

A MESSAGE FROM GOD 1921

by Unknown

A collection of articles and writings from A Message From God 1921, covering various biblical topics and Christian teaching.

175 Chapters

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A Message From God 1921

By The Editor

WE begin with 1921 our thirty-seventh year of the publication of the "Message from God." We are thankful to God for enabling us to continue this work for Him for so long a period. Brown hair has changed to gray since we began this work for God; the golden summer of life's meridian has passed into the softened glow of eventide; around us the vesper hymn is sounding and the skies of life are shining with the light of eventide. The passing of the year makes us feel not only the limitations of human life, but the need of prayer. A Christian says, "Nothing lies beyond the reach of prayer except that which lies outside the will of God." Another tells us that, "if there should arise one utterly believing man of prayer the history of the world might be changed." One in heaven has left this record behind him, "A Christian cannot always hear, or always read, or always communicate, but he may pray continually. No place, no company, can deprive him of this privilege.... Wherever he is, prayer will not be out of place, or wherever prayer is out of place there he ought not to be. Every saint is God's temple, 'and he that, carrieth his temple about him may go to prayer when he pleaseth.'"

Then let us enter the New Year with prayer upon our lips mingled with thanksgiving. As the Rev. H. W. Frost has told us: ■

"Nothing so pleases God in connection with our prayer as our praise... and nothing so blesses the man who prays as the praise which he offers. I got a great blessing once in China in this connection. I had received bad and sad news from home, and deep shadows had covered my soul. I prayed, but the darkness did not vanish. I summoned myself to endure, but the darkness only deepened. Just then I went to an inland station and saw on the wall of the mission home these words: 'Try Thanksgiving.' I did, and in a moment every shadow was gone, not to return. Yes, the Psalmist was right, 'It is a good thing to give thanks unto thy Lord.'"

We shall want much prayer this year. Prayer for ourselves and prayer for others. The two following letters have just come. May our prayers arise for the writers. One writes: ■

"Dear Sir, ■ I have been reading your booklet called 'A Message from God.' My mother sent it to me about a fortnight ago. I thought of writing then, but put it off, the same as I do the Lord Jesus Christ. I have Christian parents, but I am far too much of a coward to ask them what I am going to ask you, and that is, will you pray that I might learn to love the Lord Jesus with all my heart, soul and mind?

.. I know I am a great sinner, and I often wish I was a Christian.... Why can some love the Lord and not others, as we cannot help our feelings?... I read the 'Boy's Appeal,' and I thought perhaps if I wrote to you, you would please do the same for me.... I thank you so much for something I am sure you will do for me."

Another writes: ■

“Dear Brother, ■Please will you pray for me that I may be freed from a terrible, uncontrollable habit of worrying, caused largely through nerve trouble, aggravated by continuous difficulties. I feel that to others it must often appear as temper, and it grieves me to think that it may be bringing discredit on His dear name. ■From One who loves Him.”

We hope to be a great help to many this year.

Our Prayer for 1921

Oh! for clean hands to touch souls!

For clean lips, to speak the words of life!

For clean lives, to leave the impress of God!

“Oh, use me, Lord, use even me,

Just as Thou wilt, and when and where;

Until Thy blessed face I see,

Thy rest! Thy joy! Thy glory share!”

F. R. H.

By The Rev. T. B. Allworthy, B.D

There is a curious little book in my possession, printed nearly one hundred and twenty years ago, called "The Cries of London." The watchman's cry, and the dustman's, and the old-clothes-man's, the knife-grinder's, the flower-seller's, the sweep's, and many other cries which used to be heard in the streets of London are preserved in this little book, and there are quaint engravings of these old-time characters. Not so very long ago a new cry was often heard in the streets of London, and in other places in England. It was the cry of "Take Cover." It was a warning that enemy aircraft had crossed the coast and might be expected soon to be over our heads-unless our gallant defenders drove the invaders off. Suddenly we heard the shrill whistle of the policeman; then we saw him coming along as fast as he could on his bicycle with the big notice: Boy Scouts, too, and others followed. How quickly the message was carried! It passed from mouth to mouth. And people rushed to obey it, flocking into shops and cellars, basements and tubes, crypts and churches; until the danger was past, and the other new cry-so welcome and reassuring-was heard, "All Clear!"

I have lately read some lines which a little boy in the East End of London—the son of a poor woman who makes Christmas crackers — wrote about the raids. They are these:

"God is our Refuge; don't be dismayed,

He will protect us all through the raid.

When danger is threatening, we never need fear;

He'll watch over the weakest, until the 'All Clear.'

That shows a grand spirit of trust in God.

Now taking refuge like this, especially in churches, is not a new thing. In many wars people have fled for safety to buildings "set apart for the service and worship of God; and other people too used to" take sanctuary, "as it was called, in churches—people who were in debt, or had done something wrong and wanted to escape, not so much from justice properly administered, but from illegal violence. On the great north door of Durham Cathedral one may still see the "Sanctuary Knocker," with its place for the lamp to guide the fugitives of the night; if they could reach that and "take cover" in the church, they were safe.

There was a provision of this kind in ancient Israel. There were six "Cities of Refuge," three on the east and three on the west side of the river Jordan, "that every one that killed any person unwittingly might flee thither" (Num. 35:15), until his case was tried. This was a merciful arrangement in times when people were too inclined to take the law into their own hands.

Now there is another cry of "Take Cover," which is always sounding in our ears. It is the cry which the men in the City of Destruction heard at the beginning of "The Pilgrim's Progress." He knew that he was in danger. His Book told him that, and as he read, he burst out... crying, "What must I do to be saved?" Then he met Evangelist, and "he gave him a parchment roll, and there was written

within, 'Flee from the wrath to come.'" Presently he began to run, and no one could stop him. "Life, Life, eternal Life!" he cried, and "looked not behind him." No one in a raid was more eager for safety than he.

There are some grand words in Isaiah 32:2, which tell us where we can find refuge; they are these, "A man shall be a covert from the tempest." And the "Man" is the Lord Jesus Christ, our Saviour from the punishment which sin brings and from its power. Have we obeyed the warning to seek salvation in Him?

Everybody knows the hymn, "Jesu, Lover of my soul."

Do you know how Charles Wesley came to write it? He was sitting one day by an open window when he saw a little bird pursued by a hawk. Suddenly the bird darted in through the window and fluttered into Mr. Wesley's coat and "took cover" from his enemy there. That suggested to the poet the words of the prayer:

"Jesus, Lover of my soul,

Let me to Thy bosom fly.

This is the place of refuge for us all. This is the way of escape and the only way from the consequences of sin. When the jailor at Philippi asked St. Paul, "What must I do to be saved," he told him to "take cover" here "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved" (Acts 16:30-31).

And this is the place of safety, too, amidst the temptations which threaten to destroy our souls. When evil thoughts, evil suggestions, come to us, we must "take cover" from the power of sin by looking straight to the mighty Saviour for help and strength. "The Name of the Lord," says the Book of Proverbs (18:10), "is a strong tower; the righteous runneth into it and is safe" — runneth, yes, for delay is dangerous; there is no time to be lost.

Not as long as we are in this world can we be "All Clear" of temptation; but trusting in Christ as Saviour and Keeper we need not fear. Let us "take" the "cover" which God has provided for us and say to Jesus, simply and from our hearts:

"Hide me, O my Saviour hide

Till the storm of life be past.

Looking Back With Thankfulness Looking Forward With Hopefulness

I like to look back to the first time I came to know "The Message" and its Editor. In the midst of the sad war days, my wife was sitting on a seat in Bournemouth. An elderly gentleman was there also, and many soldiers were passing to and fro. Each time one of them came near, the gentleman darted after him and gave him a small brown booklet, and then returned to his seat of observation. My wife asked for, and received with cordiality, one of the booklets; it was that straight, earnest, and much-needed message, "The Sin Against the Soldier and the Saviour."

I at once wrote to Dr. Wreford, thanking him for it, and ordering some copies, and ever since that day we have often remembered each other at the throne of grace, for our aim is one, namely, honor to God's Holy Word.

Yes, whatever effort any of us made, however humble during that awful war time, to bring God's truth to the "Fighting Forces," we may look back upon with thankfulness.

What are our grounds for hopefulness in these sad times of unrest and lawlessness? One, most certainly, and it is a war product (from a human point of view), is our Protectorate over the Holy Land, for we trust that it is above all a token that our Heavenly Father has still a use for Britain in His purposes of grace, and this grand fact commands our deepest thoughts, our prayers and our praise, for the highway of the Lord for His ancient peoples' return is developing daily.

A second matter of hopefulness lies in the thousands of soldiers and sailors of all ranks who, facing the dread realities of life and death, have been truly converted in the awful war time, and who are now lay preachers, telling amongst the frivolous and the careless, the weary and the sad at home, what the Lord has done for their souls; what countless proofs the annals of the war afford of the power of the Holy Spirit, through an infinite variety of means, to regenerate the soul. A most touching anecdote was recently told in "The Message," where a dying soldier turns in vain to, his nurse for some spiritual comfort, and then to a comrade lying near, who, at a loss for anything better, said the best he could—the hymn his mother taught him in childhood: "Gentle Jesus, meek and mild, look upon a little child. Pity my simplicity; suffer me to come to Thee." "Oh, say it again," said the dear lad. Then, laying quite still for some moments, he whispered, "He has come," and turned over and died! "Safe in the arms of Jesus."

A third matter of hopefulness—glorious grand and rocklike is, because our hope and trust in the past and for the future are centered in the Word of God, and that means the God of the Word. Jesus the living Word; "The heaven-drawn picture of Christ the living Word."

"A glory gilds the sacred page, majestic like the sun; it gives a light to every age, it gives, but borrows none."

This is our nation's greatest need in these dark and troublous times—so clearly predicted—when our harassed statesmen are searching for "assets" in face of overwhelming liabilities.

Our King George, in a speech not long ago, said, "The nation's greatest asset is the Bible"■true, deep and precious words. Let Bible lovers lay them to heart and "Go forward" in the strength of that conviction and in the power of the loving Holy Spirit. And what said the King of kings, who will one day "rule the nations" with a rod of iron (Rev. 19:15)? But when He was about to lay down His life for our sins prayed to His father for His disciples, saying "Sanctify them through the truth. Thy word is truth." Yes the truth, all the truth, needed for every human soul for time and for eternity, for peace that "passeth all understanding" now, and a warning against future woe.

Many are hoping and earnestly praying for a revival, and God grant it may come, but meanwhile let us apply the "one by one" method, and ask, What can I do with Jesus' loving aid ("For without Me ye can do nothing"). If we cannot move the masses, let us seek for individual souls in the power of His holy word, and when the way or the task seems difficult, may the love of Christ constrain us to "occupy till He come."

B. T. B.

(Which spells "Back to the Bible.").

A Child of God

I knew a poor deluded drunkard, who blasphemed God's name, and ruined his family, and did everything that was bad. This man went home one night when his wife had been out washing. I think it was ten pence she had for her day's work. And the man said, "Give me that money." She said, "I want it to buy my children some bread for tomorrow when I am out washing." He said he would have it, and they began struggling, and then he beat her; and his little child came in and got between her father and her mother, and looked at the father and said, "Oh, father, don't beat my mother; beat me, father, but don't beat my poor mother." The father looked at his little child, and pushed her out of the way, and struck her till the blood poured out of her little face, and she still cried to her father not to beat her mother, and then she said, "Lord, save my father." I was sent for while they were quarreling in that way, and when I went into the house the poor man seemed cowed down, and ashamed of the wrong he had done. I knew that poor woman was a child of God, and that God had given her liberty. When I went in the little girl said, "Mr. Weaver, doesn't it say that whatever we ask in faith, believing, it shall be done?" "Yes, it does, my dear," said I. "Then let you, and my mother and me ask God to save my father," she said. "We love him, don't we, mother?" "Yes, we do," said the poor mother. "Very well, then, Mr. Weaver," said the little girl, "let us pray for him." "That is right," I said. And the little girl knelt down and prayed, and she said, "My friend, Richard Weaver, and I, and my mother, agree to ask Thee to save my father. Oh Lord, save my father." She prayed, and then her mother prayed, and while they were praying I got up and talked to him, and while I was talking to him I saw the tear begin to roll down his cheek, and he dropped the money out of his hands on to the floor, and at last he knelt down, too. I told him though he had been a bad and wicked father, the blood could save him. He was there groaning for liberty, and prayed for ten or twenty minutes. At last the poor little girl put up her hands, and she said, "Oh, my God, save my father this moment; save my father now." And as she prayed it pleased the Lord to set him free, and he jumped up and cried, "Glory be to God, I do believe; I do believe: I do believe."

“Love Never Fails”

My friend C. H. T. asks that he may be remembered in prayer by the readers of “The Message,” that the desire of his heart may be granted—when free from the Army—to work for the Lord among the teeming millions living today in spiritual darkness in India.

I have had the pleasure of long letters from this soldier, and to send him Testaments and “Messages” for distribution through dear Dr. Wreford.

At my request he has written to me of his conversion. Space will not permit all details of his early life.

My friend enlisted as a drummer boy in 1911. In the following year, after a meeting, God greatly troubled his heart, but a short time after he went right back to his old ways, even reveling in wrongdoing, drinking, gambling, and swearing, to the great sorrow of his parents and aged grandmother, sinking lower and lower. It is no wonder at this time he was “most unhappy,” and each time he went home was entreated to turn and seek the Lord.

But God’s wonderful love was seeking the prodigal, and the moment was near when he came to himself.” Going home on a month’s leave, he was determined to resist the entreaties of those who loved him to hear the Gospel, preferring to spend Sunday evening with a companion-then like-minded—but Jack’s illness induced him to accompany his friends—yielding to their pleading to at least go with them once before his return, and he writes:” Never to my dying day shall I forget that Sunday night. The first hymn was Alas, and did my Saviour bleed? ‘and then the prayer, in which the brother mentioned’ our soldier friend.’ Oh, how uncomfortable I felt! The next hymn was ‘All ye that pass by.’ Then the Scripture was read—John 3. Oh, how bad I felt when the sixteenth verse was read and commented upon! Another hymn was sung■ ‘Oh happy day that fixed my choice,’ but I could not sing it, and even tried to go out, but I didn’t.... That night I surrendered my all to Him.”

The next Sunday evening Jack, his companion, gave his heart to the Lord. Returning to their regiment, they were now called to face rough and terrible scenes.

My friend was seriously wounded in February, 1916, and invalided home, but was through all blessed, sustained, and used amongst his comrades.

Returning to France, one evening there was a never-to-be-forgotten time out of the trenches. After a Bible reading, Romans 5, one of the boys that night woke him up, saying there were two more outside as well. To his joy, he found all were anxious to serve the Lord. What a time they had! Jack was there, and a N.C.O., and all were broken down at the Lord’s great love for them and the wonderful realization of His presence.

My friend writes of his sorrow—on January 10th, 1917, his beloved friend Jack died in his arms, and on the 19th his dear girlfriend passed away, “to be forever with the Lord”■and he writes: With joy I look forward to meet those two.” Again wounded on March 5th and sent home. The Lord

blessed abundantly.

Returning again to France for the third time ■ October 7th 1917 ■ he was taken prisoner on the 11th, sent to a terrible place — a few miles from Ruhleben ■ there treated shamefully, escaping with three others on his third dash for liberty, and landed safely on Armistice Day.

The punishment was great for attempting to escape. He writes: “We were lashed, in cells, fourteen days; the second time, fifty-six days, and fed on rye bread and water; also branded in two places with hot irons—very painful.”

What joy to be free, and to remember all the Lord’s goodness, the strength given by the One who never leaves or forsakes His own.

On leave, my friend quickly gathered health and strength, the Lord still using him to point souls to the Saviour of sinners.

Cheering long letters have come from India, where my friend is now stationed, and in one recently received he writes: “My heart glows with gratitude and praise to the Lord for all His great love to me... We are having some lovely times of refreshing, as we gather from time to time around the word. How sweet it is to my soul... Out Sunday school is still going on... the little ones are so eager to learn all about their Jesus, and yours and mine.”

The last letter was written from the hospital, but he finds a sick bed is indeed a blessing in disguise, and writes: “I am all the better spiritually for being laid aside.”

Please pray for my friend. We are sure all will be made plain if God has called him to be a missionary. His word is sure: “Commit thy way unto the Lord, trust also in Him, and He shall bring it to pass.” (Psa. 37:5.) — A. A. L.

Sincere; Sine Cera

I have been greatly delighted with reading Dr. Miller's book called "Byways and Waysides." In one of the chapters he tells us the origin of the word "sincere." It is so interesting that I think some readers of "The Message" may be glad to hear it if they have not already heard it. Now the word "sincere" means "without wax," a life true through and through, without deception or fraud, or any mere seeming: Sine-without; Cera■wax. He tells us in Rome's palmy days they lived in fine palaces of marble, and a dishonest workman, if he chipped off a piece of marble, would remedy it by using a cement called wax, an imitation of marble, so that the builders had to insert a clause in their contracts saying the work must be "sine cera." What a beautiful explanation of the word "sincere." As Johnson's Dictionary says, "sincere" means "honest, undissembling, pure of heart, unmingled without hypocrisy." Yes, let us all be determined to be simply sincere and truthful.

Emily P. Leakey.

A Cry From India

A Pastor writes: Dear Dr. Wreford, ■ “Very many thanks for your lovely Testaments. I received the parcel just in time of need. I send my heartfelt thanks to all those who support this great work. We Indians need God’s Word. Oh, how I wish to see at least a New Testament in every Indian house; it is my earnest prayer. God’s Word is better than a thousand preachers in this great land.”

S. D.

Incidents of the War and the Peace

A Happy New Year to all our readers. May we help to make millions happy this year by giving them the Word of God.

“If God is not for us we are Lost”

Homeward bound! but steaming over mine-strewn seas, and in danger of the torpedo of the submarine. The periscope of one of the dreaded ships has been seen, and the imminent peril of its presence is apparent to all. One soldier says to another, as they stand together, “If God is not for us we are lost.” They felt that only He who holds the seas in the hollow of His hand could save them now. He did deliver in His own wonderful way.

What a lesson for us. How true these words are of us: “If God is not for us we are lost.”

For our salvation. No one can save us but the Son of God. Traveling “o’er life’s solemn main,” we are in danger of shipwreck every moment. Storms may engulf us, hidden perils of unbelief may be the devil’s torpedoes to sink us. Is God for us? If He is, nothing else matters. If we trust Him whose mighty power rules sea and land, we are safe. We can cry in the hour of soul danger, “Jesus saves! Jesus saves!” We can sing in the face of danger and of coming death:—

Jesus! lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the waters near me roll,
While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
‘Till the storm of life be past;
Safe into the haven guide,
Oh receive my soul at last.
And He will.

The Danger of Delay

A working man in Liverpool came to the meetings at Brunswick Hall, and a Christian man pressed him to decide for the Lord. He said, "I'll come again." On the Saturday following his master, who was a believer, said, "Now I hope you'll decide to be on the Lord's side." "Not today," said he: "I'm going to Brunswick Hall tomorrow night, and I shall decide then." He received his money and went away. When he got home he opened the door, and with his hand yet on the latch he fell forward into his own house, dead.

Shipwreck

I knew a young man not long ago, and when I called to see him on his dying bed he took hold of my hand and said, "Richard, pray for me, that God may forgive me. But oh, it is too late! it is too late!" I tried to pray to God to bless him. His poor wife was there. "Ah, my lass," he said, "I refused when God called me, and now He mocks me when my calamity is come. Oh, my wife! my wife! I am going where mercy never comes, and where pardon is never offered, and where a drop of water is never given. I am going to be lost!" And he died the next day, saying, "I'm lost! I'm lost!"

Saved! Latitude 25, Longitude 54

Sailors have very practical ways of expressing themselves, whether they speak of sin or salvation. A case in point was recently mentioned by Archibald G. Brown when speaking at one of the meetings of the Seamen's Christian Friend Society. He said: There came to me here one day a grand looking fellow. I had not to ask whether he did business on the water, for the sea breeze had kissed his brow so often that it had left its mark there. I said, "Where did you find the Lord?" In a moment he answered, "Latitude 25, Longitude 54." I confess that rather puzzled me.

I said, "Latitude 25, Longitude 54! What do you mean?" He replied, "I was sitting on the deck, and out of a bundle of papers before me I pulled one of Spurgeon's sermons. I began to read it. As I read it I saw the truth, and I received the Lord Jesus as my Saviour. I jumped up off the coil of ropes saved. I thought if I were on shore I would know where I was saved, and why should I not know on the sea? And so I took my latitude and longitude. That's where I found the Lord — latitude 25, longitude 54."

The sailor knew that he needed a change. In his anxiety he picked up one of Spurgeon's sermons, so clear as to man's utter ruin by the fall and God's glorious remedy through the shed blood of His Son. The gospel, which declares that "Christ died for our sins, was buried, and that He rose again the third day according to the Scriptures" (1 Cor. 15:1-5), was there and then believed, and there, and then he was "saved."

The Saviour had died, the sailor had believed, the Scriptures gave the assurance of a present and perpetual salvation (John 5:24). Sailor like, he took his bearings and found the SPOT of his salvation — latitude 25, longitude 54.

Ask yourself: If I am saved, when was I saved? Where was I saved? How did I get saved?

Hy. P.

Remember the Children

The need of the children is as great as ever. We are seeking the young for Christ, and shall be glad of gifts of magazines and booklets suitable for children or the means to procure them.

The Diary of a Soul

By The Editor Storm and Shelter

WALKING with a friend at one of our naval bases during the war we saw a crowd of shipping in the harbor, which was formed by the mighty mass of granite composing the breakwater. I asked the meaning of this great congregation of shipping. He told me the ships had come into harbor for shelter from German submarines. I thought, as I gazed on these vessels, protected and secure, of the safety of those who trust in Christ. The breakwater of His eternal love is forever between them and the foe, and “they shall never perish” is the promise of omnipotent power. The strength of the “Rock of Ages” is the great rampart between us and all our enemies.

On another occasion I walked on the breakwater during a storm at sea. I saw the great Atlantic billows rear their foaming crests and hurl their mighty volume of water against the structure on which I stood. Wave after wave, driven by the violence of the gale, poured their thousands of tons of water in unavailing efforts to destroy that which impeded their onward progress; while around me flying spray and whirling spume proclaimed the might and majesty of the storm. As far as eye could see the ocean, like a seething cauldron, tossed and heaved in its vast unrest, while the whistling wind and roaring waves mingled in a mighty diapason of wondrous grandeur.

Terrible was the wrath of the sea, and what a picture, I thought, of the wrath of man that is spending its awful strength against the barriers of civilization today. What mighty storms are sweeping across the ocean of human life; the prince of the power of the air is raising the winds that are striving on the great deep of human life.

There is a danger of these awful devil-storms engulfing our land. The cataclysm of war and disease has left the shores of Time strewn with the wreckage of broken hearts and sorrow-burdened homes. What barriers can we, as Christians, erect to keep back the terrible fury of Bolshevism and blasphemy that is hurling its appalling strength against the world?

There is only one power that can preserve us and those dear to us, and that is the power of believing prayer. We must surround our lives and homes with prayer. Every Christian must pray as never before, for these are days of awful danger. The supplications of the saved in every land—day by day, and hour by hour—will build up ramparts and breakwaters that the utmost frenzy of the enemy cannot break down.

If we call in faith to God, omnipotent barriers will rise, and “Peace be still” will hush the wildest storm if the Son of God is with us.

In these days of desperate need we do well to say, “Teach us to pray.” We want the divine power that fell at Pentecost—the power that shook the prayer-rooms in apostolic days—then, indeed, the miracle of the open vision will be given us, and we shall see the encircling power of God in our hours of trial. The awed silences of great peril shall be broken by the voice of God saving to us, “Lo, I am with you always.” With you not only at the gates of heavenly joy, but with you in the dark valleys of trouble and affliction; with you when the tempest rages out on the dark and angry sea; with you to calm the storm and lead to safety; with you like a mighty rampart that no enemy can

break down; with you till you reach the shining safety of eternal shores.

A Life's Ruin and Repair

"Yes, sir," said the merchant, "this book is my book of life. It is my consolation, my support, my hope. When my last hour comes I will meet it calmly, resting upon the certainty that I have made a good use of the talents which God entrusted to me. Yes! in this book rest all my hopes, both for this world and the next!"

The words were spoken confidently, and almost triumphantly. At least, so it seemed to the Christian visitor, who was sitting in the merchant's office, and listening with surprise and grief. What book was it, think you, to which the speaker referred, and which he called his "book of life"? The Bible? To what other book could he possibly refer in such terms?

No, it was not the Bible. We will let the merchant himself answer our question.

"If you were to read this book," he said, "you would find some names in it that would surprise you. But I have never shown it to anyone, for it contains the secrets of others. This book is a record of all the services which I have ever rendered to anyone. It is secured from every eye except my own, for I keep it in this box, of which I alone have the key. And look at the inscription." The visitor glanced at the writing on the cover, and read these words: "To be placed in my coffin without being opened."

Some comment was evidently expected from him, and quietly seeking God's help and guidance, he said: "I would like to ask you if in those moments which come to us all (for we are all sinners), when conscience rises up to accuse us, and we feel we are guilty in God's sight, do you then find that anything in this book can give you peace? Does it lead you to believe yourself pardoned, and justified before God?"

The merchant leaned over, and laid his hand upon that of his visitor. "Sir," he said, "if this book had not power to give me peace, I would burn it, and never give another halfpenny to the poor. Yes, I know that I commit sins; I have my faults, like everyone else. But this book reassures me. When I look over it, I feel that my account stands well, and that there is sufficient recorded in its pages to make all my faults and sins be forgotten."

Some years passed since the visit paid by the Christian to the office of the merchant, and now the latter was laid upon his dying bed. His sufferings were great, but his mind was clear. He sent a message to his Christian friend, begging him to come to his bedside, which he gladly did. As the visitor entered the sick room, what should he see, lying beside the dying man, but the register of his good works. "It will be a relief to me to confide in you," he said. "It was hard to give up a delusion which I had treasured for thirty years. But the veil was torn away, and there was revealed to me the utter worthlessness of the book I had so prized."

His face beamed with gratitude and joy. "Imagine," he continued, "what would have been my state if I had ended with this thought; I have labored for myself, and have received my reward. But I saw that, far from having atoned for my sins by my good works, those very works were in themselves

full of sin; and that I was a lost sinner, in danger of eternal death, and with no power to save myself. And then, for the first time in my life, I felt my need of a Saviour, and I thought of Him who, 'though He was rich, yet for our sakes He became poor, that we, through His poverty, might be rich.' And now I treasure in my heart those words which once were so distasteful to me: 'By grace are ye saved, through faith; and that not of yourselves; it is the gift of God: not of works, lest any man should boast' (Eph. 2:8, 9)."

The next day he passed peacefully away.

“The Shadow of His Wings”

How blessed to “rest in the Lord,” as the unknown path of another year lies before us, yet we can only take one step at a time. I am writing in the hope that the following may be used as a word of encouragement to some heart to trust in the Lord more fully and at all times. “He is worthy” of all our trust. I was privileged to know this dear young soldier personally, through Dr. Wreford, just before his leaving for France. I am giving short extracts, in the order received. In one of his first letters he writes: “I do trust Him to keep me in ‘the shadow of His wings.’ He is our refuge and fortress, ‘a very present help in trouble.’ I don’t know what I should do, or what I should feel, if I was facing the terrors of the battlefield without His protecting care.”

My first letter from France: ■

“In a week or so I go up the line. I should like to have seen you, but that was impossible. Never mind, if we don’t meet here we shall in heaven. I still have my Saviour with me, for I dare not walk alone. How comforting to know it. I couldn’t face it without Him. He is still my refuge and strength. If it is His will I go up the line, I shall try to do my utmost for Him.”

“I have not been in the fighting line yet, although I am near. The dear Lord has cared for me, in a very special manner, up to the present. I feel that ‘underneath are the everlasting arms.’ Comforting thought, such a comfort to me.

‘I could not do without Him,

The Saviour of the lost,

Whose precious blood redeemed me

At such tremendous cost.

“I have been in hospital. My trust is still in the King of kings. I know how glad you are to hear that. I have found Him such a Friend out here, and whatever the future may bring, I am certain He has been very near me in the past. He has more than kept His promise to me, of that I am positive. I was reading Isaiah 35 and 40 yesterday. What glorious chapters they are! I think they lift me above the things of earth as it were. I felt enraptured with them.... His will be done in all things. We will trust Him and all will be well in the end; sorrow, sighing shall flee away. How glorious it will be! Yet we are foolish enough to cling to this earth of ours. If we only knew the joy that awaits us I think we should long to leave this earth.”

In another letter he writes: ■

“I am waiting to go up the line again. You will be pleased to know I am still keeping to the ‘narrow path.’ He is the same always to me, and I still cling to Him. He will help me so to do, I am sure. I feel I have your prayers. I know I have... God has kept me safe and sound, although I have been in the trenches under shell fire. Oh it is good to be ‘under the shadow of His wings’! I am so very grateful to God that He showed me my need of Him. The need is so great here, and He keeps me

so contented and happy.... I do miss my loved ones, but God makes it all so easy. It is hard, but He bears the burden.... I have been marked unfit for the trenches, owing to my shoulder. You see God is dealing very tenderly with me... I received the 'Message' and tract in letter. As I received it I met a fellow who was just outside the fold of God, yet longing to come inside, but for some reason or other did not. Your 'Message' and tract flashed into my mind, and I passed it on to him. I am glad to say later on he promised me he would live for and serve the Lord God Omnipotent in future. My prayers are for him, for I had no chance of seeing him again. God has used me on many occasions to point a wayward one the way to Him. I say 'used me,' frail as I am. I am always so happy to serve Him in that way. I always ask Him to use my tongue in His work. I am entirely in His hands and shall remain so, with His aid.

" 'Message' I always pass on. I shall tell of Jesus and His love when the chance occurs. Do remember me to Dr. Wreford. I would love to meet him. I sincerely hope Dr. Wreford is well and able to continue His blessed work."

"So you see I have been brought safely through. I thank the Lord for all the way He has led me and cared for me. I am certain that I have only Him to thank for the way in which I have been preserved, and believe me, I feel very grateful for His loving kindnesses. It seems so good to be at home once more."

Will this be read by someone who is still far away, on the downward road? May you be constrained to come to that One who is "the Way, the Truth, and the Life," and prove in this New Year His loving-kindness and tender mercy. A. A. L.

A Solemn Warning

At an open-air preaching a publican stood outside the crowd cursing the preacher and reviling the-Word of God. Some time before, in a fit of delirium tremens, he had sprung from his bed in the night and fled from the devils which he imagined were haunting him, ran through the town in his undress to a coal pit, and slid down the rope to the bottom, where the astonished colliers found him in the morning. As he stood listening to the preacher, these words fell upon his ear, May-be someone here, before twelve o'clock tomorrow will be dead and damned, if they don't repent now. "The publican went away cursing and reviling as before. The next day his landlord called about quarter to twelve to give him notice to quit the house. He jumped up in a rage, and told the landlord to go to hell. He immediately fell down the cellar steps, broke his neck, and was taken up dead.

“You Are His Bible”

One night just before the late Capt. Bickel was retiring to rest he met at the deck-house door a ruffian who had been wonderfully converted on one of the voyages. Although a rough, untutored man, he had gone at once to others telling the story of his conversion and of Christ as he had received Him. The Captain was very tired, but he had a little talk with the man. He asked him if he would take a Bible to a certain man on the morrow. He shook his head.

“No, no, Captain, he does not need that.” “But why not?” “It won’t do him any good.” “But why?” “Because it is too soon. That is your Bible, and thank God it is now mine, but it is not his Bible.” “What do you mean by that?” “Why, simply that he has another Bible; you are his Bible, he is watching you. As you fail, Christ fails. As you live, so Christ is revealed to him.” Writing of this incident, Captain Bickel said: “Friends, I did not sleep that night. I knew it in a way, of course, but to say: As yet live so Christ lives in that man’s soul, in that house, in that village, in four hundred villages. God help me! I had been called thief, liar, foreign spy, traitor, devil, in public and private, and had not flinched, but to face this! As yet live, Christ lives in a hundred thousand hearts. As you fail to live Christ, He is crucified again. What wonder that I slept not, that the message of the converted ruffian sank deeply into my heart!”

Living Links.

Facts From the Scriptures

Is there a God? I see His attributes.

The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth His handiwork. ■Psalms 19

Am I accountable to Him?

So then every one of us shall give account of himself to God. ■Romans 14:13.

Does, God know all about me?

All things are naked and open unto the eyes of Him with whom we have to do. —Hebrews 4:13.

Does He charge me with sin?

The Scripture hath concluded all under sin. ■Gal. 22.

All have sinned. ■Rom. 3:23.

Will God punish sin?

The soul that sinneth it shall die. ■Ezekiel 18:4.

Must I perish?

God is not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance. ■2 Peter 3:9.

How can I be saved?

Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved. ■Acts 16:31.

How was the question of sin settled?

Once in the end of the world hath He (Christ) appeared to put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself. Hebrews 9:26.

Who His own self bare our sins in His own body on the tree, that we being dead to sins should live unto righteousness by whose stripes ye were healed. ■1 Peter 2:24.

Is He able to save me?

He is able to save them to the uttermost all that come unto God by Him. ■Hebrews 7:25.

Is He willing to save me?

Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners. ■

1 Timothy 1:15.

Am I saved on believing?

He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life. John 3:36.

If a true believer, can I ever be lost?

Christ is the author of eternal salvation unto all them that obey Him. ■Hebrews 5:9.

I give unto My sheep eternal life, and they shall never perish. ■John 10:28.

Can I be saved now?

Now is the accepted time, behold, now is the day of salvation.

A True Story From Boston, U.S.A

It is upwards of thirty years since the Lord took my firstborn to Himself. He was but six years and seven months old, yet when the pains of death were upon him he knew in whom he had believed, and was resting by faith upon the finished work of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

On Thursday, 10th March, 1887, two of the Lord's servants visited our house, and dear Willie sang the first verse of that beautiful hymn, "Behold, behold, the Lamb of God on the Cross, on the Cross," etc. He had already been attacked by that dread disease diphtheria, and on the following Wednesday the doctor stated that his death would take place about twelve o'clock midnight.

We had been watching all day by his bedside, and I prayed that the Lord might enable him to speak to us. At 1:30 a.m., looking up, he said, "Papa, Jesus went down into the grave for sinners." I replied, "Yes, darling, Jesus died for sinners." He then said, "I'll glory in my Saviour's name." At 2:30 a.m. he again looked up and said, "Papa, Mama, Jesus is coming now."

After great suffering he died at 4 p.m. The dying testimony received from our dear boy was in answer to prayer.

Would that all who read this simple narrative enjoyed like precious faith, for there is no other name given under heaven among men whereby we must be saved, but by the name of Jesus.

W.Y.C.

Jesus Himself

I expect we all love that beautiful incident in the twenty-fourth chapter of Luke, fifteenth verse: "And Jesus Himself drew near and went with them." We have just had a further beautiful testimony to its everlasting blessing. Read the verse before you read any further, and you will see why He so graciously joined them so unexpectedly and so full of loving-kindness. Have you read the verse? If so, you will perceive that they had been communing together about Him and reasoning. The Lord heard what they said, so He drew near and went with: them. Dear friends, He will do the same now when we commune together of Him and His glorious work.

Now the reason why I said above, "We have had a further testimony," it was my first Christmas card, and my friend who sent it to me said, "I saw this card in a shop one day and thought of you. I send it now with loving wishes that you may have the "best of all," which will mean all peace and joy: peace which the world cannot give nor take away. Do you remember writing it in the Bible you gave me when I went (as a missionary) to Japan "and they two went together"? They two are still going on. Ah! yes, it is long ago now, for she was many years at Nagasaki teaching Japanese girls. I well remember how this thought of her being a missionary began. It was at a Church Missionary Society meeting, and the deputation earnestly entreated for help there. I turned to my friend and said: "Do you offer?" She did; was accepted, and set sail quickly after. So now, having sent this card, she will be the means of many receiving a blessing on the words: "Jesus Himself drew near and went with them."

He is only too willing to come and walk with us, to be our Guide and Director in all we say and do. Only commune with Him, and He will teach, and you will glorify Him, specially by giving praise, for He says in Psalms 1:25, "Whoso offereth praise glorifieth Me."

Emily P. Leakey.

The Value of God's Word

A very good man who lived many years ago and who was Bishop of Rochester, was cruelly condemned to be executed by Henry VIII. As he came out of the Tower of London on his last journey he took out of his pocket a New Testament, and, looking up to heaven, said, "Now, O Lord, give me a message of help and cheer from Thy Word." He then opened the book, and the first text his eyes saw was this: "This is life eternal, to know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent." The Bishop instantly closed the book and said, "Praise the Lord, this is sufficient both for time and for eternity!"

Too Late to Run

Victor Emmanuel, King of Italy, when Prince Royal, was witnessing some artillery experiments when the cannon burst, scattering pieces of metal in all directions. Everyone present ran away except the Prince, who presently called them back. "No use running now," he said, "all the danger is over." Sinners, "Flee from the wrath to come." There is danger for you every moment you are unsaved—danger of your being lost for all eternity. Your immortal soul is in terrible peril—"the soul that sinneth it shall die," and only Christ can give you life. A patient was in a doctor's consulting room. He had been examined, and now, looking in the doctor's face, he asks, "What do you think of me today, doctor?" The speaker was a man in what we call the prime of life, but upon whose face the hectic flush and the sunken eye told only too plainly of consumption.

"I think you are very ill," said the doctor, quietly.

There was a short pause, and then the sick man spoke again. "What do you think of my case? shall I get well again?" and he gazed anxiously up into the doctor's face.

There was a longer pause, and then the doctor said, slowly but kindly, "No, my friend, I do not think you will; you are dying!"

A look of anguish and of despair came over the dying man's face. Eternity in all its reality was opening up before him, and the past was still unforgiven. He had been moral and upright in his ways before men, a good and steady workman, a kind and most affectionate husband and father, but he felt now that in all, that there was nothing for God. He had only lived for himself and for this world, and now he was leaving it, and had nothing to rest on; little wonder that his face reflected the trouble of his soul. He found peace, through faith in Christ's finished work, and so passed from death unto life.

Many have been almost persuaded—it may be you—and have died in their sins almost at the gates of heaven. Look at this illustration. A young man has been caught in a fearful storm and has struggled long against it. He has seen, as his strength failed him, the lights of his home, but had died before he could pass across the doorstep. What a terrible thing it will be for you if you are lost after being almost saved! Ah! men and women and children, many of you have been prayed over, wept over, have been entreated to come to Jesus. You have been over and over again on the point of decision, but you have never come out for Christ. Beware, the storm of death may come upon you and carry you off into eternity—dead and lost—and it may be close to the gates of heaven.

Have we any Scars?

During the time of slavery in America, a negro, who persisted in preaching Christ, was flogged over and over again by his Master. Finally, the cruel master noticed the awful wounds he was making, and asked him why he so willingly took such severe floggings. The negro replied that when he got to heaven he wanted to have some scars to show what he had suffered for Christ. God is calling us to sacrifice, the millions dying in heathen darkness are calling us to sacrifice, our eternal reward is calling us to sacrifice. "Till we make it? Let us glory in suffering for Christ.

Some Recent Letters About Our Work

A Child writes: ■

“I am so glad you sent me a free Testament, for I read a chapter out of it to my mother every day, because she cannot see very well.”

A soldier's widow writes: ■

“Please find enclosed for ■ your Testament Fund. Pray for me. ■A Soldier's Widow.”

A demobilized soldier writes: ■

“Being much impressed by the need of your particular labor of love, I send a small contribution. Whilst in France many of us saw the real need of your work, and it made one's heart rejoice to see how eagerly the Testaments were received.”

A mother writes: ■

“Enclosed is a small gift for the distribution of the Word of God. My son, who was killed in France in 1918, always sent you a trifle at this time of the year, so I thought I would so like still to send to you.”

A lady of eighty-two writes: ■

“I have pleasure in sending you enclosed for the distribution of one hundred New Testaments. My health seems in such a critical state at eighty-two that I thought if the Lord is about to take me I would like to do this.”

A Cadet Major, Church Lads' Brigade, writes: ■

“You have kindly sent copies of the Active Service Testament to many children in my school. Will you please inform me how to get a supply of same for members of the Sheffield Regiment of the above Brigade?”

A worker from India writes: ■

“God's Word is better than a thousand preachers in this great land.”

A lady from Italy writes: ■

“You will never know till you reach the heavenly home and meet some of the men into whose hands those Testaments were passed, what blessing resulted. But He that soweth bountifully shall reap bountifully, and you did, indeed sow bountifully.”

These are only a few recent letters. The work goes on; the need is always with us. God is giving His blessing. We ask you in His name to help us.

Let us remember: It is only in Time we can do this work for Jesus only, while we are on earth can we help sinners to heaven. Now is the day of opportunity for service: “the night cometh when no man can work.”

Let us remember: When we see His blessed face we shall want a sheaf from earth’s harvest field to lay at His feet. We shall want stars for our crown, and to hear Him say, “Well done.”

We have sent more than 11,000 parcels of Testaments and tracts to all parts of the world. We want your help to send 11,000 more, if it is God’s will.

The Diary of a Soul

By The Editor

In quiet hours I think of all the awful efforts of the devil in these last days against our Lord and Master, the Lord Jesus Christ. It is an unspeakable comfort to me to know that my Master is the devil’s Master—so it is only as long as He wills.

This article, I thought, might be used by God today.

Days of Crisis

AS we gaze on the great sea of humanity, we notice it heaving and tossing in response to the volcanic storms that are raging underneath it. Elemental forces are at work all over the world, and primitive barbarism is threatening to displace the ordered living which civilization requires. The root of all this unrest is to be found in the denial of the Father and the Son. It is the spirit of Antichrist abroad on the earth, the devil ruling in the place of God, and the councils of darkness swaying the destinies of man. Men are looking for the superman, and not to the God of all the earth.

The awful blasphemy that has led a nation to eliminate the Name of God from all its schools is spreading everywhere: "We be gods," men cry, and then act as devils. The humanizing of God and the deification of man is the spirit of this age. The riot of self-will, everyone doing that which is right in their own eyes, leads to the awful menace of Bolshevism, which is the direct result of the materialism of the present day. There seems to be a collapse of moral energy in the world; the power to do evil is stronger than the desire to do right. The hidden forces of evil in the natural man, which are, to a certain extent, repressed by the obligations of society, show themselves in a variety of ways: sometimes in the quieter forms of unbelief when human credulity is befooled by so-called diviners, by false mediums, by charlatans who pretend to the gift of healing, by palmists, by fortune-tellers, by crystal-gazers, by wizards who pretend to hold mysteries of life and death in thrall, by the atheists who in their blasphemy speak of "somebody called God," to the semi-atheists, as we may call them, who, under the guise of religion, sow "doctrines of devils," the denial of the Father and the Son, in half the pulpits of Christendom. These false witnesses, garbed as Christian men, are the choicest emissaries of Satan, his chosen vessels to poison the minds of men with the specious sophistries of perdition.

Then there is the cult of socialism, a growing force which "teaches and believes the folly that material comfort may come to all under the reign of an omnipotent and atheistic bureaucracy administering the affairs of state." They build their theories on destruction, and are an unceasing menace to the nations of the world.

All these things spring from the terrible unrest in the world today, a world that is deliberately trying to do without God and His beloved Son. "The wicked are like the troubled sea, casting up mire and dirt," and the world is full of the mire and dirt of an unrestful and wicked age. The great strikes that paralyze commerce are the outcome of the forces of the restless unbelief of men and women. The increasing love of pleasure and the desecration of the Lord's Day are the terrible results of the materialism of these times. On Sundays we have the picture palaces and theaters open, bands playing in the parks, and concerts in the large halls. Sunday newspapers have an enormous circulation. All these things lead to a total neglect of the Word of God and a loosening of every moral bond.

The Prime Minister of France said in the French Senate a few years ago: "We have torn the minds of men from religious faith. The wretched workman who, weary with the weight of his day's work, once bent his knee, we now have raised up. We have told him that behind the clouds are only

chimeras. Together, and with a majestic gesture, we have put out in the heavens the lights that will never be lit again!"

This speech was hailed with delightful applause, and was ordered to be distributed throughout all the Communes in France (36,000).

The denial of God leads to a denial of His Word and all its teaching for time and eternity. Lord█, writing to me about the Bible, says "he does not agree with me in regarding this inconsistent semi-oriental hotchpotch as the Word of God." And so we might go on painting a picture more and more sombre of a world seeking to put God out of its thoughts altogether.

And now men talk of a League of Nations, peace and amity to be brought to a world by man's efforts, a league to be built on the sandy foundation of human endeavor, and to be welded together by pledges that have been proved before to be mere "scraps of paper."

I remember reading of a great speech made by M. Jules Simon in favor of peace. Amid deafening applause, he ended his peroration by saying: "Cannon, thy reign is ended!" This was early in July, 1870. We know that sixteen days after this speech was made war was declared between France and Germany, and within two months M. Jules Simon's house was under the fire of German guns.

The Tower of Babel was a League of Nations. God came down to see what they were building, and He scattered the builders over the face of the earth; and so this godless league was dissolved.

What are Christians to do in these days of crisis? What are our responsibilities and our opportunities?

We must believe in: █

1. God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost.
2. The divinity of the Lord Jesus Christ.
3. The divine inspiration of the Scriptures.
4. The immortality of the soul.
5. The atoning death of the Lord Jesus Christ, and His resurrection and ascension into heaven.
6. The fall of man, the necessity of the new birth, and justification by faith alone.
7. The eternal punishment of the wicked.

If, by the grace of God, we are enabled to rest our souls upon these divine foundations, God will give us power to live for Him and to be a witness for His beloved Son.

But Christians must be in earnest; how can we contend for a faith if we do not hold it firmly? How can we speak of a Saviour if we do not know Him in communion of soul?

It is the everlasting shame of Christendom that the majority of so-called Christians do not believe in Christ at all, and tens of thousands who do believe in Him are lukewarm, and prefer the ease of quiet living to the battlefields of service for their Lord. Without judging others, let us judge ourselves; examine ourselves whether we be in the faith. The devil is in deadly earnest, and all

over the world the powers of darkness are waging unceasing war.

If we want to help in God's work we must face the evils of which we have been speaking in the power of God. How glorious to win souls for Jesus Christ day by day; to be true to Him in a world where He WAS crucified, and where He IS denied now! How good to remember that Jesus is God; to be able to say:

"There is no other name but Thine,

Jehovah-Jesus, name divine;

On which to rest for sins forgiven,

For peace with God, and hope of heaven.

So, fellow Christian, let us do each day definite work for Christ. Above all, pray. We must have daily prayer to God, together when we can, for Jesus said: "If two of you shall agree on earth as touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of My Father, which is in heaven" (Matt. 18:18).

Three things will characterize us if we are true to Christ:

1. We shall be living epistles known and read of all.
2. People will take knowledge of us that we have been with Jesus.
3. We shall be like unto men that wait for their Lord.

Any request for prayer sent to us will be remembered before God, and any anxious about their souls we shall be glad to help. Write to Dr. Heyman Wreford, The Firs, Denmark Road, Exeter.

Note. ■The days in which we live are so solemn that we have printed this article in booklet form. Copies to be obtained from Dr. Heyman Wreford, The Firs, Denmark Road, Exeter; also F. E. Race, 3 and 4, London House Yard, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.4.

A Guardsman in Hell

An officer in the Guards tells the following story. He was a man given up to pleasure, and with ample means to gratify his desires. This is his experience: ■

I Awoke in Hell

Of course I knew millions had done so before. It was no new thing, but it was new to me—that was the point, and I felt miserable, wretched. “Is this hell?” I said, so unlike what I had expected, the one place I had all my life vowed I would never come to; I am sure I intended hard enough not to come. “And in hell he lifted up his eyes, being in torment” I had heard the words scores of times, now they were quite changed and altered, for then they referred to another, now to myself. “Fool that I had been,” that I think was the keenest point in the situation. “What was it like?”

Utterly different to what I had expected. I soon saw that. Before, it had sounded most unreal, now it was the very opposite. I had always been fond of exploring strange places. I had no wish to explore this. I dreaded even to move, for I felt sure the more I saw, the worse it would prove to be. And the company, that was the worst of all, if hell has a worst.

Suddenly I heard my name mentioned, though I could not recognize the voice. It appeared a list was published in hell daily of the people arriving in a day or two, and my name was down, and they were expecting me. I had come a day too soon. Next moment I awoke on earth. Was it earth? I trembled with eagerness of excitement I had never felt before. I was covered with a clammy sweat. Where was I? On earth or in hell? What tremendous issues depended on the answer! The agony of that moment was more, I believe, than man ever suffered before.

It was quite dark, and I dared not move. Hell seemed the more real, but I was on earth. I lay fearing to close my eyes. I dressed as one dazed. My servants were afraid of me, but were too well behaved to ask what had happened. What had happened? I looked ten years older at least, and was quite white. I had ordered my trap to drive to Ascot. It was the cup day—there it was at the door. I felt somehow unable to think. I got in as a machine, more than a man. How we got there, and why I went, I could not say, my whole time was spent in thinking of where I had been. I got cold and hot in turn, sometimes I shuddered so that I shook the trap. I was awakened in a kind of a way by running into a drag. I don't seem quite to know what happened, it occurred so quickly. It was my fault I suppose. Some wrangling took place.

I heard as a man in a dream, till I was suddenly brought up by a shout from the drag: “Go to hell!” I had heard the phrase thousands of times at Eton, in the mess, at the club—aye, and used it too, but now it was like a new language that I had got the key to. I shuddered. My knees would have knocked together had I been standing. My groom asked if I was ill, and took the reins. He proposed to return. I said, “No.” The fact was I dared not be alone. We arrived soon afterward. I tried to walk to the stand, but I could barely do so. Hardly anyone yet had come. The first man I saw who knew me was a brother officer in my old regiment. He had not seen me for years, since I exchanged into the Guards. After shaking me by the hand heartily enough, he said, “Where the

hell have you been all these years?”

I heard no more. I knew I had fallen and was being taken home. I heard as I was carried along oaths and curses on all sides. I had heard them at race meetings all my life; now I started each time I heard the name—that name mentioned. It was jest to them; it was grim earnest to me. I arrived at home. The doctor said I must have had a shock (he never said a truer word in his life) and that I must be kept perfectly quiet, but he did not say how. I would have paid him the biggest fee he ever had in his life if he could have answered that.

Keep Me Quiet?

You might as well talk of keeping the sea quiet. How did I know I might not fall asleep and wake up where I had been the night before? I was not expected then; I was expected now and forever. The paper on the wall was a kind of diagonal pattern with spots on it. I began counting them. I could not help it. Suppose I allowed one hundred years in torment to each spot, how many years would it make? I got confused and began over and over again. Would life there never end? I think I fainted. When I came to, Jack, my brother, was sitting by my bedside; they had sent for him.

I asked him to read to me about Lazarus and the man. I meant the dead man, but I could not bear to name the word, and shut my eyes. Jack went away and did not return for some time. It appeared that in my house, which I had bought two years back for £60,000, “furnished with every modern requisite,” as the advertisements say, there was no Bible, so they sent for one. Then Jack had to go out for a second time. He could not find the place. Nearly an hour had passed since I first asked him to read. At last he was beginning: “Now a certain man was sick, named Lazarus.” That was wrong. I meant the beggar Lazarus. However, Jack read on slowly, but I did not listen. This story had no concern for me, but I knew that Jack could not find the other one. Lazarus was sick, was he? So was I. Lazarus is dead. Should I be in another hour or two?

Then I heard no more till the words, “Lazarus, come forth, and Lazarus came forth.” Had I really been in hell? Where had this man been? Strange, too, Jack should read about him. Jack stopped. I said, “Go on.” I heard little till he read: “Many people were there to see Lazarus also, whom He had raised from the dead.” Would people come to see me? Hark! “They consulted that they might put Lazarus also to death.” How I pitied him. Would Jack like to see me die, that he might step into my shoes? “Jack, I have had a shock.” “Yes, old man, what was it?” “I was in hell last night.” He started. “I was, but only for an hour. Now you see, Jack, I may be there forever this night.” I saw a tear in Jack’s eye. Dear old Jack! He tried to speak, but couldn’t, and so he remained silent. I asked him to read it all again. Jack read it more slowly than before. This time I drank in every word.

“Jesus saith unto her, Thy brother shall rise again.” Jack’s voice trembled. “Jesus saith unto her, I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live.” “Stop,” I shouted, “say it again.” Jack went over it three or four times. “Jack do you believe that? Go on.” Jack went on: “And whosoever liveth and believeth on Me shall never die; believest thou this?” Now I always had a good voice, for the life of me I couldn’t help it, I gave such a shout as aroused the whole house. “Jack, believest thou this?” Never patient had such a recovery. I was out of bed at once. Before, they were afraid my mind was affected, now they seemed certain of it, all but Jack. I think he half saw it. But then you see, he hadn’t been where I was the night before. I

read that chapter over at least fifty times. It got clearer and clearer. How I praised God for it—“Should never die.” I cried over the words with joy. No more hell for me, for though worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God.”

My chief concern was Jack. He saw it too, only he was quieter. “To think, Jack, that I am forty-five and you forty, and we never saw before that Christ died for our sins and to save us from hell.” I never was so happy in my life. I had been going to Norway to fish for salmon. I would fish for men now. God had saved my soul through a chapter in the Bible being read; I would pass my life in future in reading it to others.

Truly this officer in the Guards escaped from hell by the skin of his teeth. How about yourself? “How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation?”

This Means You

The writer of the following is now laboring for his Lord amongst his comrades in Ireland, and I pray may be a blessing to someone who is still on the broad road. I was so glad to send Testaments and tracts through Dr. Wreford, who was ill at the time, and my friend writes: ■

“I do pray for him; I am sure his heart would be cheered if he could see the faces of the men and their joy when they receive a Testament and some tracts. Some refuse, but very few. Death is facing these men here, and they realize that they are in need of something.”

There may be a heart who reads this who also feels a need, and although the war is over, is faced with death, and after death the judgment. My friend continues: ■

“May God open their eyes to see their true need of a Saviour. I saw a notice a day or two ago: ‘Keep out of here. This means you.’ It startled me at first, but I afterward thought about the building being mined, and so was dangerous. Now supposing any one, disregarding that notice and warning, went in and was killed, who could they blame but themselves? No one; and so I thought of the danger signals God has given in His Word from time to time (Job 36:18, Prov. 29:1, 27:1). Yet men totally disregard, and go on from day to day exposed to danger and eternal punishment. Thank God I can say with a poor cripple I know, ‘I was told to trust in the blood, and I did so,’ and from my heart just now I can say, ‘I was a guilty sinner, but Jesus died for me.’ Grand to be saved and know it, but it’s better to be saved and show it. God help me never to be ashamed of Him who purchased my pardon and made me free. I have the presence of my precious Lord, and that is enough for me. He is faithful. ‘Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me.’ It is sweet to know my Saviour lives; lives for me. It is sweet to know the One who lives is coming again. His coming is very precious to my soul. I long to see Him, whom not having seen I love.”

Are you ready to meet the Lord? The shadows of night are gathering quickly over the world. Soon the day of grace will close. Will you not flee for refuge to the One who saves “to the uttermost ‘all’ that come unto God by Him”? A. A. L.

Decide Now

Now, now is the salvation word. Decide now, when you hear that you can be saved by coming to the Lord Jesus and accepting His wonderful gift. I have just heard of a young girl who went to a meeting and did not there and then yield her heart to Christ, but her companion did, and she would not rest until her friend also accepted the truth as it is in Jesus. Oh! what a blessing that she decided! That very day she accidentally swallowed a pin. Nothing could be done for her, and as she lay dying she wrote to the gentleman who had preached at that meeting to say how thankful she was she had accepted Christ and that she was going to be with Jesus. And as she wrote the words she passed away and her letter was unfinished.

So, dear unconverted friend, if you are reading this, take my advice. Decide now to come as a poor sinner to the Saviour, for He has promised to give you rest and His Holy Spirit to lead you into all truth.

Emily P. Leakey.

Incidents of the War and the Peace

Working for God

We must labor on all the harvest fields of earth for God. We must gather a soul here and a soul there until we have a goodly sheaf for the harvest homes of heaven. If we seek for souls God will give them to us; if we are indifferent about the perishing around us others will do the work we might have done.

Soldier's Life Saved by a Horse

A French soldier named Private Ambroise Perrichon had both his legs shattered, and he lay helpless on the field waiting for death. A riderless white horse, feeding on the grass near where he lay, attracted the Frenchman's attention, and he whistled to it. To his surprise, the animal immediately walked over to him and pushed its nose into his hand, whinnying with delight. The horse showed such intelligence that Perrichon was struck with an idea. He pushed the horse's nose on to the leather belt round his waist, and the animal, with almost human intelligence, grasped it in its teeth and lifted the unfortunate soldier from the ground. It was thus that the white charger carried the wounded soldier back to the French lines and saved his life. Though in a state of collapse when he reached his friends, Private Perrichon recovered after hospital treatment. He has adopted the charger which saved his life, and it has transpired that the animal is an old circus horse, and before the war had performed in a scene in which he had to carry his master round the sawdust ring.

God watched over that soldier's life, and delivered him from death. God is willing to deliver you from eternal death if you will, trust on the finished work of His beloved Son. If you do not trust in Jesus you will never be saved, and may have to say at the close of life what the dying sailor in Panama said: "Too late; I've lost my chance of salvation." A sailor in a prayer-meeting told the following story: "In Panama one of my brother sailors was taken very sick.

I had previously, on many occasions, advised him to take Jesus as his guide, counselor and friend. But his answer had ever been, 'Time enough yet.' 'You need a Saviour now,' I said to him, as he lay writhing upon his mattress. 'Oh,' said he, 'I've put off seeking Jesus too long.' I earnestly begged him to look at the cross of Christ, and there learn what Jesus had done and suffered, that a poor sinner like him might not perish, but have everlasting-life. But he replied, 'No good to me. I have wasted my chance of salvation.'"

“Oh! My Darling, Come Back to Me!”

Adjutant Booth tells the following touching story of a burial in France. The ten men of the firing party were there, and when the chaplain had read the service over the dead, the rifles of the firing party were discharged into the air, then the arms were reversed and the “Last Post” was sounded. No sooner had the sounds died away than we heard the cry of a woman. Such a wail I have seldom heard before; it seemed to chill our very souls. “Am I too late? Where is he?” she cried. I had seen grief, but never so distracted and uncontrolled. Kneeling down in the mud, she clasped the coffin containing all that was left of her husband, and in her frenzy called to him, “Oh! my darling, come back to me! How can I live forever alone?” I knelt beside her, and, taking her hand, talked to her of the hope beyond the grave, but she almost seemed past human comfort.

God’s love shines over all the sorrows of the world, and there is a land where partings are unknown, and where there is no death, and where all tears are wiped away.

Ireland for Christ

Our thoughts turn longingly to Ireland now, and we seek to enlist your fullest sympathy for our work there. We reprint our circular and letters about Ireland:—

Our Work in Ireland, and its Need

We need all your sympathy and prayers in these sad days for our work in Ireland. We would ask all our readers to remember Ireland. There is a wonderful work for God going on there now, and an increasing desire for the Word of God. We want to send hundreds of parcels of Testaments to the various Barracks, and to workers among the civil population. I am going to print you a few recent letters to show what God is doing.

A Dear Worker writes from Dublin

Dear Friend, I enclose you the enclosed cards for Testaments for the soldiers; they asked me to leave some with them at ■ Barracks. A Roman Catholic soldier, one of the wounded men, told me yesterday that he had a Testament, and read it every night at the hospital. He told me also that the men took them out every evening to read, and that one soldier commenced reading when he got up and read all day.... I had no idea that so many were without Testaments. I am going round to all the barracks I can. It gives me great joy to hear of their reading the Word. The Roman Catholic soldier told me he got a card from me and filled it up, and sent it to Dr. Wreford and got the Testament by post. I feel so thankful to you, Dr. Wreford, for enabling me to do so much with God's precious Word.

Another Appeal from Dublin

Dear Dr. Wreford,

Once again I am feeling the need of more of your parcels; all the Testament cards are gone, and all the Testaments, too, and my soldiers seem still hungry for more. Several, too, have been asking for "Travelers' Guide," and all reading matter is eagerly devoured, The half battalion I had have been relieved by the other half, and a large draft has arrived from■, and new recruits have come in from the depot, so that the demand is great. There are signs of blessing everywhere, and they love to get round and ask questions; but one feels that if we can only keep the truth as it is in Jesus faithfully before them, there must be real results, especially when watered by constant prayer.

Letters from Londonderry

I cannot thank you enough for the magnificent parcel which came to me yesterday. God only can recompense you. I believe and think your repeated gifts followed by earnest prayers are bearing fruit, and I know, that is what you want.... The■'s are, I am glad to say, having a rest, they were completely run down with want of sleep and nervous strain, some of them during the worst riots, collapsing in the streets. They were so very young, mere boys many of them, bur they were brave and adaptable beyond their years, and a credit to their country. They are replaced by the— 's, and I trust they will do as well for us all.

Another letter says: ■

Your last large parcel has been, I believe, the means of blessing to many, both soldiers and civilians. We are still in a state of siege, and hemmed in with barbed wire, armored cars, sand bags, etc., but thank God we have no fear. The soldiers are very brave in the midst of civil war.

A Lieutenant Colonel writes from Ireland

Dear Dr. Wreford, I enclose 30/-. Will you kindly send 100 Testaments to the 1st Battalion ■ Regt.?
Go on, dear brother!

Roman Catholic Soldiers and the Testaments

A friend writes: ■

I thank you very much for the large parcel of Testaments. I shall thank you very much for more, and for trads. I have not one left. A Roman Catholic soldier told me it was only a waste of money as they will not read them. I told him, they do read them, and that the Lord Jesus died for him, and that if he did not accept Him as his Saviour he will be one of those who will cry out hereafter: "Oh! I had the same opportunity as the rest to accept the gospel, and I did not, now it is too late!" I also told him the Lord Jesus will say to him then: "Depart, I never knew you." He had not a word to say. As the Roman Catholics abused the Testaments in— I don't give them away unless they ask me for them. So three different Roman Catholics pressed me for them, so I gave them one each, and they promised to read them.

Our Appeal for Ireland

We want to help the terrible soul need in Ireland. We know many workers who are doing all they can to spread the truth. We shall help them all we can. We are sure our friends will help us also. The dear soldiers and civilians need all we can do for them. I have very many letters speaking of the awful need now. I am glad God has given us an open door in Ireland. We are sending hundreds of Testaments to soldiers and many parcels to workers.

The Diary of a Soul

By The Editor an Accumulation of Horrors

WE are living in the most awful days this world has ever experienced, and we are on the eve of the most stupendous event the world has ever known, the Cross excepted. The apostle Peter speaks of "last days" and of "perilous times," and we are living in these days and times now Every believer and unbeliever is concerned in what is about to happen. There is an event that may transpire at any moment. It is this the Lord Jesus Christ may come for His people today. There is actually nothing to hinder His coming. No one can say the hour when He will come, but every Christian on earth has a right to say that He may come at any moment.

More than nineteen centuries ago Jesus Christ came into this world, the manifestation of God's love to man. "God so loved the world that He gave His only-begotten Son that whosoever, believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life." The world cast Christ out and the heavens have received Him. He has been at the right hand of God for more than nineteen hundred years. Jesus is not here today because the world would not have Him. "Away with Him" was the cry; "we won't have this Man to reign over us."

He was rejected, crucified and slain, and the world that, could do that to the Son of God is capable of descending to the lowest depths of sin, and to carry out the mandates of the devil in every way. You, my reader, belong to a world that has crucified the Son of God. Not only that, but unless you, repent truly of this awful crime and believe on the Lord Jesus Christ as having died to save you, "you lie under the full guilt of that act." Mr. Brownlow North wrote on the blank page of his New Testament the words, "Brownlow North, a man whose sins crucified the Son of God." But he had learned to rest upon the atoning work of Christ for his salvation, and rejoiced in the righteousness of God which was now upon him as a believer. My reader, can you write beneath your signature, "My sins crucified the Son of God"? And can you say through faith in His atoning work on the cross for you, "The Son of God, who loved me and gave Himself for me."

A great fact faces you, solemnly spoken of by a dear Christian now in heaven. He says: ■ "Oh, what an accumulation of horrors will overtake those who, having missed their soul's salvation in this day of grace, will have been left behind for judgment at the coming of the Lord for His saints."

Those who are left behind will have to face the Great Tribulation and the awful power of the Antichrist, the Beast; and the false prophet; a trinity of evil, energized by the devil to relentless opposition to God and to Christ. The horrors that are filling the world to-day will be as nothing compared to the fearful tyranny that will oppress the human race then. And the end of all for the unbeliever is the Great White Throne, and the Lake of Fire. Man's boasted progress to-day is taking him further and further from God, and making him more and more a willing captive of sin and Satan.

Unbeliever! if Christ comes to-day you will be lost forever. You will be left behind in darkness while the saints dwell in light. You will be left under the power of sin to await the death that never dies, while eternal life is the portion of the people of God. And the doom of the world will be thy doom,

and because thou would'st not believe in the only One who could save thee from the wrath to come, that wrath in all its unsparing severity shall fall upon thee. Haste thee to Christ now, if thou would'st escape the judgment of all things here.

His Last Hymn

It was so pretty and peaceful a village that it seemed hard to realize that the shadow of war was lying across it, but some mournful stories were being told almost daily by the mill-pond, which was the favorite place for gossip.

“Is Willie looking up all right?” asked a lad of Mrs. Pollard as she sauntered down to the pond by way of a break in her morning’s work.

“Ah, Mrs. Pollard, you did ought to be proud of your Willie!” put in a neighbor, without waiting for the reply. “Such a smart, well-set-up lad, and with such a beautiful voice, to be sure! And now to think he’s going to the Front! There, I could cry, for it do seem cruel to send a lad like him.”

“And he only nineteen,” replied Willie’s mother with a sigh. “Thank you, Mrs. Bowden, for your sympathy.”

‘There, there, mother,’ he says when he’d ‘listed, don’t ‘ee take on so. I couldn’t do nothing else now, could I, when King and country want me? And I’m going to fight for you, mother, as well as for the rest. And then you know it is all right between me and God. I’m sure He’ll take care of me, and if I’m wounded —’

“ ‘Don’t say it, lad,’ I cried. ‘Yes, I know the Lord will be with you, wherever you be.’ For Willie is a true Christian lad, and all my prayers are answered for him. His last Sunday I can never forget. How he did sing, as he stood in the pew, tall and straight, in his khaki! That day we had his favorite hymn, ‘Jesus, lover of my soul.’ I can hear his voice ring out now as he sang those words, ‘Oh, receive my soul at last.’”

The tears ran down her face at the recollection. “Do you hear from him regular?” asked Mrs. Bowden and the lad together.

“Oh, yes, of course I do. Folks are mighty kind out there in France, he says; there are huts, with tables and chairs, and pens and ink to encourage the lads to write home. But Willie wants no encouragement; he was always a good lad to his mother.”

It was night in the camp, the first night in France for the draft of men who were undressing, throwing their boots with a clatter on to the floor, chaffing each other, grumbling, and swearing. How could anybody kneel to pray in such a clatter? There was only a moment’s hesitation, and then Willie Pollard dropped on to his knees and bent his head. God surely forgave him the fact that his prayer was little more than an attitude, because he was expecting boots and buckles to be hurled with violence at his head.

There was a moment’s silence, then came shouts of derisive laughter, scornful words, and threats; but no hand was laid on Willie, and he lay down without replying to anybody. He had to endure much petty persecution at first, but after a time it died down, and presently he won over some of his worst opponents, and induced them to go with him to the hut for meeting’s.

“My word, but the chap’s got a voice!” they said, as they sat beside him and heard his beautiful voice in the hymns; in none was it heartier than in his favorite.

Then came the call to the firing line, and at that time the men watched Willie more closely than ever, and they could see that his faith was real. There was no sign of “funk” or of cowardice about him. The bombardment had been cruel, and many men had already fallen, when the word was passed along that Pollard was “downed.” Then it was that his influence over his rough, swearing comrades was seen to be very real. “Young Pollard wounded? A right good sort he is. Let me pass. I must take a hand in carrying him along.” Presently two of those who had, at first, most bitterly opposed him, pressed forward to carry him to the field dressing station at the end of the trench. They lifted him gently on to the stretcher, and he smiled when he saw them.

Almost immediately he began to sing his beloved hymn, and tears sprang to the eyes of the men as they stumbled along the mud-filled trench with their burden. After the first few lines the voice grew still sweeter, but very low.

“Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life be past.”

The voice died away in an involuntary moan, and a spasm of pain crossed the white face; but when they laid him down the tenor notes rang out once more, and he made an effort to raise himself.

“Safe into the haven guide.”

That line was very clear, but it was followed by a pause. Faintly, as Willie fell back, he whispered: “Oh, receive my soul at last.”

Then all was over, and he was safe in the haven where he had longed to be.

“But when the last notes died away,” so runs the record in which this true story was sent to England, “the two men who carried him in pledged themselves to follow the same Saviour, who was so manifestly with him in death.” Whether they are still living, or have since laid down their lives, I cannot say, but this much is certain: they were not the only two soldiers who turned to the Saviour because they watched Willie Pollard’s consistent life and brave, beautiful death.

The day which brought the news to Willie’s mother was a sad one for her; but she knows where to look for comfort, and she expects to see her boy again before long.

Life, however, is lonely without him. She often talks of him to her neighbors by the mill-pond, and sometimes she fancies that she can hear that last line that fell from his dying lips, and she rejoices to know that the prayer was so quickly answered, and that, “safe in the arms of Jesus,” Willie crossed the dark river and entered the heavenly home.

M. Hickley.

Learn a Little About Him

I am sure many of us love to hear missionary news: how God convinces the Hindoos, the Chinese or Japanese, or other heathen, of the truth revealed in the Bible that Christ, and Christ Jesus alone, can save sinners. Mr. Moor-house, one of our missionaries, tells us of a bigoted Hindoo who utterly opposed Christian preaching in his village. He was the landowner. He opposed them violently. A dear old catechist, full of wisdom which comes from above, led the excited young man on one side, saying, "My friend, before you abuse Jesus Christ, learn a little about Him, and if you will read our holy Book, I will give you my own New Testament." The young man promised he would, and took the Book home. He read it, prayed, and believed, and for about two years he was a secret believer; then he came to some special services and was convinced that he should openly confess Christ, and he received baptism publicly, in the presence of all his friends.

So I would say to all my readers, "Learn a little about Him," the Lord Jesus, who so greatly loves us, and yearns that we should, heart and soul, all be His, out and out, for half and half He has nothing to do with, but as He writes in Revelation, "Because thou art lukewarm, neither cold nor hot, I will spue thee out of My mouth." So let us be out and out, hot for Him, and work for Him whilst we have time.

Emily P. Leakey.

Sad News from Harry

A boy writes to me, to whom we sent a Testament. We received the letter today. He says: ■

Dear Sir,■

I have very sad news to tell you. My father has started getting drunk at nights, and spends most of his money in drink. I dare not tell you much more because my father will be coming home drunk soon, I believe, and will do harm to us if he can. But I keep the little Testament you sent me in a secret drawer of mine; and I take it to school and read it when I get a chance. I like God's Word, and I want to give myself to the Lord Jesus Christ and preach His word to my family and others.

Your friend, HARRY— Pray for Harry and his father and mother.

Prayers in the Train

A mother and her five children were traveling from their former home in Illinois to where the husband and father had taken a claim in the West for their future home. The mother looked worn and tired, yet interested in her family—all clean and neat, though plainly dressed. When bed-time arrived, and the youngest—a boy of about four years—was beginning to nod, the next older began tugging at him to keep awake, and looked appealingly at his mother. The others began whispering among themselves, and then to the mother, and the passengers' attention was attracted. Quietly, without ostentation or display—yes, even with timidity—the mother and children knelt together there while the evening prayers were said. Just a moment, but traveling men, politicians, business, and newspaper men, all paid a silent tribute to the civilizing agent of all ages—the Christian religion—by removing their hats.

“Pray One for Another”

It is a great pleasure that Dr. Wreford has given me to come in touch with the many readers of the “Message,” and I ask all who are interested in our soldiers to remember those who are still exposed to danger and hardships, as in Ireland.

The following short extracts are from India: ■

“It seems hard after going through one war, and then to come here to fight these savage tribes. We had five days’ march through a river bed, and that was awful going through, and then to go on marching in wee clothes... but I will trust in God to bring me through, as He did before.... I hope you will excuse my writing in pencil, but we are in a place now where ink is out of the question. All we can see here is mountains no other white people have been on... any moment you may be sniped by these tribes... Am glad to say I received your letter yesterday, also books. My mother is worrying awful about me, but I have written and told her not to worry over me, as I trust in God to bring me back safe from here.... Yes, I believe what the Lord has done. He paid the highest price■His life.... We get no services; no chaplain; no one to conduct services.”

This dear boy is young, and has already had many hard battles to fight against the many temptations of army life.

What a privilege, through Dr. Wreford, to continue to send books to him and his comrades. How these boys need our prayers in their isolation. We are cheered from time to time by letters from those it was our privilege to be in touch with during the war. One writes of the beloved doctor: ■

“The old war-time army can thank him for much. It was the result of such hard work on the part of such men as Dr. Wreford and Mr. J. J. Piper and others, that made the Gospel so easy for a soldier to get. No matter where one went, there were always supplies of Gospels, Testaments and books from the Doctor, with a word of cheerio from him. Since then, dear Mr. Piper has been called home. I had some Hindu Gospels sent to me from Mr. Piper, which I distributed to the natives, some in the Madrasi and others in the Telegu languages. But for this kind action on his part these natives might at this day never heard of their Saviour and Lord. I never heard from him again, as he was taken ill, and then taken to be forever with the Lord, whom he delighted to serve.”

Dear reader, does your heart beat with joy at the prospect, daily drawing nearer, when the wilderness journey will be over, and we shall see Him, “whom absent we love”? Can you say from your heart,

“I’m waiting for Thee, Lord;

Thy beauty to see, Lord”

A. A. L.

The Christian Soldier's Song

(Tune ■ "March of the Men of Harlech")

Blest with God's own richest blessing,
Jesus as our Lord confessing,
On to glory are we pressing,
O'er the desert way;
Many foes surround us,
But they can't confound us;
One and all they prostrate fall;
For God's own arms are round us;
Hallelujah! back they're driven,
By the Lord of earth and heaven;
Hallelujah! JESUS conquers,
Jesus wins the day.

S. T.

Incidents of the War and the Peace

Kindness to an Enemy

A slave who had risen by the force of sterling worth in the confidence of his master saw one day, trembling in the slave market, a negro whose gray head and bent form showed him to be in the last weakness of old age. He implored his master to purchase him. He expressed surprise, but consented to buy the old man. So he was conveyed to the estate. When there, he who had pleaded for him took him to his own cabin, placed him on his own bed, fed him at his own board, gave him water from his own cup; when he shivered, carried him into the sunshine; when he drooped in the heat, bore him softly to the shade. "What is the meaning of all this?" asked a witness. "Is he your father?" "No." "Is he your brother?" "No." "Is he, then, your friend?" "No; he is my enemy. Years ago he stole me from my native village, and sold me for a slave; and the good Lord has said, 'If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink, for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head.'"

We can say this of our blessed Lord: ■

"What man of greater love can boast,

Than for his friend to die;

Thou for Thine enemies wast slain,

What love with Thine can vie?"

Officers in a Trench in Flanders

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

A dear Christian worker writes: ■ "On passing one of the 'Message from God' to someone to send to a soldier at the Front, they told me that he had written saying that he was in the trenches, and when a relief man came for him he was shot in front of him. While he was waiting for another to relieve him he said to himself, 'Why was I spared?' May your 'Message' sent to him be a message from God to him."

A Soldier's Letter

Dear Dr. Wreford,

I have just come across a letter from a dear Christian soldier whom I knew well, and who was afterward killed in France, and I thought the following part of it might interest the readers of the "Message," and also be a witness from the writer after his death: ■

"Who hath abolished death and brought life and immortality to light through the gospel (2 Tim. 1:10). He was born in Bethlehem that He might die on Calvary. He was made under the law that He might bear the direct penalty of the law. He lived over thirty years a sinless life among sinners that He might offer Himself a sin offering for sinners. He became obedient unto death that He might destroy the power of death. And on the third morning a mighty angel rolling away the stone from the mouth of the sepulcher makes the very door of death's castle the throne whence He proclaims the Resurrection and the Life. ■ D.F."

With kindest regards. Murton Matson.

A Night on the Mount of Olives

By Heyman Wreford

On Tuesday, May 31st, 1892, we pitched our camp upon the Mount of Olives. Our white tents stood upon a level piece of stony ground, near the top of the mountain. Jerusalem was full in view. I gazed upon it lit by the rays of the setting sun. I watched the day's decline, and saw the lights of the city appear. Then in the quiet skies the stars shone clearly, whilst still the crimson light gleamed on the distant hills. From here the Lord Jesus Christ beheld the city and wept over it, saying, "If thou hadst known, even thou, at least in this thy day, the things which belong unto thy peace! but now they are hid from thine eyes." Here, too, the Saviour prayed upon that awful night, when withdrawn a stone's cast from His disciples, amid the deepest shadows of the olive trees, His sweat became as it were great drops of blood falling down to the ground." And here, after His agony of prayer and bloody sweat, the traitor betrayed him with a kiss, while the savage soldiery seize Him and lead Him away to Caiaphas. Here, too, He came upon that glorious day when, with uplifted hands, He ascended into heaven.

Thought after thought of the mighty past went through my mind as alone I walked amid the evening shadows upon that sacred mount. I could hear the beating of my heart amid the silence that reigned around. Yes, this was Olivet; my feet were on the very spot hallowed by ten thousand blessed memories. I seemed to see the Saviour and His disciples come out of the gate of the city and cross the brook Kedron, and ascend the sloping sides. Voices from the distant past seemed to sound in mine ears. Just below me was a garden of olive trees. With a heart full of the deepest emotion I entered the garden, and with uncovered head I walked beneath the shadowing trees. The light of the young moon but dimly lit the scene. All around me were the old majestic trees, whose spreading branches carpeted the ground with shadows. And 'mid those shadows I knelt to pray. And as I prayed I seemed to hear the deep agony of the prayer breathed forth nineteen centuries ago: "My Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from Me." I prayed that He who agonized for me so long ago would bless me from His heaven today, and that my heart might know more of the love of the heart that broke in its long sorrow over my sins. And I thought, as I mused and prayed, that this might be Gethsemane. I cared not for the claims of the wall-surrounded enclosure further down that superstition had marked out as the place.

Reader, what is Gethsemane to thee? What is the Saviour of the world to thee? Hast thou put thy trust in Him, and known the peace of His forgiveness for thy many sins? Did He sorrow there for thee? And just without on guilty city's walls did He die, "the Just for the unjust," to bring thee to God? Think of His love, read its story in the Bible, and may God grant that His peace may fall upon thy heart.

“Oh, Do Come! I’m in Hell!”

I was going to Dowlais to hold a mission. Before I reached that town a woman went to Mr. Clarke, the minister, and said: “I’m going to commit suicide; for if I don’t, my husband will be hanged for killing me. He came home drunk again, and I had to fly for my life. I don’t know where the children are; they tore out of the house, and now he’s smashing everything up.” “Well,” said Mr. Clarke, “I’ll come home with you and talk to him, and you just try to be patient a little longer. Mrs. Baeyertz is going to commence a mission here on Sunday, and she and I will pray for you and your husband. “The dear woman was converted the first night, and after that her husband came nightly; but never stayed for the after-meeting. We both held on to God in earnest, believing prayer. One night, towards the end of the mission, the man woke his wife, and asked her to come with him to Mr. Clarke. He was in such agony about his soul, he told her, that he could not wait till the morning. “Why, what time is it?” said the wife. “It’s one o’clock! We can’t go and wake Mr. Clarke up at this hour.” “Oh, do come! I’m in hell!” he replied. Mr. Clarke was awakened out of his first sleep by a loud knocking at the front door and pebbles thrown up at his window. He opened the window and called out, “Who’s there?” “It’s I, Mr. E■. I want to be saved.” Mr. Clarke quickly dressed himself and let them in, and at three o’clock in the morning the man went back with his wife, rejoicing in sins forgiven. The people in Dowlais said that it was a twentieth century miracle. Some months later I went to Merthyr Tydvil, quite near to Dowlais, to hold a mission, and there, in the front seat at the mission, were Mr. and Mrs. E■. He came up to me and said: “Thank God I’m a changed man. My home is a little heaven, and we all love the Lord.” His wife said, with tears, “It’s quite true.” So prayer was answered.

L. B.

“Saved”

There lived in a village near the Lake of Geneva a girl who attended a gospel meeting held in a hall by two devoted Christian ladies. On account of being a Protestant, the maiden suffered considerable persecution from her friends and relatives who were Roman Catholics. But her consistent life won for her the esteem of many.

One evening, to the surprise of Jeanne, she was sent for by a Colonel's wife. She thought, "I wonder why a rich lady should send for a poor girl like me." On reaching the house Jeanne was taken to the sick chamber. The room was filled with nurses, ministering to the sufferer's needs.

Jeanne approached the bedside and said, "Madam, all here are doing their utmost for your body, is no one caring for your soul?" "No one, Jeanne," said the dying woman, "and that is why I have sent for you; maybe you can tell me what I have to do to be saved." Jeanne replied, "Madam, the Bible says, 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved.'" The sick one replied, "I do believe, but I am not saved." "Jeanne said," "Believing that Jesus came down from heaven and died will never save anybody. To believe on the Lord Jesus is to believe that when He died on the cross, He died for you, that when He suffered the penalty of sin, He suffered for you."

In wonder and amazement the dying lady exclaimed as the truth was brought home to her, "And that is all, Jeanne? I do believe, and I am saved." Throughout the night the lady, with her hand in Jeanne's, rejoiced in Christ as her own Saviour. Her last words were "Saved."

Wanted at Once

We are very short of gospel tracts and booklets for our parcels. We have sent 25 parcels away this week, and the demand is increasing. The cost of printing is very great now. We could soon replenish our stocks could we print what we desire. We should be glad indeed if our friends would send us parcels of gospel tracts and booklets at once. I pray for a large response from this appeal.

I will only print one letter this month, although I have a great many I could print, but the voice of one is as the voice of others, and the desire of one is the desire of all. We want to reach souls, to glorify the Saviour of the world by bringing sinners to Him.

An Appeal from Athlone in Ireland

The following letter has just been received from Ireland. It emphasizes the great need of that sorrowful land for the Word of God: ■ Athlone.

Dear Dr. Wreford,

“If you could send me a parcel of Testaments and Traveler’s Guides for giving to the soldiers, can promise that everyone will be well used. There is a very remarkable desire for God’s Word amongst the troops, especially this last month we notice a real spirit of inquiry, and quite a number of lads have decided for Christ. Our daily prayer meeting at 1:30 is now always well attended, and the gospel meetings are often quite full. Every day we have large convoys in with men from the West, and we long to supply them with a Testament or Guide to take back to lonely stations where generally there is no spiritual help. May God bless Your work abundantly.

“Yours sincerely, ■.”

The Diary of a Soul

An Irish Revival; Castle Official Shot; Daylight Murder

(From our on Correspondent.)

Dublin, Mr. March 29th.

Captain Cecil F. Lees was shot dead in the streets of Dublin this morning, and his murderers escaped without leaving any clue.

Father and Son

Early yesterday morning forty armed civilians visited the home of William Fleming, a Protestant farmer living at Drumngarra, County Monaghan, and called on him and his son Robert, aged twenty-five, to come out at once and hand over a gun. They refused, and the house, was set on fire. The Flemings were taken to the main road, placed against a ditch, and shot. Robert was killed instantaneously, and his father was badly wounded in the stomach and back. The wounded man crawled to an outhouse near his farm, where he was found by the police. His life is despaired of. Some months ago the Flemings' house was raided for arms, and the occupants refused to surrender.

ONE reads these and similar accounts day by day with intense sorrow. When will it all end? What is the cure for this terrible condition of things? I have by me a letter from a friend of Ireland just received Dear Dr. Wreford,

"I enclose you a check to enable you to send 20 parcels of Testaments, etc., to Ireland, and may God bless all those that are working amongst the, people in that most unhappy country."

How gladly we send these twenty parcels containing the Word of God. How gladly we have sent thousands of Testaments to Ireland. And how gladly we shall send thousands more as we have means and opportunity.

Our thoughts have gone back to the mighty revival in Ireland in 1859 and 1860. Then we are told a most marvelous work of God began at a village called Conner, in the County of Antrim. It extended to Kells, Ahoghill, Ballymena, Rasharkin, Ballymony, Moorefoot, Coleraine, Newtown Limavady, and spread largely through the Counties of Antrim and Derry.

One of those used by God to commence this mighty work was a man in poor circumstances, but little educated. He was led to seek God through great anxiety of soul, and when he was brought into peace he felt for those around him. With two or three others he united in prayer to God for a revival of His work. They prayed and God heard, but in a way they never expected. It was the Word of God and prayer that began the blessed work in Ireland in 1859. It did not begin from a high ecclesiastical source, but from the faithful praying of poor and unlearned men. They prayed and preached, and tens of thousands were converted. I cannot enter into details of the work now, but I wish to repeat what I said in January "Message," that "nothing lies beyond the reach of prayer except that which lies outside the will of God." We believe also that if today there should arise one utterly believing man of prayer the whole history of Ireland might be changed.

May God raise up such an one today, and may God's people everywhere pray that the Spirit of God may come down upon Ireland. Who dare limit the power of God? Who will lay hold on the throne of God now and cry in earnest believing faith, "God save Ireland?"

From a Lion to a Lamb

In a French seaport town, on a hot summer day, going on the shady side of the road, I went for my daily round of visits, where lived sailors, porters, rough people, but intelligent and industrious. Some of them attended our meetings, and I was not a stranger amongst them. I had not gone far when I heard someone calling me. I turned and saw a man standing at the door of his house. He was poorly clad, and his hard features and brutal aspect told he was a man of evil life.

“Aren’t you going to stop,” he said in a rough tone. Then, pointing to our place of meeting, he added, “You are the captain of that ship over there, aren’t you?”

I answered, “Do you wish to speak to me, my friend?”

“Not exactly,” he replied in an indifferent manner. “It is the old woman in here who wants to see you. She is about to ship and would like to know if her passport is all right.”

“Do you mean your wife?” I said as I looked at him in pity.

“As you like. She was annoying me to go after you, but you see, it was too hot for a Christian to put his head out of doors, and I saw you passing.”

“A Christian! And are you a Christian?” I asked him, with a look which seemed to intimidate him.

“Oh, well, I am not ambitious to pass for such,” he replied. “What are Christians? tiresome sermon makers; the less of them the better.”

I did not answer, but walked into the house. The sick woman lay in a bed in the wall, ship fashion. She looked at me with a smiling face, and held out her hand and said, “God be praised for this favor.” It was evident that her end was near. Seeing such a rough husband I had expected to meet a woman somewhat similar, and I was greatly surprised. About thirty years of age, there was in her an expression of intelligence and gentleness, and even of refinement, which contrasted strangely with her surroundings. I wondered how she ever became the wife of such a man.

She said: “Sir, it was a strong wish of mine to see you before dying. I desire you to pray for my husband”; as her eyes saw him leaning against the door, listening to what was being said within, while he seemed to be only watching the vessels in the harbor.

“Marguerite,” he called out as he looked in, “if you called the minister to make prayers for me you are giving yourself unnecessary trouble.” Then looking at me in an insolent manner he added: “Mister, if any prayers are to be made for me they may as well be addressed to the devil.” The poor woman closed her eyes, and seemed to be in silent prayer. There was graved on her face an expression of patience and resignation which showed to what extent her unworthy husband had been an exercise of heart and piety in her life.

“I don’t want any of your religion,” he added with an oath.

“Are you a man?” I asked.

Well—well—I suppose I am not a dog,” he replied with a silly laugh.

“Then you need the Christian religion with all that it brings to men. There are in the universe two kinds of creatures which can do without it. Angels who have not sinned and have no need of a Saviour, and the brutes which have no soul to save. But man having sinned needs the salvation that Christianity proclaims. Since you say you need none of it you must be either an angel or a brute.”

He looked at me with a fierce look and said: “Mister, these are hard words for a man to hear.”

“Then you own you are a man,” I replied calmly. “God commands every man to repent of his evil life. The language which seems hard to you is that of the Word of God. It says that man without God is like the beasts that perish (Psa. 49:12). I saw his fists clenching as if about to give way to his anger; and his wife said, “Jacques, do not strike.”

He replied: “No, no, Marguerite, do not fear. I would certainly not fight for a passage of the Bible, but it is not pleasant to be called a beast.”

“Pardon me, sir, I have not called you that. You have drawn that conclusion yourself. I only said that a man needs salvation, whilst angels and brutes do not.”

He turned his back and walked up and down in the room as if absorbed in thought. His wife’s eyes followed him for a while, then turning to me she said: “I thank you sir for your faithfulness to him. Once he was kind and gentle, but he is no more what he was when we were married. Drink and bad company have made the change. Oh, sir, when I am gone think of him, pray for him, come and see him and talk to him sometimes. He has a soul to save. His sins are not too great for the sacrifice of Christ that he may obtain pardon.”

I promised to do as she desired, and she thanked me. Then the flush that my coming in had produced passed off, and I saw the shadow of death creeping over her pale face. Kneeling by her side I prayed fervently, and as I arose she opened her eyes and said with a smile: “I know that my Redeemer liveth. Jacques, husband, come near to me, I am about to go; let me say good-bye.”

During prayer he had stopped walking, and now came near the bed, but he stood there with his arms folded, affecting unconcern.

“Jacques, come nearer. Look at me. Give me your hand.”

He surrendered and gave her his hand, but with bad grace. Yet he seemed touched. That dying face upturned into his affected him. He gazed at her with a fixed look.

She said softly: “I am going■I have been sustained through the valley of tears. I am going to be with, Jesus who loved me and died to open the gates of heaven to me. There no sin, no tears, no pains, no death for me any more—eternal bliss will be mine—it is eternal life with God. At this solemn moment what sustains and fills me with peace is the glorious hope of the gospel—the reading of which has so often irritated you against me. But forgive me, I did not mean to reproach you. Jacques, kiss me.”

To my surprise he knelt down and kissed her brow. She smiled, and putting her hand on his head she prayed, "Father, glorify Thyself in making my husband a real Christian. Nothing is impossible with Thee." In spite of his efforts to hide his emotion it was evident that that hard man was softening. Meanwhile his gentle wife turned to me and said: "Good-bye, sir, we will meet up there. I thank you for all your kindness to me, and especially for this visit." Then, with that loving persuasive tenderness which marked her to the end, she said once more: "Dear. Jacques, good-bye. I will not return to you, but you can come where I will be. Good-bye—not forever, I trust."

At these words Jacques' chest rose convulsively, and as a pent-up spring suddenly bursts out of the rock under a stroke of the steel, so his tears flowed from beneath that hardheartedness which had been pierced. Hiding his face in the pillow on which his dying wife's head lay, he gave way to his anguish and sobbed as a child. How can I describe the expression which came over that dying woman's face? The smile which lighted it up could only be from heaven. Drawing him closer to her, she kissed him fondly and said "Your tears give me joy. They show me that you love me, Oh, may God show you mercy that you may come where I go. Can you promise me you will seek the way?"

"Marguerite; with the help of God I will," he replied, with a voice broken by emotion.

For a few moments she gave not a sign of life, but again she rallied, and turning to her husband kissed him lovingly several times. Then came strange words from his lips. Softly they came as he said to her; "I am a wretch—I am a brute—I am not fit to be so near a creature who is so near to God. Marguerite, forgive me—forgive all my wrongs toward you. I did not know there was reality in your piety—now I see it was what enabled you to bear with me. May God forgive me too. I abhor myself."

All at once another wave of that celestial smile I had seen before passed over her face, and, opening wide her eyes, she exclaimed: "Do you hear that music? Listen to the heavenly choir!" and as if joining in with them she repeated one of our hymns. Her voice failing I took up the verse. Again she broke in, "Oh, yes, Lamb of God, Jesus, my Saviour, I follow Thee; there ever with Thee!"

The end had come, and we saw that there was nothing left us but the mortal remains. She had gone to be with her Saviour and Lord. All the suffering and the sorrow were passed. For a while her husband remained on his knees. Then he looked at her with a look of tenderness and respect, and having risen to his feet, he kissed her icy brow.

I said, "My friend, you have seen how a Christian dies."

"Yes, sir," he replied, making an effort to keep calm, "and I have seen how a Christian lives. That woman was an angel of God sent to me. I see it now. What enabled her to bear my brutalities I called weakness. I understand it all now. Sir, I am a brute. My treatment of her has been a shame; yet those lips of hers have spoken only words of love, of kindness and of truth. I hated her because of her goodness. The holiness of her life was a constant accusation to my conscience, and a living witness against me and my evil life."

Having said this he went out the back door and walked up and down the open space there. I called in a neighbor, and left her in care of the body, and then attended to matters about the burial. At the funeral service the husband was serious and attentive. At the grave his sorrow and remorse overcame him again. Hiding his face in his hands and leaning upon a tombstone, he gave way to his grief in a way that drew the sympathy of all hearts. Jacques D. was well known among the port population as the most wicked man among them, and as they did not know what I had seen at his wife's deathbed they were greatly surprised at his tears and his respectful and serious behavior.

From that moment a real work of grace was begun in his soul. His eyes were opened to the awfulness of sin, and he saw the just condemnation of the sinner. He felt the misery of bondage to sin, and the awful danger of being unsaved, without the assurance from God's Word that his sins were forgiven. He had seen in his wife that there is real grace for the soul through the atoning work finished by the Lord Jesus Christ on the cross of Calvary. He believed in the Lord Jesus, and the same grace that then ministered salvation to him was effective in his daily life, for he lived, "denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, soberly, righteously, and godly in this present world" (Titus 2:12).

A. E.

“I’ve Forgotten About My Soul”

A gentleman was visiting a merchant in Glasgow, and during the conversation he suddenly dropped down into a chair that was near. The merchant saw from his face that something serious had happened; so he told the office boy to run for the doctor. When the doctor arrived, he recovered a little, and was heard to say over and over again, “I’ve forgotten, I’ve forgotten!” They asked him what it was he had forgotten—was it some matter of business, or did he want to see his lawyers? But all he could utter was, “I’ve forgotten.” The lawyer was sent for, and he entreated the poor man to tell him what it was, and at last he whispered the words, “I’ve forgotten about my soul!” How many there are who seem to have room and time for everything, except their soul’s welfare.

“Whosoever Will”

Dr. Wreford has asked me to give a few short extracts from a dear soldier’s letters, Pte. A. A. Lincoln, 4th Batt. Yorkshire Regiment. I was privileged to come in touch with him during the war. A Testament was sent to him by Dr. Wreford, and in his first letter he writes: ■

“I have been on the downward track a good while now.”

And how glad we were to read: ■

“I am on my way to Jesus Christ, my Saviour.... God has just washed away my sins.... I know in myself I have been forgiven all my sins. I would like to hear from you very often.”

At his earnest request I wrote to his wife, who he said was a Christian. In her reply it seemed as if she could hardly take in at first such good news was his conversion, and asked if I would let her see one of his letters. And I was much touched to read her reply: ■

“I am very thankful God has turned his heart. I am a happy woman today, that he has turned a new man.... I have to thank God. I never thought he would turn as he has.... I thank God with all my heart for being so good to me.”

It was cheering to get good news from my friend, and to read his desire that other loved ones should get a blessing, and it was a pleasure to send Testaments, etc., to addresses he gave me. He writes: ■

“I am always praying for the dear Doctor, trusting in God he will soon be quite well again. I am finding it a great pleasure reading my New Testament and Guide now, and I seem to know in myself my sins are washed away. Precious blood shed for us all!... I read those chapters you mention in your letters. Dear friend, I hope you will always oblige me with chapter as usual, as I like to read them. I am quite happy now I have got my hooks to read; they are very precious to one who has been, on the downward track.”

My friend was spared to have one short holiday with his beloved wife and child. What joy it must have been to meet, both now treading the narrow way. Then came that heart-breaking news, Killed in action, Sept. 15th 1918. How crushing the blow would have been if the dear wife had not the assurance her husband was trusting in Christ, the One whose precious blood cleanseth from all sin, and to her sorrow she can look forward to the glad reunion in the Saviour’s presence.

I was so glad to know from her letters she realized God has dealt with her in love in taking him, and she is now bravely taking up the daily work necessary to provide for herself and little one. I have just been looking at my friend’s boyish face (he was only twenty-three years old). His wife sent photo lately. In what a wonderful way the Lord works to bring sinners to Himself! He is still lingering in mercy over this world. Still that glorious message is going forth, “Whosoever will.” How we long to point sinners to a place of safety ere the door is shut. Will the reader ponder our Lord’s words, “They that were ready went in with Him... and the door was shut” (Matt. 25:10).

In an extract from a later letter Mrs. Lincoln writes: ■

“I can assure you I saw a great difference in him when he came home on leave, and I was very happy when he told me he had looked to our Lord Jesus... My mind is always on my boy.... I must do my duty to his dear son, as he thought a lot of him and loved him much when he was at home.”

I was thinking if it was only this dear man brought to Christ it is worth all efforts. A soul saved, the crushing burden lifted off the Christian wife, the little one brought up to know his “daddy” had gone to heaven. I know all is of sovereign grace; not one word can avail except applied by God’s Holy Spirit, but what a privilege to be used in any little way to carry or send His message A. A. L.

Christian Science

A “Latter Day” Delusion to entrap the cultured and restless soul seeking some new thing.

This cult was founded in 1866 by “Mother” Eddy, an ex-spiritualistic medium. Its teachings are officially set forth in an abstruse and disconnected work called “Science and Health,” which is read at its public services. In this blasphemous work Christian Science denies that man is fallen, it denies the judgment, it denies the existence of the Holy Spirit, it denies the atonement, it denies that Jesus was the Christ.

Christian Science is virtually the Gnostic heresy of the first century and challenges in toto the very Person of God. “God is Principle, Spirit, Mind.” God is “Infinite Good” nothing less, NOTHING MORE. The work of Christ as Saviour has no place, but Jesus is held forth as an example of the “perfect mind.”

As there is no personal God, so there is (according to this Science) no personal devil. “Sin, disease and death are the result of man’s self-imposed wrong thinking.” Men will through the supremacy of mind over matter reach perfection when sin, disease and death will be no more. Thus—miserable travesty of salvation! ■ “the Christian Scientist is ever trying to cast out of himself sin of every kind.” Prayer, as revealed in God’s Word, is utterly taken away.

To come boldly to a throne of grace is unknown. “Prayer,” says Mrs. Eddy, “to a personal God is a hindrance.”

The progress of this delusion is truly remarkable. It has a gorgeous temple in Boston, U.S.A., which vies in size and magnificence with St. Paul’s Cathedral. During the past ten years its growth has been so rapid that it is computed there will in a few years be three millions in England who will have accepted its blasphemies.

The attraction of this anti-Christian “Science” (?) is the mind cures it is said to have wrought. It has been embraced as a healing Science by many restless souls who have never been brought to realize fully that Christ is the Satisfier as well as Saviour of His believing people.

The crowning blasphemy is the claim that Christian Science is the promised Holy Spirit. A leading lecturer of the cult stated in London on July 10th, 1916: ■ “It is evident from many of Jesus’ sayings that He knew that the truth which He taught about God would be hidden from the world for a time, but would again appear as ‘the Spirit of Truth’ guiding men into all righteousness. This ‘Spirit of Truth’ was discovered by Mrs. Eddy in the year 1866.”

There can be no doubt that “Christian Science” is one of the great phases of the apostasy, which the Holy Spirit has forewarned us will overspread Christendom, as the end draws nigh (1 Tim. 4:1-2).

SELECTED.

Two Angels and the Power of Prayer

Yes, God sends His angels now and again to protect His children when they pray. Prayer, that is, praying in the Holy Ghost, is God's wondrous gift to man, coupled with His "unspeakable gift" of the Son of God, who died that we might live. Father, Son and Holy Ghost-three Persons and one God, who is our God, and His eye always upon us. Think of it; how blessed.

My brother-in-law was Government Chaplain to the convicts in Tasmania, and had many an instance of blessing in his work and answers to prayer on their behalf. But one marvelous answer to prayer related by Mr. Knott is so intensely interesting that I must tell my "Message" readers. A chaplain in Australia did not know his way at a four cross-road. It was night, and so knelt down and asked God to direct his path. Feeling sure he was guided, he remounted his horse, and some time after reached his home in safety. Some years later he visited a condemned convict, who said: "I remember you, sir." "How? Did you attend my Bible classes?" "No, sir; not in my line. But do you remember the night at the four cross-roads when you knelt and prayed. I and my mate were there intending to rob and take your life if needful. We didn't care about your prayer, but who were those two men in white that joined you and rode on each side of you as you mounted your horse?" The chaplain was astonished, but knew that God must have opened the eyes of those wicked men to see the two angels who ministered to his safety, and God is just the same now and will send His angels to protect you if needful.

Emily P. Leakey

Incidents of the War and the Peace

A Servant Girl's Generosity

Mr. Scott relates: In Scotland I was attending a missionary meeting, and You know in Scotland it is the fashion to give money at the door, coming in or going out. Going away from a meeting, a poor servant came and dropped in a sovereign. The deacon standing there said: "I am sure you can't afford to give that." "Oh, yes, I can." "You will have to go without clothes." "Oh, no, I shan't." "Do take it back," he said. She replied, "I must give it." The deacon then said, "Take it home tonight, and if, after thinking of it during the night you choose to give it, you can send it." The next morning I sat at breakfast, and there was a little note come; and it contained two sovereigns. The good deacon said, "You won't take it!" I said, "Of course I shall; for if I send it back she will send four next time! "Undoubtedly that love-gift for the heathen was richly used of God to bless those "other sheep."

Oh, what a blessing rests on those who give to God and help to send His Word throughout the world

The Power of the Word

We little know when we send a Testament or a Bible what blessing may follow, The following incident sent me by a dear Christian is a most striking instance of the power of the Word of God not only to save the soul, but to expound the great truths of God. The following letter contained the incident of which I speak. The writer says:■

“Early last month I heard a brother, who has been carrying on missionary work at Singapore and neighborhood for thirty-two years, say how much he enjoyed sitting in a meeting of native Christians there, principally Chinese, and listen to their conversation. On one occasion he was utterly astounded to hear them talking of the Lord’s coming, and upon asking them who had been talking to them, and where they had learned that blessed truth, they told him they had learned it from reading their Bibles. What encouragement to continue in the good work! We often think of the heathen people as quite unable to understand, or gain knowledge of the grace and ways of God without a human teacher, but we are corrected, I think, in Psa. 119:130, ‘The entrance of Thy Word giveth light, giving understanding to the simple,’ and in Isaiah 55:10, So shall My Word be that goeth forth out of My mouth; it shall not return unto Me void, but it shall do that which I please, and it shall accomplish that for which I send it.”

The writer adds this remark in another letter:— “I thought perhaps the interest in your work now that the war is over was cooling down, and that you might not be receiving the same pecuniary help as during the war, and that the blessing gained by the Chinese men was such a vivid proof that the Word of God is sufficient, that it would be encouragement to you to go on with the work, and to me to continue my little help to it.” C. F. B.

The Lighthouse on the Rock

It is there to shine in the dark night. Based upon the unyielding rock, it sheds its light over the dangers of the rocky sea; and those who see the light see the danger and avoid it. How like the Word of God based on the "Rock of Ages," it shines over the dark seas of human life and leads to safety. The Word of God is the only light and the only guide today. "The entrance of Thy Word giveth light." We can never have soul shipwreck if we walk in the light. We want to send the Word of God everywhere to save souls from eternal death. A friend has today written to me as follows: ■

"I am so glad to once more send a small gift for your work of faith and labor of love. Please send Testaments with it to whichever branch you feel is in most need. It is good to read how the Lord is using you, and what an open door He has given. The enemy is so busy circulating his poison, which nothing but the pure Word of God can counteract. A lady in our town has just lost her reason, and had to be taken to the asylum, through the influence of spiritism, which seems to be spreading greatly."

The Chaplain Praying on the Bridge

During the great war in France, the order was given to one of our regiments to advance over a bridge that was swept by the enemy's fire. The chaplain went with the men, and when he saw the danger of the advance he went down upon his knees in the center of the bridge and prayed God to keep the men in safety as they crossed. God heard his prayer, and every man got over without hurt. What a wonderful thing is prayer! How it lifts us up and sustains us. Pray for us and pray for our work, and God will give us a mighty blessing.

The Diary of a Soul

By The Editor My Lord's Day Cheer

IT is the Lord's Day morning, and I am debarred from the privileges of the day by ill-health. The rain is falling heavily outside, and the skies are filled with gloom. I am occupied with thoughts of this month's "Message from God," when the postman comes, and I look at my correspondence. Every letter is about the Lord's work, and one in particular has been sent by God to give cheer and comfort and brightness of soul and hope. The writer, one who for a long time has taken great interest in our work, says in this letter: ■

Dear Dr. Wreford, I enclose £1 for your good work with every good wish, and I feel that I ought to tell you that a very repentant sinner said to me the other day, "I will show you what brought me to God," and brought out from his cupboard the December number of "A Message from God." I thought you would like to know it, and after all one soul saved is a great deal in God's sight, is it not? I hope you are keeping well. The coming of our Lord is near at hand.

Yours sincerely, E. C.

I could but say, "Thank God! Thank God!" The gloom was gone from the skies, and the time of the singing of birds had come. I thought this, that has cheered me so greatly, would also cheer those who are giving the "Message from God" away to others.

The Deity of Jesus Christ

Another correspondent from Toronto writes to me on this all-important truth. He says: ■ “Some time since a woman came to my office to sell the papers of a certain sect. I refused to buy, saying, ‘You do not believe in the divinity of Christ.’ She replied that I was wrong as to this. I said, ‘You do not,’ but she strongly maintained the contrary. Then I said, ‘Do you believe in the deity of Christ?’ She made no answer, but left at once. A Unitarian might accept the doctrine of the divinity of Christ, as everyone, they say, is a partaker of the divine nature.”

Please read the following, and see what Christ will do for sinners: ■

The Exeter Newsmen

The ways of God in bringing sinners to Himself are wonderful, and, when His Holy Spirit works, nothing can withstand its blessed power. The one whose portrait is given with this article was an instance of this. Living as he did without hope and without God in the world all his life until his last illness. For thirty years now he has been in heaven, but the devil had few more faithful followers than he was until his last illness.

It was in the days of the early eighties, when God was giving us very great blessing at all our meetings, that I was asked by an Inspector of the Exeter Police, who had been converted at the meetings, to go and see this dying man. The Inspector told me that he had threatened to kill any clergyman or minister who came to see him, and one who was asked to go said he would as soon put his foot in hell as in his house.

When I was asked to go and see him I made it a matter of earnest prayer, and then I went. He lived in one of the cobbled back streets of our ancient city, and, when I reached his home and knocked at the door, his wife opened it: I said, "Can I see your husband?" For answer she put her fingers to her lips, enjoining silence on me. I said, "Where is he?" She did not answer, but pointed to an inner room, beyond the front room, which was kitchen and sitting-room combined. I walked through the outer room and went into the bedroom. I found Hurl lying on his bed, staring at me with great surprise and resentment in his eyes. I simply said, as I drew nearer to the bed, "I heard you were ill, and I came to ask how you were." All the time I was praying to God to show me how to reach this sinner's heart. I felt entirely dependent, knowing the character of the man. He had had "delirium tremens" seven times, and had often pursued his wife through the streets at night, threatening to kill her.

As he lay watching me, my constant prayer was, "O God, what shall I say; what shall I do?" Clearly and distinctly a voice answered to my soul, "Speak to him about Guppy." The voice was the voice of the Spirit of God, and I obeyed it. Guppy had been converted at our meetings, and had been buried only a few days before I had no knowledge of this man's acquaintance with Guppy. I did not know whether they were acquainted or not, but I at once said, "Did you know Guppy?" He looked at me in surprise, and replied, "I knew him well; we were boys together." As I sat down by the bedside I answered, "Yes, he was a friend of mine as well, and I was with him just before he died." I then told him all about Guppy, his conversion, what he said to me, and what I said to him. Guppy dead and gone to heaven was speaking through me to this poor soul. He could not refuse to listen, because I constantly said, "Guppy said this to me, and I said this to Guppy." And, as I went on preaching the gospel of God's grace to him through Guppy, he grew more and more interested, and I could see the Spirit of God was doing a work in that soul that would end in his being saved. At last I looked him straight in the face and said, as I stood over him, "And what of you? You must believe on the Lord Jesus Christ for salvation. Do you know you are a sinner?" Slowly he answered "Yes." I said, "God sent His Son to die for sinners." And then, referring to his present condition, I said, "Do you think you are going to die, or going to get better?" He replied, "I think I

shall die." "Would you like to go to heaven?" "Yes." "You must repent of your sins and believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, who died for sinners." I then told him the story of the penitent thief, saved at the eleventh hour. I spoke of his condition—a vile sinner—of his position hanging over hell—of his cry to the Lord Jesus, "Lord, remember me"; and, as I told this wonderful story of redeeming love, he listened absorbed. I then said to him, "Will you pray the thief's prayer to Jesus now?" And he said with trembling lips, "Lord, remember me." And then I told him of the man who knew he was a sinner, and because he knew it could not lift up his face to heaven, but cried in his need, "God, be merciful to me, a sinner"; and I said to him, "Now will you say, God, be merciful to me, a sinner?" And he said, as he lay there facing eternity, "God, be merciful to me, a sinner." And then I told him of Peter sinking beneath the waves, and how he prayed to Jesus, "Lord, save me"; and I told the poor sinner before me that he was sinking down to hell, and only One could save him, and that was the Lord Jesus Christ. And I said, "Hurl, will you say, Lord, save me"; and he said earnestly, "Lord, save me." And once again I spoke to him, and this time of the jailer at Philippi who, anxious about his soul, cried out to God's servants, "What must I do to be saved" And I said, "Do you ask that question now?" By the grace of God he did. Then I repeated text after text to him. He told me he wanted to go to heaven. I asked him if I might pray with him, and he said "Yes." On leaving, I asked him to think of Christ, and he promised he would. I said, as I shook hands with him, "Do you want me to come again? I shall not come unless you ask me." He told me he wished me to come.

When I got outside the neighbors told me a little about his life. They said he was a drunkard, and had had "delirium tremens" several times. They told me he had kicked a woman to death, and had cursed and sworn all through his illness, and would let no one come near him. He had often kicked his wife into the gutter, and many other things. However, I felt sure that God was going to save his precious soul.

The next day—February 27th 1884—I called to see him again, bringing with me a text on a card to put on the bottom of his bed, so that he could always see it. The text was:

"He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life."

He told me he had thought much about me during the night, that he had prayed to the Lord a good deal, and that he, wanted to be saved. His wife told me that he had not sworn at her since I was there.

We had a happy time together, reading the Bible and prayer to God, and when I left him he was earnestly seeking the Saviour. I gave him a Bible, which he read for himself. I had the joy at length of hearing him confess Christ. He was very happy as he lay talking to me of God's goodness to him and of his past guilty life. He asked me to pray for his wife that she might be saved. His end was perfect peace, calmly trusting in his Saviour. I was not with him when he died, but I know where he is now, and look forward to meeting him soon in the presence of the Lord.

Heyman Wreford.

Coo ee, an Australian Bush Story

A young man, one of the audience, who was quite unknown to me, after I had spoken asked for an interview. "Well," I said, "what is it?"

"I want to have a little talk with you, if you don't mind. I'm a skeptic. I don't believe in anything."

"Lots of fellows are skeptics nowadays, just like you, and it's not very easy to help them. What do you want to know?"

"Well, I wanted to ask you if you would kindly try and prove to me that Christ really exists."

"Why should I? He doesn't interest you at all, if you are a skeptic. It can't concern you, surely."

"Well, I am very miserable, and I find things unsatisfactory; and I have been wondering this evening whether I could get any proof about this."

"Supposing you did; what next?"

"Well, perhaps I might become a Christian."

"Is it worth your while, being a skeptic?"

"Well, I am so utterly miserable and wretched."

"That's no wonder■serves you right; and I'm not going to waste two minutes in trying to prove to you that Christ exists."

"Why not?"

"Because it's not worth while under the circumstances. Besides, I'm not sure it's possible to do so to a skeptic."

"I wish you'd try. You have no idea how dark and miserable I am."

"Perhaps I will, if you will kindly prove me something first."

"What's that?"

"That you are your mother's son!"

"That's easy enough."

"All right; fire away. How will you begin?"

He sat thinking some time, and then said, "I'm blest if I know how to begin!"

"That's just my fix, too, about proving Christ exists. I don't know how to begin. Look here, my dear fellow. All you can tell me is that so far back as you can remember someone taught you to call her mother, and she called you her own son; and you have both gone on doing it ever since. Has it

worked all right?"

"Certainly it has."

"Are you satisfied that she is your mother?"

"Perfectly so."

"Can you prove it?"

"No; but I'm perfectly satisfied she is."

"And so am I that Christ exists. Many years ago I first began to call Him my Saviour, and to obey Him as such; and He has called me His, and it works perfectly. I have no further proof for you than that."

"How can I find Him out for myself, then?"

"Very quickly and simply, if you are thoroughly honest in the inquiry."

"Yes, indeed I am."

"Suppose you were ever to be lost in the bush, you could only do one thing-stand still and Coo-ee. Then if any one heard your Coo-ee, of whose existence you had no knowledge, he would answer you, and you two would keep it up until he found his way to you and took you out the way he came in. You've got to Coo-ee to the Lord Jesus Christ. If He exists anywhere round., He will hear. If He hears, I can guarantee He will answer; and if you keep it up He will come to you and lead you out of the dark."

"That's simple enough!"

"Will you Coo-ee?"

"Yes."

"When will you begin?"

"Here and now."

"Then just kneel down and begin right away."

He dropped on his knees, and began in some such words as these: "O Lord Jesus, I don't know whether You exist or not, but I'm lost, I'm 'bushed.' Can You save me?"

He paused, and I then began to pray with him, watching his pale, anxious face. Presently I saw a great smile steal over it, and I stopped, feeling sure that God was working.

"Does He exist?" I asked him.

"Of course He does."

How do you know?"

"He has taken me out of the dark, and I am His. He has saved me. He is my Saviour."

“Are you satisfied?”

“Perfectly.”

We rose, and after a few words we parted. More than twelve months passed away, when I was accosted on the top of a tram by a young man with a good-sized Bible under his arm. “Do you remember me?”

No, “I said; “I can’t say I do.”

“The Coo-ee fellow at H■! That was a grand night’s work. I have been studying this Book ever since, and it is just grand!

“Prove me now herewith, said the Lord, if I will not open you the windows of heaven; and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it” (Mal. 3:10). “Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved” (Rom. 10:13). Reader, will you call?

George Soltau.

“I Can’t Stay Here”

The author of “God’s Tenth” wrote a charming story on the title of this little article, but I am going to relate, not a story, but the fact on which it was founded—an incident in my own life, when I was a very young girl at school in London, where I was encouraged to be faithful to my God, my blessed Master, the Lord Jesus Christ, as I had been brought up in a loving, prayerful, praiseful Christian home in Exeter. My brother’s wife’s brother was exceedingly kind to me, and I loved him sincerely. He, I am grieved to say, married a most irreligious lady. I can never forget the look on her face when, behind his back, she sneered at my sister’s piety. I used to call the gentleman “Uncle Fred,” and of course at that time I knew nothing of their want of piety, so I gladly accepted their invitation to spend my holidays with them, and was allowed to go. I went, and was there some time before I dared tell of my grief of heart. Then I wrote to my dear eldest sister, “I can’t stay here; come and fetch me home.” She came at once and asked the reason. “Oh” I replied, “there is no God in this house. I can’t live where there is no acknowledgment of God. There are no family prayers, no hymns, no Bible reading, no Sundays kept; so I can’t stay here any longer.”

Dear reader, have you God in your house? Are you helping others to know and love Him? Do you read your Bible constantly, every day, morning and evening, so that you may more and more know and love the Lord, who gave His life to save your precious soul? If not, do begin now and seek Him with all your heart (Isa. 55:6).

Emily P. Leakey.

(Luke 7)

He needed not a word to tell
The measure of her grief,
Those sorrows that would ever swell
And vainly seek relief:
For there is not in human woe,
Whatever we may feel,
One anguish that He does not know,
One wound He cannot heal.
He knew the sadness and the smart,
The heavy load of sin,
That pressed the sinner-woman's heart
As she was entering in:
No words could speak her hopes or fears,
His willing ear to greet;
She therefore brought her sins and tears,
And rained them on His feet.
She dared not look up to His face,
Or lift her guilty head;
But He, in rich abounding grace,
Was soon to speak instead:
Now let the storm of conflict cease
Within this heir of heaven;
"Thy faith hath saved thee; go in peace;
Thy sins are all forgiven."
No words could tell the bliss that filled
The sinner-woman's breast,

When His forgiving voice had stilled
Her conflict into rest;
For there are times when human praise
Is so surpassing sweet,
It cannot speak or sing, but lays
Its music at His feet.
Lord, may this happy lot be mine,
As hers in days of old,
To hear that gentle voice of Thine,
And taste Thy love untold:
Enough if here on earth I know
The joy of sin forgiven;
For what I cannot speak below
Shall all be told in heaven

William Wileman.

Incidents of the War and the Peace

“Beloved, we must win souls; we cannot live and see men damned; we must have them brought to Jesus. Oh, then, be up and doing, and let none around you die, unwarned, unwept, uncared for.”■Spurgeon.

True Love For Souls

Mr. Murton. Matson sends me the following: ■Dear Dr. Wreford,

A poor widow who has lost nearly her all in Farrow's Bank has sent the enclosed 5/-. This again humbles me, asking what I should have done in like circumstances. The Lord bless you and keep you through the great calamity overhanging our country.

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

January, 1921.

... Our meetings for the ex-service men have been poorly attended of late, but we are making special efforts now.... May God our Father teach us to say and know that "all things work together for good to them who love the Lord." I trust that your health keeps good, also that the dear Doctor is well. May the Lord bless you both in His joyful service. A fortnight ago I had the pleasure of preaching the good news at my local assembly, and last week in the big Church of the Workhouse. This is the first time I have preached from a pulpit.... I saw a young man who was converted at Northampton about five years ago, and I trust to get him along to the, meetings. I had the joy of leading him over the line from Death to Life. I do not fast from theaters and picture palaces because I have no desire for them. When one feeds upon Christ, "a table spread and a cup running over," we have no desire for this world's mean and dry crusts. May our God and Father continue to bless you in His work and give you all the necessary strength and grace according to His sure promise, "As thy day, so shall thy strength be."

Yours in His great love, George P—.

Reader remember! You can never be saved if you deny the deity of the Lord Jesus Christ. He is Jehovah-Jesus, the Word made flesh, God over all blessed for evermore. "What think ye of Christ?"

Going to the Front

A reminder of the days of fearful war. Millions went to the Front and only thousands came back. I saw the men of the Devonshire Regiment leave for the Front in 1914, nearly a thousand men. I saw them kissing their wives and sweethearts, and lifting their children in their arms to wish them "good-bye." They passed away to the sounds of cheers and martial music, and alas! only a very few ever came home again. Those who did could speak of the retreat from Mons and the awful horror of those early days, when hundreds had to do the work of thousands. I could picture them in the trenches, up to their waists in liquid mud; going over the top in the early dawn, the Christian men singing "Safe in the arms of Jesus," and "Jesus, lover of my soul." I remember a lad of eighteen calling to his two friends just a few minutes before they had to go over the top, and saying to them, "We have to go over in a minute or two, and one of us may go down; let us have a word of prayer before the word goes round." And the boy in a few sentences commended himself and his comrades to God's keeping. A moment later the attack began, and even as the three went over the parapet the boy whispered to his comrades, "Safe in the arms of Jesus." His two friends fell by his side, but he was spared to write home and say how lonely he felt without them, but that they were safe in heaven. Reader, if you had to face death in five minutes are you ready?

The Australian at the Front

We are indebted to Mr. A. A. Hewstone for the following: ■

He was an Australian of Christian parents, but had been trying to work up faith, so he said, to be a Christian, but had never seemed to get along with it. He had frequented the hut and stayed to the gospel meetings. One night he went into the after-meeting, was spoken to, and pointed to Christ and His finished work as the object of faith, and he became a new man in Him. After this he attended the Bible classes regularly, and was a good testimony.

One day he came to us, and said: "I am anxious to go up the line again. I want to put this salvation to the test." He offered and was found fit by the medical officer. The night before he went we sang, at his request, "Anywhere with Jesus I can safely go." We did not hear from him for some time, then a letter came from him in hospital. It ran thus: "We were the most forward battery, and it was easily the hottest place I have been in. Still, the Lord was with me, and that made all the difference. If I hadn't had that knowledge I don't know how I could have stuck it. I won't talk of narrow escapes, somehow I expected the flying pieces to miss me. On one particular occasion a chap near me was hit. I had to go across a hundred and fifty yards of shell holes (with new ones being made all the time) to get a stretcher. The Lord was never closer than then, and I got back again without a scratch. I have indeed tested Him, and. He has not failed me. 'Anywhere with Jesus I can safely go.' After some weeks the Lord in His mercy freed me from the dangers and hardships it is not possible to describe. Pieces of shells went right through my two legs, but not a bone was broken. I am told I was lucky, but I know better than that. There is only one explanation of all this, and that is 'Jesus.'"

"Be not afraid, neither be thou dismayed, for the Lord thy God is with thee withersoever thou goest." What a glorious privilege, isn't it?

The Demons in Waterford

Waterford.

Dear Dr. Wreford. — I enclose 5/- for a parcel to Ireland, and should be much obliged for some post cards for the soldiers here to give away at the Soldiers' Homes. We have some of the Devons here, and many are Exeter men. They do not seem to have many Christians among them, and as I help in the coffee-bar I thought we might hand out some post cards to them.

These post cards are filled in with the soldier's name and address, and are posted to us. A Testament is sent for each card received. Workers in Ireland or elsewhere can have post cards for distribution on application to us. (See last page.)

From Londonderry

A lady worker writes: ■

We have still some of your Dorsets, and we can all testify to their good behavior and bravery, under very trying circumstances, and not only soldiers but many civilians benefit daily by your parcels. Thank you so much for so many Testaments, "Travelers' Guides," etc., etc. I take all as a free gift of grace from God through you, His trusted servant.

A friend writes: ■

Dear Dr. Wreford, ■ I enclose 10/-, for the distribution of Testaments. Please send them to poor dark Ireland, and I will join in prayer for blessing on them.

An Irish Lady

An Irish lady writes: ■

Dear Dr. Wreford, ■ I am so interested in hearing that Bibles, Testaments, and other useful books are sent to Ireland, especially Londonderry and Athlone. I have friends amongst soldiers in many parts of Ireland, and do pray that the light of the Gospel may shine there, and every portion be good and received into hearts prepared by the troubles just now. I enclose £1 for the work.

The Need of God's Word

Dear Dr. Wreford, ■Please find enclosed 20/- for your work in unhappy Ireland. I recognize that the Word of God only can bring deliverance to her priest-ridden people. ■P.W.

For His Name's Sake

Dear Sir, — Will you kindly accept the enclosed P.O. for 15/- in answer to your appeal for Testaments for Ireland. This is sent as a thank-offering for many blessings. May the Lord abundantly bless your good work, for His Name's sake.

Dark Days Last Days

Dear Dr. Wreford, ■Please accept the enclosed for the Lord's work in these dark days of the world's history. We are indeed living in the last days. Men are crying "Peace, peace," when "there is no peace saith my God to the wicked." Churches, chapels, etc., go in for dancing, picture shows and what not. It certainly behooves God's redeemed ones to be on the watch-tower, looking for and hastening the return of our blessed Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

“Being Irish Myself”

Dear Dr. Wreford, ■Will you please accept the enclosed for the dispatching of one parcel to Ireland. Being Irish myself I naturally have a great interest in the distribution of the Gospel in that land.... It is surely the only remedy for Ireland’s trouble to give men and women the knowledge of His love through the reading of His Word. ■H.W.

Our June Needs

We have to thank very many friends for having sent us parcels of Tracts, Magazines, etc., for our parcels. Such gifts are always welcome. We thank also our anonymous friends who have sent us gifts. May God bless them all. We need help for June, for all the world is calling for the Word of God—and these are last days. May we heed the call for Christ's sake.

The Diary of a Soul

By The Editor July

“Heaven and earth seem close together in the embraces of the sun; so we, with feet on earth, should reach to heaven, and bathe our earth-tied souls in the glories of the better land.”■
“LOOKING UNTO JESUS.”

Why do I Believe in Christ?

LET me commence with a question: Why is a man an infidel? Because he believes in Himself and not in God. Why is a man a Christian? Because he believes in Christ and not in himself. Many today would agree with the unbeliever Goethe, who said, "To the able man this world is not dumb; why should he ramble off into eternity? Such incomprehensible subjects lie too far off, and only disturb our thoughts if made the subject of daily meditation."

Many also are like the ancient Greeks—they hated the thought of death and eternity. They tried by every means to banish it from their thoughts. They surrounded themselves with statues almost breathing out buoyant life; and with beautiful pictures glowing with the glorious colors of their skies and seas. Thus environed with life in its highest intellectualism, they sought to hide the portals of the grave with the wreaths of pleasure, and banish gloomy death with the sunshine of radiant endeavor. "Serious things tomorrow," was the cry.

And yet eternal processes of change and decay go on—there is a skeleton at every godless feast. The wild riot of pleasure, and drinking the waters of Lethe, will not arrest death, or alter the changeless purposes of God. There is evermore, beside us, and around us, an omnipotent power at work, an omniscient eye that sees, and an omnipresence that controls—outside man there is this mighty unseen power. Face to face with the vast eternal problems of the universe, men, without faith, are seeking to solve by human reasoning what only a Divine Interpreter can make us understand.

Even the knowledge of God is not enough to make us realize the purpose of our being, and the future of our soul. The world would be a chaotic wilderness of endless doubt and surmising were it not that God had revealed Himself in two wondrous revelations, namely, by His Word and by His Son.

A Book and a Person. And the Book is the divine record of the Person of the Christ, the Son of God. He who came to earth to reveal the Father, and who could say, "I and My Father are one."

The great principle of faith must come into my life, if I am to know anything beyond it, and my faith must rest upon a Person, and upon One who can satisfy every longing of my soul and every aspiration of my heart. One who can give finality to every doubt and fear that may oppress my life. One in whom I can trust absolutely, and love perfectly, and in whose truth I can have the most complete dependence. One who can never be judged by human standards, and whose glory can never be shadowed by mortal limitations. One that the world cannot contain, and yet who pervades everything. One who is mightier than the mightiest, holier than the holiest, more lovely than the loveliest, higher than the highest. I need such a one, infinite in everything, whose glorious prerogative it is to save and bless. I need Him to come into my life and to bless me with His all-satisfying grace and goodness if I am to be blessed at all.

Is there such a one? There is, and He is the Christ, the Son of God. He has been on earth—"Emmanuel, God with us." He is in heaven now, for us, upon the throne of God.

Why do I believe in Christ?

Because I have internal and external evidence of His power to save.

I solemnly declare, I rest my soul for all eternity upon the death and resurrection of Jesus Christ for me. I rest my hopes of heaven upon the fact of His being there, having put away my sins by the sacrifice of Himself. I want no other way to heaven than Christ, the Way. I want no other door of salvation than Christ, the Door. I want no other light to shine upon me than Christ, the Light. I want no higher wisdom than Christ, the power of God and the wisdom of God. I want no other name than the name of Jesus. I want no other work for salvation than His finished work. I am content, yes, my God, well content, with what Christ has done for me. He has made a wilderness world blossom as the rose. He has answered every doubt, and taken from me every fear.

I have the witness within that He is the Christ, the Son of the living God. I recognize the power of His salvation in the changed lives of millions.

I believe in Christ because He is the Christ of the Bible. Only the Christ of the New Testament, says an unbeliever. Pardon me, of the Old Testament as well. I see Christ in Abel's offering, the Lamb offered up in earth's earliest sacrifice. I see Christ in Isaac bound a victim on the altar on Mount Moriah—in the Ark floating over dark waters of judgment, the only place of safety in a drowning world—Christ the only place for men and women now in a world doomed to destruction—in the Cities of Refuge provided for the man-slayer; Christ the refuge for the sinner who is fleeing from the wrath of God against his sins—in Jewish sacrifices and offerings—in the Pentateuch—in the Psalms and the Prophets—all through the Bible. Abraham saw the coming day of Christ, he saw it and was glad. Job cried when the world was young, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." Enoch saw down through the ages the Lord coming with ten thousand of His saints. David said, "The Lord is my light and my salvation." Isaiah sang, with deepest pathos, the dirge of Calvary, in the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah, "He was wounded for our transgressions; He was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon Him; and with His stripes we are healed." He saw in prophetic vision—the cross, the grave, and the resurrection glory of the Christ of God.

Yes, He is the Christ of the Bible, and I believe in Him. The infidel today sneers and scoffs, and the men and women of pleasure deride, but what of that? The faith of centuries will not be swept away by an atheist's doubts, by a drunkard's jest, a blasphemers oath, or a harlots laugh.

The frothy waves of mans philosophy beat vainly against the Rock of Ages. Not one of these proud boasters, inflated by a little human learning, can argue like Paul, or love like John, or preach like Peter, or pray like Elijah, or sing like David, or endure like Daniel, or die like Stephen. No, the Christ of the Bible was the life of the saints of the Bible. He is the life of every Christian in the world today. "He is the Word made flesh that dwelt among us." "He is before all things and by Him all things consist." "He is Alpha and Omega—the beginning and the end, the first and the last."

Yes, the light of recognition of Jesus Christ as Saviour has glorified human lives. It has re-tuned the discordant strings of life and made them thrill with the harmonies of heaven. It has given speech to the dumb, and hearing to the deaf; it has shone on darkened eyes the radiance of heaven. It has made the weak strong, and the despairing hopeful; it has changed the sepulchers of human life into shrines for the Most High; it has made for wandering feet, tired amid desert

sands of loneliness and sorrow, sweet oases of rest and peace, a garden of the Lord. The barrenness of natural life has been made fruitful, and the rainbow of everlasting hope has shone on skies late dark with tears. It has crowned the brow of sorrow with the diadem of peace, and poured into the chalices of life the wine of perfect joy.

The Eve of Sacrifice

“He is brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers, is dumb, so He openeth not His mouth.”

The Unspoken Word

“Thinkest thou that I cannot now pray to My Father, and He shall presently give Me more than twelve legions of angels.”

By HEYMAN WREFORD

One word—and skies aflame shall rock

Beneath the judgment’s rending shock,

As angel legions earthward flee

To garrison Gethsemane;

And marshalled hosts surround their Lord,

Obedient to His will and word.

One word—and from the embattled skies

Ten thousand times ten thousand rise

And shining cohorts line the road

With heaven, to light the feet of God.

One word, and sinless heralds bring,

God’s answer to the earth-born King.

One word—and Rome’s imperial power

Had perished in that judgment hour,

One word—and Caiaphas had met

The doom he dared on Olivet,

And Jew and Gentile in their pride

Had sinned, and in their sinning, died.

But He Whom heaven and earth obey,

Whom men forsake, and friends betray,

With sorrow’s crown upon His brow,

Stands silent ‘mid the shadows now;

Through gates of sorrow He has come,

“As sheep, before her shearers, dumb.”
And men and devils round Him wait,
With scornful insolence of hate;
With eyes that blaze, and tongues that flame,
They pour dishonor on His name;
And hell’s contempt around him fling,
“Behold the Man! Behold your King!”
Oh, earth that shuddered when He died!
Oh, heaven that darkened when He cried!
Oh, temple veil, now rent in twain!
Oh, dead, restored to life again!
God’s mighty witnesses are ye■
He loved■He gave Himself for me.
Gethsemane’s unspoken word,
Will nevermore on earth be heard■
For human souls His life He gave,
It was Himself He could not save.
This is the wondrous mystery
Of death and life on Calvary!
Incidents of the War and the Peace

Saved in India

"I am sitting down to write you a few short lines to tell you of the good that I learned from reading 'How Can I Be Saved?' I am a private soldier, serving in the Suffolk Regiment in Quetta. I was taking a walk out one evening when I had a tract handed me by a gentleman. He told me to read it, but at that time I did not care whether I read it or not, so I took it to the barrack-room, threw it into my box, and thought no more about it for one or two days.

After I read it I could get no rest or peace anywhere, as those words were on my mind, 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved.' I thought I would read it, again, so I took it up again and read it, and felt quite miserable over it. I went to see the gentleman who gave it to me and asked him about it. He told me it was for me to turn to Jesus and all would be right, so I asked him if he would pray for me, and he did. And as he was praying there seemed a voice speaking to me and saying, 'Come unto Me, and I will give you rest.' Well, could I not bear it. I fell on my knees and pleaded with Jesus to save me, and told Him what a wicked sinner I was in His sight, and I felt the burden roll from any shoulders, and I got up—not like I was when I knelt down, but I was full of joy because I knew that Jesus had received me. I am still rejoicing in Jesus."■D. B., 2nd Suffolks, Quetta, India.

“Mother, Can You Forgive Me?”

“Are you going out tonight, Mary?”

The speaker, a tall, frail, old woman seated in an old rocker chair, looked wistfully into her daughter’s face as she spoke, but she received no answer.

“You’ll stay at home tonight, won’t you, Mary?” she asked presently.

Still no answer. The sad old face grew sadder still. She knew that Mary’s going meant another night of dissipation in haunts of vice, and another day of “sleeping off effects,” while she must sit uncared for and neglected, hungry and thirsty, unless a kind neighbor chanced to come in.

“I’m so tired, Mary,” she said by and by. “You’ll put me to bed before you go, won’t you?”

“No, I won’t,” she replied crossly. “I ain’t got time. I’m afraid Jen’ll be gone now, before I get down there. I’ll be back in time to put you to bed,”

“Yes, so you said last night, but you didn’t come, and I had to sit here all night. Please put me in bed, Mary; my back does ache so bad,” pleaded the mother.

“Oh, shut up, I ain’t got time I tell you.” And Mary caught up a gaudily trimmed hat, and placing it on her head hurried away. The poor old mother buried her face in her hands and sobbed aloud. “O God, my Father,” she cried, “how long, how long? Have mercy, Lord, save my daughter. Oh, give me back my Mary, my pure little girl.”

Mary, returning for something she had forgotten, reached the house just in time to hear these last words. They sunk into her sin-hardened heart like a barbed arrow. She quickly turned away. She would not let her mother know that she was near. But how those words rung in her ears! Her eyes filled, with tears, but she dashed them away savagely. “Pshaw,” said she, “what a softy I am! I must hurry down to Jen’s.” But when she reached the house where her companion in sin lived, she found that she had already gone. Mary stood undecided. Again she heard her mother’s prayer. The pathetic look in the dim old eyes came vividly before her, and found a tender place in her heart. “I might have put her to bed,” thought she. “I wish I had. I’ll go back and do it yet.” Her mind was very busy as she walked slowly towards home. She let her thoughts wander in the past, when she was her mother’s “pure little girl.” That was before her father died, and before mother had that fall which made her such a cripple—yes, away back before they came to this wicked city. She remembered her first sin.

And Satan had cunningly led her on, until—ah, there was no trace of the “pure little girl” in this sin-polluted woman. She stopped abruptly. “There’s no use to think about it now,” she muttered. “I’m too far gone—might just as well go to the devil first as last. There’s no help for me.” And turning again, she walked rapidly down the street ‘till she came to a low saloon. Besides the bar-tender, there was only a blear-eyed man lounging on a seat smoking. He rose up as she entered.

“Hello, Moll,” he said. “Come and have a drink. Here, Sam, two beers, quick,”

She took the glass and swallowed its contents.

“Have you seen Jen tonight?” she inquired presently.

“Yes,” replied the man, “she was here a while ago. Said she was going up to the Rescue Mission to learn a new song,”

“I’ll go and find her,” said Mary. “We’ll be back soon.”

When she arrived at the Rescue Mission the song service was over. She wondered if Jen was inside. She would just go in a moment and see. So she slipped quietly into the back seat. The minister was reading Jer. 18:4, “And the vessel that he made of clay was marred in the hand of the potter; so he made it again another vessel.” Then in an earnest address the speaker applied this scripture to human lives; which God, the potter, intended for vessels of honor for Himself, but which became marred by sin. Said he, “It is Satan’s business to mar the clay, and as to how well he succeeds is proven by the lives of sin all about us—men and women on whose faces is stamped the very image of Satan. But listen, O sin-bound soul, the divine Potter is able to take the marred, stained, broken clay and make it again a clean, pure vessel. He longs to do this. Will you let him take your fallen, sinful life, and make it clean?”

Mary was ready to yield. She put her head down on the back of the seat to hide her tears. Oh, how marred her life looked! How unclean! Was it indeed true that God could make her marred life clean? Presently they sung a hymn, and the meeting was dismissed, but an earnest invitation was given to all who were tired of sin, and desired to give themselves to Christ and henceforth to live for Him and let Him work in them, “both to will and to do of His good pleasure,” to remain for the after-meeting.

Mary’s head was still bowed. Shall she go or stay? Somehow she had grown suddenly weary of her life of sin. She longed for this new creation. Yes, she would stay. If Jesus could make her new, pure and clean, she would give herself to Him. On reaching home that night there was a peace in her heart, such as she had never known before. She paused a moment at the door, and looked at her mother. Her head had fallen painfully forward while she was sleeping. Mary hastily went and raised her in her arms.

“Is it Mary?” murmured the old lady.

“Yes, mother,” cried Mary, and kissed her over and over; then put her to bed.” It’s your Mary come back—the old Mary made pure and clean. ‘The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin.’ That’s what they said at the Rescue Mission. Oh, mother, can you forgive me for my cruelty to you?”

“Yes, my daughter,” exclaimed the mother.

“Oh, God be praised for His goodness to me!”

Mary toiled gladly for her mother’s comfort. An easy chair soon came in place of the hard rocker. Then a wheel chair, and on pleasant evenings they both might be seen on their way to the Rescue Mission, where Mary had yielded herself to the divine Potter, to be made a vessel meet for the

Master's use. Mrs. H. H.

“I Will Pray”; Will You?

Some years ago I wrote a tiny booklet called “I will pray,” of which I sold hundreds until all were sold. I am thinking that I may tell my “Message” friends the beautiful story of my dear aged saint who kept on saying and acting it out, “I will pray.” I assure you, dear readers, there is nothing so worth doing as prayer—never cease, morning, noon, evening, or in the night, and even in your dreams, if it please God, you can pray. Nothing Satan hates so much as believing prayer. Many years ago I had the great privilege of ministering spiritually to a dear aged lady. She always spoke of herself as a poor unworthy sinner, but I knew she was a saint of God (saint means sinner saved). She told me that. Satan always tried to hinder her praying, but with determined will she resisted him by saying, “I will pray,” and out she would creep from her bed night after night to pray, when her friends thought she was tucked up and comfortably sleeping. So prayer became her chiefest delight, communing with the Lord Jesus, her Saviour and her God. Oh, dear reader, do let us continually draw near to Him and pray, at any moment look up and pray right through the day, and then rejoice in regular stated times to meet Him also.

Emily P. Leakey.

A Bolshevik Finds Peace

There has been a wonderful work going on for God in Belgium. Thousands of people are listening to the Gospel preached in the open air, and in the Protestant Mission Huts in many of the Belgian towns. Many are longing to throw off the yoke of the Romish Church; they willingly take Gospels and Testaments, and speak to Christians about their desires to know more of Christ. Mr. R. C. Norton writes about the work and gives the following incidents of God's blessing. He says: ■

In one day in the city of Bruges, at the Catholic fete called the Fete of the Holy Blood, when a cloth is carried through the streets which is said to have on it four or five drops of the blood of Christ, and when the city was filled with tens of thousands of visitors, we distributed twenty thousand Gospels and some forty thousand pieces of other religious literature. Several people sought us for interviews that day. One man began to speak to my wife in Flemish. She told him in French that she could not speak that language; then he began in French, saying, "I am a Bolshevik, an Anarchistic Socialist, but that man that spoke just now," referring to one of the soldier boys converted during the war and led to Christ by Peter, "has peace, and I have not. Can you tell me how to get it?" My wife spoke to him for a while and then called Mr. Mietes, who now has charge of the work at Bruges, who spoke to him in Flemish, and made an engagement with him. He said to Mr. Mietes, "I see the truth, but not as clearly as I desire." Mr. Mietes afterward went to his home and had the joy of hearing him and his wife and two of his children accept Christ; and there are two younger children yet to know the truth. Following this street meeting we began a service in Bruges, and after four weeks there were sixty or more people in the Bible class that meets on Friday nights.

A Canal in Bruges Thank God for this gracious work in Belgium. We must pray that it will continue and increase. We have sent a great many parcels to Belgium, and are willing to send Testaments to any worker there who needs them now.

“My Saviour”

“Since writing last for the “Message,” the dearly loved child of my great niece has had the home call. Although not three years old, we cannot doubt the name of Jesus was precious to his young heart. His uncle wrote telling me of his sudden illness and death. The Lord called our little darling to be with Him, just as the clock was striking twelve this morning, the first minute of the Lord’s Day. We did not think the end was so near... he went home so quietly and sweetly. We can’t realize it yet, but we know our Lord doest all things well, and some day we shall know why. Little Tom used to sing in his baby way, It may be at morn, it may be at midnight,’ and it was midnight when the Lord called him.”

It is a joy to know how wonderfully the Lord has sustained and comforted the dear parents in their unexpected sorrow. It recalls my childhood days, and my dear brother who died when eleven years old. His was a fragrant life, bearing fruit to the praise of the One to whom he belonged. Space will not allow details. The Word of God was very precious to his heart, and in his last illness he would ask one or another to read to him, specially John 14. Near the end the doctor did not think he would regain consciousness, but my dear mother, who was watching by his bedside, saw his eyes open and a bright look of recognition, and the words, “Mother, the room is full of angels; don’t you see them?” And then he seemed to see a dearly loved one “gone before,” and said “Grandma.” Then came a radiant smile of unspeakable joy and full satisfaction, and those precious words, “My Saviour, “as his happy spirit took its flight to be” with Christ.” We could not doubt he saw the One who loved him and gave Himself for him. How it thrills our hearts to know it is only “a little while, “and we shall be” forever with the Lord.”

A. A. L.

Talking About the Strike

The terrible miners' strike, which we trust will be over before this number of "Message" is read, has brought the most terrible suffering to women and children. Thank God there are many Christians in the ranks of the strikers, and there are many who are seeking to lead the unsaved among them to Christ.

From Ystrad, Rhondda, Wales, a worker writes: ■ Dear Sir,■ I am very grateful to you for the beautiful parcel of Testaments and tracts and magazines received last Friday, most of which I distributed yesterday, and they were readily received. God will surely bless His Word and answer prayer.

For Ireland and the Miners

Dear Dr. Wreford, Please find enclosed a note towards your Testament Fund for Ireland and the North of England, where the miners are reading terrible literature from Russia. Oh! that such books might be destroyed, and God's Holy Word be read in their stead. There is much need of prayer just now.

And the need of the Word of God is overwhelming.

Letters for Ireland

Mrs. ■ encloses check to be used for bringing blessing and revival to Ireland in whatever way is best. Trusting that great blessing may rest upon the Word.

DUBLIN My dear friend, ■ I send you fourteen cards for Testaments. The soldiers told me at ■ that if the Sinn Feiners knew I go to see them they will shoot me. I told an earnest Christian about it, and he asked me where I saw them. I said, "In the street and at the Barracks." He said he would let me use my own discretion, but he certainly would not advise me to give up going to the Barracks. The Lord has always preserved me, and I think of that verse, "The Lord shall preserve thy going out and coming in." I meet the soldiers outside the Barracks, as I cannot get a pass to go inside.

200 Testaments to Ireland

Dear Dr. Wreford, — I enclose check for £3 for sending two hundred Testaments to Ireland.

From Cork

We have a nice S.C.A. here... also a good meeting arranged for Lord's Day evenings. This is a large garrison and a needy place... We have a dear lad called a believer, who has been in two ambuscades in a fortnight, the last one putting him in hospital, wounded badly in the back. In the first ambush he was the only one not wounded. He is progressing favorably, thank God, and is able to walk and attend our meetings. I was speaking to him tonight, and he was happy in his Lord and the joy of the Lord was his strength... The Lord bless your noble work. I have pleasure in sending you this P.O. for the work of the Lord. It's grand to be saved and know it; it is better to be saved and show it.

For Poor Ireland

Please accept the enclosed Postal Order for One Pound towards your Testament and Tract Fund for poor Ireland, and may there be the revival if it is the Lord's will to hinder bloodshed and revolution, is indeed our earnest prayer.

A Worker in Ireland

Dear Dr. Wreford, — Thank you for your parcel of Testaments and books, etc., and believe me, I am very grateful. The good work here (Dublin) is going on happily and blessing is being manifested...

Some of your booklets and Testaments, etc., have gone away with men to all parts of Ireland, who have been passing through whilst awaiting escort; one has just had the chance of a talk with them, and left them a little book or Testament.

Poor, Needy, Suffering Ireland

Dear Dr. Wreford, — I am writing to ask if you will use the enclosed for the Gospel to be distributed in poor, needy, suffering Ireland. It has been principally contributed by my Bible Class of young women in the hope that it may be the means of blessing to the priest-oppressed people of Ireland.

GOD SAVE IRELAND

Tunis

Dear Dr. Wreford, — We have something like 10,000 Russian refugees in various parts of Tunisia, and many have written me appealing for Scriptures. Many of them read and understand French and Italian. I have sent them Scriptures in these languages, but I should be so very thankful for as many Bibles and New Testaments as you could possibly send me. These refugees are in a pitiable condition, having lost everything, so quite unable to pay for these Scriptures. I shall be so very thankful for anything you can send me at once in Russian.

With anticipatory thanks and my kindest Christian regards, I am, dear Dr. Wreford, yours most sincerely, Arthur V. Liley.

Rangoon

I was grateful for your very kind letter. Your little tracts have always been well received, except on one occasion. I gave an engineer one of the tracts on Socialism. It must have gone home to him, for he was very wroth and was convicted of sin.

Poona

Dear Sir, ■Just a few lines to thank you for the parcel you so kindly sent me. It will be such a help to me in the work among our soldier lads. You will be glad to hear that five of the lads have given their hearts to Jesus, and truly God has put His seal upon the work. Praise Him!

A Friend Writes

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

The Diary of a Soul

By The Editor Working for Jesus

AUGUST. ■ The sickle flashes in the harvest fields, and the golden grain is being garnered. 'Tis; harvest time on the earth. Are our desires for God's service, the keen sickles that are reaping now a harvest of souls for heaven? "Work while it is called today; the night cometh when no man can work." "I wish I had done more for Jesus." How often has this been said at the close of life! "My lost life," was the cry of one who, although saved, had not worked for Jesus. Oh! fellow Christians, are we striving for the honor and glory of our Saviour in this world? Are we reapers in the fields white for the harvest? Only a little while for service—only a little while, and then the rest of heaven.

The Death Knell of the World

The death knell of the world is sounding. Have you heard it? The great bell of doom began to peal out its solemn notes when Adam and Eve sinned. The awful knell was, "The soul that sinneth it shall die." "Sin came into the world and death by sin." "In Adam all die." "Death is passed upon all, for all have sinned."

It sent its message out over the world into which Adam and Eve passed from Eden, a world cursed on account of their sin. It boomed out its awful knell when Abel's blood was shed; it pursued the murderer as he fled from the presence of the Lord. Its wailing notes passed over a drowned world, where all were dead save eight. It rang its dirge of death over Sodom and Gomorrah. The land of Egypt heard the solemn tones in the night of death when the firstborn died.

'Mid Sinai's smoke and flame and thundering's and trumpet exceeding loud, the insistent pealing of the bell of doom was sounding. Men in the councils of God, as Noah and Abraham, and Enoch and others, heard the dread warning and lived for God, and warned a guilty world. Its solemn notes have rung out in every century of this world's history. It sounded over your cradle and it will sound over your Christless grave unless you come to Christ. Men of God in every age have heard the knell, the death knell of the world in which they lived, and have prayed and preached and exhorted—prophets, priests and kings—warning the sinner in his sins to flee from the wrath to come.

Have you heard it? Listen to the pealing notes, "Flee from the wrath to come." I appeal to you, my reader, to come to Christ. Nothing can avert the doom of a Christ-rejecting world. On Calvary's awful hill it sounded out 'mid darkness, earthquake and the cry of a breaking heart—the doom of a world of sinners who had crucified the Son of God.

I appeal to you to forsake sin and flee to the sinner's Friend. I appeal to you by His mercy, His divine compassion—"He willeth not the death of the sinner." Think of His loving invitations and His blessed promises; think of His sacred tears over sinners, and His precious blood shed; think of the terrors of the Great White Throne and the everlasting hell; think of judgment and darkness and the wailings of the lost—the knell of doom sounding amid the caverns of the lost forever.

Think, too, of mercy and forgiveness, of the joys of salvation and the hallelujahs of heaven. The world is passing away to a sure and certain destruction—but the salvation of God is forever and ever!

Please pray for us, that in these days of earthly harvest there may be a great ingathering of precious souls for the harvest home of heaven.

Yours for Christ's sake,

Heyman Wreford.

To the Dawn

I'm only dying now, mother,
To live for evermore;
And this is not your farewell kiss,
I'm only going before.
Perhaps when round the pearly gates,
With angels I am straying,
You, mother, by my little grave,
May oftentimes be praying.
I'm only fading now, mother,
To bloom for evermore,
To walk in white before His throne
With those whose sins He bore;
And radiant on the golden streets
The white robes all are shining;
And round each pure and peaceful brow
The crown He gave is twining.
I'm only thinking now, mother,
Of joys for evermore.
His house of "many mansions"
Upon that radiant shore.
I care not to remember now
Aught but His love's true story,
What I am going to praise Him for
Before His feet in glory.
I'm only waiting now, mother,
To rest for evermore;

With sinless hosts to wander on
Where hearts shall break no more.
How gladly shall I welcome them
(Dear mother, cease your sighing),
God's love-light in their shining eyes,
The light that I shall die in.
I'm only wanting now, mother,
God's rest for evermore;
And that shall fall upon my heart
When this poor life is o'er;
And while within you summer trees
Day's last beams shine and quiver,
My soul is rising to the dawn
Forever and forever.

H. W.

The Scarred Hand

William Dixon was an infidel, and would have nothing to do with religion. Even if there was a God, which he doubted, he could not forgive Him for taking away his young wife about two years after they were married, and his little boy had also died. Will felt very desolate and bitter and vowed he would never enter a church as long as he lived, and for ten years he kept his word.

Dixon was extremely fond of children, and the death of his little boy was almost as bitter as the loss of his wife.

Ten years after Mary Dixon's death a stirring event occurred in the little village of Brakenthwaite. Old Peggy Winslow's cottage one day caught fire, and was burnt to the ground. The poor old woman was pulled out alive, though nearly suffocated by smoke, when the bystanders were horrified to hear a child's pitiful voice. It was the voice of little Dicky Winslow, Peggy's orphan grandchild, on whom neither his grandmother nor anyone else lavished any thought or affection, and who had consequently been forgotten in the excitement of the lire until the flames awoke him and drove him shrieking to the window of the attic where he slept.

The onlookers were much distressed to see the neglected child, but felt that it was too late to save him, as the rickety wooden stair had already fallen in. Then suddenly, with an exclamation of "Cowards!" William Dixon rushed to the burning cottage, climbed up the tottering wall by means of the iron piping, and took the trembling little boy in his arm. Down he came again, holding the child in his right arm and supporting himself by his left, and the two reached the ground in safety, amid the cheers, just as the smoking walls fell.

Little Dicky was not hurt at all, but the hand with which Will had held on to the hot piping was terribly burnt. The burn healed, but left a deep scar, that Will would carry to his grave.

Poor old Peggy could not rally from the shock, and died soon after, and then the question was, What was to become of Dicky? James Lovatt, a most respectable person, begged that Dicky might be given to him to adopt, as he and his wife longed for a little lad, having lost one of their own, and, to every one's surprise, Will Dixon made a similar request. It was difficult to decide between the two, and so a meeting was called, composed of the minister, the mill owner, and a number of others. Mr. Haywood, the miller, said, "It is very kind of both Lovatt and Dixon to offer to adopt the orphan boy, but I am in a great perplexity as to which of them ought to have him. Dixon, having saved his life, has the first claim; but on the other hand, Lovatt has a wife, and the care of a woman is most necessary to a young child."

Mr. Lipton, the minister, said: "Moreover, a man of Dixon's atheistic notions cannot be a suitable guardian for a child; he would doubtless make the boy an unbeliever like himself. But both Lovatt and his wife are Christian people, and would train up the child in the way he should go."

Mr. Haywood said again: "I would be sorry to underrate in any way the heroic courage and self-sacrifice which Dixon displayed in saving the boy's life, but we are bound to remember that

heroic courage is by no means the chief thing that is needed in the education of a child. A man may be as brave as a lion, and yet utterly unsuited to take charge of the young.”

“Dixon saved the child’s body,” said the minister,” but it rests with us to see that his soul is saved also. And it would be a sorry thing for the boy’s future welfare if the one who took him from the burning cottage would be the means of leading him to his eternal ruin.”

“We will hear what the applicants themselves have to say,” said Mr. Haywood, “and then I will put the question to the vote. Now, Mr. Lovatt, let us hear your reasons for wanting the boy.”

Mr. Lovatt replied: “Well, gentlemen, my wife and I lost a little lad of our own not long ago, and we feel as if this child would fill the vacant place. I have nothing to say against my friend Dixon, for a more civil fellow workman no man need care to have, but it does seem to me that a child like Dicky would be happier saying his prayers at my Susan’s knees than listening to the atheistic talk of Dixon and his friends. We would do our best to bring up the lad in the fear of the Lord. Besides, a child so young needs a woman to look after it, and my Susan is very fond of children and real clever with them, and we never had any of our own but the dear little boy who died.”

“Very good, Mr. Lovatt, these are certainly good reasons why you should be permitted to adopt the boy. Now, Mr. Dixon, what arguments have you to bring forward to prove that your claim should be preferred to Lovatt’s?”

“I have only one argument, sir, and it is this,” answered Dixon quietly, as he took the bandage off his left hand and held up the sadly scarred and injured hand.

For a few moments there was quiet in the room, and then the men broke out into loud cheering, while some of their throats felt husky, and their eyes dimmed. There was something in the sight of that scarred hand which appealed to their sense of justice, and was more powerful than all James Lovatt’s well-grounded reasoning; and when the question was put to the vote, the meeting decided by a majority in favor of William Dixon.

One who was present, in speaking of it afterward, said: “It was the sight of Will’s hand as did it. None of us could go against that.” “And I believe you are right, my man,” said the miller. “No matter what his views are, he certainly has a claim on that boy by reason of what he has suffered for him.”

So a new era began for Dixon. Dicky never missed a mother’s care, for Will was both father and mother to the orphan boy, and lavished all the pent-up tenderness of his strong nature upon the child he had saved. He taught the boy to read, and told wondering Dicky the stories which he had made ready years ago for the little son who did not stay and hear them. Dicky was a clever boy, and quickly responded to his adopted father’s training, and he adored him with all the fervor of his loving little heart. He remembered how daddy ‘had saved him from the fire, and he was never tired of hearing how James Lovatt had wanted to make him his boy, and how daddy had claimed him because of the poor hand that had been so very dreadfully burnt for his sake. This story nearly always moved Dicky to tears, and ended in the showering of passionate kisses on the injured member; for the sight of the hand that had been scarred for him awoke all the love in the boy’s soul, and intensified his devotion to his deliverer.

“I shan’t never be the Lovatt’s little boy, shall I, daddy?” “No, lad, you are mine.”

One summer there was a great exhibition of pictures in the town and Dixon took Dicky to see them. The boy was greatly interested in the pictures, and the stories daddy told about some of them, but the picture that impressed him most was one of the reproof by the Lord to Thomas, underneath which were the words, "Reach hither thy finger and behold My hands" (John 20:27).

Dicky read the words and said, "Tell me the story of that picture, please, daddy."

"No, not that one," said Will.

"Why not that one?"

"Because it is a story that I do not believe."

"Oh, but that's nothing," urged Dicky, "you don't

believe the story of Jack the Giant Killer, and yet it is one of my favorites. Do tell me the story of the picture, please daddy." So Dixon told him the story, and it interested him greatly.

"It's like you and me, daddy. When the Lovatt's wanted to get me you showed them your hand. Perhaps when Thomas saw the scars on the Good Man's hands he knew that he belonged to Him."

"I suppose so," answered Will.

"The Good Man looked so sad," said Dicky, "I 'spect He was sorry that Thomas did not believe at first. It was horrid of him not to, wasn't it, after the Good Man had died for him?"

Will did not answer, and so Dicky went on: "It would have been horrid of me if I'd contradicted like that when they told me about you and the fire, and said I didn't believe you done it, wouldn't it, daddy?"

"Yes, very."

"Supposin' I'd been horrid like Thomas and not believed about you and the fire, should I have had to be the Lovatt's little boy?"

"Of course not; you would have been mine whether you believed it or not, because I had saved you," answered Will almost fiercely, dimly conscious that he was carrying on a line of argument which he had heard somewhere before in the far past.

"But you see I would have believed at once when I saw your hand, like Thomas did," said Dicky soothingly, noticing that his beloved daddy was ruffled and was in need of consolation.

For the rest of the day Dicky's thoughts ran on what he called his favorite picture, and in the evening he wanted daddy to tell him the story again. "Thomas must have been sorry he had made the Good Man look so sad. I should be awful sorry if I made you look as, sad as that, daddy. I don't like Thomas very much, do you?"

"I don't want to think about him, my boy."

"But perhaps he loved the Good Man forever and ever after that, though, like I love You. When I see your poor band, daddy, I love you more than millions and millions and millions and■."

And tired little Dicky fell asleep before he had measured the amount of his grateful affection.

Will Dixon's rest was sorely disturbed that night. He could not get out of his thoughts the picture of a tender, sorrowful face that had looked down on him from the walls of the exhibition. He dreamed that Lovatt and himself were once more contending for the possession of Dicky, but when he showed his scarred hand the boy turned away from it and from him. A bitter sense of injustice surged up in his heart, and he awoke to find tears running down his face. Then he fell asleep again, and this time he dreamed that he was in Dicky's place, and that Someone was holding out a scarred hand to claim him, and a voice said, pleadingly: "I have only one argument, and it is this, 'Reach hither thy finger and behold My hands.'" Even in his dream Will acknowledged the power of such an argument and the justice of such a claim; but as he was about to yield, he was aroused by Dicky's warm kisses.

Will Dixon could not forget the picture in the exhibition and his dreams about it. He did not yield to this influence at once, but his love for Dicky had softened his heart, and the seed that day did not fall upon stony ground. Will was an honest man, and he could not fail to see that the one argument which he had employed to prove that Dicky was his own rose up in judgment against him when he denied the claim of the sacred hands which had been scarred for him: and when he saw the child's warm-hearted gratitude for the deliverance which his adopted father had wrought for him, Will felt that he cut a sorry figure beside his boy. So after a time Will's heart became as the heart of a little child. He found out by reading the Book that as Dicky belonged to him, so he belonged to the Saviour who had been wounded for his transgressions, and he gave himself up—body, soul and spirit—into the keeping of those blessed hands which had once been scarred for him.

E. T. Fowler.

Incidents of the War and the Peace

"I long to hand a cup full of happiness to every human being."

This was Payson's dying wish—and it was a God-like wish—and the thought of a heart that had learned much of the love of God. And today we long to hand the Word of God to every human being. To read it and to believe it would be indeed a cup of happiness to all the world.

Would You Like to be Crowned?

I should, for crowns will be given by our Lord to all who have faithfully served Him here and striven to serve Him with all their power. Here is a list of the crowns mentioned in your Testaments:

Crown of glory (1 Peter 5:4).

Crown of life (James 1:12).

Crown of righteousness (2 Tim. 4:8).

Crown incorruptible (1 Cor. 9:25).

Do look these texts out and read all about these crowns. It would be sad not to care whether you have one or not, to only care that you may be saved; just to creep into heaven at the last moment, instead of being “out and out” working, for the Lord whilst you have time. Time is short and will soon be over. Having come to Christ and received salvation, a pardoned sinner, go your way rejoicing, and seek to win a crown of life or glory or righteousness, all incorruptible crowns, that can never fade away.

I want to be one of the Lord’s jewels, of whom we read in Malachi 3:16, “They shall be Mine, saith the Lord of hosts, in that day when I make up My jewels.” To be one of the Lord’s jewels or, as the margin says, “special treasure,” we must care, we must work and seek to please Him, to shine for Him, to win others for His crown. Speaking of crowns, I heard of a woman who said, “Crowns? I don’t trouble as long as I get to heaven.” Oh, dear reader, never say this. Do take trouble that when you will have to appear before your Lord, He may say, “Well done, good and faithful servant, receive a crown of glory that fadeth not away.”

Emily P. Leakey.

The Lord is my Shepherd

I shall never forget the conversion of an old man who I had often heard talking noisily in the street. I heard he was very ill, and could not shake off the burden that he was not ready, and that I ought to go and see him. I tried hard to satisfy myself that others would be sure to visit him, who were able to tell him, so much better than I could, of a Saviour's love to the sinner. I was young, and had seen little of illness, but the Lord would not allow me to forget that soul, and that He wished me to go, weak as I was.

One day found me near the house, but feeling too timid to visit him, asking a woman who lived near how he was, and expressing what I hoped, that Christians visited him. The answer was "No." She did not think anyone went to see him. And now came a struggle. Could I go? What could I say? And yet I could not leave that road. There was a precious soul dying without Christ. After walking up and down the road, looking up for strength, I went to the door. A feeble voice said, "Come in."

I cannot now remember those visits, it was so long ago, only that I believe the lost one was found. The last visit will never be forgotten. His daughter met me at the door. He was sinking fast, and would not know me. As I stood by his bedside I remembered the words he had liked me to read to him, and I repeated slowly, "The Lord is my Shepherd." The dying eyes opened with a look of recognition. He could not speak, but looking up he raised his arm and pointed upwards. Then the eyes closed. Peace and rest were written upon that face. What a triumph of grace; the terrible burden of sin gone, the soul resting upon a perfect work, a living Saviour.

"Thou hast washed me in Thy blood;

Made me live and live to God."

"Passed from death unto life."

A. A. L.

Care of the Wounded

We see in the picture a French dog ambulance truck, used to convey a wounded soldier to the hospital. It is so beautifully made that one dog is able to draw it easily, What care was taken, when possible, of those wounded in the service of their country during the last war. And what care God took of His own in those fearful days. An Army Chaplain tells the following story of a dying soldier boy. The boy said, "God never forgets us. Although we are lying here sick and suffering, He is still watching over us, and Jesus Himself seems to come round and He says, Is there anything you want, lad? Can I do anything for you?" Then he became conscious again and said: "Are you still there, sir?" "Yes, lad." "I do hope my mother is not worrying about me, sir. I do wish she was here, for I want her so badly." Just as I laid my hand on his brow his mind went again. "Is that you, mater? I have been wanting you so badly." Then he commenced to sing softly. There's a Friend for little children. "Once more his eyes opened, and the old question was asked," Are you still there, sir?" "Yes, lad." "Do you think my mother would come if you sent for her, sir?" "Of course she would, lad," I replied. "Then will you bring her, sir?" "I told him that if he would promise to go to sleep I would do what I could to bring her. He closed his eyes and turned his head over on the pillow and said, "Good night, daddy! Good night, mater!" As I turned from the bed the sister said, "Poor boy!" And found I had a large lump in my throat. The next day he died. And so the tragedy of war went on. This morning it was heart-breaking to see the grief of a man and his wife grieving at the graveside over the body of their son, their only child.

Ireland is Crying to God

The following solemn letter has just reached me. It shows the awful need of every effort being put forth for Ireland now. We are sending to all who ask. Many workers are distributing our parcels now, and soldiers are sending for Testaments.

Dear Dr. Wreford, ■ Thank you for sending the marked Testaments to the persons named in my list. Most of these were widows and other relations of murdered men, and the words written in the front page, "With sympathy," will, I trust, help to make them value them. Others on the list were persons whom I heard of lately, and to whom it was very desirable to send the Word of God. I have sent out a good many copies of John's Gospel myself, marking suitable verses for people who seldom, if ever, read the Scriptures, being discouraged to do so by their church. I was in the West of Ireland lately, and was able to travel about the country a little by cycle, distributing gospel magazines and papers. I believe many R.C.'s, especially amongst the police as well as retired policemen, are very dissatisfied with the attitude of their church in this matter. For, whilst some of their hierarchy have denounced murder (though generally with a word of palliation in the end of the letter), the younger clergy are nearly all in warm sympathy with the men who commit these acts, and this causes many of the more right-minded people to be dissatisfied with their religion. But, alas! they know of nothing better! In one place I saw a large heap, of stones, surmounted by a rough cross, where two men were recently murdered. One of these was an R.C., and I was told that someone (said to be an R.C.) wrote on one of the stones in the blood of the murdered men, words something like this: "Here a member of the R.C. church was cruelly murdered by his fellow Catholics." I cannot vouch for the exact words, but it was something like this. The roads are deeply trenched in many places, and the scattered Protestants, as well as some of the better class of Romanists, are kept in a constant state of fear. They are afraid to say anything through fear of being murdered or maltreated. I believe things are even worse in the South of Ireland.

But there is only one remedy, and that is the true Gospel of Christ.

I think the sending of marked Testaments is a very good thing, but it needs earnest prayer that they may be read, and not only read, but the truth contained in, them believed to the saving of the soul.

Very sincerely, yours in Christ,

The Need of Haste

In the face of such a letter I am sure you must feel the need of haste in your helping to send the Word of God to Ireland. 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 in Ireland and elsewhere?

Christ is coming! This may be our last day, or week, or year of service for Him. "Let us work while it is called today."

Poor Wexford

A Christian writes: ■

Dear Dr. Wreford, — Kindly accept order for useful tracts, etc. for the soldiers here... Poor Wexford is, I think, the darkest spot in Ireland for soldiers, as well as others. Pray for us, and may the Lord bless your labor of love, and He will!

From Co. Wicklow

J. B■ writes: A friend has handed me your little magazine ("Message from God") and I have read with much interest your article dealing with the Irish, revival of 1859. All Christian Irishmen must be grateful to you for the loving, warm-hearted interest you take in this unhappy land, and for what you are doing to bring the gospel of God's free grace to the Irish people.... We heartily welcome prayer for this land, that the Word of God may be placed in the hands of our Roman Catholic fellow countrymen, and that they may come to a saving knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, through faith in His atoning blood.

A dear friend, E. T■ says: ■Dear Dr. Wreford, ■I send these three pound notes in the name of the Lord to help send the Word of the Lord to Ireland.

From Guernsey a friend writes: ■Kindly accept postal order enclosed for your work in Ireland. May the Lord's blessing dwell with you, and may you be spared long to keep on this good work.

Use it for Ireland

One writes: ■ Please accept enclosed for your work in spreading God's Word; use it for Ireland if possible. May God open the hearts of these poor people-to receive His Word, and give all who are working for Him a rich, blessing.

For a Soldiers' Camp

Dear Sir, ■ Would you please let me know if you can send the New Testaments for distribution among the 600 soldiers in camp here? Some "Messages" too; I shall much appreciate them. I shall be glad of your prayers that God may work in the hearts of these boys.

A Closing Word

Can you withstand these appeals? Help us, I beseech you, to help others. It is all for Christ. For Christ in Ireland; for Christ in the soldiers' camps; for Christ at home or abroad.

The need is great, the need is urgent, the need is now. Help us to meet the great world-call for the Word of God.

Our Need

Our need is known to God, and He can make it known to you. The need for Ireland, and all the world—the need of ‘the children.

The Diary of a Soul

By The Editor September

THE golden corn is garnered, the fields are bare, the precious grain is hoarded for the feeding of mankind. The mellow fruit hangs ripe upon the trees that bend beneath their load. So a Christian's life should have a two-fold blessing in it. To work for God in His harvest-fields, and to bear fruit for Him.

What a terrible thing to have to say at the end of a godless life: "The harvest is past; the summer is ended; and I am not saved." "Ah!" said a dying man, "the day is over, and now I see a horrible night approaching, bringing with it the blackness of darkness forever. Now I am in rare anguish; and this is but the beginning of my sorrows. I shall be destroyed with an everlasting destruction."

Toplady dying, cried in ecstasy, "Oh what delights Who can fathom the joys of the third heaven?... The sky is clear; there is no cloud. Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly." At the last hour of life he said: "It will not be long before God takes me, for no mortal man can live after the glories God has manifested to my soul."

The Light Beyond the Sun

No sunset, though beyond the realms of time

Life's glory fades-far stretch the fields of light

The radiance of the everlasting-day;

The peace of God within, and no more night.

'Tis not farewell when parting hours must come,

And earth seems darkened when the shadows fall.

The pilgrim staff lies at the gate of heaven—

Life's vigil ends, where God is all in all

H. W.

These lines came to me at Tremel at daybreak, July 26th I was leaving my dear friends, and thinking of those who were passing from our midst, and how applicable the words of Paul were to some of us, "The time of my departure is at hand." Then the thought came beautiful to my soul, there is no sunset to a Christian's life, it is the dawn of fadeless glory■ no sunset, but the breaking of God's eternal day.

Mr. F. E. Race

And so it is with this dear servant of the Lord, just taken from us. I sorrowed that I could not see him before he left us, but ill-health and an accident prevented my being in England until the day after his funeral. I had known him and loved him for more than forty years. How he will be missed among the people of God! How large a place he filled in ministry and service! We get accustomed to the moving about among us of those whom God has given as gifts to His people—they are passing from our midst, and in their passing we realize what we may have lost for all time, by not comprehending God's purpose in their living. With him it is indeed well—he has left all sorrow behind him. I have lost awhile a very dear friend.

“His pilgrim staff lies at the gate of heaven—Life's vigil ends, where God is all in all.”

I wrote to Mrs. Race from Tremel saying I should be home on July 27th and that I hoped to see him then; when the letter was read to him, he said, “It will be too late.” So when we meet again, it will be where our poet so beautifully says: ■

“God and the Lamb shall there

The light and temple be,

And radiant hosts forever share

The unveiled mystery.

■J.N.D.

Evolution

I have had a letter by me for some little time from a dear friend, and I feel the time has now come for me to print it. It deals with a most important subject.

The Letter

Dear Doctor Wreford,

Your remarks on Evolution in the September "Message" are very "apropos" just now.

During my recent visit to the North a lady who sat at-my table in the Hotel where I stayed told me that her husband, a Doctor of Science, was a very clever man; that he was an expert, and that men came from all parts of the world to learn from him. She said too that they had a wonderful Library in the town where she resided, for which he was responsible and that he was "benefiting posterity" by his researches.

I expressed a hope that he gave due prominence to "The Book," and that she and her husband obeyed Joshua 1:8: "This book of the law shall not depart out of thy mouth: but thou shalt meditate therein day and night, that thou mayest observe to do according to all that is written therein: for then thou shalt make thy way prosperous, and then thou shalt have good success."

She replied that they did not read the Word of God daily, and so I was not surprised to hear that she and her husband believed in the doctrine of Evolution, which I told her was dishonoring to our blessed Lord and Saviour.

"Benefiting posterity by his researches!" How many souls have been brought to the Cross of Christ by the followers of Darwin? And "What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole World and lose his own Soul?"

Sincerely yours, R. J. MORGAN.

The Bible or Evolution?

As is the case with so many other theories, evolution only holds good within certain limits. There are many things that are entirely outside its ambit, many points at which it completely breaks down; many stresses it absolutely cannot stand; many gulfs it utterly fails to span. It can tell us nothing about God. The Bible can. It can tell us nothing about angels. The Bible does. It can hold out no hope of an after-life for man. "I am the Resurrection and the Life," saith the Lord; "he that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live. And whosoever liveth and believeth in Me shall never die." What can evolution say compared with that? Its utmost, in comparison, is less than the foam of the waves to the mighty ocean.

Can evolution explain creation? Can it bridge the gulf between non-existence and existence—between the non-living and the living? What comfort and hope can it offer us in the trials, temptations, and perplexities of life? Faith is beyond its ambit; Heaven beyond its ken. Nor does it much help the scientist in arriving at the many truths he desires to learn. Can it explain time, space, darkness, light, life, death? Why are so many of the simplest forms of life still existent? Why the infusoria? Why the myriad simple forms of life still on land, and in fresh and salt water? Why the grass still clothing the fields? Can it throw light upon sin, the need for redemption, conscience, the guilt which a sinner feels when convicted by the Holy Spirit, the blessing of pardon through Christ?

Can evolution explain prophecy and its fulfillment? Can it light up the dark valley of the shadow of death? What knows it of those words of Job, "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that He shall stand at the latter day upon the earth. And though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God?" Can it exultingly exclaim, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" Or can it say, "As in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive?" Evolution, alone, seems to know little or nothing either of Adam or Christ. And when those we love die, return again to the dust, as we read in Genesis, "Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return"■oh! what despair would seize upon us with only evolution for our comfort and hope!

A soul departs—there lies the dead body before us. Can evolution bridge that distance between death and life and unite again the body and the soul? No; it is only the Divine power that can do that. As at the beginning, God breathed into man's nostrils the breath of life, and man became a living soul; so once more, only God can re-fashion that body, bring the soul-life back, and make body and soul one again.

"New Faiths for Old?" Faith in evolution rather than in the truths of the Word of God? Oh, fools indeed we were, if, instead of resting on the true Foundation■on the living God our Father and the living Christ our Saviour and Lord■we place our trust in that shadow■evolution; grasp at that, and let all that is real and true slip from our possession. What other refuge have we than the everlasting arms of God? What other hope of salvation or of eternal life than through Christ our Lord?

C. J. Minter.

How She Treated Her Husband

It was during a mission in a town that one Sunday afternoon a man named Sherlock came into our meeting. He was quite a stranger to such meetings, and to the knowledge of the Gospel, and that afternoon he was awakened and greatly interested. At the tea table, after he went home, he was unusually quiet. His wife noticed it and asked him what was the matter. He said he would tell her afterward. There was a boarder at the table, and he did not wish to say anything before him.

A short time after he asked his wife and the boarder if they would come to the evening meeting. His wife, a very shrewd woman, at once surmised what was the matter. She said, "No! On no account will I go. I don't believe in such things." The boarder consented to go with him.

At the close of the first meeting we had an after meeting. The boarder went home, but the husband stayed. As soon as the boarder arrived the wife asked, "Where is my husband?"

The boarder answered, "They are talking to him."

To think of her husband being talked to in that way made her very angry, and she was quite in a fever to say to him what she meant to say to him on his return. In a short time, the husband came home rejoicing, and before his wife had time to say anything, he said, "Now, Polly, I am tonight as I have never been before."

"And what's ado with you," she said.

"Oh! Polly, I'm washed in the blood of the Lamb; that's what is ado with me!"

She scolded and railed on him into the middle of the night, but in the enjoyment of such peace with God he never resented it. From her point of view it was a most serious thing, and she determined she would knock all this out of him before a week passed. They had been married some time, and she knew all his likes and dislikes, so she made up her mind that she would give him day by day exactly what he did not like.

On Monday, his meals were not prepared as she knew he liked them; but he said nothing. The next day there was something more objectionable, and she then hoped he would lose his temper, and scold her as he sometimes had done, and then she would surely go for him; but day after day her wonder grew, as he never uttered a cross word.

It was nearing the end of the week when she gave him something for dinner that he had a special dislike to. She fully expected he would be very cross, but to her amazement, he said nothing. He took very little, and then went off to work, singing,

"In the sweet by-and-by,

We shall meet on that beautiful shore.

She stood on the doorstep and looked after him, and said to herself, "There is certainly something wonderful in all this. If he asks me to go to those meetings again I will go."

She did not have long to wait; he asked her again, and she went with him, and within the week she was saved—a rejoicing believer.

The paralytic man in Matthew 9. That the people might know that the Son of Man had power on earth to forgive sins, rose up and walked. It was the walk of her husband that won his wife. He walked in the joy of a new life, born again by the Word and Spirit of God.

On the next Sunday afternoon, they both gave their testimony, and such a testimony. Praise God!

J. S.

“It Must Never Go Out”

One morning early, reading my Bible in bed, late last July, I came upon the most wonderful verse that relates to our Christian experience quite as much as to the burnt offering of the Tabernacle. This was the text. Read it and pray over it, dear friends, and extract the wondrous honey out of its honeycomb. Leviticus 6:13: “The fire shall ever be burning on the altar; it shall never go out.”

Grant that it may be so with us. When once we are His, and tasted of His love, and our hearts burn with loving fire towards Him, let us see to it that it is ever burning to do His pleasure; His will, not ours. “It shall never go out.” Keep it burning by asking Him to give you something to do for Him every day, something to deny self to please Him, and others for Him.

Think of the millions in His beautiful world who have not yet heard of His love! Have we done anything yet to light that fire? Are we seeking to save precious souls for whom He died, and who as yet have never had a chance. Let us pray that our fire may never go out. Prayer will keep the fire ever burning— “it shall never go out.”

In your sitting-room, if the fire is burning low you use the poker to stir it up; so, if your spiritual fire has become low, use your spiritual poker-prayer.

Emily P. Leakey.

Incidents of the War and the Peace.

The prayer of the outcast in India. ■ “O God, we are hungry for love; we want someone to love us.”

The vision of the dying Missionary. ■ He had worked for seven or eight years among the heathen with apparently little result. Dying, he cried: “I see the temples falling; I see the idols creaking; I see my Lord Jesus crowned King.”

An Outcast's Cry to God

At the annual meeting of the Church Missionary Society, the Rev. W. P. Hares, Punjab, in describing a crowd in an Indian village, said: "A missionary was trying to show the people something of the wonderful love of the Father, and he explained how God Himself, the very nature of God, was love, and that the love of God embraced both the Englishman and the Punjaber, that it embraced not only the Mussulman and Brahmin, but also the poor outcast; and he described the wonderful love of the Son, in that for the sake of the poor ryot He had come into the world to give His life for him, and that now He was sympathizing, now loving, now helping the poor outcast. His whole subject was love-God is Love—and then he turned to one old man and said, 'Baboo, will you now close the meeting with prayer?' All heads were bowed, and then slowly, and with strong emotion, the prayer went up: 'O God, we are hungry for love; we want Someone to love us.' And that is the cry of the outcast to the Christian Church today. 'We want Someone to love us.' And they have sought that love in Hinduism, and because they are outcasts Hinduism will have nothing to do with them. They have sought for it in Mahomedanism, and Mahomedanism has given them no welcome. And now, with outstretched, pleading hands they have come to the Christian Church, asking for love, asking to be given a chance, and God knows how urgently they need it."

“Hallelujah”

I have been reading again a letter from a soldier friend during the war:—

“I have been very much cast down. We have lost a fine Christian officer, a splendid man, but, praise God, he was ready, and now he is better off. His ambition was to come to France as a missionary; he spoke the language very well; he speaks the perfect language of heaven now.”

I was privileged to hear from his brother then in Palestine, and to send books through Dr. Wreford, and we could not but be cheered by the following testimony, and take courage, that in the midst of sorrow, our brother could say, “Hallelujah.” It made me think of those precious word is, “Thanks be unto God, which always causeth us to triumph in Christ” (2 Cor. 11:14).

“As I look back on my brother’s life and especially the last few years of it, his zeal for the Gospel stands out remarkably, and naturally one asks, ‘Why should he be taken?’ and then the reply comes like a voice from heaven, ‘The Lord hath need of him,’ and thinking of him now in the glory with the Master he served so faithfully here, one feels there is nothing to say but “Hallelujah.” My dear mother has been helped through this great trial, and she has done a great deal to cheer me, too. You will be glad to know that we have some happy times here in the place where the Lord spent so much of His time.... All these good things are as nothing in comparison with the short seasons one enjoys in quiet communion with God.... one is able to come away from the rush and strain of active service. I have already sent and passed on some of the booklets you sent me.

Christian greetings to Dr. Wreford and yourself. (1 Cor. 15:58, Psa. 91:2).

A. A. L.

“God Does Use the ‘Message From God’”

So writes a dear friend to us today, telling us the good news of blessing as follows: “A girl in the hospital lately, who had a ‘Message’ given to her, told one whom I was visiting before she left, that she had found in that ‘Message’ everything she needed. I know you hear such things from many, and God does use the ‘Message.’”

The Gospel in Russia Spreading Like Lightning

A prominent Swedish Christian brother writes as follows: "My latest news from Russia re Christian work is that the gospel is spreading rapidly-like lightning from Petrograd to Vladivostok and the whole of Russia is crying out for Bibles. Many thousands of Bibles have been sent to Russia, through Germany, by the returning Russian prisoners, thousands of whom, when believers, get five copies each to carry home with them to give to their friends who meet them." Gustaf Stromberg.

We have no Testaments or Bibles in Russian. Would our friends kindly supply our need in this respect at once?

Dean Inge calls it a “Mystery Play”

(From the London “Express.”)

“The time has now come when we must give up the idea of the ancient parable of the Garden of Eden and the Fall of Man as a chapter of actual history.”

This was one of the conclusions of Dean Inge, in an address to a large audience at the Kingsway Hall. His subject was “Sin and Modern Thought.”

“The narrative of the Fall,” he said, “will always be valuable as a kind of mystery play of the psychology of man.”

The Dean, for once, was by no means pessimistic. Here are some of his points: ■

“The modern idea is, ‘What is a man good for?’ and not ‘What is he bad for?’”

“Threats from the pulpit are no longer in use in the Church of England.

“Modern thought tends to suppress sin. What has decayed among us is the sense of sin.”

“I do not think it is fair to say that in earlier centuries the difference between good and bad was recognized and that now it has been lost. It would be more true to say that disproportionate punishments were then so familiar that they shocked no one, whereas now they seem to us unworthy of God and incredible in a universe governed by God.”

“A great deal of what we call evil is manifestly inseparable from the conditions under which we live.”

The Psalmist says: ■ “If the foundations be destroyed, what can the righteous do?” (Psa. 11:3).

St. Paul, dealing with men like Dean Inge, says: ■ “Nevertheless the foundation of God standeth sure, having this seal, ‘The Lord knoweth them that are His,’ and Let everyone that nameth the name of Christ depart from iniquity” (2 Tim. 2:19).

What greater iniquity can there be than casting doubt upon the integrity of God’s Word. The foundation that stands sure, in spite of all Dean Inge and others like him may say. God has magnified His Word above all His name (Psa. 138:2).

God will judge those who seek to deceive by “vain words,” and “it is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God,” who not only gave the Word, but will maintain it in its integrity when heaven and earth shall pass away.

Who Is Better Than an Angel?

One who has accepted Christ as his Saviour on earth and whose home for eternity is the heavenly City, is better than an angel. And who are those who dwell in heaven in happiness that angels never knew forever and ever? Sinners saved by grace. There is not a man or woman in heaven who was not a sinner; not one, but whose heart “was deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked.”

I stand upon those golden streets. I walk amid the brightness of the city. I hear a man singing, and I say unto him, “And what were you on earth?” He answers, “I am the thief that died by the side of Christ.” I said, “Lord, remember me when Thou comest into Thy kingdom,” and He said, “This day shalt thou be with Me in paradise”; and I have been praising Him ever since. I pass on, and say to another, “Who are you with the light upon your brow?” She answers, “I am the one who broke the alabaster box of ointment over the Saviour’s feet. I washed His feet with tears and wiped them with the hairs of my head; and now He has wiped all my tears away, and I am happy in His presence.” “And who are you so radiant with happiness?” “I am the man that had the legion of demons. Jesus cast them out and healed me, and now I am praising Him forever and ever.” I pause to listen to the endless song, “Unto Him that loveth us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and He made us kings and priests unto God and His Father; to Him be glory and dominion forever and ever. Amen.” Amen rings loud over all the scene. Amen, and Amen.

Again I pass on and ask, “Who are you with face adoring?” I was a drunkard, a vile wretched drunkard, but Jesus loved me and saved my soul.” “And who are you?” “A blasphemer.” “And you?” “A Murderer.” “And you?” “A Harlot, but Jesus bought me with his precious blood.” Yes, these are the inhabitants of this glorious city. And it may be when you and I get to glory, and stand amid the redeemed worshipping, we shall hear one saying, pointing to Jesus, “Do you see those marks upon His blessed brow? Those scars? It was I who platted the crown of thorns and pressed it on His brow.” “You?” Yes, and after I had done it I heard Him say, ‘Father, forgive them for they know not what they do!’ I never forgot those words.” And another might say, “Do you see those marks in His hands and feet? I took the hammer and the nails and drove them in; I was the one who nailed Him to the cross.” You in heaven, you here clad in white, and with His name on your forehead? “Yes, He loved me and gave Himself for me.”

And why not my readers, why should not these sinners be in glory? The blood of Christ availed as much for them as for you and me. I should not be surprised, such is the amazing love of God, at seeing any of these in glory. The greatest surprise to me will be to find myself there. Oh, are you going to this city? We who believe in Christ, shall soon see above the pearly gates, the banner waving; and upon its glorious folds, the words, “WELCOME HOME.” The crusaders wept when first they caught a sight of Jerusalem. And, when we see the gates appear and the light shining from afar, when we behold the angel porters, clad in the livery of God, at the gates of the holy city, if we weep for joy and gladness, they will be the last tears we shall ever shed. We shall go in with uplifted foreheads, to wear the crown; with eager feet, to tread those golden streets with longing

eyes, to gaze upon the face of Christ; with overflowing hearts to worship God and the Lamb. Then, as the wide expanse of heaven comes in view, as we behold the splendor of the city, its streets, its walls, its thrones, its mansions, its angelic hosts, and its redeemed millions, as we gaze with clear eyes on God's throne, and on the face of Christ, as we hear the sound of innumerable voices praising, methinks we shall cry aloud so that all shall hear, "The half hath not been told." Then with eyes of joy gazing around, shall we say, "This is mine forever; these shining streets, these hills of God, these robes of white, this diadem of glory, this endless song. Mine forever and ever!" Oh; if unsaved you may learn this moment by faith in Jesus how you can be better than an angel. Reader, if saved, you can praise the Lord with me for all His love and goodness.

"Clad in this robe how bright I shine,

Angels possess not such a dress,

Angels have not a robe like mine,

Jesus the Lord's my righteousness.

A Dublin Bomb Thrower Shot

Unhappy Ireland, torn and rent as she has been by internecine strife! What terrible scenes have been enacted. The man lying dead in the foreground of the picture has, an immortal soul. In a moment that soul has passed from time into eternity. Where has it gone? Our heart and the hearts of hundreds of our readers have gone out in a deep desire to win souls for Christ in Ireland. I wish I could print all the letters I get about Ireland. That is impossible, but I give extracts now from a few, showing how we are being helped to send Testaments and tracts to workers there. Please read each letter carefully.

I.M. writes: ■ I again have the pleasure of sending a thank offering a £1 note for Testaments for poor Ireland

M. C. B. writes: ■ Please accept 10/- towards sending God's precious gospel to the poor Irish.

A.P.A. writes: ■ Miss G. and I have very great pleasure in sending you the enclosed P.O. (10/-) for the work in Ireland.

A lady of eighty-five writes from Wexford: ■

Kindly send me another 5 parcel of Testaments for the soldiers, there are some of the Devons in barracks.

M.L.B. writes: ■

I enclose cheque £1 11s. Od. towards sending Testaments for our soldiers in Ireland, including the Cadets.

From Londonderry a worker writes: ■ I don't know what to say, or how to begin even to thank you for your never-ending kindness and generosity to me. The large and most valuable parcel has come today.

A worker writes from Dublin: ■

Thank you for the parcel of booklets I received today. I returned yesterday from Co. Fermanagh, where I was for about ten days. There is much need everywhere.... Strange to say, I found Roman Catholics willing to receive books, and one woman with whom I had a conversation and gave a book said, "I am a Roman Catholic, but I will value it just as much as my own."

E.A.R. writes: ■

Please accept the enclosed check for your Testament and Tract Fund for Ireland. Praying for much blessing in this important work.

G. and A.H. write: ■

Please accept the enclosed £3 Treasury Notes towards your service fir the Lord in Ireland, in sending Testaments to that dark land, with our earnest prayers that the Lord may bless and own His Word.

W.R. writes: ■ I enclose you 30/-for your fund to send Testaments to Ireland, and I trust that God's blessing will rest on your noble work.

E.C. writes: ■

Our little Missionary Working Party have been so interested in your sending out God's Word to dark, needy Ireland, they ask me to forward to you the enclosed £1 that you may use it for this grand work. The entrance of His Word giveth light, and surely it is the Light which is the only help for that poor, enslaved country. We pray that the Lord's blessing may be on every copy of the Scriptures sent out there.

M.T. writes: ■

I enclose a 10/- note for your Testament and Tract Fund for Ireland. 5/- of it is from an old saint of ninety-five, who says he believes that Ireland needs more of Christ. We are praying here in our little prayer-meeting for your work.

Thank God for all the prayers and all the help. We are so thankful for God's manifest blessing. All gifts for Ireland and elsewhere are much needed now.

The Diary of a Soul

By The Editor October

OCTOBER■the leaves are falling, the chilling shadows come! And such is life! A changing season; a shadowed landscape! Hopes fade, and pleasure's sunshine dies in shadow. God give us to fix our hopes on a better world than this: "The fashion of this world passeth away." So found a celebrated poet, who said, almost with his dying breath, "Save me from the horrors of a jail." He had been feted and honored for a brief moment by the great and noble of this earth, but the shadows came, and all the golden glory of fame went, and all was darkness.

The poet Campbell, who wrote "The Pleasures of Hope," basked for awhile in the, delusive splendor of earthly fame and glory, but when the shadows came he cried, in the gathering darkness, "I am alone in the world. My wife and the child of my hopes are dead: My only surviving child is consigned to a living tomb■a lunatic asylum. My last hopes are blighted. As for fame, it is a bubble that must soon burst."

Yes, this is how earth's dead leaves fall; this is how the shadows come. "In His presence is fullness of joy; at His right hand pleasures for evermore."

Saved at Ninety One

A day or two ago a lady wrote we the following letter:■

Dear Dr. Wreford, It is with much pleasure I am sending you 20/- for more parcels for Ireland. My son is home now, time-expired. He gives an awful account of things there, but no worse than your tract speaks of that I have received today. I have to tell you that through the little book you sent me in the parcel, entitled, "What is there after death?" my aged parent has found salvation. He is ninety-one, and can see to read without glasses, and when I took the little book to him he read it through, closed his eyes for some minutes, then he said to me, "I have been in communion with God about my sins, and He has answered me and saved me." You may guess how I praised God for this... May the Lord of all grace spare you much longer yet to carry on your splendid work for His glory till He comes.

To Our Readers

If you have any friend or relative you would like us to, send Gospel tracts to we will gladly do it for Christ's sake, and pray God to save their souls. It is our greatest joy to bring sinners to the Saviour.

We are much encouraged at God's manifest blessing' on, our work now. Please pray for us.

ROUMANIAN TESTAMENTS, &c

We have an urgent request for Roumanian Testaments at once. Will our friends kindly send us some?

The Truth About Eternal Punishment

By The Editor

We are face to face with a terrible crisis in the history of our country. Never was Satanic power so plainly seen as it is today. Never was there such a shaking of the foundations of belief, and never such power put forth by the hosts of darkness to do away with faith in God altogether. There is no fear of God. The doctrine of eternal punishment is denied by thousands of so-called Ministers of the Word of God. Prebendary Carlile, the head of the Church Army, in a sermon said that the "hell of vengeance was contrary to the Sermon on the Mount" He also said, "As the keys of hell were in the pierced hands of burning sympathy, its terrors should be boldly faced." Others tell us that the "dread of hell is dead," and that many who used to go to church or chapel to lessen the risk of eternal punishment for themselves were now quite easy in their minds and stayed at home. Hell has lost its terrors for many because men like Farrar and Wilberforce have, by their false teaching, destroyed all belief in such a stern doctrine. But still the prophet voice rings out the awful question to the world, "Who among us shall dwell with the devouring fire? Who among us shall dwell with everlasting burnings?" (Isa. 33:14). And still the apostolic admonition has lost none of its power and meaning when he says, "Knowing therefore the terror of the Lord we persuade men" (2 Cor. 5:11). John the Baptist's warning voice broke the silence of the wilderness of Judea when he cried, "O generation of vipers, who hath warned you to flee from the wrath to come?" (Matt. 3:7).

In Revelation 19 we get the rebellion against the Son of God trodden down with wrath and irretrievable disaster, and those who headed the rebellion, the Beast and the false prophet, were cast alive into a lake of fire burning with brimstone. Again we read in Revelation 20:15, "And whosoever was not found written in the book of life, was cast into the lake of fire."

These verses are the artillery of God brought to bear on the strongholds of human reason.

Listen! "He that overcometh shall inherit all things; and I will be his God, and he shall be My son." This is one side, bright and beautiful. Now for the other side: "But the fearful and unbelieving, and the abominable, and murderers, and whoremongers, and sorcerers, and idolaters, and all liars, shall have their part in the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone, which is the second death."

If you disbelieve these words you impute falsehood to the Bible. Would you like to say that Book was a lie, or a fable? The Book your father and your mother read; the Book that was the solace of their old age. Are you prepared to throw this Book overboard? to put more faith in the daily paper than in what it says? I think not. If you give up the Bible, what have you left? If the Bible is not true, what is true? The testimony of the ages proves the truth of the Bible. External evidences prove its truth, and the internal evidences as to its being the Book of God are incontestible.

You cannot give up the Bible, or if you do, you will be like a captain who cuts himself adrift from his anchor in a storm; or like a man who signs his own death warrant. Then doubt the Word no longer; take it as God has given it, inspired from cover to cover. It is the most wonderful story of power ever told. It is the most marvelous history of love ever written. It is the most terrible book of

warning ever known. Be sure of this: its love is real, its judgment is real, its heaven is real, its hell is real, and above all, its Christ, and His salvation, are real. I know it in my soul. A converted infidel on his deathbed said to some of his former associates, "I assure you that if you die as you are, five minutes' suffering under the vengeance of an angry God will take away all your infidelity. Take warning, and may the Lord have mercy on your souls."

The infidel Newport, when tossing on his dying bed, turning to the fire in the room, said: "Oh that I could lie on that fire, and burn for a thousand years, if it would but purchase for me the favor of God"; and when expiring he uttered a groan that could scarcely be conceived to be human, saying, "Oh the pangs! the insufferable pangs of hell and damnation! O eternity! eternity! who can paraphrase the words, forever and ever?"

Thomas Paine, the notorious infidel, repented on his deathbed of ever having blasphemed Jesus Christ and the Bible. A lady who was present when Paine died, described the scene thus: "I remember him as he lay, his head near to the door we entered. With glaring eyes, uttering imprecations, apparently in agony of body and mind; his screams could be heard at a great distance. He called on Jesus Christ for mercy and next blasphemed."

Bishop Gardiner, Lord Chancellor of England in bloody Queen Mary's reign, was very active in putting Protestants to death. When Latimer and Ridley were to be burned at Oxford, he could not be present himself, so dispatched messengers with instructions to return to him with all speed as soon as the fire was put to the fagots. Although the Duke of Norfolk was his guest that day, he could not sit down to dinner till he received the news that Latimer and Ridley were dead. At four o'clock the wretch was made happy and went to dinner, but lo! while the melt was vet in his mouth, the heavy wrath of God came upon him. A foul leprosy and dropsy fell upon him, his body became distended, his eyes on fire, and his breath was worse than the foulest air. No one could bear being anywhere near him. He suffered in this torture four weeks, during which he spake little but blasphemy, and at last died with curses in his mouth, in terrible and inexpressible torments.

One word in closing, "Flee from the wrath to come."

The Death of an Irish Girl

“Mother,” said a dying girl in Ireland, “it’s a dreadful thing to die.”

“It is that, my darling,” the mother said, as she fondly gazed with tearful eyes upon the fading cheek of her child; “it is that. Oh, that I could die instead! But you have, confessed, so why are you still afraid?”

“Yes, I have confessed every sin I could remember and I have absolution, and I shall have the holy oil when I am just at the last, mother. But then, I must be in the fires of purgatory soon and you are very poor.”

“Leave that to the priest, darling,” said the mother, “and say the prayers to the Virgin that he bade you say. That will bring peace to your heart.”

“No, it’s all dark. And I want to know where I am going—and more, a great deal more than the priest would tell me. “Mother,” she added quickly, “I am thinking of the death of cousin Kathleen; she had no absolution, no unction, no masses, yet she died happy.”

“She was a heretic, daughter dear, and she knew nothing at all so she died in her sins.”

“Some words she said come over me now, mother: ‘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’ (Psa. 23:1). What did she mean, mother? I have no comfort, no staff. I am trembling in the dark, and see only great fires beyond, and am full of fear. Kathleen did not believe in purgatory.”

“Hush, now, Mary, dear,” the mother said, “go to sleep and forget her, and trust in the Blessed Virgin.”

“Well, mother, I’ll try; but I can’t help thinking it must be a happier thing to go straight to heaven at once. I wish I could remember all Kathleen said about it.”

“It’s not for the likes of us to go straight to heaven at once, Mary; we go the way the church directs.”

“But sure it’s a hard way, mother, dear. I often fear that some who get into the fires of purgatory may never get out again.”

“Now, don’t get distrustful of the masses, darling. Just leave thinking about it at all. Now here’s Patrick, he will sit beside you till I run to your grandmother’s and back.”

Patrick had come in and overheard part of the conversation, and now sat down by his sister’s side with a heavy heart, for the doctor said she could not recover, and he had traveled from another part of the country to see her before her death. “Mary,” said he, when their mother had left them alone, “what was that about cousin Kathleen?”

“Ah, Pat, I was wishing I could die as happy as she did; and I can’t believe her soul is in hell, just because—” “Because she believed in the blood and mercies of the Lord Jesus Christ?” exclaimed Pat. “No, Mary, for that’s just the reason she had no need to go to purgatory at all, and as for unktion, she had that too. She got it straight from the hands of the Lord Himself. He spoke to her soul, Mary, and comforted her with the assurance of His pardon and love. Do you think she needed anybody else to tell her after that?”

Mary stared on her brother. “Sure, brother, you’ve turned heretic too!”

“Well, never mind that,” he said. “I don’t care for nicknames at all, but I’ve been reading the Bible, Mary— God’s own blessed book—full of such melting words to poor sinners as would melt your heart.”

“But how did you get it? Does the priest know?” said the dying girl.

“Sure, I didn’t stop to ask him. But I read and read; and some things were so pretty and went so quick to the heart that I couldn’t stop any more—if I’m burned for it,” said he.

“Well, Pat,” said she, “what is it about purgatory you’ve read in the Bible?”

“Why, just as much as you see in that empty platter—and that’s nothing at all—and I’ve searched from one end to the other. So make your heart easy, Mary, for you can’t go to a place that isn’t in God’s creation. You shall go—and I promise you on the faith of the Holy Scriptures—straight to heaven at once, if you only do one thing.”

“What is it, Pat? Oh, what is there that I wouldn’t do if I could? Is it to make a station?” said Mary.

“No, no, not such things as that, but if you will listen,” said her brother, “I’ll read to you the beautiful words that they are.”

And drawing from his pocket the precious little volume that had enlightened himself, the young Irishman read: “For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in, Him should not perish but have everlasting life” (John 3:16). “He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon Him; and with His stripes we are healed” (Isa. 53:5).

“Mary,” he said, “do you think the Lord suffered by halves, and only heals by halves? ‘Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts; and let him return unto the Lord, and He will have mercy upon him, and to our God, for He will abundantly pardon’ (Isaiah 55:7). Is it to ‘abundantly pardon’ to go and suffer torments in purgatory before we get in at all, Mary? ‘For by one offering He hath perfected forever them that are sanctified’ (Heb. 10:14.)”

“ ‘Them that are sanctified,’ Pat, what is that? Isn’t it to be sanctified that we go to purgatory?”

“No,” said Pat, reading again from the New Testament.

“ ‘Now where remission of these is there is no more offering for sin’ (Heb. 10:18). No offering of your own suffering, Mary; no masses to be said for which our mother must pay. When the blessed Lord was going to be betrayed— before He was taken prisoner—He prayed for all His people, and in His prayer He said not a word of going through purgatory. So, Mary, it is Christ’s blood (1 John

1:7) for us, and that's salvation out and out."

"But now, what's the thing I'm to do, Pat? You said, if I'd only do one thing."

"Why, then, it's just this. 'Having,' as the precious Word says, 'an High Priest over the House of God' (Heb. 10:21), that is, the Lord Jesus, with the one offering of Himself once offered, let us draw near with a true heart, in full assurance of faith (Heb. 10:22). You must believe these things and that will make them your own. 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved' (Acts 16:31). Believe, and you will be saved at once; and 'Therefore, being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ' (Rom. 5:1). And then you may 'Rejoice in the hope of the glory of Go'd (Rom. 1:2), for 'Being now justified by His blood, we shall be saved from wrath through Him' (Rom.5:9)."

"Oh, Mary," Pat continued, "it's all of a piece; it's like the Word of God, worth loving and preserving forever. Now, can you find it in your heart to trust what God says? It's faith you must get and not masses, Mary. The offering for sin is made; it is the shed blood that must wash away all your sins, so that what you must do is to believe in Jesus Christ and in Him alone."

"Faith! Faith! And what is it? said Mary.

"It's just believing heartily the Lord; that what He says is true, and that He will do as He has promised. 'With the heart man believeth unto righteousness; and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation' (Rom. 10:10).

And then, Mary dear, if indeed you must leave us—if you cannot stay any longer here—you will pass without fear through the shadowy valley, having the staff of truth to lean upon; and your happy spirit shall be 'absent from the body, and to be present with the Lord' (2 Cor. 5:8)."

"Oh, Pat, it's taking the thorns from the dying pillow, one by one. And I do think I'll be able to believe it all. But what will the priest say? Perhaps he will say I'm a heretic, Pat," and she shuddered with the thought.

"Oh, it will do the most harm to himself, then. Never fear, be true and hold fast to the Lord Jesus Christ, and His own words, and you need not fear what men can do. Sure, it's a blessed religion to comfort us all, whether living or dying; and I only wish the sweet story was now being told from Ballycastle to Cape Clear; till every man, woman and child should know that Jesus died for them. And for His sake God can have mercy on them that believe. It's the gospel Christ wants us to know, and that is God's Word—not mine—that says, 'Happy is that people whose God is the Lord' (Psa. 144:15)."

"I believe it all, Pat," said the dying girl, "and it does give peace to my soul."

Another “Never”

Immediately after thinking of, and writing about, “The fire that never goeth out,” I was feasted on another “never” (I would almost say even better than that), our Lord’s own blessed word, “Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst” (John 4:11). Or, as it is written in Revelation 22:17, “Let him that is athirst come... let him take the water of life freely.” Not a cup full, nor a pint, nor a quart, but freely, as much as ever he will. The water of life, the living water, is free, free to all who will take. Have you ever been in the fever of thirst yourself, and known the inestimable comfort, nay, joy, of a cup of cold water given you, perhaps, by your kind doctor? But to quench the burning thirst you must drink; and so, with the living water, you must do your part—drink, and drink again. The living water is Christ Himself, so willing to fill your heart with His precious life-giving water; and then if you have drank and been saved, you must think of others, of the hundreds and thousands who know, Him not, who are thirsting, ever thirsting, but have no knowledge of the living water that Christ will give to every one who asks. But how can they ask if they do not know? Make it a matter of prayer that you may give “living water” to some poor thirsty soul.

Emily P. Leakey.

Incidents of the War and the Peace.

British Ship Torpedoed By German Submarine

The picture on the cover was taken by a German officer on board the submarine that torpedoed the British ship, whose crew are seen escaping from the sinking ship in a boat. We know that sometimes these hapless crews were kept prisoners on the submarine; at other times their boat was sunk by a torpedo. Some of the most terrible horrors of this fearful war happened on the sea.

So it is on the sea of humanity today. The devil has his submarines that work underneath the surface of things. How many a human barque, well freighted, and unconscious of danger, is torpedoed and wrecked by the devil! Happy these who leave their sinking ships for the lifeboat, Christ. Many will not avail themselves of this way of escape, and so perish in their sins. The devil shows no mercy to those whose lives he wrecks; "but the mercy of God is from, everlasting, to everlasting to those that fear Him." We are told to "escape from the wrath to come." We should not be told to escape were there not a way of escape. Let us see to it that as we pass across life's sea we are safeguarded by the presence and power of the One who can and will save to the uttermost all who trust in Him. Read the following solemn incident showing the power of Satan over a life.

“Pray for Me to the Devil”

In the life of John Paton, the missionary, he tells the following incident connected with his early life: ■He says: I visited an infidel whose wife was a Roman Catholic. He became unwell and gradually sank under great suffering and agony. His blasphemies against God were known and shuddered at by all the neighbors. His wife pleaded with me to visit him. She refused, at my suggestion to call her own priest, so I accompanied her at last. The man refused to hear one word about spiritual things and foamed with rage; he even spat at me when I mentioned the name Jesus. “The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God: for they are foolishness unto him! There is a wisdom which is at best earthly, and at worst “sensual and devilish.” His wife asked me to take care of the little money they had, as she would not entrust it to her own priest. I visited the poor man daily, but his enmity to God and his sufferings together seemed to drive him mad. His yells gathered crowds on the streets: he tore to pieces his very bed-clothes, till they had to bind him on the iron bed where he lay, foaming and blaspheming. Towards the end I pleaded with him even then to look to the Lord Jesus, and asked if I might pray with him. With all his remainiing strength, he shouted at me: ■

“Pray for me to the Devil”

Reminding him how he had always denied that there was any devil, I suggested that he must surely believe in one now, else he would scarcely make such a request, even in mockery. In great rage, he cried: “Yes, I believe there is a devil, and a God, and a just God, too; but I have hated Him in life and I hate Him in death! With these awful words, he wriggled into eternity; but his shocking death produced a very serious impression for good especially amongst young men in the district where his character was known.

Pray for Russia

The earnest desire of our hearts is that many readers of the "Message" may be led to pray for that unhappy country. I give a few extracts from the "Friend of Russia." Thank God for the soul hunger, and Christ our Lord's own promise is, "They shall be filled." We read of "meetings overcrowded, attendances of two or three thousand, of the baptizing of people from the ages of sixteen to sixty-five every Sunday, of conversions numbering hundreds and thousands. A Bible is found in a village, and the people flock to that village only to hear it read." The Soviet government has issued a fresh decree forbidding the teaching of religion, under severe penalties, to those under eighteen years of age. There is much persecution, arresting of large numbers.

How wonderful to read of the work amongst the children. "Taught in the day schools that there is no God, and forbidden to pray, they nevertheless do pray... and join in small bands to read the Gospel, and protest when they are forced to sing the godless songs now used in schools."

Brave children! God bless and keep them. Pray for the laborers in that great harvest field, men of faith, men of prayer

A. A. L.

The Testament and Tract Fund

The Firs, Denmark Road, Exeter.

The Music and Comfort of Heaven

A dear Christian told me of a dream she had. She said: "I dreamed one night that I was close to heaven, but outside—so close that I heard the singing, as I thought, of the 'New Song.' I tried to get inside, but I could not. I felt that it only wanted one step and I should be in, and I wondered why I could not get in. Then a voice said: 'My child, go back and carry the music and comfort of heaven to sorrowing hearts on earth,' Then I awoke."

What a beautiful dream! and what a beautiful work it is to carry "the music and comfort of heaven to sorrowing hearts on earth." This weary world, out of touch with God, needs amid all the discords of life today, more than ever it did, "the music and comfort of heaven."

Thank God, it is all contained in His precious Word—the Book that, since 1914, we have been sending to all parts of this sin-peopled and heart-wearied world. If we would carry-the "music and comfort of heaven to sorrowing hearts on earth," it must be through the distribution of His Word. Will you help us to spread this blessed "music and comfort" everywhere?

Precious Sowing.

Dear Dr. Wreford, ■The dear saint who lost so heavily through Farrow's Bank asks me to send you another 5/-, with the following lines: ■

"Oh! if one soul from Anworth

Meet me at God's right hand,

My heaven will be two heavens

In Immanuel's land.

I enclose check £1■the odd 15/- please accept from a friend. May our God and Father give you many a message from Him in your "Message," which is always so fresh and bright, and radiant with the Light. Kind regards, MURTON MATSON.

A Sanctified Gift.

Dear Dr. Wreford, — We have recently lost our only daughter, aged eleven, and having disposed of some of her things, we thought that we could not do better with the money than send it to you for your work in sending out Testaments, etc. I have added a little more to it, and trust that you will be richly blessed in your work. — Yours sincerely, A. B. C.

The amount sent was £10. God bless this sacred gift for the Lord Jesus Christ's sake.

A Thank offering.

Dear Dr. Wreford, — Will you kindly accept 5/- in answer to your appeal for Testaments, etc. I am sending this because I have received peace and joy with Christ. May the Lord bless abundantly your good work for His Name's sake.

Sowing in Ireland

Armagh Camp.

Doctor Heyman Wreford. Dear Sir, ■Very many thanks for your parcel. It was a wonderful illustration of God's way of supplying all our needs. I had just given my last Testament away, and was wondering how I should find time to see the Army Scripture Reader And get a fresh supply, when your parcel came, and it was not long before I was just spreading it abroad. I was thinking, only the other day, how good God is in helping us to spread the news that ours is a risen Saviour. It is a blessing. Some of the Testaments are miles away from this camp now, but what a blessing—the Word of God must prevail. I will write again as soon as my stores run short. Thanking you and praying God's blessing on your work. — Ever yours in Christ, Cpl. S. H.

Two Parcels or Ireland.

Dear Dr. Wreford,— I enclose 10/- for two parcels of God's precious Word to be sent to Ireland, and may you be abundantly blessed as you send forth the truth far and wide. F. C.

For Ireland.

Dr. Wreford. Dear Sir, — Will you please accept the enclosed 10/for Testaments or tracts for Ireland? I thank God for the privilege of sending (of Thine own have we given Thee). I thank you for your encouraging letter received, so refreshing in these sad times. May He abundantly bless your good work for His Name's sake. T. P.

Testaments for Ireland.

A lady writes: — “A parcel of Testaments will reach you from me....I would much like them to go to soldiers in Ireland My prayers will go with them.”

A Gift for Ireland.

A kind friend sends me £5 to be used for sending Testaments to Ireland. R. C.

Note. ■Space prevents my printing more letters for Ireland now. I must keep others for another issue.

For the Children

We have never ceased our interest in the children. Every week we are: sending Testaments to the young.

No Bible in the Home

A School Worker writes: ■To Doctor Wreford. Dear Sir, ■Thank you very much for the-twelve Testaments duly received, and I am sure the little girls will appreciate them very much. They have promised to read a verse to their mothers every day, and I pray that God will bless them wherever they are taken, and I have faith to believe that He will. Now, please, I want you to send me 18 or 20 more■ those are for the boys. I shall be so pleased to receive them for next Sunday, if possible. It is surprising the number of children one speaks to who haven't a single Bible in their homes. E. K.

H.H. writes: ■

Dear Dr. Wreford, ■I spend a great part of my spare time every evening amongst the children, and it is very pleasing to see how eagerly they ask for your Testaments, and God is blessing this work... I shall be grateful to you to send me as many as you can spare. Have enclosed Treasury Note towards your noble work for the Master.

For the Children's Fund.

Dear Dr. Wreford, ■Herewith I enclose check for £2 for the Children's Fund of New Testaments. This amount was voted from the meeting last night, and I am only glad once more to have the privilege of helping in this work. I trust you are well and able to go on with it.

■Yours affectionately in Christ, E. T.

An Anxious Soul.

Dear Sir, ■Pray for me, and ask God to open my eyes to accept Him. If you can help me to come to Jesus God will bless you, and we shall meet one day at the great roll call. — Yours, seeking Christ, (Pte.) P. H.

The Diary of a Soul

By The Editor Earth and Heaven

NOVEMBER. ■The Spring has gone, the Summer also, and the Autumn dies in the cold arms of Winter. And you may have passed your spring of life unsaved, and sinned throughout the summer of opportunity. And soon the autumn of God's long-suffering mercy may die for you in the cold arms of death. "The soul that sinneth it shall die."

A young man died in the summer of his days. He had drunk deeply of the cup of pleasure; yet in his dying moments he denied his God, and, reading novels to the last, passed into eternity.

A man in the autumn of life, seated one day amid his children playing cards, was suddenly seen to bend forward, white and still, and when they touched him and gazed upon him, they found that he was dead.

How different was the end of one whose hair was white with the winter of her life! She was eighty years old, and peaceful and happy as she neared eternity. She said, "I have seen the gates; they are so beautiful; I am almost home." Her face shone with the radiance of the home to which she was going. Oh! my reader, are you ready for eternity?

The following article, "Can a Christian ever be lost," is an extract from a printed address I gave some years ago now. I have been requested to reprint it, so I am putting it in this month's "Message from God," trusting that it may confirm the faith of some, and make many long to have assurance in Christ.

Can a Christian Ever be Lost?

It is on my heart to say a few words on this all-important subject. I can only touch the fringe of it, but the Word of God is itself the great answer to the question, and I ask my readers to study prayerfully for themselves God's answer to it.

Can a Christian ever be lost? Let me ask another question. Who is a Christian? Scripture tells us that a Christian is a believer in the Lord Jesus Christ. One who has been born again (read John 3.) One who has passed from death unto life, from darkness into light. One whose sins have all been blotted out by the precious blood of Jesus. One who can call Christ Saviour, and God Father, and one who is indwelt by the Holy Spirit of God. One who stands on the resurrection side of the cross; who is seated in heavenly places in Christ; who is accepted in the beloved. One who knows the voice of the Good Shepherd, and has had bestowed upon him eternal life. One who is held in the hand of Him who holds the world. Can such an one be lost? No; ten thousand times no. As long as God is the living God, so long will those who are in His hand be secure. As long as Christ is a living Saviour, so long will those who are redeemed by His blood be safe. "I give unto them eternal life."

How can eternal life be anything but eternal? If once am a possessor of eternal life, how can I ever lose it? "I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of My Father's hand." These are the words of the Lord Jesus. Can you believe them? Do you believe them?

You remember what the child said, who had trusted in Jesus, and someone asked her if she thought she could ever be lost. Her answer was, "Not while the tenth of John is in the Bible." She did not say, "Not as long as I keep happy; not as long as I do what is right." She took her stand upon the testimony of the Word of God that endureth forever. She looked beyond herself altogether. He had given the word and she believed it. It was this simple trust of hers that kept her happy.

This eternal life is a gift from God. "The gift of God is eternal life." Is it likely that God will ever take back what He has once given? You would not like to do such a thing, and will God do it? No, eternal life is mine forever the moment I believe in Jesus; the moment I am "born again" I am as sure of heaven as if I was there.

The Lord Jesus Himself is the believer's life. Will Christ live forever? Then the life He gives must be eternal, for He is the Life. "I am the Life." He gives me Himself. "He loved me and gave Himself for me." If a Christian can be lost, I say it with all reverence, then Christ can be lost. Eternal life is hid with Christ in God, and who can take it from that hiding place? If this life were in my keeping I might lose it any day. I cannot preserve my natural life, and I could not keep my spiritual life, but God keeps it for me. I see it on the throne of God.

Where is Christ now? He is not on the cross, nor in the grave, nor on the earth; He is in heaven. When did He go to heaven? "When He had by Himself purged our sins, He sat down on the right

hand of the Majesty on high." When sin was put away and the question of sin settled, then Jesus, the Sin-bearer, took His seat on high. This was the proof of God's satisfaction in the work of Christ.

Never, never doubt, my readers, the security of the one who trusts in Christ. To doubt that is to doubt the efficacy of the work of Christ; it is to cast a shadow upon accomplished salvation. "They shall never perish." That is plain and positive. If Christ had not finished the work, then I might doubt my security, but it is an eternal salvation, and God is the Author of it.

Our eternal life is hid with Christ in God. The Christian cannot be separated from Christ. I stand or fall with Christ. As long as the ark floated Noah was safe; as long as Christ lives the believer is secure.

The Recompense

After the cross■ “The crown,”

After earth’s loneliness— “Forever with the Lord,”

After the suffering■ “No more pain,”

After all the sorrow■ “Fullness of joy,”

After the weariness■ “The rest of heaven,”

After the sighs of earth■ “The glad new song,”

After the “sowing in tears”■ “The reaping in joy,”

After our “light affliction, for a moment”— “A far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.”

Strength and Beauty

Among the many descriptive figures given by the Psalmist of the greatness and glory of God, here is one which is very expressive: "Strength and beauty are in His sanctuary" (Psa. 96:6), Does not the combination appeal to us? Strength and beauty united form that which is the element of perfection. Is it not so in human character? Neither strength without beauty, nor beauty without strength is to be desired. We all know human beings in whom there is the beauty of goodness and kindness and unselfishness, but who with all this that is lovely are so weak and yielding, so afraid to stand alone, or oppose what is wrong, that their character has no weight. On the other hand, we know strong, courageous natures that are so devoid of tenderness, so stern and unmovable that we shrink from being brought into contact with them. The beauty needs strength, and the strength needs beauty. Shall we recall to our memories the description of the two great brazen pillars in Solomon's Temple? In height about thirty-three feet, with a diameter measurement of rather over nine feet. Our first thought of them would certainly have been, what remarkable strength there is in these pillars! The name given to each enforces this fact: "Jachin," i.e., "He shall establish"; and "Booz," i.e., "In it is strength." Yet the beauty was not omitted. The top of these brazen pillars was ornamented with lily-work and hung with rows of pomegranates. Brilliantly beautiful must these great pillars have been. They were God-appointed just as they were. It is clearly God's appointment for His children that both strength and beauty should characterize them. "Be strong in the Lord and in the power of His might" (Eph. 6:10). "Only be thou very courageous" (Josh. 1). "Thou, therefore endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ" (2 Tim. 2:3). This for strength. Then the other side for beauty we have, "Be ye kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another" (Eph. 4:32). "Look not every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of others" (Phil. 2:4). "Whatsoever things are pure... whatsoever things are lovely... think on these things" (Phil. 4:8). Are not such sweet graces as these the "lily-work" on the strong pillars of the spiritual house of God? A strong, brave man who is tender to his wife or mother, and gentle to little children, is one to be trusted and loved whoever he may be. Strength and beauty shone as twin stars of brilliant glory in the Person of the Lord Jesus. Before the strong Son of God evil men and evil spirits quailed and fled. But the beauty of His gentleness drew little children into His arms. Those most like the Master will bless others by the strength and beauty of their characters.

Margaret Esdaile.

“Listen”

Save for an occasional moan, there was silence in the hospital ward, where two patients lay who had been injured through the falling of a building. How and where the accident occurred is of small importance, but the sequel should be related. Nurse Cruse was on night duty. Of late her work had become burdensome to her, for she was weary and depressed. If the life-stories of patients and nurses could be told, what tragedies might be unfolded! Administering the cooling lotion, as directed, to the heads of the last incoming patients, she paused. One had shown signs of consciousness.

“I’ve been a bad one, nurse; but I got work at last, and then this—”

“You must keep still,” she said, for he was badly injured.

The case in the next bed looked more hopeless; he had not spoken since he had lain there, and she retired to keep watch. Had they any trouble weighing on heart and spirit? Ah, if she could hear of the state of other people, some help or uplift might come to her; but alone—parents dead, friends far away—there seemed nothing left but her work, and even that had become wearisome. Watching during the night the suffering ones of whom she knew nothing, gave her full time to turn her thoughts inward, when all at once a sound recalled her.

“Listen!” from the unconscious stranger. “Listen!” louder still; and she rose and went to his bedside. Patting his hand, as if feeling for something, he said, “I am the Way.” Then again all was quiet. But a thrill had stirred within the heart of the other injured man nearby; and like an arrow the words had pierced the heart of Nurse Cruse. “Why,” she asked herself, “only four simple words?”

Morning came, and she was off duty. Walking early in the park, before retiring for rest, she heard among the trees of singing birds: “Listen! ‘I am the Way.’” She knew they were Bible words, knew who spoke them, but had never known their full meaning—never understood that they meant everything to those who hear them rightly. As the day wore on, the words gathered force, and as she thought of her want of strength, comfort, satisfaction and peace, louder and louder they came: “I am the Way.” Wondering why that man had spoken thus while still unconscious, she longed to hear more, and strangely perturbed in spirit, she went to her next night’s work.

“Slightly better,” said the doctor. “His name is evidently: Hallam—David Hallam. His card has been found in his pocket.”

“Nurse,” said the other man, who had spoken of his bad life, “why does he keep calling attention to those words? He speaks as if it meant life or death!”

“I know; it struck me as remarkable. He’ll be able to tell us, perhaps, soon.” She turned as David Hallam spoke.

“You were speaking of me, nurse,” he said. “Tell me what I said.” She told him how his words had followed her all yesterday. “I will tell you all about it now,” he softly said. “My mother was dying,

and I had been her trouble. She pleaded that I would find my way to God.

I said there was no chance of forgiveness, or holiness, in my line of life. She said, with her failing breath, reaching her hand out for mine: 'Listen! "I am the Way."' After a minute's exhaustion, she gasped, 'Yes, Jesus Christ.' They were her last words, and I heard them till I seemed to hear nothing else. They drew me past all the dangers of evil and wrong into that Way; yes, nurse, into Him who is the Way to God. Ah! 'tis worth calling attention to."

As Hallam slowly recovered strength, he began to exert a marvelous power over doctors, nurses and patients. When his fellow-sufferer left the hospital, a week before he did, with a hearty handshake, he said "Thank God you made me listen, and I'm going home to carry the message."

Nurse Cruse declares it was through that "Listen!" that she found the way to peace, and gladness, and God. Many heard the story of the patient who made them listen, and were sorry he had gone away.

David Hallam, from Australia, making his lonely way back to the old country, by an accident, carried into that hospital had made many hear his Master's voice; but it was a year later that, in the district where he found work, he was thrown among a large number of young men who were gamblers, and reckless of all consequences, refused to take advice.

He had spoken to them as opportunity offered, but to see the numbers who were simply throwing life away made him determined to call an arrest somehow. They knew him for what they called "a pious one," yet he was so genial and pleasant when he met them that they could but respect him. He would pass them on their way to their evening revels, and at his word of warning they only laughed; but when he put in an appearance one night where he knew he would find ten of them, they were fairly astonished.

"Not the place for you," said one.

"Whatever are you here for?" asked another. Quite a tumult of voices arose, and excitement prevailed.

As soon as he could be heard, David Hallam said: "I know you are seeking for what you think best, and I want you to listen while I tell you there is only one Source of true joy and real heart satisfaction, and deep, abiding peace. There is only One who could say, 'I am the Way,' to that which has its center in God; and as I said in the hospital once, 'This is worth calling attention to, in this rushing, busy age.' That is all I want to say."

Silence reigned as he left the room, but the words had gone forth. A week later, one of that company stole away to David Hallam's room and poured out his heart's confession of folly and guilt. When he learned the way to truth's life he asked: "Why are there not more who feel it worthwhile to tell of the right way? You did a grand thing that night, and you will hear of results."

Thankful, and gaining courage, Hallam went on to speak of the words that had arrested him at his mother's bedside; men and women listen to him, the Holy Spirit applies the word—not for the much he said or did, but just that he called attention to the Saviour's words.

Mrs. H ■ J ■

Incidents of the War and the Peace.

“The Bible is a Book man would not have written if he could, and could not have written if he would.”

Henry Martyn said, with the Bible in his heart, “Now let me burn out for God.”

The Irish Boy's Death

“A little child shall lead them”
I’ll be afther lying down, mother,
Upon me little bed,
And darlint place yer hand awhile
Beneath me achin head.
And if we’ve done yer work, mother,
I wish ye’d sing to me
About the counthry up above
Where Tim and Nellie be.
‘Tis fairer than ould Ireland dear,
And all a glorious day;
I’m going to the dear Lord now,
He’ll never say me nay.
I’ve lov’d the fair airth, mother dear,
And all the flowers that grow,
But when I gaze upon His face
His deeper love I’ll know.
Poor father shure he’ll fret for me,
But spake ye kindly thin,
Maybe, when I am gone above
Ye may poor father win.
Tell him to come to God, and me,
And dhrink and curse no more;
And then the throuble will not come,
But peace for ivermore.
Don’t fret ye much for me, mother,

For shure 'tis bettther there,
And flowers that niver niver fade,
The fields of glory bear.
And don't forget me when I die.
And when yer work is done,
And the dear Lord shall give the word,
Then ye'll be coming home.
And I'll be there to welcome ye,
And lead ye to the throne;
And all the angels will be glad
When you and father come.
But hark!■I hear the blessed song,
The dear Lord's there I see,
And shure the room is wondrous bright!
Hark! hark! He's calling me.
And von are Tim and Nellie too,
See! angels fill the room.
I come—I come—kiss father dear,
Good-bye-aroon-aroon.
Heyman Wreford.

A Bomb at Zeebrugge

When at Zeebrugge two years ago we saw the havoc that an aerial bombardment had done to the town. The destruction man can bring upon his fellow man is terrible, but what is that compared with the coming destruction that will fall upon a world of sinners by and bye? When that storm of destruction falls from above there will be no places of safety to be found on earth. Listen to these solemn words, "Upon the wicked, He shall rain snares, fire and brimstone, and an horrible tempest; this shall be the portion of their cup" (Psa. 11:6). In the Second Epistle of Peter, third chapter, tenth verse, we read, "But the day of the Lord will come as a thief in the night; in the which the heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat, the earth also and the works that are therein shall be burned up."

"Flee from the wrath to come."

None of Self, but All of Thee

Two little saplings grew side by side. Through the action of the wind they crossed each other. By and by the bark of each became wounded and the sap began to mingle, until on some still day they became united. This process went on more and more until they were firmly impacted. Then the stronger sapling began to absorb the life of the weaker. It grew larger and larger, while the other became smaller and smaller, withering and declining till it finally dropped away and disappeared. And now there are two trunks at the bottom, but only one at the top. Death has taken away one; life has triumphed in the other.

Child of God, there was a time when you and Jesus Christ met. The wounds of your penitent heart were knit up with the wounds of His broken heart, and you were united to Christ. Where are you now? Are the two lives running parallel? or has the work been accomplished in you: "He must increase, but I must decrease"? Has the old life been growing less and less and less? Blessed are you if such is the case. Then can you say, "I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me, and the life I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me and gave Himself for me." "For me, to live is CHRIST."

Dr. A. J. G■.

“Prayer Changeth Things”

Our hearts were cheered to hear again from our friend in Canada, S. F■, that prayer has been answered, and that he is now out of the mental hospital and with his beloved wife and children. Still often in weakness of body, he writes: “Calm resting in the blessed hope of taking part in the rapture.... Oh what joy will be ours in those days, seeing our dear Redeemer’s face; beholding His glory; and what will be wonderful to us, all to be made like Him. ‘Come quickly’ is my fervent prayer.” Our dear friend has again been used in blessing to souls, and we can praise God, with whom “all things are possible.” One special case, a poor man, for whom he prayed much, and had the joy of leading him to Christ. How like the one we read of in Luke 8:35, “Clothed, and in his right mind,” is now restored to his home and working at his trade.

Truly, as our friend writes: — “Prayer changeth things.” May we realize more that God’s power is infinite, and that all things are possible to faith. Our God does not always in His wisdom give us what we ask for, but gives us His peace in our hearts, and we have the assurance, “All things work together for good.” Surely we can rest in His love—the One who never makes a mistake.

A. A. L.

Trouble Halfway

He, that is, my friend, overheard a man saying to one of his friends, "Don't put up your umbrella till the rain begins." Not that rain was threatening, but because the poor woman was thinking so much about trouble coming. He meant, "Don't meet trouble halfway"; just wait on the Lord, and be doing good, and mercy shall compass you about. May God grant that we, one and all, may wait patiently the Lord's will and know for certain that He will keep us safe. The same as it says in Isaiah 27:3, "I the Lord do keep it; I will water it every moment; lest any hurt it, I will keep it night and day"

Listening to what my friend said about not putting up an umbrella before the rain came, put me in mind of a beautiful instance of faith, splendid faith, that a dear, elderly gentleman with whom I was staying at Ashburton exercised in prayer. It was a very hot summer, dried up, and no rain, so at family prayer in the morning he asked God to send rain, and he believed, so put on his overcoat and sat in the garden with his umbrella ready for rain. It came that afternoon in answer to prayer.

Emily P. Leaxey.

Too Late!

A few years ago as I was reposing in my tent in California, about twelve o'clock at night, a man came to the door of an adjoining tent and called out■

"Are there any Christians here, gentlemen?"

One man sprang from his bed: "I love my Saviour," said he.

"Come with me, then," said the stranger, "there's a man dying out here, just beyond the walls of Captain■'s fort; he says he wants to talk with a Christian."

They ran out together, although the rain was pouring down in torrents, until they came to where the dying man lay. He was stretched on a couch, I was going to say, but I hardly know what to call it, for it was made up of broken benches. On these he lay, while a few bedspreads were thrown over him. He was dying. Let us hear his testimony. He said to my Christian friends who gathered around him: "I have now reached a point at which the whole scene of my life seems to lie visibly before me. Every action that I have committed, every sin, every crime that I have perpetrated before God, seem to stare me in the face. I can see my way clear back to my youth, and as I look, the scenes of guilt in which I have engaged pass one and another before me in terrible review."

They sang with him, prayed with him, and endeavored to console him and point him to Jesus; but said he: "It's all over now; all over! I have rejected Christ, and there is no salvation for me."

He ceased speaking. They sung and prayed with him again, and whilst thus engaged he closed his eyes in death. His immortal spirit passed into the presence of God, whom he acknowledged to have sinned against and rejected all his life.

The Testament and Tract Fund

During the last week we have sent off 52 parcels, and more than 300 Testaments singly also. The need is as great now as it was during the war, and we are indeed cast upon God in these needy days for the sympathetic help of His people to enable us to meet every demand. We have never had to refuse a worker yet since 1914, when we began this work for God.

I have only room for a few letters this month, but they will speak to many hearts, I am sure.

From Dublin.

Dear Friend,■I shall thank you very much for another parcel. I have only one Testament left, and it is promised to a Roman Catholic lad. With this letter I am sending one to Mr. De Valera. I hope it may be blessed to him. Again and again the thought came to me to send him one. The largest part of the others have been taken by Roman Catholics. An ex-sailor, a Christian, met that Roman Catholic I told you about. He was reading the little Testament I gave him. He tried to get him to the meetings, and said he has a good memory and is getting on well. — Yours sincerely, L. L.

From London.

Dear Dr. Wreford, ■Every time I receive the little booklet, "A Message from God," I want to send you some money to help to send His Word to needy ones, but I cannot do that. However, now I am enclosing a little and pray that your work may be blessed abundantly.

With kindest regards, yours sincerely, A. P.

From Surrey.

Dear Dr. Wreford, ■Enclosed 30/- for eighty years of mercies received by a poor failing one for your work for God, if you can spare me another parcel, which I hope to make good use of, if spared a little longer for His glory. With Christian love and best wishes, yours in Christ, A. A. G.

From a Boy in Kent.

Dear Dr. Heyman Wreford, ■You have done a lot for Miss P■and me in the last few terms or so. You have sent us a lovely lot of "Travelers' Guides" and New Testaments, and also a lovely lot of the "Message from God," and we all thank you very much for them. Well, I most of all want to tell you that I gave myself to Jesus on Sunday night, and I am so happy about it, and to know He has washed my sins away and my heart is free, and I belong to Him. Miss P—teaches me about Him every Sunday, and she says you show such a lot of people how to give themselves to Jesus. I am eleven. Well, dear Sir, I must dose now. Yours faithfully, S. C.

P.S.■I would be very grateful to you if you send me some "Massages from God" to give to the boys.

J. S. writes: ■

I am enclosing £1 for the great need in unhappy Ireland. May God bless your labor of love in the Gospel, and bring many to our Lord and Saviour... I have a son in in Ireland twenty miles from Dublin. As a mother I am a bit anxious at times.

From Cornwall.

Dear Sir, ■I again have the privilege of enclosing Treasury note for £1. I think for the poor Russian Fund, for the Holy Word in their own language, and may God bless all that are sent for His glory, that multitudes shall be found coming to the Cross: also China and all the dark countries, and open the spiritual eyes of our own nation, and be pleased to spare yourself to carry on the great works so much needed everywhere. God bless you and give you His abundant peace. — I remain, yours faithfully, J. M.

The Diary of a Soul

By The Editor December, 1921

PRAY for the passing year! Pray for the dying soul! The year is fleeing to eternity bearing its burden of humanity along. How many will have to say in sorrow, over a lost and useless life, “The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved.” Men and women, as a great poet has said, “so often dwell in the valleys of time surrounded by its little hills, and the great mountains of eternity are hidden from view.” The finite hides the infinite. We can see nothing clearly in our natural condition. We are surrounded by mysteries, but see “through a glass darkly”; no perspective; nothing clearly distinguished. Clearness of vision only comes when faith is in exercise. Faith gives reality, clears away the mists, and gives their relative values to life and death, to time and eternity.

Oh! to be able to realize not only the greatness of God, but His wondrous love. To know sin, and to know the Saviour of sinners. To be able to get out of the valleys and view the spacious vistas of eternity. To know ourselves and to know God. Oh! to be able to see the One who bore our sins away, at the right hand of God in heaven—to know Him whom to know is life eternal. May God bless my reader for Christ’s sake.

Our Work in 1921

We have had the greatest encouragement in our work this year. We have had the joy of hearing of many brought to Christ. This little "Message from God" has been wonderfully blessed in many cases to bring sinners to Christ and to bring souls into deep desire for salvation. The following letter just come is a sample of many we receive: ■

Dear Sir, — I have been reading a little book of yours called "A Message from God," and how your prayers were answered for a little boy, and I am going to ask you to pray for one who is in terrible, terrible, despair, with a mind terribly disordered and on the verge of insanity, through despair and trouble. I have known God's goodness; I have been taught about Jesus; I can say the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah by heart, but I can get no comfort or relief. I know God answers prayer, and nothing is impossible to Him, so I write and beg of you to pray with all your heart and soul ask God to be merciful to me, and to take away all this awful fear and dread and despair—ask Him to give me love to Him ask Him to give me His peace. Oh! plead, and plead, and get others to, for mine is a most hopeless and despairing case. I want to be taken out of the power of the evil one, for he has ruined all God's past goodness to me. Oh, if. God would only answer your prayers and be merciful to me, and let His goodness return to me again!

Pray with us for this despairing soul.

Our Work Among the Unsaved

Our work is a great joy to us. All our readers have unsaved friends and relatives. We shall be glad to send booklets about salvation to any unsaved if desired. We shall be glad to pray for the unsaved, or to write to any anxious ones. A friend writes to me: ■

Will you pray that God will definitely bless a copy, of "A Message from God" for this month to a Roman Catholic who seems interested, and that the verses on the death of an Irish boy may be used in blessing to his soul?

The great cry of the world's sin, and the cry of the world's need is rising continuously to God in heaven. Millions of God's people have heard the cry and are seeking to point the sinner to the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world. God, in long-suffering mercy, is "unwilling that any should perish." God is waiting to be gracious. If you will read carefully the last page of this paper you will see how our work is carried on. For your help this year to our work we pray that God may bless you abundantly. We have been enabled by means of our parcels sent to every continent, to try and carry out the Saviour's injunction, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature,"

If the Lord tarry, we want to do a great deal more in 1922. Pray for us that health and strength may be given us, and a deeper sense of the need of immortal souls.

Yours for Christ's sake,

Heyman Wrefordi

The Firs, Denmark Road, Exeter.

An Old Year with Christ Afar off

The year had run its course. The bells were ringing their merry peals bidding farewell to its closing hours, and in a hushed and shrouded room lay one, on a bed of suffering and death, whose long-neglected opportunities were past; for whom no more the months and years of earth would be, and who was going into eternity a Christ rejector, without God and without hope; behind him the wasted years of life, before him the blackness of darkness forever.

He had long been ill. Over and over had God's people sought for opportunity to speak to him of Christ, but all in vain; for with the constant hope of getting better he had refused to see anyone who wished to talk to him of salvation. He knew not and he cared not for the Christ of whom they desired to speak. But, in his blind unbelief and folly, he closed the doors of his heart against Jesus and His followers.

At last the writer one day gained admission into his house, through his wife, and unknown to him. While she was relating downstairs the sad tale of his continued refusal to allow her to admit any Christian, a shout was heard from the lips of the dying man, and the wife hurried into the room where the husband lay. She called quickly to me to come, and entering the room, I saw that he was suffering severe pains—they were the pains of death, and the poor sufferer knew it. His daughter was lying on the bed beside him, and was pleading with him in these words: "Oh, father, do pray to Jesus." But there was no response to her loving appeal. Presently, with his eyes fixed on a corner of the room, he said, "Hark! Hark! Hark! I hear their cries, but I cannot reach."

A few minutes passed in the awfully solemn silence of that sick room, and again it is broken by the voice of the poor sufferer. Placing his hands behind his head and leaning back upon his pillow, he says, in tones of terrible sadness, the language of his aching hopeless heart, "This is a long journey. I don't know where to go, and I don't know what to do. And I cannot turn to the right now."

These were his last words, for his eyes then closed in death, and he was gone. Where?

T. H. T.

“If I Could Only See My Mother”

“If I could only see my mother!” Again and again was that yearning cry repeated. “If I could only see my mother!” The vessel rocked, and the waters, chased by a fresh wind, played musically against the side of the ship. The sailor, a second mate, quite youthful, lay in his narrow bed, his eyes glazing, his limbs stiffening, his breath failing. It was not pleasant to die thus in this shaking, plunging ship, but he seemed not to mind his bodily comfort; his eyes looked far away, and ever and anon broke forth that grieving cry: “If I could only see my mother!”

An old sailor sat by, the Bible in his hand, from which he had been reading. He bent above the young man, and asked him why he was so anxious to see the mother he had willfully left.

“Oh, that’s the reason!” he cried, in anguish; “I’ve nearly broken her heart, and I can’t die in peace. She was a good mother to me, oh! so good a mother; she bore everything from her wild boy, and once she said, ‘My son, when you come to die you will remember all this.’ Oh, if I could only see my mother!”

He never saw his mother. He died with the yearning cry upon his lips as many a one has died who slighted the one who loved him. The waves roll over him, and his bones whiten at the bottom of the sea; and that dread cry has gone before God, there to be registered forever.

Dear reader, it was too late for the dying sailor to see his mother, but it is not too late for you to be saved. Jesus bids you come. He loved sinners and died on Calvary; there He shed His precious blood, and now He bids you come. Remember, too, that now is the time to come; “now is the accepted time; now is the day of salvation.”

“Too Late! Too Late!”

I shall never forget the following touching and painful incident. A coachman in a family at the West End of London was taken seriously ill, and a few days afterward saw him pass into the presence of God. I knew and had visited him before, in order to bring to his mind and heart the Saviour of sinners. Again, I called at the house, found the door opened, and quietly ascended the staircase which led to the room where the sick man lay. There, bent over the prostrate form of the man was his eldest son, deeply affected, and weeping bitterly. His face was close to that of the father's, and I heard him in an agony of earnest words say, “Father, this is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that ‘Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners.’ Oh, my father, do trust Jesus! His precious blood cleanses from all sin. Only believe. My father! my father! O God, save my father!”

The hot tears and the intense anxiety of that young man I shall never forget. Poor fellow! he literally shouted into the ear that lay close to his lips. I had watched the scene for some minutes almost transfixed at the door. At length, approaching the bed, I observed that the father was dead. Tenderly I raised the young man, and, in measure of sympathy seldom realized, quietly said, “His spirit has passed away; he cannot hear; you cannot reach him now!” Poor fellow! he had been speaking into the ear of a corpse; the father had been dead some minutes. As I sought to comfort the son, I prayed that my efforts to make the living hear might be as earnest as those I had just witnessed.

The Christmas Pantomime

The theater rings with shouts of laughter. It is the Christmas pantomime. The clown is playing his part well when suddenly he staggers, he cries, and falls. Is this a part of the play, or is it something more than acting? The audience scarce know whether to applaud or to rush to his assistance till, carried back behind "the scenes," he passes from their gaze a raving maniac. Screaming, foaming at the mouth, and desperately struggling, he is conveyed in a cab to the nearest hospital. Here the fit increases in intensity as, with glaring eyes and gnashing teeth, he tries to bite all who come within his reach. The poor fellow remains in this sad state until a strong electric shock brings him to his senses, and immediately standing upright upon his feet, he wonders what has taken place.

The stage, with its dazzling gas lights and merry crowd of the theater, has been changed for the quiet and sombre hospital, with a few grave and anxious faces. Trembling all over, he walks that night through the streets of London, dressed in his clown's curious garb, with the patches of red paint still on his face. He is only, however, to enter his home, for scarce crossing its threshold, he falls down to die. His wife and daughter rush to his aid, the bystanders start aside with horror; restoratives are vain, and there, upon his own floor, he lies a corpse— a corpse arrayed in a clown's wig and chequered clothes, with the deceiving daubs upon his cheeks, preventing the truth being discerned of their pale bloodlessness.

Death, that grim monster, with his icy hand, got a grip of his vitals, and the noise of the theater could not drown the voice of his summons, nor could its brilliant lights exclude the dark enemy. For death cares not for fancy costumes, and speaks to the pantomime actor and the pantomime admirer that there is something real behind the scenes, in spite of the shams played before them. Oh, what an unmasker death is!

The Little Lamp

The Rev. Spencer Compton, the earnest evangelical Episcopal minister of Boulogne, related the following incident: ■ During a voyage to India I sat one dark evening in my cabin feeling thoroughly unwell, as the sea was rising fast and I was but a poor sailor. Suddenly the cry of "Man overboard!" made me spring to my feet. I heard a trampling overhead, but resolved not to go on deck lest I should interfere with the crew in their efforts to save the poor man. "What can I do?" I asked myself, and instantly unhooking my lamp, I held it near the top of my cabin and close to my bulls-eye window, that its light might shine on the sea, and as near the ship as possible. In half a minute's time I heard the joyful cry, "It's all right, he's safe," upon which I put my lamp in its place. The next day, however, I was told my little lamp was the sole means of saving the man's life; it was only by the timely light which shone upon him that the knotted rope could be thrown so as to reach him. Christian worker, never despond, or think there is nothing for you to do even in the dark and weary days. Looking unto Jesus, lift up your light; let it shine that men may see, and in the bright resurrection morning what joy to hear the "Well done," and to know that you have unawares saved some soul from death!

Drawing Near to Home

A dear old saint of God sends me the following:— “I hope this will find you well and as busy as ever in the Lord’s work, for which you will be well paid ‘by and bye.’ I am sorry to say that I am no better, but knowing that I am drawing near to home. Oh! the joy of knowing this! For the sting of death has gone, and soon I may expect to see Him, and then to be like Him. We shall then be able to praise as we never can down here. ■R.J.P.C.”

His Last Hour

He was a mason by trade. I had often spoken to him about his soul, but he would not listen. I had asked others to call, but he had sent them away, either saying that he was all right or refusing to see them. And yet he was dying of consumption. His hectic cheeks and hollow cough told the sad story of his approaching end. So near to eternity and yet “without hope and without God in the world. Once when with him I knelt but could not pray. I opened my Bible, but could not read. I had no “message from God” for him, and I left him with an aching heart.

One day he sent me a note asking me to come and see him. The note was sent to my house at 12.30 in the afternoon. I did not get it till 1:30, as I was out visiting. I went at once to see him. When I reached the house I saw him lying on his bed dead, with his throat cut, the floor covered with blood. He had committed suicide in the presence of his child, eleven years old, having sent his wife out of the room on some pretext. His last hour had come. The rejecter of the gospel had passed to his account. He had been “led captive by the devil at his will.” The wages of sin were death, and he was dead. Poor lost soul! gone from the darkness of life to the darkness of eternal death. Sinner! your last hour will come. What will it be?

“Mighty to Save”

A short extract from one, in a far-off land, I had not heard from for two years, and who God in His mercy has followed. I am looking up to the God of all grace and mercy for that precious soul.

“I went out fishing on the river to spend the night. A boat containing a young man and two boys anchored alongside. The young man and I began to talk about farming; one thing led to another, and I began to tell... of my home far away and my Dad, and how I’d left them. Well, that young man started telling me the story of the prodigal son, and he told me it was a great thing to come to the One ‘mighty to save,’ and be prepared for this world or that to be. I was surprised... as out here you oftener meet men the other way about. Well, he asked me if I’d come to that Fountain of Life yet. I told him how hopelessly lost in sin I was, and all the black past, and how I’d like to have some of that great faith of his, and he said it was ‘free to all.’ I told him how black, and hopeless I felt... and he held out hope for even such as I.”

This may be read by someone also treading the downward road, and you feel how dark and dreary it is. How glad I was to be able to answer from God’s own precious word that “God so loved” and that God’s beloved Son saves “to the uttermost” all that come unto God by Him. Sins as “scarlet,” yet “they shall be white as snow.”

What a wonderful. Saviour! A. A. L.

A Story of a Mother's Love

When Hugh Allardyce left his Devonshire home for a situation in a New York bank, his mother gave him her own loved and well used Bible, and with a parting kiss, said: "Serve God, my son, and He will keep and bless you all the days." Hugh choked down a rising sob and said, "It is easy to promise, mother; I will say nothing but I will try to act and do my best."

When the Umbrai moved out of dock, the last sight seen on land by Hugh was the frail figure of a woman, whose sad face, with unshed tears in her eyes, made the young man long to be on shore again, that he might comfort his mother by saying, "Mother, dear, smile again, and I will promise you anything."

Time passed on, and for seven years Hugh had not seen his mother; promotion had come to him, and his mother rejoiced in his prosperity. No word in his letters ever referred to the parting advice of his mother. Hugh had long since forgotten them, but his mother never doubted the answer to her constant prayer that her beloved son would some day honor God in his whole-hearted devotion to Him.

As Hugh sat in his office one hot noon a friend came in and proposed to carry him off in the lunch hour. "Where?" was Hugh's question. "Oh, to Fulton Street," replied his friend. "Queer place to go this time of day," said Hugh. "But perhaps you are bound for the fruit market?" "Yes, that's about it," said his friend. "Anyway you'll come?"

Hugh consented, and they took a car, and before long Hugh found himself entering, with dozens of city men known to him, the Fulton Street noon prayer meeting. He was annoyed, and resolved to leave as soon as possible. Presently his ears caught the words, "A mother desires prayer for her son who, after seven years, is farther from God, and gives no sign of early Christian training. This was surely himself. His mother must have sent this appeal from Devonshire. Blair, his friend, knew it, and had brought him there to hear it. He was furious, and wondered if every finger in the hall was pointing at him. But when the gentleman who read the request added, "The anxious mother is present with us in prayer," Hugh looked round expecting to see his own mother; he was disappointed to notice only city men. He listened to the short, fervent, pleading prayers of several, and felt sure they were on his behalf.

He left the meeting quietly, and for the rest of the day was silent, thoughtful and unhappy. That evening, on entering his rooms, he saw the contents of a box of books he never used lying upon a table, and on top of all his mother's parting gift—her much loved Bible.

"What influence is this?" he said to himself. He felt powerless in the face of such a combination of circumstances. Undoing the clasp of the Bible, a letter fluttered from between the pages—a letter in the handwriting of his mother. He flushed with shame. For seven years this letter had lain between the pages of the Bible, perhaps needing an answer. How should he answer it? The letter commenced, "My son, remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth. Remember the tender hours of childhood which you gave to God at my knee. Remember, He loves you, seeks you, saves you.

Remember, I shall live only to pray for you. God bless you! Christ guide you! The Holy Spirit teach you! prays your mother.”

That was all; but it came just at the right moment to the heart of Hugh Allardyce, and he said: “Here and now, O God, I give myself to Thee, to do with as Thou wilt, and to keep for evermore. That is the answer to my mother’s letter. Amen.”

A gush of gladness filled his whole soul, such as he had never known in all his successful business career, and he sat down at once to rejoice the heart of his darling mother, whose picture he fondly kissed, and then wrote a letter to her telling her the joyful news of his conversion. He wrote, “Mother, you have prevailed you have won your son for God?”

Next day he was at the noon prayer meeting, and, giving no name or circumstances, he passed up a slip of paper stating: “A son desires to praise God for a mother’s prayers.”

He learned how the books came to be on his table. “The box was moved by the workmen who were repairing the radiator,” said the landlady, “the bottom fell out through dry rot, and so I put the books on your table.”

That was all. Very simple are the divine methods. What a great and wonder-working God we have, who makes no mistakes. What seeming trifles He can use to bring about wise results.

“What do you mean to do?” asked his friend Blair on hearing the blessed news. “Nothing,” was the reply. “It is done. I am a new man in Christ. He has turned me right round.”

And so it proved. Hugh (I have not given his true name) is now one of our merchant princes. Though years have passed, he is still true as steel to his Saviour, a shining light in the dark places of the mercantile world; a testimony to the efficacy of true prayer; an encouragement to every anxious mother, and a power for God especially amongst young men.

“You would be surprised,” he wrote, “to hear that though I have not been to New York for some years, my heart daily refreshes itself in God at the Fulton Street Prayer Meeting.

M. B. GERDS.

May this Christmas find many a prodigal coming to Christ, for His name’s sake.

Fear at Christmas

Fear at Christmas allayed by a text of Scripture when I was a child. I have had many Christmases, but never one more remarkable than the following, which occurred when I was a child. My sweet sister Sophia (three years older than I) and I used to sleep together in a large room, but one day our aunt begged for her to pay her a visit at Plymouth; so I was left alone and had to go upstairs in the dark and get to bed as best I could. Well, I know I had had Christmas things to cheer me, and even a box of lovely sweets and cakes to eat, if I liked; but alone, and in semi-darkness, so frightened me, that I quivered with fear and trembling; but, thank God, I asked Him to help me. He did, and, remarkable to say, this text came to my mind, which I suppose I must have heard at family prayer or had read it at my morning Bible lesson; it is found in Proverbs 28:1, and as it was in my reading last evening it made me recollect the terror of that Christmas night I speak of, until I boldly repeated the text, "The wicked flee when no man pursueth, but the righteous are bold as a lion." Through God's goodness I became at once "bold as a lion," and felt I need not fear anything, for His Word was my stay and comfort. I undressed and went into bed and slept in perfect peace.

Emily P. Leakey.

The Dying Infidel

A sorrowing mother sent to ask a Christian if he would

go to see her dying son. Yes, he was dying and unsaved; beside this, he was an avowed infidel. The Christian went, and saw the end was very near. He said, "I fear you are very ill indeed." "Yes, I am," replied the dying man. "Shall I read to you from the Word of God?" "No! I don't believe it," was the answer. "Then I will pray for you." "No, you need not; I do not wish it." The servant of God took up his Bible, hoping to gain attention to the offer of salvation through the finished work of Christ to all who believe; but the infidel would not listen to a single word and became much excited. Seeing it was useless to try further thus, in silent prayer he asked for guidance. Turning to the one whose life was fast ebbing away, he said, "Your's is indeed a sad and solemn case; you have not another hour to live." "Neither do I wish it," interrupted the man. "The sooner I die the better; my sufferings are so great." "Oh! how infinitely greater will they be soon, if you refuse this your last offer of mercy; turn from the Saviour who died for you, and choose the torments of hell for all eternity," was urged.

"I don't believe there is a heaven nor yet a hell; again, I say, I don't believe it." "But," said the Christian, you will believe it before you die; ere another hour has passed you will bear testimony to God's truth that there is heaven and hell. Your dying lips shall proclaim the truth you have denied; you will tell us to which of these places you are going."

The servant of God now took his place with the watchers around that death-bed. Ten minutes had scarcely passed away before the dying man, with sudden energy, threw back the coverlet, exclaiming three times with solemn emphasis, "I'm on my way to hell!" and immediately expired. G. B.

“I am Afraid the Bible is True”

A noted infidel, whilst conversing with one who shared his views, remarked, “There is one thing that mars all the pleasure of my life.”

“Indeed,” replied his friend, “what is that?”

“I am afraid the Bible is true,” he said. “If I could be certain that death is an eternal sleep I should be happy—my joy would be complete. But this is the thorn that stings me—this is the sword that pierces my very soul. If the Bible is true, I am lost forever.”

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