

A MESSAGE FROM GOD 1920

by Unknown

A collection of articles and writings from A Message From God 1920, covering various biblical topics and Christian teaching.

180 Chapters

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A Message From God 1920

A New Year Without God

IS that your case, friend? Are you in this condition, “without hope and without God in the world”? How awful! And yet how little you have thought about it. You have wished others, and you have been wished yourself many times, “A Happy New Year.” Happy! How can it be without God? Happy! How can it be without Christ? Happy! How can it be without salvation? Happy! How can it be without hope? No; you are not happy, you know you are not; and it may be you are heart-sick of the weariness of the weary years. Then come to Jesus now. A man utterly miserable about his soul went one day to a river to throw himself in, and when about to do so, thoughts of God’s power and love came before him, and he refrained. God saved him at the brink of hell!

A dear Christian told me a striking incident. He is accustomed to have the singing of hymns on Sunday afternoons, and at other times in his house, and the neighbors in the streets around could hear the singing, especially in the summer, when the windows were opened. A young soldier called to see my friend on one of his leaves, and told him that on one of the battlefields in France he was strongly tempted to take his life. This was partly on account of the dread he had of going “over the top,” and going into battle again. As he went on his way to take his life he heard voices singing—the same voices singing around him on the battlefield that used to sing the hymns at home in my friend’s house, that he had so often heard there. As he went on the music followed him, and he was so overcome by it that he could go no further, but began to retrace his steps. Then the singing seemed to die away, but on his way back he saw a light shining in a hut. On drawing near he heard someone praying. When the prayer was over he went inside, where a meeting was being held, and God saved his soul. He told my friend that the singing saved his life, so that God might save his soul.

And God can save you. “Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.”

A New Year Without Peace

“There is no peace saith my God to the wicked.” No peace to those who are unsaved. And you are unsaved, and you have not peace. It would be an awful thing for you to die at war with God. A great Cardinal cried when dying, “Oh, my poor soul, what will become of thee? Whither wilt thou go?” And a young lady, asked about her condition or her death-bed, cried, “Not prepared.” Would you like to be at peace with God? I am sure you would. Then believe in Jesus, and you will be at peace, for “He has made peace by the blood of, His cross,” and He is our peace.

A New Year Without Praise

The dead cannot praise God; and you are a sinner, “dead in trespasses and in sins.” The shadow of death is over you, for the “soul that sinneth it shall die,” and it darkens every moment of your life. Would you like to live for God this year? To have the new song put into your mouth, even praise to your God? When Israel were saved from Egypt they began to praise; and directly you are saved from sin, and death, and hell, you will praise, but not before. A dying Christian cried, “Victory! Victory! Shout victory! Nearly gone; almost home. I am ready! He is come! He is come!” And so he passed away praising God. It is all Christ. “If you have Christ, you have all; without Christ you have nothing. You can be happy without money, without liberty, without parents, without friends, if Christ is yours. “If you have not Christ nothing can make you truly happy. Christ without anything is riches beyond telling; all things without Christ is poverty indeed.” So said a dear Christian, and so would every Christian who loves Christ today.

Treasure Found in the Ruins

The whole world seems to be in ruins now. The boasted civilization of man has broken down completely. The inspired word is more than vindicated: "There is none that doeth good, no not one." Humanity is at bay, ringed around with every evil spirit that dishonors God, and denies His beloved Son. Man has become the plaything of the devil; there is "no fear of God before his eyes." He will make friends with any enemy of the Lord Jesus, and sit at the feet of any teacher who will cloud the light of revelation with the darkness of human reason. And yet there is a treasure amid all these terrible ruins—a treasure of heaven, and "those who seek will find." The treasure is Christ, and those who find Him find the riches of heaven amid all the wreckage of human life.

A French civilian and his wife went to the rubbish heap which marked the site of the village where they used to live. They examined the spot where their house had been, and six inches under the soil they found the sum of thirty-five thousand francs, which had been covered by the soil flung up by a mine-crater. Their hearts were filled with joy at the sight of this earthly treasure. How great the happiness of the human heart when Christ is found! Yes, amid the ruins of a life of sin and shame Christ may be found—nearer to us, than we think, and always ready to bless us if we call upon His name.

A Lesson on Giving

Two wealthy Christians, a lawyer and a merchant, joined a party that was going around the world. Before they started, their minister earnestly asked them to observe and remember any unusual and interesting things that they might see in the missionary countries through which the party was to travel. The men promised—carelessly, perhaps—to do so.

In Korea, one day, they saw in a field by the side of the road a boy pulling a rude plow, while an old man held the plow handles and directed it. The lawyer was amused, and took a snapshot of the scene. “That’s a curious picture! I suppose they are very poor,” he said to the missionary, who was interpreter and guide to the party.

“Yes,” was the quiet reply. “That is the family of Chi Noui. When the church was being built they were eager to give something to it, but they had no money; so they sold their only ox and gave the money to the church. This spring they are pulling the plow themselves.”

The lawyer and the business man by his side were silent for some moments. Then the business man said, “That must have been a real sacrifice.” “They did not call it that,” said the missionary. “They thought it was fortunate that they had an ox to sell.”

The lawyer and the business man had not much to say. But when they reached home the lawyer took that picture to his minister and told him the story. “I want to double my pledge to the church,” he said. “And give me some plow work to do, please. I have never known what sacrifice for the church meant. A converted heathen taught me. I am ashamed to say I have never yet given anything to my church that cost me anything.”

How much does the average modern church member ever sacrifice for his religion? How many that call themselves Christians ever sold the ox and then harnessed themselves to the plow?

The Youth’s Companion.

How Our Requests Are Met

We have never had to refuse a request for Testaments yet, and although they are more numerous now than ever they were, and contributions have fallen off considerably, we have faith to believe that our cruse of oil will not fail. For five years and more God has supplied us with all we need. No need can be too great for Him to meet. It is for Him we ask, and it is to Him we look, and we shall not ask or look in vain. I wish all my friends, with a very thankful heart, a very happy New Year.

Yours for Christ's sake, HEYMAN WREFORD.

Please read the last page.

“A Little Child Shall Lead Them”

Yes, this promise was foretold in the prophecy of Isaiah (ch. 11), and how often it is a fact that a little child has been made a blessing to others. One such instance I knew and wrote about it in “The Friendly Visitor,” in November, 1884: so long since that I think my friends might like to hear of little Patty’s wisdom in 1920. She was brought up by godly parents and learned to love the Lord Jesus as a tiny child. A city missionary saw this little child resting her head on the curb stone and crying as if her heart would break. “My little dear, what is the matter?” I said. Trusting me at once, she looked up, saying, “Why did ‘ey do it?”

“Do what?” Looking up she opened a worn-out book at a picture of the crucifixion, saying, “Grandad says I helped to run the g’eat nails in. No—no! I’d have begged them not to do it. I’ve picked (pricked) myself to feel what Jesus felt.” (True.) “Oh, but you must not do that. Jesus died on purpose to save you and me, not to punish us like that.” “Grandad said God was angry with them for killing Him; but if He meant Him to die for us why was He angry?” (True).

I felt posed at my youthful reasoner, but asking the Holy Spirit to give me the right answer, I replied: “God was angry because wicked people liked to do it. I thank God He has filled you with love to Him.” “I do love Him. Will on come and. see Granddad and Daddy and Mammy?” I soon became a fast friend to the dear old man, who had only been converted a year or so, and he, dear man, was always grieving that swearing and the use of bad words had always been in his habit, and now that he knew the Lord he felt “when I forget and use those dreadful words that I fresh run the nails into His precious hands. The good Lord forgive me.”

And now comes the wonderful fact that this darling child was the means of leading him to give them up. He was talking to her one morning. “Patty, my pet, you will pray you may always remember Jesus?” “Yes, yes, I’ll pray to remember Jesus; but won’t you pray that you may forget.” “Forget what? Forget Jesus, my child? No, never. I’ll never forget Him who never forgets me!” “No, Granddad, not forget Jesus; I s’ould tink not. But pray to forget those naughty words you’re always so sorry about afterward!” It was as if scales fell from his eyes. He knocked down at once for his daughter, and said, “Never mind the shop, but let us three kneel and pray together, for the Lord has opened my eyes. He knows how to forget our iniquities, and He can teach me to forget all evil.” And then his daughter added: “It is now three weeks ago, and Robert and I and Patty have never heard a wicked word pass his lips since, and he says he has not been troubled with an evil thought, for his peace has flowed like a river, and all through my Patty’s words, which God gave her.”

Reader, I am as sure as our old friend that God the Holy Ghost can enable us to forget evil, if we only ask in simple faith as he did. “I know that Thou canst do everything” (Job 42:2). Emily P. Leakey.

Where Captain Fryatt Was Shot

Captain Fryatt, the heroic commander of the ss. Brussels, had his ship sunk near the lighthouse at Zeebrugge. When I saw the ship it had been raised, and was being cleaned, and made fit to be taken away. Captain Fryatt was imprisoned in Bruges at the Barracks. Admiral von Schroeder, the Commandant of Bruges, ordered him to be tried and shot within half an hour. No clergyman or minister was allowed to see him, and when he was led forth to die he was placed against the wall (the protruding part shown in our picture), and while he faced the firing squad the young German officers were smoking and laughing, and playing with their dogs, and Von Schroeder himself, we are told, was laughing when this brave man died. I heard these details from one in Bruges who had known it all. I went to the Barracks, and was shown by an officer where Fryatt was shot. I saw also the spot where many other unhappy Belgians were killed, and one place where three women were put to death. I was shown Captain Fryatt's grave, in the Cemetery at Bruges (where he was buried after his execution), by a gentleman who saw the funeral, and he told me that so hurriedly had the coffin, that held his body, been put together, that blood came from it all the way to the grave. Such is man's inhumanity to man. And as I walked through the Cemetery and saw the graves where English soldiers were buried, and Germans, and Belgians, my heart was filled with sorrow at the havoc sin had brought into the world. Tens of thousands lamented over Captain Fryatt's murder at Bruges, and Edith Cavell's at Brussels, and rightly too, but how few there are who grieve over the death of the sinless Victim who was slain on Calvary nineteen centuries ago. Even the one who was His judge said, "I find no fault in Him." He was innocent, and yet He was condemned to death. He was the Son of God, and the Saviour of the world, and yet He was crucified. Captain Fryatt's blood has stained the soil of Belgium, but the blood of Jesus Christ, shed upon Calvary, stains the whole world: It rests, a crimson shadow, on all the destinies of man. Three times Pilate said, "I find no fault in Him." Judas, His betrayer, cried, "I have sinned in that I have betrayed the innocent blood." he Jews cried, "His blood be upon us and upon our children." But that innocent blood, shed so wantonly on the cross, is the precious blood that cleanseth from all sin. Pilate could never wash his guilt away when he washed his hands before the multitude saying, "I am innocent of the blood of this just person." He was not innocent, and no sinner on earth will be proved innocent of the blood of Jesus Christ unless it has washed their sins away. May God grant that you may be sheltered by His precious blood, who died the "Just for the unjust to bring us. to God." Men mocked around the cross of Jesus when He died, as those German officers laughed when Fryatt was slain. The German nation is guilty of the death of this man, but the whole world is guilty of the death of Jesus Christ. Oh! sinner, stand by the cross of Christ now and say, in deep repentance and believing faith,

"Yes, I have crucified my Lord;

'Twas my sins nailed Him there."

Then His dying prayer will be heard in heaven for you: "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do."

Bruges Delivered from the Germans

The day came for Belgium when the weary slavery of four long years was over. The armies of the oppressor, driven back by their conquerors, sullenly retired. Our picture represents a scene that took place at Bruges on October 19th, 1918. The last German had left the town, and the rejoicing populace were flocking out, through the Porte Maréchal, to welcome the soldiers of the 21st Regiment of the Line in the Belgian Army, who were marching towards the liberated town. Men, women and children formed that happy crowd, their glad jubilation mingling with the music of the regimental band and the shouts of the soldiers. An affecting incident was told me. The Belfry of Bruges is celebrated for its chimes, and as the soldiers came towards the town, they heard from afar the chiming of the belfry bells. When they heard the wild and tangled music, their emotion was so great that many wept. For four years that music had been stilled for them in their banishment, and now it sounded out their welcome home.

It is so with the sinner liberated from the slavery of Satan by the power of God's salvation. What a welcome our hearts give to our Saviour when the glory of His emancipating love is known to us, and we hear Him say, "Fear not, I have redeemed thee, thou art Mine." And what a welcome will be ours by and bye, when we see those heavenly shores, and are welcomed to eternal rest by angels and saints redeemed, and best of all by the Lord Himself; while the bells of everlasting joy shall ring out our welcome, hymning the Saviour's joy in us with every blessed note: "I have loved thee with an everlasting love."

We trust workers for God on land and sea will send to us for parcels. We have sent 10,500 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.

Himself

Who can fathom what this word means to the child of God. Our beloved brother, James Wallace, enclosed the following lines, which he values greatly, as they were written by a lady in India who was used of God to his conversion:

Himself for me for every day that's past,
However dark it seems—
The things of failure and neglect,
The things that now, I oft regret,
The things against my God and in His sight,
All met at Calvary
By Jesus Christ Himself, when He
There gave Himself and died for me.
Himself with me, for all the years to come,
Whatever they may bring—
The strength to walk from day to day,
The guidance needed on the way,
The fellowship of love that makes life sweet,
All these are mine in Him.
The living Christ Himself with me,
My life can never lonely be.
Himself in me, and this is best of all,
No longer I but Christ:
His power to vanquish every sin,
His power to keep me pure within;
The risen Lord Himself to shine through me,
That other souls may see,
And never rest until they come,

And Christ in them has found His home.

Someone may read this who is longing for soul rest. Only One can give us rest—Himself, our Lord Jesus. He has been rejected; the day of grace will soon close. Will that heart still hesitating flee for refuge to Him, receive Him, believe on His name? (John 1:12). How wonderful to pass from death unto life (John 5:24). Then you will have that great joy—to know Himself (John 17:3). A.A. L.

Letters of Interest

Brighton, 8th December, 1919.

Dear Sir, —Being constantly engaged in seed-sowing sound Gospel literature both in this country and in India, I require a great many publications, and I have been informed that you very kindly send free grants to workers who usefully circulate the same. If so I shall be very grateful for any booklets or leaflets you can send me, and I will gladly defray the cost of postage, packing, etc. It may interest you to know that a young Indian friend of mine, who has now accepted Christ as his personal Saviour, was given when in France at one of the Soldiers' Christian Association huts, a booklet of yours which he carried in his pocket, and told me it was the best thing he had ever read. May God abundantly bless your labors in His service. —Yours sincerely, A—B—.

A Chaplain's Request

The Military Prison, Siegburg, Army of the Rhine. November 20th, 1919.

Dear Dr. Wreford, —You have been so kind to me as Chaplain of the Forces at No. 4 Convalescent Camp, Havre, and No. 21 Convalescent Camp Station, Bonn, that I am emboldened to ask you to help me in my new sphere. What I want especially now is a goodly supply of the "Travelers' Guide from Death unto Life," and I believe that if I were able to give each prisoner under my care a copy great blessing would follow. At present there are one hundred and ninety prisoners here, their sentences varying from six months to ten years. The majority of them are quite young lads—they are not criminals, but they have sinned against Army discipline, and they have been punished accordingly. They are receptive to the claims and call of Christ, hut they need books to help them. They are alone for hours with their thoughts every day, and I want their thoughts to be occupied with high things pertaining to the Master's Kingdom. I crave your prayers for all work done among prisoners; it is a great field, but it needs grace to take all the opportunities God offers us. Trusting you will be able to help, yours sincerely, A. A. D—, Chaplain to the Forces.

A Mother's Wish

Dear Sir, —Would you be so kind as to send my son a Testament and a “Traveler’s Guide.” I also ask your prayers for his conversion. He is eighteen, and left us four months ago to see the world as a soldier, and I long for his salvation. He is a child of many prayers. I would also be very glad of some tracts for distribution here. I earnestly desire with you the spread of the Kingdom. —Yours sincerely, E —L—.

On Board H.M.S. Vindictive

H.M.S. Vindictive, c/o G.P.O., London.

6th September, 1919.

Dear Dr. Wreford, —I have recently come into contact with a little band of Christians on board this ship. I now belong to that little band myself, for which I thank God. Since joining them they have passed on to me some of your books, “A Message from God” being amongst them, and I would like, through you, to help on the good work for Jesus. Will you please accept this small contribution as a token of my appreciation of the good work you are doing for Christ. He is indeed blessing our little band up here, to whom you sent recently parcels of Russian and English Gospels. Each of us desire to thank you for your help, and remember your work daily in our prayers. They asked me to mention this as they happened to know I was writing to you. —Believe me, sincerely yours in Christ, J. HAMILTON, Stoker I, 29 Mess.

From the Dardanelles

59319 Pte. Alec Lowe, 8th Cheshires,

Officers' Mess, G.B.D. Chanak, Dardanelles, A. of B. S.

Dear Sir, —I received the postal packet from you today, with the Testament and tracts enclosed, for which I thank you very much. One feels quite lost out here without a Testament. I very much enjoy reading your leaflets. The narrative on page 37 of the "Message from God" of the March issue was particularly interesting to me, because I am a Boy Scout myself. Your books and tracts are much appreciated here. I have assisted my friend Pte. Fardell to distribute them to chaps who have just come from England, and at the time of writing are on their way to Constantinople and Southern Russia. The motto-of my Scout Troop can be found in Colossians 3:23, "Whatsoever ye do, do it heartily." I will now close, wishing you every success in your most valuable work for the Lord. A. Lowe.

What the Children Say

Irene writes:—

Dear Sir, —I am very anxious to learn the love of Jesus Christ. Please would you kindly send me one of your Testaments.

Doris and Myrtle write:—

We wish to thank you very much for your kindness in sending us the New Testaments.... We are going to try and learn it thoughtfully, and trust that by these books we shall be true followers of Christ.

Samuel writes:—

Dear Sir, —I would be very glad if you could help me to the Lord by helping me to get nearer to Him. It must be heaven upon earth.

George writes:—

Would you kindly 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, GEORGE.

The Dartmoor Shepherd

“The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin.”—1 John 1:7.

A shepherd on the Dartmoor Hills, who had spent his whole life looking after his sheep, as old age drew on became totally blind. He was frequently visited by one of his granddaughters, who read to him portions of the Word of God. One day, while the little girl was reading to him from the first chapter of the Epistle of John, she reached the seventh verse— “And the blood of Jesus Christ,” etc. —when the old man stopped her, and raising himself up with great earnestness said, “Is that there, my dear?” “Yes, grandpapa.” “Then read it again to me: I have never heard the like before.” Again she read it. “You are quite sure that it is there?” “Yes, quite sure.” “Then take my hand and put my finger on the passage, for I should like to feel it.”

So the little girl took his bony finger and put it on the seventh verse, when he said, “Read it to me again.” The little girl read over the precious words of our text, when he said, “You are quite sure that it is there?” “Yes, quite sure.” Then the old man said, “If any one should ask how I died, tell them I died in the faith of those words, ‘The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin.’” Not long after the old man passed away to be forever with his Lord. What power there is in the Word of God applied by the Holy Spirit. By nature we are blind, we cannot see what a Saviour has been provided for sinners, but when we yield to the Holy Spirit, He is ever ready to reveal Christ to us as our all-sufficient Saviour. He saves and He keeps all who put their trust in Him.

Education and Christ

In a recent sermon the Bishop of Durham dealt with the subject of the spread of education in China. And he put the case most concisely and strikingly in one sentence, which might with profit be considered in these days of reconstruction: "Educate people merely, and you will produce clever devils; educate people and introduce them to Christ, and there is absolutely no limit to the possibilities of their lives."

The Diary of a Soul

The Great Silence

ONE of the most remarkable incidents in the life of the British Empire took place at eleven o'clock on November 11th, 1919. A great silence—an indescribable silence—fell over those lands under the British flag, and every man and woman ceased from their work for two minutes, and thought, and many prayed. Remembrance and prayer—for our King had commanded a halt of two minutes to all his subjects.

The busy life of the world went on as usual until eleven o'clock, then the mighty silence fell, broken occasionally by sobs. An old woman stood weeping, wiping her eyes with her shawl. Men and women knelt in the streets. A motor car rushing along stops suddenly, the driver gets out and stands reverently by the bonnet uncovered. All traffic is suspended, and all work ceases in every town and hamlet. In the railway stations porters stand still by their barrows, no passenger moves, no tickets are issued. In telegraph offices every instrument is stopped by signal. The signalman stands by his lever. Soldiers stand with their hands at the salute. At sea the engines of every ship are stopped, and the mighty ships of war and the huge liners, and every British ship lies still upon the waters in the King's great silence. All the passengers and all the crews stand motionless, the bugle calls to prayer, then silence, then the Last Post, then full speed ahead.

Down in a coal mine an old man kneels in prayer. His son had been killed in the War, and for many minutes he knelt and prayed. In the convict prisons all work ceases, in the fields the plowmen stood by their horses; all over the countryside the King's silence fell. And far across the heaving seas, on every island and continent that held our King's allegiance, there this wondrous silence rested.

The flags of Britain were all half-mast, and muffled peals were heard. Men and women stood still, the men stopped smoking, and with bent, uncovered heads held their part in the world's great rest. We are told that ninety per cent. of the people wore black, and that tears filled the eyes of multitudes, and many sobbed. A girl wailed out when the silence ended, "Poor old Jack."

Before the Cenotaph in Whitehall a great crowd stood. One poor widow came weeping there with her little girl, and placed a bunch of flowers at the foot of the memorial. Our King and Queen sent their wreath with these words, "In memory of the glorious dead, from their King and Queen."

A Child's Message

One said, before he left the memorial many mourners came with bunches of flowers, to add to the tributes already there. One sweet little girl of seven or eight brought a large bunch of roses and carnations, and laid them down. Several people were curious to read what was written upon the envelope attached to the flowers, and they turned away with wet eyes. The message, which apparently had been written by the child herself, read thus: "To my dearest Daddie, from his little Blue Eyes."

" 'Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on His gentle breast.' "

A Captain, who was a V.C., and who had lost his sight, led a legion of the blind, then came the maimed and the halt with their crutches, many without arms, and the crowd wept over them as they stood by the memorial to the dead—their comrades in the War. British troops on the Rhine placed wreaths on the British dead who lay in the Cemetery at Sulfriedhof in Cologne.

At Buckingham Palace, there was no motion betraying life. Cabinet Ministers stood still on the steps of the Home Office. In the great schools, the boys stood silent.

I was in my own home when the maroons sounded out the summons for the silence. I knelt in prayer, thanked God for the son he had given us and taken from us, and for the hope of everlasting re-union in the presence of God. And then this thought held me with its solemn force: Would to God that all the world would pay its reverent homage to the Lord Jesus Christ—that even as men honored the dead by their silence, they would honor the Son of God, the Saviour of the world, who died to redeem mankind. My Bible lay upon my desk, and turning over its pages, I read Revelation 8, verse 2, "There was silence in heaven about the space of half an hour."

The six seals had been opened (Rev. 6) and judgments had fallen upon the earth; after the opening of the seventh seal the silence fell in heaven, and the course of judgment is stayed. There is a pause of half an hour, a period of calm before the storm, when the seven angels sound the hour of terrible woes to come.

This is a picture (not a prophetic one) of the state of things in the world today. The silence of God rests over the world that has crucified His Son. There is the pause of this dispensation—more than nineteen hundred years— "the acceptable year of the Lord." The judgment of this world's sin seems to halt upon its way, but the "day of vengeance of our God" is coming. The silence of God in this dispensation will be broken when "the Lord Himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel and the trump of God; and the dead in Christ shall rise first: then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air: and so shall we ever be with the Lord" (1 Thess. 4:16 and 17).

This is how the silence of God will be broken then, and that may be at any moment. Then when the "shout," the "voice," the "trump" are heard by the dead in Christ and the living Christians on the

earth, millions upon millions will rise to heaven, in answer to this solemn call, to be “forever with the Lord.” Millions upon millions will be left on earth, and on them the unsparing wrath of God will, descend. We live in solemn days-on the eve of stupendous events. Man is filling the cup of his iniquity to the brim; the solemn bell of eternity is tolling out the doom of a lost world. Men and women of God are praying and preaching and exhorting, and warning the sinner in his sins to flee from the wrath to come. We must pray as we never prayed before, and preach as we never have preached yet. Let the cry of the shepherd-prophet ring throughout the world today, “Prepare to meet thy God.” Sinner! Let the silence of your life towards God be broken by your cry now, “God be merciful to me a sinner.” Christian! Let your voice be heard in heaven, saying, “Come, Lord Jesus.”

“Fruitful Fields”

We are very sorry not to be able to continue for the present the editing of “Fruitful Fields.” It was originally meant as a war paper, but we were hoping to continue it as a helpful magazine for workers for God all over the world. We have been much touched by the sorrow expressed by many at its being given up. If God wills we may take it up again, or at any rate issue occasional numbers. It was the state of our health and other reasons that caused us to decide to discontinue it. Meanwhile we hope to concentrate our efforts on “A Message from God,” and we trust that God will help us to make that more and more His message to a lost and ruined world. We have edited it now since 1884, so that we are now in the thirty-sixth year of its publication.

The Need of Testaments

Our greatest need now is Testaments. I want you to read our last page this month very carefully. I trust you will pray that our great need may be supplied in God's own way. —Yours for Christ's sake, HEYMAN WREFORD

The Ruins at Dixmude

Dixmude was a quiet little town on the Yser. You can see the Yser in the picture to the right of the ruins of the town. It was always a quiet place, with its sixteenth century houses, its quiet agricultural surroundings; its people were occupied largely in dairy-farming, and they sent large quantities of butter to England. As I walked amid the ruins of this once thriving town I met a gentleman of whom we inquired the nearest way to the Yser Canal. He said he would walk with us and show us, but before starting he said, "We are standing now in the 'grande place.'" It was only a heap of ruins. "There was the Church of St. Nicholas," he said, pointing to an indistinguishable heap of debris; "there stood the tower. A row of large houses stood there," he continued. Then he told us that he had lived in Dixmude all his life; he was a lawyer, and when he came back to the town after the bombardment he could not find out where his house had stood.

I thought how many are like him, homeless amid the ruin of all things down here. Thank God many, through faith in Christ, can say, "I have a home above, from sin and sorrow free, a mansion which eternal love designed and formed for me." Jesus tells His people that in His Father's house are many mansions, and that He has gone to prepare a place for them. Look well at the ruins of Dixmude in our picture, and then look around the world and see what a ghastly ruin sin has made of everything on earth. Can a soul seeking after truth find a home amid the ruins of spiritualism, or theosophy, or Christian science, or atheism, or modern theology? Can man build anything for God amid the ruins of the Fall? Can man find a dwelling of rest, or a home of peace, amid the scenes of death and sin in the world in which he lives? No; it is only a divine Builder who can restore the ruins of the Fall. It is only a divine Saviour who can take a sinner out of the place of death and ruin in which he lives and give him a right to a home "amid the inheritance of the saints in light." How this can be done you will find in John 3:16.

Help Her, Help Us

Ah! dear friends, I did indeed help her, and help us, in prayer and supplication, for there is no use in thinking if you do not act, and to act is to pray. Pray for each and every one of your dear relatives. I mean specially for those who as yet have not given their hearts to God, have not come and accepted life from the Lord Jesus Christ. We need not judge, but we can pray. It was in answer to the following quotation from a letter I received that I began more than ever to pray: “—has sent me a sweet little note, saying she is asking the Lord Jesus to come into her heart and give her life, and make Himself a reality to her. She is trying to take things simply as a little child, and leave what is puzzling to her, so I am content. Did ever anyone ask this in vain?” True, the dear girl was dying, and had but a few days to live, and oh! how we all prayed that she might rejoice in the full salvation so freely offered to each one who will come and take. “Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely” (Rev. 22:17).

Emily P. Leakey.

The Evangelist's Desire

Blessed Saviour, my heart is just thirsting
To tell of Thy wonderful love;
I would speak to the lost and the guilty
Of the grace that comes down from above.
But, dear Lord, 'tis Thy Spirit's own unction
I need so to work in my heart,
That its outgoings may, like a river,
Some gladness to others impart.
If my lips Thou would'st touch from Thine altar,
With the fire that is kindled above;
If my heart Thou would'st hold in Thy keeping,
Surcharged with Thy marvelous love;
If mine eyes are just fixed on Thy beauty,
And my tongue Thou would'st order aright;
Blessed Lord, what a number of sinners
Would be drawn to Thy dear feet tonight.
'Twere Thy thoughts, Lord, that then I should utter,
The power would be wholly Thine own,
And the words that come forth would be wafted
In wisdom and grace from Thy throne:
Yea, the hearts of the hardest be melted,
The anxious one's tears would be dry,
Yonder courts with Thy praise would be ringing,
As blessings pour down from the sin.
Precious Saviour, of self keep me empty,
That so Thou may'st use me today;

Let mine ear: just attend to Thy message
For those who have wander'd away.
If "the net" at Thy word I but lower,
The blessings will then be divine;
By my hands, though, that net may be lower'd,
Yet the glory alone will be Thine.
S T.

They Put it in Writing

Mr. Spurgeon's son relates the following incident that took place during his father's ministry:—

Once when Mr. Spurgeon was preaching, in the course of his sermon he suggested that every one of his hearers when they got home should write a truthful description of himself, in the fewest possible words, thus: "Thomas Jones, lost," or "Henry Williams, saved." "If you see it in writing, it may startle and impress you," he said.

A Christian woman who was present determined to act on his advice. When she and her family were seated around the table in their home, she had pen and ink and note paper, and said, "I want to tell you what Mr. Spurgeon said in his sermon today." The father, who was reading his Sunday newspaper, looked up for a little to watch the preparations, but, when he heard Mr. Spurgeon's name mentioned he went on reading.

"Mr. Spurgeon asked us all," continued his wife bravely, although with a beating heart, "to write our names on a sheet of paper, and to put saved or lost after them, and to be quite truthful about it." Mr. Mitchell got hold of the poker, and with a good deal of unnecessary noise banged the coals about in the grate. Meanwhile his wife was writing. She wrote at the top of the page, "Sarah Mitchell, saved." Then she handed the paper to her eldest daughter, who had been with her to hear Mr. Spurgeon. She took the paper and wrote under her mother's name, "Lucy Mitchell, saved." It was now Harry's turn. Mother was anxious about Harry. She longed that he might be a Christian, but she did not know whether he had taken the step. How her heart beat when he took up the pen. But when with a firm, steady hand, and without a moment's hesitation, he wrote, "Harry Mitchell, saved," her joy threatened to overcome her. The good woman wiped her eyes, and looked as, only a mother can look at her eldest son, who had thus boldly taken his stand on the side of the Lord.

Baby, as they called the youngest, had learned to love Jesus at the Sunday School. She could make capital letters, and wanted to add her name. Some of the letters were large and some small, and she made a blot on the paper, but when it was handed to her mother, she read, "Alice Mitchell, saved." That was the whole family, except father, who was reading his paper.

George Mitchell was at least an honest man, and a kind father. The children were not in the least afraid of him even when he somewhat gruffly said, "Pass me over that paper." "Hand me the pen, Harry," he added a moment later. "It's all trash; but I may as well join in your, game." So he wrote under the other names, "George Mitchell, I—." Before he could add another letter to that "I," his wife seized his arm and cried out, "George, you shall never write that." Then the children all joined in, shouting out, "No, no, dear father, you must not write that; you shall not write that!"

Father tried in a good-humored way to shake himself free. He tried to laugh, in a nervous, forced way, at the whole thing, but as they all stood and cried, and pleaded, he broke down and fell on his knees beside his wife and children, confessed his sins and accepted the Lord Jesus as his Saviour and was able to write, "George Mitchell, saved."

And wasn't that a happy family, all loving the Saviour, and on the way to heaven.

The Skeptic's Challenge

Over the heads of the crowds the confident cry rang out: There is no answer to prayer; it's all imagination. Don't be carried away. Use your own common sense: "There is no hereafter. When we are dead, we are done for."

The speaker was standing at the foot of a monolith erected in an open space of a busy Yorkshire city. He had an excellent gift of speech and a winning manner. A large crowd of men and women stood round listening. In a wonderfully ingratiating way and a persuasive voice, he tried to prove the non-existence of God, and the inefficiency of prayer, concluding with a professed readiness to debate the question with any person in the audience.

At this juncture a man was seen making his way from the edge of the crowd towards the speaker, saying at the same time, "I accept the challenge." The people eagerly made way for this champion of prayer, and in a very few moments he was standing on the step of the monolith facing the crowd. He was tall, thin, pale-faced, and well dressed. But he was no orator; he had no set phrases to tickle the ear; he had not the winning, catchy demeanor of his opponent.

For a moment or two he stood looking at the sea of faces before him, faces waiting with eager expectancy for him to open the debate. A flush of color came into his features, and the sweat stood in beads on his brow. "Friends, I am not a public speaker," he said; "I did not come to this meeting with the intention of disputing anything our friend might say, but when he denied that there was any efficacy in prayer, and challenged anyone to prove the contrary, I felt bound to come forward."

The crowd cheered the frank and yet modest statement. He went on again: "You see standing before you a man who was once as big a scoundrel as it was possible to find in the city. I was a drunkard, a gambler, a wife beater; yes! everything the word 'brute' implies. My wife and child dreaded the sound of my footsteps, and yet, bad as I was, unknown to me, my wife had for years been praying for me; and she taught my child to pray." He paused a moment, as if overcome with sadness at the memory, and then continued:—

"One night I went home unexpectedly, rather earlier than usual, and, by accident, sober. When I opened the door my wife had just gone up the stairs to put the little one to bed. I stood listening at the foot of the stairs; my child was praying—she was praying for me. 'Dear Lord, save my dear daddy! Save my dear daddy, Lord! Dear Lord Jesus, save my daddy!' and as she prayed in her simple child-like way, I heard my wife saying, with a sob in her throat, 'Lord Jesus, answer prayer.'

"They did not know I was listening. I crept softly out of the house into the street. Strange feelings were coming over me, and ringing in my ears was my child's prayer: 'Dear Lord Jesus, save my dear daddy.' Was I indeed dear to that child? In what way? She had never known a father's love. I question whether she had ever known a father's kiss. And as I thought of it, a great lump came into my throat; tears filled my eyes, and I cried aloud: 'Lord, help me! Lord, answer my child's prayer.' And He did.

“Years have passed away since then. Today I am a respected member of society. The passed is under the blood. I live in the present, a new creature in Christ Jesus—a living testimony to direct answer to prayer.”

Again he paused, and then said earnestly: “Friends, don’t you think I should have been a coward if I had kept silent today? Can I do other than believe that there is a God, and that He not only hears, but answers prayers?”

The skeptic made no reply. For this man’s story. had moved the crowd to tears, and when he had finished speaking, the people went silently and reverently away.

“Tongue and Pen.”

Incidents of the War and the Peace

“I See my Saviour”

“I see my Saviour.” This the dying exclamation of that grand old warrior, Field-Marshal Sir Evelyn Wood, V.C., who passed away a few weeks since, has touched many hearts. How we thank God for such a triumphant home-going! Shall we not pray that through the labors of this mission many may be enabled to say, in life and in death, “I see my Saviour!”

Why Mothers Weep

A case which was brought to my notice (a writer says) may be briefly summed up as follows: "I do miss daddy so, mother. When is he coming home again to play with me and teach me to fly that beautiful kite he gave me and to sail that lovely boat? Do write and tell him to be quick and come home." Ah! brave young widow! She also had been keeping her secret of sorrow to herself, not liking to distress her boy, but she could do it no longer. Bursting into a flood of tears, she drew him to her, and told him that he never would see his daddy again, and that the empty chair in which father used to sit would never again be occupied by him. Dear mothers' hearts, God knows your sorrows and He cares. God has said to your bleeding heart, "I have taken him from the evil to come; weep not, it is well with him, and in coming years you will understand the meaning of your tears in heaven."

English Prisoners in Bruges

This photo was taken in Bruges during the German occupation. The Germans were very eager to show the Belgians their English prisoners; so they were often paraded on “La Grande Place” at Bruges. When we were in Bruges the positions were reversed, for opposite to the house where we were staying we saw German prisoners taken off to their work every day under the command of Belgian officers.

It is sad to be a prisoner at any time, to be away from home and friends, and obliged to do the bidding of your captors. It is a tragedy to a human soul to be a captive of the devil, in the “far off country” of sin. When our great Deliverer came, it was said of Him that “He came to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives.” He delivers from the wrath to come. By the emancipating power of His salvation He loves to free us out of the hands of Satan.

“The Lord Kept Me”

I have already given a short extract in last September “Message” from my soldier friend’s letters, and now I have pleasure to give a further experience in the prisoners’ camp.

I will not give details of what my friend went through. He writes:—

“After the work, as stretcher-bearer.....we were surrounded, and later marched away, but the Lord kept me so calm and cool, and my mind rested on Psalms 23, Romans 8:28.”

Working twelve hours carrying German wounded, followed by a long, tiring march, two days in cattle, trucks, arriving at Cassel after six days, a period of starvation food not fit for human beings, during which time he could not settle to study, but writes? “I read chapter after chapter from the treasure I had jealously guarded, I hardly knew what I read, but now and again a particular verse would come home with tremendous force. My faith was weak, but His power is unlimited. He had delivered me out of the hands of those who cared not either for our souls or bodies.... Many men died from weakness and dysentery.”

The third month, my friend writes, they had plenty of food, of a bad kind, because they were amongst the old prisoners, who lived on food sent out from England.

And now comes the brighter side. The Lord, worked in that prisoners’ camp, and souls were saved, backsliders restored. Praise God for cheering and using His young servant’s in such a place. One man, far away, was broken down in tears. I had an earnest appeal from my friend for Testaments, tracts, etc., and I was so glad to send out, through Dr. Wreford, what was so needed, and was thankful to get a post-card in reply: “Splendid, many thanks, well received.” We ask the reader’s prayers for the work, which still goes on, we are thankful to say, although the War is over.
A. A. L.

Letters from the Children

“Suffer the children to come unto Me”

Edna writes:—

“Dear Sir,—I am sending this little note thanking you for the New Testament I love so dearly.... I should love for you to help me to Jesus.”

Jack writes:—

“I have not had a Testament, but would like one, and I will read a verse every day. I have a little brother in heaven who died at Easter, and I am hoping to meet him again.”

Jenny writes:—

“My sister has received a New Testament from you; please send me one. I am a believer on the Lord Jesus Christ, and would so much like to know more about Him. My sister thanks you with all her heart for her Testament; she is only twelve years old, but by the reading of that Book I feel sure she has become a child of God.”

Nellie N—writes:—

“Dear Doctor,—I received my Testament this morning, and have already read a few chapters. I am trying to give my heart to the Lord. I have already prayed for His strength and help. I know I have been a great sinner. Do you think you could help me to get nearer to Him. I have also read the ‘Message from God.’ Would you please write back to me?”

An Uncle writes:—

“Dear Sir, —Will you please excuse me for making application for a Testament on behalf of George G—? The poor boy is lying seriously ill with rheumatic fever so cannot write for himself. —A. L—.”

The Widow's Mite

“Please receive enclosed the widow’s mite. The Lord will bless you in your labor of love.... If I am spared till February 5th I shall be eighty-five. I don’t know how to be thankful enough for all the mercies the dear Lord has blessed me with—the love, the faith, and peace.—Your sister in Christ, A. J. H.—”

The Diary of a Soul

By the Editor

“In the Name of the Soviet”

WE see in this picture the Red soldiery in Russia requisitioning food from a Russian store. The stocks of these simple tradespeople were forcibly requisitioned constantly without payment. All the protests of the wretched shopkeepers were met by the words, “In the name of the Soviet.” It was useless to protest—to do so meant arrest or worse.

Such is the tyranny of war; the lowest passions of humanity in the ascendant, and men with no fear of God before their eyes doing the work of devils in the world. The agony of the oppressed, violated women, slaughtered children, and tortured men, rises to God in heaven. “In the name of the Soviet,” and other names as well, lust and cruelty are decimating the human race, and the history of these days is being written in human blood and tears.

In the name of Christ, the Christian says, we must help them with our prayers. Prayer can do more for Russia now than armed battalions. It is time for the servants of Christ to take the field, and in the name of the Redeemer of mankind to call a halt to this awful terrorism of hell.

Every day, in public assembly, or in private, men and women should pray to God. Pray in the name of Christ for stricken Russia. Pray that the awful shadow of the sword may be lifted from that land. Pray that the gospel of Jesus Christ may be preached. Pray that the Word of God may be given to millions now. By every means let Russian Testaments be sent. Let them be taken by Christian sailors going to the ports of Russia. Let them be sent to workers in the country, or to individuals.

Anyone who has a friend in Russia and who would like us to send him or her a Testament in Russian, if they will send us the name and address our workers will send at once. We will do all we can to provide workers with parcels, who can distribute Testaments and tracts to soldiers or civilians. Now is the time to work, and now is the time to pray.

The “Bhisti,” the Water Carrier

A writer says:— As most Bible students are aware, these words illustrate the cry of the water-seller as, with his goatskin filled with water across his shoulders, he walketh the streets of Jerusalem. Some may now imagine that in these progressive days, the water carrier is out of date, but, though the West is ever advancing, and therefore changing, the East changes but little. Here in India the water carrier, with his goat-skin bottle, still exists. The “Bhisti,” to give him his native name, is very frequently met with, and is an essential member of the community; the only difference seems to be that, whereas the water carrier of olden days “called his wares,” one has more often to call his modern descendant, and a great deal of valuable breath is wasted in shouts of “Ho Bhisto pani las,” before the required individual makes a belated appearance. A little cold water—what small value it appears to have to those who have only to turn on the tap to obtain gallons—yet is there anything in this world that is more valuable? How long could life be sustained without it? Indeed life of every kind would soon become extinct without water. If this is true naturally, it is just as true in a spiritual sense.

The Fateful Water Bottle

At the annual meeting of the Colonial and Continental Church Society, the Archbishop of Armagh told how his son, an officer in the Gallipoli campaign, was asked by an officer of the R.A.M.C. whether he had any water to spare. He replied that his water-bottle was full. "Then," said the R.A.M.C. officer, "there are forty wounded men out there dying of thirst, with swollen tongues. Can you give them some?" Mr. Crozier willingly consented, and, going out to the first wounded man, said, "Here's some water; but go easy with it, for there are thirty-nine other men like yourself." To the second he said, "There are thirty-eight other men as bad as yourself." And so on, until he got to the last man. A soldier's water-bottle is not a very large vessel. The magnificent self-denial and restraint of these poor thirsty fellows may be judged when the Archbishop added, "There was more left to drink for the last man than any of the others had."

In order that He might give us the "water of life" freely, He who made all the rivers and all the seas, and who commands the rain to fall upon the just and the unjust, cried, "I thirst," upon the cross of Calvary, when He died to save our souls from the endless thirst of hell.

The V.C

June 4th, 1916, award of Victoria Cross to 3156 Private A. H. Procter, for most conspicuous gallantry. Private Procter, noticing some movement on the part of two wounded men who were lying in the open in full view of the enemy at about seventy-five yards in front of our trenches, went out, on his own initiative, and, though heavily fired at, ran and crawled to the two men, got them under cover of a small bank, dressed their wounds, and after cheering them with the promise of rescue after dark, and leaving with them some of his clothing for warmth, regained our trenches, again being heavily fired at. At dusk both men were brought in alive.

The above is the official record, the reading of which accompanied the bestowal of this most coveted distinction on my dear friend Arthur Procter. Only a few days before this incident he had, with another Christian comrade to whom tracts were often sent, been giving them away in the trenches, when his officer exclaimed, "What is that you are giving away, Procter?" "Books, sir!" "Give me one then; I'll read it this evening." Whether this promise was fulfilled no one can say, as early the next morning the officer was killed in a gallant attempt to shield his men from an explosive hand grenade. (The tract was subsequently found in his pocket.) For this act of bravery, the officer was recommended for the V.C. Now none need to be told that the verse is not to be had for money! That riches cannot purchase such an honor! In the terms of the order, "Conspicuous gallantry" is the qualification. "The performance of some signal act of valor in the presence of the enemy."

My reader may here remark that in the official record "Most conspicuous gallantry" occurs, thus marking out the recipient as one of the bravest of the brave, as indeed he is, and withal a bright Christian.

Now, dear friend, read on and hear how Private Procter was called straight from the trenches, to be presented to His Majesty King George, and personally decorated by him with the verse on the battlefield. "Very good indeed," remarked His Majesty as after having heard the official record read, for which the decoration was granted, he shook hands with the recipient, and pinned on his breast the Victoria Cross, the Prince of Wales handing him at the same time a case to keep it in. "I am very proud of you," added Sir Douglas Haig, the Commander-in-Chief of the British Forces, giving him two hand shakes, Marshal Joffre, the French Commander-in-Chief, meanwhile looking on in silence.

"The finest thing I have ever seen," Procter's officer went on, and the consensus of opinion of the various newspapers which recorded the brave deed for which he was thus decorated was that his escape from death was nothing short of miraculous. And yet what was the secret of it all? Let me tell you as Arthur told, it to me.

"I was sitting asleep in the dug-out, about mid-day," he said, "when I was awakened by a voice shouting through the periscope that there was a soldier (it afterward transpired that there were two) moving between the two lines. This seemed to me like a message from God, and on going to

see what was happening, I observed a soldier who was believed to be dead moving his arm. Feeling a strong desire to go to his assistance, I looked up to God for His protection, and help, and then feeling so confident of His shielding power and knowing that all is well with those that put their trust in Him, I left my steel helmet in the trenches (mark this, dear reader) and proceeded on my errand, in full view of the enemy.” (The rest is described in the official record.)

“More things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of,” wrote one of our poets. And this truth is reechoed in the life of every prayerful Christian each day. A Seaforth Highlander once told me that in the retreat of Mons, when almost exhausted, the knowledge that many at home were praying for him again and again put new life into him. George Eliot once wrote, “The greatest gift a hero leaves his country is to have been a hero.” Yet as I write this sentence with a verse lying in front of me, I am thinking of the owner of one of these coveted distinctions who was reduced to poverty, and compelled to sell most of his home and personal belongings in order to buy food for his destitute wife and children, even his verse (the very last thing a soldier will part with) being pledged for a small sum at a neighboring pawnshop for the same purpose. Sic transit gloria mundi. Well said the poet:

“Your gold will waste, and wear away,
Your honors perish in a day.”

What a blessed thing to be in possession of that which endureth forever, and to add:

My portion never can decay,
Christ for me!

Thank God, the Christian can look up with the eye of faith to the throne of God and see there the very self-same Saviour, God’s beloved Son, who once hung upon the cross for his (the believer’s) sins, and can sing:

“God’s sovereign grace to us has given,
Whilst pilgrims here below;
A share in all the joys of heaven,
And Christ as Saviour know.”

Fellow-believer, you have read this little story, the recounting of which my friend Arthur desires with me may redound to the glory of God. The words of the Lord Jesus, “Occupy till I come” (Luke 19:13), are ringing in my ears as I write this; the time is short, may it be ours to seize every opportunity of serving Him whilst awaiting His return. when His welcome voice will be heard on the cloud shouting every ransomed soul up into His blessed presence to be like Him, and with Him forever to His eternal praise (see 1 Thess. 4:13-18).

Unconverted friend, you, too, have read the story. Are you still going on in your sins, to be left behind when Jesus comes for His own, to be finally called from a Christless grave to stand before the Great White Throne, there to be judged and banished from God’s presence forever. “Because He (God) hath appointed a day, in the which He will judge the world in righteousness by that man

(Jesus) whom He hath ordained; whereof He hath given assurance unto all men, in that He hath raised Him from the dead" (Acts 17:31).

Despite twentieth century blasphemy, and every kind of Christ-dishonoring doctrine now being taught, I solemnly assert on no less an authority than God's own infallible Word, that there is no salvation, no title deed to heaven, save by faith in the precious blood of Christ. May the Spirit of God touch your heart now and cause you to honestly and earnestly repent of your sins and flee to Christ, the sinner's Friend, and trust in what He has done for you at Calvary, and God's Word for it, your sins will be pardoned, your soul saved, and you the happy possessor of eternal life.

"How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?" (Heb. 2:3). Who can answer this unanswerable question?

"Your soul must live, and live for aye,

Pause, think, and answer this:

Where will you spend eternity?

In endless woe, or bliss?"

J. J. P.

This incident can be had in tract form. Application to be made to J. J. P., 2, Canterbury Road, West Worthing.

“Alone”

“You see I am alone here. They bought, they sold, they planted, they builded, and God is not in all their thoughts,” but, thank God, this dear friend was able to cast her loneliness on Jesus. as the Holy Spirit brought to her mind her Saviour’s prophetic words, “I have trodden the winepress alone.” How lovely for either of us, who are alone with Jesus. He went alone into the mountain to pray alone into night, but He will be with you, so you will not be alone. I so well remember when I lost my dearest sister in 1881, dear good Mr. Hockin came to comfort me with these words from John 16:32, “Alone, but not alone, because the Father is with Me.”

Such a touching little incident occurred just a month ago. A darling little boy, not four years old, was put to bed without kissing his mother, as she was very poorly with a bad swollen face. The poor child felt it bitterly, and couldn’t help crying, so at last his mother went up to see him, and the darling said, in his unselfish child-love, “Don’t come up, darling mummy, with your poor, swollen face; I can kye alone.” Truly we can learn from a little child. May God bless him, and may he grow up to be a blessing to many. EMILY P. LEAKEY.

This One Point

“The more they want me to give up this one point—the divinity of Christ—the more I seem to feel the necessity of it, and rejoice and glory in it. Indeed, I trust I would sooner give up my life than surrender it. How many times in the clay have I occasion to repeat the words:

“If on my face, for Thy dear name,

Shame and reproaches be,

All hail, reproach: and welcome, shame!

If Thou remember me’?”

HENRY MARTYN.

Incidents of the War and the Peace

A Personal Note

Will our friends remember our great need of Testaments? We want especially now Tamil, Russian, Flemish, German. We shall be so thankful for a supply at once, as the need is urgent. Please send your gifts to Dr. Heyman Wreford, The Firs, Denmark Road, Exeter.

“THOU ART OURS, AND WE ARE THINE”

These words were a brilliant sparkling motto on the night of a gala day. It had been a day of public rejoicing many years ago in a European country. Whether it was during the reign of the last Emperor, or before his day, cannot be recalled. Evidently the rejoicing had special connection with the ruler of the land. To do him honor, to shout his praises, vast crowds had filled the streets and streamed along the riverside paths, to see the decorations, to listen to the music, to wait for the illuminations at night. Beautiful and costly were the brilliant devices that well-nigh turned darkness into day. None, however, could be more telling or suggestive than the one, “Thou art ours, and we are thine.” We seem to see the concourse of people arrested and held awhile to gaze, and then to take up the words and sing and shout again and again, “Thou art ours, and we are thine.”

There was love in it; there was loyalty in it; there was surrender in it. And it meant rejoicing! Is not such a motto a great reality for every true-hearted follower of Christ?

“Thou art ours.” — “God, even our own God.” “This God is our God forever and ever.”

“We are Thine.” — “Mine shall they be, I am the Lord.” “Ye belong to Christ.”

If we accept the blessed fact and surrender our hearts, our wills, our lives to our Kingly Master, it will mean rejoicing; it will mean illumination. When dark hours of sorrow and trouble come, the motto—a sparkling light—will gleam through the shadows, and the heart deep down will sing, “Christ is mine, and I am His.”

Margaret Esdatle.

“Anchored Deep”

Thank God for such words, written by a dear soldier friend, just received from Canada. Dr. Wreford wrote in the “Message” for December, 1917, of S. F.’s conversion; also in March, 1918, that he was in a hospital suffering from shell shock, having been unconscious two days. I had several letters from S.F. in hospital, before his return to his loved wife and children; then came a long silence, and it was a great pleasure to see again the familiar handwriting. I was grieved to hear how much he had passed through, in a mental hospital, all last summer, at times semi-conscious. He is returning to another hospital for more drastic treatment. I do not wonder he should write: “I cannot help it, I do get despondent, when I come round a bit, to think what I was, and what I am, and what I may become.”

And then my heart was filled with thankfulness, as my friend recounts God’s wondrous way, of blessing to souls, and sustaining grace, in such a trial of faith. He writes:

“I have had a unique experience: a captain suffering like myself was touched by my singing some snatches of hymns; we conversed together, and I pointed him to my Saviour, who was also his if he would. In time he came to my room, declaring his determination to cast himself at the Master’s feet. So you see the Spirit of God can work, even in an insane ward. It is good to our soul to be able to talk to others of that matchless love of the Christ of Calvary. Also another captain was led to talk of divine and lasting things; result not apparent yet. Perhaps I go back to complete.

“How strange—wonderfully, beautifully strange—that a person’s mind may become estranged from things temporal, yet anchored deep (amidst Satan’s buffetings and self-sought terrors) is that security of the soul, calm, peaceful, contented. Yes, we have an anchor that keeps the soul steadfast and firm while the billows roll. Fastened to the rock which cannot move, grounded firm and deep in the Saviour’s love and His promises. Says me Lord, ‘I will never leave thee nor forsake thee.’ ‘No one can pluck you out of My hand.’ I have proved the literal truth of these promises. Praise His holy name. I do not think I can write more. ‘Blessed are they that do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled.’ But we are so empty, are we not? Ye shall be filled and satisfied some day with His presence. I must conclude. Good-bye, hoping to meet you beyond the river, where there will be no pain, no tears, no death.”

S. F. closes his letter as before: “Only a sinner saved by grace.” Will our friends in Christ unite with us in prayer that if it is according to God’s will, our dear friend’s mind may be fully restored. We have to do with a God with whom nothing is impossible. A. A. L.

His Mother's Voice in a Dream

A rather wild soldier had one evening been scoffing at a churn for reading his Testament and praying. His friend answered very little at the time, but spoke seriously when he saw him alone some time afterward. Another soldier coming in at the time, he cried, "Come on, Will, and we'll go and get a drink to wash this sermon down." "I hope it will go down into your heart," his companion answered. That night, when the young soldier tossed on his hard bed, he dreamed of his mother. She was dying, and he heard her saying, "Joe, Joe, I could die happy if I thought you had found your Saviour." This dream of his mother softened his heart, and he woke up very disturbed in mind. The remainder of the night he could not sleep, and the next day his companions jeered him, saying, "Are you going to turn religious too?" That evening he went to a meeting (the first since he joined the Army), and the Spirit of God overwhelmed his stubborn soul. Now he holds meetings of his own, and thanks God for the timely dream which saved him so that he might save others.

His Mother's Bible

As a young man, lately arrived from England, I was wandering one evening in the bush in Australia, having lost my way, when I saw a light, and making for it I found my-self on a large farm, and asked permission of the farmer to pass the night under cover. He surlily said, "You can go into the barn if you like, but there is someone there already."

I was then totally ignorant of God and His grace, unconverted, a man of the world. But being in want of shelter and rest for the night, I said "Thank God," and went into the barn. By the light of a Lantern I saw a man lying in a corner, coughing violently. Laying down my gun and my shooting bag, which was my only luggage, I went over to him and sat down by his side, and asked him if I could do anything for him.

Speaking with difficulty, he told me he was an Englishman, and had been at the same University as I, but having disgraced his family, he had been sent out to the Colonies, where he had led a dissolute life. For some time he had been employed on the farm; but now he felt that he was about to die. Did I know anything about the hereafter? as he was anxious to know what was going to become of him. Utterly careless myself, I said I thought the Bible was the book he needed. He said, "Oh, the Bible; my mother put one in my bag when I left home. I have never opened it yet. Will you get it and bring it here?" telling me where it was. I got it and brought it to him.

He said, "Now, where are we to turn?" and we both confessed we did not know. "Well, clap it together and read where it opens." I did so, and the Book opened at Isaiah 53. I read on till I came to "He is despised and rejected of men, a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief." "Stop," said the dying man, "Who is the HE?" I knew enough to say, "Jesus Christ." He said, "Ah, go on."

I read on slowly until I came to the words, "All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned everyone to his own way." He said again, "Stop! that's me! that's just what I have done all my sad life"; and after a little of quiet he said, "Go on." I read, "And the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all." "Ah!" he said, "Jesus Christ," and then a short time of quiet, and then he said, "Read it again." "All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned everyone to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all."

He lay back on the straw, and I quietly read on, and turning over the pages I found some passages about Jesus Christ in the gospels. After he listened for some time, he thanked me and told me that would do. I was soon fast asleep. In the morning the beams of the sun were shining through the cracks in the barn when I awoke, and going over to the place where my poor friend lay, I was astonished by the change in him. His face seemed to have caught some of the sunbeams, he looked so happy and peaceful. I did not understand what had happened, but he said to me: "The Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all—Jesus Christ is my Saviour."

He told me in the night the Lord had come to him and showed him His pierced hands and side, and now all was joy and peace. I listened, but thought he was light-headed, but it was that then I saw no beauty in the One he was so occupied with. The day or two he lingered he could not hear

enough or talk enough of HIM. Sometime before he died (for he passed away before I left the farm), he said to me: "I have a request to make of you. I want you to write on the flyleaf of my Bible an account of your meeting me here and reading to me Isaiah 53:6, and of the Him it speaks about—Jesus Christ—and how the Lord came to me in the night, and how I die peaceful and happy, believing on Him as my Saviour. I want to put my name to it, and I want you to put yours, and then send it my father in London."

And he gave me his address, and I sent it as he requested. The incident faded for a time from my memory in the rush of a godless life. Some years after I returned to London on a furlough, through the grace of God a converted man, and, musing over my life in Australia, I remembered the incident I have recorded and wondered whether the Bible ever reached the old father. One evening I made my way to where he lived, and met a very old man sitting in his library alone. Making myself known to him, I inquired if he had ever received the Bible.

He said, "Indeed I did," and getting up he went over to his desk and opened a drawer and got the Book, and sat down again. "Well do I remember receiving the Book," he said. "I was then a careless man of the world, without God and without hope, but in infinite mercy what you and my poor son pointed me to in Isaiah 53:6 my eyes were opened to my sinful condition, and soon after to Jesus Christ as my Saviour, and from that time to this I have not ceased to praise Him."

Thus the Spirit of God, active in grace, encircles the globe, overcomes all obstacles, brings to hear the particular verse of Scripture at the particular time, and illuminates the soul as to Christ.

May the reader of these facts, if unsaved, be led by the same Spirit and Word to know and confess Jesus Christ as his Saviour and Lord. G. I. E.

“Why Don’t You Hurry?”

We are told that a missionary, when asked why he worked so unweariedly, said:— “One night going home across a field, I saw my little boy coming to meet me. Suddenly he disappeared. The thought flashed across my mind, ‘There’s an oil well there, and he has fallen in.’ I hurried, reached into the well, and lifted him out; and as he looked into my face he said, ‘Oh, papa, why didn’t you hurry?’ These words kept ringing in my ears until God put a new meaning into them, and bade me think of others who are lost, without God and without hope in this world; and a message came from the Heavenly Father, ‘Go and work in My name’; and then from the vast throng a pitiful pleading cry rolled into my soul as I accepted God’s call: ‘Oh, why don’t you hurry?’”

There is need of godly haste, dear friends. “The King’s business requires haste.” We must not loiter on the King’s highway. Are you helping to bring perishing sinners to Christ? Are you helping to send His Word—the Book that speaks of Him—to perishing millions?

He is coming. This may be our last clay, or week, or year of service for Him, “let us work while it is called today.”

A worker of eighty-nine years. A lady writes me:—

“You will see by the enclosed card that my dear mother (eighty-nine years of age) has gone to be with Christ, Before she passed away she had been collecting to help you to send Bibles to France, and I am enclosing a postal order as the result.”

Blind Woman's Missionary Gift

A poor blind woman in Paris once put twenty-seven francs (22s. 6d.) into a plate at a missionary meeting. "You cannot afford so much," said one. "Yes, sir, I can," she rejoined. On being pressed to explain, she said, "I am blind, and I said to my fellow straw workers, 'How much money do you spend in a year for oil in your lamps when it is too dark to work at night?' They replied, 'About twenty-seven francs.' "So," said the poor woman, "I found that I could save so much in the year because I am blind and do not need a lamp, and I give it to shed light in the dark heathen lands."

From India an appeal comes.

"Dear Sir, —Having seen your good work in the pamphlets and other tracts, I should like to ask you to kindly send me some Testaments and pamphlets for me to distribute among the heathen people."

From Accra, Gold Coast, a native writes:

"Sir,—Being a sinner and have now repented, I could not help writing you for Scripture Gift. Sir, I shall be more than thankful if you can send me a gift for guidance. I trust you will pray for me to be a true Christian. I am eighteen years of age. —J. A. O—."

From Limbourg, Belgium, Alphonse Cleas writes:—

"Monsieur, —Have the kindness to send me some cards for Testaments to give to my comrades, and send me a Testament if you please."

An Aunt writes:—

"Sir,—If you have any Testaments left, could I get you to send my niece Beatrice H—one? She is a little sufferer from consumption, and is always wanting my little girl's Testament. I am sure you could not send to one more deserving. She lost her father last year, and was ill herself at the same time."

A Teacher writes:—

"Dear Sir,—A friend has showed me one of your small Testaments, and she said if anyone was in need of help to lead a godly life you would help them. I am a Sunday School teacher in a poor district, and where the Gospel is very much needed, and I thought you might be able to send me fifteen Testaments so that I can give them to my children in the class. I thought I might mark out a few verses for them which might impress them. Hoping this will find favor. —E. B."

These are only a few letters, but enough to speak eloquently to all who love the Lord Jesus.

Dear friends, we want your help to enable us to send Testaments all over the world.

For 5/- we can send a parcel to the Armies of Occupation, or to any part of the world, and we can send, through the help given to us, a Testament, post free, to 100 soldiers, sailors or civilians for

30/-.

We can send a Testament to 1,000 persons in need of one for ■15.

Any who wish to help us to distribute God's Word all over the world please send to Dr. HEYMAN WREFORD, "The Firs," Denmark Road, Exeter. P.S. —We want AT ONCE Testaments in English, Tamil, Belgian, German, Russian.

The Diary of a Soul

After Death

CANON LIDDON, in one of his great sermons, recounts the following:— “An Indian officer, who had seen in his time a great deal of service, and had taken part in more than one of those decisive struggles in the East Indies, had returned to end his days in this country, and was talking with his friends about the most striking experiences of his professional career. As he described skirmishes, battles, sieges, personal encounters, hairbreadth escapes, outbreaks of mutiny and suppressions of mutiny, reverses, victories—their interest in his story became keener, and more exacting; and at last he paused, and then said: ‘I expect to see something much more remarkable than anything I have been describing.’ As he was some seventy years of age, and was understood to have retired from active service, his listeners failed to catch his meaning. There was a pause—and then he said in an undertone, ‘I mean in the first five minutes after death.’”

“The first five minutes after death” —surely the expression is worth remembering, if only as that of a man to whom the life to come was evidently a great and solemn reality.

Charles Kingsley, towards the end of his life, spoke of a great and a reverent curiosity as to what he should see and know after death.

One thing we know, our dead have passed into eternity. For them time shall be no more. There is no rising or setting sun where they have gone. They never watch the clock to see the passing of the hours. They are outside all the accidents and incidents of time. To them there is no tomorrow, “All my possessions for a moment of time,” cried the dying Queen, in the last moments of earthly existence; but there was none to sell, and she was too poor, with all her riches, to buy. “For what shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul? Or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?”

“Death ends all,” some tell us. Scripture says, “After death the judgment,” so all is not ended with death. Others tell us the soul sleeps after death, and some say it is an eternal sleep. What is the sleep of death? You have all seen death, the closed eyes, the cold brow, the solemn hush that broods around the form that has ceased to breathe or move, and lies rigid in the sleep of death. Jesus said, “Our friend Lazarus sleepeth.” The body sleeps, and all its wonderful and mysterious powers have ceased to be. Thought no longer travels along the accustomed paths, the brain has ceased to inspire and to dominate the will; the personality that reigned triumphantly in that silent form has gone from earth forever. The sleep of death has eliminated all the forces of living, and we weep over cold unconscious clay.

But the soul is awake, though the body sleeps. There is immediate existence after death. We do not want to listen to the “Munchausen” tales about “the worlds to which we pass at death.” “Messages from beyond the veil,” apart from the Word of God, are either the fantastic dreams of a debased and debasing human intelligence, or the result of “giving heed to seducing spirits, and doctrines of devils” (1 Tim. 4:1). If the Spirit of God is not the dominant factor in our lives, it is easy to be led captive by the devil at his will. Moreover, if a man has traffic with demons he has virtually

abandoned the Lord Himself. Behind all these so-called trances, and mediums, and occult messages, table rappings, spirit writing, etc., are the false spirits who inspire them. It is easy to get in touch with the demons that personate the dead, and to believe the “doctrines of devils,” that emanate from the powers of darkness.

There is only one true medium between God and man, and that is the Spirit of truth, sent down from heaven by the ascended Christ. He guides the believer into all truth, and there is no true guide but Him (John 16). He unfolds to us, through the written Word, the mysteries of God, for the Spirit searcheth all things, yea the heights and depths of God. He reveals to faith the past, the present, and the future. He fulfills the mission for which He is expressly sent. “For He will not speak from Himself, but whatever He shall hear, He will speak; and He will announce to you the things to come.” He speaks of the glories of the risen and ascended Jesus; He unfolds the vast panorama of the future, and tells us about the dead, even as the Lord Himself had done when on earth. The Holy Spirit announced the things to come, in the inspired teaching of the Gospels and the Epistles, but in fullest measure in that marvelous Book of Revelation.

“Absent from the body, at home with the Lord.” This is what happens when a Christian dies. Stephen died facing Christ in heaven, and immediately passed into His presence. The thief who died by the side of Christ went, when he died, immediately to Paradise. A martyr on his way to death, when he saw in the distance the stake where he was to be burnt to death, said, “I never felt better, for now I know I am almost at home.” Then, gazing at the meadows between him and the place, he said, “Only two more stiles to get over, and I am at my Father’s house.” Another Christian, when dying, said, “I am going home as fast as I can, and I bless God I have a good home to go to.”

If you died in five minutes, where would you be, and what would you see?

If you are an unbeliever, I ask you to study what our Lord says in Luke 16 about Dives and Lazarus. The veil that hides eternity from us was drawn aside by the Creator of eternity, and the conditions in which men live after death is shown.

1. There is existence after death. The souls of Dives and Lazarus are alive in eternity. Their earth life is over, but we see them as they will be while eternity lasts. One in the place of rest; the other in the place of torment. Read Luke 16.

2. There is sight after death. The soul can see. The unbelieving Balaam said in his awful prophecy, “I shall see Him but not now, I shall behold Him but not nigh.” In hell Dives lifted up his eyes, being in torments, and seeth Abraham afar off, and Lazarus in his bosom. What will you see five minutes after death?

3. There is torment after death. Dives said, “I am tormented in this flame.” It is fashionable now to decry eternal punishment, but it is the Saviour Himself who speaks of “a furnace of fire,” weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth,” “the outer darkness,” “the worm that never dies, and the fire that is not quenched,” “the damnation of hell.” You may mock as you will, but the fiat of God is unalterable, and although the Rev. Vale Owen and others may speak of the worlds to which we pass after death as just a happier continuation of this, no matter how we live or die, the Scripture cannot be broken, and it says, “The soul that sinneth it shall die.” It also says, “Flee from the wrath to come,” and the Saviour says, “Come unto Me, and I will give you rest.” A young man, when

dying, said, "I would give all I possess if I could buy exemption from a quarter of an hour's suffering in hell." Where will you be five minutes after death?

4. There is prayer after death. If you never prayed on earth, you may have to pray in hell when you are dead. "Have mercy on me," the rich man cried, but mercy never comes to those in torment. The prayer will be unanswered for all eternity. Prayer will be answered now if you say to God as a sinner, "Have mercy upon me." God delights in mercy, judgment is His strange work; but if you despise the mercy of God, you must suffer His judgments.

5. There is a great gulf fixed after death. Oh ye who believe in the dead returning to speak to those on earth, listen to this solemn verse (Luke 16:26): "Between us and you there is a great gulf fixed; so that they which would pass from hence to you cannot; neither can they pass to us, that would come from thence."

An impassable gulf between time and eternity—the blessed dead with Christ in heaven, the lost in the dark abodes of despair.

According to the inspired Word of God it is impossible for the living to communicate with the dead, and all we can know of what there is after death the Spirit of God will teach us, by opening out to us the Scriptures.

One word of warning to those who are attracted to spiritualism as practiced today. Dr. A. T. Schofield, in his book called "Modern Spiritism," tells us of seven dangers to which these people are exposed:—

1. The moral and religious dangers.
2. The dangers to reason.
3. The dangers of "possession."
4. The loss of will power.
5. The dangers associated with necromancy.
6. The physical dangers.
7. The dangers of imposition.

All these are spoken of fully in his book.

Now let me close with this solemn question:

Where will you spend eternity?

Havildar R. G. Moses

3rd Wallajahbad Light Infantry

Letter sent to J.J.P., 2, Canterbury Road, West Worthing, concerning his death:—

To J. J. P. 22nd January, 1920.

Kandal, Ootacamund, S. India.

My Beloved Brother in Christ Jesus, Grace and peace be unto you. For we are members of His body. We being many are one body in Christ. Ye are all one in Christ Jesus. You do not know who I am. Praise God, I am a fellow believer and worker in His vineyard. I need not tell you much about myself. Now, brother, I am going to tell you about Brother Havildar R. G. Moses, 3rd Wallajahbad Light Infantry. Last year his Company transferred from Trichonopoly to Ootacamund, and he became my fellow-laborer in this for His glory. Praise God. He was witnessing out and out for Christ in this dark place. On the 25th of December, 1919 (Christmas Day), we had a special prayer-meeting and thanksgiving service, and Brother Moses told what the Lord had clone for him seventeen years ago. He invited C.M.S. Pastor, Baptist Pastor, some other Christians, and myself with his comrades, to a dinner he kindly provided, and he gave his testimony, how the Lord had brought him into the gospel light. We all enjoyed God's blessing and spent nearly two hours together. On the night of the 31st of December (New Year's Eve) we had a watch-night service in the Baptist Church, and he preached the gospel on New Year's Day, January 1st. On the 6th of January he preached in the market to the heathen people. The next day (7th) he was speaking good counsel to a soldier comrade, a Sepoy, who was living in bad sin, but his good words were unheeded. On the 8th of January, at about 6.30 p.m., Brother Moses had to go to the guardroom to see the sentry on duty, and the man to whom he had spoken was there. As soon as Havildar Moses entered the guardroom this man shot at him. On Brother Moses asking him why he shot at him, the man took his bayonet and charged him in the stomach and legs. The bayonet entered his right leg, and he was unable to walk. Brother Moses then asked to be carried to the barracks, and as this was being done the man again fired at the havildar, and he fell forward dead, shot through the heart, the man afterward taking his own life.

On the 9th instant an inspection was held, and on the 10th, at 1.30 p.m., the funeral took place with military honors at the C.M.S. Cemetery. There he was laid to await the morning of the first resurrection. The coffin and hearse were covered with wreaths, and many were the expressions of grief and the testimonies as to his earnest Christian life and example. He was much beloved by all, and was also well thought of by his officers, as well as by the Sepoys under him. A large number of Christians, Hindus and Mahomedans, were present at the funeral.

Dear Brother, I have much good news I could write to you about him, but I am unable to do so now. When Havildar Moses was alive he gave me a little book, written by you, called "From Hinduism to Christ," and the Holy Spirit told me to write and tell you about him. I believe you will be very sorry to hear of his martyr death. Praise God. If you want to hear anything more about him I

shall be very glad to write to you. We must always be ready to meet our Saviour with joy. I send you my Christian love, and shall await any good news from You with gladness.

“Oh magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt His holy name together.”

I am, your Indian brother in His love and truth, JOHN MANOAH.

A Message From God, a True Story

Many years ago, as I was walking along a quiet street in a little country town, I heard a voice say, "Go and see Rachel." I started, and looked around, but there was no one in sight. I looked up at the windows of the houses, but no one was to be seen. Only some children were playing in the distance, too far away for their voices to have reached me. Besides, it was not the voice of a child that spoke to me. Puzzled, I walked on, when distinctly again came the voice, "Go and see Rachel," and then I immediately answered, "Yes, Lord, I will go."

Now Rachel was an old lady of ninety-two who lived in a room over an archway at the end of the street. She was allowed by the parish two shillings a week and a loaf. The two shillings paid the rent of her room, so (excepting the loaf) she was dependent on charity for her food. I was soon knocking at her door, and when I entered I found old Rachel sitting up in bed clapping her hands and looking very happy indeed. "Well, Rachel," I said, "you seem very bright today; what is it?" "Oh," she answered, "it is because I am so pleased to see you. I have nothing at all in the house, and I have been praying the Lord to send someone to help me; and now He has sent you." "Yes, Rachel," I said, "the Lord has surely sent me to help you."

Needless to say, I hurried out and bought her the things she needed, confident indeed that I had had "a message from God" that day. Old Rachel told me that another day she had had only two potatoes and two little slices of bacon, and she had sent one potato and one piece of bacon to a poor widow who lived below. "Is that all you had then, in the house, Rachel?" I asked. And she said, "Yes."

A. M. L.

“Caught,” or “Set Free”; Which?

Yes, it was caught, and caught in a death grip, the pretty, soft little bee, yet it did not die. “How was that?” said my friend who told me the facts. “Did it contrive to get free?” “No, that was impossible; it was set free.” Will you hear the story? A bee was buzzing up and down the window pane most restlessly. It seemed to be crying out for deliverance, for an Ichneumon fly had settled on one of its forelegs with the intention of laying its eggs and thus causing its death. The bee was ready to perish, and was powerless to deliver itself, but it buzzed as loud as it could. A deliverer heard, and with scissors cut the insect off, and the bee was set free.

Now then I ask the question: Have you been set free. from eternal death? set free from the sin which doth so, easily beset you? For remember, not one of us has, or can, deliver ourselves. There is only one way. Come to Jesus. Only one Deliverer, only one Name whereby we can be saved, The Lord Jesus Christ. Until we have really been set free, and know it, there can be no peace; therefore cry out and seek for pardon and peace whilst there is time. I shall never forget the holy delight it gave me when a great nephew of mine was thus set free. He had been a clergyman for over a year, but one day he suddenly ran into my house and dining-room saying, “Aunt Emily, I am a changed man, and know the Lord. Do let us kneel together and thank Him.” We did indeed, and then, being set free, didn’t he work for his Master until his Master called him home!

Dear readers, do let me again ask the question: Are you set free, and being set free, are you working for Him in trying to release those who are caught, that they too may be set free? Emily P. Leakey.

P.S. —It may be that some dear reader, although “set free” as regards being born again, may have been “caught” by some sin, such as an evil temper given way to, or selfishness, or vanity, or pride. If so finding yourself “caught,” cry mightily for a deliverer. How well I remember a dear late colonel in the Army telling me that when he felt his hot temper rising, he immediately withdrew to pray, and God heard his prayer—set free at once.

“Pray Without Ceasing”

In a letter just received from one who is laboring abroad amongst our young soldiers are these words: “Tis such a help to know people pray for You.” What a privilege, dear fellow believer, to have a throne of grace to pour out our hearts before Him, the One who is our “merciful and faithful High Priest,” and who saves to “the uttermost,” and who has promised, “Whatsoever ye shall ask in My name, that will I do.” How cheering to read, speaking of the lads, Wonderful how they respond; I am encouraged time after time, when I see how the Spirit works. He has the same power as ever, and it is such a joy to bring joy to others... ‘The Message from God’ has been a real ray to many of the soldier lads in times past, and continues, I am sure, to be so in these days. Dr. Heyman Wreford has been a real friend in need to me, when I was chaplain, in the trying days of the-War, and his Testaments and literature have brought joy wherever they were distributed.”

The work still goes on, and souls are saved. May we be found “praying always, with all prayer and supplication in the Spirit,” and watching. A. A. L.

The Children's Corner

There seems to be a great awakening among the children everywhere—a real desire in many of their hearts to know Jesus as their Saviour.

Jessie writes:— “I received the New Testament. on Thursday afternoon. I have already read a few chapters. Do you think you could help me to get to heaven, as I hope to meet my little sister again, and grandmother and grandfather.”

Two Sisters write:— “We want to lead the road to heaven. I am afraid we shall not succeed.”

We hope they will.

A Boy from the Gold Coast writes:— “Dear Sir,—I beg to extend my sincere gratitude for the Testament sent to me. It is more than appreciated. Enclosed 5/- supply its worth of Testaments to poor friends who cannot afford to buy any. Kindly send addresses of six friends, as my school mates are anxious to correspond with them. — I beg to remain, Sir, yours in Christ, J. A. OFORI, Accra, February, 1920.”

Hettie, Eric, and Dorothy write: — “Dear Sir,—My mother says we must not be like the ten lepers that Jesus healed; nine of them forgot to thank Him. So we must thank you for the nice little Testaments you sent us. We took them to our Christian Endeavor Bible Reading, and there are others there who have received your kind gift. So allow Hettie P—and Eric P—and Dorothy P—to thank you once more.—Yours truly, WE THREE.”

We get hundreds of applications from children for the Word of God. Headmasters of Council Schools are asking us to give their children the Word of God. One writes, to whom we sent 150 Testaments, from a large school in the Midlands:—

“Dear Sir,—We are extremely obliged to you for supplying our children with New Testaments. The teachers will see that the children carry out their promises. We pray that God's blessing may rest upon your work, and that many may be influenced by the books you send out. —Yours faithfully, D. H. H—, Headmaster.”

From another school another headmaster writes: “Dear Sir,—The Testaments are greatly appreciated by the children, and are very much in evidence. As Scripture is taken every morning, the Testaments are constantly in use. Could you let me have two dozen more, as I should like each child at school to possess one? —Yours faithfully, F. I. C. H—, Headmaster.”

The head teacher from a sanatorium and school writes: “Dear Sir,—Yesterday one of my scholars received a Testament from you, and several of the others wish to have one. I have not discouraged their application for one, as I really think they are trying in their own way to make a stand for what is good. I have read your pamphlet and can assure you that a teacher nowadays has a much harder fight against impurity and vice than ever before. Hence I welcome any strivings after better things. I have made a collection among them and enclose a P.O. for 9/-. I do not wish

them to value the gift too lightly. If you could send me about twenty-five Testaments I should be pleased. The children are all in the earliest stages of tuberculosis. —Yours faithfully, M. D., Head Teacher.”

I have many children’s and teachers’ letters; they come by every post. I appeal to my friends very earnestly for help to meet the children in their need, as well as the grownup people. There is a real awakening among the young. Any contributions to the Children’s Testament Fund may be sent to Dr. Heyman Wreford, The Firs, Denmark Road, Exeter.

Incidents of the War and the Peace

A World Want of Testaments

During the last few days we have sent parcels abroad to Panama, South India, Arabia, Tunis, Demerara, Hong Kong, Cuba, France, Germany, etc., etc. We ask your prayers that we may be able to maintain this important sowing of the good seed.

HOW A SERGEANT-MAJOR DIED

Granville Barker tells us this:— “Sergeant-Major T—was sitting on the wall for observation when he was shot straight through the head. For a few minutes he had consciousness and sang a hymn. But he died almost directly after.”

THE HEAVY GUN (LANGE MAX) AT LEUGENBAUM

At the end of August of last year my wife and I drove from Bruges to Ypres. We saw the vast devastation that had been wrought there, and places where our troops and the Canadians fought so bravely. On our way back we came to a small village called Couckelaere. Here we left our carriage and walked about two miles through lanes and fields, in beautiful quiet pastoral scenery, until we came to a very lovely spot called Leugenbaum. Here, right in the heart of the countryside, we reached a place surrounded with barbed wire, and with sentries on guard. They undid the wire for us to enter, and then, after a short distance, we came face to face with the great 17in. gun erected in this charming spot to bombard Dunkirk. Out of the muzzle of this terrible cannon shells weighing three-quarters of a ton each, were fired, and they carried their fearful missiles between twenty-five and thirty miles, bringing destruction to Dunkirk twenty-five miles off. How this enormous engine of destruction could have been brought to this secluded place and be hidden as it was, showed the awful ingenuity of man when bent on destruction.

Amid the quiet fields, with cattle grazing, and cottage dwellings with flowers embowered, this monster every now and again vomited to the skies its burden of death, which fell, after its journey of twenty-five miles, upon a flourishing city, killing men and women and destroying their homes. We were glad to know that this haunting horror was silenced now.

This reminds me of some words of the apostle Paul when speaking of the condition of a sinner. He speaks of destruction and misery being in the sinner's way, “the destruction that wasteth at noonday.” The result of the bombardment of a sinner by the terrible artillery of hell. The daily destruction of the sinner's life goes on; the mental and physical deterioration caused by natural and Satanic influence swaying the life. Millions are perishing in the ways of death; stern laws can scarcely restrain the unhallowed impulses of sinners devil-driven.

Ah, sinner, think of it. The heavens are bending over you as if to woo you to your God. The flowers bloom fair upon a thousand fields. The birds sing out the happiness of rejoicing hours, and forests wave their leafy banners to catch the winds of God. The cattle on a thousand hills are His, but you are the devil's plaything. You are in the track of the devil's destroying power. And yet God is calling; Christ is waiting to save you. He has destroyed him who had the power of death, even the

devil. If you trust in Christ's salvation you need not fear the wrath of Satan one moment, any more than the French or Belgians fear the power of the huge gun at Leugenbaum now, conquered and helpless. Satan is conquered and helpless, as far as the believer in Christ is concerned. So let the misery of your sinful days be over; rejoice in the liberty wherewith Christ has made you free.

Private William Huish

In the February issue of "A Message from God" there is a picture of English prisoners on La Grande Place, Bruges, page 29. The magazine and picture were seen by Mrs. Huish, the wife of Pte. William Huish, No. Ply/3/2037 Royal Marine Light Infantry Battalion, 63rd (R.N.) Division.

She told me she thought, and so did a friend of hers, that they could identify her husband in the photograph, the man next to the prisoner with the bandaged head. Her husband had enlisted on March 30th, 1917. He went to France August 6th, 1917. He was reported killed on October 26th, 1917. On November 1st, 1917, she received the following letter:—

2nd Bn., R.M.L.I., B.E.F.

1st November, 1917.

Dear Mrs. Huish,

It is with very real regret that I have to inform you of the death in action of your husband. He laid down his life for his country on Friday last (26th), when the Battalion took a large part in the recent successful operations. Please accept the sincerest sympathy of the Officers, N.C.O.'s and men of this Company in your very great loss. Yours very sincerely, B. C.W—, Captain.

On November 12th she received from the Record Office, 63rd (Royal Naval) Division, the official news of his being "killed in action."

In January, 1920, she wrote to the War Grave Commission to ask where her husband was buried. To this letter she received the following reply:—

Winchester House, St. James's Square, London, S.W.1.

January 20th, 1920.

Madam,—In reply to your letter of recent date, I am to express regret that the grave of Private. W. Huish has not been located, but inquiries are being made, and I will write to you again if I am able to obtain any information. I am very sorry not to be able to send you a more satisfactory reply.—I am, Madam, your obedient servant, R. E. E—

Directly she saw the picture in the "Message" hope sprang up in her breast that her husband might perhaps have been taken prisoner, and she asked me if I could do anything to find out if he were really dead, and if he were dead, where he was buried. I told her the only thing I could do would be to make it known in the "Message from God." I am reproducing Pte. Huish's photo, and perhaps one of his comrades or friends may be able to tell her more about her husband. Mrs. Huish's address Isa. 16, Oakfield Street, Heavitree, Exeter, in case any might wish to write to her, or friends can communicate with Dr. Heyman Wreford, The Firs, Denmark Road, Exeter.

My Sunset Hour

Dear Dr. Wreford,—At seventy-seven years I can well believe “My Sunset Hour” is not far off, and I would like to do what I can while it is yet daylight. So I enclose you with much pleasure a check for 30/to pay for 100 Testaments for any who need them. —Yours truly,

“I was Astounded”

Our dear friend, Mr. M.M., of Worthing, sends me the following pathetic letter:—

Dear Dr. Wreford,—I have during the past few years visited a dear Christian woman. She lies upon her bed in a little room suffering from a double curvature of the spine: a great sufferer. I have never heard a murmur, but always a bright smile, and always a good word for Jesus. She says she has learned what she would never have learned if well, and now her longing is to go home to see Him. The doctor says she may go suddenly, or linger on a while. She is what the world calls very poor, but oh! what lessons I have learned in that little room. The other day she gave me the two enclosed 10/-notes to send to you for your distribution of God's Word. I was astounded. In a few days I called again and asked could she spare so much. Her reply was “Yes. God has always supplied my need, and always will.” Such a gift, although only ■■, I know will be richly blessed of God our Father, given in such faith. And I rejoice He has sent it to you. May our God and Father richly bless your work. With kindest regards, M. M., Worthing.

One Request for April

We want funds to purchase 25,000 Testaments at once. May God incline your hearts to help for Christ's sake. Any gift for this purpose may be sent to Dr. Heyman Wreford, The Firs, Denmark Road, Exeter.

MR. J. J. PIPER

God called this faithful servant home at seven o'clock on Monday morning, March 22nd. His has been a wonderful record of war-work for Christ.

Any who wish to communicate with his widow in her sorrow may write to Mrs. Piper, 2, Canterbury Road, West Worthing.

The Diary of a Soul

The Editor Gone to His Rest

OUR beloved friend and brother, Mr. J. J. Piper, of West Worthing, entered into his rest at seven o'clock on Monday morning, March 22nd, 1920. I have lost for awhile one whom I loved and esteemed very highly for his work's sake. Quiet and unassuming, always willing to be hidden that his Master might be exalted, he had a great and loving soul in a worn and suffering body. It was only the power of God that enabled him to do the great work he did among the "lads," all through the War. In how many trenches and dug-outs have his beautiful messages for Christ been read! And how often has his tender sympathy cheered the hearts of the widows and the fatherless. When my dear son was killed at La Coulette in April, 1917, he wrote me a most tender and beautiful letter. One thing he said was that all through a night he had been thinking of our sorrow, and wondering what message he could send us, and he could only think of one text. It was this: "A Man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief." This beautiful thought cheered us much, and it was so characteristic of his deep spirituality. He brought us to the "Man of sorrows," who could comfort as no one on earth could; to Him who was acquainted with grief, and who carries our sorrows. It was all Christ for him. In one of the last letters I had from him shortly before he passed away, he wrote:—

"Have had rather a rough passage this last week or so, rheumatism, pain, and shortage of breath, but with 'Christ in the vessel,' I smile at the storm. 'Jesus is a Rock in a weary land, a Shelter in the time of storm.'... God bless you every day, and all the way."

In another letter he says:—

"I am unable to do but little, hut that little may be much if God is in it. May all be for His glory. Should love to see you again, hut my traveling days are over (by rail). Still we can sing:

'Strangers here we seek no place,

Marching home together;

Every step we learn His grace,

Marching home together.'

I have not been out for months, but am able to sit by the fire and lie in bed, and praise the Lord for His goodness. May God graciously support and strengthen you in your efforts for His glory. Keep an eye on the end of the field, after taking a glance at Isa. 28:24. God bless you ever so much, and all the time."

In his last letter to me he writes:—

"B/B. I send you two books (not again required), and should be glad to hear what you think of them. God bless you and use you more than ever for His glory. Our love to you all."

And so, with blessings on his lips, we part on earth, to meet again in heaven.

The two books were "Spiritualism and the Christian Faith," by G. W. Barnes, and "Social Ideals in India," by William Paton.

One could not read his letters without feeling that he was all the time wanting you to realize the beauty of his Saviour. Every letter was a finger-post pointing to Christ. Nearly always suffering, he was always praising; as he wrote to me last year: "The Lord will command His loving-kindness in the daytime, and in the night His song (not mine) shall be with me. His song has constantly to be in the night of coughing and pain" (2 Cor. 13:9). Again he writes: "Pleurisy rather bad, still in bed. Hope you keep going; you must be very careful, my dear doctor. Our love and many reminders of you and for you at the throne of grace. Inasmuch. Yours gladly in weariness oft."

Now the weary warrior for Christ rests. He was constantly telling me how much he owed to the devoted care of his wife, whose loving service so freely given night and day was an inestimable gift to him. We pray God to comfort her in these days of sorrow and of loss. I am sure she will not mind my printing extracts from her letter to me telling me a little of his last days:—

2, Canterbury Road, West Worthing.

April 2nd, 1920.

Dear Dr. and Mrs. Wreford,

Thank you very much for your kind letters of sympathy in my sad trial. I hardly know how to speak of my precious husband; he had been so much better this last winter, and I had been busy getting his things ready and looking forward to the time when I should be taking him out again; but the Lord willed it otherwise. I had said to him several times, "How lovely it is to have you a little free from pain." Only a few days before he went "Home" he asked Mr. G. (a friend) to send some Testaments to Constantinople, but he was very ill then. The "Home" call seemed to come rather suddenly at the last. He was rather poorly when March came in, and his cough was very trying, but he did not keep to his bed entirely, but used to sit in the chair. For about a week before he passed away he had very little sleep, and on the Friday afternoon, March 19th, I had to send for the doctors as he was much worse. When the doctor left he told me he did not think my husband would get better, as the heart was worn out; but even then I could not think he was going "Home." But he gradually got weaker, and on the Saturday Mr. M. and Mr. T. called, and to Mr. T. he said: "I shall not die but live to declare the works of the Lord." On Sunday evening, about seven, he became unconscious, and we watched him until seven Monday morning, when he passed away so peacefully without a struggle. "In His presence is fullness of joy," and I love to think of my loved one there, but my loss, oh! it's a terrible blank! His last days were full of praise. He said repeatedly, "Oh that men would praise the Lord for His goodness and His wonderful works to the children of men."...

A Chosen Vessel

I give an extract from a letter sent to Mrs. Piper by a friend: "I am so glad to have had the privilege of knowing Mr. Piper down here, and shall know him again by and bye. He was one of God's chosen vessels, chosen in the furnace of affliction, and when 'the covered things are revealed, and the hidden things made known,' I doubt not many of us will marvel at the extent the Lord used him in his weakness and suffering. And you, dear Mrs. Piper, have been also God's chosen vessel to minister to him, and to be a co-worker together with God, and with him, to enable it to be done, and you will share in the reward."

A Colonel's Tribute

Colonel W—, writing to Mrs. Piper, says:—

“I write a few lines to assure you of my deepest sympathy with you at this time of the greatest sorrow that can befall a wife who has been one with her husband in spirit, soul, and body during years of most faithful and devoted service for the Lord their Redeemer. I don't think anyone on earth, saving yourself, knows of the unceasing and prayerful efforts of your husband for the salvation of our officers and soldiers through the late War, nor yet of his continuous work ever since, even unto his last day on earth. I look on his calling away to be with Christ as a national loss. It seems to us who remain that we can but spare him, but the Lord's purposes stand and are best. Praying last night I could in a very minor degree contemplate our blessed Saviour meeting him with words, 'Well done, good and faithful servant, thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many.' I, with many others, pray for your upholding and comforting at this time.”

Mrs. Piper's address Isaiah 2, Canterbury Road, West Worthing, if any wish to communicate with her in her sorrow.

“Such a Humble Spirit”

A dear friend of Mr. Piper's (Mr. M. M—) writes to me: “I have only known the late J. J. Piper about six years. To know him was to love him—such a humble spirit, and although at times a great sufferer, one never heard a murmur. I owe him much as he led me into the work of corresponding and sending Testaments and Gospel literature to our soldiers during the War, and we had much fellowship over this work. I saw him for the last time two days before he died.... He then bid me a most affectionate farewell.... He had sent thousands of Testaments, and also Gospel booklets, and ‘Messages from God.’ He had some booklets which he wrote, printed in twelve different languages, and often as he had to lay his pen down by reason of suffering, he dispatched over five thousand letters and post cards to our lads in the army. He lived near to God, and I never knew his faith waver in God in anything.”

Still Waters

God made his honored servant lie down in “green pastures,” and led him beside “still waters” while on earth. Now the endless rest of God is his. The verse of the hymn on his memorial card is the one my own father sang when he was nearing home a few hours before he passed away. It was always dear Mr. Piper’s desire to “magnify the sinner’s Friend.” I hope in another number of this Magazine to speak more of his work for God. We must all pray that God’s sustaining grace may support his widow now in her deep sorrow.

The Verse on the Memorial Card

His is love, 'tis love unbounded,
Without measure, without end;
Human thought is here confounded,
'Tis too vast to comprehend.
Praise the Saviour,
Magnify the sinner's Friend.

A BRAVE YOUNG ENSIGN

When nations send their ambassadors to any foreign capital, the houses in which these representatives live are called "Legations." In the summer of 1900 the foreign legation in Peking was besieged by the Chinese. Their anger had been raised by the false stories about the foreigners in their midst, and the terrible cry went forth: "Kill, kill, the foreign devils! Kill them. Let none escape." For hours this bloodthirsty cry was howled in front of the legations by a vast mob, which surged round the buildings, making efforts to force an entrance. But the little band of Europeans who were gathered together knew their lives were at stake and successfully repelled every attempt.

Day after day passed wearily, provisions grew low, and still the small band looked wistfully for rescue, which must soon come or it would be too late. At last the distant sound of a bugle was heard, and a cloud of dust was seen.

"They come, they come!" was the word passed from mouth to mouth; "the troops are coming." And sure enough they were fighting every step of the way. Through a gap in the wall came several Sikhs, those stalwart Indian soldiers who are always ready to do or die. Then following close came the English troops headed by a young Ensign bearing the Union Jack. This was a brave deed—that English boy marching in front and facing a horde of barbarians. But there followed an act that was still braver. As soon as the lad had led his followers inside the breach, he grasped his country's flag with one hand while he fell on his knees and covered his eyes with the other. Faithful to his earthly sovereign, he was no less faithful to his Heavenly King. For there, in the sight of all, rescuers and rescued, he audibly thanked God for this deliverance.

I think many eyes must have grown dim and many pale checks moistened as that young Christian testified as to whose he was and whom he served. This brave deed made a great impression upon the English, American, French, German and Russian Consuls. The French Ambassador thought so much of it that, in sending in his report to his own Government, he gave prominence to this incident. I read it there in one of their Government books. A. C.

The Precious Word of God

(1 Chron. 4:9,10)

Yes, dear friends, it is quite true, there is nothing in this world to be compared to “the precious Word of God.” It is, as the Psalmist says in Psalms 119, “the rejoicing of my heart,” “better unto me than thousands of gold and silver.” My dear young friends, believe me the reading of God’s precious Word from my earliest youth, morning and evening, has so entwined itself in my heart that it is my food day and night. I fall asleep saying His Word, and I awake repeating it. Just like what the Rev. Horace Myers, late of Clifton, writes to his children: “My Bible testified to my daily readings. I read from the first verse to the end, marking daily as I read. What I sought I cannot say, but I read it as the Word of God to comfort me in my distress. Gradually my intense home-sickness became sorrow for sin. Then I began to read my Bible as a sinner seeking God and forgiveness”; and he received it, too, by faith in the Lord Jesus Christ.

A friend of mine was talking to me yesterday, and said: “Surely you do not read every word of the Bible as you say; you surely do not read the first six chapters of 1 Chronicles! Why, it is all names!” “Oh dear yes, I read every name, and many a jewel comes to light even as we read names. Witness, ‘they dwelt with the king for his work’; and besides, if you have never read those chapters of names you have missed that most lovely jewel of Jabez’s prayer, ‘Oh, that Thou wouldst bless me indeed and enlarge my coast, that Thine hand might be with me, and that Thou wouldst keep me from evil, that it may not grieve me; and God granted him that which he requested.’ “But surely you do not read Leviticus.” “Yes, surely I do, and if you have not read even the nineteenth chapter you have missed pearls. of price in those verses, specially if a master read and carried out the last part of the thirteenth verse.”

What is so wonderful with the precious Word of God is new light breaks forth as the blessed Holy Spirit shines on what we read. This is the special reason why we are so, anxious to send Testaments to all parts of the world, to men, women and children, that they may be led to the Saviour through the Word. Do help to send it.

Emily Leakey.

The Piece of Red Glass

"I say, Jack, there's a chap coming to the camp tonight to talk. Shall we go and hear him?" The speaker was a young soldier, and the camp in question was in so secluded a spot that any fresh face was hailed with delight. "Oh, yes! I've heard about him," responded Jack Winter. "They say he can preach in seven languages. He'd be worth seeing anyway." Others seemed to think so too, for the hut was well filled when the evangelist, a Scotsman, rose to speak.

"I want to tell you a true story," he said. "A friend of mine was in South Africa for a spell. One day, when in Cape Town, he went to call on a lady he knew, and he was shown into the drawing room, in the further corner of which was a parrot with a beautiful red breast. My friend happened to have in his pocket a piece of red glass, and he took it out and looked at the parrot through it. To his astonishment the parrot's breast looked white! 'That's strange,' he thought, and began to try the experiment upon other red objects in the room, finding that each one looked white when seen through the piece of red glass. Then he told me there flashed into his mind the meaning of that wonderful verse.(Isa. 1:18), 'Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord; though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool.'

"Men," said the evangelist, "scarlet and crimson are double-dyed colors. A piece of scarlet cloth is dyed as thread, and dyed again after it is woven. You can never get the color out of scarlet material. God says, 'Though your sins be as scarlet'—double-dyed— 'they shall be as white as snow.' How is that possible? Only in one way. Come and put yourself, as it were, under that precious blood of Jesus shed for you, and when God looks upon you through that red blood He will see you 'as white as snow.' There is no other way in which a guilty sinner can appear 'white' in the sight of a holy God. How wonderful that the holy God should be willing to reason gently, lovingly, with us guilty sinners! There is only one explanation of it—God is love. Don't turn your backs on a God of love. Come now to Him."

"I don't think that I shall ever forget that story of the red glass," remarked Jack Winter to a friend afterward. Better still, he did more than remember the story. He received the invitation of love, and sheltered under the precious blood. He came to see me in London the other day, his face just beaming with joy. Now he is spending his spare time in passing on the glad message of salvation to others. He is back in his old job in London, but as "a new creature" in Christ Jesus. On Sundays he may be seen helping in an open-air service held in his street, where everyone knows him. "It's not easy," remarked Jack, "but it is well worth doing." It is splendid to think of the many witnesses Jesus Christ has in the big city of London, among the business men. They are business men right enough, but they are Christian business men.

"I say, Daniels," said one business man to another the other day, "I know you are a religious chap. Can you tell me how a fellow can be saved? I went to your church thinking the preacher might say something on the subject, but he didn't. Can you?" Mr. Daniels did the best thing anyone could do. He replied in the very words of the old Book itself: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt

be saved.” Nearly two thousand Years ago a Philippian gaoler asked the same question of his prisoners, Paul and Silas. And this reply which he received from them is just as true today. To “believe on the Lord Jesus Christ”—that is, to receive Him as one’s personal Saviour—is to be “saved.”

“What France needs most,” said a famous French statesman recently, “is forty million Christians.” Yes, and England needs them too! Will you make one of them. A real live Christian! A band of Christian soldiers in Egypt have been doing a splendid work for God lately among their comrades, of whom numbers have been truly converted to God. “I think God has sent me here to learn how to become a live Christian,” remarked a young officer of the R.A.F. to the leader of this “live” band. A live Christian “is one who is filled with the Holy Spirit, and whose life, in consequence, will tell and count and weigh for Jesus Christ seven days a week.” E. E. HATCHHELL.

“Redeeming the Time”

Is this the desire of our hearts, dear fellow believers? “The days are evil,” but we must press forward on the heavenly way, “looking unto Jesus.” It is good to know that our God has His own witnesses everywhere, and is blessing souls. A friend writes from the village where he lives:— “What a pleasure it is to work for the Lord... Our prayers have been answered by our Lord, and we have had a few young lads decide to live for, and give their lives to, Jesus Christ. We have been praying for them.” May we not say this is the secret of success—earnest, believing prayer—and when one heart is won for Christ we little know how far the blessing may extend. What encouragement we get in God’s precious Word. May our service flow from communion with Himself, and thus “heartily to the Lord and not unto men.” “Ye serve the Lord Christ,” seeking to do His will. What a glorious, blessed privilege His service day by day, while we wait for His return. A. A. L.

Incidents of the War and the Peace

The Ex Kaiser's Throne on the Capitoline Hill

The following extract from the “Sphere” will give some idea of the boundless ambition of the man who was like the shadow of Antichrist, and who sought to rule the world. Now in lonely Amerongen he has time to muse on the instability of earthly thrones, and the madness of earthly ambitions. The writer in the “Sphere” says:—

“It is not generally known that in the Kaiser’s plan for achieving the hegemony of the world the reconstruction of the Holy Roman Empire was the central theme. Claiming himself to be the ‘Son of Charlemagne,’ he would be crowned in Rome, on the Capitoline Hill, clad in the traditional garments of the Roman Emperors and decorated with the imperial diadem, which is still preserved in Vienna. That was to be the final act of the great drama for which the curtain was rung up six years ago. As far back as 1870 the Prussians began their preparations for the event. They purchased the Caffarelli Palace on the Capitoline Hill, and made it the official residence of the German Ambassador in Rome. In the grand reception hall, which is twice the size of that in the Quirinal, the Kaiser had his throne erected—it is seen in the picture. Above the throne a huge fresco was painted, symbolizing the onrush of armed Germany, and bearing in the center an allegorical figure representing the Kaiser himself seated on a galloping horse.”

Broken, but Beautiful: Thoughts of an Invalid

This summer I have decided to have scarlet geraniums on the front window ledge. Florence Nightingale loved their brightness dearly, and was helped in an illness by it. One day I was tending them, and wanted to put a poor straggling plant where the sun might kiss it into life, and in doing so I broke the stem. Somehow this poor little plant appealed to me, and I decided to give it my first and best attention, and I tied the stem to a thin stake. Later on it blossomed so well that it was the best plant, in fact it had far more blossom than the more sturdy plants, all through the summer, and gave me joy and pleasure. Now in my quiet room I think of it. We who suffer and feel broken have but to hold on to the Trainer and do His will and His bidding. Out of a life appearing useless we may give forth blossoms of patience and endurance, brightness for the sake of others, but we must just trust when feeling broken the One who tends and loves us, and died that we might live.

F. W. S.

Why He Disobeyed Orders

On board an American battleship, during the war with Spain, the command was given to prepare for action. A boy, in doing so, let his jacket fall overboard. Inquiring of a lieutenant for permission to go after it, and being refused, he crossed to the side of the ship, and, diving into the water, secured the jacket. Returning on board, the lieutenant had him put in irons. Admiral Dewey, hearing of the incident, ordered the boy before him and inquired why he disobeyed orders and risked his life for a jacket. "Please sir," replied the boy, "my mother's photograph was in the pocket." The admiral was deeply moved, and said, "The boy who loves his mother enough to risk his life for her photo cannot be kept in irons on board an American man-o'-war."

The Blind Aviator

The following is an account of marvelous devotion to duty. Not even the nearness of death could make the aviator forget his work. What a lesson to us as Christians. How rarely we find today such love and devotion in Christ's service! May God make us more faithful, more in earnest, and more resolute for Christ, and ready to carry His messages all over the world.

The special correspondent of the "Petit Journal" in the North of France narrates an aerial fighting episode, in which two English aviators figured, the poignant tragedy of the adventure meriting attention. After risking a fall in the German lines, the English monoplane succeeded in coming down among the French. It was the lamentable and usual spectacle of an airplane accident, with, apparently, two dead bodies under the shapeless mass. After a time it was noticed that the pilot still breathed, and that he had only fainted. As he was being carried away he began to show further signs of life, and he was heard to whisper, "I am blind. Never mind, bring Major X. to me. Before I was blinded I saw all that was wanted."

The major was brought, and the heroic pilot told him he had successfully accomplished his mission, after which, at a height of fifteen hundred meters shells suddenly began to burst all round him, killing his companion, as he thought, and depriving himself of sight. Discouraged, he let go the levers, when he heard his look-out feebly cry to him to rise quickly. "I thought they had killed you," cried the pilot; "I am blind." The look-out, in a still feebler voice, continued: "Rise to the right, and come down after. We are now over the German lines." The voice suddenly stopped, but, following the directions, the pilot returned alone in the darkness, his comrade having in reality breathed his last.

A Dying Wish and a Living Hope

Payson said when dying: "I long to hand a cup full of blessing to every human being." When heaven enters a man's heart, there is no room for littleness, but the grandest hopes of limitless grace reign there.

We can and do say: We long to help to put the Word of God into the hand of every human being.

A late premier of France said: "The League of Nations would do far more for the world than ever the Bible did." "We know," says a writer in the "Watchman and Examiner," "the Word of God abideth forever, but the faith of men in God's Word may be destroyed, and is being destroyed every day. Every effort to stamp the Bible out of existence has but speeded it on its way."

In Russia, we are told, it is touching to see the joy of a poor soul when he or she is presented with a New Testament. He will kiss one's hands, then kiss the Book, and will read, and re-read it, each word apparently sinking into, good ground. Russia is an enormous mission field that is white unto harvest.

And so is England, and so is all the world. It almost breaks one's heart to think of the awful need.

An Earnest Worker's Plea

March 26th, 1920.

Dear Dr. Wreford, —Many thanks for all the parcels (5) you have already sent me, and which have all—every one of them—been distributed to the soldiers... If you can manage it I should be glad of another four parcels, as the men are going every week now abroad again, and I find many still have no New Testaments or Bibles at all, and I cannot get enough from other sources.

A Great Need

The Master of a large Council School writes:—

Dear Sir, —I am writing you on behalf of the children of the above school to ask if you have any Testaments which you could supply for distribution amongst them. I may say that the school is situated in a very poor quarter of the city, and such a gift would be a valuable one in., runny of the homes. Thanking you in anticipation. H. H.

A Child's Appeal

Dear Dr. Wreford, —Thank you for my Testament and would you be so kind as to send one to the address I am sending. Mother has just come home from the hospital, and in the next bed was a young girl aged nineteen years who has never had a Bible or a Testament, and a little girl had just got one, so mother asked the girl if she would like-one, and she said “Yes,” and promised to read it. Please send the Testament to this address. —Your loving little friend, E. L.

Testaments for Demerara

March 6th, 1920.

Dear Dr. Wreford, —Having beard of a dear brother in Demerara, who greatly needs Testaments for his Sunday School, I am sending you' 301Postal Order asking if you will kindly send on to him one hundred Testaments for that purpose. —J. T.

P.S. — I enclose address.

For His Wife's Sake

Dear Sir,—My dear wife, now deceased, took great interest in the Lord's work you are doing in giving the Scriptures to all and any, I believe, but specially the "boys" who went to the War. So in memory of her I send you enclosed check (■5) to obtain a fresh supply with, and may the Lord bountifully bless and prosper His own Word to the salvation of many. —Yours very sincerely, J. E. T.

We Appeal for 25,000 Testaments

We want them at once. We want them for Christ. We want them for men and women who know nothing of His love. We ask you for His sake to help us to circulate the Book that speaks of Him, and which He has told us to read.

A Gift of 1,000 Testaments

“Dear Sir, —I have pleasure in enclosing check for £15 to enable you to send out 1,000 Testaments.”

In Memory of a Son

April 16th, 1920.

Dear Sir, —It is now two years ago since we received the news of The promotion to glory of our dear son upon the battlefield in France, and we feel we should like to send you a small gift towards the purchase of Testaments for distribution in his memory. He was very interested in your work, and although only nineteen years of age, he was a preacher of the gospel, and he has left behind him abundant testimony to assure us that he is safe home. I enclose check value ■2s. Od., with the best of good wishes.—Yours in Him, H. C. T.

Those Motherless Children

Dear Sir,—Would you kindly forward me three Testaments. They are not for myself, but are for three little motherless children. They have lost their mother over twelve months, and their grandmother and father wishes them to have one each to learn about Jesus Christ. — E.E.

Precious Giving

Dear Sir, —I am only a poor widow living on the old age pension, but God has been very good to me. I want to do something for Him. You will know how to make the best use of such a trifle (“the widow’s mite”). I will pray for you.—Yours for Christ’s sake. M. W.

Another writes:—

Dear Sir,—Just the “widow’s mite” to help on the work for the blessed Master’s sake who is coming soon, and may God’s blessing rest on all your labor is my prayer. —E.N.

Another says:—

Dear Dr. Wreford,—Please find enclosed as a tiny help for the Lord’s work. I am so grateful for the increase of the Old Age Pension; the Lord’s work is not forgotten, though not often able to send. —Yours in the Lord, M. A. F.

I am leaving the dear children’s letters for another time. I really want your prayers and help. It is only a little while. For 5/-we can send a parcel anywhere. For 30/-we can send a Testament to one hundred in need of one. We can send one thousand for £15. Any gifts for our work may be sent to:—

DR. HEYMAN WREFORD.

The Diary of a Soul

By the Editor Helps in Serving Christ

ONLY the power of the Spirit of God, and a knowledge of Jesus Christ, can bring out of our lives the music of service for our Lord. As one has said: "A violin lies on the table silent and without beauty. One picks it up and draws the bow across the strings, but it yields only wailing discords. Then a master comes and takes it up, and he brings from the little instrument the most marvelous music." Men may touch our lives and bring from them only jangled notes. Christ takes them, and when He has put the chords in tune, He draws from them the music of love, and joy and peace. There is an old legend of an instrument that hung upon a castle wall. Its strings were broken. It was covered with dust. No one understood it, and none could put it in order. But one day a stranger came to the castle. He saw the instrument on the wall. Taking it down he quietly brushed the cobwebs and dust from it, tenderly reset the broken strings, then played upon it. The chords long silent woke beneath his touch, and the castle was filled with rich music.

Our lives in their natural condition are like a harp with broken strings, and covered with the dust of sin. It is only Christ who can change the discords of a life of sin into the harmonies of heaven. He can change us and use us for His glory. He can make us not only "meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light," but He can fill us with the music of heaven— "put a new song into our mouths, even praise unto our God."

And the life made beautiful by the touch of God can only be kept beautiful by communion with God. And if I would serve Christ I must keep in communion with Him, and beware of the first step backwards. My heart, as a Christian, must be right, or I cannot successfully work for Christ. If the mainspring of my watch were broken, the hands would not go round; consequently it would be no use for me to carry it in my pocket as a chronometer, because the hands would not move around the dial. Communion with God is the mainspring of a Christian's life. If his heart is not right, his whole life will go wrong. If the heart is in communion with Christ, and if it is controlled by Christ, and so doing the will of Christ, the life will go on harmoniously, and people looking at such can see Christ in them.

A Christian asked a fellow Christian one day this question: "How is it M—gives us something new every time he preaches?" The answer was: "You see, he lives so near the gates of heaven, that he hears things we don't get near enough to hear."

And if I would serve Christ I must be in earnest.

Can we go calmly through a world where all is against Christ, and where men and women are going to destruction?

Whilst the Crimean War was raging, a chaplain was sent to visit the soldiers. He spoke to a Christian officer, whom he met in the Crimea, and asked him the best way for him to go to work. The Christian replied: "Come with me to the hill-top. Now look around you. There are the pickets of the Army; see that battery on the right, and the men at the guns; see yonder trains of ammunition; hear the roar of that cannon? Look where you will, and you must see that all are in earnest here;

for if we don't conquer the Russians, they will conquer us. We are all in earnest, sir; we are not playing at soldiers; and if you would do good, you must be in earnest too."

The chaplain learned an important lesson from that Christian soldier. He saw that on that battlefield all were in earnest—each man had his own work to do, and he did it. They were not playing at soldiers. Now are we in earnest, or are we playing at soldiers? Are you playing at being a Christian, or is yours an earnest Christian life?

To serve Christ we should be humble and prayerful, and think much of the Master. "He giveth grace to the lowly." Oh! may we never foster the thought that we are necessary to God for His work. It is a privilege to be allowed to do anything for Christ, an unspeakable privilege, and if any soul is helped to Christ through our giving a tract, or speaking, or preaching, surely it is for the glory of our Lord. It is Satan's object to fill us with great ideas of ourselves, but we must never forget, "He giveth grace to the lowly."

A noble ship had struck upon a rock, and had sprung a leak. There was a man on board who was very garrulous, and fond of talking about marvelous adventures, in which he was invariably the hero. As soon as he heard of the misfortune to the ship he came up to the captain and said: "Captain, this is a terrible business. I am afraid the ship will go to the bottom." The captain, knowing what mischief a talkative, self-sufficient man might do at such a grave moment, said to him confidentially: "Well, as you seem to know more about this than anyone else, perhaps you will lend us your valuable help. Will you please stand here and hold on to this rope? Don't leave it on any account, but pull as hard as you can." Flattered by the captain's words, the gentleman laid hold of the rope, put his feet apart, and tugged and strained until he was heartily wishing to be relieved. By and by the storm abated, the ship was safe, and he was relieved from holding the rope. He expected to be praised for his efforts, and publicly thanked for saving the ship. As no one seemed to be conscious of his high merits, he hinted at last to the captain what he thought. The captain replied: "What, sir, do you think you saved the vessel? I asked you to hold that rope to keep you quiet, fearing that you might alarm other people." Now my reader, the humblest cabin-boy on board that ship did more towards saving it than the man so full of himself. And so the humblest Christian can always do more for Christ than the self-sufficient one, though he may think he can and does do everything.

Oh! God, keep us faithful; may we ever be in communion with Thyself, and earnest and prayerful in our work? May we think much of our blessed Master, and seek with greater longing every day to win that sweet reward for service here, the Master's words, "Well done"?

"Not I, but Christ, be honored, loved, exalted;

Not I, but Christ, be seen, be known, be heard;

Not I, but Christ, in every look and action;

Not I, but Christ, in every thought and word."

From "How to Work for Christ."

He Beckoned Me

Our Lord Jesus said in the 11th of Matthew “Come unto ME,” and I cannot help thinking our gracious Lord was repeating His glorious message to this dear dying soldier in hospital, “he beckoned me” to come to him. Now what did he say when I walked up the ward to his bedside? Reader, you can hardly believe what I am going to tell you of a soldier from Canada, come from some far-off township where there was no church, no chapel, no minister of any denomination. He said, “Tell me who this Jesus Christ is, of whom you have been telling. I have never heard of Him before. Who is Jesus Christ?” Oh! how gladly did I tell him the old, old story of Jesus and His love—of how God the Father sent His only begotten Son to die for our sins and to rise again for our justification (see John 3:16 and Rom. 10:9-10). Only think of it, dear friends, this man had never heard of Christ, and just the same it is even here in England—in our slums thousands are just brought up as pagans,” knowing nothing of our blessed Lord Jesus Christ. Surely we must strive to do something more fervently to send the Gospel—the new Testament—to our English slums, and also into all parts of the world to those who, as the poor dear man in the hospital, had never heard of Jesus Christ, and this cannot be done without prayer, and help willingly bestowed for Jesus Christ’s sake.

EMILY P. LEAKEY

Why He Went Through the Snow

One winter day a gentleman, riding on horseback along a Kentucky road, met an old colored slave plodding on through the deep snow towards the house of prayer, which was four miles from his home. "Why, uncle," cried the gentleman, "you ought not to venture out such a distance on such a day. Why in the world don't you stay at home?" "Ah, massa," was the answer, "I darn't do dat; 'cause, you see, I dunno when de blessing gwine to come; an' s'pose it 'ud come this snowy mornin', and I away! Oh, no, dat 'ud nebber do." Would God's service ever be dishonored by empty houses of worship were all Christians possessed of such faith?

The Power of Prayer

A friend of mine had gone to call upon a physician who was a very noted man in his profession, but this physician—as my friend at the time was not aware—was one of the leaders of spiritism. My friend went to his house, and was shown into the waiting room. He told me afterward that when he got into that room he felt that he was in the presence of the devil—he did not know why. A horror of great darkness came upon him, and he felt that the only thing to do was to pray, and so he kept praying—praying—praying. Then a door opened, and somebody looked in—rather an evil-looking countenance peered round the door—but this only made him pray the harder, and he kept on praying after the door had closed again. Presently the door opened a second time, and this same person came back. “I wish you would go away,” he said to the praying man, “we can’t get on.” They were having a seance at the time in the next room, and here was prayer on the other side of the door, and the two things could not go on together. There is a power in prayer that is greater even than that of the devil. That old hymn is right when it says that

“Satan trembles when he sees

The weakest saint upon his knees.”

The Young Australian

The following is an extract from a letter sent home by a chaplain at the Front. It shows us how God mercifully delivered some in answer to the prayer of those at home.

He writes: 'I was among a lot of convalescent patients the other day, and one of them, an Australian, hardly out of his youth, with fair hair and blue eyes, asked if I believed in luck. After I had my say he continued the conversation in some such words as these: 'I believe there is something far more reliable than luck in the world. I was right through the Somme in some of the most terrible battles fought there, and since I have been in other parts of the line, and been over the top a dozen times, and I have come through all with no injury, excepting the merest scratch that brought me down here. To crown everything, the hospital people have decided to keep me here as a ward orderly. I am so glad about it, for it is a regular hell up there, sir, and having had a year of it, I reckon I've had enough. Now what is it that has kept me safe in the midst of the fighting, when my pals were falling all around me? And what is it that has now secured me a position down here, which means comfort, security, and more sure prospect of seeing Australia again? I'll tell you, sir, it isn't luck.

"Away where I come from I've a dear old granny, the only relative I have in the world, and the morning I left her she put her hands on my shoulder, and as she looked into my face she said: "Your old granny will be praying for you every morning and evening until you return again." My old granny's prayers, sir, and not luck is the explanation of it all. I'm not what you call a godly man, but I do believe with all my heart that I'm alive today because the Almighty felt obliged to do what granny asked of Him.

"But what about my pals who fell by my side? Perhaps they had people praying for them?" Then he answered his own question. 'There are many things in life, sir, that we have to leave with a big question mark against them. We cannot understand them, we are not supposed to be able to solve them. All we can do is to leave them and try and believe, even when it is very difficult to do so, that what happens is for the best. I may not be able to understand the case of my pals who fall, but I understand my own, my granny, and God."

Robert Holmes' Furlough

His holiday was one of pleasure, and ended all too soon. The afternoon was drawing to a close as Robert Holmes left his home. If ever a heart knew the pain of an aching void, it was his that day.

"Had a good time of it?" asked a sergeant.

Yes, he knew it had been a good time, for during those days and weeks he had felt something of the sinfulness of sin, and the beauty of goodness, and returning he brought the parting blessing of those at home, and knew their prayers would follow.

The sharp words of the young officer, who was showing his power over the men on drill, sounded harshly on his ears. The banter and coarse jokes of comrades greeted him, and the hollow laughter distressed him.

"What's up with Holmes? Haven't seen him in the canteen since his return," said a private one day.

"Goodness knows. He has got the blues, and prefers sulking likely."

These and similar remarks were made, but wherever he went he did not hear the old tones of the voices at home, but the warmth of those scenes still lingered in his memory. Strange questions, too, were in his mind.

"What is life worth without God? What can satisfy the heart without Christ's love?" and neither the bustle of occupation, nor the jargon of noisy talk could banish these thoughts.

Meanwhile the prayers at home went up to God for the soldier son. Evenings the men were free, homeless and often heartless, and the powers of evil hovered round to ruin the manhood of the men.

A week since Robert's furlough had ended in point of time, but not in influence, the atmosphere of home was still about him—the reading, the singing, the laughter, the tears, all were powerful influences shutting him up to decision or despair.

The Soldier's Home had not been much frequented by him. That night he went in. Not many made up the audience, but Robert was there to hear, "Take up thy cross and follow Me." He saw the great end of life, the beauty of the Saviour, and His wondrous cross, and the hope that maketh not ashamed. He believed and was saved.

Lying awake that night for hours, he gathered up the hindrances that he must lay down. His fear of the opinion and of men, his cowardice, and his entangling habits, that led him into evil. At last he said, "Ready, Lord. Shall your soldier shrink? Drill me—order me—restrain me; only let me serve under Thy banner, love?" and the words came from the Captain of Salvation, "Follow Me," and then he lay thinking of Jesus, the One his parents loved, and his whole soul was filled with love to Him.

A manlier man, a better soldier was Robert Holmes in the months that followed. Scoffing and jeering soon ceased when it was seen he felt it an honor to bear anything for Christ, and all along the ranks his bright example told.

Once more the old man's face shone with joy in the cottage home, as he listened while his wife read the soldier's letter.

"Does he say that? Read it again."

She wiped her eyes and read: "I will never forget my last furlough. Home was like a little heaven, and the love there was a spark of God's great love."

"Now I am content to go—not one of them will be missing, not even our soldier boy—praise the Lord!" said the thankful father.

"Poor, dear Robert," said Ada, "I almost thought your hopes were vain—he had grown so careless and wild."

"Prayer and love, my girl, never fail; that is how the wanderers are to be saved."

H. J.

“After Many Days”

How blessedly true is the promise “In due season we shall reap if we faint not.” (Gal. 6:9.) A recent letter from our beloved brother, James Wallace, gives a very cheering incident, when on leave and returning to France. He had been preaching in the market-place, and he writes: “A woman asked me after I had preached if I remembered giving a Testament to a man at Plymouth when he was marching away with his draft for France. He was captured shortly afterward, but the Testament was indeed a comfort to him during his captivity.”

Our brother writes: “I was stopped by the same man a fortnight ago. The Germans took all his possessions—the Testament they threw back at him with disgust, but to the joy of the owner. I asked him: ‘Had he accepted the Saviour it proclaimed?’ He answered, ‘Yes, he had.’ To God be the praise.”

This may be read by one who may feel discouraged with perhaps little result seen in our Lord’s service, and, it may be, often sown in tears. The precious seed, but how sure will be the reaping in joy. (Psa. 126:5,6.)

When the seed sown is good. The Word of God is “powerful and sharper than any-two edged sword.” (Heb. 4:12.)

How blessed the sure promise, “My Word shall not return unto me void.” “Shall accomplish.” “Shall prosper.” A. A. L.

Incidents of the War and the Peace

We are very much in need of sound Gospel tracts, at once, or back numbers of “Message from God” and “Gospel Gleanings.” The expense of re-printing is very great now, and we can only undertake it as means allow. We want to reach the hearts of those who can help us in this way, either by sending us such books, as “Come to Jesus,” “A Saviour for You,” “Safety, Certainty and Enjoyment,” “The Sinner’s Friend,” and others of a similar character, or the means to purchase them. “The fields are white to the harvest”; we have abundance of opportunity, open doors on every hand. Help us with your prayers.

Mr. J. J. Piper

From a little book published by Mr. Piper called "Declare His Doings: A Retrospect of the Great War, 1911-1918," I extract the following:—

"In addition to the various parcels of literature kindly sent along from time to time by the Lord's servants for the use of the troops, tens of thousands of copies of the Scriptures, and upwards of a million Gospel tracts, have been dispatched in packets and in parcels, the latter alone numbering 1,600 being mainly packed and taken to post by my beloved wife and fellow-helper in this blessed service and labor of love.... If at times, by reason of physical weakness, I have been weary in (not of) the work, my heart has been made glad and my spirit revived by the felt consciousness of the prayers of the people of God on my behalf, at the remembrance of Gal. 6:9, and the thrice-blessed promise of 2 Cor. 12:9, 'My grace is sufficient for thee, for My strength is made perfect in weakness.'"

I wish I had more room to quote more fully from this little book, but in other numbers of the "Message" I hope to do so. I hope also to give extracts from letters received by Mrs. Piper, showing the deep appreciation shown to the great work for God this devoted servant of Christ was permitted to do.

If any wish to communicate with Mrs. Piper, her address is 2, Canterbury Road, West Worthing.

The Children for Christ

There is a remarkable work amongst the young. We have sent thousands of Testaments to children.

Winnie says:

Dear Sir, —Would you kindly send me a New Testament? There are nine children younger than me; my brother, age nine, is very ill in bed with rheumatic fever and heart disease, and the doctor says he is developing consumption. It would be too much to ask for a Testament for each of us, but if you can send me one I shall appreciate it very much indeed. —W. H.

A mother writes:

I would be glad if you could let my children have one of your Testaments, as their father is dead and they can't afford to buy one as we have got eight children.

Another mother says:

Dear Sir,—We think it is splendid of you looking after the children with these Books (Testaments), and should only be glad if there are any other expenses to pay them, as I think the little ones will keep their promise to you, and I will do my best to help them, so I am sending for one for my little girl too, and do trust they will be a help to them.—M. G—.

C—O—writes:

Dear Sir,—Received your Testaments. I sent for two, but I sent for one for my brother in hospital. Will you please accept these few stamps, as it will enable you to send one or two to some other children? Also I thank you for mine.

E. W—writes:

Dear Sir,—I am writing a line or two thanking you ever so much for the New Testament. My biggest wish is to try to follow in the footsteps of Christ our Saviour, and so try to help others.

Gifts for the Children's Fund may be sent to Dr. Heyman Wreford, The Firs, Denmark Road, Exeter.

Troops going up the Rue Marechale

While we were in Bruges we had opportunities of realizing in some measure the effect the German occupation had on the people. It was a time of terrible trouble, often a time of cruelty, always a time shadowed over by the hateful presence of an enemy. Our English prisoners of war were constantly paraded for the Belgians to see.

When deliverance came the people were almost delirious with joy. Today, when they speak of those four terrible years, you can see how hard their servitude was by their thanksgivings for deliverance.

And so with us, enslaved by Satan, led captive by the devil at his will, a far harder taskmaster than the Germans, for years and years, we were freed by the Lord Jesus, delivered from the wrath to come, taken out of the place of bondage and of death, and the song of our redemption was heard in heaven. He gave the song, and He gave the power to sing.

Havildar R. G. Moses

Our dear brother, Mr. Piper, sent me the letter about Havildar R. G. Moses' death, published in April "Message," and this is an extract from one of the Havildar's letters:—

"The trials of warfare have been severe, difficulties and dangers have surrounded me on every hand, yet I have had no fear. I thank you for remembering me before the Lord. We may go to the firing line soon, and I desire that I may glorify His Holy Name in life or in death. I feel His presence every moment around me, and His promises—true and wonderful—I prove every day."

This dear soldier was delivered from the bondage of Hinduism and brought to Christ.

The Portrait on the Battlefield

The story is told of a famous King of Poland who did brave deeds in his day, and said that he owed his character to a secret habit which he had formed. He was the son of a noble father, and he always carried with him a small portrait of this father. Whenever he went to battle he would look upon that brave father's picture, and nerve himself to do deeds of daring. "I will do nothing," he used to say, "that will dishonor my father's name." Like that wise king, you may have with you a miniature portrait of the Lord Jesus Christ by remembering in your heart His beautiful words. If we carefully follow the instructions Jesus has given to us in the Bible, we can never go wrong.

A Spot on the Inside

A man on the pavement was washing the large plate-glass window. There was one soiled spot which seemed to defy all efforts to remove it. After rubbing hard at it, using much soap and water, and failing to remove it, he found out the trouble. "It's on the inside," he called out to someone in the shop. Nothing but the Holy Spirit can cleanse the inside of a man's life, for there the Holy Spirit alone can reach.

Recompense

Written by a Canadian soldier, on the Somme battlefield.

Although I do not know God's wondrous ways,

Yet I believe from out life's puzzling maze

I shall be brought. He knows.

I do not ask to see the journey's end,

For He walks at my side just like a friend,

So all is well. He sees.

I will not care though roads are long and rough,

Sure will His grace sustain, and that's enough

To bear me up. He cares.

I would not be my own guide if I might,

But rather trust to His unerring sight

To lead me on. He guides.

I could not guard myself, for that were vain,

Yet this I know, He faithful will remain

And keep me safe. He guards.

I would not live when done my task is here,

For I can heed His summons without fear.

He died for me. He lives.

So when from scenes of earth He beckons hence

To fairer realms, 'twill be sweet recompense,

For evermore with Him.

Too Late!

“Not of works.” (Eph. 2:9.)

I remember hearing of a young man who went to a minister of Christ in great distress about his spiritual state. He said to the minister: “Sir, can you tell me what I must do to find peace.”

The minister replied, “Young man, you are too late.” “Oh” said the young man, “You don’t mean to say I am too late to be saved?” “Oh! no,” was the reply, “but you are too late to do anything. Jesus did everything that needed to be done twenty centuries ago.”

A Letter From Private Ogden

4202 Pte. S. Ogden, A Company, 1st K.S.L.I., Crater, Aden Field Force, Arabia.

Thursday, Feb. 26th, 1920.

Dear Sir,—Many thanks for your most beautiful and wonderful parcel of Testaments, tracts, etc., which I recently received. I was away on the desert at the time, and believe me they could not have arrived at a more blessed time, as the boys were famishing for something to read, and it took me all my time to prevent them from helping themselves. First one, then another, kept on saying, “Have you one of these or one of those to spare,” and believe me, dear brother, I am full of thanks for your kindness. I was very much surprised to find how very few men in this regiment possessed Testaments, and I think I only have two or three left of them now. In the evenings as I passed a number of tents, I heard the boys having a “sing-song” from the hymns at the back of the Testaments, and on Sunday we had a small service together. Myself being the Branch Secretary of the Soldiers’ Christian Association, had the honor of conducting it, and we had a very blessed time together. With every good wish and faithful prayer for the continuation of your good work, I remain, yours in the Master’s service, Pte. STAN OGDEN, Branch Sec., S.C.A.

One Great Need

The one great need for the world today is Christ and the Book that speaks of Him

India's millions need it—Ethiopia is stretching out her hands for God's Word—the far isles of the sea are crying for it—every continent wants it—the little children are longing for it. Christ alone can lift the burden of sin and unrest from the hearts of men and women by the emancipating power of His Word.

For 5/- we can send a parcel anywhere.

For 30/- we can send a Testament post free to 100 persons.

For £15 we can send a Testament post free to 1,000 persons.

For £150 we can send a Testament post free to 10,000 persons.

We are enabled to do this through the kindness of friends.

We want 100 friends to send us 1,000 Testaments each at once.

All gifts for our work for God may be sent to:—

DR. HEYMAN WREFORD.

The Diary of a Soul

By the Editor

An Appeal for Christ

MY readers come one and all of you to Christ. Come with your weary hearts, and He will give you rest; come with your troubled, burdened consciences, and He will give you peace. There is no rest to be found on earth; friends fail us, the world cannot satisfy; the flowers of pleasure, plucked by the eager hand, fade almost at the touch; the harp of life has broken strings upon it. Then come to Jesus, and come now. You want a home; you do not want to be an outcast for all eternity. You must come home as a sinner to the Saviour; as a needy one to the One who can help you; as a bankrupt sinner to a rich and giving Christ, as having nothing to One who possesses all; as guilty and undone to One who pardons and forgives. You must come with eyes of faith to see the living Saviour at God's right hand; with ears of faith to hear His welcome to you; with a heart of faith to believe unto righteousness, and with lips of faith to confess His blessed name. Now will you come in this way? You are weak, He wants you to lean on His strength; you can do nothing. He wants you to trust His finished work; will you do this?

I read today of one who refused to come home. She was dying of consumption, but she did not believe she was near eternity; she was expecting to get better, and would not give up hopes of life. When pressed to come home as a sinner to Christ, she said, "I must think about it."

A Christian determined to tell her she had only a few days to live. He came, and found her reading a novel; the Bible had been thrown aside, and although she was gasping for breath as she lay dying, she was seeking to drown the voice of conscience in this way. The Christian said: "Can you read a novel at such a time as this?" She answered him angrily: "I can't always be reading my Bible." "Oh! do you know that you are on the very point of death? Has no one told you that the doctor has pronounced your case utterly hopeless? You will be before God in a few hours." A despairing look came into her eyes as she heard the Christian speak. "Can it be true?" she cried as she cast the novel aside. "Yes it is true," was the answer, "and I am come with a message of grace for the last time. Do believe in Jesus." He went on pleading, "Will you accept Christ now?" Her answer was given, "Not tonight." The Christian took up the Bible and placed it near her, saying: "May God have mercy on your soul." He rose to go: when he reached the door, he looked back for a moment, and he saw her hand upon the novel; her choice was made. In a day or two she was gone; she died with bitter curses against God and herself; with cries for mercy choked with imprecations. "Lost!" she exclaimed, "Too late, I have thrown it away!"

Dear reader, eternity is very near. Eternity, with all its deep and overwhelming realities. Do you feel it? Oh! dread yourself and believe in Christ. I seem to see the shadowing arms of eternity outstretched towards you. You are going on to its embrace, and you cannot stop yourself. The rivers flow silently and surely to the sea; and the river of your life is flowing onward, onward to the ocean of eternity. Yes, it is close. And I see the old men, standing with eyes fixed, gazing on the future. They shake their gray heads, saying, as they feel the shadows round them: "We are going, we are going." And the echo comes as an answer from eternity, "Going, going."

And I watch the strong and the resolute; and as they grasp the realities of the present with a man's purpose to do and dare, they try and face the darkness in the light of the present, crying, "We are here." And the echo comes as a voice from beyond, "Here, here."

And hark! I hear the trip of little feet, and the children come pressing on upon the paths of time. They come laughing, with the sunshine on their foreheads. They cry as they bound onward, with radiant eyes and expectant hearts, "We are coming," and the future echoes back solemnly, "Coming, coming." Yes, the world is moving on in darkness and in light. The saved and the lost mingle on the fields of life. But to the eyes of heaven the children of God are manifest. It is known in heaven to whom you belong, and where you are going. Oh, hear the voice that bids you repent. Harden not your heart against the love of God. May you believe and find life in Christ, and your life bear fruit for eternity, lest justice smite you with its awful sword, saying, "Cut him down; why cumbereth he the ground?" Think of the days of despair that are coming. When heaven's door will be shut against the lost, and the cry will pierce the awful gloom: "Lord, Lord, open unto us." Unbeliever, there is nothing but darkness in front of you. Do you not dread it? If I were not saved, I should tremble to take another step in the shadows of sin. You love darkness rather than light. But why? Because your deeds are evil; you are under the power of the prince of darkness. Christ is his conqueror, and will receive you if you come now. Christ will make your life bright, and your heart happy, with a purged conscience before a God of love.

A Bullet Pierced Helmet

“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,” Private E. Foster, of the 10th Scottish Rifles, told me, “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 on 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 one of my comrades (Lance-Corporal W. Clark, a bright witness for God amongst his comrades) was holding up the Germans with a machine gun, 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 at the remembrance of Psa. 91:2, than in the eight-feet-thick roof of a concrete dug-out, when the enemy were pouring a murderous fire into them.

Listen!! dear friend, and say Amen to it if you can!

I will say of the Lord, He is my refuge and my fortress; my God, in Him will I trust.

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 one to 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?

If not, accept now the salvation God has provided for you. Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved (Acts 16:31). J. J. P.

Sunset Glory

Yes, dear friend, it is a beautiful thought which our able Editor brought before us of the “sunset” of our lives, Especially the aged ponder on the thought that very soon, possibly, their day may end, and then the last sleep before the glorious awakening, when the trumpet shall sound, and the dead in Christ will rise first, and we who may be still alive shall be caught up with them in the air to be with the Lord for evermore.

What a glorious soul-reviving truth this is, written of in 1 Thessalonians 4. So many dear aged people have written to Dr. Wreford respecting this selfsame word, and to me. I received a check from a very dear friend on April 14th, with these words: “Will you give the enclosed to Dr. Wreford, and tell him that if I live a fortnight longer, I shall be ninety, so this will surely be my sun-setting offering. For six weeks I have been in torture with neuritis in my right arm—unable to dress or sleep, and every bit of strength leaving me, so I cannot think my release can be far off. —Yours very affectionately, —”

Have you ever seen a sunset, a real glorious sunset, with the sky golden with most heavenly light? I have, many a time. Even such I pray and believe my dear aged friend will have, for she has loved her Lord and Saviour for long, long years, and is just waiting and watching for Him to call her to Himself. So let us also watch and pray before the “sunset” hour.

Emily P. Leakey

Morning and Jesus

“When the morning was now come, Jesus stood on the shore.” (John 21:4.)

Dark was the night-time and stormy,

Wildly the sea-breakers roar,

But with the morning came Jesus:

Jesus stood there on the shore.

Is it not always the story:

Night, with her dark, heavy eyes,

Bringeth the morning and Jesus,

Glad with a waking surprise?

So will the last conflict meet us,

Death can but carry us o'er;

Then will be morning, and Jesus:

Jesus will stand on the shore.

SELECTED.

“I am Trusting in Him”

It gave me great pleasure to receive a letter from the wife of S. F. An extract from his letter appeared in March “Message,” where in faith he could write, through God’s sustaining grace, “Anchored deep.” His wife writes that he is still away, a little better in himself, but no change in his condition. My heart was deeply touched at the words she writes in her sorrow—that the doctor tells her of the good work her loved husband is doing amongst the men, how he is helping them, and she writes: “I am glad, because I think the Lord has appointed him to work amongst the poor men. Glory be to His holy name. I have committed him to His care.”

Dear fellow believer, what a rest for our hearts when we commit all our lives, our loved ones, into God’s care, and know from His own blessed word “All things work together for good to ‘them that love God.’”

My friend continues: “I can rejoice, when I think our Lord is coming, and the time, it will not be long, when all worry will be past... I am trusting in Him, who holds us in the hollow of His hands.”

How blessed thus to trust Him, the God of all comfort, who comforteth us in all our tribulation. Well may we give thanks to God who “giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.” A. A. L.

The Home Over There

One dark, wintry evening, a woman was walking along a lonely road. Her heart was very sorrowful, for her thoughts were occupied with her circumstances, her trials, her bereavements and her earthly prospects, which was as gloomy to her as the night which was darkening around her.

All that she loved best had been taken from her, and now a solitary toiler, she moved along her lonely way. Occupied with these sad thoughts, she forgot that the One who loved her with an everlasting love, and who with loving kindness had drawn her to Himself, was still caring for her.

As she passed a house, a man came round the corner, and with his hand on the door knob, began to sing, "O think of the Home over there." It was just a moment ere he passed in and closed the door, but his work was done.

Tears of joy and sorrow filled the lonely woman's eyes as she went on her way. Her countenance was no longer sad, for her thoughts were carried above—that was her home. "At Thy right hand are pleasures for evermore," she repeated to herself; and then the thought that she was a stranger in this world because her Lord was not here, and she asked herself did she want a resting-place where He had none? And so the heart of this weary and lonely one was lifted up above her toilsome life, and called to consider Him.

What rest it brings to the heart of one who knows the blessed Lord, to think of Him, whether as "the Man of sorrows and acquainted with grief," or as the brightness of eternal glory! Do you think of Him when weary and burdened? Have you got near enough to Him to understand His tender and loving sympathy? Blessed are all they who put their trust in Him.

A Striking Memorial Card

IN LOVING MEMORY OF RICHARD BETTON RIMINGTON, Late Colonel R.E.

“Thoughts for an Afflicted Pilgrim.”

Selected by R. B. Rimington and read to him, by his request, the day before his death.

“In peace let me resign my breath, and Thy salvation see. My sins deserve eternal death, but Jesus died for me.”

Jesus our Saviour, we never can tell

All that it cost Thee to save us from Hell;

All that Thou suffered on Calvary’s tree,

That we in glory forever might be.”

“A poor, weak, and helpless worm, on Thy kind arms I fall,

Be Thou my strength, my righteousness, my Saviour and my all.”

“Thy words were found, and I did eat them, and Thy word was to me the joy and rejoicing of my heart.”

“It is the Lord, let Him do what seemeth Him good.”

“Casting all your care upon Him, for He careth for you.”

“Is anything too hard for the Lord?”

“Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for Him.”

“Wherefore gird up the loins of your mind, be sober, and hope to the end for the grace that is to be brought to you at the revelation of Jesus Christ.”

“I am waiting for the coming of the Lord, who died for me:

His words have thrilled my spirit— ‘I will come again for thee

I can almost hear His footsteps on the threshold of the door,

And my heart is longing, longing to be with Him evermore.”

“In the haven of eternal rest with Jesus ever nigh.”

“It is enough! earth’s struggles will soon be over, then rest, Heaven’s eternal rest.”

Saved by His Horse

A bombardier was out on a dark night in a mountainous district, when his horse suddenly snorted and came to a halt. He dared not show a light to see the cause, as the enemy was firing in his direction, but after coaxing his steed in vain he found he was on the brink of a precipice three hundred feet deep. He waited till dawn, when he made his way back to camp. "When I reached my battery," he says, "I gave my faithful mare an extra bag of corn."

Now let me tell you how one comrade died trying to save another.

“It Will Cost You Your Life”

During the recent war, after a German attack, an American boy who came back to our lines discovered that his “pal,” with whom he had fought side by side, was missing; he immediately asked permission to go back over the field and get him. His officer advised him not to go, and said, “If you do, it will not be worth while. Go at your risk, but it will cost you your life.” The boy went out, found his friend badly hurt, and brought him back near our line, but at that point the wounded soldier died. The rescuer himself was then shot. Dying, he crawled back within the line. The officer, leaning over him just before he died, said: “I told you, you would lose your life. Was it worthwhile?” “Yes, sir,” replied the dying soldier. “He said he knew I would come.” The Master said He would rise again, and He kept His word. The Master says He will come again, and He will surely keep that word, too.

“Here I Am, Mother”

The son of Christian parents had been thrown into bad company, and had gone astray; but, with the assistance of his tempters, had hid his weakness for so long a time that when the revelation came it was with a very crushing blow. He was missed at home; uneasiness followed, and investigation uncovered the sorrowful fact that he was off on a spree.

The evening of the discovery his mother was to sing in the choir of which she was a member, and her husband the leader. The hymn was sung, “Where is my wandering boy tonight?” With a pent-up, breaking heart she sang the hymn. At the close of the last verse came the response, “Here I am, mother.”

And the people saw a young man, convulsed with sobs, making his way with outstretched arms to the choir stairs, down which the mother hurried to fold him to her breast.

The organist played Old Hundred, and the choir and congregation sang “Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,” father, pastor and friends welcomed the penitent, and from that moment a new and a true life began for the reclaimed wanderer.

The Most Wonderful Thing

A soldier gives us this interesting account of the grace of God. He says, "A short time before I was wounded, I was invited by the officers of the regiment to a supper given in honor of a soldier who had been through all the war, and had done many brave deeds, but had received no reward for them. After the supper was over one of the officers said to him, 'You have been through all this war and have not told us a single incident in it: now tell us what you consider the most wonderful thing you have seen in it.' The soldier waited a minute, then stood up and said, I was walking near my trench one day when I saw a young soldier lying on the ground intently reading a book. I went up to him and said, "What book is that you are reading?" "My Bible," he answered. "Oh!" I said, "I read my Bible for years and it never did me any good; give it up, man, give it up!" He answered, "Listen to what I am reading, 'Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in Me. In My Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you.'" He read on to the end of the chapter. "Oh!" I said, "I have read that chapter many a time, and it never did me any good; give it up, man, give it up." He looked at me and said, "If you knew what the Bible is to me,, you would never ask me to give it up," and as he spoke the light on his face was so bright, I never saw anything like it—it fairly dazzled me, I could not look at it, so I turned and walked away.

'Soon after a bomb fell near the place where we had been, and when the dust had cleared away, I thought I would go and see if that young soldier was safe. I found his head had been completely blown off, but I saw his Bible sticking out of his breast pocket, and here it is,' he said, holding it up. 'I say the most wonderful thing I have seen during the war was the light on that young soldier's face, and more than that, I can now say that his Saviour is my Saviour too!'"

The Two Brothers

A soldier, home from the war, told the following in a meeting. He said his brother came home one day and said he had enlisted. He went down to the recruiting office and put his name next to his brother's; there was no name between them; he said they had never been separated one day in their lives, and he said he did not mean to have his brother go into the Army without him, and they were in a number of battles together. In one terrible battle his brother was mortally wounded. He fell by his side, put a knapsack under his head, and made him as comfortable as he could, bent over and kissed him and was leaving him. The dying man said: "Charlie, come back here; let me kiss you upon your lips."

He went back, and his brother kissed him on the lips and said: "There, take that home to my dear mother, and tell her I died praying for her." Then he heard him say: "This is glorious." And he asked him, "My dear brother, what is glorious?" He answered, "Oh, it is glorious to die looking up. I see Christ in heaven," and in a few moments he was there.

It is glorious to die looking up. But if we die looking up, we have got to live looking up. We have got to live trusting in the Lord Jesus Christ. In this dark day of confusion and infidelity, when it is all around us, let us hold on to the glorious old Bible, God's Book, and to the blessed teachings of our Lord Jesus Christ. There is none like it.

“Jesus Knows”

Sitting alone one evening, I was trying to solve the problem of life's many perplexities and sorrows. I seemed like an insect tangled in a web, and I could not anywhere see the way out.

Raising my eyes from my open Bible, they lighted upon a small card on the wall of my room, from whence shone out in silver lettering the words “Jesus knows.” They came to me like a ray of sunshine. Yes, Jesus knew, and He could make a way out. “Lord,” I prayed, “I leave all in Thy hands.” Then the turmoil which seemed surging around me ceased, and I knew Jesus had undertaken for me.

So I would pass the words on to others. “Jesus knows” every fresh turn in life's road, what new difficulties and dangers, and joys, too, are awaiting you. “He knoweth the way.” Whatever your trouble, loneliness, difficulties in your special life-work, the carelessness and indifference of those you love about the salvation of their souls, remember that “Jesus knows” all about it.

Look away, then, to Him. Dare to trust Him implicitly, and you shall not only find that He knows your way, but that He is also making all to “work together for good.”

E. C. M. B.

“Take Me into the Light”

A dear little three-year-old boy who had lost his sight through an accident could not at first get used to being in the dark. He did not realize what had occurred, so day after day he used to plead with his mother, “Mother, take me out into the light! Take me out into the light!”

And we poor sinners, sitting in darkness and the shadow of death, long for the light. And Jesus says: “I am the Light of the World.” We look to Him and our faces are lightened—the darkness passes, the true light shines, and we rejoice in hope of the glory of God.

A Worker's Letter

While I was at the Conference in Hull one of our workers sent me the following:—

“I must write you a note to tell you that we have had such a cheering day. We had thirty-five soldiers' post cards-mostly from the East and Ireland, four from nurses in an Irish military hospital, and one hundred and sixty-five from Accra, on the Gold Coast. We have also had requests for Testaments from a boys' school there and a girls' high school. I had to help to get them sent off, and I rejoiced to do it, and I prayed while addressing each Testament that God would let its light shine into some poor darkened heart.”

The Diary of a Soul

By the Editor the Tragedy of the Soul

EVERYONE has a soul—an immortal soul. Bodies decay, souls live. When the complex machinery of our being ceases its action, when heart and pulse are still, and the “earthly house of our tabernacle is dissolved,” the soul still lives, and will live through eternal ages. More than one thousand million immortal souls are in this world today. Every year millions pass from time to eternity, to spend that eternity either in happiness or misery. Our individuality never perishes. Adam and Eve still live, and every one of their descendants. Generations pass away—the world is a vast sepulcher—and the seas hold their millions of dead. And beyond the barriers of time, century after century, countless millions have made their way, borne onward by a force they could not control, the moving of the years, slow and irresistible, but unceasing. This vast progress of the human race from time to eternity has never been stayed from the moment Adam and Eve left Paradise until now, and it never will until Time shall be no more. Eternity like a mighty magnet draws all to its embrace, and the power of its drawing can never be held back one moment.

As a boy that eternity so possessed me that I wept when I was told that at every tick of the clock a soul in China went into eternity. It seemed as if the passing of that mighty host of souls cast a shadow over my soul, and that a cry rang across the seas to me in England to go and tell them of the Saviour. I cried to God to let me go, but I could not, God had work for me at home. But the “regions beyond” stretch away before us vast and illimitable, and the pitiful petition appeals, or should appeal, to every Christian today, “Come over and help us.” They seem to say, many of them, from the darkness of their condition, “We have no Bible, no Saviour, no hope.”

Yes, the greater part of the world is unevangelized yet. I have heard in the East the Muezzin’s cry, calling Mohammedans to prayer. I have heard the service drums sounding from morning to night in Buddhist Temples. I have seen priests tearing flowers to pieces in the Temple of Vishnu, and watched the worship of the Japanese at their Shinto shrines. Oh! the tragedy of it all. Millions upon millions without Christ. I have stood on Olivet, and thought of the Saviour weeping over the unbelief of Jerusalem. I have stood on Calvary and thought, of the tragedy of that lonely death of the “Man of Sorrows—the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world.” At Bethany I have lingered and thought of His ascension into heaven and the message He left behind Him, “Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature.”

How has that mandate been obeyed? We read with wonder of the vast missionary journeys of Paul—the man who loved the Gospel more than any, I think, save his Master. Are there not millions today, who, dying in darkness, and living in the gloom of ignorance, could say, “no man cared for my soul”? Have we spoken of Christ in our homes—in the street in which we live? Have we made a missionary journey across the road to bring a sinner to Christ? And yet the pierced hand is outstretched over the world today. “Go and preach” is the Master’s word.

Perhaps some sinner may have to say of us on their deathbed, “You knew I was unsaved! Why did you not drag me to the Cross and make me see my Saviour? God was love, and you never told me of it. Christ Jesus died, but you never told me He died for me. You never cared for my soul, or

you would never have left me alone.”

God have mercy upon us for our lukewarmness where immortal souls are concerned. Oh! for a Peter to bring Pentecost to the world today. Oh! for a Paul to charm men with his glorious testimony to the love of Christ. Who is to tell of the Saviour but the saved? What are many of the saved doing today? They are busy with controversies—and the world wants Christ.

The pride of intellect, and the strife of tongues will not save mankind. The tragedy of the human soul is a real thing and it is all around us. We cannot shirk our Christian responsibility to the unsaved. Some tell us, “God will save His own without preaching.” Then why did the Saviour say “Go and preach,” unless He meant men to preach? Why then did Paul say, “For Christ sent me... to preach the Gospel”? Why did he say to Timothy, “I charge thee therefore, before God, and the Lord Jesus Christ, who shall judge the quick and the dead at His appearing and His Kingdom: Preach the Word...”? and to the Philippians “that they were to hold forth the Word of Life”? Why was Peter’s sermon and its result on the Day of Pentecost recorded?

We may seek to make ourselves as comfortable as we can in our silence, and perchance opposition, but God will hold us each in our measure responsible for the souls around us. Think of the awful need of the souls of men today—think of the spreading of anarchy among the nations!

Think of the impossibility of a soul being saved without faith in Christ. Think of the value of the soul. A soul won for Christ becomes a power in the world for the Saviour.

There is a want in every city and town and hamlet for Christians to meet together to pray for the unsaved around them. Many a far-reaching revival has been begun by the believing prayers of two or three. The Word of God must be circulated far and wide, not only at home, but across the seas.

If we realize the solemnity of the days in which we live, we shall never rest until the Lord sends us forth to work for Him.

The Lord is coming; at any moment we may be in heaven. The last Gospel Call is going out to the world. Vast movements of evil are passing across the earth, but the power of the Spirit of God is engaged in filling heaven with sinners saved by grace.

From Hinduism to Christ, or, Salvation Sought, Found, and Enjoyed

It is the earnest desire of the soldier, whose photograph appears with this article, that the name of the Lord Jesus may be magnified by what is herein recorded.

The subject of this narrative was born of Hindu parentage in March, 1886. His mother dying when he was but nine years of age, an uncle took him to his home in order to provide him with a good education, his grandfather (an eminent Tamil Pandit) giving him at the same time some Hindu religious teaching. When able to read and write Tamil he was sent to a school for the purpose of learning some English, receiving also some instruction about Christianity. By his father's directions he was soon removed from this school, and sent to another established by the Government, where there was no religious instruction whatever. I might here remark that the subject of this brief sketch took a peculiar delight in reading and studying some old books, made by his grandfather. These books, constructed of Palmyra leaves, treated principally of things pertaining to Hinduism. His enquiring turn of mind led him to be ever on the look-out (as the Athenians of old) and others for opportunities of either telling, or hearing, some new thing.

Salvation Sought

For an Hindu boy his devotion to religion was most marked, fasting and worshipping at this time Ganesh, one of the Hindu gods, having an elephant's face,, desiring that he would reveal to him the truth, if Hinduism was the true religion. Having no revelation from Ganesh, and no satisfaction from his worship, he began to discuss the matter, as to the truth of Christianity, at home, only to be forbidden to speak of such things; thinking, however, to satisfy in some measure the craving of the lad, a book was given to him called Bhagawat-Gita. In this book one of the Hindu Incarnations, the god Krishna, enjoins them all to faithfulness in their religion, promising that they will in no wise lose their reward. This, however, gave the lad no satisfaction, and having explained something of the experiences he had been passing through, he was again requested to fast and worship a family goddess. This was done, but all to no purpose.

Salvation Found

With a real desire to know the difference between Hinduism and Christianity, he eventually wrote to a well-known missionary, expressing a wish to study the latter. This was in March, 1902, and some little time after, whilst under the care of an Indian missionary, he became convinced of his need of salvation, and that Christ Jesus the Lord was the real and only Saviour of sinners. With a simple trust in the person and work of Christ he soon expressed a longing desire to be baptized, and this ceremony was arranged for Christmas Day, 1902. On the evening before, however, he was attacked with cholera, and the doctors gave him no hope of recovery. Strong in his intention to be baptized, an old Christian in the district was called, whilst the wife of the Indian missionary already referred to took the necessary steps, and with prayer at her heart suggested the name Moses be given him, the reason given being that God was able to save this lad, as He did ancient Moses from the Nile, and He did.

Now the birth-name of the lad was Nahappan, meaning "Father of Serpents," one of the Hindu gods. After he became a Christian he was called Gnanappan, "Father of Wisdom," his father's family name being Ramasamy, he was called after his baptism, R. G. Moses. I owe boundless gratitude to my dear friend, he told me, for educating and explaining to me the truths of Christianity. He will undoubtedly receive the promised reward of Mark 9:41.

Sometime after the conversion of Moses, his brother and two of his cousins embraced the truth of Christianity, and were baptized in the name of Christ.

Salvation Enjoyed

In December, 1909, Moses was called to the deathbed of his aged grandmother, who protected him after his mother's death. Great was his amazement when, on speaking to her of Christ, she exclaimed, "He glorified God." "Glory to His Holy Name." "And even to your old age I am He; and even to hoar hairs will I carry you" (Isa. 46:4). As He Himself said, "A bruised reed shall He not break, and smoking flax shall he not quench" (Matt. 12:20).

How wonderful His words!

His Name be praised forever!

In March, 1910, Moses enlisted in the 83rd Wallajahbad Light infantry, and soon began to witness a good confession of Christ amongst his comrades. Finding several other native Christians in the regiment, he eventually formed a branch of the Soldiers' Christian Association, the monthly official organ of which is "Ready." In this connection an interesting incident may be recorded. Two European Christian soldiers were traveling on the same train as a detachment of the 83rd W.L.I. When the train was stopped, one of the native Christians of this regiment caught sight of "Ready," which was being read by the two white soldiers. Not being able to speak to them in English, he hastened to tell his companions, the result being that Moses came on the scene, and recognizing one of them, enjoyed a brief period of Christian fellowship together.

On the outbreak of the great war, the 83rd W.L.I. were ordered on active service to—, and Lance Nazak (LanceCorporal) Moses was left behind to take up duty as hospital Havildar (Sergeant) on board the hospital ship L—, then engaged in taking British sick and wounded from an Eastern port to England, returning with Indian wounded en route for India. On one occasion the L—, outward bound with a large number of sick and wounded on board, came into collision at dead of night with a G—, the latter of which was sunk. "I was fast asleep at the time," Moses told me, "when a friend came and awoke me, telling of the danger. 'I have no fear of death,' I said, 'I am a Christian.'" Through the goodness of God, Havildar Moses' life was saved, and he was transferred shortly afterward to the hospital ship S—sailing between A—and D—, eventually joining the—Indian Field Ambulance, and is still (July, 1917) serving with his unit "Somewhere in the East."

The following extracts taken from some of Havildar Moses' letters may be of interest:—

"The trials of warfare have been severe, difficulties and dangers have surrounded me on every hand, yet I have had no fear. The Captain of the Host is with me every step I take. He leads me."

"I was very glad to receive your parcel, which I distributed amongst my comrades. I thank you for remembering me before the Lord. We may go to the firing line soon, and I desire that you pray that I may glorify His holy name in life, or in death."

"His promises are true, and wonderful, and I prove them day by day. I feel His presence every moment around me, and I can, in the language of Psalms 23:4, say, 'Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff

they comfort me.”

“I desire the prayers of the Christians for me in my testimony amongst my Indian comrades; I can lift up my head towards heaven, where Christ ever lives for me, knowing His ability to save completely those who approach by Him to God, always living to intercede for them (Heb. 7:25, N.T.), and we shall meet each other on the day when the Lord Jesus comes in the clouds of heaven to take us to be with Himself.”

How much it means for a Hindu to take a stand for Christ, to forsake all and follow Him! How few of us know anything of it! Yet many from India will be found forming part of the Body of Christ, and thus giving joy to His heart when He presents the Church to Himself, glorious, having no spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing (Eph. 5. 27, N.T.).

The night is far spent, and as the dawn of the morning without clouds to the Christian draws nigh, may each in the spirit of the good soldier of Jesus Christ (2 Tim. 2:3,4) have increased desire to make known the blessed story of redeeming love to the vast millions who have never heard it.

J.J. PIPER.

Note. —The account of the death of Havildar R. G. Moses, who was killed by a Sepoy, is given in the April number of “Message from God.” The account of the “going home” of our beloved friend and brother, Mr. J. J. Piper, the writer of this article, is given in the May number of “A Message from God.” Mrs. Piper’s address Isaiah 2, Canterbury Road, West Worthing.

A Letter to Miss A. A. L

Dear Friend,—Many thanks for your most kind and welcome letter, also parcel received yesterday. Yes, dear friend, I have great difficulties, but I must say Jesus is with me; in fact He never leaves me. What a grand thing it is to know that I can truly say I am a good soldier of Jesus Christ, as well as a good policeman. I feel very much worried at times to see people going astray when on duty. I can't always get the chance to speak to them, but, dear friend, I can pray for them. I will always pray for the work, Dr. Wreford, and all his workers. My sister is going round tonight to give away some of the books; as soon as they have all gone I will let you know. May the dear Saviour bless you in your great work for Him.—Yours truly in Christ, H. J. S.

P.S.—Do write whenever you can. I do enjoy reading your letter. This is the dear boy who wrote: "I can truly say the 'Message from God' brought me to Christ." To Him be all the praise. A. A. L.

“Tiger, Tiger”

A most amusing and delightful incident was sent to me which had appeared, I believe, in the “Sunday at Home.” I am thinking many of the “Message” readers would like to hear it, so I am venturing to tell them about the dear little child who was led (I think) by the Holy Spirit to rebuke a minister of God. This clergyman was giving an address to the Sunday school scholars. He said there are three kinds of temper: sulky, obstinate, and quick-hasty. Now I think, said he, quick-hasty was the worst; just like a tiger who quickly springs at human beings directly he is aroused. As the school closed with a hymn, the children joined with such loud voices, sadly out of tune, and it so annoyed the preacher that he brought his fist on the table with a hard thud and he shouted, “Stop this awful noise, you children!” Silence ensued, but a tiny child came forward and pointed to him with her forefinger, saying, “Tiger, Tiger.” Evidently she had taken in the lesson he had preached. The dear, good man saw how he had failed, so he came down, picked up the little child and kissed her, saying, “I am very sorry, dear, and I will try and guard myself before preaching to others.” How truly Christian he was to humble himself even to a little child. Now, dear readers, shall we, or can we, do the same? following our dear Lord’s command, “Take My yoke upon you and learn of Me, for I am meek and lowly,” then we shall not give way to quick-hasty “Tiger, Tiger” spirit.

Emily P. Leakey.

Encouragement

The following letter from an earnest worker has cheered our heart very much indeed, he writes:—
Dear Sir,—For this last month I have meant to write to you to tell you how wonderfully God has blessed the “Message from God,” but my time always seems to be occupied, and I get very little time for letter writing; but still when I read your letter in the last “Message from God,” I felt led to drop you these few lines, for my heart goes out in true thankfulness and praise to my Heavenly Father for the wonderful way in which the “Message from God” has been blessed to many a poor dear soldier. About four months ago I was in the habit of sending this little book to a soldier at the Front. It was always a help and comfort to him. One day I was very much surprised to have a letter from his mother to say that he had just met his brother at the Front, and that both had been killed together. She thanked me for sending him the “Message from God,” which had brought salvation to his soul, and now she can say, “The Lord’s will be done.” Another case. About two months ago I spoke to a poor wounded soldier in our village, and while in hospital I sent the “Message from God” to him. He found it such a comfort to his soul that he was obliged to read it over and over again. Other cases I could write about if I had time, but still I never forget you in prayer, that God will so bless you in this noble work, and that you may feel and realize the power of the Holy Spirit working through you, and that you may continue to go forward in this work. I think when we look back upon the past four years there has been much joy in heaven over repenting sinners. I was thinking as I read your letter in the “Message from God” I really did not know which was most wonderful: the Lord’s grace in first calling and saving us, or His grace afterward in continually keeping us, and actually making use of us in His work. God abundantly bless you in all your work and labor of love is the prayer of yours in Him, P. C—

A Conversation

A friend writes:—

Dear Dr. Wreford,—A few weeks ago I was at W—when I heard the following conversation. Two women were talking about a man, who had a few days before passed away, who I am afraid was unsaved.

One woman said: “It is funny to think that he has gone somehow, but we don’t know where.”

The other answered: “Some say there is no heaven, but I don’t know.”

This is all I heard, but it was quite enough. I thought to myself: “Next time I send to Dr. Wreford I will ask him to send one or two tracts.” I am sending the address.

A Glorious Gift

Dear Sir,—Enclosed is one shilling to buy a Testament. It is only a mite from an elderly woman, who has sent it out of what has been saved, as I am unable to work now through not having good health. God can use simple things. May He bless you and your workers.

Saved to Serve

A lady writes:—

Dear Dr. Wreford,—I am enclosing a small donation to help the blessed work you are doing. I am so thankful that I am saved, and I want to help others to know that salvation is free for all, for we know not how soon the Lord will come. —Yours very sincerely, A. M. I—.

A. J. writes:—

Please receive one pound to send Testaments to those who need them.... May the Lord prosper you in His service.

S., Bournemouth, writes:—

I enclose £3 in Treasury Notes to get some Scriptures with. I had thought of Russia, but I think I will leave it to you to send them abroad wherever you have most call.

A lady writes:—

Enclosed 10/- for distribution of Testaments; 5/- especially for the children.

We must not forget the children. The Lord Jesus loved the little children when on earth, and He loves them in heaven today. Help us to continue the blessed work of sending God's Word to the little ones, as well as to their fathers and mothers. I have no room for more letters now. I wish to say, God bless you, dear friends, for all your loving help, and I ask you earnestly for your prayers.

Yours for Christ's sake, HEYMAN WREFORD.

Incidents of the War and the Peace

Ten thousand golden fields are waiting for the harvest now. The countryside is laden with the gifts of God to man. We think of other fields "white to harvest," precious grain for God to be garnered. Oh! what of our sowing and what of our reaping? When we get to heaven, "What shall the harvest be?" Help us, dear friends, in the sowing and the reaping. We want to sow the good seed—the Word of God—broadcast over the world.

"I AM DYING; CAN YOU HELP ME?"

Sergeant B—says that when he was in hospital there was a young soldier in one of the beds dying; the doctor told him he had not many hours to live. When the doctor had gone he turned to the nurse and said, "I am dying; can you help me?" She said, "I am here to see after your body, not your soul," and went out at the door. He then turned to a soldier in the next bed, and said, "Can you help me? Do you know anything?" "No, I don't know anything," the soldier answered; "but I remember one thing my mother taught me when I was a little lad:

" 'Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,

Look upon a little child;

Pity my simplicity,

Suffer me to come to Thee.”

“Oh! say it again,” the dying man said. He repeated it. Then he laid quiet for a little while; then, “It’s all right now,” he said, “He’s come,” and he turned over and died. Does it not show how the loving Lord saves to the uttermost?

Dangerous Warfare

The soldiers in our picture have a hard and almost impossible task. That they succeeded in their enterprise speaks volumes for their bravery and determination.

Over and over again have I heard from soldiers of the feelings that actuated them when waiting, often in the early dawn, for the signal for the attack. Going over the top often meant going into eternity. within five minutes. This happened to a dear young friend of mine in his first engagement.

Pte. James Wallace, of the King's Own (Royal Lancaster Regiment), writing to Mr. Piper says:—I write you a line lying on my back at—a little behind the firing line. I have been hit in the stomach by a bullet. How peaceful I am! and yet only a short distance away tens of thousands are fighting for their lives. How sweet to know that nothing happens by chance—that all things work together for good to those who love God. As I jumped over the parapet when advancing to the attack, I could not help but sing, "Jesu, lover of my soul," and I knew He was that to me. How calm I was, knowing He never fails, no matter what surrounds us. "I can praise Him for all that is past, and trust Him for all that's to come." Truly God is good, a very present help in trouble.

More Dangerous Warfare

One dear boy was hit and buried by a shell. His friend and chum dug and dug and dug through ten feet of earth under all kinds of fire and flame and rescued him; both the friend and the rescued being sent back together to one of the many hospitals of our base. Another was rescued from a burning house, severely wounded with many wounds and already unconscious. His dazed impression was that he was being dragged by Peter through the golden gates into wondrous brightness and warmth. He owes his life to the dauntless courage of a Christian stretcher bearer. When visiting a wounded youth in hospital one day I saw another whom I thought was too ill to listen to my Gospel messages. As I was passing he opened his eyes and gave a beckoning glance. I approached him immediately. His arm was fractured and he had a deep chest wound also. "Are you not too ill to listen, lad?" I very gently put the question. "Oh, no, Sister!" Such a wealth of longing revealed itself in the reply. I drew very near and showed him the way to God for forgiveness through Christ Jesus. He had so much desired to learn the blessed truth. He rested absolutely upon the words, "Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out," and "As many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on His name," and "Beloved, now are we the sons of God." Blessed assurance of the remission of sins billowed in, deep holy rest relieved the stormy soul, and this dear Irishman gaspingly told me of a praying mother, of miraculous deliverance from death up the line, and a desire for years to be at peace with God.

The Ex Kaiser Leaving Noter Dame, Bruges

Four times the ex-Kaiser visited Bruges during the German occupation. In this picture he is seen leaving the Cathedral of Noter Dame with Admiral von Schroeder in attendance. He was intensely hated by the people, and his memory is held in execration to this day. He represented the tyranny under which the people of Bruges groaned and from which now they are delivered, they hope, forever.

Have we known what it is to be delivered from the bondage of sin and death? The tyranny of Satan over a life will only cease when Christ delivers. To be saved we must believe: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

A Racing Man's Religion

A gentleman, while traveling, made it a practice to take every opportunity to further the Master's cause. Ere he started he furnished himself with a pocketful of tracts; and as the train glided out of the station he began to hand them around. One of the passengers refused; and taking a racecard out of his pocket, he held it up, saying, "You see this? That's my religion." "Is it, my friend?" "Yes," he replied. "I suppose you have a good many of those cards?" "Oh, yes, I have them pinned up all over my mantelpiece." "Well, then, go and collect as many more as you can; pin them all around your room; and when the doctor tells you that you have only ten minutes to live, take them all down, count them over, and see what your religion is worth." When the gentleman opened the door to alight, the man said, "I say, you can give me one of those papers if you will." The tract was immediately given; but the result is known to Him who will not let His Word return void, but will make it accomplish His purposes.

The Diary of a Soul

By the Editor Who is Worse Than a Devil?

A SINNER who does not believe in the love of God, and the sacrifice of Christ, is worse than a devil. And this is the proof. The devils believe and tremble, they know and fear God. A hardened sinner is worse than a devil, because he does not tremble. And you, reader, perhaps do not tremble. You would tremble if you had a sword held at your throat; or a pistol pointed at your head; or if you were dying, and had but a few hours to live. God's sword hangs over you this moment. You are in danger of the flames of hell. You are in the sinking ship, soon to be engulfed in seas of wrath. You may die this night. You are a dying sinner in a dying world, and you may never live to see another daybreak. It is astonishing how people cling to life. A man of eighty comforts himself with the thought that some have lived to ninety. A man of ninety thinks he may go on to a hundred. The child looks on to manhood, and manhood to old age. Oh! reader, I implore you, get to the end of yourself. Lose all faith in self and have faith in Christ; nothing will save you but that. Let your belief in Christ shine out a bright star upon the horizon of your life, leading you on day by day, as the star did those of old, to the place where Jesus is. Let nothing come between you and Christ. Banish your pre-conceived notions; your wrong ideas of God. In simple faith accept what God so freely gives—ETERNAL LIFE—and accept it now, for now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation.

A French nobleman went to consult a doctor. He said: "My father was an infidel, my grandfather was an infidel, and I was brought up an infidel; but for the last three years I have been haunted with the thought of eternity. I cannot sleep, I am ever thinking. Where shall I be when I am dead? It is all dark." The doctor said he could not help him; he had come to the wrong person. He exclaimed: "Must I always be haunted in this way? Is there no hope?" "Yes," said the doctor, "There is hope. I cannot do anything for you, but the Lord Jesus Christ can." The doctor read the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah to his patient, and spoke to him of the love of Jesus, how He had left heaven and had been here to save men. Then the nobleman asked, "Doctor, do you believe that? Do you believe that Jesus Christ came down and died that we might live?" "Yes," was the answer, "and that was what brought relief to my own aching heart." Then the doctor prayed with him, and shortly after he was saved. Oh! "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." What glorious words are these, "Thou shalt be saved."

"Thou shalt be saved." Oh, words of everlasting certainty. Were they breathed only for one to hear? No; thou shalt be saved if thou trusteth in Jesus. Art thou in earnest, reader? Art thou desirous after salvation? These words are addressed to thee. They tell thee that if thou wilt believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, thou shalt know God as Father, Christ as Saviour, and the Holy Ghost as Comforter. "Thou shalt be saved." Yes, they mean that thy sins may be blotted out. That heaven shall shine before thee as thy home, while the peace of Christ shall garrison thy heart. That if the Lord should come tonight, He will take thee to be with Himself forever. "Thou shalt be saved." Yes, these words declare that through faith in the risen Jesus the world shall lose its hold upon thee, death its sting, the grave its victory. And all things become thine since "thou art Christ's, and Christ is God's." Then thine eternal life shall be apart from earth, "hid with Christ in God"; and thy position

shall be “seated in heavenly places in Christ.” “Thou shalt be saved.” Yes, if thou wilt believe on the Lord Jesus Christ there’s not a joy that heaven knows but shall be thine. Not a throb of love in the heart of Christ but thou shalt share it. Not a note in the heavenly melody but thou shalt hear it. Not a song breathed there from lips redeemed but thou shalt join in it. “Thou shalt be saved.” Yes, saved from sin, Satan, death, and hell; from the fearful consequences of thy guilty past, from the fears, doubts, difficulties, and despairs of a heart that knew no rest. Anxious one, “Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.”

“The Night is far Spent”

I am sure many readers of the “Message” are deeply interested and prayerful about the work amongst the children, which Dr. Wreford has so much upon his heart. A friend of mine I corresponded with in the Army writes from the village where he lives, of the children:

“Thank you so much for sending me the Testaments... If only you could have seen the expression of their faces, it would have told you what it meant to them.”

Another friend writes:—

“I have told you in former letters, I am a great lover of children, and my heart goes out to those in my own district whom I know, as I move and work amongst them, and who have never read God’s word, and some who know not the name of Jesus, know not our dear Saviour as the Friend of little children...I need your help, in the way of prayers and Testaments, more even than amongst the soldiers, for in these young hearts lies the future of our dear native land... Will be pleased to hear and receive the spiritual food for my dear little friends.”

I need not say how gladly, through Dr. Wreford, the Testaments were sent. We feel deep down in our heart that solemn word: “The night is far spent, the day is at hand.” (Rom. 13:12.)

How quickly time is passing! May we who are God’s children seek each in our little corner to be “Redeeming the time” by prayer, seeking to understand what the will of the Lord is. (Eph. 5:16-17.)
A. A. L.

Notes. —Any friends working among the children can have circulars sent them, to be filled up by the children, to enable them to receive a Testament by return of post. Please apply to Dr. Heyman Wreford, The Firs, Denmark Road, Exeter.

“Until”

“Until” (Judgment), Luke 17:27

In the dark Ages long ago,
When God looked down from Heaven;
The Earth was full of violence,
For men to sin were given;
Yet, the' with good, their homes were filled,
“Depart from us,” said they;
Their hearts loved only wickedness,
And evil was their way.
Corruption, too, spread everywhere;
Not being under Law,
Men lived in carnal ease and lust,
Which made God’s heart feel sore,
“Until” the storm of Judgment came,
And swept them all away;
Save Noah and his family,
Who in God’s Ark did stay.

* * * *

“Until” (Grace), Luke 15:4

Forth from the fold, a wandering sheep
Once strayed o’er mountains wild;
In willful haste she lost her wav,
Just like a foolish child.
The tender Shepherd heard her cry,
And crossed o’er hill and dell;
With weary feet He still pressed on,

For that sheep loved He well
"Until" at last He found His sheep,
And on His shoulders laid;
Safe home He brought her to the fold,
From which so far she'd strayed.
"Rejoice with Me, My friends," said He,
"My lost sheep have I found":
So with lost sinners is it, too,
When by God's grace they're found!
"Until" (Glory), Solomon's Song of Sol. 4:6.

For nineteen centuries that Grace
Hath blessing brought to man;
And countless multitudes have found
Salvation in God's Lamb.
Meanwhile the Bride hath waited long
Her Bridegroom's Face to see;
Washed in His own most precious blood,
She longs like Him to be.
"Until the Morning breaks," she cries,
"Earth's shadows flee away."
Oh, come! Thou "Fairest of the Fair,"
And take me hence away;
I long to hear Thy blessed Voice,
Gaze on Thy wounded side;
I wait for Thee, "the Morning Star,"
Who for my sins hath died.

S.T. 9th July 1920.

"All we like sheep have gone astray: we have turned everyone to his own way; and the Lord hath made the iniquity of us all to meet on Him." (Isa. 53:6.)

His Sins

As I was walking along the street, a friend accosted me saying, "Have you heard the sad news?" "What news?" I asked. "Why, Mr. B., one of our richest, most cultured, and highly esteemed citizens is dead—died very suddenly," he replied. "That is sad news indeed," I answered.

"Yes," said he, "he went very quickly, and had to leave all behind—home, friends, riches, and honor." "Oh no, not all," I remarked, "for the very thing he desired to leave behind, he was compelled to take along." With a surprised look, my friend said, "What is that?" "His SINS," I answered. With a changed look he said, "Well, that never occurred to me before." Alas! alas how many thousands die like him

MAKE YOURSELF SURE

Have you ever yet made your calling and election sure, as you have been bidden to do, in 2 Peter 1:10? Carefully read that chapter wherein you will see that by no means does it mean that anything you can do can save your soul or purge you from sin—that was accomplished by our blessed Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ, the only begotten Son of God, when He cried "It is finished" on His cross on Calvary; but those words "Make your calling and election sure," mean, believe you are saved, believe it. Without faith it is impossible to please God and believe, so pray for faith to keep you from doubt. Now do it whilst you are well and can work—make sure. Do not leave it till you are ill or on a dying bed, for if you "make your calling and election sure," ye shall never fall. Come what may, you will be in peace and happily say, "The Lord's will be done." I have had a dear friend for years whom I always supposed was out and out for God. Fancy my surprise when just lately I received an agonizing letter from her. To me, however, it was a proof of the "God be merciful to me a sinner" state of her penitent heart. She writes: "I am very ill, and there is no hope of my recovery. I have led a careless, prayerless life, living for self and pleasure, and I entreat you very earnestly to pray and ask God to have mercy on me..... I am told I may suffer great pain before the end. Do ask that my sins, though so late, may be forgiven."

"Fear not, only believe," and other words from Scripture was my answer, to which she replied: "Thank you very, very much for your dear, kind, helpful letter. Please continue to send, I want them badly." So dear readers, I ask you to see to it that you are safe, "safe in the arms of Jesus" whilst you are well. Do not leave this making of your election sure to a dying bed. Be sure the Lord loves you, and work with all your heart for Him each day, every day, and ask Him to direct your way to please Him in something special every day, and how happy and cheerful you will be. EMILY P. LEAKEY

Incidents of the War and the Peace

MISSING

Name—William George Stride, Private, 3550. Regiment—12th Battalion Middlesex, G.S.

Missing—Since third day of May, 1917, in an attack on Cheriey (?) village, in the Arras Sector, and concluded to have been killed.

This is the official report, but his wife (or widow) would be so thankful to hear anything at all further concerning him.

If any reader can help, please send to Mrs. Stride, 49, King's Road, St. Leonards-on-Sea, or to Dr. Heyman Wreford, Denmark Road, Exeter.

A Brave Deed

The incident portrayed in our engraving, happened during a naval engagement. A shell with a time-fuse fell on the deck of an English man-of-war. At any moment it might explode and do great damage to life and to the ship. A sailor boy rushes forward, takes up the smoking shell, and hurls it overboard. By this brave deed he saves the lives of many. The thanks of hundreds was bestowed upon him, and his heroism met with recognition from the Admiralty. He was willing to die that others might live. He saved himself in saving others. It reminds us of One of whom it was said, "He saved others, Himself He could not save." Jesus had to die— "the Just for the unjust to bring us to God." And yet how little men and women realize what the mighty powers of eternal love has done for man. "He death by dying slew." He faced death and took away its power over all who believe in Him. He came to save and deliver those who through fear of death, were all their life-time subject to bondage. May God give you to know the saving power of the Lord Jesus Christ.

A Gift and a Request

Dear Dr. Wreford, I have pleasure in sending 10s toward, your noble work, but this time I want to ask for something in return, if you please.

I know where five Testaments and one Bible can be placed in an ungodly family. If you will kindly send them to me at the above address I shall be obliged, and God only knows what good they may do. Very sincerely yours, M.C.

Note by Editor. —We are glad at all times to send Testaments to any who may need them for their unconverted friends. Please write to us.

Two Sunset Gifts

Dear Dr. Wreford,

I thought you would like to know that my darling old friend Miss S—is in Glory. She was called Home on the 29th of April last. She desired me to send a little assistance (30s.) to you for Testaments and your work of love for the Lord. Praying that God will bless your efforts in your work for Him. S.H.

Dear Dr. Wreford,

Our dear old sister, Mrs. S—, has given me 5s. to send to you.

She thinks it will be the last she will be able to send, but she thinks your work in distributing God's word needs it more than anything else.

She will be 91 in August... she can rejoice in the Lord and looks forward to the time when she will be with Him. She does not miss a meeting, Sunday or week-day if she can help it. Yours in Christ Jesus.

F.M.O.

A Prayer Gift

“O Lord prosper Thy work in Thy servant’s hands and cause him to continue his work with Thy blessing. Then he cannot do else but rejoice. Accept the little.”—From M.M.

An Anonymous Gift

We gladly and thankfully acknowledge a gift of £5 (XX) sent to us last week.

A Boy's Gift From India

Dear Sir,

Would you accept the enclosed as a small contribution towards the much-needed Tamil Testaments. Though my gift is very small, my prayers and love for the work are great. Yours in His service, K.A.

A Boy's Appeal

First Letter

Dear Sir, Pray for me. I do not know what to do. I have heard the Gospel and at times I thought I had the truth of John 3:16, but it all is gone in a week or so. Time after time this has been so, now I cannot even think. I am almost mad with an unknown fear Pray as you have never prayed before. (Anonymous letter.)

Second Letter

Praise God, your prayer has been answered and I can say now that He gave Himself for me; but you do not know who this letter comes from, do you?

I am the boy who sent you that note asking you to pray for me, and I am thankful that you did. After all it was for the best that I had the trial.... God brought me low, but I shall have to go slowly. I have had a blessing in finding a Christian living a few doors away from me. I should like to hear from you if you can find time. Pray that I may be taught to look to Jesus and away from myself. Yours, A.C.

For the Children

Dear Dr. Wreford,

I have much pleasure in sending you a check for £2 for the children's Testaments. I am so glad that the children are seeking the Lord, and I do pray earnestly that there may be a rich harvest from them for His glory and praise. Yours affectionately in Christ, E.T.

To My Friends

A Christian writes me:—

“I long more and more everyday that every man, woman and child should know the Lord as their Redeemer. May our dear Master allow you to see the fruit of your labors!”

We have longed for souls for many, many years—we long for them today. On the last page of this month’s MESSAGE FROM God you can see how you can help us. With the poet I would say:

“Give me a voice, a cry and a complaining,

Oh, let my sound be stormy in their ears!

Throat that would shout but cannot stay for straining.

Eyes that would weep but cannot wait for tears.

“Quick in a moment, infinite forever,

Send an arousal better than I pray.

Give me a grace upon the faint endeavor,

Souls for my hire, and Pentecost today!”

F.W.H.M.

“The Lord reigneth: let the earth rejoice: let the multitude of isles be glad thereof.” —Psa. 97:1.

The Scotch Fisherman

At a fishing village on the Northumberland coast, one glorious summer day, I handed a Gospel tract to an old Scotch fisherman. He read the title, "A Friend in need is a Friend indeed," and added, as his old face brightened into a smile, "Yes, and the best friend is Jesus." I asked him how long he had known the Lord Jesus Christ as his Saviour. He told me, more than forty years. He said he had passed through stormy seas in that time, but the Lord had never failed him. As the tears began to roll down his rough cheeks I thought he must have a tale to tell, and so he had, and this was it: He said: We had four sons and we lost them all in two years. They were 28, 26, 24, and 21 years old, but they were all the Lord's, and we shall meet them again.

When the last of them came to die, his mother and I were sorely troubled, and he said to me: "Father, you and mother look very down; what's wrong with you?"

"Why," I said, "my boy, we don't like the thought of losing you; its that that makes us down."

"But," he replied, "you're not going to lose me, dad. I belong to Jesus, and I'm going home, and you'll come soon, and we'll all be united again; but give me the hymn-book, and in sing a hymn to cheer you a bit."

"You're too weak to sing, my boy," I said; but he at once replied, "Give me the book and let me try."

And so the book was given to him, and he opened to that sweet hymn, and began to sing:

Jesus, lover of my soul,

Let me to Thy bosom fly."

He got through the first verse of it and then found that what his father had said was true—he was too weak to sing. So he pushed the book back again, and said, "You sing the next verse, father, and I'll wave my hand to the tune."

With halting notes, the father sang:

"Other refuge have I none,

Hangs my helpless soul on Thee."

And while the father sang, the dying lad, with a glad light on his wan face, waved his hand to the tune, but ere the father had finished the verse, that feeble hand fell, and the ransomed spirit rose to be with the One who had gilded his bed of death with light.

—From "Life After Death," by J. J. M.

In a Shell Hole

“It’s luck, you know. I’ve been fortunate all along—all these months out at the front and never a scratch the whole time. I half believe it has something to do with that little mascot of mine; I’ve carried it with me since I first went out.”

This was Roger Brent’s usual explanation of the fact that, in spite of much service at the front, he had escaped practically unscathed. He never thought of ascribing it to the over-ruling and protecting hand of God.

He had been a prosperous business man, but he had laid aside his work to answer the call of King and country, and into the new life and the training he had thrown all the tireless energy of his active nature. He had entered the ranks as a private, but promotion had been rapid: Then had come the commission, and now he was Captain Roger Brent, with the responsibility of the command of his unit.

Roger Brent had known the “fair fields of France” in days of peace, and now his eyes sorrowfully surveyed the terrible scenes of devastation, the fine forests blighted and spoiled, the trees blackened and stunted, all that had been fair and good so sadly and wantonly destroyed.

A particular heavy engagement had been taking place, With the aid of the tanks the enemy had been hunted out of a maze of trenches and driven back from village to village, and now, our troops, victorious, but footsore and weary, and exhausted with a long fast, were ordered to return to their base.

Captain Brent, anxious for the safety of such of his men as that long and fearful ordeal had spared, brought up the rear. They had occasion to cross an exposed position, and the captain, looking more to the safety of others than to his own, inadvertently caught his feet in a barbed wire entanglement about halfway over.

“Ah, clumsy!” he exclaimed, as he stooped to extricate himself, but he soon found he was unable to move, and a target for some enemy snipers on watch some distance away.

With a supreme effort he got free, but only to fall headlong into a deep shell hole, which for a time rendered him insensible.

With returning consciousness he was raising himself to his feet when he felt something move beneath him, and, to his amazement, heard a voice in low muffled tones from the depths.

“Never leave... never forsake...” and then more audibly the whole verse, “I will... never... leave thee...” and with a gasp for breath, “nor forsake thee.”

In the pitchy darkness of that shell hole, more like an impromptu burying place, a living tomb, than anything, he felt about for what he was sure must be a comrade yet alive. Groping carefully, he soon discovered beneath him another man who must have been stunned by a fall similar to his own.

Pulling himself together, he managed to climb out of the shell hole, and to drag up his companion to the ground above, where he seemed revived and strengthened by the fresh air.

As the two men, helping one another, managed to crawl back to the safety of the base, Brent learned that Private Jack Richards had lain in that shell hole for three days and nights in a state of stupor, without food or drink. His fall had really saved his life, for the men on either side of him on the defensive line had been shot dead, and he had been saved from the murderous gunfire and bursting shells.

“Yes,” he said, “I expect it was mother’s prayers—for those words kept coming back to me in moments of consciousness: “I will never leave thee nor forsake thee.”

This incident left a marked impression upon Captain Brent. Finding that Richards’ home was not far from his own, he promised that when his leave came he would call on the man’s parents; and he made a solemn resolve that if Private Richards’ escape and deliverance could, on his investigation, be attributable to prayer, and not to luck, or chance, he himself would seek that God who had proved mighty to save.

Carefully noting all particulars in his pocket book, he waited anxiously for his few days in “Blighty,” and when at last they came, he fulfilled his promise of calling on Mrs. Richards.

And from her lips he learned that at the very time when her boy, Jack, was in such special peril, she had been constrained to retire to her room to pray for him.

“I felt that I must pray for him just then,” she said, “that there was terrible danger threatening him, and he needed my prayers as never before. And then I felt certain that God would help and save my boy, for He sent His own promise into my mind, ‘I will never leave thee nor forsake thee.’” The very words that Brent had heard Richards utter in the darkness of that shell-hole.

It was the turning-point in the young officer’s life. That wonderful promise heard in the shell-hole was his for the taking, and he resolved, like Jacob of old, “the Lord shall be my God.”

COURTHOPE TODD.

“Well, Sir, I Am Ready to Halt.”

In one of the military hospitals there lay a fine soldier who had been badly wounded on the battlefield the day before.

A minister of Christ said to him: “Sergeant, we are going to halt soon.”

“Halt so early in the day?”

“Yes, sergeant, the march is nearly over; the bugle call will soon sound the halt.”

He said, “Ah, do you mean that I am soon to die?” The minister bowed his head.

“Well, sir, I am ready to halt. It is all right. I long to be with Christ. He has made it all right for me up there; I want to be with my Saviour.”

Then the dying man said to two women standing by his bed, “Sister, aunt, don’t weep for me—take this ring to her whom I love and had hoped to marry, and tell her I am going to Christ, and we shall meet in His presence soon.”

Too Late

The following were the dying words of Patrick Henry, the American orator and patriot: "Here is a Book, the Bible, worth more than all others ever printed; yet it is my misfortune never to have found time to read it. It is now too late."

Harvest of One Grain

The following account of a grain of wheat was taken from a reliable magazine several years ago, the substance of which is here given. Minnesota is a great wheat State. It all came from one grain of "Fife wheat" planted by a Scotchman. In 1881 he sowed one grain of wheat, which yielded twenty-two stalks, having five hundred and sixty grains. In 1882 he sowed the five hundred and sixty grains, and had a harvest of one-fifth of a bushel. In 1883 he sowed one-fifth of a bushel, which produced seventeen bushels. In turn this was sown in 1884, reaping a harvest of seventeen acres of the finest wheat. In 1885 he sowed one hundred bushels, reaping two thousand eight hundred bushels or four car-loads of fine wheat. See the growth! In four years one grain has increased to two thousand eight hundred bushels filling four cars, the wheat in turn made into bread to feed thousands of hungry people.

Think of it, dear friends, one grain in four years has multiplied so that thousands of hungry people can be fed.

One Testament or Bible sent out in the name of the Lord Jesus may prove the Bread of life to thousands.

Help us to send the Word of God in these difficult days—the devil's literature is sown broadcast, and is being read by millions. We ask you to help us now to purchase and send the Book that speaks of Christ to those who will be lost without Him.

The Diary of a Soul

“The Last Gospel Call in a Passing World”

Read Heb. 1

THE appealing love of God could never have a higher manifestation than in His speaking to the world in a Son. God in Christ. We are brought face to face with this fact in This dispensation, that we must either accept or reject God’s personal appeal. No longer by men or angels is the world warned or invited now—but God, in the person of His Son, Himself comes down to speak to men. (Heb. 1:1.)

Then what an awful sin to refuse to listen! What an overwhelming responsibility does the unsaved sinner take upon himself if he slights the personal dealing of God with him! Shall I not listen when God speaks? Shall I not come when God invites? Shall I not obey when God commands? Shall I not take what God offers? What a stupendous act of mercy it is for the holy, infinite God to deal individually with us for our eternal good!

Think of it! God has been on this earth, manifested in flesh, speaking to the world in a Son, by a life lived, by a death endured, by a resurrection accomplished, by an ascension manifested, and by a glory promised. God comes into a man’s life and tells that man He loves him. There is no excuse for that man if he slights the love of God. “God commendeth His love toward us.” God loves you. Do you love God? Many of you would rather believe that God hated you than that He loved you. It is easier for some to hate than to love; it seems more in accordance with human frailty.

Many find it difficult honestly to love those that love them, especially if it entails any self-sacrifice; but to love our enemies, to love those who will not have our love, but do despite to it, this is beyond man.

God in Christ could say, “Forgive them, they know not what they do.” The act of complete forgiveness is a Godlike act, and only God can do it. He does do it when we, by Christ, believe on Him.

Reader; this is God’s last appeal. God is speaking, God is inviting, God is blessing, God is waiting to bless you. God will have His heaven full, and it is filling fast. When the last soul is saved, and every seat is taken at the banquet of eternal love, then the Lord will come. Oh! what do I see? The house is filled; the Lord has come; the door is shut, and where are you? Inside, or outside—of that closed door? Did the angel of mercy find you and lead you to the feast? Or did you refuse to come, and answer love’s appeal with trivial reasons for delay?

I know this, that every one of my readers will, for all eternity, be either inside or outside of heaven. The last appeal is sounding in your ears. God in Christ is speaking to you at this moment. “What think ye of Christ?” Is He the Saviour you need? Is His finished work necessary and sufficient for your salvation? Is He the One who can save you, or do you look for another?

You will find no other, for there is no other. "There is no other Name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved." O, wounded hands of Jesus! rest on my reader now, and beckon him to heaven! O, riven side of Jesus! from whence came out the blood and water, give life and cleansing to poor unsaved ones now! Thy blood, blest Saviour, Thy precious blood, cleanseth from all sin!

“To Die for the Likes of Me”

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

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

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

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

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

Garibaldi and the Lamb

An incident is recorded of the great General which shows the tenderness of his noble heart. At an interval of his campaigns, Garibaldi had a gathering of friends in the neighborhood of Capri, for a day's shooting. In the evening a shepherd came to the little company in distress at having lost a lamb. At once Garibaldi proposed that he and his friends should join the search, and they went off in different directions, but in vain—not one found the lost lamb. About midnight Garibaldi sounded a horn to call his friends back. They came, and giving them some refreshment he dismissed them. In the morning Garibaldi's servant went, as usual, to his master's room, but no one was there, nor had been all night. An expedition of search was quickly started, and before long the General was discovered in a shed, lying on the ground, with his soldier's coat over him, asleep. On being roused, he opened his arms, and there nestled the little lamb safe and well! Garibaldi had found it, fed it with warm milk which he took with him, and then gathered it in his arms to sleep.

How beautiful a parable is this of the love of the Divine Shepherd, seeking unweariedly and never giving up the search for the lost one "until He find it."

MARGARET ESDAILE.

NOTE. —I have received this beautiful incident in Garibaldi's life from a friend, which I have greatly enjoyed, and doubtless many of the readers of the "Message" have also not seen it before, so I hope it may be a pleasure and blessing to them, as it has been to me, teaching us we must deny ourselves in every way by day and night to seek to save others, and especially, shall I say, the lambs of the flock so dear to our blessed Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ.

EMILY P. LEAKEY.

What Two Blind Men Couldn't See

There was a friend of mine preaching on Glasgow Green a few years ago, when someone from the crowd called out, "May I speak?" After getting permission he pushed his way through the crowd, until he was standing on the platform beside my friend.

"Friends," he exclaimed, "I do not believe what this man has been talking about. I do not believe in a hell, I do not believe in a judgment, I do not believe in a God, for I never saw any of them."

He continued talking in this way for a while, when another voice was heard from the crowd, "May I speak?" The infidel sat down, and the next man began:—

"Friends, you say there is a river running not far from this place, the river Clyde. There is no such thing; it is not true. You tell me that there are grass and trees growing around me where I now stand; there is no such thing; that also is untrue. You tell me that there are a great many people standing here. Again I say that is not true; there is no person standing here save myself. I suppose you wonder what I am talking about; but, friends, I was born blind, I never have seen one of you, and while I talk it only shows that I am blind, or I would not say such things. "And you," he said turning to the infidel, "the more you talk, the more it exposes your own ignorance, because you are spiritually blind, and cannot see. Dear friends, try the life that Christ lived. There you will find life and love and everlasting joy." R. B. STEWART.

A Soldier of Christ

During my illness this letter came to me. I have preserved it and now print it. It is a sample of hundreds of similar letters, showing the zeal of godly soldiers to bring their comrades to Christ. These are the class of men we are asking you to help us to send Testaments to today. He says:—

Dear Doctor,—I was so sorry to hear that you have been very weak in body for some months past, but so glad to hear also that you were a little stronger, and I trust by this time it has pleased the Lord to make you still stronger. Our united prayers are going up to the “Throne of Grace” for you. I will give you what is called,

“Pearl Drops of Precious Truth”

“Let Christ’s love bear most court (influence) in your soul, and that love will bear down the love of other things.”—Samuel Rutherford.

“One gem from that Ocean (the Bible) is worth all pebbles of earthly streams.”—Ibid.

“Jesus sendeth not away beggars from His house with a thorn (empty) dish.”—Ibid.

“Oh, for closer communion with God, till soul, and body, head, face, and heart, shine with Divine brilliancy! But, oh, for a holy ignorance of our shining!”—Ibid.

“If I could hear Christ praying for me in the next room, I would not fear a million of enemies. Yet the distance makes no difference. He is praying for me!”—Ibid.

“Turn the Bible into prayer. Live to be missed.”—Ibid.

“The peace of being forgiven; it lightens all labor, sweetens every morsel of bread, and makes a sick bed all soft and downy.”—Ibid.

“This is the noblest science, to know how to live in hourly communion with God in Christ.”—Ibid.

“Learn to believe Christ better than His strokes; Himself and His promises better than His Blooms.”—Ibid.

“Whoever overlooks the person of Christ will never find the true God, and shall only miserably deceive himself (John 16:1). Whoever does not find God in Christ, will never find Him, let him seek Him where he will; and much less will he ever find, out of Christ, what is the Father’s will and pleasure.”—Ibid.

Am thinking, dear Doctor, you may know some of these, if not all. Now I want to thank you for another splendid “free grant” parcel you sent for the boys at Crowborough Camp. You will be glad to know I still am having encouraging times. I gave a “Message” for August to a man on guard as he stood in his box sheltering from the rain. He looked at it and said, “It’s quite a treat to see anything like this.” I asked why. As he hesitated, I asked again. “Are you a Christian?” “Yes,” said he. I asked, “Where are your sins?” “Washed in the blood,” said he. My heart rejoiced. I then got

my pen out and asked his name and the hut and line he was in. I am finding him the first opportunity. On another occasion I gave "Message" for August, also a Gospel, to another on guard, while sitting in his box. "Thank you very much," said he, and his smile seemed to make me think he was a Christian. The next morning I had occasion to pass the same box, and, with my usual remark, "Excuse me passing you, guard," after giving guard "Message" for August, passing on I noticed on the pound near the box a Gospel which had evidently been there all night in the rain. Seeing some pencil marks about it I was curious to pick it up, and after looking at it I came to the conclusion that the man that gratefully received it the day before had read and marked in it, leaving it in the box for the next man on, who, perhaps, flung it to the winds and rain. I will enclose it for you.

This morning, in the huts early, I gave books, also cards for Testaments, and some of the boys filled their cards up and asked if I would kindly post them. In the evening some of your Testaments were received. (Excuse my scribble, my pen wants a bath, I think.) Today, dinner-time, I gave a big robust sergeant a Testament, also I handed him "Does an heroic death wipe out past misdeeds?" "Yes," said he, "I think so." "No, sergeant," said I; "only the heroic death of the Lord Jesus." By this time another sergeant was near, and he, looking at the other (sergeant of the mess), said, "No, I don't believe any heroic deed we might do could wipe out past misdeeds." "Good, sergeant," said I; and then duty called them away, and I got at my dinner, after which I found several others who wanted cards for Testaments. One asked for "Travelers' Guide." After dinner, while at my work, I saw another man sitting outside of a cookhouse, reading a "Travelers' Guide." I gave him it before dinner, pointing out the little bit about the "Jester" for him to read. Praise the Lord, there is joy in it all. May His Holy Name be glorified.

Yours gratefully in His service, C. GOLDSMITH.

“The Peace of God”

I am very glad to be able to give a short extract from a soldier friend in India, just received. After expressing thanks for tracts, testaments, etc., he wrote he had been in hospital five weeks, was then sent to the hills; there it was feared he had contracted consumption, so had special treatment. Within a week doubts were justified and he was to be sent home. He writes:—

“However, I took the matter earnestly in prayer, saying, ‘Lord, if Thou wilt, Thou canst make me clean,’ and He heard my cry and answered, ‘Be thou clean’ (Mark 1:40). In three days I was examined by the doctor; practically all trace had disappeared, and he said to me, ‘Well, you have lost your ticket; you are nearly well.’ He also said, ‘It is a wonderful improvement.’ I gained ten pounds in ten days, and cleared of all pain and sensation. This was three days ago. I now rest patiently, satisfied with the Lord’s work, and offer my thanks and praise to Him, who looked upon me, a poor sinner justified only by His blood and death for me, and lifted me up. I now hope to be clear of hospital life in a fortnight’s time, or a little longer. Of course, it all rests with God. We cannot speak with certainty of our future on earth, only of the joy in heaven with Christ. I gave one of the Testaments to a native soldier here. He is able to read English, and I hoped he would find it a blessing. He is a Roman Catholic. How good the Lord is to the lonely Christian, amongst those of the world, by giving us the means of communication, not only in thoughts, but by His Spirit, by means of the letter... Christian letters are a great pick-me-up for the pilgrim on his way.... Ever in His service: ‘Till He come.—E.B.”

Dear fellow-believers, how blessed to trust our Lord, and to leave all our pathway for Him to’ direct. Nothing is impossible to Him, although we know it is not always His will to heal our bodies, even in the apostolic days. Paul wrote of one, left at Miletum sick (2 Tim. 4:20). This one dear to his heart, we could not doubt, who “accompanied him into Asia.” (Acts 20:4), and “with him” (21:29).

“May our hearts and minds be kept in the wonderful “peace of God,” which passeth all understanding” (Phil. 4:7). A. A. L.

Stop, Oh, Stop a Moment!

Ye men and women thronging this busy world's highway,
Will ye not stop and listen (1) to what God has to say?
Will ye not pause a moment in the hurry and the strain,
In the wild pursuit of pleasure,(2) in the frantic greed of gain,
To hear the twofold message of justice and of love(3)
That comes to rebel sinners from the great God above?
He made you and redeemed you, and ye are not your own;
(4) He claims true homage from you, before his heavenly throne,(5)
Where is the service owing to your Maker and your King?
What duty(6) do ye offer? What praises do ye sing?

(1) Matthew 11:15; (2) Isaiah 55:2; (3) Job 33:24; (4) 1 Corinthians 6:19; 1 Peter 1:18,19; (5) 1 Corinthians 6:20; Isaiah 55:3; (6) Luke 17:10.

Alas! ye have deserted, gone over to the foe.
The devil gets your service; oh, that it should be so!
That beings formed for glory should follow him to hell,
And grieve(7) the God of heaven, who loves them, oh, so well!
God says "The soul that sinneth shall die";(8) oh, heed His voice!
For ye are guilty sinners, have not made Him your choice;
Have scoffed at His commandments, and would not hear His word,
Sinful or foolish pleasures have constantly preferred.
Death is the wage of sinning(9), eternal, hopeless death;
Oh, turn ye,(10) turn ye sinners, while God still grants you breath! (11)
Awaken to your danger, your life speeds fast away,
Now(12) is your chance for pardon, now is your time to pray.

(7) Ephesians 4:30; (8) Ezekiel 18:4; (9) Romans 6:23; (10) Proverbs 1:23; Ezek. 8:30-32; (11) Job 12:10; Psalms 95:10; (12) 2 Corinthians 6:2.

So long He has been waiting(13) to hear your word of prayer,
So ready is to meet you, to make you clean and fair.
(14)For God so loved you, sinner, that He gave His Son to die,
That whosoever willeth may reach His home on high.
May have his sins forgiven, and blotted out for aye,
(15)And by His Holy Spirit may learn to praise and pray,
May spend his life rejoicing(16) in Jesus Christ his King,
Till when that life is ended his happy soul takes wing
To where God's servants serve Him(17) forever day and night,
Where all is holy gladness,(18) all measureless delight.

(13) Isaiah 65:2; Revelation 3:20; (14) John 3:16; (15) Ezekiel 36:25-28; 1 Thessalonians 5:17,18;
(16) Philippians 3:1 and 3; 1 Thessalonians 5:16; 1 Peter 1:6 and 8; (17) Revelation 22:3;
Revelation 7:15; (18) Psalms 16:11; 1 Cor. 2:9.

E. T. I.

Incidents of the War and the Peace

To Our Friends

In these days, when “elemental forces are at work all over the world, and primitive barbarism is threatening to displace the ordered living which civilization requires,” the Christian hears the voice of God saying, “Be still and know that I am God... I will be exalted in the earth.”

No nation can be preserved that abrogates its recognition of God, and no individual in that nation can be blessed who does not recognize Jesus Christ as the Son of God, and the Saviour of the world, by the power of the Holy Ghost.

Most earnestly we ask then for the increased help of friends, so that we may be able to continue the wide-spread distribution of God’s Holy Word. (See last page.)

A Dog Rescues a French Soldier

Attached to a French command was a dog named Michael, which was a general favorite with the men. The dog, however, centered its particular affections upon a young French soldier named Henri, who had been in the habit of sharing his ration of soup with the animal. One day an attack was made upon the enemy, and Henri did not return after the skirmish. The dog, missing his friend, darted off to the scene of conflict, and presently returned with a glove which he put down by some ambulance men. These set out in search of the wounded, and were led by the dog to where Henri lay, still and cold. Thinking that he was dead, they left him, to succor the living, but Michael refused to be convinced, and remained by his friend. Late that night, when comparative quiet had settled down upon the trenches, as the moon shone from behind a cloud, the sentinel saw something creeping slowly towards the trenches, and, advancing cautiously, with his rifle ready for use, saw to his surprise that the object of his caution was the dog Michael. But the animal was not alone. It was pulling away at a uniform torn by the dog's teeth, which clothed the senseless body of Henri. The body had been literally dragged inch by inch from the field by the devoted animal. Henri was found to be still alive, and he ultimately recovered.

What wondrous love and devotion were shown by this dog to his master. How eagerly people acclaim the loving instinct of the creature! How lightly they esteem the One who made heaven and earth, and all that is therein—and then, in the world He had made, died to redeem mankind! He came to deliver us out of the hands of the enemy, and to take us out of the place of death, and give us a place with Himself in the endless life of heaven.

A Frenchman Saved by War Dogs

Two French war dogs are said to have performed a remarkable feat during the German offensive at the Marne. Their keeper stayed in the rear of the retreating French Army till the last possible moment, waiting for his dogs to come back to him with a message. When they returned there was no way of escape except by swimming over the Marne. The man could not swim, but the dogs could. He chained them together and clung to the chain, and so they got him safely across under heavy fire. As dogs cannot be decorated, nor have the honor of a "citation," an account of the incident has been posted up at all the kennels of the Army.

The man could trust his dogs to take him across the river. We hope he has trusted the Lord Jesus to take him safely from earth to heaven.

The Value of a Testament

Mr. Reichart looked into the bronzed faces of the men opposite him—typical Jewish faces, as he was quick to recognize.

“Have you come from far?”

They named a remote oasis in Central Arabia.

“So far. Why have you come to Cairo?”

“We heard that there was a place here where we could buy the Old Testament in Hebrew, so we traveled hither, and have been directed to you.”

Mr. Reichart gladly supplied these Jews with the number of Old Testaments they wanted, and packed them at once.

Before he fastened the box he took another book from the shelf—a Hebrew New Testament. He said no word to any man, but he prayed for a blessing on it as he hid it away among the others.

Then they went away with their treasure, and he watched them go. Perhaps the brethren of Joseph went away from Egypt in similar fashion long ago, he thought.

Many months had passed, and once again the little party of Jews came to the city of Cairo. With smiling faces they sought out Mr. Reichart and gave him a letter from their Arabian Rabbi. It was as follows:—

“Very highly do we value the excellent copies which you sent to us of the Law, the Prophets, and the Psalms in Hebrew; and not only those, but another Book enclosed with them, a Book that we had never seen before till then, nor had we ever heard of the Person of whom it speaks.

Day by day we continued reading of Him, till with one accord we concluded that He is Israel’s Messiah; and in future our prayers shall go up to heaven in no other name but in the Name of Messiah-Jesus.” K. M. BELL.

Is it Dangerous?

Some time ago, said Dr. W., while calling on my friend, Dr. B., an old man came into the consulting room. He said, "Doctor, will you give me some medicine?"

"What for?" the doctor asked.

He said, "Oh, I do not feel very well."

"But what is the matter?"

"Well, I have a little pain here," laying his hand on his breast. He opened his vest and revealed to the doctor a pulsating tumor.

"How long has that been there?" inquired the doctor. "What?" asked the man.

"That," said the doctor, putting his hand on it.

"Dear me," said the man, "I never knew it was there. Is it dangerous?"

"That is not the point," said the doctor, "how long has it been there?"

"Well, doctor, I never knew it was there at all."

"Well, my dear man, it has been there for weeks, possibly months."

Then he asked what it was, and the doctor told him. Then he said, "do you think I have long to live?"

The doctor, who was a Christian, looked at him for a moment, and then said, "do you want to know the truth?" "Yes, I do."

"Then I do not think you will live long," was his reply. "And how about Eternity? Are you saved? Have you believed on the Lord Jesus Christ? Have you accepted Him as your Saviour? Are you ready for the change?"

"No," replied the old man, "I have never thought much about these things."

"Well," said the doctor, "I do not think you can be cured, and my advice to you is, it is time you should get ready for the change."

The old man went to the hospital, and not very long after he died. But during the time he was there he followed the doctor's advice, read the Bible, got acquainted with the Lord Jesus, owned he was a needy sinner, and received Him as his own personal Saviour, and when about to pass from time into eternity, he said, "Tell the doctor that I was ready for the change."

It matters not whether you are an old person, or Young, you are facing eternity. Are You ready for the change? Not unless you believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, like the old man, as your personal Saviour. It is the blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, that cleanseth from all sin, and gives us a title

to heaven.

The Diary of a Soul

By the Editor A Worldwide Invitation

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

HOW simple and beautiful this is! Like the music of heaven sounding over the discords of a world, “Come unto Me.” Yes, to a Saviour who has finished the work of redemption, and who, having “put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself,” invites the weary sinner to come to Him and rest. What a terrible burden sin is to bear! and what a blessing it is that rest is given! Do you feel weary, and long for rest? If you do, come to Jesus, and He will give you rest, according to His word. And this is how you must come to Him:—

a. —You must come as you are.

b. —You must come this moment.

c. —You must come believing.

a. —You must come as you are. Don’t try and alter yourself one bit. The leper we read of in the New Testament came just as he was to Jesus. He came with all His spots of leprosy upon him. The man looked at himself, and saw he was a leper; he looked at Jesus in faith, for he knew that He could cleanse him; and so he cried, “Lord, if Thou wilt, Thou canst make me clean.” And what did the Lord say to him? Did He tell him to go and try and make himself better first? No; He healed him, leper though he was. And Christ will heal you, as you are, a sinner in your sins, if you call upon His name.

Blind Bartimus cried in his blindness, “Jesus, Thou Son of David, have mercy on me.” He knew he was blind; he knew Christ was passing; he knew Christ could give him sight; and he did the only thing he could do, he cried to Jesus. Jesus gave him sight. Jesus will give you sight if you cry to Him, “Jesus, Thou Lamb of God, save me.” Let that be your cry, and He will save you.

The prodigal who had wandered from his father’s house and spent all his substance, found himself in want; and, with the sense of need upon his soul, he said, “I will arise and go to my father, and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son, make me as one of thy hired servants.” He rehearsed his penitence; he came along the way home; but his father saw him, and curtailed his story by putting his arms around his neck and kissing him. The father did not upbraid him because he came in rags, and was in want; he loved him as he was, and blessed him with all he had. “Bring forth the best robe and put it on him; and pat a ring on his hand, and shoes on his feet; and bring hither the fatted calf, and kill it; and let us eat and be merry; for this my son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found.” There was joy in the father’s house, and joy in the father’s heart, because the prodigal had returned.

If you come to Jesus now, just as you are, there will be joy in the presence of the angels. Don’t wait to get better by reading the Bible, or by saying prayers. You can do all that after you are saved. Only believe, and believe now.

b. —You must come this moment. Yes, come now, for “now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation.” The present moment is the time that Christ wants to save you. Just where you may be, as you read this, and just as you are.

Saved in a Moment

At a gospel meeting, some time since, a young woman was very anxious about her soul; and a friend, who was with her, was about to ask someone to speak to her when the hymn was given out:—

“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.”

There and then, as she stood to sing, with the tears in her eyes, she came to Jesus. It was her heart language, “O Lamb of God, I come.” She turned to her friend, exclaiming, “He gave out that hymn for me.” And you may come now, this very moment—will you? “Now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation.” Oh, what issues hang upon this moment; the devil trembles lest you should come to Christ, and he should lose you. Your eternity is in the balances. Which shall it be? Heaven or hell? Christ or the world? Decide at once, and forever, for Jesus.

A Dance of Demons

I heard of a dream that someone had about a young man she knew. She dreamed she was going to his house one beautiful moonlight evening; and, as she came near the door, she saw a coffin carried out with the young man's body inside. Dancing in front of the coffin and around it were several little demons, and they were crying out as they clapped their hands in glee, "We have got him at last; we have got him at last," "You shall not have him," she cried; but the answer was, "We have got him at last." Oh, shall the devil rejoice over your lost soul and body? for body as well as soul will be his if you are lost. Or, shall there be joy in heaven, because you are saved?

c. —You must come believing. "For he that cometh to God must believe that He is, and that He is a rewarder of them that diligently seek Him." Your coming is no use unless you believe in Christ. That woman with the issue of blood would never have been healed if she had not believed in Jesus. But when she heard of Him her poor heart beat for joy. "If I may touch but His clothes I shall be whole." Her heart went out after Christ; for she had implicit confidence in His power and willingness to bless her. She presses through the crowd, she comes close to Jesus, stretches out her feeble trembling hand, and touches the border of His garment, and immediately she is healed.

She believed; and she was healed. If you believe you shall be healed at once.

Do you believe sin is in the world? Yes. Do you believe you are a sinner? Yes. Do you believe Christ died for sinners? Yes. Do you believe Christ died for you? Why do you hesitate; can you say, He died for me? Yes. Thank God, that is salvation. "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life."

I called to see a woman last week who was very ill indeed. I found she knew all about Christ and salvation; but she could not believe. I said to her, "When you sent for me to come and see you, you believed I would come, did you not?" "Oh yes," she replied, "I knew you would." "Well," I said, if "you want the Lord to come and bless you, don't you think He will? He always comes at the call of faith. If you can trust in my coming, and believe in me, who am nothing but a creature, why can you not in simple faith believe in Christ, who says, 'Come unto Me... and I will give you rest?'" "Thank you," she said, "for putting it so simply to me."

And so I say to you, unsaved reader, come to Christ believing; for He will receive you, and you will be saved. Come, and see the salvation of the Lord. Come by the way of the empty tomb. Come by the way of the promises. Come just as you are; come just now; and come believing.

"IN WHOSE HAND ARE YOU?"

A dear friend has suggested that I should write a word about the potter, owing to a beautiful record in the "South African Pioneer" by P. J. Hervey, who came across an earnest Christian widow at Ntabamlope making a few pots out of some clay brought from a distance. Each pot took weeks of patient work, and yet many would crack and have to be thrown aside. "We went into her hut for prayer one day and found her holding another pot. I asked her to put it down, and then she said, 'If

it leaves my hand it is marred.” Oh, reader, can you grasp the truth hidden in this saying? In whose hand are you? Are you willing to remain in His hand and to do whatever He wills you to do. He is willing to save each and every one who will believe and come to Him. Oh! that we may do all we can to send forth the knowledge of the truth in our blessed Saviour, that many amongst the heathen may become, as it were, pots to be held and remain in His hand, kept safe from being marred. Emily P. Leakey.

AN INDIAN PASTOR

An Indian pastor writes:— “This is a temple in our village: Karamalayan Temple. Big idols were kept under the great banyan tree. I am also sitting on the left side between two men. Spears are kept in the temple, as seen in the picture, to guard their gods, and also they tell us the gods take these spears when they go hunting wild beasts in the night time.”

We constantly get requests for Testaments in Tamil to send to these workers. We have not one left. We have sent all we have, and should be glad of thousands more. Above all, dear friends, pray for India.

FOREIGN WORK

From Pontavedra, Spain, we hear of God's work.

Dear Sir,—I have received the packet of booklets and tracts which you so kindly sent me.... We have at this time of the year an influx of visitors into this seaside town—mostly poor peasants, very ignorant of the Gospel, and indeed in many cases so ignorant as never to have heard it. —H.S.T.

We have sent all our Spanish Testaments and tracts away. Will you please send us more, or help us to get them? (See last page.)

From Baluchistan a worker writes (I give an extract from his letter)

.. I have always an opportunity offered to distribute tracts and booklets....Here there is a large field among about six thousand European troops. If you can therefore oblige me by sending a parcel of Testaments, tracts, and leaflets, etc., I shall be very thankful. —B.S.

From Casablanca, North Africa, a worker writes:—

Dear Dr. Wreford,—Exceedingly grateful am I to you for sending me this most acceptable parcel of French Testament and tracts.... I have already begun to distribute them, and I know you and your co-workers will join me at the throne of grace in praying that the gospel light from these tracts may enter the hearts of all who read them. With God nothing is impossible....Surely the evil signs of increasing wickedness all around point to the nearing end of this age, and the approach of that gladdest day when Jesus will return for His own.—Yours sincerely, C. S. I.

From Cairo, a sergeant writes to us:—

Dear Sir,—Would you kindly send me on some of your Testaments, as I have got none myself, and some more of the boys would like them very much? —J. H. (sergeant).

From Hong Kong a lance-corporal writes to us:—

My dear Brother in Christ,—I should esteem it a favor if you could send me on another of your monthly parcels, as there is a great opportunity for work among our troops in this colony. There seems to be no thought of God here, only the pleasures of this world. It grieves my heart to see it ail going on, and I would say, “Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly, and call Thy people home,”—Lance-corporal C. S.

Note by Editor. —These are only two or three letters brought before my readers. We are sending parcels to all parts of the world.

Carried Like a Child

Dear Mrs. W—was propped up with pillows; her breathing was very short and difficult. I said to her, having called to visit her, “You are near the end of your journey.” She answered, “It is better to depart and to be with Christ; He giveth grace to the end.” I began to repeat the following lines:

“The Shepherd’s bosom bears each lamb,

O’er rock, and waste, and wild;”

With a clear voice she said, finishing the verse:

“The object of that love I am,

And carried like a child.”

The calm of His presence, whose love she had proved, was filling her soul. She felt around her the “everlasting arms” bearing her to rest.

Reader, if the shades of death were about your soul, could you say, “I know in whom I have believed”?

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

W. T.

A Scripture Acrostic

The idea of this “loving acrostic” was so good that I obtained Mr. S. Tomkins’ permission to publish it. I see in it great opportunities of service to God. You could send gospel messages to your unconverted friends in acrostic form, using their names. You could send texts of comfort to those in trouble in acrostic form, or to encourage laborers for Christ, etc., etc. May God grant that our dear brother’s idea may be largely developed for the glory of God and for the good of souls.

HEYMAN WREFORD

A Loving Scripture Acrostic

Hold fast that which thou halt, that no man take thy crown (Rev. 3:11).

Every good, and perfect, gift cometh down from above (James 1:17).

Yet a little while, and He that shall come, will come, and will not tarry (Heb. 10:37).

Making melody in your heart to the Lord (Eph. 5:19).

All things work together for good to them that love God (Rom. 8:28).

Now is our salvation nearer than when we believed (Rom. 13:11).

Wait on the Lord, and keep His way (Psa. 37:34). Redeemed, not with corruptible things... but with the precious blood of Christ (1 Peter 1:18-19).

Even Christ pleased not Himself (Rom. 15:3).

Follow that which is good, both among yourselves and to all (1 Thess. 5:15).

O magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt His Name together (Psa. 34:3).

Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for Him (Psa. 37:7).

Delight thyself also in the Lord, and He shall give thee the desires of thine heart (Psa. 37:4).

With much love in Christ Jesus, affectionately yours in Him,

SAM Tomkins.

Hampshire House. Sandown, I.W.

Incidents of the War and the Peace

A Son's Grave

A mother writes to me:— “I have written to the War Office two or three times regarding my dear son's grave, but they cannot give me any information.... I thank you for your kind offer to put my need of information in the 'Message.' My son's name was:—Private Herbert Eller, 13180, 2nd Devons. At the time of his death he was serving in the 23rd T.M. Battery. My clear boy was killed on April 14th, 1917, and was buried close by a farmhouse just outside the village of Villers Guislain, between Cambrai and St. Quentin.”

If anyone can give any-information, please send to Dr. Heyman Wreford, The Firs, Denmark Road, Exeter.

The Balloonist and the Bible

A man who had been saved from a life of sin and wretchedness was telling a friend the story of his conversion while they were walking across a lonely moor. Taking a well-worn Bible from his pocket, he told his friend that one day, several years before, he picked it up in a lane, and the reading of it had led him to Christ. In a spirit of enthusiasm he then remarked: "I believe that if this Book were cast on this wild moor it would spring up and bear fruit." He then threw the Bible to the earth, and with his friend, who was greatly impressed, walked away. Several years later he was at a religious meeting, where the preacher told the story of his conversion. He said that some years since he was with a well-known aeronaut in a balloon, when they came prematurely to earth owing to an escape of gas. They found themselves on a wild moor, and the first thing he (the preacher) noticed, as he lay suffering from a sprained ankle, was a Bible lying on the ground. Up to that time he had lived without a thought of his Creator, but, having picked up the Bible, he read it as he lay for several days at home resting his foot. He began reading it to while away the time, but as he read on his interest became aroused, and the power of Christ gripped his soul, and led him to seek salvation through Him. He then took the Bible from his pocket and held it up before the people, and the visitor saw to his joy that it was the Bible that he had cast upon the moor. (See last page of "Message.")

Mother Receives Boy's Testament from "a Kind German"

Through the instrumentality of a German soldier, now dead, the mother of a Scottish lad of the R.N.D. who was shot by the Germans has had returned to her at Motherwell the Testament of her dead boy, inside the flyleaf of which is penned a pathetic last message. The mother had sent him the Testament before he had been to Gallipoli, and afterward to France. The Testament shows evidence of much usage, and is underlined and marked throughout. After placing in it his mother's name and address, the young lad had penciled in this pathetic last message:—

"Dear Mother,—I am prepared to die. I have given the Lord my heart. Cheer up! I will meet you in a far better land. This is being sent to you by a kind German Christian, who took pity on me, and was very kind to me. —William."

Inside the Testament, written in German characters, is this extract from Isaiah 43:1:— "Fear not; for I have redeemed thee, I have called thee by thy name; thou art Mine." Underneath is the name of the young German benefactor, Herbert Siegmund, whose photograph was enclosed.

Another pathetic enclosure was a small snapshot of the Scottish boy's mother, on the back of which is penciled: "Dear old mother. When shall I see you again?"

A British West Indian Soldier

The following testimony was sent to me by Sergt. S. A. Laing, of the B.W.I.R.:—

Dear Doctor,—Being convinced that I am a sinner, and believing that Christ died for me, I received Him as my personal Saviour. Therefore I intend to confess Him before men. Desiring further spiritual guidance I have been instructed to write to you. Please supply me with a New Testament. —(Sergt.) S. A. LAING.

This letter was sent from France to me some little time since. He got safely through the war I believe, and is now at home in the West Indies. He sent me his photo. I trust he is living for Christ.

A fortnight after I received his first letter I heard from him again. He wrote:—

Dear Dr. Wreford,—I am in receipt of your letter of a few days ago. Thank you very much for Testament sent, and also for the many kind words. Without delay I distributed your post cards and saw that my comrades posted them to you. I must add that they are not enough, therefore I shall be glad to receive many more, also any tracts, etc., that are available....I am making very good use of the Testament, and my companions also get the benefit of it.—(Sergt.) S. A. LAING.

These echoes from the battlefields come to me with pleasant memories of work for Christ. Thank God hundreds of soldiers are still writing for Testaments, especially from Ireland, as you will read in Miss A. A. L's letter following this.

“Leaning Upon Him”

How comforting are the words of Psalms 91, and to know the peace and calm of the “secret place” in the midst of trouble. What joy in trial down here to say, “In Him will I trust.” How much we need to remember in prayer our Christian soldiers in Ireland, who are kept restful in the midst of all the unrest and danger. One writes, who has been much used in blessing to his comrades during the war:—

He leads us beside the still waters, or waters of quietness, refreshes and restores our souls. Oh to follow Him more closely and to do those things that please His heart... There are very few Christian soldiers here where I am; it is lamentable. Oh to be more in fellowship with God, that our testimony may be effectual, and backed home by Holy Ghost energy. Of course Ireland is a very hard place to work, but we keep going on from day to day, leaning upon Him who has promised never, no never, to let go our hand. Thank you for the parcel. I will make good use of same... I commend you unto Him, who is able to do exceeding abundantly above all we can ask or think.

Another soldier, quite young, has been used to bring many of his comrades to Christ in Ireland. He writes:—

We are getting on nicely with the meetings, and are having great blessing, shown to us by numbers coming to them. Yes, time is short, and we must work hard for Christ, that the good seed may be sown in the hearts of those around us.... I have distributed the books; many of them, I am Pleased to say, are read.

We praise Him with full hearts that the work goes on, and our God is bringing souls to Himself. I am sure the readers of the “Message” will unite with us in prayer, not only for Ireland, but also the work amongst the children in our own land, especially for daily strength for the beloved Doctor to carry on the work. He has been much encouraged of late by good news from abroad, and the demand for the precious Word of God. A. A. L.

Away in the Morning

In a level, near the bottom of a deep coal pit, sat a group of dusky miners eating their midday meal, and occasionally looking towards one of their number who sat a little apart nervously fingering his frugal meal of bread and cheese, but seeming afraid to commence eating it. At length he raised his hand to his head, took off his cap, and while his eyes were closed, his lips moved in thanksgiving to God. This was evidently what his fellow workers had been watching for, as one of their number immediately said, "He is really saved; he has taken off his bonnet!"

God had witnessed to the Light of Life in that dark mine, and these invariably, before commencing to eat, uncovered their heads and gave thanks to God for the food He had given them. So distinctive had this become amongst the men, that no one was reckoned a real Christian who did not thus openly acknowledge God.

The reality of John's conversion had been severely tested that day. On descending the shaft in the morning, he surprised the men in the cage by telling them he was saved.

"Saved!" "Turned a canting hypocrite!" "Consider yourself better than us!" came from a number of voices. "We will soon see if it is true."

They kept their word. Insults were heaped upon him in close succession. When after patient labor he had filled a hutch with coal, the pin of a partially filled hutch was substituted for the pin of his full one; thus on reaching the top the full one would be placed to the credit of the one who exchanged the pins, and the light weight to John's account. Angry words and fierce blows would at any previous time have followed this deception, involving loss. But John suffered in silence, for he knew he was being abused for Christ's sake. The climax was reached at dinner time, when, after much natural shrinking, he took off his bonnet and, as the others styled it, 'said a grace.'

"Try him once more." said one. The suggestion was quickly acted on. A pail of water was dashed over John's head drenching his clothes and spoiling his meal. Two toil-hardened hands met in a firm grasp, and Walter said, "Well done, John; you have witnessed a good confession!"

How did this wonderful transformation come about? Walter and he shared the same room. — "I could not bear him." said John, when telling of his conversion afterward, he was always reading the Bible, or some religious book, and praying, and preaching at me. I often stayed out at night till I thought he would be in bed; but as soon as I got in he started and talked to me, and told me I was a lost sinner, and that I must be born again.

"The Lord is coming," Walter said to John as they went to bed. "Is He?" said John stoically; and then thought, here he starts lecturing me again, after I stayed out shivering in the cold till I thought he would be asleep.

"He will take me with him to glory," continued Walter. "Indeed!" muttered John.

“He will raise all the dead who have fallen asleep in Him and change all those living who believe in Him; we will ascend together, and be forever with Him.”

“There is a prospect of peace for me at last,” said John.

“A prospect of peace for you,” said Walter, earnestly. “Yes, there is; false peace will be your portion then; nobody will care to trouble themselves about your immortal soul then; nobody will say to you, ‘Turn ye, turn ye, for why will ye die?’ You will be let alone for judgment.”

Silence fell on the darkened room. John shifted uneasily from side to side, uncomfortable at the thought that Walter was praying to God for him. He was just about falling asleep when Walter said, “The Lord may come tonight, and so, if I am away in the morning, you will know where I am.”

“Away in the morning!” It sounded a little alarming. If it could be true! Was it possible this great event Walter spoke of could really happen? He buried his head in the bedclothes and tried to banish thought in sleep. It was all in vain. “Away in the morning!” kept sounding in his ears. “Walter will go, and I will be left!” and the sin-burdened lad threw his arms around the sleeping Christian, and held him tight, earnestly praying that if the Lord did come, He might take him too.

Friend, do you know anything of spending a night thus? Has the solemn thought of meeting God ever driven sleep from your eyes?

“What must I do to be saved?” asked John.

“Do! what can you do? Neither weeping, or praying, or working, on your part, could make atonement for your soul. But nothing now remains to be done. Christ has done it all. He shed His precious blood to make atonement for your sins. You have only to trust in Him. Listen to His own precious words, “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.” (John 5:24:).

Again they knelt; this time to thank God for another soul loosened from the slavery of Satan and brought into the glorious liberty of the children of God. Then they went out to their daily toil to bear witness to the saving and keeping grace of God. M.M.

The Diary of a Soul

By the Editor Jesus is Divine

IT is written on my heart with a pen of gold. I can bear unfaltering witness to His divinity by what He has done for me. The personal aspect of this great truth is the strongest argument for it, apart from revelation, that can be adduced. The absolute change wrought in the life by personal contact with Jesus Christ, the overwhelming evidence of thoughts and feelings, changed by faith in Him; the realization of divine things in a measure never to be known apart from Him; the living hope that cannot be destroyed, although dimmed at times by human imperfection; the appreciation of the personal bearing of His life and death and resurrection for me—all these things, and a thousand others, fix the truth immutably for me that Jesus is Divine.

I learnt that I was lost when He sought and found me; I knew I was a dead sinner when He gave me life; I knew there was a hell when He showed me heaven; I knew the hideousness of my life's sin when I gazed upon His cross and heard Him say, "Father, forgive them; they know not what they do." I had no hope beyond the present, and no certainty as to what there was beyond, until He opened the gateways of everlasting life to me, and disclosed vistas of incomparable delight, and thus transformed the comprehended limitations of finite life into the infinite realities of an existence without end. Then it was that everlasting love brought a bankrupt sinner to the treasures of heaven; and as all the wonders of redeeming grace were freely displayed, said, "All things are yours, for ye are Christ's and Christ is God's."

I could never pray until I knew that Jesus was divine. I was like the disciples when they voiced their dependence on the Master, saying, "To whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life." I had no one to go to until I came to Christ. God was but a name to me, incomprehensible and unknown. "He came to reveal the Father," and He revealed Him unto me. And now the Father and the Son are not mere names but divine certainties. "No man cometh unto the Father but by Me." By Him, and by Him alone, I have access to God as my Father. When I comprehended what His finished work had done for me; when I heard the cry, "It is finished," and saw the veil of the temple rent from the top to the bottom, I knew He had finished a work for me that I could never have done for myself, and had made a way for me by His death into the holy of holies. As one redeemed to God by His precious blood, I can pass into His very presence, with the sacred name of Father on my lips, pleading the merits of His precious blood, shed for me.

Prayer is a delight now, for there is One in heaven who hears me. All my future is glorified by His love to me. He walks with me on earth, and I shall walk with Him in heaven. He gives me, a poor sinner saved by His wondrous grace, what only a divine person could give the knowledge of sins forgiven and a peace that the world can neither give nor take away.

Dishonoring Christ

A chaplain at the Front was preaching to three hundred men, who were very soon to go over the top. He told them they need not fear, they would be all right for heaven if they died for their country. A major who heard him, said in a loud voice, "Men, he is not telling you straight; hands up those of you who believe him." Not a single hand went up. Then a soldier started to sing, and the whole three hundred men joined in. They sang the grand hymn:—

"When I Survey the Wondrous Cross."

The effect of the singing was indescribable. It reached His ears who died on the cross, "the Just for the unjust, to bring us to God."

Then a Presbyterian chaplain gave a gospel address, uplifting Christ. Then they sang hymns, mostly ones learned in the Sunday School. One great big fellow sang:—

"Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,

Look upon a little child;

Pity my simplicity,

Suffer me to come to Thee."

He was one who went over the top and be never came back.

"THE NIGHT COMETH"

May our hearts be stirred up to pray more earnestly for souls around us. "The night cometh, when no man can work. How solemn our Lord's own words! Thank God for those who are in earnest to win souls; each heart reached, how thankful we shall be in that coming day of glory, it may be, so soon to dawn, but what will it mean to the world? —the day of grace over. I was thankful to get enclosed from a dear young friend:—

"My holiday week... was quite an uplifting time.... I have found rest and blessing in doing the service of the Master... am deeply sorry to say many of these dear children had neither Bible nor Testament in the house and I have seen so many joyful little faces brighten at the sight of the 'little khaki book,' as many have come to carl it, that my heart has gone up in prayer for His blessing. Since I have found so many without the Word of God, I have felt moved to bring into my work this rule of distributing.... I wrap each in two tracts or messages, enclose one text, and a short prayerful letter, asking God's blessing upon it, and then place all in an addressed envelope.... I know there is no need to tell you of the blessing that comes to us, as we see the bright little smiles, as I hand them in by the door. The underlined on the brief report are those who await the little gift, owing to my lack of Testaments, as I am pleased to say I have given between forty and fifty in the past month, and so have used up my stock.... Please give my regards to the Doctor."

Another friend training for a missionary, thanks me for Testaments, which he is so glad to receive for the work, supplied by Dr. Wreford. He writes:—

“Yesterday afternoon we went down the slums and three young women gave their hearts to Christ, and last night one young woman and man. All glory be unto Him. The gospel of Christ is still the power of God unto salvation. Of course we get a little persecution occasionally, but what does that matter as long as souls are being saved from the power of darkness, death and hell.”

“Therefore let us not sleep, as do others, but let us watch” (1 Thess. 5:6). A. A. L.

Christless Homes

By Lieut.-Colonel Seton Churchill

(Taken from "The Road that Led Me to Christ," by this writer, published by Church Book Room, 82, Victoria Street, Westminster, S.W.I.)

Christless Homes

The atmosphere of a Christian home is not a privilege granted to everyone, so that we who have enjoyed it should be all the more grateful for it. A young captain, who, many years later on, was living in the same bungalow in India as I was, decided for Christ, and I urged him to write home and tell his people. He did so, and I shall never forget the reply that came some weeks after. So little did they realize the power of the Holy Spirit to change the human heart that they attributed the change about which he told them to the Indian sun, and urged him to come home at once. He had a great sense of humor and so we had many a good laugh together over the benefit of the Indian sun. He was quite convinced that it was the Sun of Righteousness with healing in its wings (Mal. 4:2), which had changed his heart, so he could afford to laugh at the notion of the Indian sun having affected his brain. It was the heart and not the head that was changed. So far as the latter was concerned, he always appeared to me remarkably level-headed in his more sober moments, though somewhat wild and reckless at times before the great change took place.

Atmosphere of a Christian Home

How little young men realize what a valuable asset it is in life to be brought up in the atmosphere of a Christian home by God-fearing parents. I pity the man or woman from the bottom of my heart who has not, amid all the temptations, sorrows and disappointments of life, cultivated the spiritual part of his nature. "It does not do to put all one's eggs into one basket," says the financial man of the world. And as with money, so with other things. Crashes will come sooner or later in life, and then God help the poor fellow who has nothing to fall back upon when the ambitions of life are wrecked, when his business has failed, or when he stands beside the open grave of all he loves on earth. There are times in life when the storms will arise in some form or other, and the poor, frail, human bark is sadly tossed about and sorely tried. These are the times when men sometimes find refuge in that cowardly act of suicide, and run away from the discipline of life and rush uninvited into the presence of their Maker. They were appointed by their Creator to hold a post of some difficulty, and, like a cowardly sentry, they desert their sacred charge, and go over to the enemy. Had they only learned from a loving mother or a praying father to have faith in God, they could have trusted Him in the mysterious hours of life, when all seemed so strange and dark.

Responsibility of Godly Parents

In case this ever falls into the hands of a father or a mother, I would say to them, O parents, see to it that, as far as in you lies, your boy or girl is fitted for the strain of life, and that the spiritual side of their young lives is cultivated in a wise and judicious manner. You cannot change their hearts by

compulsion, but you can set before them a high ideal, and do your best to insure that when you may, perhaps, have gone down into your grave, religion will be associated with the hallowed memory of a loving mother or a praying father. They may have laughed to scorn what appeared to them your peculiar notions, your ultra-spiritual tendencies; but in the crashes of life, with the wreckage of disappointed hopes all around, it is wonderful what a tendency exists for sorrowing hearts to turn to that Saviour whom they once despised, but whom they knew was so loved by the aged mother or the white-haired father, whose hallowed memory is now so precious, because mere worldly things failed to give that happiness which was one of the allurements of youth. The stern realities of life often teach people lessons that they were slow to learn when young, and one of those lessons is that, after all, "Mother (or father) was right."

“Mother, I Hate You!”

I remember hearing a few years ago of a rich family in the blue grass regions of Kentucky, who attended revival meetings, in which many were converted. One day the mother said to her son, “If you get religion, it will sweep away the pleasures before you, and you will have to give up society and the world. You cannot afford to do that, and we cannot afford to have you attend those meetings any longer, because it means too much. You can join another church and have a good time, and still get to heaven.” From that time God’s displeasure was on the family, and several of the children were taken out of the world. The boy was sent to college, and as vacation time drew near he received a letter from his father, saying:—

“Dear George,—Your vacation is coming soon, and the races are coming on, and I want you to come home and train the horses.”

He spoke of four or five fine horses that he had in training. The son came home, and began to train the horses. Day after day he rode around on the sulky; but one day he was thrown out, and picked up bruised and bleeding, and carried into the house unconscious. The mother wrung her hands and poured out her soul in grief, and said: “My boy is gone! He was going to finish school; but now he is gone! What shall I do? What shall I do?” A number of physicians were called for consultation; but they said nothing could be done to save him. “His brain is injured, and he will die in a few hours.” While the mother was in awful agony, the boy looked at her scornfully and said, “Mother, it’s no use to send for a preacher. My doom was sealed during the revival meetings, when you and father kept me from going to the penitent form, and I am a lost man.” Then, in a tone of anger, he exclaimed:

“Mother, I Hate You! I Hate You!”

Turning to his father he said, “I want you to bury me by the race-track, and every time you train horses for the races remember that your son is dead and in hell fire because you took him out of a revival meeting and told him to reject salvation”; and he died saying, “I hate you!”

Think of the meeting again of those parents and son in hell! How he will curse them throughout eternity for turning his feet from the path of eternal life! Truly, a man’s foes are they of his own household. Think, too, of the remorse of this young man, who, if he had chosen rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season, might have been the means of saving the entire family. Let all who read these lines beware, lest they share a similar fate.—(From a sermon by Rev. C. W. Bridwell.)

Thought of Mother did it

A Tommy in camp was one day cursing and swearing terribly, and after he had finished a chum said, "What would your mother think of you if she heard that?" He looked at him, and said, "What do you know about my mother? She is a real saint." "Is she?" said his friend. "Then she's praying for you." A while later, this same soldier said to his friend, "Will you come outside?" and then, poor fellow, he broke down and said, "I was a Christian once, but I've wandered right away from God. It would break my mother's heart to see me like this." His chum said, "What you can do is to confess your sin, and come to God." After a while he did so, and everybody knows the difference now.

A Boy's Thanks

Dear Doctor,—I thank you very much for the Testament you sent me. I read a few verses every night when I come home from school. It has also made my little brother feel as if he wants to meet our little sister up in heaven, for he is as anxious to read it as what I am, but he always seems to want it at the same time as I do. Please, Doctor, shall I be asking too much for you to send him one too. I am sure he will love it. Yours truly, John T—. We sent the Testament at once.

Rejoice to be in the Body

Oh that the Lord would “speak” to me that my heart may hear His voice and that I may answer as Samuel did: “Speak, for Thy servant heareth.” Did you ever observe that Eli the priest told the child to say, “Speak, LORD,” but little Samuel forgot the “Lord,” and only said “speak.” But the Lord did not forget him. Now the Lord has just lately spoken to me and given me a message I want to give others who, like myself, being very old, are longing to depart and be with Jesus. I have many a time prayed that, as St. Paul said, I might be “absent from the body, present with the Lord,” but the Lord has spoken to me in answer to prayer and told me a wonderfully comforting thought. “As long as you are living in the body you can work for Me. Your tongue you can use for Me; your feet can go My errands; your hands can work or write for Me. Be therefore thankful to be yet in the body, presenting your body a living sacrifice (Rom. 12:1). When your soul leaves your body you will ‘rest from your labors’” (Rev. 14:13); but, I suppose, no more WORK until our souls enter our raised bodies again. So the thought God spoke to me has greatly comforted me and made me glory in my body to work for Him, whilst I have opportunity, specially in offering Him praise with my tongue and so glorifying Him (Psalm 1:23)

So, dear friends, may it be with any one of you who are aged or sick or infirm, that you may be comforted to be still in the body, to love and serve Him as long as He wills that you should stay on earth. How glad we shall be when we enter into rest, that we have been enabled to work for Him, doing something every day and many times a day to please Him, moment by moment, knowing He is watching and accepting all we try to do for Him, for our works shall follow us (Rev. 14:13). And again, let us never forget this most wonderful thought of all, that our BODIES are the temple of the Holy Ghost: my body, your body, has the Holy Ghost dwelling in us (1 Cor. 6:19), teaching and directing our daily life. Be glad therefore and rejoice in your body. Emily P. Leakey.

Incidents of the War and the Peace

The S.O.S. Signal has Come

Yes, we have heard the signal S.O.S. (Save Our Souls). It has rung in our ears night and day. We have heard it mingling with our prayers to God, the insistent calling of the unsaved, all over the world, for Christ and the Book that speaks of Him.

The dear sailor in our picture has heard the call. He is going to face the raging storm to try and save life. The resolution written on his face will take him to the utmost limits of human possibility; he will do all that man can do.

Christians! around us rages the fearful storm of unbelief, the great deep of human life is heaving and tossing. with tempestuous fury, men and women are being shipwrecked hour by hour. The cry of their passing rends the universe. Can you see them die without trying to save their souls? Go to them with the great resolve to take them from the engulfing seas of God's wrath against sin, and to get them into the lifeboat, Christ.

The following record of God's saving grace was sent me. It shows how the storm of sin in a man's heart was allayed by the Word of God, the book we are seeking to send all over the world (see last article).

A Striking Incident

Mr. J. P. Corben, of Gosport, writes to me:—

On reading October “Message,” “How a Soldier was Saved,” page 159, a “Message from God” used as waste paper! —verily not waste paper!

Many years ago, at Malta, a dear brother was saved and brought to God in a remarkable way. I can never think of him without a deep sense of pity and compassion. He had had not one bit of comfort from his cradle till he was saved. He was brought up by a foster-mother; his father kept a beer-shop in a low part of Woolwich. The language he heard there was awful. He was treated roughly as a boy. When old enough he enlisted in the Army, went to India with his regiment. In God’s providential mercy the regiment was returning to England after a ten years’ stay in Malta. He was so weary of life that he contemplated suicide.

Perhaps, dear Doctor, you will remember the Fort St. Eimo on the right hand of the entrance to the Grand Harbor. He selected the stony beach there as the place where he might accomplish his desire. He seated himself as near the water as he could get, rested his hands upon his knees, looked intently into the water, and was just about to plunge into the sea when he saw something white which attracted his attention. He reached out and took it up. It was a leaf out of the Holy Scriptures, and as he read it he saw God in that precious leaf. It was the means of turning him from his purpose and saving his soul. And many were the happy meetings I had with him and others stationed at Malta at that time. The incident in October “Message from God” brought it to my remembrance.

May we be stirred to far greater effort to bring sinners to Christ. Our days of service are passing very quickly. Our Lord is coming. Tomorrow we may be in heaven. Let us “work while it is called today.”

The Workers' Prayer

Stir me, oh! stir me, Lord, I care not how,
But stir my heart in passion for the world;
Stir me to give, to go-but most to pray;
Stir, till the blood-red banner be unfurled
O'er lands that still in heathen darkness lie,
O'er deserts where no cross is lifted high.
Stir me, oh! stir me, Lord, till all my heart
Is filled with strong compassion for these souls;
Till Thy compelling "must" drives me to pray,
Till Thy constraining love react, to the poles
Far north and south in burning deep desire,
Till east and west are caught in love's great fire.
Stir me, oh! stir me, Lord, for I can see
Thy glorious triumph day begin to break,
The dawn already gilds the eastern sky.
O Church of Christ, arise, awake! awake!
Oh! stir us, Lord, as heralds of that day,
For night is past—our King is on His way!
B.H.

The Last Reveille; or, the Christian's Parade

(1 Cor. 15:51,52; 1 Thess. 4:13-18)

By LANCE-CORPORAL B. H. H.

Sitting in the barrack room one Sunday morning and thinking of the military, with its sounding of trumpets and many parades, my mind turned towards God's holy Word where we read of the last trumpet that shall sound (1 Cor. 15:52). This will indeed be "the last reveille" that the Christian soldier will hear. "For the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible; and we shall be changed."

I have heard the sound of the reveille many times, but none like this one for me: "For the Lord Himself shall descend from heaven with a shout; with the voice of the archangel and with the trump of God." At the sound of this trumpet the Christian soldier, with all the redeemed, will come up on parade with the blessed Son of God. "In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump, for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed."

It is very evident that the dead spoken of here are those that have died in the faith of Christ; those that "sleep in Jesus"; those that have gone before. The apostle is writing, by the Spirit, to the Corinthian Church or assembly (1 Cor. 1:2) (which is composed of those who believe in the Lord Jesus Christ) at Corinth, those that have been redeemed by His precious blood.

Now, the reason why some Christians will be raised from among the dead, and others changed, is that "we shall not all sleep." Just think: it is possible that if the Lord came tonight every Christian walking this earth would go to heaven without dying. The Lord Jesus said to His disciples when on earth, and when about to leave them to return to the Father's right hand: "In My Father's house are many mansions [or places in that house]; if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto Myself; that where I am, there ye may be also" (John 14:1-3).

I knew a sergeant who was killed in action a few months ago, and who, on the clay before his death, was reading the following words, which will be found in 2 Corinthians 5: "For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." This dear saint, with whom I have often sung God's praises when sitting round the home fire, is one of those who is now sleeping in Jesus; and when the trumpet shall sound "the last reveille" he, with all the redeemed, will parade with the Saviour when He comes again. How blessed to be able to say, "I know" that, if my earthly house were dissolved, I have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens! May you, dear reader, be found among those who are ready to meet the Lord when He shall come, and be forever with Him, when the last trumpet is sounded and the door is shut.

Our Christmas Appeal

The Firs, Denmark Road, Exeter. December, 1920.

To our Friends.

With a grateful heart at the close of the year, I tender my thanks to our many friends for the wonderful kindness they have shown all through the year. I thank God above all for inclining their hearts towards us, and for their prayers.

We have now sent more than 11,000 parcels to all parts of the world. We have sent besides very many thousands of Testaments to individuals who have written for them.

We have also had the assurance of God's blessing resting upon the reading of His Word, from the testimony of hundreds who have been blessed.

A special feature of our work has been the eager desire of the young for God's Word.

Faced at this time with ever increasing needs, we ask very earnestly for your help.

We want the Word of God in well-nigh every language. Paper, printing and binding are at almost prohibitive prices. The carriage of parcels and the cost of stamps has seriously increased.

We ask you for Christ's sake to remember all this. We ask you to send us your Christmas Gift to enable us to face 1921, with all its vast needs, fully assured, in answer to prayer, that every request that is sent to us for the Word of God we shall be able to meet.

The world needs Christ and the Book that speaks of Him, and it is our longing hope to be able to spread, in full measure, the knowledge of His love to man all over the world.

God bless you for all you have done to help our Testament Fund. God incline your hearts to help still more this Christmas.

We should like, at once, the means to send one thousand parcels.

Through the kindness of friends we can send a parcel containing Testaments, "Travelers' Guides," Gospels, Booklets, etc.

For 5/- we can send one parcel to any part of the world.

For ■1 we can send four parcels.

For ■5 we can send twenty parcels.

For ■20 we can send eighty parcels.

For ■50 we can send two hundred parcels.

Please send your gift to Dr. Heyman Wreford, The Firs, Denmark Road, Exeter.

Yours for Christ's sake, HEYMAN WREFORD.

Accounts of our work appear monthly in our Magazine, "A Message from God," which will be sent for a year, post free, for 1/6, to any who desire it.

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