■

“Would you please send me a Testament? I would like to ask you how I can get my sins forgiven and reach heaven when I die. —Your loving little friend, JACK■.”

A worker writes from Lancashire: ■

Dear Dr. Wreford,

There are many opportunities here while sitting about to testify for the Master. Any literature could be given here to thousands of Lancashire workmen and women if you could spare some. Only the peace of God in the heart can stop this wicked unrest. Surely the time is short; we must work while it is called today. ■Yours sincerely, M. L —.

A Chaplain in France writes: ■

Dear Dr. Wreford,

For all the Testaments and literature you have so kindly and generously sent I return my heartfelt thanks. The opportunities here are great. We have four military trains with troops from Calais to Cologne every day. But our workers are few, and I am hard pressed at present H. W. B■.

Gleaning for God

We must glean on all the harvest fields of earth for God. Gather in a soul here and a soul there until we have a sheaf for the harvest homes of heaven. If we seek for souls God will give them to us; if we are indifferent about the perishing around us others will do the work we might have done. Let me tell von the story of how a father was led to Christ by his boy.

Led to Christ by His Boy

A minister who had been holding some special evangelistic meetings noticed a well-known man at several of them. At last he rose and said: "I will accept Christ." The next day, as the minister was in the church, this same gentleman came in before the opening of the service, carrying a little lame boy in his arms. Placing him on the platform, he turned to the minister, and placing his hand to his mouth so that the child could not hear him, he said, "I want to introduce you to my little Joe. He led me to Christ." He then told him that when the mission started, Joe, who was lame and suffering from a complaint which he knew would end in his speedy death, asked him to go to the mission, and said he, "All the time you are gone I will pray." The father, who loved the little invalid, went to please him. Upon his return each night the child asked him if he had found Christ, and the reply was in the negative. But upon his return the previous night, after the father had made his confession, the child, as soon as he entered, sprang into his arms and said, "You have come to Christ now; I know you have. I can see it in your face."

And oh! the joy of belonging to Christ and of serving Christ; to be able always to say as we work, as negress did,

"I IS CHRIST'S, AND CHRIST IS GOD'S"

An atheist going along a country road overtook a woman poorly clad, who seemed strangely excited. He thought she was insane. A glance, however, satisfied him. She was a young woman, but her face was glowing with a calm and radiant joy. "What were you talking about, auntie, as you walked along?" he asked. "Laws, Massa, I nebber knowed I was talking; 'pears like I didn't notice myself. I was thinking as I look on de wort' an' de sky, an' took 'em all in dat dey is all mine—all mine, cause I is Christ's, and Christ is God's!" The man went away, but the leaven worked, causing him so much thought that he never rested until he also could say, "They are all mine, for I am Christ's!"

Good-bye, dear friends, for September. We ask your prayers for all our work, and beg of you to help us glean in every field for God. "Workers together."

Yours for Christ's sake,

Heyman Wreford.

A Lesson from Raspberries

Notwithstanding the dry weather and hot sun, the rasp, berries, although they do so love rain, have been very abundant, at least in my garden; but now (August 1st) they are getting scarce, and the lesson I learned during July is the more stringent. It is this: when you see and pick all you can, be sure to go back, and you will see many a one you have missed, and then turn again, and a bunch, hidden before, a single one, or a spray there, will be sure to show itself and help fill your little basket.

First, this is what it taught me about daily life. Take pains to find all the good fruit you can in those with whom you have to do, and you may always be a little kinder and pleasanter to each and every one you know, and be sure of it, you will often find a fruit of the Spirit where you least expect, hidden perhaps by leaves, but raspberries beneath.

Second. Then think of the numberless mercies that surround your daily life. "Count your blessings," IF YOU CAN! Oh! as I have gone up and down, picking my raspberries for supper, and seen bunch after bunch hidden here and there, I have lifted up my thoughts to the Giver of all good and thanked Him for the hidden blessings of morning, noon and night. Each day as it passes, what a record we could write of the lovingkindness of our Lord and Master Jesus Christ. He says, "I am with you always." He, too, is always looking for fruit in the branches. Let us make a point of yielding Him pleasure by bringing forth fruit.

Emily P. Leakey

A Moonlight Service

Under the velvet canopy of a star-lit sky, in the far-off deserts of the East, a Church of England chaplain tells the story of how the lads, spent Sunday night singing the hymns at the end of the Active Service Gospels; “The desert sands, the desert silence, and overhead fleecy, white clouds chasing each other across the star-lit sky. The full moon shining with a soft clearness that one only finds in the East, enabled us to read easily the well-known hymns, ‘Abide with me,’ ‘While shepherds watched their flocks by night,’ and ‘There is a green hill.’ A party of sixty or seventy men had collected. They came up in groups of two or three, and formed a semi-circle round a single candle—there rather as a signal than a light. The red points of the cigarettes disappeared as the first hymn was given out. We heard, in the words of St. Luke (2:4-15), how the shepherds, ‘on such a night as this,’ sought and found the infant Saviour at Bethlehem; and (turning to the end of the Gospel) we realized that within a mile or two of that village is the Hill of Calvary (23:33-46). We prayed that we might follow the steps of His most holy life—a life of strength and manliness, and purity and love—that we might live faithful even unto death, for the sake of Him who died on Calvary. Then we prayed in silence, the silence of the desert, or rather, the peace of God, which passeth understanding. There were twenty men who asked me for pocket Testaments that they might read the old, old story for themselves.”

Incidents of the War and the Peace

The King Honors a Soldier

“During the tour of the King and Queen in the North, the King descended from the dais at Chester to pin the Military Medal on the breast of Sergeant Masters, of the Worcester Regiment, who, though wounded, had remained at his post for two days till his duty was done. The sergeant was in a wheel-chair, and was so weak that when the King left him he sank back, and was gently wheeled away.”

This is the account given of the incident. It shows the kindness of our King in bestowing these earthly honors where they are due. It gave joy, too, to the sergeant's heart to be thus honored. It reminds me of another story.

“The Right Man Saw Me”

A soldier lay in hospital suffering from severe wounds. In the action during which he had been hit he had gained the V. C. The chaplain came and sat down by his bed, and in course of conversation asked the man how he had won the decoration. “Oh, I don’t know,” was the careless answer; “I just did the right thing in the right place, and the right man saw me!” In the Christian life, we may be quite sure that when we do the right thing, the right Man will see us.

When our life work is done, and we pass into the presence of the Captain of our salvation, shall we be privileged to hear Him say, “Well done, good and faithful servant”? Shall it be ours amid the glories of heaven to be confessed by Christ before His Father and the holy angels? God help us to be more and more faithful. We may be sure if we do the right thing in the right place, that the right One will see it. And everything we do with a single eye to His glory will be remembered by Him for all eternity.

Two Missing Husbands

307740, Pte. Alan George Garnham, 2/8 Lancashire Fusiliers Last heard of at Friedrichsfeld Camp, Germany. He was captured by the Germans March 21st 1918. His last letter was dated October 2nd 1918. "The War Office can tell nothing at present; they have ordered him to be searched for. I hope you may be able to help us in some way."

If anyone can tell us anything of Pte. Alan George Garnham will they please write at once to Mrs. A. E. Garnham, Post Office, Fersfield, Diss, Norfolk; or to Dr. Heyman Wreford, The Firs, Denmark Road, Exeter.

37827, Pte. Joseph Frost, 11th Platoon, C Company, 2nd Highland Light Infantry.

He has a wife and two little girls in Scotland who still pray for "Dadda" to come back. Mrs. Frost has been unable to hear anything except that it was believed her husband was taken prisoner.

If anyone knows anything of Private Frost, will they please communicate at once with the Hon. Lady Haves, Shan Creggan, Stranorlar, Co. Donegal; or with Dr. Heyman Wreford, The Firs, Denmark Road, Exeter.

A Letter From a Demobilized Soldier

Jamaica, June, 1919.

My dear Miss Loosemore,

I have very great pleasure in writing you from the above address, by which you will notice that I am at home. I guess you will at once realize my feelings. It is impossible to tell you here how God has been good to me. I cannot praise Him enough. It seems some months since I have written to you. Perhaps you think... I am growing slack in well-doing. Let me here say "No." During the last months I was very busy preparing for my brig across... to reach my so loved island. These are the reasons of my not being able to write earlier, so I ask you to sympathize and forgive me. Before leaving Italy I received two very large parcels of Testaments from the dear Doctor, which I had very great pleasure in distributing... The majority were thankful, and we can at least realize the amount of good that is being done by them. It is just now that I have the chance of writing to the Doctor to acknowledge the receipt of the parcels. I am very sorry that my opportunity is ended in that line; anyway, my eyes are not closed to any opportunity even here at home. I cannot here any longer intrude on your precious time; all I do ask of you is, that you will honor your humble servant with a few lines when you find it possible. Hoping you are well, and enjoying yourself in the sunshine of His blessings. ■ I remain, your sincere friend in Jesus, Frank J. Graham "A Message from God," if you please, when writing.

Frank Graham's mother also writes:—

I am now sending you thanks for your last letter, with tracts and booklets; also I give you most hearty thanks for the interest (spiritual) that you have taken in my Frank.

Davie Stevens' New Tack

"Is the parson in?" The speaker was a burly sailor-man, whose bronzed face told of long journeyings in the tropics. Ere five minutes had passed, he was seated in the study, talking to Mr. Hall.

"Maybe you don't know me, sir. I'm Davie Stevens. I lived up Kenton way before my last voyage three years ago. I'm second mate on a whaler now, and I've been about a good bit in my time. I've roughed it among the icebergs in the Arctic Ocean, as well as knocking about in the tropics, and I tell you, sir, I've had such experiences as would make a landsman's hair stand on end!"

"Tell me one or two of them. A sailor's yarn is a delightful thing."

"That's just why I came to you. The Great Skipper up above has been speaking pretty plain to me lately, and if I tell you how He has done it, I thought you could tell me of a way to show Him I ain't ungrateful."

"I will try," said Mr. Hall.

"To begin with, then, we had a right-down terrible gale last year, sir; the wind was blowing great guns, and the night was as dark as pitch. I had to go aloft to take in one of the sails, and just when I lay out along the yard—**if** that old sail didn't give a sudden flap, and throw me clean over the yard! Clear of it, though; and I managed to catch hold of a rope as I was going down, and I held on to it till the other chaps on the yard came to the rescue. I tell you, sir, that rope was all that lay between me and death, for without it I should have fallen eighty or ninety feet to the deck. It made me think a bit, that did; for I'd been on the brink of eternity, and my sins were like a load round my neck, it seemed to me."

"God was speaking to you, Stevens."

"Yes, and after that I couldn't get away from the thought that the Great Skipper had been wonderful kind to such a sinner as me. And then something else happened. One day we sighted a big whale, and I was in the first boat that came alongside of him. I threw a harpoon, and the moment he felt it he got into such a fury that he turned and struck the boat. His fluke gave such a thundering blow that it carried away part of the boat, cur off the mast as clean as if it had been struck by a shell, and knocked me senseless in the bottom of the boat. I tell you, sir, if the stroke hadn't been a bit deadened afore it reached me, I should have been killed on the spot, but as it was I got over it in a few hours.

"Now, you see, sir, the Skipper has been preachin' such sermons to me on the sea as I never heard ashore, and I know well enough He's done a lot more for me than I deserve. I'd like to show Him that I'm grateful. Could you put me on the right tack?"

"There's something in this Book," said Mr. Hall, opening his Bible, "that seems to be meant for you, Stevens. Look here: 'The goodness of God leadeth thee to repentance.'"

“That is something like it, sir. I’m right down sorry for the life I’ve lived, never given’ a thought to such a good Skipper as He’s been to me.”

The clergyman turned the leaves again, feeling much sympathy for his big, muscular pupil. “Repent,” he read slowly, “and be converted, that your sins may be blotted out.” In other words, turn right round, away from the old tack, and start on a fresh one, looking to the Lord Jesus who died for you. Put your weak hands into His strong hands, and let Him take control. The very moment you do that, He will say to you, ‘Davie Stevens, I have blotted out as a cloud thy transgressions, and as a thick cloud thy sins... I have redeemed thee.’ It’s all done, Davie, and you’ve only to thank the Lord for it.”

“That’s just what I want. If you please, I’ll take the new tack at once.”

They knelt down together, and to the sailor-man God gave His free gift of eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord.

E. M. R.

The Army of Occupation

We are having many requests from soldiers in the Army of Occupation for Testaments. Many have sent from Germany today. We trust all our friends will pray for us that we may be able to send God’s Holy Word to all who ask for it. We are getting requests from all quarters.

“Trusting in the Lord”

These precious words were written by a dear soldier friend, and I do not doubt these short extracts written from the battlefield will be of interest: ■ “I have been enabled by His power to go my daily and nightly rounds between the trenches and the dressing station in every confidence, saying, ‘Thy will be done.’ As you may imagine, we see much suffering; now and again we get a word for the Master, during the time we hurry along with the precious burdens, to get them safely away from danger. Once a fellow didn’t care about me telling a dying man to put his trust in the Lord, but now, thank God, he is heart and soul with me in this work. Soon after his conversion we went deeply, into the coming of the Lord.”

Later on he writes: ■ “The Lord has manifestly preserved most of us through some very trying experiences.”

Many services were held amongst the men, and I was privileged to send out Testaments and tracts for the work, supplied by Dr. Wreford. Another short extract: ■

“What a hope we have before us. The things of this world fade away, worthless, but our treasure is in heaven. One day—soon—we shall see Him; we shall be like Him, for all the countless ages of eternity.”

A short extract from the last letter, March 14th 1918, just before my friend was taken prisoner of war. He received a parcel, and writes: ■ “Messages they are, just the things I have wanted; they are so plain... I am now billeted in a dry, warm cellar, four men to a stretcher squad, and every one was a true Christian, thank God. We had a blessed time reading and praying together to our Father, who supplies our every need. I love that text, Philippians 4:19.”

It will be a pleasure in my next to give a short account of the way God blessed His Young servant in the prisoners’ camp.

A.A.L.

A Skeptic Arrested

At an open-air gospel meeting the preacher asked for testimonies. While this part of the meeting was going on a skeptic was passing, by, and just then the testimony of a saved drunkard was being given. He stopped and listened.

The former drunkard was telling how Jesus had wrought the miracle and saved his soul.

The skeptic scoffingly made a few remarks to those standing near him. He said it was nothing more than a dream religion saving a man in this manner — just a mere dream, and nothing more. No one answered him, but God had His way of dealing with him.

Among the listeners was a little girl about ten years old, who had known the misery of a drunkard's home. She heard the remark of the skeptic, and going up to him she said. "Please, sir, if it is only a dream, don't wake him. That is my daddy!"

The simplicity and earnestness of the child arrested the skeptic, it made him think, and ultimately led to his conversion. The marvelous grace of God was a grand reality and no dream to him then.

A Soldier's Trust

Extract of a letter recently received from a young soldier at the "Front":— " He does all things well. He gives me sufficient grace to keep looking upwards. I cannot■no, don't know how to express my heart for His great love and care over me. I am up in the trenches day after day, often for six days and nights at a time, through all dangers, and He brings me out each time as well as I went in. He supplies my every need■strength for the hard fatigues and trials■grace to help me, and best of all 'Blessed assurance of Life Eternal through His Son Jesus Christ.'

A. C.

You Want Christ

How often have you felt inclined to take the hands of unbelieving friends, and looking lovingly straight in their eyes, say to them, "You want Christ." Yes, we know they cannot be saved without Christ; they cannot be happy without Christ; they cannot go to heaven without Christ. All the world needs Christ, and all the world must have the Book that speaks of Him. The need is very great everywhere — there is a world call for the Book of God. We have sent about nine thousand parcels of Testaments, etc., to all parts of the world, and wish to continue this happy work for God.

The Diary of a Soul

By the Editor

Darkening Days

THE darkening days of the year are coming now. The autumn winds are blowing keenly, and the dead leaves, are fluttering on every breeze. The storm sweeps across the landscape, and the wild clouds fly before it on the shadowy sky. Out at sea the heaving billows seethe beneath the footsteps of the storm, and leave a foaming pathway in its track. Night comes on early now. We love to get home out of the cold and wet, and shut the doors, and fasten the windows, and draw the curtains, and sit with our faces to the red glow of the fire, and find the comfort of home, while the bleak night moans outside. And as we sit in comfort, we think with pity of the homeless and the wanderers without. "God pity the homeless," is our cry, "the storms are out and the cutting wind... and the driving sleet; God pity those without a home tonight," Yes, they need our pity. God alone knows the sorrows and the sufferings of the poor.

But the shadows of a darker night are coming; we live in darkening days. The clouds are gathering in awful gloom across the skies of time. I see the darkness of the clouds of worldly pleasure throwing their shadows on a lost world. And there is the darkness of blasphemy, and drunkenness, and immorality and skepticism, and worldly religion, and self-righteousness, creeping on. Darkening days for this world are coming. The tempest is gathering, and the portents of the storm are manifest. And those of us who are saved, who have fled as doves to their windows, who are in Christ, and thus outside the world—we look back, and we see what is coming. We feel the comfort of home, the home of the love of God. We know the shelter of the blood of Christ; and we cry in prayer over you, "God pity the sinners when the storm does break! God make them flee from the wild night of sin, to the bright day of Thy presence."

Let me repeat what I have repeated so often:—

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

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

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

Thank God His blessing rests upon our work, as the following will tell.

Passing Through the Gates into the City

A Christian friend went to see her after her conversion, when she was dying, and asked her if it was well with her soul, and if Jesus was precious to her. Her reply was "Oh, yes, so precious! He is always with me, and He will never leave me. I wish I had gone to Him before when I was well, but how good He is to save me at the last." Pausing, and looking around, she saw her mother and said, "My dear mother, live nearer to God than you have ever done; keep ere close to Jesus; pray for my dear husband too, because I want you all to meet me in heaven." Then fixing her eyes, and looking upward, as if she saw Jesus, she said, "Yes, Jesus, I shall soon be there, and then oh! what joy! I shall see Thee, Jesus, my precious Saviour, who died on the cross for me. I cannot love Thee half enough down here, but I shall soon be with Thee, then I shall love Thee for evermore."

Then she sank back exhausted on her pillows, and after a little sang: ■

"I shall gather at the river,

The beautiful, the beautiful river;

I shall gather with the saints at the river,

That flows by the throne of God."

And so she peacefully passed into His presence with His name upon her lips.

Pray Earnestly for This Soul

Dear Sir,

I have just been reading in the June "Message from God" especially a letter signed H.W.R., and oh! how I wish I could have seen your answer to the writer, who says: "I am anxious to get right with you. Do you think there is any hope for me?" "Dear Sir, that is exactly my cry. Not that I have "professed conversion so many times in the past," but from quite in my teens I have passed as a Christian. That is many years ago, and only quite recently, through a terrible sorrow coming to me, my eyes were opened to see that all these years I had built without a foundation. I kept praying that God would help me bear my sorrow (which I feel now would never have come if I had been His), and yet I felt so crushed by it. Then in the dark hours of the night the terrible truth came to me, that I had never really come to Him for salvation; so I was not His child after all. My life has been one long pain ever since I realized this, and I have prayed day and night, and yet I have not peace. The thought of my sins weighs upon me all the time. My waking thoughts are how can I live through another day with such a burden.

I know full well I must always be sad, because there are things that are unalterable, but oh! if I could know my sins were forgiven! Will you, dear Sir, plead with God for me, if you think it possible I can yet be a Christian? I read a case in "Gospel Gleanings," May number, headed "A Solemn Warning," of an aged man who found out late in life he had not the right thing, though he had preached and prayed for others. This gives me a faint hope that I may yet find peace. Oh! how strange it seems that I could so have deceived myself. It would have been so easy, and yet I drifted on, having heard the Word from a child. I cannot speak of these things to any, as I could not bear to pain those dear to me who are the Lord's. But I must just be as bright as I can, and not sadden others with my trouble. Will you put a few words for me in the next "Message"; an answer which I shall understand. I shall eagerly look for it. God grant I may find what I so earnestly long for.

Wants a Message of Help

Dear Sir,

I saw your address in a small Testament, and as you invite anyone to write to you, I thought I would do so. I should be glad if you could write me just a message to help me. I have given my heart to the Lord Jesus, but I do not grow in grace. I pray for strength, but at times I feel so indifferent, my heart feels stony, and not a heart of flesh. I should be so glad and thankful if you could help me. H. D.

Wants to be Helped to Heaven

India.

Dear Doctor,

I received your Active Service. Testament. I want to be a follower of the Lord Jesus Christ, and so I go every night to the meetings at the Soldiers' Home. I shall be much obliged if you will help me to heaven, please. I have been a sinner, a great sinner, but I have trusted the Lord Jesus Christ, as I have read John 3:16 and John 3:36 over and over again. I read these verses every night before I go to bed. Will you also please write to my father, as he has been a great sinner, I send you his address... I shall be glad if you will show him the way to heaven.

Pet. G. D■

Of course all these are written to, and I ask your prayers that God will bless each one. I have no room for more letters now, but I do ask you to help me to get Testaments to send to all who are asking for them. God is working by His Spirit, and He is blessing in a marked way the reading of His Word. My great want is Testaments for all nations. See last page.

Yours for Christ's sake,

Heyman Wreford.

“I Am Smelling”

Some many years ago I was very anxious about our laundry woman, who was evidently in the last stage of consumption, but still seemed indifferent to the things of God. She would assent when I prayed with her or besought her to come to Jesus Christ for salvation. Talking of her to the Matron of my home, she said, “She has not yet tasted. It says, ‘Taste and see that the Lord is good.’” Ah, yes this was true, and I can only hope that she was saved at last. Reading of the missions in Japan, I was reminded of this by reading of a Japanese catechist who said in his address: “If a man does not eat yokan” (a sweetmeat) “he cannot tell whether it is sweet or not; so with Christianity, you cannot tell whether it is bad or good until you try.” One of the Japanese present seemed to enjoy the thought, and his face beamed with pleasure. He said, in the quaint Japanese way, “No, I have not yet tasted your religion; I am smelling it.” It is quite true there are many who have not yet tasted, but may they be led to seek the Lord while He may be found, and find that He is gracious and will forgive all their sin, washing them in the blood of Jesus Christ, that cleanses from all sin. Reader, have you tasted?

Emily P. Leakey.

“Let Me Go; I am a Christian”

Some time ago a sailing vessel was caught in a storm; for some time it successfully combated the elements, but the strain on all parts was excessive; every moment the crew feared that the vessel would spring a leak. At last their fears were realized. The vessel was leaking. A search was made and the leak was discovered; it was just at the water line, but there was no way to get at it except over the side. Would anyone face almost certain death in the hope of saving his comrades? No one dare be ordered to such a duty. Volunteers were called for. Three men stepped forward, but one of them said: “Let me go, mates; I am a Christian, and better prepared to die than any of you.”

The other men looked at him in surprise, but silently acquiesced. He was lowered over the side on a thin scaffolding. The waves broke over him, and every moment threatened to carry him into the raging waters; but He who stilled the tempest was with him, and strong in His power the sailor was enabled to nail a board over the leak and the crew and ship were saved.

The heroic sailor was drawn safely up, and soon afterward gave himself entirely to the work of his Master, and today is an active missionary among sailors.

Nor was his testimony in the hour of peril without effect upon his mates. They saw that Christianity, instead of lessening, increased and ennobled manhood, and the event was blessed to the souls of some of them. The Christian life has an immense vitality because of its source. It can face death fearlessly, for all things are to work together for good to them that love God. “British Evangelist.”

Incidents of the War and the Peace

Torpedoed! Signaling From the Wreck

The striking picture on our cover tells its own story. A German submarine has struck the ship, and it is sinking. The crew have taken refuge in the rigging, and as they sight a passing steamer they frantically wave their signals of distress. On their faces is a look of eager expectation. If they are seen they will be saved; if they are not seen they will be filled with despair.

What a picture of the condition of sinners in this world today! Torpedoed by the devil, our bark of natural life is sinking in seas of wrath. It is only a question of days, or weeks, or months, or a few years at most, and then we shall either be saved or lost. We shall either sink in utter despair into eternal hopelessness, or we shall be "saved from the wrath to come." If we realize our danger we shall hoist our signals of distress, and cry to God to save us. No sinner ever hoisted a signal of distress yet that Jesus did not see. He longs to save us. Omnipotent love cries, "Deliver him from going down into the pit. I have found a ransom." Let your cry be sinner in the sinking ship, "Lord, save me or I perish," and remember even as you cry, that "whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be saved."

A Dying Officer's Message

A young officer, who was well known as having led a careless, worldly life, was lying at the point of death in hospital, when he was visited by a trooper of his regiment. After speaking kindly words of sympathy, Taylor received from the dying man, as he had received from hundreds of others, mementoes and messages for loved ones at home.

"Promise me, Taylor, that when you get back to England you will call and see my mother, and tell her all about me."

"Your mother, sir?" and the look of sorrow and regret on the dying face made him say gently, "May I tell your mother that you died trusting in Christ, sir?"

"No, no," was the answer given bitterly. "She is a good woman, and a Christian. It will break her heart, I know: but no, it is not true of me!" and he turned his face away.

That was the beginning. "But Christ will receive you now just as you are. Why not come to Him?"

"Taylor," was the bitter answer, "I have lived only for myself and given God no thought all my life. How could I be so mean as to turn to Him and to ask Him to help me now when I am dying? No! it's too late. I couldn't come now; it would be so mean."

"Wait a minute, sir. Look at it this way. Look at it from Christ's side. After all He has done for you—and He died for you—give Him the chance of reaping your soul. He has suffered enough for you. Don't cause Him still more disappointment! Give Him at least the chance of saving you now, late though it is."

The dying man's eyes opened in astonishment. This was, a new way of looking at it—that Christ would be disappointed if he held back, and that he would be wounding Him still further—that was a new thought.

"Leave me, Taylor, and come again this evening. I must be alone; I must think."

And that evening, when the trooper went there was no need to ask whether or not he had come. The light in the dying man's eyes told the tale. He had not disappointed Christ. The lost sheep had let the Shepherd find him "to the uttermost."

"Tell... my mother... her prayers... have been heard," he whispered.

When back in England, Taylor did tell that mother, and found, as he expected, a saint of God, whose prayers had followed her boy and been answered for him. You who read this may have a praying mother. Send her the good news that you have taken Christ as your Saviour.

Listen! Jesus says, "Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out." And "He is able to save to the uttermost all that come unto God by Him." Selected.

“There is a Fountain”

“And this is Donald?” “Yes, sir. He is my youngest brother. Will you be moving him up when ye mak’ the changes at New Year?” The new superintendent of the Sunday School smiled kindly at the lad. “Well, yes, he must go up into a higher class, I think. Miss Smith will be your teacher, Donald.”

That was how Donald McWhirter became a thorn in the side of Miss Smith. She yearned over the attractive boy who adopted such a hardened face and manner whenever she tried to approach him, and yet she could not restrain a sigh of relief on the Sundays when he did not appear.

He had some good points, and among them was a retentive memory; he could repeat or sing numbers of hymns without any help from the book. Secretly Miss Smith nurtured a hope that one of them might remain in his memory as seed stored up, and spring into life at some later day.

On one Sunday in particular she noticed Donald’s vagrant gaze traveling round the school while he was shouting—with utter lack of attention to the solemn words—the hymn beginning, “There is a Fountain filled with blood.” just like a parrot he went through it to the end—what was the use of knowing the mere words so well? Years passed, and they were wild ones for Donald. He shook off the control of his parents, he said good-bye to the Sunday School, Miss Smith, and the kind superintendent, and he launched forth into all sorts of ungodliness. For seventeen years he never entered a place of worship.

He was one of the first to enlist when war broke out, but his record in the Army did not prove a good one. He paid frequent visits to the canteen, and had much confinement in the guardroom in consequence. At last he found himself in a camp where some Christian people were running a highly successful hut, where good food could be cheaply obtained, and the interior was bright with decorations and gay furnishings, writing tables, etc. Donald knew all this, but he heard from others that there was also religion in the hut, so he stayed at the canteen.

“Donald, mon, are ye no coming to the hut the night?”

“What for, then, sud I be coming? They’ll be ramming religion an’ Bible texties loon ma throat. Na, na, not for me. It’s whusky I’m wanting.”

“Na, mon,” said his persuasive friend. “It’s na ramming, onything doon your throat they are. It’s joost Hame from name,’ an’ there’s a big tire an’ lights an’ games an’ a’.”

Happily, Donald was persuaded. The hut was all his friend had said, and Donald visited it again and again, sitting at the far end and taking no part in what went on after the singing of hymns began; but nobody buttonholed him, and as he liked music he found himself, at last, joining in the chorus and whistling the old familiar tunes when he had left the hut.

Then there came a night when something awoke within him. Have you ever planted a seed and seen the faint breaking of the brown earth, and the rising up of the little green blade that tells of life

out of death. Something like that happened with Donald. The first sign of it came with a tune and some words that haunted him: both had been well known to him long before, he felt certain, but he could not remember where they could be found.

“Choose your own hymns, lads,” the leader in the hut said one evening, and Donald was seized with a desire for that tune, those words, that haunted him. He must have them.

“I’m wanting one, sir,” he called out from the far end. “All right. How does it begin?”

“‘Tis joost that I canna tell ye. If I had a wee buikie, maybe I cud be finding it.”

“Well, lad, there’s a book for you. Find the number and we’ll sing it for you.”

For quite a long time Donald sat in his place, laboriously turning page after page. Then he called, “I’ve found it, sir.”

“Good, let’s have it. Speak up so that we can all hear, and read out just the first verse.”

Donald, getting to his feet, began to fire out the words:

“ ‘There is a Fountain filled with blood

Drawn from Immanuel’s veins,

And sinners, plung’d beneath that flood,

Lose all....”

The big soldier suddenly dropped on to his seat and covered his face with his hands. “And sinners.” What a sinner he had been! That was the thought that mastered him. The other men rose up and sang the hymn loyally, so as to hide their comrade’s emotion; there was a lump in the leader’s throat as he saw Donald’s bowed head and shaking shoulders.

“Who will wash in the Fountain tonight?” he cried, as the hymn ended. “Ah, who will?” There was a silence, and then Donald’s voice came from the far end: “I will” His example was followed by many others, and “I will!” sounded from all over the room.

Then followed a sacred talk with one of the workers. Confessions of the wasted past were poured out, and the repentant man was led to the Lord Jesus Christ. When he went back to his billet he was singing, with earnest faith and sincere devotion, the hymn that he had shouted, parrot-fashion, in the old days at Sunday School.

So the seed, sown by a discouraged teacher, brought its harvest in due time. Let us sow on: some day we too shall reap. Above all, let us sow in the hearts around us the great, central truth, that only the Blood which was shed for us can wash away the “guilty stains” of sin.

M. Hicklry.

Write Your Mother a “Love” Letter

Write your mother a “love” letter today. It is just a little thing to do, but how much she will appreciate it. Much more than you will know.

The following is a mother’s “love” letter. It was written by a young man who for years wandered along the broad highway of life, seeking happiness at the expense of his character, his mother, his God. Then he was brought face to face with Jesus Christ, the only deliverer from sin and the only true source of happiness. He was converted; he was saved.

“Dear Mother, —I do not know how many years you have prayed for me, but I do know your prayers have been answered. I have given my heart to Jesus. Oh, why did I not do it before? I wonder how many years it has been since you received a love letter. That is what this is—a message from your boy to tell you that when I awoke to my Saviour’s love I also awoke to yours. I now know your sacrifices, your tender solicitude, and, most of all, your wonderful faith in me all these years.

“How well I remember the winters when you sewed and baked for other people that we children might be kept in school, and only lately have I realized what a brave woman you were when you mortgaged the little home that I might go to medical college. And your letters, mother, meant more than you will ever know. Too many were the weeks when you received no letter from me. Oh, the heartaches I have caused you! But this is not a letter of remorse; it is a message of love to the dearest mother in the world from a son who thanks God it isn’t too late to tell her.

“This afternoon a little, gray-haired woman was brought to the hospital. She had been fatally hurt in an accident. Her son, who lived in a nearby town, arrived a half hour after she had died. I think I have never seen a grown man suffer such grief as he did. He brokenly said to me: ‘If I had only had a chance to tell her how I loved her and what her sacrifices have meant to me—but it is too late! too late!’

“So I am not waiting until it is too late. I am telling you today, so good-by, Mother mine. — Your Saved Boy, “RICHARD.”

It may be your mother has gone to be with Jesus. The Bible tells us there is “joy in the presence of the angels over a sinner who repents.” “In the presence of the angels” could that not mean your mother would sing with joy were you to give your heart to Jesus?

How can you give your heart to Jesus and be saved? “Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved” (Acts 16:31). “Believe” means repent, accept, confess, and obey. Do it now!

Clem Hunt Linn, Evangelist,

Oregon, Wisconsin.

Hindered

Lines written for the Soldier

He tried to hold you back that day

You sought your Saviour's face.

He failed, and now he tries to lay

Full many, a hindrance in the way

Of your appointed race.

Launch out! Leave all that hinders you,

Without one hour's delay;

Go, cut the cable through, right through,

To slacken only, will not do,

And above all things—pray.

Remember when you meet your foe,

The Lord is standing by;

No subtle snare, no cruel blow,

No deadly aim to lay you low,

Escapes that watchful eye.

And He who never knew defeat,

Knew well the tempter's power;

Lay your weak point beneath His feet,

Trust Him for victory complete,

However dark the hour.

Take, soldier, take the highest ground,

The path your Master trod,

The Everlasting Arms around,

The power you need—in Jesus found,

Your stay—the living God.

M. A. C. D.

“I Am All Right”

“Oh, yes! I am all right as regards religious matters,” said a young man who was questioned about his soul. “But,” persisted the inquirer, “suppose God saw fit to strike you dead this moment where you stand, what then? Would it be all right?” He could not answer. Can you, dear reader, say it will be well with your soul?

Get possession of your title deeds for heaven, which are signed and sealed by the precious blood of Jesus. The judge of all the earth declares Himself satisfied; all things are ready; and you may send in your claim as a lost and ruined sinner now. Awake then, or an hour hence, and your guilty soul may be numbered with the damned. ■ W. J. H.

The Night Hymn

Written in the air sixty miles beyond the German lines.

Above the hostile lands I fly,

And know, O Lord, that Thou art nigh;

And with Thy ever-loving care

Dost bear me safely through the air.

Thou madest the twinkling Polar star,

Which guides me homewards from afar;

And Thou hast made my greatest boon,

The radiant visage of the Moon.

And if I did not love Thee, Lord,

I could not sit here reassured

With level mind, and soul at ease,

Amidst the cool refreshing breeze.

Captain P. B■

The Diary of a Soul

By the Editor

A Personal Paragraph

I WISH to apologize to my many friends for not answering their letters personally the last few weeks. My daughter has kindly done this for me■she has assisted me in my work for a long time now.

My wife and I have had a pilgrimage of sorrow. We came to Belgium and saw the battlefields, and visited the camps where our soldiers are employed in exhuming and burying the British dead. We then went to France to see the grave of our eldest son, who was killed at La Coulotte, just south of Lens. He is buried in the Cemetery of La Chaudiere, near to Vimy. As we stood by his grave we read together 2 Thessalonians, chapter 4, and we could thank God that we could “comfort one another with these words.” We thanked God as we stood there for the living, ever-present hope of eternal re-union.

“One brief hour of separation,

Then the ‘open vision’ given;

Then the bliss of glad re-union,

God, and Christ, and home, and heaven.”

We have known sorrow, as others have, the deepest sorrow, but we have never sorrowed as those “without hope.” We have bent before the storm of affliction, but have been able to say, “It is the Lord; let Him do what seemeth to Him right.” May others, who have been bereft as we have been, share with us the consolations of “the Father of mercies, and the God of all comfort; who comforteth us in all our tribulation, that we may be able to comfort them which are in any trouble, by the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God.”

I cannot speak too highly of the kindness and courtesy of the Commanding Officer and other officers of the Labor Company where we went to inquire about the grave of our son, and of the Chaplain, who never spared himself any trouble to help us find the place where our boy fell, and where he was buried. His unfailing kindness we shall never forget. God bless him!

The Abomination of Desolation

I have seen it; I have walked through it. My eyes have viewed battlefields where millions of brave men have bled and died. I have witnessed scene after scene of unimagined horrors, that the intolerable wickedness of man has brought upon a stricken earth. Over hundreds of square miles the blast of desolating destruction has turned smiling landscapes into the very shadow of death. Proud cities, filled with the labors and homes of centuries, have been laid in ruins. Every landmark of civilization has been destroyed, and as far as eye could see, north, south, east and west, nothing has been left but heaps of debris. The very stones seemed crying to the arching heavens against the awful barbarities of man. Millions of trees, lifeless and leafless, standing stark and bare, seemed in their pathetic loneliness the sentinels of death among the dead.

At one Exhumation Camp I visited, I was told that 20,000 British dead lay on the battlefield. A large cemetery has been made to receive them. I was told also by the Commanding Officer something that made my heart praise God: it was that our Testaments were found on many of the dead when they were exhumed. Perchance those dying eyes read some glorious promise from the Book before they closed in death, or some grand invitation from the Saviour's lips brought happiness and peace in the last moments of earthly life. Not in vain, dear friends, have these Testaments been sent. As I passed along the empty trenches, and went into the dug-outs, I could recall many a scene that had been described to me in the hundreds of soldiers' letters that I have received. The reading of the Word in the trenches before the command was given to go "over the top." The meetings in the dug-outs for prayer, and the listening to the gospel story. I seemed to hear the supplications of earnest men around me, and the refrain of many a hymn that has glorified hours of suffering and death: "Rock of Ages cleft for me, let me hide myself in Thee," and "Jesus, Lover of my soul, let me to Thy bosom fly," and "O God, our help in ages past," etc. The voice of many of these singers will be heard no more on earth, but the songs of Zion begun here will be continued in His presence for all eternity.

Death has reaped on these battlefields the greatest harvest ever known in the world's history, and I am sure that a mighty harvest of immortal souls has been reaped for heaven. I am certain, too, that the presence of the Saviour has brought the glory of heaven to many. Over those areas of death, dying eyes have seen Him, and His voice has spoken peace to tens of thousands that have felt their need of Him. "Whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be saved." The prayers, "God be merciful to me a sinner" and "Lord, save me," are petitions that have reached His ears from hundreds of thousands of dying men, and not one heart-petition has remained unanswered. Take comfort, mothers and wives, weeping over your dead—many lying in unknown and lonely graves—your prayers have been answered, and be sure that when they cried God heard, and when they came to Christ He received them. Our hearts were full of sorrow when we stood on the spot where our own son died, but we thanked God for the star of hope shining brightly: "absent from the body, present with the Lord." Our loved ones cannot return to us, but we shall meet again.

I only wished, when face to face with these terrible realities of war, that I had been ten times more in earnest about these precious souls; but I cannot express my gratitude in words to all the dear friends who made it possible for us to send those hundreds of thousands of Testaments and tracts to these dear men.

We have sown together, in tears oftentimes, but there will be singing in the Harvest Homes of heaven when sowers and reapers rejoice together.

The Dead and the Living

We believe there are more than five hundred large cemeteries in France and Belgium, made to contain the bodies of men slain in this War. We have walked through many of them, and read some of the inscriptions. On many, alas! the writing was "Unknown British Soldier," "Unknown Canadian Soldier." The poor remains exhumed on the battlefield, and all traces of identity lost. We were thankful to see the reverent care exercised in the exhumation and burial of the dead. We met motor-lorries containing the dead soldiers covered with the Union Jack, and saw them laid to rest. They had been picked up on lonely battlefields, and brought to their last earthly resting-place. I read the names of nobles and of those in high command on the simple tablets at the head of the graves. They had been buried side by side with the men they led; the same care exercised in the case of the Tommy as of the officer. And all along the countryside as we passed along we saw sad, lonely graves. One we saw yesterday in France left in the midst of a cultivated field. The farmer had tilled all the land around, but there the simple monument to the dead stood to tell its story of war and tragedy all alone.

The tortured earth, scarred with thousands of miles of trenches, seamed with shell holes every yard in many places, with rows of barbed wire stretching out in every direction; with vast underground dugouts tunneled under its surface, with great redoubts on every hand built upon it, and with all the debris of vast and relentless strife spread over its surface—such as shells, grenades, helmets, bullets, tanks, rifles, etc.—this poor earth is being made to give up the mangled dead beneath it. The dead that are living in eternity now.

At one of the Labor Companies as I was leaving I asked the men if they would like to fill in our 'Testament cards for Testaments to be sent them. They were very willing, and one took my offered pen and filled in card after card at the eager request of the men gathered around, until all were gone. Thousands of our soldiers are in France and Belgium and in Germany still. A great number are without Testaments. We must continue our work amongst them unceasingly. I shall be glad indeed of your prayerful sympathy and help in this work. At another place where I left postcards for the men the sergeant said, "I hope the men appreciate what has been done." I said, "At home I have files filled with hundreds of grateful letters from soldiers." But I must close for this month. I hope to speak more of these things in other issues of the "Message."

Yours for Christ's sake,

Heyman Wreford

The Little Hand Uplifted

I have just been to see a poor, dear, sick woman, who cannot move herself on her bed; one full of praise to God for His mercies, afforded her by a kind brother, with a comfortable bed and a pleasant room. Both hands are paralyzed, and unable to move the fingers. She lies on her back all day and night; her poor back very painful and sore; I repeated the 14th of John, as well as the 3rd of Colossians, to verse 17. I think she, too, could say these chapters to herself. Before we prayed together she told me this sweet story, which she often recalls to herself as she endeavors to raise her arms heavenward, hoping that she; too, will soon be allowed to pass away ■ “when,” I say, “when your place is prepared;”

A little child was very sick in a children’s ward in a hospital.

A lady came to see her, and said, “The loving Lord Jesus will soon take you home to be with Him forever.” “Will He?” the little tot replied, “but how will He know me amongst us all?” “Just hold up your hand, darling; He will be sure to see it,” and so the pretty pet held up her hand as she was falling asleep that night, and when the nurse came round the little child had gone home. But her hand was still lifted up. And so, dear friend, let us lift up our hearts with our hands continually, and say with faith and hope, “Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly.”

Emily P. Leakey

A Search for Atoning Blood

An Old Jew's Testimony

In the spring of 1898 I was holding some gospel meetings in San Francisco, and on several occasions was able to address the Jews attending a "Mission to Israel." On one occasion, having concluded my discourse, the meeting was thrown open for discussion with any Hebrews who desired to ask questions and state difficulties, or for any who had been brought to Christ to relate their conversions. The experience of one old Jew interested me greatly, and as nearly as I can I give his remarks in his own words, though not attempting to preserve the inimitable Hebrew-English dialect.

He said: "This is Passover week among you, my Jewish brethren, and as I sat here I was thinking how you will be observing it. You will have put away all leaven from your houses; you will eat the motsh (unleavened wafers) and the roasted lamb. You will attend synagogue services, and carry out the ritual and directions of the Talmud; but you forget, my brethren, that you have everything but that which Jehovah required first of all. He did not say, 'When I see the leaven put away, or when I see you eat the motsh or the lamb, or go to the synagogue'; but His word was, 'When I see the blood, I will pass over you.' Ah, my brethren, you can substitute nothing for this. You must have blood, blood, BLOOD!"

After a moment's pause, the patriarchal old man went on somewhat as follows: "I was born in Palestine, nearly seventy years ago. As a child I was taught to read the Law, the Psalms, and the Prophets. I early attended the synagogue, and learned Hebrew from the rabbis. At first I believed what I was told, that ours was the true and only religion; but as I grew older and studied the Law more intently, I was struck by the place the blood had in all the ceremonies outlined there, and equally struck by its utter absence in the ritual to which I was brought up. Again and again I read Exodus 12 and Leviticus 16 and 17, and the latter chapters especially made me tremble, as I thought of the great Day of Atonement, and the place the blood had there. Day and night one verse would ring in my ears: 'It is the blood that maketh an atonement for the soul!' I knew I had broken the Law. I needed atonement. Year after year, on that day, I beat my breast as I confessed my need of it; but it was to be made by blood, and there was no blood!

"In my distress, I at last opened my heart to a learned and venerable rabbi. He told me that God was angry with His people. Jerusalem was in the hands of the Gentiles, the temple was destroyed, and a Mohammedan mosque was reared up in its place. The only spot on earth where we dare shed the blood of sacrifice, in accordance with Deuteronomy 12 and Leviticus 17, was desecrated, and our nation scattered. That was why there was no blood. God had Himself closed the way to carry out the solemn service of the great Day of Atonement. Now, we must turn to the Talmud, and rest on its instruction, and trust in the mercy of God, and the merits of the fathers.

"I tried to be satisfied, but could not. Something seemed to say that the Law was unaltered, even though our temple was destroyed. Nothing else but blood could atone for the soul. We dared not

shed blood for atonement elsewhere than in the place the Lord had chosen. Then we were left without an atonement at all. This thought filled me with horror. In my distress I consulted other rabbis, and had but one great question: 'Where can I find the blood of atonement?'

"I was over thirty years of age when I left Palestine and came to Constantinople, with my still unanswered question ever before my mind, and my soul exceedingly troubled about my sins. One night I was walking down one of the narrow streets of that city, when I saw a sign telling of a meeting for Jews. Curiosity led me to open the door and go in. Just as I took a seat I heard a man say, 'The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth its from all sin.' It was my first introduction to Christianity; but I listened breathlessly as the speaker told how God had declared that 'without the shedding of blood is no remission,' but that He had given His only begotten Son, the Lamb of God, to die, and all who trusted in His blood were forgiven all their iniquities. This was the Messiah of the fifty-third of Isaiah; this was the Sufferer of Psalms 22.

"Ah, my brethren, I had found the blood of atonement at last. I trusted it, and now I love to read the New Testament and see how all the shadows of the Law are fulfilled in Jesus. His blood has been shed for sinners. It has satisfied God, and it is the only means of salvation for either Jew or Gentile."

Reader, have you yet found the blood of atonement? Are you trusting in God's smitten Lamb?

Selected

Souls or Beetles

Two men met on a steamboat bound for China, and presently began comparing notes as to their plans and purposes. One was a missionary and the other a naturalist. "What is really your purpose in going to China?" asked the latter. "Well, I am going to win souls for the service of the Lord Jesus Christ," replied the missionary. The other laughed. "What a waste of time and energy! Fancy traveling across the seas in search of souls!" The missionary said, "And what are you going to China for?" "Well," said the other, "you see, I belong to a Natural History Society, and I am going out in search of a beetle that we are told can only be found in the Celestial Empire." "Oh, well," replied the missionary, "then I suppose the only difference between us is that you are going to China for beetles, and I am going for immortal souls!"

"What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

Incidents of the War and the Peace

“His Best Friend”

A distinguished soldier who had taken part in eight campaigns, and who has for many years been a servant of Jesus Christ, recently told a touching story at a men’s meeting in London.

After a terrible battle, he was going among the wounded, doing various things for them and telling them of the love of God, when he came across a horrible sight. A young horse artilleryman had had his hip shot away, and the condition of the poor fellow was so terrible that even the older man, who was so accustomed to the horrors of war, was deeply moved by it.

“I was going by him,” he said, “and just giving the thought that was in my mind, I said, ‘I am afraid your best friend can do no more for you now.’”

“I am not an emotional man, but there is a lump in my throat and a catch in my voice today as I recall his quiet reply; ‘Yes, He can, sir.’

“I stopped and looked at the poor mangled fellow. His injuries were dreadful.

“Who?’ I said.

“The Lord Jesus Christ, sir,’ he replied.

“You know Him, do you?’ I asked.

“Thank God, He is my Saviour,’ he said.”

His best. Friend, in that awful moment of agony and helplessness and approaching death. There was no one there to applaud his pluck; no newspaper correspondent to chronicle the incident. When all human aid failed, the brave Christian soldier breathed the name of the Friend who fails not, the Friend who could supply every need—and then in peace he died.

There are times when even the closest and dearest of earthly friends cannot help us. To us all there may come suddenly the summons to, another world. How shall we face it?

Oh, what a friend: Jesus is in “a tight place”! When we have to come to face the eternal world, what have we to lean upon? Nothing but Jesus. What a Friend He is!

“Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.” And in the hour of our extremity who can do without the Friend who sacrificed Himself for us?

“I’ve found a Friend, oh, such a Friend!

So kind and true and tender!

So wise a Counselor and Guide,

So mighty a Defender!

From Him who loves me now so well

What power on earth can sever?

Shall life or death? Shall earth or hell?

No; I am His forever.”

Selected

“His Praise”

I have just had the pleasure of answering a letter from a dear soldier friend in France, and it is cheering to read these words: ■

“My heart is full of His praise, and I pray to Him that He will put words into my mouth that will win many for Him. I am sure that unless we put our whole trust in Him, we will do no good... There are many temptations when you are mixed with all conditions of men, and only by the power of God can I win.”

Dear reader, do you know that power of God ‘which will enable you to overcome, so that you may know and experience “My heart is full of His praise”? All this blessed experience and joy flows from the new birth; without this change we are in darkness. I leave with you the words of our Lord Jesus Christ, “And this is life eternal, that they might know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent.” Do you know Him? the One who saves “to the uttermost” all who “come unto God by Him.”

A. A. L.

Before and After War

I want the two pictures that illustrate this article to tell their own story. You see the Cloth Hall at Ypres as it was before the War, and you see it as it is now. This is a sample of the destruction all over Belgium and Northern France. I have seen the ruins of many cities, with now scarcely one stone left upon the other.

The illustration on our cover shows the process of the destruction of the once magnificent Cloth Hall. Underneath this burning tower the bodies of six hundred of our soldiers were buried by the bursting of a shell upon it.

Pray for the homeless thousands of France and Belgium; send them the Word of God that speaks of the divine reconstruction of the human soul and body. Help all who are seeking to bless the human race today. The devil is abroad in the world, going about as a roaring lion. He is piping, and men and women are dancing to the melodies of hell. There is a wild riot of sin over all the earth. Vast movements of devil-inspired wickedness are seeking to overturn all established order, and to bring a tottering world down in the ruins of unchecked lawlessness.

O Christians, close up your ranks for God. Face the foe in His strength. Preach "liberty," but let it be the liberty that Christ gives to the human race. Preach "equality," but let it be the equality that makes us all equal in the sight of God—sinners in our sins, with one common and equal salvation for us all if we believe on the Lord Jesus Christ. Preach "fraternity," but let it be the brotherhood of those who are bound together by the golden links of divine salvation; the fraternity of men and women who have passed from the captivity of sin to the liberty wherewith Christ has made them free.

Let us think Christ's thoughts of the state of the world today, and on our knees ask God to help us to be faithful witnesses for Jesus Christ, in a scene where He was, and is now, scorned and rejected by many.

“Oh, Give Me That Book!”

John Wesley said, more than one hundred years ago, these telling words: ■

“I want to know one thing—the way to heaven, how to land safe on that happy shore. God Himself has condescended to teach the way; for this very end He came from heaven. He hath written it down in a book. Oh, give me that book! At any price give me the Book of God.”

“Give us a Little Crumb of Jesus”

The Rev. G. W. Smith, writing in our day and generation, says:

“O my friends, give to the people in every land this Book. Many years ago I was in Basutoland traveling with a party of missionaries. As we were anxious to get home, we rushed through one village without stopping, and as we cantered away on our horses an old woman came out of the village, and shouted to us: You missionaries, why do you pass us by in this manner? Return and give us a little crumb of Jesus.’ My friends, you have the whole loaf; do not grudge to these benighted children of God a little crumb of Jesus.”

Our Appeal

This is the Book we are asking you to help us send all over the world. It is but little we can do, but with your help we will do all we can, and God will bless. He has blessed, and He will. One worker writes:—

Dr. Wreford, dear Sir, I am very grateful to you for your very kind supplies of Testaments. I have given those sent me, a very wile distribution. Some have been taken and sent to Russia, Finland, Sweden, America, Africa, and the Far East, China, etc., besides other parts of the world. The books have been well received, and I trust good may have resulted by their distribution. There are some large steamers now discharging their cargoes in the docks. I have very few Testaments left to give them before they go out from here. I should feel deeply grateful to you if you could again repeat your kind help in my work. Thanking you in anticipation. ■Yours faithfully, W. C. F.

A Chaplain's Letter

Germany.

Dear Dr. Wreford, The 21st C.C.S. is closed, and the unit is returning to England. I want to express my sincere thanks to you for the parcels of New Testaments and pamphlets which I received every week. I need not tell you how much they were appreciated by the men. Many of these lads of the new Army had no New Testaments in their possession, and it was a real privilege to give your copies to those who needed them.

Again thanking you, yours sincerely, A. A. D ■, Chaplain to the Forces.

The Diary of a Soul

By the Editor

December, 1919. Peace Upon the Waters

THE great deep of human life has been swept by tempest. Even now the waves of discontent are roaring ■ “deep is calling unto deep,” and men’s hearts are failing them for fear. But as I take my Bible I read these glowing words, “Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in Me.” No one who believes on the Lord Jesus Christ need be troubled. We do not trouble about a disease after it is cured. We need not be troubled about a debt after it is paid. To faith the debt of sin is paid. Christ has paid the debt for sinners who believe, and so made them debtors to matchless grace forever. Everything that I failed in, Christ excelled in; where I was found wanting, He was perfect. I lose myself in Christ, and yet I am everything and have everything in Christ.

From heavenly shores God’s ships pass across the seas of time freighted with the promises of heaven. These celestial argosies bear to every land the story of “peace on earth, goodwill towards men.” Like the ship in our picture is telling out the message, on the megaphone, as it passes, “Peace has been signed,” so round the world the message runs this Christmas time, and every other time, “Peace on earth.”

The Bricklayer's Peace

A bricklayer once fell from a scaffold, and was taken up so injured that it was seen that he must soon die. A good clergyman bending over him said, "My dear man, you had better make your peace with God." The poor fellow opened his eyes, and said, "Make my peace with God, sir? Why, that was done for me more than eighteen hundred years ago by Him who took my sin, and suffered in my stead." Thy sin doth not condemn thee, for Christ has been condemned in thy stead.

A Remarkable Circumstance

How a father's heart found peace about his son is narrated in the following beautiful incident. May it bring comfort to many who may be sorrowing now over their dead. Be sure of' this, dear sorrowing heart, God answered your believing prayers for your loved one, and the blessed rest of these answered prayers shall yet be yours, it may be after many days. The writer says: ■

I will give you a remarkable circumstance that lately came under my observation. Coming from a religious meeting some time ago, one of our nobility stepped into a private circle of friends, one of whom said to him, "Your lordship promised you would tell us about your son who died in Africa." His lordship narrated the following incident. He said: "Our boy was the darling of his mother and his father's favorite child. We could not but love him. But he left us and went to South Africa. When he left he was unconverted, and this was our chief sorrow. He had not been long in Africa when we received a letter to the following effect: 'My dear father, ■ You will be sorry to hear I have, met with an accident. I am unable to write much. The doctor hopes that in a day or two I shall be better. I will let you know in a day or two if I am able.'

"The father read it with a heavy heart, and scarcely dared to hand it to the mother. 'Oh,' said he, 'if there had only been in it one such expression as "by God's providence" or "if the Lord will."' But there was no recognition of God, and the father grieved lest his son should die in the unconverted state in which he left home. Time rolled on, and another letter came. The post-mark was the same, but the handwriting was different. It turned out to be written by the physician. The substance of the letter was as follows:— 'Your lordship will be grieved to hear that your son died by the accident to which he referred in his last. He lingered but a few days. He suffered greatly.' The physician added a word or two to the effect that everything that could be done was done, and that respect was paid at the funeral suited to the rank of the deceased."

Said the nobleman: ■ "When I read that letter I took it away with me, and laid it down before the Lord, and said, 'O Absalom, my son, my son! would God that I had died for thee, my son, my son!'" He said: "I dared not hand the letter to his mother. Broken-hearted, I took it to God, and afterward told it to his mother. But there was not a word of God, or providence, in the letter, and it was bringing my gray hairs with sorrow to the grave. I felt as if I should never lift up my head again."

A few weeks again elapsed, when a third letter was brought, and the nobleman knew the handwriting. It so happened that there had gone from this country a gentleman whom I understand his lordship had assisted—in fact, this gentleman was indebted to him for the position which he now occupies in South Africa. The nobleman opened this letter with trembling, glanced over it, saw its character, read on. It was substantially this: ■

"Your lordship will grieve to learn of the death of your son. The moment I heard of his illness I resorted to his bedside, where I found him in the deepest anxiety about his soul. He was laboring under a sense of guilt — a deep load of sin. I pointed him to the dying Lamb; told him of the one Sacrifice, the one Saviour; and your lordship will be delighted to know that on the day before his

departure light broke in upon his mind, and he died rejoicing in' sin forgiven. His last words were these: 'Tell my father that I die in Jesus, and that I shall meet him in heaven,' or words to that effect."

O fathers and mothers! are you asleep over your children? It may be some of you have a son, a daughter, at the antipodes, or in some distant country. Oh, pray, pray without ceasing that God may touch their hearts, that God may save them, lest they die in that far-off land without God and without Christ.

His lordship, after telling this affecting story, wiped the tears from his aged and noble face, and, turning round to his auditory in that private circle, said: "Can I ever doubt my God again? Can I doubt His promises? I have always believed the Saviour's promise, 'If ye shall ask anything in My name, I will do it'; and 'Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it.'"

O mothers, fathers, friends! say we not truly it is time to awake out of sleep, both regarding the solemnities of divine truth, and the condition of those who are around us, and especially those of our own household? Oh, awake, awake!

“I Will Come Again”

These words are sounding in my ears now. Christ is coming! He has been expected by many all the year. He is coming. When will He come? God knows. Will He come today? He may.

O reader, ere this year is ended, come to Jesus! Lift up your hands and hearts to heaven now, and say, “Christ for me, Christ for me.” Say your last word to the world today. Give your first word of faith in Christ. Own your sins. Say, “Jesus save me, Jesus bless me now.” Then sweeter than the sweetest sound on earth, the words will come to you, “Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in Me”; and as the mists of early morn flee before the sun, your troubles and your cares will flee away before the splendor of the beams of redeeming love; and with the old year shall finish the old life, with all its sins, and before you will shine a New Year that will brighten and brighten with the love of God, until you are in that eternity where the years are never counted, and where troubles never come. It will indeed be a morning with Jesus,” and peace upon the waters.

Goodbye for the Old Year

I thank all my dear friends for the sympathy and love that has been sent to my wife and myself concerning the death of our dear son, in answer to my remarks in November "Message." Such sympathy is very precious. I am full of gratitude to all who have helped me on in our work during this year. We are sending away now from three to five hundred Testaments a day to those in need of them, and we have sent more than 10,300 parcels since the end of 1914 to the present. A most remarkable work is springing up among the children, and there is an insistent call for the Word of God from them. God save the children, must be our daily prayer. Atheistical publications are being given away by the million, and boys and girls are being taught to disregard the Bible. The shop windows in many cases are filled with indecent pictures about children; the devil is seeking by every means to pollute the minds of the young. I am constantly getting requests from teachers of Sunday Schools and Day Schools for Testaments. If I had the means not one child should be without God's Book.

For a child to buy a Bible in these days is prohibitive to most. It cannot be bought under one shilling and eightpence. Such societies as the British and Foreign Bible Society and the Scripture Gift Mission and others have done wonderful work in the free distribution of the Word of God. May they be more and more supported in their good work. I thank them for all they have done for me; also Mrs. Pridham, of the Association for the Free Distribution of the Scriptures, who has constantly sent me help from that Society. Of course our subscriptions for our work have much decreased since the Armistice (about one half or more), but we are sending out daily from our available stock, and shall continue to do so as long as we have a Testament left. I can testify to our friends that the need and the demand are greater than ever. The Lord says, "My grace is sufficient for thee," and we shall trust in the all-sufficiency of the Lord Jesus, who has the hearts of all in His keeping, and will keep us supplied as long as He gives us work to do for Him.

Letters From Children

Dear Sir, ■Would you kindly send me one of your Free Testaments, and would you enclose me the address of some poor children in other countries, so that I and my brother may communicate with them? Yours respectfully, Gladys M■.

Dear Sir, ■Will you please send us three Testaments, as we wish to become children of God? ■ETHEL, ELIZA and HARRY M■.

Dear Sir, ■I have much pleasure in thanking you for my Book (Testament); it is very nice indeed. My father had one when he was out fighting, but had the misfortune to lose it, so we shall be able to use this one in its stead. ■Yours respectfully, PHYLLIS R. S■

Dear Sir, ■Would you oblige me with one of your. Testaments, because I am told children are sending to you for them■they say it is all about God. — THOMAS I■.

Parents' Letters

Wolverhampton.

Sir, ■By the way, I have to thank you for the kindness that you have shown towards my son Thomas, for sending him the Testament, and I can assure you that he will always take the greatest care of it as long as he lives. I should be very pleased if you have another one to spare; I would accept it with thanks for my next son Joseph. ■Yours truly, Father of the Boys, Alfred N■.

Dear Sir, ■I write to thank you for the New Testament you so kindly sent to my son Jack some few days ago. I should be very pleased if you would kindly forward one more for my son Fred. Again thanking you. ■Yours truly, F. C■ (only parent).

I have no room for more. These letters all come, and hundreds more, from the vast centers of labor in the middle of England. We have sent thousands to the children of the workers of England, and shall continue to do so as long as God permits. Soldiers' letters and letters from workers I have no room for now. Nor can I print any of the many letters of sympathetic help I have by me. I wish the "Message" was twice the size at Christmas time.

I have just read a most touching letter from a backslider which I cannot print, but in an extract he says, "Will you kindly ask the dear Lord to make me happier in soul, and ease my bodily pain, for only God knows what I am passing through?" Pray for him.

Yours for Christ's sake,

Heyman Wreford.

“I Should Think it is, Lord”

The famous evangelical preacher, Spurgeon, ended one of his sermons with the words, “O ye of little faith. Little faith will bring your souls to heaven, but great: faith will bring heaven to you.” Then, dear reader, don’t you think it will be a blessing to you if you go in for great faith—even faith as a grain of mustard seed, for our blessed Lord told us the amazing truth, that if we have faith as a grain of mustard seed we can “remove mountains! If ye believe and doubt not.” Let us make it a matter of prayer that we may not doubt. Now I quote what Mr. Spurgeon said, and if you have heard it before, you will enjoy it again and laugh with him. Yes, shout for joy, which surely means a laugh of joy (see Psalms 32 last verse).

“Why do we hesitate to fully trust the Lord? Do we not thereby show unbounded foolishness? Mr. Spurgeon, as he thus mused, wrote: ■ ‘The other evening I was riding home after a heavy day’s work. I felt weary and sore depressed, when suddenly as a lightning flash came the verse, “My grace is sufficient for thee.” And I said, “I should think it is, Lord”; and burst out laughing. It seemed to make unbelief so absurd. It was as if some little fish, being very thirsty, was troubled about drinking the river dry, and Father Thames said, “Drink away, little fish, my stream is sufficient for thee.” Or it seemed like a little mouse in the granaries of Egypt after seven years of plenty fearing it might die of famine; and Joseph might say, “Cheer up, little mouse, my granaries are sufficient for thee.” Again, I imagined a man away up on yonder mountain saying to himself, “I fear I shall exhaust all the oxygen in the atmosphere.” But the earth might say, “Breathe away, O man, and fill thy lungs ever; my atmosphere is sufficient for thee.” O brethren, be great believers! Little faith will bring your souls to heaven, but great faith will bring heaven to you.”

Well, if we really believe that “My grace is sufficient for thee,” how joyous and happy should we be, and thereby letting our light shine before men. The light of the Divine Presence of the Holy Spirit in our hearts making your and my heart His continual abode, so that we may glorify Him and bring forth fruit to His glory.

Emily P. Leakey.

“God has Opened my Eyes”

What a changed life, when this is true of a precious soul, when the mind so long blinded by the god of this world is aroused by God's Holy Spirit, “and the light of the glorious, gospel of Christ” shines in and dispels the darkness; no longer on the downward road, but “passed from death unto life.” The dear young soldier friend who wrote me this glad news was aroused by reading some of Dr. Wreford's books, and sent for a Testament. In one of his letters he writes, “You wanted to know that I am saved. I can now say ‘Yes,’ and that I am ready to work for my Saviour in the way in which He will lead me. I was not saved till I read God's way of salvation. I used to think by my own efforts I could be a Christian.”

My friend is in a Labor Company in France, and writes: “Now doing the work of re-burial of our heroic dead, which is being carried out by volunteers from other Labor Companies. It is a good work, and shows the nation's respect for those who have fallen. The graves are scattered all over the country, and the dead are given a decent grave.”

My young friend has given me a word asking that it may be printed in the “Message,” and may the following reach some heart: ■ “Reader, think! What is it to be? Life everlasting, or death? It is for you to decide. I advise you not to delay. It is no use saying, ‘We will turn to Christ before we die.’ We may be killed instantly, with no chance whatever to repent,”

I close this appeal with that blessed promise, “Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved.”

A. A. L.

Incidents of the War and the Peace

A Missing Son

Mrs. Robinson, of Westholme, Pavenham, writes: ■ “My youngest son has been missing since April 11th 1918. He was a 1/6 Northumberland Fusilier (not quite nineteen). His number in France was 66413. His name James Allan Robinson. He was in the fighting most likely near Armentieres.

I should be so grateful if I could hear of him. ■ I am, dear Sir, yours very truly, A. C. ROBINSON.”

Will our friends please make this mother's want known among soldiers and others?

An, Airplane for a Tombstone

There had been a fierce fight in the air between the English and the German airplanes. Second-Lieut. Norman Gordon Smith, who belonged to the 2nd Squadron R.F.C., had the misfortune to have his machine shot down, and he himself was killed. The Germans took his dead body and reverently buried it in the graveyard at Oostcamp, in Belgium, near where he fell, on December 29th 1915. They cut off the end of his airplane and put it at the head of his grave, and engraved his name, etc., on it.

There he lies dead in his young manhood, like tens of thousands of others, full of the ardour of life one moment, the next moment lifeless. The brave young soul gone into eternity, another victim to the awful crime of war.

The Battlefield of Zonnebeke

My wife and I were walking over the battlefield of Zonnebeke to take the train back to Bruges. We were alone on the vast arena of death. We saw on every side of us evidences of deadly strife. Gun carriages smashed, ammunition scattered all around. We walked in deserted trenches and saw them strewn with mementoes of the fight: a soldier's English Aeroplane overcoat in one, boxes of hand grenades partly used, Mill's bombs lying about, helmets, rifles, a brazier, a dead rat, and all the debris there as the men left it, the bodies alone taken away. What tragedies those empty trenches could reveal! We came to an English aeroplane smashed upon the ground. As I photographed it I thought of the days when the skies were filled with these airships fighting, while beneath were the awful discords of war.

Graves on the Battlefields

We passed many wooden crosses placed on the graves of those buried on the battlefield. We did not know the tragedy of those deaths, but we could imagine the hurried interment amid the thunder-blasts of carnage, the service read by the chaplain, amid the bursting of shrapnel and the thunder of big guns. Then the soldiers' last farewell of their comrade as they left him lying there.

"Where the rough rude crosses stand,

To mark their last advance."

I read the following solemn battlefield episode:—

THE SAFEST PLACE

It could hardly have been called a dug-out; it was merely a depression in the ground, covered with tarpaulin. Guarding the entrance stood, or rather crouched, Captain Day, while Second-Lieutenant Phillips, in much the same attitude, occupied a position at the farther end. Both men were strangely silent; indeed, there seemed little chance of conversation amid the deafening roar of the incessant shell-fire outside. But presently the elder man spoke.

"Phillips," he said, "will you change places with me? It is no use mincing, matters in such times as these. You are in the safest place, man, and you understand, don't you? My life would be considered more valuable than yours just now." The boy—he was scarcely more than a boy—rose to obey. Six months previously he had given his heart to the Lord Jesus, so although his face whitened and his lips trembled a little, yet he was brave in the knowledge that all must be well with the Christian.

"Certainly, sir," was his simple reply, and he moved forward to the place where his chief had been stationed. A moment later a shell burst close at hand, and a mighty piece of shrapnel hit the safest place. To his horror, Phillips saw his companion struck down before his eyes. It was a terrible shock to the boy. Only one minute before! His brain reeled to think of it. And then, in that awful moment, he realized God's marvelous deliverance on his own behalf.

The safest place! Well may we ask where it is. We cannot find it in our own strength; it may prove to be the most dangerous if we leave it to our own judgment. "Whoso putteth his trust in the Lord shall be safe," says a verse in Proverbs; and that is the secret. If we yield our lives up to Him, complete trust in Him will follow, and then just where He leads each day will prove to be our safest place.

L. Laing.

The Cemetery at la Chaudiere

When we visited the Cemetery of La Chaudiere I took the photograph of my dear son's grave. My wife and I put the white stones around it, and the wreath upon it. The cross at the head of the grave was placed there by a brother officer who found his body on the battlefield of La Coulotte. The men of his brigade made the cross.

"I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me."

The Women of Britain

And what of the women of Britain, I thought, as I surveyed those fields of death where thousands of dead heroes lay under the grass and wild flowers growing there now.

Wept over, prayed over, longed for with breaking hearts, with sorrow known only to God. Sorrow bravely borne, but sorrow still. The end of the War has come, but the empty chairs will never be filled, and there is no Christmas welcome home for many a dear one now; the bright smile that lit the home will never be seen on earth again, and the loving tones that made life's music for our hearts is stilled in the silence of eternity.

“Now his home is sorrow-haunted,

Love beholds him everywhere;

Sees him bounding up the pathway,

Hears his footstep on the stair.”

The Soldier's Diary

Lieut.-Colonel Seton Churchill tells, in his booklet, "Brave Women of Great Britain," published by J. Shaw, 18, High Street, Wimbledon, S.W.19, price 2d.: ■

"A Canadian chaplain says: ■A young soldier from Western Canada used to come regularly to his services and classes, but was shy and not at all responsive when he spoke to him. The young fellow was in one of the great ca attacks, and when the chaplain followed later on with the stretcher-bearers he found him dead. After tending to the wounded he went back to the body to see if there was anything he could send" to his people at home, and he found a diary all soaked in blood. In it he had evidently been briefly recording all the incidents of his life, and the chaplain read, 'Tomorrow we go over the top-thank God I am ready.' Then later on, 'I am wounded in the neck and bleeding to death.' This was followed in a shaky handwriting, 'God bless my poor mother'; and then later on in a scarcely legible scrawl, 'Into Thy hands I commend my spirit.' The chaplain sent the pocket-book off to the mother, but he said, in telling the story, 'If I had not seen that diary I should never have thought that young fellow had passed away to glory.'"

Another instance is given in that little booklet, "A Glorious Victory," of a young wounded officer who had been won for Christ by another officer in hospital. The young officer recovered and again went into action, but was this time killed. When his belongings were sent home his parents found among his papers an account of how the spiritual change came about, by which he passed from death unto life. One might mention more such cases did space permit. Young men are proverbially reticent about their spiritual life, and many have left behind them no such testimony, but that does not mean that we must despair of them. They may yet welcome us on the other shore, where they have gone before.

This Place was Hooge

Going along the Menin Road about six kilometers from Ypres, I came to a heap of ruins, with some temporary buildings erected among them, and on a board placed on the ruins a soldier had written in chalk, "This Place was Hooge." Every house destroyed, not a single home left! What a picture of some lives, "fair and pleasant" for awhile in the eyes of men, but not ready to withstand the assaults of the enemy. The havoc of sin, and no Christ, leads to total destruction, and with everything gone, we have to write amid the ruins, "This man was—."

“Peace on Earth, Good will Towards Men” and “Glory to God in the Highest”

A Mother's Letter

Dear Sir, ■ I have seen one of my neighbors' children with one of your pocket Testaments, and as I have a family of-six little ones, I should be much obliged if you would send them one each. I think they will do a vast amount of good. I should also like one for myself to carry about with me. I have once run well, but in an evil day fell, and what with the cares of a family and other worries, I seem to have left the narrow way. I know which is the best and happiest, both for this life and the next. Asking an interest in your prayers. ■ Yours sincerely, S. W ■

A Teacher's Letter

Dear Sir, ■ Have you a few “Active Service” Testaments you could supply me with for use among my lads? Our boys come from poor homes, which probably do not contain a Testament. ■ Yours faithfully, I. S. C—(headmaster).

A Friend's Letter.

Dear Sir, ■ Please find enclosed 30/-for 100 Testaments to be sent wherever they are wanted, and I pray that God will bless them to all who may receive them, and that He may bless your work. —Yours truly, L. H ■

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