

A MESSAGE FROM GOD 1922

by Unknown

A collection of articles and writings from A Message From God 1922, covering various biblical topics and Christian teaching.

145 Chapters

Table of Contents

0. A Message From God 1922
1. The Diary of a Soul
2. Eternity and God
3. The Glory of Eternal Love
4. The Border Land
5. What We Are Working for
6. The Young Soldier
7. The Young Soldier's Lines
8. A Warning for You
9. "Is it Far to Hell?"
10. Verminous
11. "A Little While"
12. "Now I Know She Loved Me"
13. "I Want to Find the Pilot"
14. (Amos 4:12)
15. Confessing Christ
16. For the Children
17. A Young Christian
18. An Appeal for 1922
19. A New World
20. Work Among the Gipsies
21. Mary's Three Warnings
22. "He's Left All!"
23. His Last Game
24. Lost in a Mine
25. The Enemy of God
26. A Torpedo Striking a Ship
27. "Be Ye Also Enlarged"
28. The Sceptic's Dream of Life
29. The Dying Priest
30. Our Emptying Shelves
31. The Cry of the Tamil Poet
32. The Only Hope for England is Prayer
33. The Need of Christ
34. Driven Down to Hell
35. The Sympathy of Saints
36. An Atheist's Acceptance of Christ
37. From Baby Days to Old Age
38. Three Ways of Walking

39. Perfect Peace
40. The Teacher Taught
41. Rescuing a British Airman
42. Saved by a Cry
43. The Insolence of Man
44. The Old Farmer
45. Christ's Deity
46. Death and the Soul
47. It is the Life That Tells
48. Lost in the Jungle and Found
49. We Must Have Testaments and Tracts for India
50. "A Paradise of Opportunity"
51. Letters from Other Parts
52. Demon Possession in India
53. The Awful Peril of the Young
54. Communist Sunday Schools
55. Devil's Work Among the Young
56. What we Want to do
57. The Last Word
58. Badelet, the Goatherd Boy
59. "Yes, Mother, Dear!"
60. A Reprieve on the Scaffold
61. You Can Never Rub It Out
62. A Card and What Came of It
63. "How to Forget"
64. "Jesus Died for You"
65. John 3:16
66. The Sweetest Name
67. Children Asking for Testaments
68. Letters from Parents
69. Workers' Letters
70. A Heart Appeal for the Young
71. A Question for Today
72. "Tell Them Both Sides"
73. On! On! To Glory or Judgment — Which?
74. A Father's Eternal Mistake
75. Make No Provision
76. The Outcastes
77. A Very Little Prayer
78. The Pardoned Convict
79. Letter From Demerara
80. "He Mocked as He Went"

81. Letters About Our Work
82. When is Christ Coming?
83. The Children for Christ
84. "Trust Me and I Will Bring You Over"
85. A Missionary's Testimony
86. The Last Roman Trump
87. Child's Question, and Its Sequel
88. The Old Man's Place of Rest
89. A Terrible End: A True Story
90. Hen and Chickens
91. Look and Be Saved
92. "Bring Him unto Me"
93. Window and Door
94. "Time Is Short"
95. The Crime Against the Children
96. Letters from Workers Among the Children from; Council School
97. The Eclipse of Faith
98. How to Open and Conduct a Proletarian School
99. Queen Victoria
100. A Daughter Disowned for Christ's Sake
101. The Last Sermon Preached by "Sam" Jones
102. "How Great is That Darkness"
103. August's Last Word
104. Letters About the Work
105. The Progress of our Work
106. Pronouncing His Own Doom
107. A Glorious Sunset
108. An Ancient Character with Modern Counterparts
109. The Five of Spades
110. "I'll Be Back in a Minute"
111. "Will it be 'Too Late' for You?"
112. The Praying Engineer
113. "Massa, I has to Pray!"
114. The Sixty Six Books of the Bible Are One
115. And Jesus Said
116. A Clergyman Writes
117. Christ is Coming — Death is Busy
118. A Mission for Every Christian
119. How we can Help you and how you can Help us
120. What God Said
121. The Light in the Window
122. A Vow at a Grave

123. The Missing Ones
124. Forgiven but Lost
125. Your Dying Hour
126. One Word About Our Need
127. Personal
128. The Shepherd Boy and His Sling
129. Are You a Rain Tree?
130. "How God Saves"
131. A Jewish Farmhouse at Tel Hai
132. Hell
133. Nations Without God
134. "Remorse! Remorse!"
135. Rowland Hill and Bidy
136. A Word for Today
137. January, 1884, To December, 1922
138. Conservative or Liberal?
139. "I'll Plump for Him!"
140. An Alpine Tragedy
141. Something for Christmas
142. "His Grace is Sufficient"
143. Tragedies of Unbelief
144. Blasphemy

A Message From God 1922

Chapter 1

The Diary of a Soul

By The Editor

January, 1922

Eternity and God

A SAINT of God, poor and old, lay on her bed at the commencement of the year dying in a wretched room. No earthly comforts are hers, but as a Christian stood by her bedside and gazed upon her face, he was struck with its spiritual beauty, sanctified by sorrow. She said, I hope you have brought me a good word about the Lord. Christ is with me. I've known Him more than twenty years, and I've been dying six months alone with Him. After a pause she continued, "I hope someone will be with me when I die, because I should like them to see how happy I am."

A few days later the Christian stood again by her bedside. She was much weaker. She said feebly, "You have come to see me die. Read in Romans 8, verse 38 and 39." she read, "For I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord." With the glorious music of this splendid assurance sounding in her ears she passed from all the sorrows of earth to the endless joys of heaven.

I want this year, God helping me, to speak a good word about my Lord Jesus Christ every month. To uplift before the eyes of men and women the only One who, can benefit the human race. To point the weary to the only One who can give them rest. To point the despairing "to the Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world." To let a world of sinners, lost through sin, know the gracious fiat of divine and unalterable love: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved."

The Glory of Eternal Love

We are surrounded, as we face this new year, by the mysteries of omnipotence, by a power whose unerring wisdom has filled heaven and earth with the glory of great things for our good. For us are sun, and moon, and stars, and daybreak and sunset; for us the ordered seasons and the teeming wealth of earth and sea; for us the arching heavens are blue and the pleasant earth is green; for us the world is carpeted with flowers and beautified by song. And God has given us the power to assimilate His great gifts for our good. We have eyes to see and ears to hear, and a heart to throb with the divine rapture of the passing hours. But sights, and sounds, and thoughts are passing with the passing world, and what we enjoy here today we lose tomorrow, for death shadows every landscape and clouds every pleasant sight.

But the soul of a man in a dying world can never die. When all the splendor of omnipotence that greets us every day has passed away, the immortal soul within us will be living still. Oh! the solemnity of it all. I must live when the world is gone. You must live when time shall be no more. Before the dread significance of it all, my spirit seems to sink, awed by the unspeakable power and majesty of God.

But this mighty God is love, and while His judgments terrify my soul, His boundless mercy makes me glad. The heavens are defiled by Satan's sin, and the earth by man's, and so a holy God must cleanse them with the fires of destruction. But He willeth not the death of the sinner. He saves to the uttermost; and in these "last days" He is speaking to the world by His Son, and faith in Him and His atoning work will cleanse my soul from my life's sin and give me a place amid "the inheritance of the saints in light." God has prepared a home in another world for those who trust in Him. Redeeming love has opened the gates of heaven for all believers, and the passing away of the world is as nothing to those who seek a city yet to come, "whose builder and maker is God." "For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

What will happen to us in 1922. Some of us will leave this earth scene altogether. Either through the gates of death, or at the call of Christ. Are you, my reader, saved? Are you redeemed by the precious blood of Christ? There is great truth in the following lines for some of us, way-worn, with failing powers, but rejoicing in hope. God help us to be faithful to His name until we see His face in glory.

The Border Land

I am not sorrowful, yet I often think,
There is not far to journey, ere I rest;
I feel my weary feet are near the brink
Of the deep river with the shining crest.
I am not careful, for it is His care,
Whose child I am, to order what shall be;
And I am resting gladly, anywhere,
That He shall lead, and still abide with me.
And life seems all to lie behind me now,
It is so full of changes following fast;
The bourne seems almost gained, and round my brow
Hints of the coming brightness shine at last.
So I'm waiting very quietly for my dear Lord to come,
Or send some trusty messenger to call me sweetly home;
It is not long I'm tarrying, I am resting in His love,
And I know a mansion waits me in my Father's home above
M. B.

What We Are Working for

A friend wrote me a cheering letter in which she said, "You are doing a good work, may your heavenly Father richly bless you for Jesus' sake. I wish I could send you a large sum — the work needs it. My prayer is, that you may get all you need to carry on the work. It is for eternity — God's work." Yes, we work for God and for eternity.

We are working against the tremendous power of Satanic energy. We are working against the chaos and confusion, the anarchy and lawlessness that is everywhere seen today. We are working against the unbelief that is denying the deity of Christ and forsaking the Bible. We are fighting against the unrest among all classes that is heading for revolution. The volcanic forces of desperate and daring unbelief may burst forth at any moment, and then indeed our country will be in the gravest peril.

We are fighting against the modern blasphemy of the pulpit. Dean Inge tells us that "the story of Balaam's ass and Jonah's whale has no more to do with the Christian religion than Jack and the Beanstalk." The vulgarity of this comparison is only equaled by its blasphemy.

Another Dean tells us, "that Jesus did not claim divinity for Himself." And yet Jesus said, "I and My Father are one." We might multiply instances of these onslaughts on the Son of God and the Book that testifies of Him. The devil is seeking everywhere to destroy this Testimony. We must uphold it to the utmost of our power — by importunate, prevailing prayer, by personal living and confession, saying, "We believe and are sure that Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God." By distributing far and wide the Book of which Christ says, "In the volume of the Book it is written of Me." What Book? What Person? The Bible, and the Christ.

I am sure, dear friends, you will help us to multiply our scattering of the good seed a hundredfold. The object of our work is the glory of God, the exaltation of His beloved Son, and the salvation of the lost.

In wishing our friends the only happiness that can give them a, Happy New Year, that is the knowledge of Him whom to know is life eternal, I would ask your daily prayers for strength, for wisdom and for blessing for all the work.

Yours for Christ's sake,

Heyman Wreford.

The Young Soldier

A dear Christian friend wrote to me: ■

Dear Dr. Wreford,

The enclosed may be useful to you. I mean the experience contained in the lines found written in the trunk of a young soldier after he was shot through the head. I knew him when he was a small boy. He was on the eve of coming home to see his parents. The dear mother, with streaming eyes, held me with both hands and said, while the tears rolled down her cheeks, "You can't tell what a comfort these lines have been to me."

Yours very sincerely in Christ, J. K. McE —.

The Young Soldier's Lines

When this you see, don't think of me
As lying in the grave,
But think of God's eternal love
Shown in the gift He gave.
A false profession once I made,
And never thought I lied,
But now I know my ransom's paid,
Paid when my Saviour died.
I knew I was a sinner,
When for His help I cried;
And then I saw for all my sin
My Saviour crucified.
So weep no more my loved ones now,
And let God comfort bring,
For He'll be swift to bring you help:
Our God knows everything.
So sing sweet songs of gladness —
God bless you on life's way —
For I have done with sadness,
I shall live through endless day.
A. G. C. R

A Warning for You

"I hope hell will open wide, and swallow me up!" The utterer of this awful wish was a woman living in a certain town. The day previous a shocking accident had happened. Some steeplechases had been held, and as the people were dispersing a runaway horse had dashed into the crowd. Two men were knocked down and terribly injured. I had just been to see them. One lay in the stillness of death, the other was insensible. After lingering in this condition for some time, the latter also crossed the narrow boundary that divides Time from Eternity.

As I looked at the pale face of the dead man, the question that flashed across my mind was: "Where is his soul?" I turned to look at the still living man. I thought, "What if his last opportunity is gone, and he wakes up in a lost eternity!"

Proceeding to the market to do my business, I saw the woman mentioned above walking down the street. As she passed me she trod exactly on the spot where the accident occurred. How little she thought then that her wicked desire of the morning was about to be fulfilled. But so it was, for three hours later she was a corpse. At the time she used the awful saying quoted above, she said, speaking of her son, who had warned her of her evil ways, "If he follows me to my grave, I hope it will thunder and lighten."

The funeral service was being read, when suddenly a flash of lightning darted down, and enveloped the coffin in a sheet of living fire; a peal of thunder followed. One flash, one peal, no more. The terrified mourners hurriedly left the cemetery; the clergyman, shocked and upset beyond measure at the occurrence, proceeded no further with the service.

"A coincidence," you say.

Of course, any sign that God might give would be but a coincidence to the skeptical.

I offer no explanation. I present the facts as they happened. But I would ask you a question: "Where is that woman's soul?" If it is in hell (and who dare doubt it?) do you know how she reached it? I will tell you. She had to go right past the love of God. Do you ask what I mean?

This; that for seventy years she had lived in a town where the gospel was constantly preached, and yet she deliberately rejected every offer of God's love, preferring a life of open sin with hell at the end.

Extracted.

“Is it Far to Hell?”

Strangers, when they visit the “coalfields,” are often desirous of seeing how the mining operations are carried on, and for this purpose they go down with some of the miners into the coal-pits.

One day a gentleman was going down accompanied by a miner, who was to show him through the mine, and to elain the working of the different parts of it. This miner was a simple hearted and earnest Christian, and as they were let down into the darkness he was shocked at the language of the gentleman, who added an oath, or some blasphemous expression, to almost every sentence he uttered.

Down and down they went, when the gentleman said, “Do you think it is as far to hell as it is to the bottom?” “I don’t know, sir,” replied the miner, “how far it is to hell; but, judging from your language, I know that if the rope were to break you’d be there in less than a minute!”

Reader, how would it be with you if your “rope” were to break?

Verminous

What an extraordinary title for an article. Yes, indeed, it is, and this is how I call it so. In our Exeter papers a few days ago I read a case of a woman who had allowed her child to go to school in a verminous state, and, if she had been admitted; the other children would have been endangered with noisome insects. Well, this word brought to my mind a recollection of a dear old man above sixty years ago who I saved from being verminous. When young, for many years I undertook a district for the Bible Society, trying to get people to buy the Bible and to read it regularly. I found a dear old man with Gray locks, a kind, loving face, and a most courteous manner — one of nature's gentlemen — but, poor man, he had never learned to read, so I offered to teach him, and daily I used to go to do so. It was a difficult task for him and for me, but at last, by reading the same chapter daily, he could at last spell it out aloud by himself. He was proud! I think the chapter was about the leper in Matthew 8. "If Thou wilt, Thou canst make me clean," etc. I loved the dear old man, but pitied him, because, although he had a good wife, she maintained him and herself by going to service daily at one of our Exeter hotels, so that she neglected keeping her poor old husband clean.

To my horror, one day I saw something white crawling on him, and another on his neck. At once I determined to see his wife. I did, and told her I feared he was in a verminous state. Happily she listened to me, and all became well; but I am forgetting to ask you, dear reader, if you have ever had the joy that I had of bringing a dear old man to know and love the Lord Jesus. For several years his joy in his Saviour was a great joy in my heart. When he died I was in Ireland, but I look forward to meet him when we are above with the Lord.

Now there comes to my mind another thought about being "verminous." Sin is verminous in God's sight, loathsome as is the leper, who had to hide from man and cry out "Unclean, unclean!" if anyone approached; and so we must until we have come to Jesus and accepted His righteousness to clothe us, which He obtained for us by dying in our place. He, the Son of God, the God-Man, had to cry out for our sakes, "My God, My God, why has Thou forsaken Me?" He felt and saw the sin so verminous, but gave up His life, saying, "It is finished"; they have life through My death."

Emily P. Leakey.

“A Little While”

Entering upon another year, the child of God can look up and know the heavenly home draws nearer. Is the prospect bright to the reader?

My heart was cheered by a young friend recently, who told me of his conversion, hearing the way of salvation from the lips of an aged couple. The old man going out in the Lord's service received a sudden home call, and my friend was one of those sent to break the news to his dear partner of so many years. Instead of the grief, which seemed natural, her heart was occupied with the joy: he had entered into "with Christ." Now, in happy communion with her Lord, she is treading the few more steps of the wilderness journey, waiting for that glad moment of reunion.

"O morn, too bright for mortal eyes." What a moment of supreme joy it will be when we shall be "caught up, together with them, to meet our Lord in the air." May our hearts be comforted as we wait, and in obedience to His word may we hear His voice. "Occupy till I come."

A. A. L.

“Now I Know She Loved Me”

A few years ago a young woman who was living at home with her mother, who had ever been to her an affectionate parent, conceived the singular idea that her mother had really never loved her! Every effort was made by her friends to eradicate the thought she harbored in her mind, and the mother strove anxiously to win back the affections of her child, but all to no purpose. The daughter clung tenaciously to her infatuation, and at length gave effect to it, leaving, solely on this account, her mother's roof, and betaking herself to a distant part of the city of Glasgow, in which they lived.

There she obtained lodgings, and, strange to say, very shortly afterward the house took fire, and the young woman was in imminent danger of being burned to death. Her mother, however, had rushed to the burning building, and in spite of every entreaty, succeeded in penetrating to the room of her daughter, whom, with superhuman strength, she actually carried down into the open air safe and sound. But the shock and exertion were too much for the devoted mother, and she sank down dead at the feet of her child.

This remarkable circumstance was a terrible lesson for the hitherto infatuated daughter, dispelling forever the wicked idea she had formed of her parent, and her first and thrilling exclamation was, “Now I know she loved me!” But it was too late. She had found out her lamentable mistake only when it was beyond its remedy. Willingly would she have given all she possessed to have had but a moment's opportunity of recalling the imputation cast upon her doted mother. But she “found no place for repentance.” The die was cast, and to retrace her steps was as impossible to her as to restrain or reverse the planets in their courses.

And now, dear reader, let me entreat you to consider whether you have not more grievously wronged an infinitely greater love. While your eye has followed my little narrative you have probably felt touched with the self-sacrificing affection of the mother, and grieved over the unfeeling heart of the daughter. Nay, it may also have occurred to you that this young woman would never have been in the burning house but for the perversity of her unbelief in a love that was stronger than death. It was she who occasioned the death of her mother, and the latter laid down her life in rescuing her daughter.

And does it not remind you — surely it must — holy One died, the Just for the unjust, to bring us to God? We sinners caused the death of Christ on account of our sins. Our hardness of heart, our forsaking of God, turning our back upon Him and denying His love — what a course was ours! In point of fact, when rightly seen, it was we who crucified Him, putting Him to open shame. It was my voice among others that cried, “Away with Him! Away with Him! Not this Man, but Barabbas.” It was I who for His love gave Him hatred. But He whose love was such that many waters could not quench it, nor the floods drown it, He endured to the uttermost what was due to you and me, laying down His own life to give everlasting life to us.

“I Want to Find the Pilot”

A vessel in which Peter shipped was struck by lightning and one of his shipmates was killed. It sobered Peter and made him think of the judgment day. He went to his locker and took out his Bible.

“I want to find the Pilot who can weather me through that storm. It’s scary business shipmates, to find us on a lee-shore there, with the rocks of our sins right long-side, and hell yawning not far off.” Peter took to reading his Bible, but did not make much headway till he came into port. As soon as he was off duty he went straight to a sailor’s meeting.

“I want to find the great Pilot,” said Peter to the preacher after the service.

“The Great Captain of Salvation, the Lord Jesus Christ,” said the preacher. “He is here, nigh to every poor sinner that calls on him.”

“I’m one of them,” said Peter, the tears running down his face, “I paint any chart, compass, or anchor, and I am pretty near water-logged in my sins, and am drifting to perdition. I want the Pilot that went on the fishing smack on Galilee, and said to the skipper when he was well-nigh sinking, ‘It is I, be not afraid.’ Tell me how can I get to Him?”

“Down on your knees, Peter, and pray; tell Him just how you feel, and just what you want, and don’t give up or put off till you find Him, for He says, ‘Ask, and ye shall receive; seek, and ye shall find.’”

Peter got down on his knees, and cried to the Lord: “Save me, Lord, or I perish,” was the burden of his prayer. And He who says, “Him that cometh to Me, I will in no wise cast out,” heard and saved Peter.

From that time Peter was a changed man — a new man — he was the same old weather-beaten sailor, but he had a new heart and a right spirit.

“Don’t put it off,” he said, as he warned his old companions.

“I must take time to think,” said one of them.

“To think of what?” said Peter. “Whether you are a sinner? You know you are. Whether you will be forever lost if you die as you are? You know you will. Whether the Lord Jesus can save you? You know He can. Breakers are ahead, your anchors won’t hold you; do not put it off.”

“I am not so bad as you think; I am not so bad as some others,” said another.

“But you are bad enough,” said old Peter. “The best sinner on earth is too bad for heaven. One sin ruined Adam. You are drifting you know where. This calm is dreadful. Your keel will soon ground on the rocks. Oh, that you would cry out now, ‘God be merciful to me a sinner.’ Hail the Great Pilot. Do not put it off.”

Old Peter loved the young people. "Bless God that you are young," he used to say. "They that seek Me early shall find Me." The Great Captain of our Salvation loves the young. Ship in His service, boys. 'Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not.' Then your anchor will never snap; you will never drag your anchors; the devil's craft will never run into you. Ship in His service, boys; do not put it off."

"Loving Words."

(Amos 4:12)

A youth at one of the large ironworks in Sheffield was some time ago accidentally thrown on a red-hot armor-plate. When he was rolled off by his fellow workmen it was doubtful if he could live, as nearly all one side of him was burned to the bone. His workmates cried out, "Send for the doctor," but the poor suffering lad cried, "Never mind sending for a doctor; is there anyone here who can tell me how to get saved? My soul has been neglected, and I am dying without God. Who can help me?" Although there were three hundred men round him, not one could tell him the way to salvation, and after twenty minutes of untold agony he died as he had lived.

One who saw this accident and heard the cries of the dying lad said, "I have heard the cries ever since, and wished I could have stooped down and pointed him to Jesus, but my life closed my lips."

What a lesson to those who read this — a lesson to young and old who are not saved. In these fast closing days, some people are getting harder and harder, send trying to set God at defiance.

Reader, whether young or old, if not saved, remember that the day is coming when you will have to give an account of all your deeds to God! Your conscience may be asleep amid all the fading pleasures of this world, but the day is coming when it will all end. I was told once that we should enjoy life to the full, and enjoy the pleasures of this world while we were in it. Alas, what is time compared to eternity? The joys of this world are short lived, and Satan is doing his best to plunge your never-dying soul to an eternity of woe. No time to repent after this life.

One man told me not long ago, "I shall wait until I am on my death-bed." How the devil rejoices to hear someone speak like that. You may be taken into eternity without a moment's notice, or like that young lad, die in agony with no time to repent.

Oh, be saved before it is too late; come believing just as you are, and He will save you. "It is appointed unto man once to die, but after this the judgment" (Heb. 9:27).

T. C. R.

Confessing Christ

A young actress, having been converted, told her father, who was the leader of the theater troupe, that she could not live a consistent Christian life and follow her profession as an actress. Her father told her that their living would be lost to them and their business ruined if she persisted in her resolution; and, loving her father dearly, she was shaken in her purpose, and consented to fill the published engagement to be met in a few days. She was the star of the troupe, and every preparation was made for the play in which she was to appear. The evening came, and a large audience had assembled. The curtain was drawn, and the young actress stepped forward amid the applause of the multitude. Then, to their surprise, she sang this hymn: —

“My Jesus, I love Thee! I know Thou art mine;

For Thee all the pleasures of sin I resign;

My gracious Redeemer, my Saviour art Thou —

If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, ‘tis now.”

Through Christ she had conquered, and, leaving her audience in tears, she retired from the stage, never to appear on it again. Through her influence her father was converted, and through their united evangelistic labors many were led to God.

For the Children

From Glastonbury.

I enclose £1 14s. for you to send some Testaments to the children. I am so glad the Holy Spirit put it into your mind to do this, and may many of the young receivers be brought to know Jesus as their Saviour through reading His precious Word by the Holy Spirit's teaching, and also through their lending them to others, and through their light shining, others may be led to Him, too. I hope you are better, and may you long be spared for this beautiful work. — Yours truly, G.W.

A Young Christian

Sheffield.

Dear Sir, — Will you kindly forward me one of your New Testaments I have heard about. I forward 2/P.O. to help you with the parcels you are sending all over the world. I am a young Christian, and I should like other poor sinners to receive the same blessing as I have received. — Yours faithfully,
D.G.

We are sending about 200 Testaments a week to children who write for them.

An Appeal for 1922

Instead of letters, I feel I must issue an Appeal. WE WANT 50,000 TESTAMENTS. Our shelves are getting empty, but we are full of gratitude to God for His continued supply of all our needs.

We face 1922 with hundreds of workers in all parts of the world asking us for the Word of God. Never was there such need as now for the world to know Him whom to know is life eternal. He can only be known through the book that speaks of Him. Help us to send this Book, and God will bless you, and you will be a channel of blessing to others.

For every 20/you send us we can get 50 Testaments. For £5 we can get 250 Testaments. One soul is worth more than the whole world. Help us in our need now for Christ's sake.

Your gifts may be sent to

Dr. Heyman Wreford, The Firs, Denmark Rd., Exeter.

The Diary of a Soul

By the Editor

A New World

POLITICIANS are planning how to make a new world out of the ruins of the old one. The ghastly tragedy of the last seven years has seen not only hundreds of cities totally destroyed—not only hundreds of square miles of populous countryside's ruined — and millions of souls sent into eternity — but it has seen the upheaval of unchecked and misdirected democracy — sinning in its wild destructiveness against every law — human moral and divine. Mad anarchy and mad agnosticism is making the earth a very playground for the devil.

Men are striving for a millennium without Christ, but we know that when the millennium does come Satan will be bound for a thousand years. On every page of the world's history now we can read, between the lines, the moving of the human race, devil led, towards the final cataclysm of destruction.

The doom of this world has been pronounced. Noah heard the warning in his day, and in the language of Scripture we are told, "By faith Noah, being warned of God of things not seen as yet, moved with fear, prepared an ark to the saving of his house" (Heb. 11:7). He knew the world was doomed, he knew he could do nothing of himself, to save himself, or to renovate the wicked world in which he lived; therefore, being "moved with fear," he obeyed God, and by this act of faith, "condemned the world, and became heir of the righteousness which is by faith."

Today there is no fear of God before the eyes of many. They are not "moved with fear," but are moved to the most daring and open defiance of God, and utter disregard and contempt for the holy life and atoning death of the Lord Jesus Christ, the Son of God, and the Saviour of mankind.

The materialist believes in the stability of the world in which he lives, the progress of the human race, by its own inherent power, to the goal of ultimate perfection. "This old world is good enough for me," he tells us. "I shall find all the heaven I want here; let the future take care of itself." The future will take care of itself, and of him as well. He cannot escape from God, and if he is not "moved by fear" now to seek salvation from his Maker, he will be moved with awful and unending terror by-and-bye, when he will be driven from the presence of God forever, condemned to eternal death.

The natural mind does not understand the things of God — and so is at enmity with God. The infidel disbelieves because he does not understand; philosophers and men of science cavil because they do not comprehend.

Man's thoughts never rise above a human level: "My thoughts are not your thoughts," God says to the unbeliever. Men in a vain seeking to make God as one of themselves, sin against all His attributes. "On earth there is nothing great but man," was the proud assertion of the middle ages. This blasphemy is current in full force today. In this reasoning age man pits his wisdom against the knowledge, of the Almighty.

“Why reason ye in your heart?” was the question of the Lord Jesus when on earth to His cavilers. The finality of God, and the slow but sure accomplishment of all His purposes goes on in spite of all man’s puny efforts to underrate the eternal strength of omnipotence.

God is willing to reason with man. He says, “Come now, let us reason together;” but man must take the lowest place, as “dust in the balance,” before he can reason with his Maker, and the reasoning must be about his sins — the last thing man would seek to talk about. But the wonderful insistence of grace makes it easy for the contrite sinner to do this■ “though your sins be as scarlet they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson they shall be as wool.” This is divine reconstruction■not the making of a new world, but the making of a new man. The making of a new world will be the act of God alone in a future day, but the regeneration of sinners through the operation of the Spirit of God is a present thing. The passing of a sinner from “death unto life,” and “from darkness to light,” is only possible when repentance towards God and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ lead a man to say, “I have sinned,” and “I believe.” The heart cry, “God be merciful to me a sinner,” and “Lord, I believe, help Thou my unbelief,” give the grace to the life that brings salvation through faith, and fills the heart with the Spirit of the Son of God, so that in the new world into which he enters he will find that “by grace he was saved through faith,” God’s free gift, and that his salvation has brought glory to his God, and untold and complete happiness to his own life. “Fruitful Fields.”

Read the Epistle to the Ephesians.

Work Among the Gipsies

From Aldershot.

Dear Sir, — Very many thanks for the parcel you so kindly sent me not long ago. I should be very pleased if you could send me about 20 Testaments for children and one or two Daily Portion Testaments. We have a camp of gipsies near Aldershot numbering about 200, and it is a real joy to tell out to them the glad tidings. They are very attentive, and several have decided for Christ, three of whom are seeing with us to spread the joyful news. They are very eager to hear God's Word, and I believe that many of them are on the way to decision. God has been working with them very much of late. One or two have been removed from the camp into eternity. One child about thirteen years passed away at the Cottage Hospital, Aldershot, rejoicing in Christ as her Saviour. Her last message to the van-dwellers was, "Tell them I am going to heaven." Eternity alone will reveal the results of the Gospel in that dark spot. I should value both yours and the readers of "A Message from God's" prayers on behalf of this much neglected part of God's vineyard, that He may yet bring many more to the mercy-seat, that they may know what true rest, peace, joy and happiness is. I am sending you 5/- towards God's work, trusting you are keeping well.

Yours in His happy service, S. E. C.

Please read our appeal at the end of this number for Testaments for all the world. We ask for your earnest prayers and practical sympathy as the Lord wills.

Yours in His service,

Heyman Wreford.

The Firs, Denmark Road, Exeter.

Mary's Three Warnings

A deep impression was made upon Mary, by a sermon by a devoted clergyman. She returned home very thoughtful, and made a resolution that she would give up her evil ways and turn to God. But the cares of the world choked the word, that it brought forth no fruit. Soon after this she had a dream at which she was much alarmed. She dreamed that an angel stood by her bed in white apparel, and said in a solemn voice, "Mary, take care that you are not too late! Mary, take care that you are not too late!" and then vanished, when she awoke much distressed.

She went the same day to the clergyman who had been the means of arousing her shortly before, and told him what had occurred. He begged her then and there to ask for the pardon of her sins through the precious blood of Jesus. She promised that she would do so, but did not yield then to Jesus. She returned home, and the following week she had another vision. Again the same angel stood by her bed and said in a solemn tone, "Mary, take care or you WILL BE too late! Mary, take care or you will be too late!" and then departed.

She awoke in a great fright, and as soon as possible started off to the clergyman, who inquired what had brought her so early to his House. She went weeping into his study and told him that the angel had again appeared in another dream; but this time the words were somewhat altered, for he said, "Mary, take care or you WILL BE too late!" repeating it twice. The man of God earnestly urged her not to disregard such solemn warnings, which evidently had come from God, but at once to accept Jesus as her Saviour. Mary wept, prayed, and promised that she would not forget it; but that soon she would turn to God; and left.

The clergyman was about to retire to rest after the happy labors of the following Sabbath, when he suddenly heard the tramp of horses galloping up the drive. He went to the door, when a man asked him hurriedly, "Are you Mr. —?" "I am," he said. "Then come with me at once," said the man, for Mary is dying, and wishes to see you." "Mary dying!" exclaimed the clergyman in tones of great surprise; "why I never heard that she was ill. I saw her only a few days ago, and she did not then complain." "Oh, sir, come at once; she is dying! See, I have brought another horse, that you may come quickly."

The clergyman hastened and went.

On arriving at the house and entering the room where Mary was lying, she exclaimed, "Oh, sir, I am so glad that you are come! I have had another dream, but this time the angel said: 'Mary, YOU ARE too late! Mary, YOU ARE too late! What shall I do, sir? I, am too late! I am too late!'"

"Oh, Mary," said the clergyman, "don't say so. Jesus is willing; and able to save you even now, for He saved the dying thief, and can save you."

"Oh sir," said Mary, "the dying thief did not sin against light and knowledge as I have done; he did not willfully reject Christ as I have done; now for me it is too late; it is too late." All in the room sobbed aloud as the clergyman knelt and wrestled with God in prayer. When he had finished Mary

said: "It is of no use your praying for me, sir, for I am too late, I am too late." She paused a few moments, and then inquired, "What o'clock is it?" They answered, "Twenty minutes to twelve." "At twelve o'clock," she said in a low, sepulchral voice, "I shall be in hell and damned."

An awful feeling pervaded that little company of watchers at the utterance of the terrible words. They prayed again and again, they pointed her to that Saviour who would save to the uttermost of guilt, and the uttermost of life, all who looked to Him, but it was in vain. They watched the clock as its hands drew near to the hour of midnight, and listened breathlessly as it struck one■two■three■four— five—six■ seven— eight — nine — ten■eleven■twelve, and as the last stroke sounded in their ears she raised herself in bed, and with a wild shriek cried out, "O God, I am in hell and damned," and instantly fell back and expired.

Oh, my readers, take care that you are not too late. Take care or you will be too late. Accept Jesus now, reject not His loving invitations, postpone not entering on the race to glory till you are forever too late.

“He’s Left All!”

Two friends met on the street. They had just heard of the sudden death of a mutual acquaintance, possessed of much of this world’s goods.

“What has he left?” inquired one.

“He’s left all!” was the abrupt and unexpected reply.

Yes; and when you come to die, my unconverted reader, you will leave all — your friends, your home, your money, Your pleasures, your all!

But stay, there is one thing you would give worlds to be able to leave behind, but you cannot — your sins.

His Last Game

I knew a young man, he drank largely, and swore heavily, and was a good hand at the billiard table. But one night in the thick of the game an unexpected stroke was made — not by our player, but by the ruthless hand of Death.

The loud laughter was changed for the death gasp, and his soul left the lifeless clay grasping the cue. There was a “break” in that game. He cracked his last joke at thirty.

Does my reader love the pleasures of sin? If so, remember that “the wages of sin is death,” and “after this the judgment,” when “the wicked shall he turned into hell.”

Lost in a Mine

A man in Derbyshire was walking in a dangerous mine with a lighted candle in his hand. A drop of water fell from above upon the candle and put it out. The mine was a very dangerous one; the next step might be death; the darkness was fearful. What should he do? The agony of soul he passed through in those awful moments nearly turned his brain. What a picture of the sinner! Of one who has been walking in the light of the sparks of his own kindling, as this man was with his candle. Suddenly conviction of sin comes, and the sinner finds himself in awful darkness, as, this man in the mine was. Then comes a trembling in the soul, and the cry from the whitening lips, "I feel death around me in the darkness; what shall I do? I may die at any moment, and then I shall be lost Forever. Oh, help me, God unseen; save me, for I cannot save myself."

The one I have been speaking of remained in this state of alarm for some time. At last he thought he saw in the distance a faint gleam; he kept his eyes rivetted upon it, and it became clearer and clearer. It was a light; a light to lighten the darkness. He looked and looked as the light came nearer, until at last he saw the face of his own brother, the one who was carrying the light. The brother had missed him, and had come to seek him, and had found him. The brother did not stay at the pit's mouth and shout to him; he came clown where the lost one was.

Have you heard the story of your own state from this sinner? You are in the pit of sin, and darkness is all around You. I ask you again, have you felt that you are lost? Do you feel it now? If you dread the darkness and want the light there is One who is seeking the lost, and He is the "Light of the World." The moment a sinner realizes his lost condition, that moment the light comes to him. It may be but as a faint gleam at first, the far-off radiance of a trembling hope; but it will come. Keep your eyes fixed upon it. Gaze upon the glory of the dawn; you will see it in the face of the risen Christ. Look to Him, and keep looking, until the light is so close that you recognize your Saviour. You must cry, "I am lost," and He will say, "I am come to seek and to save that which was lost." You must say, "I am in darkness," and He will say, "I am the Light." You must acknowledge "I am the sinner," and He will say, "I am the Saviour."

Will you look now? At this moment any sinner in the pit of sin may see the dawn of salvation, if the weary eyes are lifted in faith to God. I can fancy the joy to a tired traveler's heart when, after walking through a stormy night, he sees in the east the faint gleaming of the dawn. It is like the gate of Paradise. And what supreme joy does the trembling sinner feel and know when he sees Christ as his own and only Saviour.

The Enemy of God

Wherever God goes, Satan goes. Satan always travels on God's roads, He never makes roads. Satan is not a road builder, he is always a thief. He always steals God's pathways.

When the missionary goes with the message of the cross you will always find the evil one stealing along behind him, hard on his heels, stealing the road he made. There will be opposition, and oftentimes the more we pray the keener the opposition; but in spite of it, the brighter the shining of the sun through the darkening and gathering clouds, and the greater the victory in the midst of the opposition.

Gordon.

A Torpedo Striking a Ship

When a torpedo strikes a ship she is nearly always doomed — sooner or later she sinks beneath the waves, while the crew try to escape in boats, and the cruel enemy watches the end of the tragedy. Satan is always marking souls down for destruction. He sends his torpedoes of temptation and sin to try and wreck human lives. Sometimes he succeeds, but oftentimes he fails.

One to whom we send parcels writes: ■

“God has brought four more to Himself since I last wrote. At the Infirmary one clear old man, after a long, and happy talk to several, burst out with: ‘I am ninety-two, and I have come to Jesus for the first time today,’ and the tears rolled down his cheeks. One wonderful part was that God laid hold of a lad of about twelve in the same ward, who said he’d been sent there because he was such a bad boy, and God seemed to work a real change in that dear boy. Now (D. V) he is to read the Testament and Travelers’ Guide to the old man Again and again and again, I feel so grateful for these books and ‘Messages from God,’ and Testaments; it seems the Lord’s own doing, and it is marvelous in our eyes.”

This is a grand testimony to the power of God to deliver out of the hands of Satan.

“Be Ye Also Enlarged”

We have all read of the man in 1 Chronicles 4:10 who was more honorable than his, brethren, Jabez by name. Oh, to be like Jabez! for God heard his prayer and granted him his request. Listen to his prayer once more, and let us offer it to God for ourselves. “Oh that Thou wouldst bless me indeed, and enlarge my coast, and that Thine hand may be with me, and that Thou wouldst keep me from evil that it may not grieve me.” I was reading my favorite chapter in 2 Cor. 5., and studying it, when my eye suddenly glanced at the last line in chapter 6:13, and immediately this thought occurred to me to write about: “Be ye also enlarged.”

What a subject! We could read and read pages about enlargement, and yet leave it only half finished. Why did Jabez pray, “Enlarge my coast”? Someone may say it was covetousness. No, it was not. If it had been so, would God have granted him his request? No, indeed; it was believing and doing what God had ordered in days long before, when the Israelites were dividing Canaan. Each tribe had its portion, but they were told to enlarge it by driving out the Canaanites who persisted in remaining, and thus enlarging their coast.

Now, dear friends, let us see to it that our coast of belief is being enlarged, our faith in the Lord Jesus more strong, more increasing every day and night, never forgetting to pray for an increase. Thus enlarged, let us pray for more love, a daily increasing love for God’s people, for our relatives, our friends and neighbors. Remember what the Lord Jesus tells us in Matthew 22:36, 37-39. The two great commandments are: “Love to God,” and “Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.” Does anyone? Do I? May God grant it. Each day being enlarged for kindness to my neighbor, and thereby pleasing God.

Then we must never forget to pray that we may be enlarged in all the other graces. Read what are the fruits of the Spirit in Galatians 5:22, 23. Nine fruits: love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance; all these, too, we must enlarge. With the hand of God upon us we may daily joy in Him and rejoice evermore: as the psalmist says, “Shout for joy.” Then let our prayers be enlarged, that all who know not the gospel may be brought to the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ, who is the Lord of Hosts, the King of Glory.

“Be ye also enlarged.”

Emily P. Leakey.

The Sceptic's Dream of Life

The skeptic dreamed of life, and he dreamed that he was the god of his own destiny; he could map out a future for himself and make life serve his ends. And upon the portals of his heart he wrote, "I believe what I see, and naught beside." Eternity to him was a jest, the Bible an old woman's book, God an old idea engendered in men's mind through their ignorance of organic laws. Heaven was a poet's dream, and hell a superstitious creation to frighten nervous people.

He married, and over the cradle of his firstborn child he repeated his life's creed. Time passed on, and the tendrils of the child's life twined themselves about the father's heart. He would train the boy up a child of nature. No superstitious nonsense should warp his mind; no old woman's tales from the Bible should be told to him. He should learn to believe in himself and none beside. He will teach him the mightiness of matter, the triumphs of civilization, and the progress of thought, and the child says: ■

"Father, who made those beautiful stars that shine in the sky?"

And the man says: "My boy, they came of themselves; ages ago they were formed of dust."

"Father, who made the bright sun?" And the father-answers: "The particles of dust were set in a glow by the velocity of their rotary motion, and thus the sun was formed."

"Father, who made the trees and the flowers I love so well? I should like to know where they come from, they are so beautiful." And the answer is still the same: "Nature, my boy; these animated particles took this form."

"And who is Nature, father?" is the question of the young spirit putting forth one soul tendril after another, longing for the sunlight of eternal truth. "My boy, we cannot tell."

"Father, what is Death?" "Death, my boy, is the dissolving of the particles one from the other again; thus they go back to their original state and form other substances."

By-and-by the child is ill, and the wings of the soul are fluttering close to the shores of eternity. The father's heart is breaking at the thought of losing him; there is not one single hope to cheer — the future is as black as the present.

"Father, where am I going?" says the little sufferer, tossing about in the agonies of death. "It's all dark, father. I had a dream last night. I thought I saw a beautiful land with gates of pearl, and golden streets, and beautiful people in white with shining wings were there, and they wanted me to come to them. Where is that land, father? I always see it when I sleep. Who made it? The trees were more beautiful than ours; the light was brighter, and everyone looked happy there. Tell me, father, who was that upon the throne whom the angels worshipped. Did Nature make THAT land, father? Was that Nature on the throne?"

The father's answer is his tears. The boy had groped his way blindly through the darkness of nature up to nature's God. Through the rent veil of skepticism he had seen at last the dawning light

of heaven; and the man, gazing at the dead face of his child, with the hush and awe of eternity around him, can find no hope or comfort in his skepticism at all. He knows nothing of the realism that gave such infinite pathos to David's words, when he said, speaking of his dead boy: "Though he can never come to me, yet I am going to him."

Ah! my friends, the skeptic's dream is, colored with the fires of hell. What can life be to the man who denies his God, whose soul is wrapt about with the shroud of a moral death, who, moving in the narrow circle of his own distorted ideas, dwarfs his soul for time and destroys it for eternity?

"Where is a God?" loth weary reason say,

"I see but starlit skies."

"Where is the sun?" so calleth at noonday

The man with sightless eyes.

Thou, little child, from thee God is not far;

Look inwards, not above;

Thou needest not to roam from star to star,

For God is love.

We live in awful days of infidelity and doubt, and on the pages of many a life is written the fearful words, "There is no God." And some believe in God, and deny the deity of the Lord Jesus. From the hands of devils the seeds of unbelief have been sown all over the world, and what a terrible harvest has come up!

Heyman Wreford.

The Dying Priest

A servant of God tells us how that one night he was called to confess a dying priest, whose cry was: “Oh, my God, my God, what will become of me? I am dying; and I am most!”

“It was indeed an awful thing,” he adds, “to see that old sinner wringing his hands, and rolling on his bed as if he had been on burning, coals, with all the marks of the most frightful despair on his face, crying, I am lost! Oh my God, I am lost!”

Our Emptying Shelves

Our special appeal for 1922 is being answered by God, and we feel sure that before long our shelves will be filled to repletion again. It is all for Christ.

One of the first answers to our-request was this card: —

“What things soever ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive them and ye shall have them.”

We thank the anonymous sender; it brought its message of assurance to our hearts.

And so did this anonymous gift of £5: ■ “With deepest thankfulness to God. And may God bless you, dear Dr. Wreford, in your precious and beautiful work. How blessed and wonderful will be the fruitage; but oh, the joy of that moment when God Himself shall reveal the full results, and all heaven shall ring with the music of that sweet word, ‘b Well done! Well done!’ Till then, Numbers 6:24.”

A dear Christian friend sends today a gift and writes: ■ “With earnest Christian greetings and prayers and interest and sympathy in your work for God and man. I am sure it would be of great interest to know how this special work evolved and developed in your hands. It may be that the Spirit of God will lead you to reveal some of His leadings in some of your writings one of these coming days.”

Editor’s Note: ■ If I could tell, it would all redound to His praise, for it would show that nothing could have been done without His help.

The Cry of the Tamil Poet

And here is the cry of the Tamil poet tittered a thousand years ago; and a terrible cry it is. The cry is still coming from millions today. Will you hear it and help to answer it?

From a Tamil Poet 1,000 Years Ago

Lost in the darkness I wander,

Where is the light? Is there no light?

Nothing know I but I wonder,

Is there no light? Where is the light?

Lord in the vastness I wander,

Where is the way? Is there no way?

How may I reach Thee I wonder,

Is there no way? Where is the way?

(Translated.)

The Only Hope for England is Prayer

If we do not pray for others it may be too late to pray for ourselves. The devil and his hosts are loose in the world. He has made men deny the Saviour of mankind and blaspheme His holy name. He is passing from one end of England to the other inciting men through his human agents to riot and revolution. The tide of this awful sea is rising rapidly. The only hope for England is prayer and the circulation of God's Word. The apathy of Christians is the devil's opportunity. Thank God for every man and woman who is lifting a standard for God and Christ today. We may not approve of every effort put forth, but let us be careful how we criticize when and where God is blessing. It is easy to stand idle in these stern and terrible days, and in our idleness find fault with the labor of others, but the Master's eye is on His servants as they labor.

The following verses on Prayer were sent me by a devoted Christian worker. I am glad to insert them here: ■

Four Answers

The answer that we love to hear is "Yes,"

"In Him" — the promised "Yea,"

When prayer is founded on God's promises,

We pray — "Lord, please, today."

Then there's another answer that He gives;

Sometimes He must say "No."

Ah, then we trust His wisdom and His love;

"Hereafter" we "shall know."

How often there's an answer too, He sends,

This, "something better still."

His very best, remember, God knows all,

So leave it to His will.

But there's yet other answer still. We hear

His voice when He says "Wait."

We know God works for him who waits for Him;

That answer must be great!

L. M. Warner.

The Need of Christ

Do we feel the world's need of Christ as we ought? We see the need everywhere. At home and abroad, in every home in every street, in every village, town and city, in every continent, in the far isles of the seas. Every individual needs Christ. And the only Book that speaks of Him is the Word of God. We must put the Testaments or the Bible into the hands of all. The devil's literature is circulated everywhere, given away far and wide. The Word of God is getting dearer and dearer. You must not let our shelves stand empty. We thank all our friends who are helping now. Our appeal for Christmas and the New Year may still be had. We will send copies entirely free to any who can circulate them.

Yours for Christ's sake,

Heyman Wreford.

The Diary of a Soul

By the Editor

March, 1922

WE have prayed before our emptying shelves of Testaments, and God is answering our prayers in a most wonderful way. Our warmest thanks to our dear friends who are helping us in this work for God. The shelves are filling.

May the following piece, with its stern significance, arrest many a sinner on the road to eternal death.,

Driven Down to Hell

A man who had been anxious about his soul had a dream He fancied he passed along through dark corridors, and as he went door after door slammed behind him, cutting off all possibility of retreat; and at last he came to the end of the passages, and in front of him he saw a burning pit; and as he was impelled to move nearer and nearer to it, he saw hands reaching up from the flames ready to clutch him and drag him down; and just as he was close to their embrace, he awoke. Awoke with the horror of hell upon his soul! Awoke with the perspiration standing upon his brow, and his heart throbbing with fearful terror! Had the dreamer died, he would have awaked in hell; but the sleeper awoke to find that he had one more call to escape the lake of fire. From the warning of that dream he fled to Jesus, and was saved.

Judas was driven down to hell. Satan knew well his betting sin, and caught his soul in the golden web. When Judas sold the Lord for thirty pieces of silver, we may be sure he did not think that Christ would really die. The devil must have whispered in his ready ear, "Take the money; Jesus will escape as He has escaped before." And Judas doubtless thought of the power of Christ. He remembered how He had passed through the people when they sought to thrust Him over the brow of the hill on which their city was built. He knew He could walk upon the sea, and still the raging storm. He had seen Him raise the dead, and cast out demons, and cleanse the lepers. He must have imagined that Christ would exert His powers for His deliverance now, and this was what he wanted. He wanted Christ to live and the money to be his, his avarice to be satisfied, and Jesus of Nazareth to free Himself from the shouting and blaspheming crowd around Him. He watches the unfolding of events. The hours of darkness pass away, and the morning dawns of the most awful day the world has ever seen, or will see. Judas sees Jesus bound, and hears that counsel has been taken against Him to put Him to death. He watches with straining eyes, and wildly throbbing heart; and to his horror Jesus does not try to escape. He sees Him led as a sheep to the slaughter. Why does He not break the bonds? Why does He not drive His foes backward as in Gethsemane? Why do not the twelve legions of angels come and deliver Him? No, He is meek and passive in the hands of His enemies, led on to judgment and to death. Fiercely the flames of remorse begin to burn about the heart of the traitor. It comes home to him with awful significance, "I have sold Jesus, and Jesus is going to die." What shall he do? He is in awful despair. Satan leaves him now. He has led him on to face the awful storm alone. And this is what Satan always does — leaves his victims to despair. This is what he will do to you, if you continue his slave; he will lead you from sin to sin, until at last you are sinking into the despair of hell, and he will then rejoice over you in the horrible torture of a lost soul.

Judas repented himself. What must his thoughts have been? His despairing eyes tried to pierce the darkness of his future. "What shall I do?" is still his cry. We can fancy him saying, "Shall I go and tell John all about it, and ask him to speak to Jesus? Or shall I ask for Peter, and see if he can help me? What shall I do? What shall I do?" And, there is no answer to this despairing cry. He is wandering around the borders of hell, and its torments have begun for him on earth. At last he says, "I will go to the chief priests and elders, and get them to take back the money." He hurries off

swiftly with the money in his hand; he presents himself before them. His dark face is flushed with the fearful struggle, and his words come hoarsely from his laboring chest: "I have sinned in that I have betrayed the innocent blood." He holds the money out toward them. We can fancy him crying, "Take it back — this accursed silver — it is burning; into my heart; take it back." They hear his impassioned tones, they know full well that Christ is innocent, but what care they for Judas or his pleadings? They fix their cold eyes on the terror-stricken traitor, and from their sneering lips the answer comes, "What is that to us? See thou to that."

"See thou to that." His sin is driven home deeper and deeper upon his soul. There is no hope for him. The skies above are darkening with the awful wrath of God; he dare not look up. Earth has no gleam of relief; he is being hedged in by the awful barrier of his doom. What next? For one brief moment we can see him stand with horror on his brow; and then he dashes the pieces of silver down upon the temple floor and rushes out. Where is he going? Let us follow him. On and on he goes, and in his track are the fiends of the bottomless pit. He presses on, and I can see him tearing his hair; and then he stops his ears as if to shut out the words, "See thou to that." At last he halts, and with the nervous haste of the suicide he hangs himself. This is his awful end — the doom of the suicide. "He went to his own place."

Oh, what a life! Oh, what a death! Oh, what a future! Do you shudder at his fate? Then what of you? Will you take warning from him and come to Christ? Fancy Judas down in hell, remembering all the words of Jesus, the hours he had spent in His company and the opportunities of blessing he had lost forever. And what will your thoughts be if you commit soul-suicide, and go from the light of mercy's day to the darkness of the lost; from a very heaven of opportunities to a hell of regrets?

The Sympathy of Saints

I do not think anyone values the sympathy of saints more than I do, and God has given it me in a full cup lately, for which I praise and bless His name. I must enclose a few letters in this number of "Message" — they have cheered in many a care, and helped in many an hour of trouble.

"One who Loves the Saviour"

Dear Dr. Wreford, — I have just had a book brought to me saying how badly you want Testaments. I thought I would send you 4/-, but another voice said, "Go without something and send 10/-," so here it is. May God bless you, from one who loves the Saviour. B.R.

Three Little Children

Dear Dr. Wreford, — Please accept this little gift (10/-) towards your work; it was saved in the money boxes of three little children of the Sunday school.

"Happiest Soul In England"

Dear Brother in the Lord, — I was glad to receive your report for 1921. and to read it. You really must be the happiest soul in England when you see how richly the Lord is blessing your labor of love. I trust you may be spared long to continue the sowing of this precious seed. I have pleasure in sending Treasury Note enclosed. J.H.B.

Our Father Multiplies The Widow's Mite

Dear Mr. Wreford, — Thank you for sending the little book, "A Message from God." I enclose for it and a trifle over. We know our Father multiplies the "widow's mite." My mother enjoys the little books very much, and sheds many tears over them; she is now turned eighty-six, and her hope is in God, her best and truest Friend. Trusting you are keeping well, and that God may spare your valued life to carry on your work, which was never more needed than it is today.

F. S.

This must do for now. If I could tell the wondrous way in which God has led us the last two months you would wonder and praise with me. We look for great blessing this year. Pray for me and for all our helpers.

Yours for Christ's sake,

Heyman Wreford.

An Atheist's Acceptance of Christ

“A short time before first leaving England for China, it became my duty to daily dress the foot of a patient suffering from senile gangrene. The patient had little idea that he was a doomed man, and probably had not long to live. The family with whom he lived were Christians, and from them I learned that he was an avowed atheist, and very antagonistic to anything Christian. He soon began to manifest a grateful appreciation of my services. One day, with a trembling heart, I took advantage of his acknowledgment to tell him of his own solemn position and need of God’s mercy through Christ. After dressing the wound, and relieving his pain, I never failed to say a few words to him, which I hoped the Lord would bless. He always turned his back to me, looking annoyed, but never spoke a word in reply. One day, after dressing his limb and washing my hands, instead of returning to the bedside to speak to him I went to the door and took hold of the handle, and stood hesitating for a few moments with the thought in my mind, Ephraim is joined to his idols, let him alone.’ I looked at the man and saw his surprise, as it was the first time since speaking to him that I had attempted to leave without going up to his bedside to say a few words for my Master. I could bear it no longer. Bursting into tears, I went up to him and said: My friend, whether you will hear or whether you will forbear, I must deliver my soul’; and spoke very earnestly to him, telling him, with many tears, how much I wished that he would let me pray with him. To my unspeakable joy he did not turn away, but replied, ‘If it will be a relief to you, do.’ I fell on my knees and poured out my whole soul to God for him. I believe the Lord then and there wrought a change in the man. Within a few days he definitely accepted Christ as his Saviour. He told me that for forty years he had never darkened the door of church or chapel, and then — forty years ago — he had only gone to church to be married; he could not be persuaded to go inside when his wife was buried. The now happy man lived for some time after this change, and was never tired of bearing testimony to the grace of God.”

From Baby Days to Old Age

Will anyone stay to listen to — or rather to read — a little memory-story: a testimony to God's power to convert a very little child, and to keep her to old age? It is worth reading because it is true, and proves that God is true. Well, here it is then.

A dear little child, a tiny little creature, with dark brown eyes (who grew up to be a beautiful girl, and who, when she discovered this, dedicated her beauty to her Lord), a wee girl, born into the family of God just four years after she was born into the earthly family in which He placed her, and who was "kept by the power of God," a shining member of His great family, for over ninety years. From four years old to ninety!

Imagine this little thing standing in the corner, biting her pinafore in her passion, but all the while in some strange way wanting to be good. So often was she there that she began to see that her own unaided trying was no use. Suddenly it came into her memory: "Papa says if we ask God, He will help us to be good and make us His own children." And then and there she did ask Him. Well she remembered it afterward, though not the words, and she often talked of it. Found among her papers, after she had passed away, were the notes of an address given years ago in Edinburgh, and the following was in her own handwriting:

"I see it now, that nursery corner, and I perfectly remember the feeling. 'Here again! naughty again!' I said to myself, 'and they think I don't care, but I do care very much, and I'll try again. I'm determined to be good.' And here let me say to mothers and sisters, and all who have the care of little children, try to help them out of their naughtiness. Often when you think they don't care, they are very sorry — only too proud to show it. It is sad, but yet delightful to me to think how I tried day after day, and yet failed. 'Delightful?' you say. Yes, because by this I learned a lifelong lesson, not to trust in myself.

"In the evening (I perfectly remember this too) I had as usual said my prayers beside my little bed, but I lay thinking: 'How strange after all my trying. Naughty again today! Whatever shall I do?' Suddenly the thought came again into my mind: 'Papa says, if I ask Him, God will make me. His little child, and help me to be good.' I'll ask Him. So then and there, upon my bed, I poured out my little heart to Him, and He heard me. I had tried; now I prayed. The very next morning, when the milk and biscuits came up into the nursery (I had so often been in the corner by that time!) with astonishment I found myself happy and good with the others. Oh, what a lesson this has been to me all my life! We cannot alone — with God, we can."

She had a family of nine children to care for, four of her own and five motherless ones of her missionary sister's. The name "Aunt Louisa" (as well as the sweet one, "Mother"), was just a musical expression, descriptive of all that was loving and Christ-like. Even though she had all these to care for, she had a youths' Sunday School class every Sunday morning in the schoolroom, and a young women's Bible class in the afternoon in her own house. In later years many of these having married, they formed the nucleus of a Sunday afternoon meeting,

numbering from twenty to thirty, which she held for many years, her daughters helping her with the singing and the visiting. This we know was greatly blessed by God to the conversion and help of many of them. Her portrait was taken a few months before she passed into the heavenly glory, and it shows her face — even then in her ninetieth year — with the beauty of the Lord our God upon her.” She was a faithful follower of Him all those years, loved and loving all her days, a bright example and help to all around, and greatly used by God.

Troubles, sorrows, trials during those long years? Oh yes, many and severe. And, of course, failures too. But the joy of it all is that God kept her faithful to Him, and sweet and bright even when “passing through the waters,” so that she could — and did — sing the thrice triumphant song in Ezekiel, “He brought me through.”

A little while before she died she wrote: “Certainly I am passing through the fires, but they do not kindle upon me. Every night as I lie down in my bed I seem to sink into the Everlasting Arms, and I feel that I am there.”

Sometime before she had asked me (her daughter), after she had gone Home, to write and make known her testimony to the keeping power of God, as well as His converting power, of even little children.

The point of this little memory-story is this: That lesson learned, and also the assurance that came to her then, for she told me often of how she remembered, “Then I am God’s little child, and He has helped me to be good.” This she said to her baby-self when she found the day had passed and she had not been “in the corner.”

As God has opened this “door of utterance” for her dear testimony, He will bless it to those who read it. Knowing this, we praise Him beforehand.

“Suffer the little children to come unto Me.”

“Even to your old age, I am He, and to hoar hairs will I carry you.”

Mellowed Fruit.

Who is this that cometh up

From the wilderness,

Leaning hard upon the One

Who is her Beloved?

Ninety years, in all distress.

His great love she proved.

Who is this that cometh — so,

Leaning all the while?

One who in her childhood’s days

Knew she was beloved.

Nothing can this bond defile,
Though the earth be moved!
Song of Sol. 8:5. L. M. Warner.

Three Ways of Walking

My dear friend, Miss Esdaile, gave me such beautiful thoughts the other day that I must tell friends in the "Message," and I hope the thoughts will do them much good, as they have me. Said she, there are three ways of walking: ■

Walk before Me.

Walk after Me.

Walk with Me.

God, said to Abraham in Gen. 17:1, "Walk before Me," and thou shalt be kept as a child beneath thy Father's eye for safety and for warning. We read the same words repeated in the case of Solomon and Hezekiah. In 1 Kings 3:6 Solomon says of his father David, "He walked before thee in truth," and Hezekiah said to the Lord, when he was sick unto death, "Remember how I have walked before Thee" (2 Kings 20:3).

So let us know and delight in the glorious thought that we too may walk before Him.

"Walk after Me." The Lord Jesus, when on earth, continually said to would-be disciples, "Follow Me," and so let us pray continually that we may follow Him and strive to tell others of the Way, the Truth and the Life. There is none other Name (Acts 4:12) who can save, so let us follow after Him (1 Peter 2:21).

"Walk with Me." How can two walk together unless they be agreed? Are we of one mind with our Lord, knowing Him by faith and realizing His great love for us, even to die on the cross to save us? Oh, what wondrous love is His!

And so He invites us to walk with Him as friend with friend, as husband with wife, as parent with child. Enoch walked with God in close intercourse; and so we may continually draw near to God, and He will draw nigh to us, He speaking to us and we speaking to Him. Often on my bed I say with Samuel of old, "Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth."

Emily P. Leakey.

Perfect Peace

It is good to get letters from one who is alone in India so full of trust in God. She writes: ■

“If any human being has proved these words true, I am sure I have. ‘Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee, because he trusteth in Thee.’ ...It is wonderful His leading and guidance. One thing has upheld me in all the hard places: that I am in His will so far as I know it. At first there was bitter opposition to the Name of the Lord Jesus; that is all gone. Now there is a friendly attitude. My life here is just living amongst the people and gaining influence over them for miles around. No one but God knows what I went through till I had won them; now they come to me in their troubles and joys.”

My friend has occasionally unique speaking to travelers caught in a storm, and who are softened by the kind hospitality shown. Many earnest words have been spoken to careless hearts; the little Gospels given with the earnest request to read a portion each day, and suitable booklets. Will the reader pray that our Lord will abundantly answer her longing desire, that the Name of the Lord Jesus, may be exalted all over these hills”?

There is no European within miles, and eight days’ march from the railway station. What a test of faith it must be, alone in the present state of unrest. She writes: —

“Someone set fire to the back of this place. Fortunately it was seen in the daytime. There was no time for anything but the prairie way, to, set them all running to set fire to everything above a certain line, and the flames rolled up to meet those coming down, and the place was: saved.”

So full of interest and sadness, the trials some of these people pass through. My friend has already gone through the horrors of the great famine, among the people on the plains, but she broke down after it was over. Can we wonder, after the dreadful sights and sounds?

She writes: ■

“It is such a desperate struggle-for many of these hill people: all tenderness and sympathy gets-crushed out of them. What a cruel world! May the dear Lord come soon... Now the harvest has failed again; half or more than half failed. Next harvest is in May. I, do not know what will happen; all reserves gone the past year; on the edge of famine; used everything up; we are in for evil times. May God in the midst of judgment remember mercy.”

In a previous letter, writing of the constant need around her: —

“God can undertake. He does everything so beautifully and unexpectedly. He will show in prayer if, any of His children are to help; if not He will arrange somehow. Just pray that God will in His own way undertake.”

I am looking eagerly for another letter, and looking up Eph. 3:20.

A. A. L.

Let us pray.

The Teacher Taught

The rain was coming down very heavily one Sunday morning, and a little girl was intently looking out of the parlour window; and her eyes were quite as cloudy as the skies, because she feared the storm would prevent her going to her much — loved Sunday school. Her young heart had received the good seed of the Word, and she had learned to simply trust the Lord Jesus as her Saviour, and, although so young, she was able to say that her sins had been washed away in the precious blood of Christ.

Her mother was a Christian, and looked forward with joyful expectancy to her child growing up to be a comfort to her heart and a bright servant of Christ. But there was “one thing” that marred the joy of the little household — the father was an avowed infidel; but as he loved his little girl, and liked to please her, he had not forbidden her going to the school, and generally left his wife and daughter to do what they liked on a Sunday. On the rainy morning to which I have referred the father came in and said that it was too wet for her to think of going out.

“Please, father, I don’t think I’ll hurt if you’ll let me go.”

“My child, you’ll get wet and catch cold,” he said.

“Oh father! I can put on my waterproof, and perhaps you will lend me your big umbrella, and I’ll not get wet.” “But why do you so particularly want to go today?” asked the father.

“Well, suppose I didn’t go because it rained, and the other little girls did not go, I am sure teacher would go, and then what would she do without any little girls to teach?”

That was a question he could not answer, and he felt his little girl had the best of the argument, and he thought he would try another plan. So he said: “Suppose we have school at home today, just you and I, would you stop with me then?” She thought a little while and then asked: “Would you be teacher and superintendent both, and I be your little class?” “Oh, yes, if you like.” “Very well then, I will stop with you,” and away she went to find two Bibles and two little hymn-books. “Now, father,” she said, “you must be superintendent first, and he always gives out a hymn to begin with.” “My dear, I don’t know any of these hymns, and then I don’t know the tunes.” “Perhaps then you will let me give out a hymn.” She soon found one that she knew well. She started it in her child-like way, and the Spirit of God was driving home every word into that Christ-rejector’s heart. He could not sing. He did not know what he was bargaining for when he offered to be teacher, and as soon as the hymn was over he was going to leave the room.

“Father, we have not done yet.” “Oh, I think we have had enough,” he said, as he sat down on the chair again.

“What must we do now?” he asked. “Father, you must pray.” “My child, I cannot,” he said abruptly. “But, father, you said you would be the superintendent, and he always prays after we have sung a hymn.” “But I don’t believe in prayer.” “But, father, you said — you promised to have school,” she said, looking up pleadingly into his face.

All this time a terrible conflict was going on in his heart, which was softened under the words of the hymn that was just sung, and now what was he to do? Should he break his word, or should he yield to the pleadings of the Holy Spirit? and the beseeching look of his little girl brought him almost unconsciously upon his knees. But his heart was too full to allow words to escape his lips.

His little girl, finding he did not begin, gave him a nudge with her elbow and said, "Father, pray." He could repress his sobs no longer, and, forgetful of his long-boasted infidelity, he gave full vent to his feelings, crying in an agony of soul. Just then the door opened, and his wife came in. She had been praying for him for years. Quickly she was at his side, and earnestly united her prayers with her husband's; and God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, shone into the infidel's heart; for He heard the heart-breathings, and saved his precious soul. Many times did they thank God together for sending a "wet Sunday morning," when the sunlight of the truth of God broke through the clouds of infidelity, which hindered him from seeing Jesus as "the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world" (John 1:29).

F. H. D.

Rescuing a British Airman

A British aeroplane was hit off the coast of Flanders and fell into the sea. The fire was terrific, but a French airman went with his seaplane to the rescue, and succeeded in getting the man on to his craft and so rescued him. This brave French airman saw the plight of the English airman and went to his rescue. Let me tell you of one who was saved by a cry.

Saved by a Cry

It was a very hot summer day, several years ago, when a little boy called Robbie McCrae, while sporting near the river bank, fell over the edge and rolled into the water. The Clyde looked so lovely that afternoon — so transparent and clear and blue! But, alas! Robbie sank and disappeared in a moment. There seemed no one at hand to help the little fellow, but as he rose to the surface he cried out with all his might. “Oh, save me!”

A kind man near heard the touching cry, and saw the curly head disappear. Without an instant's hesitation, casting off his coat, and kicking off his shoes, Mr. Moore plunged into the river. A few calm, measured strokes brought him to the spot where last the small form had been seen. Then a quick dive, and Robbie was in his preserver's strong arms.

The tide was running strongly at the time, so strongly that Mr. Moore landed a good point further down than he had started from. But at last he bravely brought the boy to shore.

On the Clyde banks, near Glasgow Green, that day, Robbie McCrae was saved by a cry. Of course it was not his cry that actually saved him, yet it was the means of leading to it. It fetched a saviour near.

As we read Psalm cvii we see that the Israelites of old were saved and delivered four times by a cry. The cry did not deliver them, but it brought a Saviour near.

It sounds like a beautiful song, “Then they cried unto the Lord in their trouble, and He delivered them out of their distresses” (vs. 6). “Then they cried... and He saved them out of their distresses” (vss.,3). Both these are in the past. But God has two promises in the present tense too: “Then they cry... and He saveth them out of their distresses” (vs. 19). “Then they cry... and He bringeth them out of their distresses” (vs. 28).

How simply we may obtain the help we need. We need not struggle to save ourselves. Just a cry to the Lord is enough. Robbie would not have cried if he had thought and felt that he was safe. So we need to feel ourselves in danger and distress. Peter began to sink before he cried out, “Lord, save me” (Matt. 14:30). Then “immediately” Jesus stretched forth His hand and caught him.

It was a fortunate thing that Mr. Moore was near at hand when Robbie McCrae was drowning in the Clyde. He might so easily have been a mile off, or at home, or away at that hour, and only a very strong swimmer could have stemmed the tide that day. But our Deliverer is always at hand. “The eyes of the Lord are upon the righteous, and His ears are open unto their cry” (Psa. 34:15).

M. A. L.

How thankful we should be for gifts of Testaments in English, Russian, German, Swedish, Spanish, Portuguese, Serbian, Romanian, Greek, Italian, and other languages. The price of Testaments is more than three times what it was. The price of postage is double.

We have been enabled, thank God, in some little measure to carry out our Lord's command: "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature. All the world needs the Word of God. Any gifts may be sent to Dr. Heyman Wreford.

The Diary of a Soul

By the Editor

The Insolence of Man

TO me the most awful thing in connection with the sin of man is the death of God's Son. There is not any sin so inconceivably terrible as that. The Son of God has been in this world. Where is He now? Why is He not here? Do you ever think of it? Do you remember the words, "They will reverence My Son"? Think of the surpassing love of God in sending His Son into this world. Think of His having a body like yours and mine, but without sin. Think of His blessed feet treading this earth, and His voice being heard here, and His face seen! "They will reverence My Son." Did they? Born in a stable, brought up in a carpenter's home, His dwelling place the lonely desert, or the silent mountain side; "nowhere to lay His head": all the avenues of the heart of man closed against Him, and all the flood-gates of human hate opened upon Him, the bitter word, the laugh of unbelief, the mocking taunt, the blasphemous reproach— all for Him. "They will reverence My Son." Did they? Let Gethsemane's dark shadows answer; let Calvary's awful gloom declare. "My soul is exceeding sorrowful even unto death." The sin and unbelief of a world were the sorrows of the Son of God. The shroud that wound around Him in the dark night of suffering was woven with the dark threads of man's iniquity. That awful grief which brought the blood sweat upon His brow, and wrung the awful cry from His heart, "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?" was the result of the uncalculating wickedness of a world of sinners.

"They will reverence My Son." Did they? They placed their arms about Him, but it was not the embrace of love; they gazed upon Him, but not with affection's glance; they spoke to Him, but not in love's sweet words; they followed Him, but not because they loved Him. No, "they hated Him without a cause," they sat down to watch Him die; they shouted in their hate, Away with Him!" "Crucify Him." The Light shone, and they put it out. The Word spoke, and they silenced it. The Truth was manifested, and they would not receive it. The Life was here in God-like beauty and they gathered in their thousands to watch Him die.

Thus was shown the insolence of the world against the Son of God, who came down from heaven to be the Son of Man, the Saviour of the world. And is there less insolence in the world against Christ?

Nay, more, our blessed Lord is "the song of the drunkards" today. Reproach broke His heart when He was on earth, and He has to bear still the reproach of ungodly and wicked men. As one has justly said, "Higher Criticism is destroying faith throughout the land. It is rapidly closing our pulpits to the pure Evangel of Jesus. It is, destroying spiritual life and power in our Churches. It is driving our young people out to a devil's wilderness, in which any voice of God at all is doubted and contemned. It is writing 'Ichabod' over the fact of the earth."

The Holy Scriptures, beloved of our blessed Lord, are being torn to pieces by these devil's advocates, who, under the guise of religion, are seeking to undermine all the foundations of faith. They little know what willing tools of Satan they have become: To destroy faith is to destroy mankind. To set aside, and to falsify the Word of God, is to loosen all the barriers of civilization, so that the world may be flooded with a roaring torrent of unbelief and sin, to help men and women to

do that which is right in their own eyes, and that the fear of God may be swept away from the human race. These false men are well spoken of by Jude. He calls them “ungodly men, turning the grace of our God into lasciviousness, and denying the only Lord God and our Lord Jesus Christ.” Again he calls them “clouds without water, carried about of winds, trees whose fruit withereth, without fruit, twice dead, plucked up by the roots; raging waves of the sea, foaming out their own shame; wandering stars, to whom is reserved the blackness of darkness forever.”

In the same epistle that speaks of the doom of these faith destroyers — insulters of the Christ of God — to be dealt with by and bye when their little day of sin and shame is done — the apostle exhorts the saints of God to “earnestly contend for the faith which was once delivered unto the saints.”

May God keep us true to His faith and Name, and may the Honor of His beloved Son be more to us than life itself. For this we pray in His precious name. Amen.

We thank God that in answer to our appeal for English Testaments our friends have been lovingly helping us to fill our emptying shelves again.

Now we must have Testaments and Tracts for India. We have not one Tamil Gospel or Testament to send to those who are constantly asking for them. Please read our last page and remember as you read that it is for poor sinners without Christ we plead; for men and women who will be lost without Him.

Yours for Christ’s sake,

Heyman Wreford.

The Old Farmer

I read a remarkable incident the other day in the case of an old farmer. He was supposed to be dying, and a Christian was asked to go and see him. The Christian found it very difficult to speak of Christ to him, as he was so occupied with his ailments and the affairs of his farm. When at last he did speak to him about his soul, and of the Lord Jesus Christ, he found him indifferent. He made some caress remark, and talked again about his cows and other things. Several visits were made with the same result. The Christian was civilly received, but there was no taste for Christ. The old man, ill as he was, had no interest in anything beyond this world. The Christian left and six months later he had a message from the old farmer, telling him that he was saved. On calling to see him, he found him looking well and strong, and his face was radiant with happiness.

“The Lord has taken me in hand,” he said, “He has healed my body, and He has saved my soul.”

I asked him to tell me how it happened. I will relate what he then told me, as far as I can remember it, in his own words: ■

“You remember.” he said, “how stupid I used to be when you came to talk to me last autumn. I couldn’t see what you meant, and it all seemed something far above me, that was out of the reach of my mind altogether. I went to bed one night just as stupid as ever, a poor, lost, dark sinner, as I was. Then I dreamed that I awoke — but, strange to say, I found that I was gone! I had no self left. There was the room, but I was not in it. Out of the windows I saw nothing. All was gone! There was only a barren wilderness. The crops were gone; the cows were gone; and, more strange than all that, I was gone, too. Then I thought, what is there left? Is there nothing that is not gone? And it came before my mind as clear as the sun in the sky that there is One who could not be gone, and He seemed to fill heaven and earth — only Himself and no other! It was the Lord Jesus Christ that remained! Yes, I said to myself, ‘I am gone! there is only Christ!’ And then I saw that was just what I needed; for the poor, wretched sinner that was such a trouble to me was not there at all, and the One who was there was perfect, and God was looking at Him ■ not at me, but at Him. Yes, God put me out of sight, and Christ stood in my place before God, and God was satisfied. And my joy was so great I awoke, and I called out aloud, ‘The Lord has shown me that I am gone, and there is Christ instead of me!’

“Now,” he continued, “I see why I didn’t understand you before. All the time you talked to me, I kept thinking, ‘Oh, yes, that’s all very nice, but somehow I must do something myself, I must pray, or repent, or do something or other on my part.’ And now the Lord has shown me that not only He didn’t want my doings, but He didn’t want me. He had put an end to me, and Christ was there instead. What more could He want? Christ stands before God for me, and God is satisfied with Him — perfectly satisfied — and I have nothing to do but own that it is so and thank and praise Him. How simple it all is when you see it! But I might have gone on till now if the Lord had not come to my help. There, now!” he said, correcting himself, “you see I can’t even speak of it right; I said that wrong. He didn’t come to my help at all, for He did it all Himself, and put me clean out of sight, for I was not to have any hand in it. It is a blessed, blessed thing, too, that now I know not

only I am nothing, but I have nothing. I used to think a deal about the farm and say to myself, 'These are my fields, and those are my cows,' and so on. Well, now, when I go about I think to myself, 'If the Lord were to take me this minute there's not one of these things belongs to me; they would all be just nothing to me at all.' But I have Christ, and nothing but Christ! What a thought! He is mine, and He is mine forever."

It was indeed wonderful to hear these words from the lips of a man who had, by power of mind learned nothing; but now, by the teaching of the Holy Ghost, he knew the glorious truth we are so slow to learn (and perhaps the most intelligent are the slowest in learning it) that "I am gone, and Christ is there instead." From this time, a year and a half ago, Christ indeed seemed to him to "fill heaven and earth."

And so it was to the rest of his life here. And when he was dying, he said "Nothing but happiness; just think what it is to be going to Him! Any moment now I may go, and be with Him forever. There's only one thing about it I mind, and that is that I can't speak loud enough to tell them all what the Lord is, as I should like; but I can praise Him myself, and soon shall praise Him much better. I've no pain, and nothing but joy."

Christ's Deity

The New Theology and Unitarianism are one in denying that Jesus is God. Some years ago I was passing through a Yorkshire mill village. My friend pointed out to me a Unitarian chapel, and told a striking incident in connection with it. One Saturday morning the Minister was sitting in the study preparing his sermon for the following morning. He had chosen the first chapter of John's gospel for his subject. He read: "In the beginning was the Word and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. The same was in the beginning with God. All things were made by Him."

Lower down in the chapter he read:

"And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us.. John bare witness of Him" (vss. 14-15).

As he studied the chapter he saw, for the first time in his life, that Jesus was God. As the light began to break in upon his soul he was entranced. Hour after hour he sat. The subject fairly overmastered him. He was absolutely revolutionized. In short he was converted. He had found out that Jesus was God, and that He became man in order to become his Saviour by making atonement on the Cross.

How to face his audience the next morning he knew not. In the end he determined to fly from the place. All his thoughts had to be readjusted, and how could he preach that Jesus was a mere man, a good man, but nothing more, when the glorious light of His deity had revolutionized him? He remained away for some months, until thoroughly established and confirmed, he returned to testify to the grace of God. Would that many more might have a similar experience as to their thoughts.

If a careful study of John 1 does not convince the earnest enquirer after truth that Jesus is God, then he must not be able to grasp the plainest presentation of truth, for the truth of the deity of Jesus lies on the surface. ■ Extracted.

"The entrance of Thy words giveth Light."

Death and the Soul

In a beautiful house, surrounded with grounds, and furnished with every luxury, lived a young lady called Alice. She was an only child, idolized by her parents, and engaged to be married. Life seemed filled with brightness for her. Every wish was gratified, and the fond parents would have given their all to increase her happiness. But, in spite of all this human love and care, a visitor entered that stately mansion, a visitor that made his presence known. Alice's beautiful cheek grew flushed, and the constant cough proclaimed that the seeds of consumption had been sown in her frame. The eyes of affection beheld these signs of illness. The family physician was sent for. He came, and after a careful examination he had to tell the broken-hearted parents that she must die. It seemed so hard to her to have to die. But Alice gradually sank. One day, as she lay on her luxurious couch, looking out on the beautiful world around her, she thought of all she would have to leave—the comfortable home, the love of her parents, and the love of the one to whom she had pledged her troth. It was sad, sad, to have to leave all and to go — where? She could not tell.

She sent for the priest. He came. All the family stood with him around the bed. He produced his missal, and all knelt while he intoned the service for the sick. Then he received her confession and pronounced absolution. After this he administered the sacrament, then placed his hands on her and blessed her, calling her a dutiful child of the Church. He left perfectly satisfied with her condition, and what he had done for her, assuring her that all was well. He had gone through the ritual of his Church on her behalf, and there was nothing more to be done.

Was Alice satisfied? No; she had submitted to all, she had joined in the responses; but she felt the blank within, she felt she was a lost sinner, and she knew that none of these things could save her soul. She wanted rest and peace.

Her father, mother, and her betrothed were standing around her as she lay. She glanced from one to the other with eager eyes, and then she spoke.

“Father, I am going to die. Where am I going?”

There was no answer.

“Mother, darling, can you tell me what I am to do to get to heaven?”

The only answer is a flood of tears.

“William, you who were to be the guide of my life, can you tell me anything of the future?”

There is no response.

“I'm lost! lost!” she exclaimed. “Am I not, father? Is there anyone who can tell me what I must do to be saved? “

The father spoke at last.

“You have always been a good child. You have regularly attended church, and, helped in the services, and the minister has performed the rites of the Church, and he says he is satisfied with your condition.”

“My father, I feel it is not enough. It gives no rest to my soul. It is hollow — it is not real. Oh, I am going to die, and I don’t know where I am going. Oh, the blackness of the darkness! Can anyone teach me what I can do to be saved?”

Everyone was in despair. It was indeed a sorrowful scene. Death had come into the house. Eternity seemed near at hand. None could give answer to that troubled soul; none can help her in her agony on account of sin.

There was a little girl in the house who waited on Alice. She was accustomed to attend a meeting held in a barn in the village. She said to her young mistress at last, “There is a preacher in the village who proclaims salvation through faith in the Lord Jesus Christ.”

“Oh, that I could see him!” exclaimed Alice.

The preacher was invited to the house. He entered the room where the dying girl lay. The family assembled together. Alice raised herself in bed, and said to the man of God, “Can you tell me what I must do to obtain rest for my soul, and die at peace with God?”

“I fear I cannot.”

Alice fell back. “Alas!” she said, “is there no hope for me?”

“Stay,” he continued, “though I cannot tell you what you can do to be saved, I can tell you what has been done for you.”

And he told her the blessed story of redeeming love: how Christ has died that she might live — had borne her sins on the cross, and was risen from among the dead to whisper peace to her soul, that she might be saved there and then, by faith in the risen Jesus.

“And have I nothing to do?”

“Nothing but to believe. No doing, working, praying, or abstaining can give relief to the conscience burdened with sin, or rest to the troubled heart. It is not a work done in you by yourself, but a work done for you by Another. Jesus has said, ‘It is finished.’ By faith in Him you are pardoned; it is impossible for a sinner to do aught to save himself. Doing is not God’s way of salvation, but ceasing from doing, and believing what, God in Christ, has already done for you.”

“I do believe that Jesus died on the cross for sinners; but how am I to know that God has accepted me?”

“Jesus, the God-man, has ascended into heaven. He has presented His blood before God, and has been accepted for us; and when you believe, you are accepted in Him.”

Alice heard those glorious words, she received their truth into her heart. Her face lit up with joy. Looking upwards, she exclaimed, “Oh, what love! What grace!” and a few days afterward she passed into the presence of Christ.

I have told you this at length to show you how the risen Jesus saves, and how the sinner finds the Saviour. Are you resting on the everlasting word of the Lord Jesus? Heaven is open for the sinner, and Christ is there. Oh! now rest, Forever rest, upon His finished work.

It is the Life That Tells

It is wonderful what letting your light shine does to help others to begin to shine. “Let your light so shine before men that they may glorify your Father in heaven” — not you, not you, mind, but glory to God. I once heard a dear wounded soldier say, “I am always smiling, because I am always thinking of the love of God”; and God says, “Whoso offereth praise glorifieth Me” (Psa. 73), therefore, praise God more, for your little blessings as well as great ones. Let your light shine.

“M.M.” tells of a young servant who always “lived Christ,” although she talked little. She died, dear young thing, and after her death the matron said four of the women patients were so broken down by her death that they accepted Christ through her testimony during her life. Another, I knew well — it was my own sister, when she was at Port Arthur, in Tasmania, by her words and “living Christ,” was blessed in leading another young lady to know and love the Lord. This dear girl wrote of her, “I do not wish to miss a minute of her society.” There is something else I would say: if you are “living Christ” or letting your light shine, it is through His grace, and, as Fullerton said in his address, it is not by striving only, but by clinging to Jesus, holding Him fast, as Jacob did, saying: “I will not let Thee go unless Thou bless me.”

Emily P. Leakey.

Lost in the Jungle and Found

It was a great privilege to meet a dear ex-soldier at my nephew's house, and to learn from his own lips the story of his conversion, and I am sending it to the doctor, praying that some heart may be reached and melted.

Our friend was quite young when sent to India, and for nearly ten years lived a sinful life, without hope and without God in the world. And then God spoke to him, on his downward career, lying very ill in a hospital at Meerut, all hope given up of his recovery. One night, in his weakness, he thought he heard a voice saying to him, "Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord, though your sins be as scarlet they shall be as white as snow," and his heart was troubled, and he promised God that if He would restore him to health and strength he would be a different man. From that moment the change came, to the doctor's surprise, and he completely recovered. There was certainly a difference in his outward life, but he had not yet given his heart to tilt Lord, and known that wondrous change, "Born again."

Returning to the barrack room, he had not the courage to confess or strength to stand against the many temptations of Army life, and soon drifted, in a measure, back to the old ways.

HOW impossible to change our lives by our own efforts! God's power alone, by His Holy Spirit, can effect that mighty change — "a new creature" in Christ Jesus.

Some weeks later our friend was sent up into the hills, and walking through a dense jungle, he saw some very beautiful peacocks, and, without a thought of the danger, took a rifle and followed the birds some distance. Finding the chase hopeless, he tried to retrace his steps, only to realize he was lost in the jungle. In great distress, he tried several directions, but only seemed to get deeper into the forest. Darkness was coming on the jungle was teeming with wild beasts and reptiles of all kinds, and the young soldier did not expect to see another day dawn, and gave himself up for lost. It was then God spoke again to his heart, and, instead of making promises to God, he fell upon his knees, and acknowledged that he was a sinner, and yielded himself unreservedly to the Lord.

In that moment he was "born again," and he rose from his knees, a new man in Christ Jesus, passed from death unto life. And now that voice he seemed again to hear, telling him to "go forward." With new courage he pressed on, coming to a narrow beaten track, which he followed. It was now very dark, and at times he had to go on his hands and knees to find the track. The path led upwards, and reaching the top of the hill, to his great relief he saw a light in the valley. On reaching the spot, to his great surprise, he found it led to the village, to which he had been marching, reaching it nearly an hour before the other men of his company, who could hardly believe it was he, as they thought he must have been torn to pieces by the wild beasts of the jungle. With what joy he told his comrades of his double deliverance.

I can only add that all this happened many years ago, and our friend has been used much in the slums of London in our Lord's service, and has today no greater joy than telling sinners of the One who saved and keeps him.

A. A. L.

We Must Have Testaments and Tracts for India

Our March circular has told you of our very great need of Tamil and Telegu Gospels and Testaments. At the time of writing this we have not a single Tamil Testament or Gospel on our shelves.

Our Stock of Tamil Portions Exhausted

South India.

My dear Sir, — Your favorable letter safely to hand. My sincere thanks for the same. I am grateful to you for kindly sending parcels to my friends. They both carry on good work for the Lord. I am glad to tell you our colporteur, too, has distributed a good number of Bibles and Portions.... Since writing to you last we have been on an evangelistic tour and had a profitable time. Our stock of Tamil Portions is exhausted, and we have to say “No” to many people. I wonder if you know of the unrest in India? The Moplah outbreak in the South is alarming. Do pray much for India, please.... With Christian regards, I remain, yours in His service,

A.D.P.

“A Paradise of Opportunity”

Cocanada, India.

Dear Brother in Christ, ■I heartily thank you for your kindness in sending us some copies of New Testaments, Travelers' Guides and other booklets, which we have been using in our work with great pleasure. Ours is the only mission, as far as we know that attempts any direct evangelization among the Indian princes, and the whole field is a paradise of opportunity and a land of pregnant promise and loudly calls for any kind of co-operation of the children of God, here or abroad. We are thankful to our Heavenly Father for raising you in England to lend us a helping hand, thus uniting together with us against the causes which have been keeping away the nobility of India from becoming followers of the King of kings. We find the Travelers' Guide and your tract, "Why do I believe in Christ?" to be very useful, and: 5hould like to get any number of copies of them whenever you can spare. We request the help of your prayers. ■Yours sincerely in Him,

J.C.

A Letter from a Tamil Pastor

Ahdingar, S. India.

My dear Sir, ■I thank you most heartily for your kind parcel of tracts and New Testaments. Oh! how good of you to undertake this noble work. Surely the Lord will reward you. I distributed several Testaments to our comrades. You will be glad to know one Sepoy (Indian soldier) definitely decided for Christ through the Lord's Word. He is far away in our district, twenty-five miles from here. Praise the Lord. Several are seeking for the truth. I gave to several educated officers and students in English. They appreciated them very much, and promised to read daily. I wonder whether you can supply me with Tamil New Testaments? The demand is great. If you could supply me with some, and Bibles, also, I will distribute them for the glory of God. I ask will you kindly do this for me? ■Yours in Him, S.D.

India is longing for the Word of God. Please enable us to send to them in their own language.

Letters from Other Parts

From Dublin

Dear Dr. Wreford, ■ Warm thanks for the four parcels so kindly sent along ■ all literature is being eagerly devoured here just now, and there is certainly a movement among the dry bones. Several have told of taking their stand for Christ among their comrades, and one feels we may hope for a time of rich blessing in the near future. ■ A. E.S.

Four Letters

Four lovers of the Lord Jesus, and lovers of souls sent his cheques for four thousand English Testaments in answer to our December appeal. We can but say "Thank God."

"I wish it was £100"

A dear friend write's: ■

Dear Brother, ■ Much pleasure in sending you a mite (10/-) for Testament distribution. I wish it was £100. I praise God for all your good work.

Giving at Eighty-six

An old eighty-six-year old age pensioner has sent a note for 10/- to Dr. Heyman Wreford for Testaments. "May God bless their souls. O God! O God! save England! Amen."

An old Christian friend writes: ■

Dear Dr. Wreford I just pen a few lines to enclose with check £5 to be used in His service. I am pleased to say that in many houses the monthly "Message from God" is gladly received, and I had the joy the other day of hearing of the conversion of a lady in B ■ through reading one that I had given to a commercial traveler, and he had passed it on. I know it will cheer you "in your work for God."

A.M.B.

A Mother's Last Gift

Dear Dr. Wreford ■ You will be surprised to hear of the "home call" of my dear mother. Some of her last words were to send you the one pound for your work, and I trust that I shall be able to continue it. Please remember me in prayer.

A Mission Worker writes: ■

Dear Dr. Wreford, We do indeed thank you most heartily for your splendid parcel of Testaments and books received today.... May the Lord verily bless and abundantly reward you. We can always absolutely rely on your books and tracts being of a thorough gospel character and they speak with no uncertain sound.... God bless you, Dr. Wreford. It must be a very great joy to you to know the

thousands of souls that are being influenced for good, and the many who are led' of the Spirit to accept Christ as their Saviour through the sending of the parcels again thanking you, and we assure you of our prayers.

D.C.

Demon Possession in India

A friend from South India sent me a letter a few days ago asking for copies of the booklet, "What is there after Death?" with the true record, at the end, of one possessed of the devil. He also enclosed a letter from a Christian, friend of his in India, the Principal of a High School, in which he says, "'What is there after death?' took up three evenings at family prayers, with the school boarders and God spoke very much. I have ordered copies, and (D.V) trust to send one to each parent."

This gentleman wrote to me for some of the booklets. We have sent a good many, and we trust that God may use them much as there are many cases of demon-possession in Southern India.

When we have the Tamil Testaments our friends are going to provide us with, we shall send at once to the many workers in that mysterious and Christ-needing land.

The Diary of a Soul

By the Editor

The Awful Peril of the Young

“THE most helpless thing in the whole world is a newborn child. And yet the mother’s arms enfold the casket that contains an immortal soul. We enter the gates of earthly life with a cry upon our lips, eloquent of our sinful birth, and of a need in our lives that meets us upon the very threshold of existence. The sanctuary of a mother’s love is our dwelling-place as the months pass on, and our earliest impressions are of a loving presence about us, that gives us all we need, with tireless patience and ceaseless affection. What do we owe, under God, to our mothers? Can we ever forget the morning smile, and the evening blessing, the sense of home that was ours when we saw our mother’s face? ‘Where is mother?’ is the child’s question every hour of every day. A thousand needs to be met by only one; tears to be wiped away by a mother’s hand; questions from the inquiring mind of things on earth and things in heaven to be answered by mother only. And when pain and weariness are ours, and the brow is hot, what hand is there like hers to cool the fever then!

“Thank God for our mothers; for when our feet are on the desert sands of the hard and stern realities of life, when a thousand demands are made upon our tired minds and bodies as the responsibilities of our being press upon us, how blessed it is to recall as we look back through the years, the oasis of home, where mother lived, and the gentle presence comes to us again, although we have watched her go to heaven, and we are children in the home once more, and mother’s hymns and prayers are sounding in our ears and to our tired hearts the music of those early days is almost like a psalm of heaven.”

These words are from one of my Victoria Hall addresses, and I felt that to remind our hearts of what many of us owe to our mothers would make us feel more deeply perhaps for the boys and girls of today. One part of our work for God has been to supply to many of the Council Schools, Testaments for the boys and girls who attend them. A great number of Sunday School teachers have also been supplied with Testaments for their classes, especially among the very poor in the industrial centers of England. We have sent also to High Schools, Grammar Schools, Colleges, etc., at home and abroad, at the request of the Principals, Vice-Principals and teachers. During the last three years we have sent more than 150,000 Testaments to children through various sources. We have been glad of this service that we bring before you now, as it has brought us in contact with godly teachers and with fathers and mothers who have told us how thankful they were to us for giving their children Testaments, and in many cases this has led to the conversion of the parents.

Have you not heard the cry of the children rising to God from drunken homes, from Communist Sunday Schools and schools of infidelity?

Communist Sunday Schools

Miss Margaret Milne Farquharson, speaking recently at a meeting held for the purpose of directing public attention to the danger of Communist Sunday Schools, of which there are reported to be two hundred in the country, said that two Sundays ago one of the League's workers went into an extreme proletarian school. About eighty children were present. There was a "comrade" in the chair. The room was hung with portraits of Lenin and Trotsky and revolutionary catchwords. The teacher was a German Jew, and he said he had been often lately in Germany, and had a passport. In Germany he was put in touch with officials from Russia, who gave him instructions for the movement. He was a clever and attractive man, and the children liked him. He gave them a lesson on starvation and unemployment, rousing as much bitterness of feeling as he could. When reference was made to revolution the children cheered, and when religion was mentioned they scoffed and jeered at the word. Major Boyd-Carpenter, M.P., declared that the first article of the Red Catechism was that there was no God; the second, that their greatest opponent was their employer; and the third, that their greatest enemy was the man who had got something they had not got. — Daily Telegraph.

Devil's Work Among the Young

We are told that there are countless people in our midst who are today teaching children to deny God, and to mock at prayer. The aim of teachers in the Socialist, Communist and Proletarian Sunday Schools is to produce, not young, strong Christians, but biased political workers. Since the war these schools have increased in number alarmingly. There are now forty in London, and two hundred in other parts of the country, with a total membership of twenty thousand.

What we Want to do

In the face of these awful facts, we want to help the boys and girls of England and abroad all we can. We are prepared to enter into correspondence with any heads of schools (especially the poorest) about supplying their scholars with Testaments. We are prepared also to hear from Sunday School teachers about the need of their classes.

We are also willing to send to any boy or girl, who, through the medium of a parent, or a teacher, or a Christian friend, applies to us for a Testament.

We know our friends will help us in this work, one of the most important of all works for God today. At the end of this number of "Message" I am printing a few letters, but in a Circular we hope to issue, especially for the children's work, we shall print very many letters telling our friends a little of what we have been able to do.

We shall be glad to supply any of our friends with our special Children's. Circular if they will kindly send for them. We will send copies for distribution if desired.

The Last Word

Help us then, dear friends, by prayer and loving sympathy to continue the important work God has given us to do for the children. They need Christ. The devil is trying to get the present generation into his own hands; we must win them for Christ.

Yours for Christ's sake,

Heyman Wreford.

In our other spheres of work God is giving us much blessing. We are sending many copies of the Word of God to India.

Badelet, the Goatherd Boy

Near to the town of Fontainebleau, in France, a Christian gentleman built, some years ago, a place for the preaching of God's gospel, and for the instruction of the young. Among-the first who came to Sunday School there was a young goat-herd whose name was Badelet. He was very ignorant when first he came, but listening to the story of God's love he became much interested. As he left one Sunday afternoon he quietly said to the lady teacher, "I would so much like to have a New Testament, madame; while I tend the cows, and goats I should be so happy to read the Testament as I lie on the grass." A Testament was given him; and when Badelet returned the following week he could say, "Jesus is mine." He had read the Book, believed God's word, and was saved. The next time that he came to the school he asked for a hymn book, that he might sing God's praise. The following week he brought a companion, and he was also saved. Before many weeks the old avenues of the forest of Fontainebleau rang with the songs of a circle of goatherd boys who had believed the gospel. Many a happy day they spent there together, reading the Book that had given them light, and soon they told its wondrous story to others, whose hearts were also made glad by the joyful tidings. Reader, have you thus been made glad?

“Yes, Mother, Dear!”

After an outdoor evangelistic meeting in New York a young man went up to the speaker and said: “I was one of the worst boys in New York. One day a boy who kept himself clean, and who had a good home, invited me to go with him to his home. While I was there his mother asked him to do something, and he answered: ‘Yes, mother, dear.’ His reply struck me hard, for I had never spoken to my mother in that way. I went home, and when my mother spoke to me I said: ‘Yes, mother, dear.’ All the members of the family laughed at me, for nothing like that had ever been heard in our home before. But I made up my mind that I would go on speaking to my mother in that way. From that time my entire life began to improve.” And thus one boy’s kindness to his mother is still bringing forth fruit in the life of a man.

A Reprieve on the Scaffold

A desperate race against time, with a man's life as the stake, was won by a few seconds in Georgia recently. In a prison at Reidsville, an out-of-the-way corner of that State, was a man named Jacob Leggett, who had been convicted of murder, and whose execution was fixed for May 13th. On the morning of May 12th, the Governor received a communication which satisfied him that the execution ought not to take place. He therefore signed a reprieve, and sent it to the prisoner's lawyer, asking him to deliver it to the sheriff. The lawyer, realizing that he had not a minute to spare, set out immediately. The first twenty miles of his journey was through the swamps and lowlands of Liberty County, and the remaining twenty miles in Tattnall County lay through dense pine woods — a bad prospect for an all-night ride. On the swiftest horse to be had the lawyer rode at a furious speed, but the country was bad and there were many delays. He was still some miles from his destination when the sun rose, and the lawyer began to despair.

He urged his tired horse to a final effort, and at last dashed into the crowd assembled to witness the execution. The noose was around the man's neck, his arms were pinioned, and the sheriff, ax in hand, had gone below to cut the rope. The lawyer gave a loud shout, and waved the reprieve. The sheriff dropped his ax and read the official order. When the, condemned man heard the news he seemed paralyzed for a moment, unable to realize that his life was given to him. Then, the noose being removed from his neck, he dropped on his knees, and, with tears, poured out his thanks to God.

He did not hear the news with indifference or incredulity, as men do who, in danger of an infinitely worse fate, listen to the message of pardon and eternal life which ministers of the gospel deliver to them (Rom. 5:18).

You Can Never Rub It Out

One pleasant afternoon a lady was sitting with her little son, a light-haired boy, five years of age. The mother was sick, and the child had left his play to stay with her, and was amusing himself with printing his name with a pencil on paper. Suddenly his busy fingers stopped. He had made a mistake, and wetting his finger he tried again and again to rub out the mark, as he had been accustomed to do on his slate.

“My son,” said his mother, “do you know that God writes down all you do in a book? He writes every naughty word, every disobedient act, every time you indulge in a temper, and shake your shoulders, or pout your lips; and, my boy, you can never rub it out.”

The little boy's face grew very red, and in a moment tears ran down his cheeks. His mother looked earnestly on him, but she said nothing more. At length he came softly to her side and threw his arms round her neck, and whispered, “Can the blood of Jesus rub it out?” This little boy had been well taught; Christ's blood alone can blot out our sins, for it is written in God's Holy Word, “The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin.”

But our young friends may ask, how does blood cleanse from all sin? The answer is very simple: blood means death, and judgment, the penalty God has put on sin is death; but Christ died instead of us; He shed his life-blood on the cross for sinners, and the moment by faith we see ourselves linked with Christ, crucified with Him there, that moment we see that our sins were judged, and put away forever, so that we are now “freed,” or justified, or cleansed from all of sin's guilt, and stain, and judgment. Seeing that it thus takes death and judgment to blot out sin, how we should hate sin, and turn from it, and see what a terrible matter even one sin is.

A Card and What Came of It

During the United States war of 1860-4, a chaplain of the Union army used to leave tracts and cards on the different beds in the hospital wards. A man who had sufficiently recovered from a wound to allow of his going out with his arm in a sling, coming in one day, found a card laid upon his bed.

“Who left that thing here?” was his surly question. “The chaplain,” answered a nurse. “I won’t have it here,” said the man, seizing the card.

As he was about to throw it from him, his eye caught the words, “We’re traveling home to heaven above! Will you go?”

“No, I won’t!” was his angry answer, as, in great wrath, he kicked the bit of card from him.

The occupants of the ward looked with surprise to see him, a moment later, deliberately pick up the card and read it carefully through. “We’re traveling home to heaven above! Will you go?” he read again and again. In fancy he saw his Green Mountain home, the country church where his now aged mother loved to worship; back turned the wheels of time, and he was a boy again singing with the father, dead, and the brothers, scattered, this same old hymn. In vain he tried to put the thought away. God had touched him. Taking a pencil he traced all around the margin of the card, “By the help of God, I’ll try!”

That night he went into the soldiers’ prayer-meeting, and there told of his fight with the card; again he said, “By the help of God. I’ll try!” A little later he went into battle — his last fight. When the conflict was over, as the bodies lying dead upon the field were searched for tokens to be sent to home friends, a packet was found on this man addressed to the home in Vermont; and the old mother, as with trembling hands she opened it, took out, with beating heart, the little black Testament which she had given her boy when he left her for the scene of war; then what joy was hers when she found the little, much-worn card, “We’re traveling home to heaven above! Will you go?” with its margin bearing the words, “By the help of God, I’ll try!” It was a voice of peace from the dead.

This is all You and I have to do, dear reader, in finding Christ. He is waiting to give us, His hand.

“How to Forget”

In the year 1884 I wrote about my darling little friend Patty, whom I wrote about for the “Friendly Visitor,” such a dear who had been led by God to lead her grandfather to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ as his Saviour and his God. When I first saw her she was resting her head on the curbstone and crying as if her heart would break. I said, “What is the matter?” and she thrust into my hand a little picture and said, “Why did ‘ey do it?” saying granddad says I helped to put the great nails in. “No, no, I begged ‘em not to, and. I’ve picked myself to feel what Jesus felt” (true). “I thank God He has filled you with love to Him.” “Es, I do love Him, and so does granddad and daddy and mammy. Will ‘ou come up and see granddad? “We went, and her mother said, “It is only a year ago that he saw himself a sinner, and Christ a willing Saviour from sin, but he was always saying bad words and swearing, and used to say ‘I am always running the nails into . His dear hands afresh when I use those dreadful words’; but the Lord used Patty to help him. He was reading the fourteenth of John to her one morning, and at the twenty-sixth verse, ‘Bring to remembrance,’ he said, ‘Patty, darling, you will remember Jesus?’ ‘Yes, but won’t you pray that you may forget? ‘What!’ said he, ‘forget Jesus? My child, no, never!’ ‘No,’ said Patty, ‘forget Jesus, I s’ould sink not, but pray to forget those naughty words you’s always so sorry ‘bout afterward.’ Granddad said, ‘Scales fell from my eyes,’ so he at once knocked down for his daughter and said, ‘Never mind the shop, but let us all kneel down together and pray. Let us ask God to make me forget all my bad words.’ It is now three weeks ago, and I have never heard a bad word pass his lips since, nor has he had evil thoughts.” He says that God made little Patty the instrument of curing him, truly as it says in Isaiah, “A little child shall lead them.” Emily P. Leakey.

“Jesus Died for You”

God is working in these last days. We were glad to hear of a wonderful time of blessing from our young relatives in Canada, working amongst the Indians, specially as it has been for missionaries very disheartening work for years. The Kitkatla Indians have had a great time of blessing in their own village, and wanted to pass it on, and came in four launches of about fifty people all together. Our friends write: — “They arrived at night; we could not see them, but we heard them a long way off, and they were playing and singing Jesus died for you.’ The young men were very enthusiastic, and are very keen to win the whole village over. While they were here there were meetings every day. Don’t forget us in your prayers.”

I received a post card: ■

“We have just been realizing a precious time of blessing in our midst, and about forty of our people have made the decision for Christ. What little Testaments at hand we have distributed, but we have not nearly enough, and these people seem very anxious to have them, for they are so useful to carry in the pocket. Could you send us two or three dozen more soon as you are able? We do not forget to remember you all daily before the throne of grace.”

With what pleasure I sent off the precious Testaments supplied to me by the beloved doctor. Is there one who, reading these extracts, is a stranger to the grace of God? Will you not listen to those precious words, sung by the Indians, “Jesus died for you,” and come to the One who alone can save you (Heb. 7:25)? A. A. L.

John 3:16

“God”— the greatest Lover.

“so loved” — the greatest degree.

“the world” — the greatest company.

“that He gave” — the greatest act.

“His only begotten Son” — the greatest gift.

“that whosoever” — the greatest opportunity.

“believeth” — the greatest simplicity.

“in Him” — the greatest attraction.

“should not perish” — the greatest promise.

“but” — the greatest difference.

“have” — the greatest certainty.

“everlasting life” — the greatest possession.

.

Friends' Witness.

The Sweetest Name

Some time ago the editor of a daily paper in America offered a prize to anyone who would send him the sweetest name in the English language. Within a few days he received some hundreds of answers. A beggar had selected the word "gold." A young man, full of ambition, with fair prospects opening before him, had chosen the word "glory." A sailor who had just returned from a voyage suggested the word "home." A fourth proposed "mother," and the jury hesitated some time over this, wondering if it could be surpassed. At length, however, they came upon a piece of paper with the word "Jesus" written on it, and at once they unanimously decided to award the prize to the person who had sent in this answer.

Reader, do you agree with their decision?

Children Asking for Testaments

The dear children, loved and blessed by Jesus when on earth, loved by us today for His dear sake. What are we doing for them? We are thankful for what we have been enabled to do. God help us to do more. It is the devil's aim today to get the children; it must be our aim to win them for Christ. I am going to print some children's letters now, and may they speak to you one and all, so that you may help us to send them God's Holy Word.

Reading the Testament

Sheffield.

Dear Sir, — Just a few lines thanking you very much for the New Testament I received Tuesday morning. I am delighted with it. My mother read the 23rd chapter of Acts to us out of the Testament you sent. I shall read it each day, and I shall think of one of God's men who is trying to bring lost sheep to the fold. May God bless you always. I am, yours sincerely, S. P,

A Little Sister in Heaven

From Tipton:

Dear Sir, — Will you kindly send me one of your Testaments to teach me the way to heaven? I have a little sister already there, and I should so like to meet her again. — Yours truly, J. T.

Three Letters from May

From East Kirkby. First letter: ■

Dear Sir, — I am sending this little note thanking you for the Testament I received this morning. I have already read a few chapters. I am trying to give my heart to the Lord, and am praying for His strength and help. I know I have been a great sinner. I should, love you to help me to get nearer to Him. Would you please write back to me? — May W.

Second letter: —

My dear Friend, — I received your very welcome letter, which I am sure did me much good to read it. I read a verse or so of my Testament each day. You asked me in your letter, "Won't you come to Jesus?" Yes, I wilt. I believe He died for me, and that He paid the, penalty for all my sins when He suffered on Calvary. I thank you very much for helping me to find my Saviour. Will you please write to me again? — May W.

Third letter: ■ My dear Friend, — How pleased I was to receive your letter and the "Travelers' Guides."... I am feeling happier now because my dearest friend believes too, our dear Saviour died to save us. She says she would like a Testament, so I am sending for three — one for her and two more of my friends. You always find a journey easier when you have someone to travel with you. We are praying for God's help and guidance. I shall always look forward to hearing from you.... We

are praying to God asking Him to help you in your good work. — Your little friend, May W.

Trying to be a Better Girl

E. Sanatorium.

Dear Sir, ■ I am sending you this little letter to thank you for the Testament you sent me. And I am trying to be a better girl and love my Saviour who died for me on Calvary. I am reading it every day, and it has helped me many times when all seemed lonely. I will now conclude. — From Kitty P.

Wants Help to Heaven

Dear Sir, — I have received my Testament 'and have read some verses from it, and am sending this little note thanking you very, much for it, and if you can help me to heaven, please do. Dear Sir, I have an old aged aunt, and she is wishing for one of your Testaments very much. She is always reading mine, and I should be very glad if you would send her one. — Yours truly, E. W.

A Boy God has Been Good to

From Bradley.

Dear Sir, — I am very sorry to say that I have been very ill, and, could not Write, but now I feel well just to write a few lines to you. Dr. Wreford, I think God has been very good to me twice. I read my little Testament. My uncle's boy was ever so glad when the little Testament arrived at the door. One of my friends asked me if you will kindly-send him one of those. Testaments, for he has been wanting one a long time. His address is as follows. With best wishes. — Your friend, Arthur.

Letters from Parents

We have many of these letters. I can only put one or two here; more are in the Circular, where I trust you will read them.

A Father's Request

Dear Doctor, ■ I thank you very much for the little Testament and "A Message from God" which you have sent to my little son, Jim. Dear Sir, I have two other children, Emma and Abraham, who promise you that they will read them through if you can oblige them. Thanking you once again for your great kindness. — I remain, yours truly, J. W. (father)

A Mother's Request

From Dudley.

Dear Sir, — We received the Testament safely, for which we send you many thanks. My little girl is delighted with it, and to myself it has-brought back many memories, for my birthplace is Exeter, and I have-often attended your services at the Victoria Hall; but it is now thirty years ago. Would it be asking too much of you to please forward another Testament for a little niece of mine here. She has seen the one you sent, and asked me to write to you. I have enclosed stamp as before. — I remain yours faithfully.

W. P.

Mother's Request for Sick Child

Sheffield.

Dear Sir, ■ I am writing to thank you for the nice Testament you sent to my little girl at King Edward Hospital, Rivelin. I have also, another child at home ill, and as she begged me to ask for one for her I am doing so, hoping I am not imposing on your good nature. My girls are twelve and thirteen years old, and I think they will take a great pleasure in reading their Testaments. — Yours sincerely, (Mrs.) L. P.

Request for Three Testaments

Dear Sir, — Please do pardon my liberty in asking if my little boy and girl might be the proud possessors of one of your valuable little Testaments, also a dear little girl I know. Their addresses are as follows. I think your gift to the children is a very good idea, and may be the means of many a mother reading it also. That it is a help towards bringing our children nearer to God as they go along in this world I am sure. I shall teach my children to keep them as a treasure. — Yours faithfully, M. H.

For All Her Sons

Sheffield.

Dear Sir, — My little boy received the Testament this morning, which, pleased him very much, I told him to take care of it and read it. I hope it will be a good guide and help to him. I have two more sons-that would like one. I told them I would ask you, as I don't know whether you have a limited supply or not.... Thanking you very much. — (Mrs.) E.

Ten Years In Bed

From Wolverhampton.

Dear Sir, — My little boy received your Testament safe this morning, and is so pleased with it. I can assure you he will treasure it very much, and I should be so pleased if you would send my brother one who is in hospital, and has laid on one bed for ten long years, and still lives in great hopes that the Lord will restore him to health and strength some day. Thanking you very much for your great kindness. — Yours, truly, (Mrs.) P. B.

Workers' Letters

A worker from Birmingham writes —

Dear Dr. Wreford, — I should be very grateful if again you send me-a parcel of Testaments. I have between fifty and sixty names down of boys and girls. I wish (and I know you do, too) to pass on the Word of God. As I have before stated, this is a very dark neighborhood — reeks with drink, and many of these dear children are almost utterly neglected. And it is only by knowing the Lord Jesus Christ that they can be lifted out. Thanking you for all past favors. — Yours in His happy service, J. A. L.

God Loves the Children

Birmingham.

Dear Dr. Wreford, — I should be glad if again you would kindly send me a parcel of Testaments. I have now over one hundred names of children down. Those who have them tell others, not only at Sunday schools, but the day schools, with the consequence that from three-board schools they come to give me their names, and I know that neither you nor I wish one to be disappointed, so what you could spare I should be glad of. May God bless you each continually, and may we more and more desire to abound in the work of the Lord.

Extract from a later letter.

It is a wise way to get God's Word, proclaiming His way and the only way of salvation through Christ Jesus, into the homes of the parents... As I have before written, it is a very rough neighborhood, and many of these dear children are sadly neglected, but God loves and thinks of them. May it please Him to bless them, and speak through them to their parents and others. Kindly accept my grateful thanks for your loving kindness in sending these precious books, and may the-great and blessed God very, very richly bless you all. ■Yours in His happy service,

J. L.

A Sunday School Teacher

Manchester.

Dear Sir, — I thank you ever so much for your kind and encouraging letter which I received over a week ago. I have got practically all the forms filled up for the New Testaments you sent me, twenty-four altogether, and as I have had applications for twenty more, I am wondering if you will be so kind as to send me twenty forms. It would be a joy if these children were converted to God through these Testaments. How happy it would make those interested in them. I have often wondered how you thought of the children. — Yours in His service, H. W.

From A Young Teacher

Dudley.

Dear Dr. Wreford, — I take this opportunity of offering you the best thanks of my boys for sending them the Testaments. I am only a young teacher, but I firmly believe it depends on the Sunday schools a.5 to what England is to be in the future. Every temptation seems to be placed in the path of the young, and Christ undoubtedly blesses our efforts to keep these children in the right path. I earnestly pray He will bless you for the great work you are doing to help along His cause — Yours sincerely, H. B.

A Heart Appeal for the Young

I have hundreds of letters from children and their parents, from workers among them and others. All these letters speak of the necessity of work among the young today. Not tomorrow, today. I am willing to send thousands of Testaments to accredited friends for the children. I can count on the loving sympathy of those who love the Lord and love the children for His sake, who loved the children so.

Oh! Christ of the little children,

Shepherd of lambs like these!

The balm of Thy love shines o'er them

Like light on summer trees.

And the voice of the dear Christ speaking

Over their troubled sea,

Still tells of a heavenly greeting■

“Let the little ones come unto Me.”

H. W.

The Diary of a Soul

By the Editor

A Question for Today

“Who among us shall dwell with the devouring fire? Who among us shall dwell with everlasting burnings?” (Isa. 33:14).

NO prophet lips ever framed a more solemn question than this. It is a question for all mankind. When next your family gather around you, look from one to the other — the devoted wife, the loved and loving children — and say, “Who among us shall dwell with the devouring fire?” When my beloved father was dying, his wife and four sons, and four daughters, and three sons-in-law were around his bed. He looked at each one in turn, and as he looked, his lips moved, and he said, “Forever, altogether! Forever, altogether!” He thought of the future, the eternal future; he thought of those he was leaving, and his yearning prayer for all was that heaven should be their home forever.

An infidel said to a half-witted man, “There’s no God, no hell, that’s the religion for me.” The reply was, “You’ll know there’s a God when you are dead.” A few days after the infidel died, and the cry of the half-witted man was, “He knows there’s a God now he’s dead.”

Reader, you know there is something after death. It is that something that makes you nervous. What is it? You ask the question sometimes, “Where shall I be when I am dead? What shall I see?” Yes in a moment you may be gone the lamp of your life may be blown out by the breath of death; the last sand may be running in the hour glass of your life; your heart strings may snap beneath the grasp of death, and all the music of your life be stilled in a moment; all the flowers of hope and love and desire may wither, fade and die in an instant; the weights may run down in the clock of earthly life. Then when the light has faded from your eyes, and the bloom has left your cheeks, when desire has ceased, and the “silver cord is loosed, and the golden bowl is broken, and the pitcher is broken at the fountain, and the wheel broken at the cistern,” where will your spirit go? Remember hell was not prepared for sinners; it was prepared for those who fell without a tempter. If you go there it will be in the face of all God’s invitations and promises. You will pass the cross on your way to hell, and the outstretched arms of Christ and the gate of mercy. God says, “Flee from the wrath to come,” and “because there is wrath, beware lest He take thee away with His stroke.”

In this number of Message I shall give instances of the certainty of hell and God’s dealings with people who mock and laugh at His judgments.

“Tell Them Both Sides”

An old Christian dying, resting on a sure foundation, said to a visitor: “You are going to preach tonight to the unsaved. Tell them Christ is able and willing to save them now, but if they are not willing to be saved by Him and reject Him, they will have to make their bed in hell.” He then pointed to a large peat fire burning in the room. “What an awful thing it would be to be forced to lie down in that fire for a few minutes, but think of Christless souls making their bed in the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone Forever and ever. Ah! tell them both sides.”

May God bless you, my dear reader, and may you take Christ as your Saviour, and so escape the coming judgment. You must know both sides.

Yours for Christ's sake,

Heyman Wreford.

We are very greatly encouraged by the sympathetic letters we have received about our work. We have received and sent away many Tamil Testaments, but we are wanting thousands more. Our work among the children is very dear to us indeed. There is a wide field of service among the young.

On! On! To Glory or Judgment — Which?

As sure as the sun rises in the east and hastens to go down in the west, so surely is a man traveling on to eternity. Eternity, with open arms, stands ready to receive each and all. No one can stay his onward march to eternity. As well might he try, with his puny efforts, to stop the daily motion of the earth as to arrest his onward march to eternity. On, on, man goes!

Eternity is the grand or awful goal that each and all must inevitably reach. No giant power, good or bad, can arrest the march of the great human family towards eternity. Millions have entered eternity, millions are entering, and millions more will yet enter. Like a gigantic river, sweeping on to the mighty ocean, so is the human family as it presses on to eternity; only with this difference — as the members of the human family enter eternity they are respectively divided, the saved entering into eternal bliss, the unsaved passing into eternal woe.

In the light of Holy Scripture, “and the Scripture cannot be broken,” man is traveling on to the one side or the other — to the woe side or the glory side. We cannot resist the conclusion; it is irresistible. God’s Word declares the solemn fact, we have to bow at His feet and say, “Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?” Most assuredly. No Pastor Russell or Christian Science or Seventh Day Adventist can make it different, whether in allotting to the believer in the Lord Jesus a place with His glorified Son in glory or in consigning the unrepentant, self-willed sinner to outer darkness for eternity. God will act in perfect justice, and the wide universe will vindicate Him in all His ways.

I now invite you to the bedside of the dying, both saved and unsaved. Listen to their last words. First, those of the Christians, the believers in the Lord Jesus Christ, their own personal Saviour: —

“The chariot has come, and I am ready to step in.” ■ Jordan Antle.

“Eternity rolls up before me like a sea of glory.” ■ Margaret Prior.

“How bright the room! How full of angels.” ■ Martha McCrackin.

“Oh, how beautiful the opening heavens around me shine.” ■ Philip Heck.

“The next time I sing will be when Jesus folds me in His arms.” ■ Shoebblack Jim.

“I wish I had the power of writing; I would describe how pleasant it is to die.” ■ Dr. Gullen.

“The sun is setting; mine is rising. I go from this bed to a crown. Farewell.” ■ S. B. Bangs.

“Can this be death? Why, it is better than living! Tell them I die happy in Jesus.” ■ John Arthur Lyth.

“I am in perfect peace, resting-alone on the blood of Christ. I find this amply sufficient to enter the presence of God with.” ■ Trotter.

“Oh, that I could tell you what I possess! I am full of rapture. The Lord doth shine with such power upon my soul. He is come! He is come!” ■Mrs. Mary Frances.

Now let us listen to the unsaved; the sinners without a Saviour:” All my possessions for a moment of time.” ■Queen Elizabeth.

“I am suffering the pangs of the damned.” ■Talleyrand Perigord.

“Give me more laudanum that I may not think of eternity.” — Mirabeau.

“The devil is ready to seduce us, and I have been seduced.” — Crowell.

“I am abandoned by God and man! I shall go to hell! Oh, Christ. Oh, Jesus Christ!”— Voltaire.

“What blood, what murders, what evil counsels have I followed! I am lost; I see it well.” — Charles IX., King of France.

“I would give worlds, if I had them, if the ‘Age of Reason’ had never been published. Oh, Lord, help me! Christ, help me! Stay with me; it is hell to be left alone.” — Tom Paine.

“Oh, that I was to lie a thousand years upon the fire that never is quenched (see Mark 9:45) to purchase the favor of God, and be reunited to Him again! But it is a fruitless wish. Millions of millions of years will bring me no nearer to the end of my torment than one poor hour. Oh, eternity, eternity! Oh, the insufferable pangs of hell!” — Sir Francis Newport.

Now, beloved reader, let us individualize the matter and bring the consideration home to ourselves; let us each ask himself, “How does it fare with me? How have I taken the situation for myself?” To eternity we are hastening. If at home or across the sea, we cannot boast of having another day. Where, beloved friend, are you going? Tard eternity we are speeding, but on which side of that great gulf will you spend eternity?

Unsaved sinner, flee, without delay, to the Lord Jesus Christ, and be saved. He is able and willing to save you. He says, “Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out” (John 6:37). By all that is dear, precious, and true, I beech you to hasten to Christ at once. There is not a moment to spare; already the mandate may have gone forth from the lips of the Eternal. “This night thy soul shall be required of thee.” How would you meet Him? To which side of the gulf would He consign you? Think, as you are impelled on with lightning speed, beloved friend, think — “Where will you spend eternity?” Where, soul immortal, will you spend the undying, never-ending ages of eternity? Will it be on the heaven side or on the judgment side of that fixed, immovable, impassable, unfathomable gulf?

A Father's Eternal Mistake

Not long since I was asked by a thoughtful young lady, "Mrs. ■, did you ever entertain any doubts on the subject of future punishment?" Unwilling to acknowledge that I had, the answer came slowly, "Yes." Then came another question: "What dispelled those doubts?" And in reply I narrated the following: ■

It was during the cholera epidemic that, one morning, while in my room busily preparing to leave the city, and escape the danger of infection, I heard a voice from the portico beneath my window — a sweet voice, but new to me — asking for some little favor from my mother. On looking out I saw a young lady, some seventeen years of age, quite fresh and lovely. She was walking upon the grass while waiting for an answer, and noticing some young fruit trees not far distant, she passed on, picked up some of the unripe fruit which had fallen, and was eating it, when my mother made her appearance. How well I remember the startling tones of my mother's voice as she begged her not to eat that fruit. With a gleeful laugh, the young lady said: "Why, Mrs. ■, I was never sick a day in my life!" She then said that, although her little brother was ill, and her help was needed at home, she was very anxious to go to a party that night; and as she had heard of my mother's great kindness to the sick, perhaps she would watch by the little brother during the night. My dear mother was shocked of course, but after trying to dissuade the young person from attending a party at such a mournful time, she consented to stay with the little fellow.

The young lady, Julia Pearse, was the daughter of a universalist preacher, who; with his family, occupied a house not very far from ours. Before leaving for the party, Julia came to our door for something which was needed for the little boy; and as I handed it to her I noticed that her beautiful hair was arranged in thick Grecian braids.

The little brother died that night, and sometime in the morning of the next day a messenger came hurriedly asking for someone to go at once, for Miss Julia was seriously ill. Mrs. Pearse, the mother, was alone; no nurse could be procured. My mother rose immediately (for she was on the bed resting), went over and found the young lady in the extremity of intense pain. While the most active measures were taken for her relief, suddenly all pain was gone; but it was that cessation which sometimes precedes death, and yet not comprehended by mother or daughter. Freed thus from pain, Julia sobbed out to my mother: "O Mrs. ■, my kind friend, you have saved my life. I was not ready to die. How I shall always love you as long as I live!"

Mrs. Pearse was then gently led from the room that she might know the worst. Her horror was inexpressible. She exclaimed, "You must not tell my child. I wish that she could know that she is dying, but her father would never forgive me. I must not allow it!" Then my mother kneeled beside the dying girl and prayed for the Saviour's presence at that dread hour, and that she might have strength to direct the parting spirit to its God.

Just then the father came in, and his daughter cried out: "O papa! papa! I'm dying, and there is a hell! I know it. Oh! how could you tell me there was none! And I'm going to it! I cannot be saved!"

It's too late! O Mrs. ■ pray for me every moment. Dear papa! Why did you teach me there was no hell?"

As she ceased speaking for a moment, my mother said: "My dear child, cannot you cast yourself upon the Saviour, your loving Saviour, who has died for you, and is here ready to receive you to Himself?" "Oh, no," she moaned in the most pitiful accents, "I cannot now. I have driven the Holy Spirit away again and again."

Her universalist father assured her that he knew that it would be well with her; that Christ had died for her, and that she must be saved. In faint, but shrieking tones, she said: "O papa, there is a hell! And for me! Too late! Too late!" And her voice was silent Forever. Silent forever? No! For that voice still utters its cry, and speaks in warning accents to all who hold the fearful doctrine of Universalists and Unitarians, that there is no hell. If we may believe that those who die in the Lord sometimes behold, even before "their latest breath has rent the veil in twain," something of the glory of that high world which lies beyond our own, what glimpses of the land of deep despair may riot come to those who have closed their hearts against a Saviour's love, or have rested upon delusive hopes which yield them no support in the hour of death!

Make No Provision

Is it not perfectly right to make provision for life or death? Yes; but as the apostle Paul wrote to the Roman converts, “Make no provision for the flesh,” that is, the old nature, we who know, and believe in, and love the Lord have two natures — the carnal nature (the flesh), that still remains in the “born again,” and the new nature, which is the Spirit and is life. If you do not feed you die, so we are told not to feed the old nature, that is, self, but through God’s grace see that the new is fed that it may grow upward and onward and glorify God. By God’s grace helping us, to put self in the background, and “Not I, but Christ,” as our motto, thus the flesh will lose its food and thereby its vitality and strength. But do let us read the whole verse of Romans 13:4, and see the vital importance of the first portion. “Put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ.” Why, if we really have put on the Lord Jesus as our robe, our covering, we shall indeed have His power to resist the flesh and self, to mortify the deeds of the body, and have His power to please and glorify Him. Do let us, dear friends, “put on the Lord,” as He bids us, and every day and hour seek to glorify Him by striving to win souls for His glory.

Emily P. Leakey

The Outcastes

How this word speaks to our hearts — the untold misery of such a position. My friend in India, a pastor, writes of them: “Poor benighted souls, what would their fate be without the gospel of Christ? Praise the Lord that something is done for them... I received four parcels from the doctor last month. I have already sent two or three parcels of literature to my friends in India, and the colporteur has started a long journey with a good stock of tracts and books.”

What a wonderful experience it must be to visit with another devoted servant of Christ a tribe who for the first time heard the glorious news of a Saviour’s love. My friend writes: — “They live in the jungle and are well-to-do, but, sad to say, serve the prince of the power of the air. It was the first time they had heard the gospel, and how deeply they thought about it. One old woman wept when I told her the sufferings of Christ.”

Dear Miss Leakey and Dr. Wreford told us of the remarkable work going on among the fifty or sixty millions of the “Outcastes of India,” who are now coming by thousands to Jesus Christ, and they both ask for earnest prayer on their behalf, and those devoted workers who, like my friend, have left all their people to carry the glad news to those “without hope and without God in the world.” “Pray without ceasing.”

A. A. L.

A Very Little Prayer

A little fellow, about four years old, had climbed, as little boys and girls often do, upon a pile of wood in a farmyard. He did not think when he was climbing up how he was to get back. One of his companions said to him, "Mind, Bertie, you may fall." He then looked down and got frightened; and what do you think he did? He looked up and folded his little hands and said, "God, help this boy."

Instead of falling he gained courage after he had said his little prayer, and got down in safety.

Bertie's father and mother are Christians, and they have taught their children to love God, and to trust in Him at all times, and knowing He gave His only begotten Son to die for them, they will love to look to Him not only in trouble and sorrow and danger, and by His Word put beautiful thoughts in their hearts about heaven, and rejoice that they are going there, and to tell others the way to get there.

The Pardoned Convict

In the reign of Louis XIV. a German prince, whilst travelling in France, visited the famous arsenal of Toulon. The Governor, on showing him through the convict hulks or “galleys,” as a compliment to his rank, gave him permission to liberate any single prisoner that he chose. In order to arrive at a right decision, the Prince conversed with some of the convicts and asked the reason of their imprisonment. To his surprise, one after another declared his innocence, asserting that he was the victim of malice, slander, and false accusation. According to their showing there had been a glaring miscarriage of justice on the part of the authorities in imprisoning such a company of virtuous and well-behaved persons. After the Prince had talked with a good many of the “innocents,” he discovered one who believed that he was very far from being perfect. On being asked why he was there, he replied as follows: — “I have no reason to complain. I have been a very wicked, desperate wretch. I deserve to be broken alive on the wheel, and I account it a great mercy that I am here.” The Prince, on hearing his confession, said to him in a tone of irony which the authorities understood: “You wicked wretch, it is a pity that you should be placed amongst so many honest men. By your own confession you are bad enough to corrupt them all, but you shall not stay with them another day.” Then, turning to the officer he said: “This is the man I wish liberated.”

The prisoner whom the Prince desired to be pardoned accepted the judges’ sentence as just and righteous, and condemned himself. The others justified themselves and condemned the judges. According to their own testimony they were innocent persons unrighteously convicted. It is one of God’s principles to bestow forgiveness upon those who acknowledge their guilt and condemn those who justify themselves and despise God’s provision for their need.

Has the reader accepted God’s testimony regarding himself? Have you acknowledged before Him that you richly deserve sin’s penalty? “The wages of sin is death.”

A. M.

Letter From Demerara

Dear Dr. Wreford, — Again I thank you for your welcome letter and gift of Testaments. May the Lord bless you abundantly for same. You cannot tell what encouragement it is in this land to receive your letters, and the “Messages from God.” I was handing some out the other evening at the Young Men’s Bible Class, and a brother remarked that it was quite refreshing to read “Messages from God

A short time ago the H.M.S.■ was in this port, and through the influence of a warrant officer, who is a believer in Christ, we got permission to hold a gospel service on board, after which I distributed several Testaments among the men.

Yours sincerely in Christ,

J. Glover.

Mr. Glover wants slides for his lantern for his work among the children. If any friends will send me some for him I will gladly forward them or send his address if it is desired to send them direct.

“He Mocked as He Went”

On a bright summer's evening, some few years since, a small group of people stood listening to a man who was preaching of Christ. Earnestly he entreated them to seize the present opportunity, and come to the blessed Saviour at once, that they might have the joy of hearing from His own lips those precious words, “Thy sins are forgiven.”

For a brief moment there seemed to be a deep impression made on the bystanders; it was but for a moment, for a mocking laugh was heard, as two young lads pushed through the crowd and faced the preacher. The enemy of souls was at work to hinder blessing. As each sentence fell from the lips of the speaker, the lads sought to turn it to ridicule, and still their mocking laughter rang above the words of grace and love. Deeply pained, the preacher paused for a moment, and addressed them pointedly as to their folly, showing that it was against God and His word that they were sinning. He concluded with the words: “You are young, but not too young to die. You are in health, but God can change that in a moment, and say to thee, ‘This night thy soul shall be required of thee.’ Turn, then, and confess your sin, and seek His mercy now. He stands ready to bless and forgive.”

One lad seemed to be touched, and called on his companion to come away and cease his mocking; the other turned away, untouched, for still he mocked as he went. Little did he know the fate that was before him. Little did he think how near his soul was to the awful eternity which lies before the Christless one! The next evening, about the same time, a little group of men wended their way past the spot where the preacher had stood, bearing in their midst the dead body of a lad. It was the body of him who mocked as he went. Alas! how soon was the mocking tongue silenced!

Dear reader, it is a reality that each of us has to do with God for himself, or herself. We may mock and despise, yet we must have to do with Him. We may thrust the thought from us, and shut our ears to His word, still the fact remains, that for all these things God shall bring thee into judgment. We may assent to the truth of His word, acknowledge the necessity of being prepared to meet God, and quietly postpone the whole thing to a future day, yet there stands in His Word the solemn question which I press on you now:—

“How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation?”

Beloved fellow sinner, there is no escape for despisers, rejecters, or neglecters of salvation. May this true incident he used of God to arrest your attention, and may His love draw you to Himself by the precious Saviour, is my earnest prayer.

Let me ask in the words of the hymn:

“Oh, how can you live without Jesus, my friend,

That Saviour, so tender and true;

Whose love knows no measure, no change, and no end,

And who offers it freely to you?"

And yet for entreaty and warning add:

"He is all that you need: He entreats you to come:

Come at once — He invites you "today";

Tomorrow may seal your eternity's doom;

At your peril you dare to delay."

Letters About Our Work

We are printing letters about India mostly, showing the interest aroused among the people of God for that wonderful land. Pray God that every Gospel we send in Tamil, and every Testament in English may be blessed by God.

From Ireland

Co. Antrim.

Dear Dr. Wreford, — Enclosed please find check value £5 to buy Tamil Testaments for the poor outcastes of India. May the Lord truly bless His own precious Word to these poor people. May He strengthen, guide and bless you, too, dear brother, in all your work for Him. —

Yours in our Lord Jesus Christ, H. J. L.

“May God Bless Your Work”

Hackney.

Dear Sir, ■ Will you please accept £1 for Bibles in the Indian language. We are simply longing for the Word of God to be sent to the people who are made ready to receive them; for when God opens the door who shall shut it, for He will accomplish that whereunto He sends it? Mav God bless your work everywhere is the prayer of a fellow worker in Christ. — E. V.

Work in Ireland

Curragh Camp.

Dr. Heyman Wreford, — Dear Sir, — I now acknowledge with many thanks the 27 parcels you have sent at regular dates.... I do assure you each parcel is much appreciated and looked forward to, and would he greatly missed.... it is quite a common thing now to be asked for the little books. “I like them,” says a lad, “they have made me think.” When going on guard these books are taken with them daily during the hours of waiting about in the guard room. Men, too, have been well supplied with Testaments. You keep me going just right. May God our Father bless them and save precious souls and send you the needed funds to keep the supply up. — Yours very gratefully in the Master’s service, H. W. (A.S.R.).

30/- For India

Bradford.

Dear Sir,— I have been very much impressed by your appeal in the Testament and Tract Fund. I am sure it did me good to read it to know that the great need in India and other heathen countries is felt, and that work is being done. I. send you a 30/- P.O. with this letter, and may the Lord’s will soon be accomplished in the preaching of the gospel to every creature... I remember you in prayer to the Lord every night. Now unto Him that hath loved us and washed us from sin, be power and

glory forever. Amen. — Yours in Him,

W. L.

For the Dear Indians

Spalding.

Dear Dr. Wreford, — Have just read your appeal for India. Please accept enclosed 10/- for the dear Indians. Wish I could send more, but He knows. May God abundantly bless your efforts, and above all may many precious souls be saved and God glorified through the preaching of the gospel of Christ is my daily prayer. How sad England is so indifferent to the gospel while the dear heathen perish without hearing the gospel. God have mercy upon England also. May many more go out to preach Christ to the dear heathen. Again, God bless you, dear brother. — Yours in Him, C.S.

“The Lord Bless You”

London.

Dear Dr. Wreford, — In reply to your appeal for India in “Message” please accept enclosed £1. The Lord bless and prosper you in this work. ■ Yours sincerely, A. W.

For the Tamil Testaments

Worthing.

Dear Dr. Wreford, — Thank you very much for sending the “Message” so faithfully month after month. It is greatly valued. I am just enclosing a mite for your beloved work (for the Tamil Testaments please). What a great need for the Word of Life in India. I pray with others that need may he net and we are encouraged to know God will bless His own Word... With kind Christian greetings, yours in Him,

M. P.

For India

London.

Dear Dr. Wreford, — I have read your appeal for India. May God bless the enclosed Treasury Note (20/-) is the prayer of, yours in Christ, H.D.

P.S. — The Lord is your shepherd, you will not want.

For Your Earnest Service

Colchester.

Dear Sir, — I have pleasure in enclosing a P.O. for 10/- towards your very earnest service to our blessed Lord and Master in distributing so largely His precious Word of Life — especially abroad to those poor people who have not been so highly favored as those in this country. May the Lord still graciously continue to bless you and your labors.. Yours sincerely in the Lord, J. B.

For India

Gedling.

Dear Dr. Wreford, — Will you please accept a 10/Treasury Note for your work in India? The Lord has greatly blessed me lately, so I give Him back His own, praying He may continue to bless you in the future as in the past. — Yours in Christ, H. B.

For India

South sea.

Dear Sir, — I have enclosed a P.O. for 5/- towards Testaments for India or any other urgent need that you may choose. My prayers follow this small amount in the sure and certain hope that God will provide. — Yours very sincerely, G. S.

A Parting Word to my Readers

We are much encouraged at the response to our appeal for India. Now we want to send to the children also all over the world. God has laid this upon our hearts. We can send Parcels for 5/- Tamil, or English anywhere at home or abroad. For £5 we can send 20 parcels.

All gifts for this special work may be sent to

Dr. Heyman Wreford,

The Firs, Denmark Road, Exeter.

The Diary of a Soul

By the Editor

When is Christ Coming?

AH! WHEN? I can tell you this, my reader, that He may come even as you are reading these words, and either take you to heaven in a moment or leave you here awhile to face the awful judgments of the world and to spend eternity in hell. It is His own promise that He will come again. In John 14:3 He says, "I will come again and receive you unto Myself; that where I am there ye may be also." The last promise in the Bible (Rev. 20:20) is connected with His second coming: "Surely I come quickly." The last prayer in the Bible is connected with His second coming: "Even so, come, Lord Jesus" (Rev. 22:20). Do you pray that prayer? Do I?

A Christian was asked to have a conversation with a lady, who was anxious to hear about the second coming of Christ. He sat by her side and said to her, "Well, you want to hear about the Lord's second coming. What do you know about His first coming? Did He suffer for your sins then? Are you ready to meet Him as you sit here?!" "I never thought of that," she replied. "I am not ready to meet Him." "Then if the Lord did not suffer for your sins at His first coming, His second coming would be the most terrible thing that could happen to you." She sat and listened, as he told her of the Lord's first coming to put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself. He showed her from Scripture that the believer's sins were all atoned for by Christ when, He was nailed upon the cross and forsaken of God. When she saw what Christ had done for her she believed and was saved.

When the last soul is saved the Lord will come. As soon as ever the Bride of Christ is complete, the Bridegroom will come to fetch her home. And that may be now. The last cry of a sinner's penitence may be heard this moment. Shall it be yours, my unsaved friend?

The Children for Christ

We want thousands of children saved before Christ comes — our own especially. We want the Indian children to know Jesus, and the Russian and the African and all the nations of the earth. We are glad to have our English shelves filled once more. We are hoping for Tamil Testaments, and Russian, and Spanish, and Japanese, and Chinese. Our hopes embrace the universe. God bless you all, dear friends, for the help given. Every 5/- helps us to send a parcel to any part, and for £5 we can send twenty parcels.

Yours for Christ's sake,

Heyman Wreford.

“Trust Me and I Will Bring You Over”

Some nine months ago the Lord laid it upon the hearts of some of His children to hold some gospel meetings at L■, a remote village in Essex, and much, very much blessing has been the result, many souls have been saved, and those who already knew the Lord have been led to know more of Him and His love. Some in this village were no better off than the heathen. Although they had a church and clergyman, they knew nothing about the Lord Jesus, and His way of salvation. One very cheering case came under our notice about four weeks ago. Our brother, Mr. M■ (whom the Lord has been pleased to bless in telling out His message in this place), had been speaking from Revelation 20 of the books being opened and the great white throne being set up. One young man was present whom the Lord most deeply convicted of sin, and who was almost afraid to go home. Mr. M■ pleaded with him to decide for Christ there and then, and it was a hard battle, for Satan was fighting a battle too, and would not let his prey go so easily, but blessed be His Name, Jesus is stronger than Satan and sin, and He gained the victory and gave this dear young man to know his sins were forgiven, and since then he has borne a bright testimony to the saving and keeping power of Jesus.

As soon as the Lord saved him, he wanted to know more of Him through His Word, but he had no Bible of his own. His wife had one, also his father (they have both been brought to the Lord during these meetings) but that wouldn't suffice for him, and so after he had finished his work one night he walked to the nearest town — six miles — to buy one.

Dear friend, you who have the Word of God, may be in every room in your house (and perhaps in your head, too), do you value it enough to walk twelve miles for it? But now let me tell you of another soul whom the Lord has brought to Himself more recently still. I will give it a nearly as possible in her own words.

“I have had conviction of sin for several years past, and strong conviction for the past seven months. I was a sinner, one of the worst of sinners, and I felt myself so in the sight of a pure and holy God; but He has opened my eyes to know Him, praise His Name.

“I had a glorious dream on the 4th of April, 1896, ever to be remembered. I dreamed I was walking out with a friend that I well knew, and we were walking through such a dirty, muddy place, when all in a moment I lost my friend. I was left all alone and standing on the brink of a burning pit, and out of it came fire and smoke, and I could hear shrieks and cries of agonized people, and a very gruff voice said to me, ‘Thou must stop here; there is a great gulf fixed,’ and I felt myself sinking into the pit, when I just had a bird’s-eye view of a bright Being, brighter than the sun on a summer’s day; and oh! such a sweet voice said, ‘Trust me, and I will bring you over in a moment.’ I said,

“Jesus I will trust Thee;

Trust without a doubt,’

and before I could hardly say those words, I was borne over; but that bright Being I never saw any more, but I heard that sweet voice say, 'Thy faith hath saved thee; go in peace.'

"Oh! it was a lovely place; it looked so bright, and I heard such beautiful singing and music, such as was never heard on earth, and I awoke with these words on, my lips:

" 'Believing one, rejoicing go,

There has to you been given,

A glorious foretaste here below

Of endless bliss in heaven.'

And, praise God, He has delivered me from the horrible pit and the miry clay.

"The devil tells me it is 'only a dream, and that is nothing,' but I know that all the devils in hell cannot undo what God has done. My children woke up this morning singing God's praises upstairs, and I was singing them downstairs; and Jesus is going to keep me until the end, and then He has got a beautiful home ready for me. I shall have trouble and sorrows, but they will only be heaven's distant lamps. I must say that Mr. M■ was the instrument in God's hand to my soul, and the barn at L■ was none other than the house of God, and the very gate of heaven to me, and I do trust that this may lead millions to the feet of Jesus, for there we must go before we can know Him, And now, sound it (the gospel message) far and wide, and I will pray for my husband until he gets saved, and others too."

I have given this as near as possible in Mrs. P.'s own words. She is bearing a very bright testimony to the sang power of Jesus, and is telling to all around what a dear Saviour she has found, or rather of the One who has found her.

And now, dear friend, why have we given you these incents out of many of our Lord's gracious dealings? Is it just to while away a few moments of time and then forget all about it? No, a thousand times no!

Are you one of the Lord's own children? Then we plead with you to pray for those dear people who are still unsaved in this dark village, and not only there, but for those who know not our Lord Jesus the wide world over.

But, dear friend, as you read these lines, are you unsaved? Still outside Christ? Then we would intreat you to come to this same Jesus, who is waiting with outstretched arms to receive you, and carry you over; you may have had greater privileges than those whom you have been reading about, but that will avail you nothing in the day of judgment, when the great white throne is set up and the books are opened, if your name is not in God's book of life. But now while it is called today, we would lovingly urge you to come to Him who said, "Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out" (John 6:37). And you shall find He is true to His word.

N. N.

A Missionary's Testimony

"I remember when the truth of the Lord's coming was first brought to me. It did not take a long time to make a very practical effect. I went through my bookshelves and sold and gave away a good many of the books. My wardrobe was not a very extensive one; but when I thought that the Lord might come at any time I soon saw that I could reduce it, and I did so. It has been my duty more than once or twice to leave my dear wife and children alone whilst I have gone out to the field. I cannot tell you what a practical joy it was to me to feel that I might not have to wait until I returned from abroad to meet them again. I thought that the Lord might come even before I got to my destination, and then I knew, that I would meet my loved ones in the air."

The Last Roman Trump

A Christian writes: — Oh Christians, there is surely a warning to us in the Welt-known illustration of the last Roman trump. It is not the trumpet-call to judgment, but to be gone from this scene. It might be at midnight, or in the early morn, or in the midday bustle of life. The first blast of the trumpet sounded. Immediately the Roman camp prepared to march. After a little space, the trumpet sounded again. The cavalry mount, the baggage is all packed ready on each camel, or beast; the remains of the camp are fired; every soldier falls in; then the herald cries thrice, "Are ye ready?" "Are ye ready?" "Are ye ready?" Then the, cheery, ringing reply, "We are ready." Now the last trump sounds, and in one moment the vast camp moves away, yes, even in the twinkling of an eye.

Child's Question, and Its Sequel

A friend of mine told me that his little son was in one of the big shops a short time ago, with his nurse, who was making some purchases, when he went up to an old lady whom he had, of course, never seen in his life before, and, looking up into her face, said, "Do you love Jesus? I do; and I'm going up with mammy and daddy and nurse, and so will you if you love Jesus." Then he went back to his nurse, leaving the lady looking very much surprised. Strange to say, a few days afterward the nurse was traveling in an underground train, when an elderly lady came up to her and said, "Aren't you the nurse who was with a curly-headed little boy in the shop the other day, who asked me if I loved Jesus?" "Yes," answered the nurse. "Well," said the lady, "I couldn't say Yes to the little boy's question then, but I can now; and it is all through him that I can now say I do love Jesus and hope to 'go up' when He comes." — E.G.

The Old Man's Place of Rest

In the waiting room of ■ station, were a young man and an old man. "How old are you?" asked the younger. The venerable old man leaned on the top of his staff as he replied, "I am eighty-two." "Great changes have taken place since you were a boy?" "Oh, yes!"

I said, "Friend, many a one has passed out of time into eternity since then. Your turn must soon come; and how is it with you, should you be called tonight into eternity?"

"It is all right," he replied.

"There are many today that say it is all right, but they have no foundation. What are you resting on, my friend?"

The dear old man raised up his head as he said, "I am just resting on the finished work of Jesus."

A Terrible End: A True Story

Come with me into a room, or to be more correct a “hovel,” and if you do not with me shudder, I shall immediately conclude that if you have a heart it is a heart of stone. We ought to have brought some strong smelling salts with us. The smell is almost enough to kill one. We cannot possibly stand it for more than five minutes at a time. Let us then hurriedly glance around. We can scarcely see; a tallow candle stuck in the neck of a broken gin bottle, and a few red cinders give a very poor light. What’s this in the corner? Eh! what? We dare not touch — the smell is bad enough — but it looks like rags, broken crockery, ashes, waste, etc., etc. — rubbish of almost every description. The white-washed wall is adorned by two colored almanacks and a broken clock. We eventually discover a window, and we at once endeavor to open it, but in vain. Did I call it a “window”? Please forgive me. I mean something which was once a window. True there is still one small pane still unbroken, and the window! (save the mark) is made up of pieces of paper, board and rags. We cannot sit down if we would, for there is no bottom to this chair, and its solitary companion has only three legs. We have taken the opportunity to glance around as the occupant of this so-called “furnished apartment” is asleep. She is a wretched looking woman of about sixty years of age, and looks a complete picture of lost womanhood. She is dangerously ill, and has kept her bed for some time, and oh! think of it, Christian sisters, she has not been undressed for months, and her dress consists of a black, or rather green-black gown, and a man’s ragged waistcoat. The bed upon which she lies — the less said about the better. The bedclothes were simply a dirty, patched counterpane, an old overcoat, and a pair of trousers.

She keeps murmuring in her sleep. Hark! “I’m, damned! oh, I’m damned!” “The soul that sinneth, it shall die.” This is her constant theme. At last she wakes and exclaims: “Oh, God! Where am I? Oh! to think I shall die in such a hovel as this. My God! My God!”

We endeavor to compose her, and ask if we may get anything for her. “Yes, gin; quick! gin, I want gin!” Oh! the horror of being bound to strong drink. This woman was a well-to-do farmers daughter, and married a farmer’s son.

For about five years they prospered, but they both fell into the slime of drink, squandered a small fortune, and were eventually reduced to the circumstances narrated above.

But listen, is not that a knock at the door? Perhaps it’s the doctor for whom we have sent, but no! it is the owner of the house who has come with a week’s notice to quit. “The house,” said he, “has been condemned as uninhabitable.”

Just as the landlord left, the husband — an old man whose appearance may be summed up in one word, wretched — came in, and with tears in his eyes begged for assistance, which was promised on the one condition that they would not touch a drop of intoxicating drink until I gave them permission, which I need scarcely add they never received.

To cut a long story short, two rooms were taken and comfortably furnished, and with some difficulty the poor woman was removed, only, however, to get rapidly worse. She could not

possibly last much longer, and standing by her bedside I felt my awful responsibility. Oh! how I prayed for her, how I implored her to come to Christ, but in vain. In vain I told her the old, old story of Jesus and His love, of the dying thief, of God's great and tender mercy even at the eleventh hour. She simply laughed at me and replied, Ah! ah! I know as well as you do. He that believeth not shall be damned. I'm damned, I'm damned! The soul that sinneth it shall die. It's too late for eternal life. I'm damned, dead, going to hell, and I don't care." And so she died, with curses on her lips.

Dear reader, the above picture is absolutely true. It is rather under than overdrawn. This is fact, not fiction. It is written for a twofold purpose — as a sad and solemn warning to those who are trifling with their own soul's welfare, and also as an incentive to you fellow Christians to do some — thing to alleviate the sufferings of those less fortunate than yourselves.

"Work for the night is coming," but oh! unsaved friend, it is to you in particular I address these few words. I have taken you with me in imagination only; would to God I could take you with me in reality. Oh! if you could have heard those awful words as I hear them even now as I am writing, coming almost from her very grave: "I'm damned, dead, going to hell, and I don't care!" How I tremble for her never-dying soul, but oh! my friend, I tremble also for yours. You, too, are under the same condemnation — damned, dead, going to hell — but, my friend, there is not the slightest reason for you to remain in this awful position, "For when we were yet without strength, in due time Christ died for the ungodly" (Rom. 5:6).

Oh! I implore you, in God's name, for His sake, and for your own soul's sake, do not reject Him. With all the earnestness of one dying, I pray you to beware of drifting into such awful carelessness as the poor woman — "damned, dead, going to hell, and I don't care."

Come, my brother, come, my sister, come now to Him Who died for thee. Just think of all He is and all He has done, and what He is able and willing to do now.

"He is able to save" (Heb. 10:25).

"Able to keep you from falling" (Jude 24).

"Able to present you faultless before the presence of His glory" (Jude 24).

"Believe ye that I am able to do this?" (Matt. 9:28).

Hen and Chickens

Our dear Lord, in Matthew 23:37, spoke of the love of the hen for her chickens which He has planted in their hearts, and which sometimes makes the mother hen die for her children. During a long, dry season in North West America a prairie fire suddenly sprang up and burnt the whole country out, and in some cases the farmers could not escape. A relief party from a distant town came round, and riding past a charred cottage one of the men saw a black hen sitting on the ground. On going up to it he found the hen quite dead, the head and back burnt to a cinder, but the bird sat with its wings spread out. He gave it a kick, when three little chickens ran out. The poor little hen-mother bravely sat still amid the flames, choosing rather to be burnt to death than one of them (her chickens) should perish; and so our gracious Lord was willing to die on the cross that we might look unto Him and be saved. Yes, the one thing necessary and indispensable is to know Him Who died that we might be saved forever.

Look and Be Saved

Yes, said the dear dying girl to me, what a revelation it has been to me since you told me I had nothing to do but to look and be saved. The day before she had been very sad and down-hearted because a clergyman had been to see her and told her she must show her faith by her life. "Don't make it difficult," she said to me; "I am too weak and feeble to do anything." "Yes, my poor dear, you have only to look to look at your Saviour who died for you, instead of you indeed, and you are safe forever." "Weak and dying as I am," she said, "I can look, and so I do, and we shall meet in His presence by and bye." She died that night, but I look forward to meeting her when the Lord comes back again. May the Lord help us, each one, to win souls for Him.

Emily P. Leakey.

“Bring Him unto Me”

A lady who was in great distress on account of a wild and wayward brother went one Sunday morning to her accustomed seat in the house of God. So burdened was she that she felt herself to be in no condition to be profited by the services of the sanctuary. A minister on a visit preached that day, and read the ninth chapter of St. Mark. While he read on with feeling and expression the wonderful words, this Christian woman became deeply interested, and for the time forgot her sorrow. When the nineteenth verse was reached the minister read with emphasis the direction of the Master, “Bring him unto Me.” These last words came with strange power and comfort to the sad and burdened heart. Nothing is remembered by her of the sermon or the remaining services. A message had already come to her from God. The Holy Spirit had sent the words, “Bring him unto Me” home with power to her soul, and she was enabled then and there to cast her burdens on the Lord as never before. In prayer and faith she carried her erring loved one to the compassionate Saviour, who is as accessible and ready to help now as when He walked the earth nearly nineteen centuries ago. The load was lifted, and this trusting child of God, sitting at the feet of Jesus, was assured that in some way or other all would be well. She went away from the place of prayer no longer with bowed head, but with a calm, sweet confidence that God had heard her prayer, and would grant her petition. She had heard ‘the voice of Jesus; she had gone to Him. She had carried her brother to Him. She was permitted to see an answer to her prayer, and had the unspeakable joy of knowing that her brother had confessed Christ as his Redeemer. He has passed away, but she rejoices in the blessed confidence that he is Forever with the Lord. The truth is, we cannot do without Jesus. The man brought his son first to the disciples, and next to the Mighty One. Ah, how prone are the Lord’s people to look to human instrumentalities, to friends, to ministers of the Gospel!

Window and Door

Is the skylight window of Inv soul wide open up to God That I may see His glorious light and breathe His heavenly air? Is the doorway of my heart thrown open towards my fellow man That God may pass right through, and use me, when He will — and where?

L. M. Warner.

“Time Is Short”

Thank God that the Lord is working by His Holy Spirit, bringing many precious souls to Himself, raising up His own witnesses in these closing days. A recent letter from a friend tells of meetings held in a village.

“If ever the Lord was in any place, He was in that mission. Meth and women came to the call of Jesus; converts almost every night. A young man was killed at the pit, and his friend, who was with him, came to the meeting at night and was converted. I thank our Lord Jesus Christ myself because I have been greatly helped. A short time ago I went with a friend, and while they were getting the horse ready to go hack I went up into the marketplace and gave out some tracts and preached the gospel. How wonderfully the Lord helps us when, doing work for Him. ‘Open thy mouth wide, and I will fill it.’ Yes, we can praise the Lord, for He is always near.”

May 1 Corinthians 15:58 speak with power to our hearts, as the days pass so swiftly and the return of our Lord Jesus draws near. “Steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord.” “Till He come.” A. A. L.

The Crime Against the Children

It is increasing in intensity; the nation is alarmed at the menace; how much more should those who know the Lord be, and seek by divine means to stay the progress of this devil's work. In our own city (Exeter) efforts are being made to set up a Proletariat Sunday School, to teach the children there, among other things, a disbelief in Christianity and in the existence of God, to spread opposition to the existing order, and to inculcate sedition and revolution. Petitions are being sent to Parliament about these things; we must besiege heaven with our prayers, not alone for Exeter, but for all the world. God save the dear children, Friends, help us to give every child who sends to us, a Testament. The Word of the living God is the two-edged sword that will destroy the works of darkness.

I am printing a few letters from workers. Pray for our work for the young and help us all you can.

Letters from Workers Among the Children from; Council School

Sheffield.

To Dr. Heyman Wreford. Dear Sir,— Six dozen Testaments received, for which please accept my sincere thanks. Am enclosing filled in forms. The older children are now supplied, which I am sure will benefit them greatly. They seem to prize them very much. Wishing your work every success. I am, yours truly, M.S.H.

A Senior Boys' School

Dear Sir, — Having seen several of your little Testaments I am quite convinced that they are just the thing for school children. In my department I have between 350 and 400 scholars, and as I am not allowed to requisition Bibles, the study of Scripture has been somewhat neglected, as many homes in the neighborhood do not possess a Bible. Could you please supply me with, say, 300, and if so I should be greatly indebted. Enclosed please find envelope for reply. I am, yours faithfully, R.F.J.

A Senior Boys' School—A Second Letter

Dear Sir, — Thanks very much for the Testaments received yesterday. The boys are delighted with them, and I have several more forms filled in. I might say I have passed 17 forms on to a Sunday School teacher whose brother has had a Testament. Will send forms in due course. Again thanking you very, very much. — Yours truly, M.P.

The Conversion of Children

Dear Sir, —Thank you very much indeed for that lovely parcel. I do, feel so grateful. It is a real God-send, and the contents are just exactly what I was wanting. Quite a number of the boys and girls in my father's school here have found the Saviour, and I let some of the girls read the children's papers through first, and they liked them very much. Three have only quite recently come to the Lord Jesus.

I feel sure God will bless them all later in the colleges. They had no sooner arrived than they created a good deal of opposition, and I was told I wasn't to do it. So I trust it is because Satan is afraid of them. We are expecting a French Roman Catholic girl of eighteen here this week, and I sincerely trust some may help her. They are so attractive: looking, and. I do hope she may be persuaded to read them and find the Saviour. I feel sure God is sending her for that, though she doesn't know it. I don't know if it's asking too much to ask prayer, but I am so troubled now about two big boys (about 15 and 12), who can't seem to see the way of salvation. We had a long talk this afternoon, and in the end I had to let them go still in the dark. We break up school tomorrow, and they are going away. It seems so dreadful when one can't point an anxious soul at once and they can't explain what the trouble is. Perhaps God will use one of your hooks to help them. — Thanking you again very much. Yours faithfully,

E.M.G.

A Teacher's Request

Wolverhampton.

Dear Sir, — I thank you for sending me this Testament, and I cannot explain in writing how pleased I am to know what great work you have done and are doing since I wrote you last. I have taken up Sunday School work and, with the help of God, I am endeavoring to try and teach these young boys and girls the love of Jesus Christ. Will you kindly forward me by return of post twenty of these Testaments? I am teaching in a part of this town where the love of God seems something new... Trusting you will help me in this work, and if there is anything else you think would be helpful I shall always be pleased to know, so that I can send out the light of Jesus Christ in this neighborhood. — I am. Yours in the Master's service. J.P.

Drunken Parents

Tinton.

Dear Sir, —One of the boys in my Sunday School class was telling me yesterday that by sending to you I could obtain a New Testament. There is one little boy in my class who said he would like one very much, but as he has drunken parent's he said they would not let him send for one, so I am sending for one for him. I am sure it is very kind of you to distribute them free of charge. ■
W.L.C.

Children Eager for Testaments

Brighton.

Dear Dr. Wreford, — Will you please send me another parcel as usual? Have enclosed P.O. for 5/- towards your noble work for the Master, and may His richest blessing fall on all that you are doing for Him. I am still praising and praying, and using every opportunity of spreading the glorious news, and it is very encouraging to see the children running after me wherever I go asking for your Testaments, which of course I gladly give to them, and tell them to read them every day, and they will grow up to be splendid men and women, and will take them to heaven when they die if they trust Him and try to live what it teaches. — Yours faithfully in His service, H.H.

A Last Word for July

We are much encouraged at the earnest way in which our friends are taking up the cause of the children. These boys and girls are in terrible danger. We want to get into communication with any child who wants a Testament; with any Sunday School teacher who wants Testaments for his or her class. We will correspond with any children anxious about their souls.

For £5 we can send five hundred Testaments to five hundred children post free. For 5/- we can send a parcel to workers among the young, and four parcels for £1.

Any gifts you may be led to send for the children may be addressed to: — Dr. Heyman Wreford, The Firs, Denmark Road, Exeter.

Yours for Christ's sake,

Heyman Wreford.

The Diary of a Soul

By the Editor

The Eclipse of Faith

In the Year 1920 the spiritual world seemed trembling under the thundering shock of the Red onrush that was seeking to break down the frontiers of civilization from pole to pole. Out of the vast hell-pit in Asia had come the Satanic power that overwhelmed Russia, and brought ruin to Germany and Austria, and cast its lurid shadow over Italy, France and England. The whole world seemed to be in eclipse. Slowly the great shadow creeps all over the earth, and today we find the children made a special object of this Satanic menace. Unless a mighty effort is made by every Christian in the world today, the minds of the young will be imbued with all the wickedness of the bottomless pit.

Read the printed orders scattered broadcast today as how to open and conduct a Proletarian School, and if you love the Lord and the children, help us all you can to send every child a copy of the Word of God. Remember? that for £5 we can send five hundred Testaments to five hundred children post free.

Yours for Christ's and the children's sake,

Heyman Wreford.

How to Open and Conduct a Proletarian School

In this review we find the Communists look upon the Deity not as One to assist them, but as One who, like everybody but Communists, is against their cause. This is no doubt nearer the truth than even the Communists themselves suspect. Here are some directions from the official handbook referred to above: — “To teach the children the ideal of Revolution — that should be the primary aim of a Proletarian School. Our songs should be songs breathing the spirit of the Revolution.”

“Such words as patriotism or love of country will die with the political state.”

“A boy and girl should be taught a real live red hot revolutionary speech to take about ten minutes.”

“Then, why should we say it is love or spirit or souls or God that direct men and women in the right way? Such is not the case... There is no soul or spirit as they (the Capitalist Class) conceive it. It does not exist.”

“The Priest teaches us our lesson of humility not for any fear of God in heaven, but that he must carry out the wish of the master here below.”

The basic doctrine of the schools is officially founded on “The Ten Proletarian Maxims,” included among which are the following: ■

Thou shalt not be a patriot, for a patriot is an international blackleg.

Thou shalt teach revolution, for revolution means the abolition of the present political State, the end of Capitalism.

Thou shalt demand on behalf of your class the complete surrender of the Capitalist Class.

Thou shalt wage the class war... the emancipation of the working class from wage slavery must be brought about by themselves.

.. Thou shalt renounce craft unionism and work for the organization of the working class into one vast Industrial Union to take and hold the means of life.

From a children’s officially printed dialogue on these maxims we get the following: ■

Girl. “What do you mean when you say you are class-conscious?”

Boy. “Class-conscious is the recognition of your commodity status in the Bourgeois state.”

Girl. “But we have been told by the Church that we have an immortal soul — that we are not a commodity.”

Boy. “That is so; but the priest and the parson are part of the system, and they tell you that to blind you.”

Girl. "But why do so many people believe in the Christian religion if it is not true?"

Boy. "The Christian religion is part of the class state which so colors its dogma that the people believe it."

Girl. "What about our boss?"

Boy. "He is a Judas Iscariot, a legal robber, a pillar of the Church, everything, that he might deceive your class."

The danger signal lies not only in the number of these Proletarian children's groups — they can now be counted in hundreds — but in the fact that the children are intended to act as missionaries in the home, the playground, and the day school. "There is no real God. There is no true God," acknowledge these children."

Think of it, my readers! Some may say, "Why put such unsavoury things in your magazine?" I do it to show you the kind of enemy you have to fight, and how impossible it will be without the help of God to rescue these dear boys and girls from the hands of the devil. The awful peril to child life today — how many realize it?

"O God in heaven the children suffer," "but in heaven their angels do always behold the face of My Father which is in heaven." Thou wilt look down in pity on these young lives, and help us to rescue them from their awful peril. May we be able to give every child a copy of Thy Holy Word. May more earnestness of purpose mark our Sunday school and children's services. May real conversion be aimed at. This we ask for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen.

Queen Victoria

I remember seeing dear Queen Victoria just before her last days, and I have often thought upon her beautiful promise to a lowly cottager of whom she inquired if she could do anything for her. "I have all I want, thank your Majesty," said the poor woman. "But what can I do for you?" asked the Queen again. "Promise to meet me in heaven, your Majesty." Softly but surely came the reply, "I will do that, in virtue of the blood of the Lord Jesus Christ." Oh, what untold virtue is in the blood of the Son of God. Happy indeed are they who can sing, "Unto Him that loveth us and has washed us from our sins in His own blood, and made us kings and priests unto God and His Father."

Emily P. Leakey.

A Daughter Disowned for Christ's Sake

She was the only daughter of wealthy but worldly parents. Brought up in the lap of luxury, it was her lot to know nothing of the privations which so many endure. Riding out in the carriage one day, her attention was drawn to a plain unpretentious chapel, the singing in which caught her attention. The hymn,

“Jesus, Lover of my soul,

Let me to Thy bosom fly,”

was sung with great fervor. She alighted from her carriage, and there heard the gospel preached with simplicity and power. Her heart was touched. Convinced she was a sinner in the sight of God, and without Christ she would be lost Forever, she sought Him, and believed, and was saved. Frequently she visited this place of worship, to the annoyance of her father and the family. Her soul was fairly enlisted in the service of Christ, and she determined to deny herself, take up her cross and follow Him. Now came the testing-time. Her father insisted on her leaving “this low rabble,” as he called the church members, but her heart was fixed. She had received Christ and could not deny Him, but remembered His words, “Whoso loveth father or mother more than Me is not worthy of Me.” At last her father said, “You must leave these poor, low people and come with us, or you must leave our home. We will disown you.”

This was said in the evening after her return from a delightful meeting. Her father desired her to consider the consequences of her decision. “If you go with us, you shall have houses, lands, silver and gold, and other treasures; but if you will not give up these religious notions, then I will cut your name from the family Bible and disown you as my daughter.” Of course, these stern words of her father drove her to the mercy-seat, where she found grace to help in this her time of need. She kissed her father good-night, expecting that would be the last kiss of affection. Much of that night was spent in prayer for divine direction and strength. Both were given to her. Dressing herself in a pure white dress, she came down the next morning never looking more beautiful; calmness and peace on her brow, with the love of Christ in her heart. Her father inquired what was her decision. She answered, “I am determined to follow Christ and leave all the rest to Him.” With his penknife he determinedly cut out her name from the family Bible and burned it, and told her to be gone from the mansion and never return. She obeyed, and as she walked clown the steps sung in a sweet voice without a tremor:

“Jesus, Lover of my soul,

Let me to Thy bosom fly;

While the raging billows roll,

While the tempest still is high.”

Neighbors and friends heard the song. Many doors were flung open to receive her, but she passed on to a very plain house, and there met with many seeking Jesus. Here she related her struggle and its results. Many were converted. She became a real missionary. And, strange to say, that stern father, in less than a month, sought her prayers and became an earnest Christian.

Thus God made the wrath of man to praise Him and the residue He restrained. Is it not best to follow Christ and leave all consequences with Him? To obey is better than sacrifice. What are all the riches of earth compared with salvation? "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

The Last Sermon Preached by “Sam” Jones

(After preaching this remarkable sermon he started for his next appointment, but died that night on the train. Let every reader of these lines take due warning.)

“He that being often reproveth hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy” (Prov. 29:1).

The bare announcement of this text is enough to bring every one of us to our feet with this question: “Unto whom does God speak in those fearful words? Unto whom does God address Himself in that fearful language?” There are in this audience hundreds of people who ought to remain standing and announce another fact, and that is, “Surely God means me, for I have been often warned, I have often been reproveth and have often heard His Word. Surely He means me.” I announce strictly a fact when I say there have been more sudden deaths in the last twelve months of this world’s history than any year since the evening and the morning of the first day of this world’s life. More men in the last twelve months have suddenly gone into the presence of God than in any twelve months in all the world’s history. You hardly pick up a leading daily newspaper in the United States that there is not from fifty to five thousand persons that have been swept away suddenly and have come into the presence of God. By earthquake, by fire, by tidal waves, by accidents on railroads, by storms at sea, by apoplexy, by paralysis, by heart failure; day by day the register has gone way up; and, mark my words, just as God gives the warning to men so is that proportion of sudden death multiplied in all the earth. More men have hardened their hearts and more men have been swept into the presence of God, and as You hear me tonight I shall recall illustrations of these fearful facts that lie back in my brain and which have been gathered from all parts of the country.

I want to say to you that I have preached to thousands and tens of thousands of people who have been swept suddenly and awfully into the presence of God soon after my voice died out in their ears. I was preaching at the memorable meeting at Nashville, Tenn., some years ago. On the second Tuesday night, Captain Ryan, a man who owned all the steamboats along the river, came forward and asked to be prayed for. Shortly one of the pastors walked up to my side and said: “Mr. Jones, that man, Captain Ryan, is the most wicked man in this city and a very great sinner.” That night Captain Ryan was converted, and he walked up to me after the service and said, “I want you to come to my house and I want you to see my wife and children.” I answered, “I cannot come before a certain date.” He said, “I will come for you on that day.” On the morning of the day, arranged he was at the service, and after the service we got into a buggy and rode up to his splendid home. When we got out of the buggy he introduced me to the mayor of the city and three of the captains of boats which he, himself, owned; also to lawyers and other influential men of Nashville.

Presently Mr. Ryan’s wife walked in and I was introduced to her, and after a few moments of conversation, she said: “Now, gentlemen, dinner is ready.” As we crossed the hall into the large dining room the captain took my arm. “Mr. Jones,” he said, “not one of these four men are

religious, and I want the last one of them brought to Christ.” He put me at the head of the table. The mayor of the city sat directly on my right, and at his side was one of the captains. Immediately on the left side were the other two captains — four great, big, stalwart men. I addressed my conversation right to those four men, pressing Christianity and the question of religion on them with all the force I could, incidentally mentioning the fact that within twelve months there would be sudden deaths among those sitting at the table.

After the meal was over we parted, and not one of the four men were Christians or came to the meetings. I had not been away from Nashville three months until the steamboat captain who sat next to the mayor on my right hand side walked up to his home one day and when his feet struck the front porch of his home he fell with a heavy thud and was dead when his wife and children reached him. Not three months more had passed when the man who sat on my left just as he stepped on to his boat and as the boat started to move off, fell on his face and never spoke another word. Not two months more had passed when Captain Ryan sent me a paper from Nashville in which I noticed that the steamship captain who sat second to my left went suddenly into the presence of God. A few days later I saw where the mayor of the city had been out hunting and when loading his gun the gun went off, putting the whole load of shot into his head. He fell forward and never breathed another breath; and before I had been away from that town twelve months those four stalwart men had all been suddenly called into the presence of God.

“He that being often reprov'd and hardeneth his neck shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy.”

I was preaching at a Tennessee camp meeting a few years ago, and we were having great crowds there. On a certain day a young man who had been in the back of the tent standing up while I was preaching (and I was “saying things” that night) turned on his toot with an oath on his lips and said, “I have had enough of that.” He went out and went towards the railroad station. There was a freight train passing at the time which was going about eight or ten miles an hour. That young man grabbed at the side irons on the side of the train, lost his grip and rolled under the wheels and was in the presence of God almost before I was done speaking.

I was preaching at Gainesville, Miss, some three or four years ago. There were only a few days left in the meeting and I said to the men who were helping: “Let us all get down to work.” Next morning Pastor Brown came up to me and said that he had passed two saloon-keepers on the street that morning as he was coming down and had asked them to close up their saloons and come down and hear Sam Jones. They said, “Does Jones think that we can dose up our business and go down to hear a man like him talk?” I mentioned this incident in the meeting, and said that two saloon-keepers of that town had cursed on the street and said they could not close up their places of business to hear the Word of God. I said, “I have seen doors closed with black crepe tied on the door knob; they had better look out.”

The next morning I left Gainesville one of the saloonkeepers who had said this came down town in the early morning to open his saloon, and just as he unlocked the door and pushed it open he fell in the doorway and lay there dead when the first policeman came around on his beat that morning. Dead before his wife and children could say “Good-bye!” Mr. Brown sent me a marked copy of the paper a few days later which said that the tither saloonkeeper went up to his home and fell on the floor as he was going in and was dead when his wife got to him. There was black crepe on the

doors of those two saloons, and, mark my words, there are men in this town that are cursing the meeting and cursing on the street, who will be suddenly struck down. I am not a prophet nor the son of a prophet, but you will have deaths in this town that will startle it before the last day of this very month. Mark that! God hath said it. There are people in this town that are turning against God and despising His mercy, some of them in the last sixty days of their lives, and every time you turn Your back on God and walk off from His mercy you are refusing the greatest offer that a man can ever have.

“He that being often reproved and hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy.”

Years ago a corps of civil engineers came to a little town in a valley in Pennsylvania and went up into the mountains and examined the dam which controlled the waters of the stream which flowed down into the valley. They came back to the valley and said to the people of the town, “That dam is unsafe. The people in the valley are in constant danger.” The people said to them “You can’t scare us.” That fall the men came back to the valley and examined the dam again and said to the people in the valley: “We warn you people again; you are in danger every hour.” They laughed at them again and said: “Scare us if you can.” The men went up again in the spring and warned the people again, but the people said, “That is a chance. We have been hearing that so many times. Scare us if you can.”

It was not fifteen days later that a boy with his horse on the dead run came down into the valley shouting: “Run for your lives! The dam has gone and the water is coming!” The people only laughed at him; but he did not wait to hear their laughter he went on down the valley still shouting the warning. In a very few minutes the dirty water came, and in less than thirty minutes after the water struck the town, Johnstown was in ruins with more than 3,700 of those who had been in the town in the presence of God. You have been reproved many a time yourself, and frightened many a time yourself, and you sit out there and say, “Scare me if you can”; “Get me by frightening me if you can.” But on God’s judgment day you will run and call for the rocks and mountains to hide from God’s just fire, your little soul. God gets closest to the man who is honest with his own soul and is in need of Christ. God help you to pray about this, “I am not to be frightened into Christianity.”

“He that being often reproved and hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy.”

It is an awful thing to die, anyway, but to die without a moment to pray, without a moment to counsel the wife, without a moment to talk with the children; but to be struck down suddenly.

I don’t know when I shall die or where I may go down, whether in a railroad wreck, in storm at sea, and I might even go down on a wagon or I might drop dead with heart failure; I don’t know how I shall die, but I know I prefer to die easily. I know I deserve to die suddenly. I may be taken with a stroke of paralysis and would have to be carried to the train and from the depot up to the old home where I can live for years, into the room where I have sat and talked hours at night with my wife and children. I would suffer and linger there for days talking to them about the responsibilities that would rest upon them when I was gone, about right living, and, when the last day would come and the last night would come, and the doctor had packed up his stuff and gone; wife and children would stand around my couch and I would bid them live good lives; at the last moment I would turn

to my wife and speak the last words of my heart to her and bid her be faithful to the end; I would kiss them all good night and go home as happy as any school boy ever went home from school; but to die suddenly and without preparation, without a word of counsel to the wife, without a word of comfort to the children, without a moment to utter anything to this world. "Cut him down, why cumbereth he the ground?" God help me to go home easily.

"Suddenly destroyed and that without remedy." How we look to remedies here. Millions of dollars are spent in patent medicines, doctoring and all that sort of a thing, and it shows how men dread death and how they lean upon remedies to heal and remedies to effect the cure; but "without remedy." The saddest hour that I ever saw was after ten weeks of suffering and hard work, when my wife was very sick. That night the doctor came to me and said, "I now break to you the saddest news that ever fell on human ears. Your wife cannot live." I looked at the doctor and said, "Doctor, do you mean it?" He said, "The symptoms now say that remedies are useless." I went into the upper chamber of my home and turned my face toward God and said, "O Lord Jesus Christ, who raised Lazarus from the dead when he had been buried four days, and said, 'Come forth, Lazarus,' and he stepped forth and drew the napkin from his jaws and the grave clothes off him and walked home with his sisters; keep the words that you spoke that day and spare my wife." She lives today, cured by that only remedy of God.

The day will come to you father, mother, man and woman when your doctor will pack up his medicines and go, and when every instrumentality shall leave. Mark my words, and you will turn your eyes toward humans and human instruments, and they will say: "There is no remedy." Then is the time when that man or woman shall turn his eyes from human remedy to God, and God shall sit upon His throne and say, "No remedy." There is no remedy in either human or instrumental power, and there is no remedy in heaven for that poor fellow. "He that being often reprov'd and hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy."

I want every man of you here to settle this question tonight, either surrender your life right here tonight or deliberately make up your mind to run on to ruin.

You are daring God to His face to execute His Word upon you. If you feel that there is more important business than we have here you may go, but I tell you what I want to do. I want to take the hands of you mothers, I want to take the hands of you fathers, I want you to stay and let the other people do what they will. I want all the sinners here tonight to say, "God help me, I will be a Christian from this time on." I want you to come up here and say, "Here is my hand, and I endorse every word you have said tonight," and I like the man with courage to do what his convictions tell him to do. Come on now and give me your hand and let us pray for you.

“How Great is That Darkness”

We are warned in God’s Word that in the last days “perilous times shall come.” Surely we are living in these days, and our hearts are sorely troubled when we find many around us drawn aside. How subtle is the error known as “Millennial Dawn” in its departure from God’s truth. I can only state briefly that this error denies the deity of the Lord Jesus, the humanity of the Lord, and the resurrection of Christ. How we long to warn others!

Pastor Russell writes: “People cannot see the divine plan in studying the Bible by itself,” and writes of those who read his books: “After he has read them for ten years, if he lays them aside and goes to the Bible alone, though he has understood his Bible for ten years, experience shows that within two years he goes into darkness. On the other hand, if he had merely read scripture studies with the references, and had not read a page of the Bible, he would be in the light at the end of two years, because he would have the light of the Scriptures.”

How solemn God’s Word: “Woe unto them that call evil good, and good evil, that put darkness for light and light for darkness.” It seems almost incredible that those who profess to belong to Christ could be led aside by such a delusion. How blessed to rest upon God’s infallible Word, upon the Son of God, who is the Light of the world (read John 8:12). A. A. L.

August's Last Word

Please read these letters and pray for us; remember our one desire is the glory of Christ in all we do. We want men and women and children to “know the Lord.” The knowledge of sin is fostered in every heart by the devil. May the power of the Holy Ghost rest on millions today so that they may “know the Lord.”

Letters About the Work

G■ Council School. Near Sheffield.

Dr. Heyman Wreford, — Dear Sir. — Many thanks for Testaments received this morning. The children are delighted with them. They will be of great value here I am sure. I am posting 6/- on to you, as I am sure you will be able to make good use of it. If you will send the forms along I will get the children to sign them and will return them to you. If you can supply more Testaments we should be greatly pleased, as many other children in the school are anxious to have one. I will let you know the number needed if you can let us have still more. Again thanking you and wishing you every success in your great work. — I remain, yours truly,

M. S. H.

One Hundred Testaments Wanted

Birmingham.

Dear Dr. Wreford, — I should be very glad if you could spare me another parcel of Testaments. I have nearly another one hundred names of boys and girls; in fact, by God's love and grace the children are coming from a wider sphere, having come in contact with many other children who have received Testaments. I could indeed take a lot more names, but I refrain lest I should disappoint. But I shall be very thankful for any you could send me. It is laying up treasure in heaven, and the blessings of God that rests upon those who work with a single eye to His glory will always be many.... I pray He may continue to bless each of you richly, and that we all may learn to rest passively in His keeping, yet always abounding in the work of the Lord. — Yours in His happy service, J. F.

Death Warning

Threat in Letter to a Protestant Minister

"The Rev. Duncan Cameron, of Kilsyth, has received what purports to be a letter containing a threat of death from the Irish Republican Army. He has recently taken an active part in anti-Catholic propaganda in Scotland. The letter stated: 'If you persist in talking to R.C.'s you may shortly find that it is not meek and mild Socialists you are up against, but the useful gunmen who were in High Street on 4th May. We warn you finally to keep your teeth on your tongue. If you would live and die a natural death, sit tight.'" — "Westminster Gazette," March 30th

This insolence of unbelief can only be answered by the Word of God.

Great Blessing

Bermondsey.

Dear Dr. Wreford, — Many thanks for parcel of Testaments sent me last week. The children were very pleased with them and promised to read them daily.... My boy prints the names and addresses in each Testament of the recipients. I am pleased to tell you the Lord is working in our midst at Bermondsey. As you know, four dear lads have recently been brought to the Lord, my own boy among them.... The children's meetings are still growing, 80-85 being present on Wednesday last, sitting very quiet and intensely interested in the recounting of the story of the Cross. Pray for us. We need your prayers, for it's the power of believing prayer that brings down the blessing. God bless you in your work for Him. Thanking you again for your-kind interest and help to us in the work among the young. —Yours in our soon coming Lord, G. W. A.

A Testament For Every One

Carlisle Street School.

Dear Doctor, — I once again thank you most heartily on behalf of my boys for the parcel of Testaments which have been distributed to the boys who have signed the forms. I have-very great pleasure in enclosing a 10inote, which the staff send you to cover the cost of portages. When making application I omitted our Standards 1 and 2, thinking they were small boys, but since they have seen the older ones' Testaments I am besieged by them asking for one. Is it too much for you to do for me, please, if I ask for another 120 to complete the school? Then every boy in the school will have either one of your Testaments or one of his own. Trusting you will be able to consider my further request and assuring you of our appreciation of your generous gift. — I am, yours faithfully, J. E. H.

After Many Days

Canada.

Dear Dr. Wreford, Brother in Christ, — For some time I have kept \$40 awaiting the Lord's mind as to how He would have it used. Its history is this. Some years ago a Christian Armenian, who out here goes by the name of Mr. C■, was in straitened circumstances living on a farm a few miles out of town. It was winter (and you know we have it very severe out here), and he was unable to get his house fixed so as to render it fairly habitable for his wife and child. The Lord had sent me \$30 from Victoria, but as we did not then need it for present use, I gave it to our brother in his need. During the war he became a soldier, and was at the Front, but God brought him through safely. Since then he has spent most of his time in Winnipeg, where he still lives, and appears to be doing fairly well in earning a living. Some time ago I received a nice letter from him saying he did not forget what we had done for him and asking me to accept the \$40, as the Lord was good to him in the things of this life. Now, I do not wish to use a cent of this for myself, but for the Lord, and as I know the Armenians are in need for soul and body it has occurred to me that you could use it in sending Bibles to them and in relieving any cases of bodily need among some of those who, as believers, are dear to God. So will you please accept the money for the Lord's sake? You may remember my name in connection with Mrs. H., of Bournemouth, and 1,000 copies of "When is Christ Corning?" which you sent to California. Mrs. H. sends me some copies of "A Message from God," which I can make use of out here. May the Master encourage you, dear brother, and, less you in His service. —Yours' affectionately in His service, J. R.

Any gifts for the work, or communications about the work, may be sent to Dr. Heyman Wreford, The Firs, Denmark Road, Exeter. For 15 we can send five hundred Testaments to five hundred children post free. We can send a parcel anywhere for 5/-.

The Diary of a Soul

By The Editor

The Progress of our Work

I HAVE been laid aside for a few weeks, and have had to rest away from home. My absence from Exeter has been a period of marked increase in the work. I am reproducing my August circular on the last page of this number of MESSAGE. Many of my readers may not have perused it before, but they will note as they read how great is the increase in our distribution of Testaments and Gospel Books this year.

I acknowledge, with gratitude, the great and sustained help that has been given to me to carry on the work in Exeter, so that my absence has not been allowed to let it suffer in the slightest degree. I thank God for that!

While, the claims of men and women in every part of the world has our sympathy and help as far as we can give it, yet the children are appealing to us very strongly now. They need the prayerful help of all God's people now.

We are doing all we can to reach the children in their need.

The Need in British Guiana.

Beloved Brother, — British Guiana.

It is now a long time since I heard from you, and replied thanking you for the Testaments and books so kindly sent me. You may be delighted to know, however, that untold blessings have been brought to souls and many are the thousand praises ascending to Father for Dr. Wreford and his testimony in "What is there after Death?" I visited a Boys' Reformatory and found myself outnumbered by the requests of the boys who wanted Testaments in preference to everything else, as in that whole institution of many hundred boys and lads there was only one. Guess the surprise of the officials when they learned that an interested brother in England had sent them for free distribution. I could only wish indeed for more, so that my poor people may have more personal access to the Word. Enclosed please find £1. This I received some days ago from a dear sister, who since reading your appeal some time ago for help to distribute the Testaments had been moved to offer this her mite, and so she wrote asking me to forward it to you for the Testament Fund...

I beg again your prayers on my behalf as also for the three assemblies with me, in these very troublous times, when there is so great a dearth of the truly spiritual, and so much of unreality and so much superficial or otherwise mistaken or misused zeal, we can only fall on our faces and bend ourselves low in Father's presence. Oh, I confess truly that the present condition of things and the high hand of the Prince of this world working more mightily than ever before and under the most subtle and dangerous guise religion would tend to drive one to despondency had we not the Word — blessed be God for evermore; and had we not His precious promises. Soon our morn will break, and our weeping's forever ended. What a wondrous change then — Cross, Crown; Sorrow, Rejoicing; Faith, Sight; Hope, Realization; Prayer, Praise. Let us rejoice.,

Affectionately yours in the Master's service, F. C.

From Canada

Dear Sir, — Canada

Someone has sent me one of your papers, "A Message from God," and it is such good reading. Could you send me a few back numbers suitable for young people? For some years the Lord has given me much joy in the posting of small packets of Gospel papers to people living away from towns. One young girl from a small place in this province says, "Church service is only held here three times a year," and asks for more booklets. A boy in Newfoundland writes that there are about fifty children in the island where he is living; no Sunday School, but a Church. It is so important to tell the children of a Saviour's love ere they are drawn into Christian Science, New Thought, etc. The R.C.'s are strong in Canada. (As a young girl, many years ago, I heard you give some lectures in Blackheath, and remember still how dear father and I enjoyed them.)

Thanking you, sincerely yours,

Mrs. D. B.

If God has saved your soul, help us to send His Word far and wide, so that the blessing of salvation may be known by thousands, young and old.

Yours affectionately in Christ,

Heyman Wreford.

Pronouncing His Own Doom

A servant of God was once asked to go and see a Jewish infidel, who lay at the point of death. He called at the house, but was told by the Christian landlady that it would be of no use for him to see him, for he refused to listen to a word about eternal things. She had warned him of his danger, she said; she had pointed him to Christ as the Saviour of sinners, but it was all in vain.

“You talk to me of my soul,” said the dying man. “You talk to me of God; you talk to me of eternity, of heaven and hell. If I were drawing my last breath, that breath should be spent in laughing at you.”

Not long after (I think only a few hours), some friends — or enemies, to call them by their true name — came to see the dying man. While they were with him he called for a pack of cards, which lay near, and asked to be propped up in bed. “One more rubber of whist,” he exclaimed, “and then down into hell!”

On the brink of the precipice, on the verge of everlasting flames, he sat and played away the last few moments left to him — played away his last chance of salvation. Ah, how Satan triumphed as he watched that game!

Suddenly there was a pause — an awful pause — and then the dying man cried aloud, “Hold me up! I’m sinking into hell!” Another moment and he was gone. Those were his last words. The dying breath which he had said should be spent in laughing at God’s message of salvation, was spent instead in pronouncing his own eternal doom.

A Glorious Sunset

It was Sunday evening. The last rays of the setting sun fell upon the sweet, pale face of a young girl, whose days, like those of the infidel, were numbered. She was many thousand miles away from her home, and, oh, how she longed to see it once more! She took up her pen, and with great difficulty, for she was very, very weak, she began to write a letter to a friend in the far-off native land. Young, attractive, and full of energy and brightness, life had looked very fair before her, but now she knew that all would have to be left behind. Health and strength, home and friends, had already been left behind; yet she could write from the land of exile which had not brought the looked-for restoration: "I would not have been without the time here. The Lord has been so good to me in giving me a sense of His love and tenderness just when I do indeed need it."

Until latterly she had hardly expected death, but now she saw what was before her. "It is plain to me now, H., dearest," she wrote, "that it is not the Lord's intention to restore my health."

And how did she look at the prospect before her? Did she mourn over her young life so early blighted? Did she tremble at the thought of facing eternity? Or did she try to forget what was coming, and trifle away the few days Oat were left? Listen to the words she wrote that Sunday evening: "In the little Wesleyan chapel near here they have just been singing, 'Forever with the Lord.' It is lovely, to think that we do get nearer home every day. I constantly count the time till I shall see my own dear earthly home, but there are so many dangers to encounter ere we reach it, whereas not one lies between us and that bright home, where there is no sorrow or pain, and more than all, where we shall see Him who fills heaven."

And soon she saw Him. The earthly home was never reached, for on the way the Lord whom she loved took her away out of all her pain and weariness — put her to sleep so gently and so quickly that she seemed hardly to know she was going, and now she rests with Him. She is indeed "forever with the Lord."

Dear friend, your death may be very near. How will you meet it? How will your last breath be spent? Remember, the only difference of the wide, wide difference between the two of whose deaths you have been reading was that, one had rejected God's offer of salvation, and the other had accepted it. If you should die today, would it be "sinking into hell," or going to see "Him who fills heaven"?

C. H. P.

An Ancient Character with Modern Counterparts

Herod Antipas was a man who liked good preaching, and listened to John the Baptist gladly. A man who had great respect for the preacher, knowing him to be an upright and holy living man. A man who did many things because of what the preacher said. A man who had at one time many twinges of conscience and uneasy exercises of soul. A man who knew that he was living a bad life. A man who was afraid to do what he knew to be right because of what others would think of him. A man who had false notions of Honor and did wrong deliberately. A man who had no love for the truth, but a great dread of the future. A man who was brought face to face with the claims of Christ and mocked Him. A man to whom Christ had nothing to say, for words would have been entirely wasted on a man who had silenced the voice of God as Herod had silenced John's in death. A man whose day of opportunity was gone, for Herod had never mocked John, he feared him; but, spite of his early liking for good preaching he finally mocks at the Christ of God. And mockery of the Highest seems to be the final stage on the road to perdition. For the positive, unpardonable guilt of mocking the Christ of God, the Saviour, there can be no forgiveness. When Christ is presented to the soul then the crisis of a human life has come, and upon what we do with Him of necessity depends what God in righteousness does with us. If we accept Him, God justifies us freely through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus, but if we despise Him we shall wonder and perish.

Herod is dead, but the modern counterparts of his character are with us today. The warning note is: Beware lest, by easy stages, we be found traveling on the same road, which inevitably ends in perdition. "Turn ye for why will ye die?"

This is the voice of the God, who is not willing that any should perish, and who in love to the world of mankind "sent His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life" (John 3:16). And the claims of Christ presented to the reader are the claims of the love of God in Christ. For it was truly by the grace of God, He tasted death for everything. All that God's holiness of necessity demanded, and all that man's desperate state as a guilty, ruined sinner needed, was supplied in the atoning sacrifice of the Lord Jesus Christ on the Cross at Calvary. Now through His Name forgiveness is proclaimed, and the reader may reverently and gratefully accept so great salvation, for this is the acceptable time.

None can come, who will not find,

Mercy called whom grace inclined;

Nor shall any willing heart

Ever hear the word "depart."

Will you, as you read, lift up your heart as a sinner in simple confidence in the sinners' Saviour, who still waits to be gracious.

W. G. Turner.

The Five of Spades

During the war there was a young soldier in Alexandria who used to make a practice of distributing Testaments and tracts amongst the troops stationed in and around the city.

One day, shortly after the Armistice was signed, he heard that there was a large troopship in the docks, loading up with troops, who were going home, and he felt it laid upon his heart to go down with some tracts for the men, and to seek an opportunity of saying a word to some of them about the Lord Jesus. That evening he went off down to the dock, and it so happened that his bundle of literature largely consisted of a little tract, the outer cover of which is a reproduction of the playing card, known as "the five of spades." He climbed up the side of the great vessel, but found to his disappointment that the decks were deserted, as the troops had not yet come on board. He felt certain, however, that God had a purpose in sending him there, and so he began to walk round the ship. Presently he came to an open porthole, through which a light was shining, and on looking in he saw five ship's officers seated at a table playing cards.

Before his conversion the young soldier had been a skillful card player. As it happened spades were trumps, and watching his opportunity, he dropped his five of spades through the window on to the table, and took a trick with it. The officers looked up in surprise, and after some conversation they invited him into their cabin, and he went in and preached unto them Jesus.

So far from being angry with him, they invited him to come back the next evening and speak to the men, and the result, a blessed time This striking incident was given me by a young relative, who returned from the war.

We are told to be "instant in season and out of season," and also "Be not weary in well doing." There is much to discourage the child of God, but how precious the promise that we shall be "Kept by the power of God" (1 Peter 1:5), and He will use us, just in the little corner where we are placed if we are truly seeking to do His will.

A. A. L.

“I’ll Be Back in a Minute”

And so said little Fairy Treetop, and my sister, in the year 1872 wrote the account of it, which I much doubt any present-day person has read, so I will tell you the true story again, of which I was a witness. It happened one day, as I was passing through the Mint on the way to my daily visit to the Exeter Home for poor girls to redeem their character. I was visiting Mrs. Treetop, and her little Fairy was told to go an errand. “I’ll be back in a minute,” she said, but mother replied, “Say, if the Lord will.” “No,” said her sick brother, “we needn’t say if God wills for everything, for trifles.” “Yes,” said mother, “to everything, thinking if God wills.” That day, as I entered Mrs. Treetop’s house, I noticed a tall ladder some distance off, and that ladder was God’s messenger for Fairy. “Yours has been a long minute, Miss Fairy,” said her mother. “It is not Fairy, I wish it were,” said her minister, dropping into a chair, looking pale and ill. “Dear friend,” he said, “can you bear to hear?”

When they heard the sound of other feet and measured tread bearing a lifeless body and a face so crushed that they hid it from sight, the men, as she ran past, cried out, “Run, run to the other side,” but she stood still and looked to see — too late — and so the last two rungs of the forty feet ladder fell on the child. With a dying shriek lay Fairy, a disfigured corpse. All was over, over forever with this life, but we can praise the Lord that Fairy was a true child of God and loved her Saviour with all her heart. So her mother and brother, agonized by her swift and sudden death, were able to rejoice in her blessed presence in Paradise, awaiting the time when the Lord will return to take His saved ones to be with Him forever.

If any of us are not sure yet that we really believe in and love the Lord Jesus, oh! do see to it and come to Him today, for we none of us know how soon we may be called away. Seek earnestly and you shall find, truly find life, Christ, heaven and happiness.

Emily P. Leakey.

“Will it be ‘Too Late’ for You?”

Not long ago I paid a visit to some friends, where there lived an elderly Christian gentleman, and as we gathered round the fire on that cold, wintry night, he told me how God brought him to a knowledge of His power to save.

He was called to go and see a man he knew who was dying, and when he had been some time with the dying man, he felt he had to speak a word about his soul—although he was not saved himself — but the dying man shook his head, and said: ■

“Too late! Too late!”

It was awful for that never-dying soul was doomed to an endless eternity of woe, and he died like that.

For many weeks that cry of despair, “Too late!” haunted this man, and he could not get away from them, nor wipe them out of his memory. He had that fear that the same awful doom would befall him also, but eventually this lesson led him to find Christ as his Saviour.

Oh, sinner, “flee from the wrath to come”! Are you sowing spiritual seed that leads to life eternal, or the seed that leads to destruction in the lake of fire?

“Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap” (Gal. 6:7).

T. C. Renouf.

NOTE. —The young Christian who wrote this solemn appeal has gone to be with Christ. After much weakness and suffering, borne with complete resignation, he passed happily and peacefully away to be with Christ. May it be true that he, being dead, may yet speak to many in this solemn narrative!

The Praying Engineer

One winter, several years ago, there was a great deal of religious interest in a certain town, and among those who joined the church was Allie Forsyth, a little fellow twelve years of age. His mother was a widow, and had removed, four years before, from their home in Vermont to this town in Wisconsin.

On the evening of the day when he joined the church, Allie was sitting in the twilight with his mother, and presently she said to him: ■

“Allie, tell me what led you to want to be a Christian. Was it your home teachings, your lessons in Sabbath-school, the regular preaching of the pastor or has it all come through the influence of the revival meetings?”

Looking up into his mother’s face, he replied: — “Mamma, it was none of these. But do you remember, when we were coming from St. Albans to live here, that I wanted to go on the engine and ride with the engineer? You were afraid to let me, till the conductor, whom you knew well, told you that the engineer was a remarkable man, and that I would be just as safe on the engine with him as in the parlor car with you.”

His mother assured him that she remembered the circumstance very well.

“Then,” continued Allie, “you allowed me to ride on the engine, where I was to stay till you or the conductor came to me. When about ready to start from the station where I first got on the engine, the engineer knelt down for just a little bit, and then got up and started his locomotive.

“I asked him many questions about its different parts, and about the places and things which we passed by, and he was very patient in answering. Soon we stopped at another station, and he knelt down again just for a moment before we started. As he did this often, I tried to see what he was doing, and finally, after we had passed a good many stations, I made up my mind to ask him. He looked at me very earnestly and said: — “My little lad, do you pray?”

“I replied, Oh yes, sir! I pray every morning and evening.”

“Well, my dear boy,” said he, God has allowed me to hold a very responsible place here. There are, perhaps, two hundred lives now on this train entrusted to my care. A little mistake on my part, a little failure to do all my duty, a little neglect, a little inattention to signals, might send all or many of these two hundred souls into eternity. So at every station I kneel just a short while, and ask the Master to help me, and to keep from all harm until I reach the next station the many lives He has put into my hands. All the years I have been on this engine He has helped me, and not a single human being of the thousands that have ridden on my train have been harmed. I have never had an accident.’

“I have never before mentioned what he said, but almost daily I have thought about him, and resolved that I would become a Christian too.”

For four years the life and words of this praying engineer had been constantly present with this lad, and became at length the means of leading him into a Christian life.

“Massa, I has to Pray!”

Cuff was a negro slave who lived in the South, before the war. He was a joyful Christian and a faithful servant.

His master, however, was in need of money, and one day a young planter, who was an infidel, came to buy Cuff. The price was agreed upon, and the Christian slave was sold to the infidel. But in parting with him the master said: “You will find Cuff a good worker, and you can trust him; he will suit you in every respect but one.”

“And what is that?” said the master.

“He will pray, and you can’t break him off it; but that is his only fault.”

“I’ll soon whip that out of him,” remarked the infidel.

“I fear not,” said the former master, “and would not advise you to try it; he would rather die than give it up.”

Cuff proved faithful to the new master, the same as he had to the old. The master soon got word that he had been praying, and on calling him said: “Cuff, you must not pray anymore; we can’t have any praying around here; never let me hear any more about this nonsense.”

Cuff replied, “O Massa, I loves to pray to Jesus, and when I prays I loves you and Missus all the more, and can work all the harder for you.”

But he was sternly forbidden ever to pray any more under penalty of a severe flogging. That evening, when the day’s work was done, he talked to his God like Daniel of old, as he had aforetime. Next morning he was summoned to appear before his master, who demanded of him why he disobeyed him.

“O, massa, I has to pray. I can’t live without it,” said Cuff.

At this the master flew into a terrible rage, and ordered Cuff to be tied to the whipping-post, and his shirt off. Then he applied the rawhide with all the force he possessed, until his young wife ran out in tears and begged him to stop. The man was so infuriated that he threatened to punish her next, if she did not leave him, then continued to apply the lash until his strength was exhausted. Then he ordered the bleeding back to be washed in salt water; then the shirt put on, and the poor slave to be about his work. Cuff went away singing in a groaning voice:

“My suffering time will soon be o’er,

When I shall sigh and weep no more.”

He worked faithfully all that day, though in much pain, as the blood oozed out from his back where the lash had made long deep furrows. Meantime, God was working on the master. He saw his wickedness and cruelty to that poor soul, whose only fault had been his fidelity, and conviction

seized upon him; by night he was in great distress of mind. He went to bed, but could not sleep. Such was his agony at midnight that he awoke his wife and told her that he was dying.

“Shall I call in a doctor?” she said.

“No, no; I don’t want a doctor. Is there anyone on the plantation that can pray for me? I am afraid that I am going to hell.”

“I don’t know of anyone,” said his wife, “except the slave you punished this morning.”

“Do you think he would pray for me?” he anxiously inquired.

“Yes. I think he would,” she replied.

“Well, send for him quickly.”

On going after Cuff they found him on his knees in prayer, and when called he supposed it was to be punished again. On being taken to his master’s room he found him writhing in agony. The master, groaning, said:

“O, Cuff, can you pray for me?”

“Yes, bress de Lord, massa, I’ve been prayin’ for you all night,” and at this he dropped on his knees and, like Jacob of old, wrestled in prayer, and before the breaking of day he witnessed the conversion of both master and mistress. Master and slave embraced, race differences and past cruelty were swept away by the love of God, and tears of joy were mingled. Cuff was immediately set free. He never worked another day on the plantation. The master took Cuff and went out to preach the Gospel; they traveled all over the South, witnessing to the power of Christ to save to the uttermost. This is what the love of God will do for every one that believes on Him whom He hath sent to seek and save the lost. His Word is as a hammer which breaks the hard and flinty heart. It is as the sunshine stealing into the sinner’s soul, and causing it to bud and bring forth the flowers and fruits of righteousness.

Reader, do you possess this kind of salvation? It’s for you, for the Word says, “Who-so-ever-will let him take the water of life freely” (Rev. 22:17.) — Extracted.

The Sixty Six Books of the Bible Are One

It is of immense value to us to see how the Scriptures of the New Testament dovetail, as it were, into those of the Old; in this way we are inwardly strengthened in our apprehension of the precious truth of the Divine inspiration of the Holy Scriptures, and our hearts are fortified against all the blasphemous attacks of infidel writers, who know absolutely nothing of the moral glories of Scripture; but one thing is awfully certain, namely, that one moment in eternity will completely revolutionize the thoughts of all the infidels and atheists that have ever raved or written against the Bible and its Author.

C. H. M.

And Jesus Said

I remember a case in Ireland, where a Testament had been torn up, and the leaves thrown to the winds. A poor man found one of the leaves, and picked it up. He could read, and saw, "And Jesus said"; "and Jesus answered and said"; "and Jesus said," and so on. He said to himself, "What! has the blessed Lord said so many things, and I did not know them!" Struck by these simple but solemn words, "And Jesus said," he went off to the neighboring town and bought a Testament; believed what Jesus said, was converted, and was happy in having a known Saviour.

A Clergyman Writes

London, E.

Dear Dr. Wreford, ■Very many thanks for the gift of New Testaments and tracts. It is exceedingly kind of you. We have in connection with our Mission, a Sunday school of nearly 2,000 scholars. We have also a Girls' Own Meeting with a membership of 500, and a Young Men's of 320. The majority of the girls and lads are from 14 to 16 years of age. I wonder if it would be possible to supply a number of New Testaments. Such a gift would mean a great deal to the young life in this district. We are very grateful for your parcel. — Yours sincerely, E. O. C.

The Diary of a Soul

By The Editor

Christ is Coming — Death is Busy

THE Lord Jesus Christ! How little He is thought of today, and yet without Him no human being the world can be saved.

Ah! my reader, let us pause a moment and contemplate Him, who is the central Figure in the universe of God. All things in the past centered around Him — the present is the sphere in which God is carrying out His wondrous work of grace through Him and by Him — the future is all dominated, in the purposes of God, by Him. “For by Him, and through Him and to Him are all things.”

What is Christ to you? There is no hope for this world apart from Christ. Men are dying daily by tens of thousands in their sins, because they will not believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and be saved. Every day the papers are full of death — men dying suddenly by the hand of God or through the instrumentality of man, allowed by God.

You may die today, and to die without Christ is to die eternally — not to be annihilated — but to suffer the pangs of a death that never dies — apart from God.

The Saviour of the world left the world one thousand nine hundred and twenty-two years ago. He has been in heaven, from whence He came, when He became Man, since then. And all through these twenty centuries His gospel has been proclaimed far and wide. And He is coming again, and He may come today. He has left His servants definite work to do for Him before He returns. He says to His people, “Occupy till I come.” I am bringing before you now what a Christian has said about working for Christ.

A Mission for Every Christian

We cannot all be ministers or missionaries, we cannot give all of our time to direct Christian work, but there is one form of Christian service that anybody may undertake, that is, tract distribution. "Out of the abundance of the heart, the mouth speaketh" (Matt. 12:34), but how far will the speaking reach? How thankful ought we to be for the printed page, which not only carries the message to quarters which the voice often fails to reach, but also preserves the impressions of truth when the sound of the human voice speaking it has died away. True, leaden type will never take the place of the human voice, but we ought to be thankful for the blessed aid it renders to the human voice.

Tracts can go everywhere. They can go to many places to which you cannot go.

A minister gave a negro a tract. He asked him what he thought of it. "Oh, massa, it do my soul good. I never knew before why dey calls 'em tracks, but when I read dat little book, it track me dis way and it track me dat way; when I go out in de barn, it track me dare and when I come back in de house, it track me dare; it track me everywhere I go. Den I know why dey call 'em tracks."

What a thrilling history might be written concerning the work of tracts. Richard Sibbs wrote a tract entitled "The Bruised Reed"; a tin peddler gave it to a boy named Richard Baxter; through reading it he was brought to Christ. He wrote "A Call to the Unconverted." Among the thousands saved through it was Philip Doddridge, who wrote "The Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul." It fell into the hands of William Wilberforce, the great emancipator of the slaves in the British Colonies, and led him to Christ. Wilberforce wrote "A Practical View of Christianity," which fired the heart of Leigh Richmond. He wrote "The Dairyman's Daughter." Before 1819, as many as four million copies were circulated, and it has testified for Christ in over fifty different languages. Look at this! Not a flaw in the chain! Richard Sibbs, Richard Baxter, Philip Doddridge, William Wilberforce, Leigh Richmond.

A man stepped into a street car in New York, and, before taking his seat, gave to each passenger a little card bearing the words, "Look to Jesus when tempted, when troubled, when dying." One of the passengers carefully read the card and put it in his pocket. As he left the car he said to the giver, "Sir, when you gave me this card, I was on my way to the ferry, intending to jump from the boat and drown myself. The death of my wife and son had robbed me of all desire to live, but this card has persuaded me to begin life anew. Good day, and God bless you."

Many years ago, a lady gave some leaflets to two actors. One of the actors was led by this tract to attend church, and was converted. It was Dr. George Lorimer, pastor of Tremont Temple, Boston. Through his influence Russell H. Conwell was led into the ministry. Thus the great Baptist Temple in Philadelphia, together with the work of the Tremont Temple, and the personal influence of these two notable pulpit speakers, is really traceable in its origin to one little leaflet in the hands of a woman. The Rev. J. Hudson Taylor, founder of the China Inland Mission, was led to Christ by a tract. Thousands have been won to Christ by tracts. Many of the best Christian workers are using

them continually and seeing results. Many use them who will never see results on earth, but will in the better world. Whether we see results or not, it is our blessed privilege to know and rejoice in the fact that if we sow good seed, the harvest will certainly be for His glory. "Know now that there shall fall into the earth nothing of the word of the Lord." (2 Kings 10:10.) "Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days." (Eccl. 11:1.) Tract distribution enables you to "sow beside all waters" and to be "instant in season and out of season." Remember, too, that when you put a tract, Gospel paper or Gospel book in the hands of a sinner and it is the means of his salvation, it starts a circle for our Lord that will continue to widen until He comes. Remember, too, that God multiplies the seed that is thus sown. What encouragement this, and what an incentive to "sow beside all waters," knowing that He will give the increase!

Have you won a soul for Christ? Do you wish to meet your blessed Lord with no fruit to bring from your earthly life? Have I not set before you an open door of service? Will you enter in? C.E.M.

How we can Help you and how you can Help us

We have sent more than 14,000 parcels all over the world, containing Testaments and tracts, and we are still sending more than ever. We are willing to send to any worker for the Lord Jesus. You can help us by your prayers, and if God has blessed you with money, by your practical sympathy.

What God Said

A very dear friend writes: —

Dear Dr. Wreford, — You will see that at last I am in my own home, and your appeal for Testaments came to me this morning in my bed with my breakfast, and I wondered what I could do, and God said, “Send him £5,” and so it goes to you. God bless you.

Dear friends, gifts sent by God, be they large or small, bring a blessing to giver and receiver. Our work has all been for God since 1914, and we leave ourselves in His blessed hands.

Yours for Christ’s sake,

Heyman Wreford.

The Light in the Window

“Yes, my dear! that’s what I do every night. As soon as it begins to get dark, I say to myself, Where’s the lamp to light my dear boy home? ‘And I look around, for there it is on the shelf already! I don’t leave it to get ready till it grows dark; not I, my dear. There’s a time for everything, and trimming lamps should be done in the daylight. It’s like some other things. I know of, that must be done early if they’re to be of any use! For instance, if I were to leave my Bible to read till everything else was done, it wouldn’t get done at all; that’s my opinion!

“My dear boy works six miles away over the Downs, and when it comes to evening he puts away his tools, and he says to himself, ‘Now for home! Mother will be beginning to expect me.’ And so I shall, my dear, and no Mistake!

He knows the lamp will be there to guide him home, and he does not fear to tread the bleak downs, with the treacherous chalk pits, or stony steeps, because he always keeps to one path and keeps the light in my window straight in his eye.

“That light has taught me many a lesson, my dear — many a lesson! I’ve said to myself over and over, ‘For one thing, lamps must be trimmed, or they won’t give light. They must have the fresh oil put in them every day, or there’ll be no light. For another thing we must keep the light of God’s truth straight before us, or we shall wander out of the way.’

“Then there’s another way to think of it. That light in our window is a sign of love — of my love to him; and it’s a sign of home at last, where we all would like to go!

“There’s an old mother’s story for you! Ah, well! he’ll be home soon, and then he’ll teach you it’s all true; and he’ll tell you all about what he has done on the road, and what dangers he has passed, and then together we’ll all sit down in the light and rest.”

A Vow at a Grave

An affecting scene was witnessed a few days ago in a cemetery near New York. A funeral procession wended its way through the winding paths to a newly opened grave. It was only a child's funeral, such as may be seen any day. But little more than one year had passed since the little form—which was being carried to the tomb had entered the world. Yet how much it represented to the poor mother who followed it! The light and joy of the home were carried out of it when the little casket was brought out and put in the hearse. The daily and hourly cares of the mother, which the little one's presence had brought, were over. The delightful occupations associated with the tiny dependent frame were gone, and the sweet lispings of "Mamma" and the merry laughter were hushed. It seemed as if the very life of the household had stopped, too.

The simple ceremonies were soon performed, and the earth was falling on the coffin lid, when the mother stepped forward. Falling on her knees at the edge of the grave, she raised her eyes to heaven and said solemnly, "Lord Jesus, I give myself to Thee, here and now." It was a strange scene. Grief was natural, and resentment against God is too common in such circumstances. Resignation is not so usual. Whether the mother had recognized in the loss of her child a call to repentance and consecration is not known. What struggle she may have endured before she could thus kiss the Hand that had stricken her, no one can tell. Those who saw her say that a light came on her upturned face as she registered her vow.

She was no longer her own, but belonged to Him, who had died for her, and who in mercy had afflicted her. (Lam. 3:33).

The Missing Ones

One summer evening, for a part of our family worship, I read the fourth chapter of 1 Thessalonians. Before retiring to rest I seated myself on my easy chair, and mused on the last few verses of the chapter, which are as follows:

“For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him. For this we say unto you by the word of the Lord, that we which are alive and remain unto the coming of the Lord shall not prevent them which are asleep. For the Lord Himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel; and with the trump of God; and the dead in Christ shall rise first; then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air; and so shall we ever be with the Lord.”

And as I mused. I fell into a deep sleet and had

A Most Wonderful Dream

My mind seemed to be clear and distinct, and my intellectual faculties stronger and brighter than in my wakeful condition.

I thought I had awakened in the morning, and was somewhat surprised to find that my wife was not beside me as usual. Supposing, however, that her absence was but temporary, I waited, expecting her speedy return to our chamber; but after the lapse of what I considered a reasonable time, as she did riot make her appearance, I arose and dressed.

My wife’s apparel was where she had placed it on retiring, and I felt confident she was somewhere about the house. So I went to my daughter Julia’s room, thinking she might know the whereabouts of her mother; but after knocking several times without response, I entered and-found that she was also missing.

“Strange, Passing Strange”

said I to myself. “Where can they both be?”

Then I went up to the room of our son Frank, and found him up and already dressed, which was something quite unusual for him at an hour so early. He said he had passed a very restless night, and thought he had better get up. I told him of the absence of his mother and sister from their rooms, and requested him to look around and see if he could find them. In the meantime I hurriedly completed my toilet, and soon Frank returned and said the missing ones were nowhere to be found, and that every door leading outward was securely locked as on the preceding evening. We were at our wit’s end, and what to make of this strange occurrence we did not know.

On again visiting Julia’s room, we found on a stand her well-marked open Bible. One prominent verse attracted my attention; it read:

“Be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not of

The Son of Man Cometh.”

This passage, my wife had always declared, referred to the coming of Christ for His saints, the redeemed Church, according to 1 Thessalonians 4:14-17, while I insisted that it meant only the preparation for death.

But I am digressing. Frank and I concluded that, without waiting for breakfast, we should each take a different route, and visit some of our most intimate friends in quest of our dear ones.

I first called on my wife’s sister, Mrs. E., who, with her husband, were good, respectable people, members of a Christian Church, though rather worldly minded. After I had rung the bell several times, and waited somewhat impatiently, she appeared, and apologized for her dilatoriness by saying that she was in a “peck of trouble,” and had to prepare breakfast herself, for her colored servant girl, whom she had always considered to be a real good Christian, had played her “a mean trick.”

“She has gone off somewhere, without even putting the kettle on the range, or saying a word to any of us. But what puzzles us to know is how she got out of the house, for the doors are all locked and the keys inside, just as we left them last evening on our return from Mrs. B.’s progressive euchre party.”

“Indeed,” said I; “it is exceeding strange,” and then I explained to her the object of my morning visit.

When she heard of

The Mysterious Absence

of my wife and Julia, she became so very nervous that I was glad to change the subject by saying, as I had not breakfasted, I would join them in their morning repast. When her husband heard my story he treated it with a good deal of levity, and declared that my wife was only playing me a practical joke, to induce me to rise earlier in the morning. He was sure the missing ones had secreted themselves somewhere about the house, and when I returned home I would find them all right.

As we seated ourselves at the table, Mrs. E. said we would have to take coffee without milk, as her milkman, who had heretofore been very reliable, had failed to make his appearance.

Presently the door-bell rang, and Frank entered in a state of great nervous excitement, saying he had been all over inquiring for his mother, and that in almost every house he found trouble similar to our own. Almost everyone was anxiously

Searching for Missing Ones.

He also stated that the streets were thronged with excited people, hurrying to and fro, many of them weeping bitterly.

Breakfast was scarcely over before inquiries were made at the door as to missing neighbors, and among those who called was Mr. H., who greatly astonished us by stating that his two youngest

children, ten and twelve years of age, had gone off with their grandmother, who had been bedridden for over six years.

At this announcement Mr. E. showed evident signs of alarm, and related a conversation he had held the day before with a friend, whose religious ideas he looked upon as quite heretical.

His friend insisted that a vast majority of church members in these days were but nominal Christians, "lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God," and that the love of the masses for religious things had reached a very low ebb.

"My friend also assured me," said Mr. E., "that the Scriptures clearly taught that when the elect member of Christ's Church would be complete, Christ would come as unexpectedly as a thief in the night, and call His saints, both dead and alive, to meet Him in the air. The transformation would be effected in

The Twinkling of an Eye;

and although the call would be made with a shout and the sound of a trumpet, yet none would hear it but those for whom it was intended. Then would be realized the import of Christ's words: 'In that night there shall be two men in one bed, the one shall be taken and the other left. Two women shall be grinding together; the one shall be taken, and the other left.' I fear that the time has now come, and, sad to say, we are among the left ones."

Now, as the morning was far advanced, it was suggested that we go down to our business places. Frank had already gone to his office, and I, with a heavy heart, wended my way along the avenue among an unusual throng of men and women whose faces betokened

Intense Sorrow.

In the business part of the city I observed that many stores were closed, and that those that were open did not appear to be doing any business. Every saloon that I passed was open, as usual, with groups of men outside, apparently engaged in serious discussion. As I passed by the city hall there was no perceptible diminution of the usual crowd of political "hangers-on" around the building.

When I reached my own store, I found that my bookkeeper, and the faithful old porter who had served me so many years had not yet put in an appearance. My two other clerks were on hand, doing nothing; nor did I feel like asking them to do anything. I then went to the chamber of commerce, and found the largest gathering of merchants that I had seen there in many months. Instead of the lively, noisy bustle of buying and selling, and messenger boys running to and fro

There was a Solemn Gloom

pervading the whole assembly. By unanimous consent, and in consequence of the great calamity that had overtaken the community, it was voted that "three days' grace be allowed on all contracts falling due this day."

I will not attempt to set forth any of the reasons and speculations that were advanced as to the cause of our present troubles, but all agreed that the visitation was a supernatural one, and that in some way we who were left on the earth were blamable for it.

In the afternoon, by common consent, business of all kinds was suspended.

Yesterday I agreed to sell a worthy mechanic a small piece of land which I owned in the outskirts of the city, and had an appointment to meet him at my lawyer's office to sign the contract, but he failed to come, and I presumed he also joined the absent ones.

Here and there were groups of people in earnest conversation. At one of them was a man who seemed to be well versed in Scripture, and as I approached he was saying: "This is the day spoken of by Christ, but none of us believed it, and now we are beginning to realize how foolish we were."

In the evening nearly every church in the city was open, with overflowing congregations. Everybody was anxious to know the cause and

Meaning of the "Great Visitation,"

and to learn how lost hopes might be regained. Many of the pastors had gone with the missing ones, but some were present in their churches. All order of service was dispensed with, and noisy confusion prevailed. Crimination and recrimination were bandied to and fro between the pastors and the people, the latter asserting that if the pastors had done their duty and taught their flocks the plain truths of the Bible, instead of lulling them to sleep with philosophical and moral essays, they would not now be in their present sad condition. In my own church the pastor was present, with scores of persons whom I had but rarely seen at meetings.

Most of the active workers and constant worshippers were absent. Audible groans and deep-drawn sighs were occasionally heard from various parts of the room. Some were bemoaning the loss of children, others of husbands, of wives, of fathers and mothers.

The pastor was speaking when I entered the room, and was entreating the audience to endeavor to allay their feelings, while he would attempt to speak to them for a few minutes. Quiet being somewhat restored, he said: "The pastor's heart is bleeding at every pore in sympathy with his sorely afflicted people. The anguish which I experience at being, in a measure, the cause of our present condition, is indescribable. None of you can realize the

Keen Disappointment

I endure at this result of my labors. I am accused of having preached too much about the affairs of this life, and too little about the heavenly state, and the things to come; and of having kept you in ignorance of the immanency of the awful visitation which has manifested itself among us this day. In reply to these accusations I can only say that I have taught you the same theology that was taught to me in college, that is, to treat the Bible as a book largely of spiritual symbols and allegories.

"But I now confess that I was sadly mistaken, for, after what has occurred, I cannot help believing that

God's Word Means Just What it Says.

"My pastoral labors during the time I have been with you have been excessive, and in consequence I have not been able to devote to the study of prophecy the time which a subject so

deep demanded.”

Many remember that during the last fifty years some of the faithful watchmen have kept ringing into the ears of the church the warning that this event was hastening upon this generation. Christ Himself said, “As the days of Noah and of Lot were, so shall also the coming of the Son of Man be.” Yet those in ignorance on the prophecies have denounced God’s faithful watchmen as croakers, sensationalists, and lunatics. But now the Lord has vindicated their teachings by fulfilling this Bible truth.

Here the electric light suddenly went out, and there arose such fearful screams that I sprang to my feet in terror — and — awoke!

My wife, who was in the adjoining room, hearing my sudden uprising, hastened in to see what was the matter. Oh, how glad I was to see her, and to realize that my terrible experience in my easy chair was only a dream. But the more I thought of it afterward, the more solemn seemed the Scripture truths which it contained, and the more was I impressed with the importance of having our lamps trimmed and burning, ready to go out and meet the Bridegroom. — J.W.

(Read 1 Thess. 5:15-18)

Forgiven but Lost

A young man who was brought up in a very good position strayed very far from God, and lived a very fast and wicked life. Shame at length drove him from his country. He enlisted and was sent to India. His anxious parents knew nothing of him until, through a friend, they heard that he was in India. His father at once wrote to him the following letter: "My Dear Son, — You are breaking your mother's heart. Come home at once, and we freely forgive you for all the wrong you have done us. I send out money to a friend in Calcutta to buy you out of the ranks, and also sufficient to bring you home. Come at once: we will give you a hearty welcome home. — Your loving father."

He got the letter, but did not open it, thinking it was of no value. He went further into sin than ever, until at last he was stretched upon a hospital bed, with his life fast ebbing away. When he felt that his end was drawing near, he asked the nurse to give him the unopened letter out of his knapsack. There it was, telling him of his redemption from the Army and a free pardon from home. Oh, how he wished now that he had opened it and read the good news which was sent from a loving father to him; but he spurned it when he had the opportunity, and now it was too late forever. He died a poor castaway, without a friend near him, and, worse still, without a Saviour—an eternally lost man. 'Just such a letter is the Bible, which God has sent to those who are far off from Him; but they neglect it, until at length all chance of rejoicing in a Father's pardon and glad welcome home passes away forever.

Your Dying Hour

"I have just been to the funeral of a very dear friend," said I to a merry-looking man, whilst waiting for the train; and when a friend departs it is no small comfort to know that that friend has gone 'to be with Christ which is far better' (Phil. 1:23) than to remain below in this world of sin and sorrow."

"I should think," said he, "there are very few who die that are certain on that point. At least, not many would like to chance it, if it were put to them today. I mean if the question were put: 'Are you so sure of heaven that you do not mind dying today?'"

"I fear," I replied, "even amongst those who profess to be Christians too few would stand that test. But it was very different with my friend who has just departed. She had only been ill a few days, and on the day before her death, knowing there was no human possibility of recovering, she calmly said, 'I would not exchange places, with the Queen.' Not the shadow of a doubt passed over her happy soul. She rested not on anything she had done, but on the finished work of Christ Jesus, the Son of God. Precious Jesus, His blood and righteousness never fail in the hour of death. Nothing can be so certain as that which Christ has said, 'Whosoever believeth in Him shall not perish, but have everlasting life'" (John 3:16).

"Well," said he, "it is a happy thing when a person has such confidence; but I fear there are very few who have the happiness to enjoy it. Man is so given to sin—he has such strong inclinations to sin—"

"Very true," I replied. "But however great and many our sins may have been, God is the 'God of all grace,' and that grace is seen in the cross, surpassing all our sins. Who can tell the value of the blood of Jesus as God sees it? I may say with Paul, I am the 'chief of sinners,' I have not one particle of worthiness. But yet, if we are all killed before we reach home, I have no fear or question whatever about my salvation. It was secured by the death of Jesus. I am a sinner, but He was the sinner's Substitute. My sins called for judgment. He bore the judgment in my stead. I trust in Him as my Saviour. I dare not doubt the value of His death."

"Ah!" said he, "it seems to me a poor thing to hang one's salvation on."

"What is? Is Christ a poor thing to trust in? Is God's Word a poor thing to trust in?"

"Oh, no; I mean it is a poor thing to hang on faith. To think that if you have faith you will be saved, let you sin and do as you like."

"Ah my dear sir, the man that has real faith in Christ does not want to sin. He hates sin, and delights in holiness, and longs for it; and he is the only one that is delivered from the power of sin. But now, do you try from this day forward in your way never to sin again."

"I have tried," said he, "many a time; but still I sin in thought, word, and deed. But you bring a new view of the matter before my mind; you say that to believe in Christ is the only way both to be saved and to give up sinning."

“Exactly so. When you receive Christ as your Saviour, and love Him as such, it will be your delight to please Him. You will try to do so all the day long.”

Reader, what as to your dying hour? You cannot help the thought crossing your mind at times. Can you? Your dying hour may be very near—yes, very near? Are you prepared for that hour?

One Word About Our Need

We are needing reprints of most of our tracts, and our stock of Testaments is getting low.

We shall be glad for you to remember our needs.

For £5 we can send a parcel anywhere.

For £5we can send 500 Testaments post free to 500 children.

Any gifts for our work can be sent to Dr. Heyman Wreford, The Firs, Denmark Road, Exeter.

The Diary of a Soul

By the Editor

Personal

I THINK it is right for me to say how thankful I am to God for the very many encouraging letters I have received lately about the "Message from God." It is a great encouragement to me to know that this monthly paper is being used by God to help many souls.

Many were especially interested in the article in October "Message from God" called "The Missing Ones." I insert two letters about this: —

Letter One

Dr. Heyman Wreford.

Dear Sir, — Would you kindly send me 100 copies of this month's number (October, 1922) of "A Message from God," for distribution. I think it is the most suitable for that of any number that has come into my hands, and I wish I could afford to have a great many more. The piece entitled "The Missing Ones" ought to be widely read... With kind regards and best wishes for success in your good work.

L. C.

Letter Two

To Dr. Wreford. October, 1922.

Dear Sir, — We have found the parcel of books so very useful, and feel such confidence in distributing them, that I am asking you if you will please send us a 5s. parcel of a similar kind. We would especially like a few copies of October "A Message from God," if you have them to spare, and "The Scarred Hand." I am sending my copy of "A Message from God" to a wayward brother of mine today, with earnest prayer that God may bless it to him. That piece, "The Missing Ones," is very striking. Oh, that God may bless your work very richly, and give you good health to pursue it, is our prayer! Please accept the other 5s. as a small contribution to your glorious work for Him.

Yours in our soon coming Lord.

The coming of the Lord is a subject of overwhelming importance. The great fact and reality that at any moment every Christian may be taken from the world to heaven, and that those left behind will be left for judgment, should make every reader ask himself or herself the question,

"Am I ready for Christ's coming?"

The only alternative to Leaven is hell. I am not afraid to speak about hell, because it is God's truth.

I am putting a very solemn article about Hell in this number, and may God use it to arouse many.

I ask your prayers for strength to' continue my work for Him, and, above all, for His continued blessing on what we are seeking to do for Him.

Yours for Christ's sake,

Heyman Wreford.

The Shepherd Boy and His Sling

The sling used as this boy in Palestine is using his was the means by which the stripling David brought low the huge Goliath of Gath. The shepherd boys of Palestine use their slings and stones as a pastime today. The rocky districts and the beds of brooks provide plenty of stones, and from constant practice these boys become very proficient.

Are You a Rain Tree?

Are you, dear reader, a Rain Tree? If not, pray about it and begin to pray at once. Perhaps you may not know what a Rain Tree is. I will tell you, for I read it in the "Toilers of the Deep" in the July number, and, oh! how it made me pray that I might be accounted one in God's sight.

In South America there is a species of palm tree that has the power of attracting in a wonderful degree atmospheric moisture, which it condenses and drops on the earth in refreshing dew. It grows straight up in the parched and arid desert and distributes its daily showers. There is no rain, no clouds, the fountains cease to flow, the rivers get dried up, but the Rain Tree has an oasis of luxuriant vegetation; getting its moisture from above, it renews the garden which it has created, and gives the weary traveler shade and rest. And so, dear reader, the Christian living in vital union with the Lord Jesus, his Saviour and His God, may become like a Rain Tree in this desert world and turn it into a garden of the Lord.

So, dear friends, let us realize that by vital union with our Lord, personal, daily, hourly contact we may become centers of blessing to all around and win many a soul to turn to Him and love Him, and also become a Rain 'Tree in His delightful service. And, remember, prayer will do it, for does not our Lord tell us in John 14:13, that "Whatsoever we ask the Father in His name, we shall receive"?

So let us pray to be spiritual Rain Trees!

Emily P. Leakey.

“How God Saves”

I was much interested in a little tract, “How God Saved an Highlander,” now out of print, sent me by a friend, who stayed with the writer, W. M., and who has kindly given me permission to make use of a portion of his testimony for the “Message,” and I pray it may be used in blessing to some reader.

W.M. writes: — “I was brought up respectably and religiously. When I was three years old my father died, and the following year I was sent to a Sunday School, where I was taught, if I was a good boy I would get to heaven, and if I was a bad boy I would, without doubt, be banished to hell.

“When very young, I was troubled about my sins and anxious about the salvation of my soul. But, alas! I did not know God’s ways of salvation. I often resolved to be good, and do good... ignorant of the corruption of my heart, and of the truth that ‘They that are in the flesh cannot please God.’ Looking back on my youthful days... the thought of meeting a holy God in my sins made me wretched and miserable.

Death, judgment and eternity were all very real to me.... As I grew older I became absorbed with the world’s amusements and pleasures, and tried to forget God. But His eye and heart were upon me, and He laid me on a sick bed... As I thought of my guilt and peril, I became alarmed and resolved I would turn over a new leaf... I betook myself to saying prayers, and reading the scriptures, seeking to work out a righteousness of my own, in which to appear before God, forgetting Isaiah 64:6. Had I then been asked, Are you a Christian? I would have replied, ‘I am trying to be one.’

“My outward behavior, being somewhat different from my companions, I was looked upon as a religious young man, and was asked to take part in Sunday school and church work. I gladly consented, but no inquiry was made whether I was saved, converted, or born again.

“I was brought to the gates of death by a severe illness, and as I was recovering my mother died somewhat suddenly. I remember that when her body was being taken from the house to be buried, I longed for something ‘or’ someone to fill the aching void of my troubled heart. How true it is that ‘None but Christ can satisfy’.

God, in His mercy, brought W.M. in contact with two whole-hearted Christian workers, who were possessors of God’s great salvation, and knew it, and he writes: —

“I made up my mind that I would not rest until I was certain that my soul was saved, and my sins forgiven... A letter from one of the Christian workers came, asking me if I could obtain our schoolroom for a Gospel meeting, and pray for him.... I replied that I could secure the school, but was unable to accede to the other request, and besought him to pray for me, a poor, lost sinner. When we met he expressed surprise... said he thought I was a Christian. I replied: I have been trying to be a Christian a long time, but have discovered that I am unconverted. ‘Why not accept Christ now?’ ‘I have always believed in Christ,’ was my reply. ‘My mother taught me that when I

was a child.'

"I need not relate my subsequent efforts to merit God's pardoning mercy. Day by day I pleaded with God for deeper conviction, for saving faith... At last I rested my soul on the finished work of Christ, and could truthfully say:

'God loved—God gave,

I believe, and I am saved.'"

W.M. Pleads: ■

"Where does the reader stand? Are you certain that you are saved? Salvation is obtained, not on the ground of what you do for Christ, but on the ground of what He did for you (Isaiah 53:5). And what He did is enough.

"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." Why not now? A. A. L.

A Jewish Farmhouse at Tel Hai

The return of the Jews to Palestine is a subject of absorbing interest at the present time. The following picture is taken near Lake Merom-Present-day machinery and modern methods have now been introduced throughout the whole of Palestine by the various farming colonies there.

Let us pray that tens of thousands of the "Chosen people" may acknowledge Christ as their Messiah.

Hell

“The wicked shall be turned into hell.”— Psalms 9:17.

The popular god is not the God of this Bible. The popular god is a dead trunk. He has no eyes, he cannot see; no ears, he cannot hear; no feet, he cannot pursue; no arms, he cannot punish.

Listen, O heavens! God has changed (though in our simplicity, we used to think Him unchangeable)! Our modern god is not at all the same as the ancient God. The God of the ancients had iron for Sodom and Samaria, and Tyre and Jerusalem, and Balaam and Belshazzar, and Judas and Robespierre. The God of Abraham used to thunder in His ire. He ruled with a rod of iron, and dashed to pieces sinning nations like a potter's vessel. But our modern god has no iron in his constitution. He has sheathed the sword, and doffed the cap of doom, and sat down helpless in heaven, an indulgent weakling! Sinai's thunders are hushed forever; and the arm which used to visit vengeance swift and dire upon impenitent sinners, now hangs nerveless and paralyzed. That is the popular god, and I, for one, refuse to worship him; for I have nothing to do with the creation of men's wishes, but with the God of the Bible.

I am here today to put half-a-dozen strokes into the face of modern thought and popular infidelity. So help me God. I stand here today in the face of everything, to say that God is unchanged and unchangeable. “I am Jehovah, I change not,” is a word that smites modern thought and popular infidelity right on the cheek-bone and teeth, and will one day put an end to all unbelief in His power to punish—in hell.

The reign of iron lasts still! The same God who hurled oceans over Alps and Andes, drowning a world, and scorched Sodom to cinders in hurricane of fire, and choked the streets of Jericho with corpses, and threw the Roman dogs on Jerusalem, to tear it limb from limb until, in wild struggle of darkness and fire, a nation found its grave—reigns still The same God who cursed Cain, and sent remorse upon Esau, and dug a grave for Korah, flung Jezebel to the dogs, and slew Belshazzar at his own banquet-table, and hurried Judas to a suicide's eternity—reigns still, unchanged forever; and what He has done before He can do again.

God has two sides—mercy and justice. At Calvary He is just and merciful. At Sinai He is not merciful, but just. Don't look at God with one eye, or you make a fatal mistake. God has two side to His nature now, iron and wool, even as He has two sides, left and right, to His judgment throne.

If you find me a god who is all mercy and no justice, I will not scruple to call him an idiot of your imagination. I totally refuse to have anything to do with your India-rubber god, whom you can spit at and live, for he is not the god of this Bible. Justice and mercy are the twin pillars of His throne; and the day God ceases to be just and punish sin, He will cease to be, and heaven grow dark!

I say, the popular god, who is all mercy, is not the God of this Bible, is not the God of His people, is not the God of Calvary, is not the God of heaven! I scout him from my soul as the devil's god and yours.

There is a hell, understand, first, and be mercilessly clear on this point. This is the key of the situation. If hell is “not proven,” I deny the truth of God in toto; and, ere I finish, I am prepared to impeach the prophets and apostles as liars, and Jesus Christ as the biggest impostor that ever trod God’s earth. Therefore be mercilessly clear.

There is a hell. The Hebrews took their idea of that awful place from Hinnom’s Vale, a deep gorge on one side of Jerusalem. Here red-handed Manasseh passed his children through the fire to Moloch—horrid king! — whilst the thunder of drums drowned their dying screams.

It was the sewer of the city—the abominable receptacle of every conceivable filth and impurity, to consume which fires were kept constantly burning. The cries of bloated vultures, the constant fires—now smoldering, now blazing out anew, as the winds rose and fell—and the deep banks of stenchful smoke always lying over that horrid vale, made it, in the eve of every Jew, a picture of hell!

There is a hell. We are treated to some fine new theories of the future of wicked men now-a-days.

Universalism (or the devil’s theory of hell!) with the blandest of smiles, comes to tell us that, all alive, saint and sinner, will turn up in heaven at last! The murderer and the murdered, the seducer and the seduced, the hater and the hated, the robber and the robbed, to their surprise will all find heaven at last! Nero and Paul, John and Herod, Judas and Peter, Cain and Abel, Elisha and Jezebel, Tom Payne and Murray M’Cheyne, will all come out at the same side of the judgment throne! (The devil laughs here). A pretty heaven indeed! With all the hypocrites, and whoremongers, and drunkards, and backbiters, and blasphemers, standing on the glassy sea!

I say, in the name of reason, the thought is blasphemous. There must be two places in eternity for two kinds of character. Character is permanent. Sin is being burnt into your soul as with a red-hot iron. You cannot throw it off as you do your clothes. It is part of your being. Look out, men! sin is no trifle. It will live when the sun is buried. You are forging a chain or fashioning a crown, digging a hell or building a heaven for yourself, and you are busy at it now!

Universalism is a damnable heresy! built on rotten props. Here is one of them. On a public platform in Shotts, I asked J. U. Mitchell: “Can a man go to heaven without repentance?” “Certainly not,” was his answer. “Then,” said I, “would you be so good as to tell me when the suicide who throws himself from the parapet of London Bridge, and is dashed dead on the rocks beneath, repents?” Let the reply stultify Universalism forever! “He repents between the parapet of the bridge and the rock on which his brains are dashed out!”

This theory is not often boldly avowed, but secretly believed, I am convinced, it generally is; and, by God’s help, I will blast your soul-damnation heresy today. “The wicked shall be turned into hell!”

The more popular theory of this age is Annihilationism; that is, “I die like my dog,” I die a sinner, and I am nowhere ever after. The coffin that holds my body is the grave of my soul, and, of course, punishment of any kind in eternity is an impossibility, as there is nobody nowhere to suffer it! Now this theory denies the immortality of the soul, which I shall someday have the pleasure of proving beyond the possibility of doubt to anyone who can listen to reason, and revelation, and history, and common sense.

When my body dies, my soul dies! What! Then there is not a saint in heaven! though John saw armies of these following Jesus on white horses. Moses and Elias are not, though they came from heaven to talk with Jesus—phantoms on Transfiguration Mount! David and Solomon, and Daniel, and Mary of Magdala are dead—dead, body and soul! The thief on the cross, who was to be in Paradise with Jesus that day, is not in Paradise yet; and Paul, who had a desire to depart and be with Christ, which was far better, is not with Christ—he is nowhere—has been nowhere these nineteen centuries!

Why, even the heathen shame your unbelief! Tartarus was the Roman hell—a gulf of gloom! Its gates of rock guarded by Furies, whose every hair was a coiled adder! From within sounded the clanking of chains, the crack of the scourge, and the shrieks of the damned! All kinds of torture were there, according to the degree of sinfulness. Tantalus (our worldling) was smitten of burning thirst, and plunged to the chin in Water; but to cool the fire in his throat not a drop! (Compare rich man of Luke.) Tityus the giant stood forever chained to a rock; a vulture eternally tore his liver which as eternally grew (our undying worm)!

You will not believe the Romans. To the law and to the testimony then. To your Bibles, men, and let us have the truth, whatever it be. I will not cite Paul, or Matthew, or John, lest you should doubt them. I will cite the eternal God Himself, and hear what He says: “The wicked shall be turned into hell” (Psa. 9:17). You may scatter the everlasting mountains, or split the sun in twain, until, with shorn locks and dimmed eye, it stumbles on the pathway of light; but you won’t alter God’s word. I cite the tender-hearted Jesus; and several times in one chapter (Mark 9) He speaks of a “Worm that never dies, and a fire that never shall be quenched.” Now be mercilessly clear, for your soul is at stake. Answer me this question, Did Jesus lie when He spoke of the undying worm and the unquenchable fire? Did the Son of God picture a lie when He shows us the rich man lifting up his eyes in torments, and begging a drop of water to cool his tongue? Did He mean to harrow up our souls with lying pictures of what never existed? Nay; but answer me. Of course not, you say: “It is impossible for God to lie.” Well, then, it is impossible there can be no hell, and Let that settle the question forever.

Why, men, if there is no hell, there is no heaven. They have the same foundation—God’s truth—and if hell be a fable, heaven is a fable, too! There is as much proof in this Bible for a hell as for a heaven. The threatening’s are as numerous as the promises. God woos, and as distinctly thunders. Drown the fires of hell, and you drown the music of heaven, and, like our dogs, let us die. The plan of redemption is one. Take hell out of it, and the whole scheme is a dead failure!

There is a hell, then. Be mercilessly clear; let no doubts rest in your minds here, as you love your soul. Because if not, Calvary was a huge mistake! The death of Jesus was the biggest blunder of the ages. The eternity of punishment and the deity of Jesus stand or fall together. Jesus was not God if there is no hell. The Book which tells of one, tells of the other.

By the permanency of sinful character, the demands of a broken law, the truth of God’s Word, and the death of yonder Son of God, there is a hell.

Understand, second, that the wicked shall be turned into it. I have no delight in preaching hell. It cost me more than one heavy thought ere I could face this text. I would refrain from harrowing your feelings, but the necessity is laid on me. Woe is me if I preach not the Gospel! the half of which is

“He that believeth not shall be damned.” I dare not, on peril of my soul, preach a one-sided Gospel, lest I should be found smoothing your road to perdition. I was told by a clergyman last year that he had given up preaching hell to his people altogether.

Well, men and women, immortal, look here! If there is no hell, certainly we ought to stop preaching the lie. But if there is, I ask you, as you love your soul, is it a thing to be hid from you until you are in it? On your soul, say now is he your friend who hides it from you till you are in it, and past redemption? If you were walking hard by the edge of a precipice, and about to put your foot on thin air unawares, would I not be branded as a murderer did I not with loud cries warn you? With endless torment on the track you tread, and only a few steps to it, how dare I stand silently by while you, move forward? At the peril of your soul, I dare not and will not do it. You shall not descend into hell unwarned, to curse me forever!

Now for one warning ere you sink, sinner! “The wicked shall be turned into hell.” Many have had foretastes of it ere they died. Esau finds no place of repentance, though he sought it carefully with tears. Saul’s troubled spirit foreshadows the restlessness of hell, with no harp of David to soothe it. Judas feels the undying worm twisting in his soul, and takes to the halter to escape it. The dying cries of Voltaire were echoes of the shrieks of the damned. Mirabeau prays for laudanum that he may forget the eternity to come—a wail from the sea of woe!

These last moments of wicked men ought to burn in your soul the stern fact, that “the wicked shall be turned into hell!”

Colonel Charteris, while dying, offered thirty thousand pounds to have it proved conclusively there was no hell, but it was no use.

Unsaved sinner, you shall be turned in there; God says it. You may wish it otherwise, you shall wish in vain. Turned in there! Your companions fiends, and murderers, and adulterers, and hypocrites, and blasphemers. Your torment in body and soul unsupportable, and that forever! There is no death in hell; mark that, unbeliever. Death, which is a monster on earth, shall be an angel in hell. If Death went there, all the damned would fall down and worship him, and a shout of triumph rend the fiery vault till all was still! But there is no death in hell. Long as heaven lasts hell will last! Farewell, offers of mercy and wooing’s of love! Farewell, voices of mirth and songs of gladness! No more forever shall mercy woo thee. No more forever shalt thou rest in thy sin. It was sweet. Now it will hunt you, and scare you, and damn you; and as you rise to your feet, it will hurl you down again—your sin! Never shall you rest again Black clouds thunder it from above, “No rest,” and tongues of flame around say, “No rest,” and the tortured everywhere shriek, “No rest.” I remember when a boy reading a book entitled “The Horrors of the Damned,” in which a harrowing description of the torments of the lost was given; but words fail to paint hell.

You must go there. You shall be turned into hell. It will be by force. No entreaties shall save you. No power can rescue you. The arm of God Almighty will turn you into hell! Drunkard you shall be hurried from your cup, smitten of everlasting thirst. Swearer! God will rivet the last oath on your tongue, and drag you to judgment. The last laugh you have at Jesus, scoffer, will remain in your lungs, and echo there forever. Ye drunkard-makers, who put the bottle to your neighbor’s mouth and make money by the murder of souls, ye shall be turned into hell, damned forever!

Break His bands in sunder! "He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh. The Lord shall have you in derision" (Psa. 2:4). Oh, to be laughed at by the God who once wept for and now woos thee The echo of that laugh shall live in your soul like lead.

I warn you, decent and respectable sinners, you shall be turned into hell. All ye that forget—not despise, nor reject, nor hate, nor deny, nor blaspheme—merely forget God, ye shall die the second death. Cowardly and unbelieving, you shall have your portion with the hypocrites, where is weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth. Your decency is damning you while it keeps you from Jesus. The harlots and the publicans shall go into heaven before you who make a Christ of your morality. Decent unbelievers, you are going from the communion-table to an endless hell. "He that believeth not shall be damned." (Mark 16:16.)

"When the harvest is past and the summer is gone,
And the sermons and prayers shall be o'er,
When the beams cease to break of the sweet Sabbath morn,
And Jesus invites thee no more!
When the rich gales of mercy no longer shall blow,
The Gospel no message declare, —
Sinner, how can'st thou bear the deep wailings of woe,
How suffer the night of despair?
"When the holy have gone 'to the regions of peace
To dwell in the mansions above,
When their harmony wakes in the fullness of bliss
Their song to the Saviour they love, —
Say, sinner that livest at rest and secure,
And fearest no trouble to come,
Can thy spirit the swellings of sorrow endure,
Or bear the impenitent's doom! or bear the impenitent's doom!"
G. G. Macleod.

Nations Without God

“The wicked shall be turned into hell, and all nations that forget God.”— Psa. 9:17.

The turbulent classes in Paris, and other great cities of the world are distinctly anti-religious, and in this fact I am satisfied we have the secret of their unrest and their unreason. It was the same before the great Revolution in France. The people of 1789-90 rejected the Christian religion, they mocked its Divine founder, they exalted a painted actress as the goddess of reason, and wrote on their cemetery gates, “Death is an eternal sleep.” And what was the result? The reign of unbelief produced the reign of terror. A reign of destruction followed such as has not been experienced by any modern nation. For 420 days the guillotine did its work, and more than 4,020 heads rolled from its block, whilst the women of Paris sat by and put a red stitch into their knitting at each drop of the ax, that in the evening they might reckon up the number of those who had fallen victims during the day. Are we on the eve of a repetition of 1789? May I ask the prayers of all who read these words that it may not be so, that He who rules the raging of the sea, and the madness of the people, may save France from the horrors of another revolution?

May we in England, by Christ-like living and Christ-like work, especially among the young today, seek to preserve our country from the horrors of Revolution. The unbelief of England is crying to God for judgment as a nation, by our desecration of the Lord’s Day, and our denial of all the great truths of Christianity we are storing up wrath that will not long be restrained. Revolution or Revival, it must be one or the other.

Never before in the history of the world was there such chaos and confusion, such anarchy and lawlessness. The French Revolution has paled into insignificance beside the experiences of Russia, Poland, Armenia and other lands. Lecky, the historian, says the French Revolution was certainly on its way to this country when the great Evangelical Revival broke out, and the salvation of England was due to this wave of God’s power upon the land. “The question in everyone’s mind now is, Shall England be again spared the horrors of a revolution such as is now raging abroad? Those who know something about the condition of the present unrest, not only amongst the laboring class, but amongst the police and the troops, declare that there is a deep ferment of revolt working in an undercurrent that might burst forth at any moment, and that the gravest period of our island history will be during the next six months.” Hence the urgent need of prayer—importunate, prevailing prayer—that God may again graciously intervene with a real spiritual revival. That is the only remedy for the danger that threatens us.

“Remorse! Remorse!”

“The men of this world have their portion in this life,” and what does it amount to? Hear what a worldly, pleasure-loving, money-making doctor, awakened at the close of his ill-spent life to his folly had to say: “Find that word—find that word.” “What word?” they said. “That awful word—remorse!” he answered. And again he said, “Remorse!” At length, gathering up all the strength he had left, he shrieked out, “Remorse!” Then he added, “Write it, write it.” It was written. “Write it in large letters, underline it, and let me gaze at it,” said he; and he went on, “None of you know its meaning as I do, and may you never know it. Oh! it is awful in its meaning to me, and I feel it now! Remorse! remorse!! remorse!!!”

Rowland Hill and Biddy

There is a beautiful incident told from the life of Rowland Hill. That great old preacher never did things quite as other people did; he dared to be himself. In his conduct of family worship he had the peculiar habit of mentioning every one by name in his prayer—all his servants included. “Lord bless Thou the cook, Susan, and the maid, Jane,” and if the manservant was there he said, “Bless Thou my manservant John.” He loved to tell the Lord whether they were converted or not. The servants became used to it. Once a new cook came into the establishment by the name of Biddy, and at family worship the next day he asked the Lord to bless Susan and Jane and John, adding, “Lord, bless the new cook, Biddy; just come, and change her heart if she is not converted and make her all Thine own.” Directly after family worship there was a knock at the good man’s door; it was the new cook, who said, “If you please, Mr. Hill, I am glad to be in your service, and I hope I shall be very comfortable, but I am not accustomed to having my name mentioned in family prayer. It makes me feel uncomfortable.” “God bless you!” said the old man, “does it? I would not make you feel uncomfortable for anything. I won’t mention it.” The next morning, when he began to pray, he again said: “Lord, bless Susan and Jane and John,” and he added, “Thou knowest, Lord, that I would like to ask some good thing for Biddy; but she tells me I must not mention her name to Thee.” Directly after prayers there was another knock at the study door, and sure enough it was Biddy. “Oh,” she said, “if you please, Mr. Hill, I do not mean that; don’t leave me out; mention my name also, won’t you?” So it is with salvation. The invitation is extended to everybody.

A Word for Today

Let us stand four-square upon the Book of God—the Holy Bible—which has withstood the “critics” through all the ages, and is able to make us wise unto salvation through faith which is in Christ Jesus.

The Diary of a Soul

By the Editor

January, 1884, To December, 1922

THIS December number brings the issue of "A Message from God" to the end of its thirty-ninth year. I remember well the prayerful anxiety that was, mine, that God would bless it when it was first issued. My opening words in the first number were: "This little magazine has not been sent forth without earnest prayers. The Editor feels how much he needs the remembrance of God's children, that His blessing may rest upon it."

I feel that as much today as I did forty years ago when the words were written.

My opening prayer on the first page of the first number was in the words of the saintly G. V. Wigram: "To give up what Thou would'st have me to be without, and to take up what Thou would'st have me to be in, or upon me; be this, through grace, my service to Thyself, Father of our Lord Jesus. Amen."

We have sought every month to make our little booklet what it is called, "A Message from God." Over and over again, through its forty years, we have had proof after proof that God has blessed it.

We can honestly say that we have never swerved, through grace, from the great foundation truths of the Word of God. We have always taught and held these great realities: —

- God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost.
- The Deity of the Lord Jesus Christ.
- The Divine Inspiration of, the Scriptures.
- The immortality of the soul.
- The Atoning Death of the Lord Jesus Christ, and His Resurrection and Ascension into Heaven.
- The fall of man, the necessity of the new birth, and justification by faith alone.
- The eternal punishment of the wicked.

Remember me, then, dear friends before God. We cannot expect much longer, if the Lord tarry, to carry on our work. On the last page of this number I have told you how the Lord is prospering our Testament and Tract distribution. I would say one word in closing. We want 50,000 Testaments to begin 1923 with. May God be with all my readers, and bless everyone who has helped us through 1922. Every gift has been thankfully received, and has brought blessing, I trust, to the giver. My illness has prevented me from writing as often as I have wished, but I have richly proved the loving forbearance of a multitude of friends.

Yours for Christ's sake,

Heyman Wreford.

Conservative or Liberal?

While I am writing this in my study, all the streets of my city, Exeter, are filled with the excitement of the General Election. Motor cars and every kind of vehicle, gaily bedecked, are carrying voters to the polling stations. Roars of cheering, and the din of children parading the streets with improvised instruments of music (?) are heard everywhere.

The great heart of the city, as the nation, is throbbing with the fever of party strife. What a spectacle of unrest it all presents! What brawling and confusion! What strife of tongues! What waste of words! Men rally around their chosen leaders. The wild fervor of partisanship severs men and women as far apart as the poles. Men are the slaves of an idea; they are prisoners who grace the triumphs of their leaders; they move about in the circumscribed limits of their proclaimed opinions.

I feel it laid upon my heart to write a little at a time like this. Your choice of a candidate whom you wish to represent you in the next Parliament has been made, and your vote has been given, and the result will be known later on today amid scenes of the wildest excitement.

All this reminds me most vividly of an election that took place well-nigh two thousand years ago.

In the city of Jerusalem two candidates were before the people, and the populace had to declare their will concerning them. Their names were passed from lip to lip, as the names of your candidates are today. The names of the two were: —

JESUS

Barabbas

One was the Son of God, the other was a robber. One had done everything that was good, the other everything that was wrong.

From the lips of tens of thousands of men and women — for women had a vote in this election as well as men — the cry rang forth, “Not this Man, but Barabbas.” They gazed on Jesus Christ, and they cried, “Away with Him! Away with Him!” “Why?” says the heathen. Governor, Pilate, “What evil hath He done?” He knew the evil Barabbas had done. But loud and insistent was the cry, “Not this Man, but Barabbas.” He was the world’s choice then — and Jesus was rejected and crucified.

You, my reader, are choosing a candidate for a few short years today. I want you to choose a candidate for eternity.

Choose today between the world, and Christ. “Choose ye this day whom ye will serve.”

God has chosen a Man, the Man after His own heart. God asks the world of men and women to choose His beloved Son. Will you vote for the Son of God today? Shall God speak in vain, “This is My beloved Son, hear Him”?

God asks you to choose the One He has chosen for you. Will you be persuaded to vote for the Son of God, and ratify, by your heart's allegiance to Him now, what He did for you nineteen centuries or more ago! Shall God ask in vain? No; let your voices ring out your soul's choice now, "Christ for me! Christ for me!"

You may have very pronounced opinions, and may say decidedly that you belong to one or the other of these two parties. Let me tell you what I believe. I will tell you in what I believe a Christian should be conservative and in what he should be liberal.

He should be Conservative in his Faith

He should never change in that. He should remember that "without faith it is impossible to please God"; that faith is the divine principle which lifts men from earth to heaven. Faith is the golden key that unlocks the treasures of eternity; faith is a voice that speaks in the ears of God; faith is a chain that binds the soul to Christ; faith is a life-giving, a life-preserving power that is based upon Omnipotence. Faith has made the feeble, strong; the weary, restful; the timid, heroes; the despairing, hopeful. Faith has lit dark hearts with splendor; and made the desert blossom as the rose. Faith has made music amid the discordant noises of a world of sin.

Faith lights up the Christian's eye, and unlooses the Christian's tongue: it makes the heart beat happily, and the feet run joyfully. Have you faith in Christ? You confide in your candidate; have you faith in Jesus? You can never please God unless you have faith in His Son. God will have all Honor given to Him. "All men must Honor the Son." Honor Him by your faith now. Cannot you trust yourselves and your interests to the Saviour? He has given such a proof of His love, that you should not hesitate another moment to trust Him. He has died for sinners; and you are a sinner! He receives sinners, and you are a sinner! An act of faith will save you. "Have faith in God."

The Christian should be a Conservative in his Love

Yes, that must never alter. "We love Him because He first loved us." I must love Christ better than my life, better than the dearest object of my heart on earth. My love must be constant and unchanging. And He is worthy of it. The more I know of Christ, the more I love Him. Men are always failing and disappointing us; they fail to rise to what we expect of them. But Christ exceeds all that we can think. Our highest expectations are surpassed by Christ, our highest wishes He more than satisfies. Thus my love has an object that it can feed upon, and grow upon; the more I love, the more I shall love, and God is love. God make me conservative in my love!

Do you love Christ? Those who love Christ, love happiness, and life, and peace, and glory. Those who hate Christ, love death, and the grave, and misery and hell.

The Christian should be Liberal in his Life

He should be liberal in telling others of his love to Christ, and Christ's love to him. He should ever be ready to give a reason for the hope that is in him. He should never be ashamed to acknowledge to whom he belongs and whose cause he espouses. He should everywhere make known the praises of his Saviour, and seek to win others to His side. He should with generous warmth declare what great things God has done for him; and with liberal heart pray that a like blessing might rest upon all around him. He should not be chained or fettered in his desires, but go out in love to the whole world: no narrow sectarianism should mar his usefulness, nor any broad

departure from the will of God render his life useless. As God has blessed him with a bounteous hand, he should dispense those heavenly gifts to others. As God has lit the lamp of love in his heart by His Spirit he should shine as a light in a dark world, as a guide to those who are lost, and who are weary of the darkness. As God has spoken in love to him, he should be loving to those about him.

The Christian should be Liberal in his Service

He should be passive in the Master's hands. "Here am I, send me." "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do? "These should be heart cries — deep desires to be used by God, and to be His messenger to a lost and guilty world. He should not be grudging of his time, or money, or opportunities, or health, or strength, but give all to God without reserve. "Take me, Lord, and use me," this should be his prayer.

"Take my life, and let it be

Consecrated, Lord, to Thee;

Take myself; and I will be

Ever, only, ALL for Thee."

This should be his song.

Yes, a Christian should be conservative in maintaining the Tights of God, in a world where those rights are challenged. He should be conservative in his unswerving trust in the word of God from beginning to end, in an age when the wisdom of man is employed to tear it to pieces. He should be conservative in his loyalty and love to the One whom the world has crucified and slain. He should be liberal in his outspoken testimony to the love that has saved him and blessed him eternally. He should be liberal in his work of faith and labor of love; liberal in his intense desire that the cause of Christ should spread in the world in which he lives, and the name of Christ be honored among men.

I Solicit your Vote and Interest for the Lord Jesus Christ

There is not a question you can ask, but what shall be answered fairly and fully from the word of God. Not a doubt that can arise in your minds but what shall be dispelled; not a fear but what shall be driven away. I ask you to give yourselves to Christ, because it will be for your soul's advantage in time and in eternity. When earthly candidates have all passed away, and earthly parliaments are gone forever, Christ and His people will be dwelling in eternal bliss. When the strife of tongues shall cease on earth, and men no longer seek for place and power, the people of God will be in the home of God, and the eternal language of praise will flow from every tongue. When conservatives and liberals have all passed off this chequered changing scene, those who have placed their interests in the hands of Christ will find that the name of Christ is the Name for eternity. The parliament of heaven is never dissolved; the terms of grace are never altered. The promises Christ made to those who trust in Him, have their complete fulfillment in the glory where He is. The world is full of promises unfulfilled and of pledges unredeemed; but the accomplishment of all the promises of God, and the pledges of the Saviour, will be the glory of eternity.

Friends, shall I plead in vain for Christ? He has an interest in every one. He loves you and will make you happy. He will give you what the richest and the most powerful can never bestow, eternal life, and peace with God.

In closing, let me say a few more words. It is accounted a great thing to be a Member of Parliament. Yet what is that compared to being a member of the body of Christ? To have a right to sit, not in the Senate House of a mighty earthly nation, but in heavenly places in Christ Jesus; to be at home in the palace of the King of kings; to be owned before the angels as the King's son!

“I’ll Plump for Him!”

By Captain S. V. Henslowe

Ere these lines are in the hands of the printer, that which is so occupying men’s minds at the present moment, the “General Election of 1922,” will be a thing of the past. Would that with it all the jealousies and heart-burnings gendered by the strife of party had also sunk into oblivion — or rather would that they had never arisen! For sad it is to see and to hear the hard speeches and cold looks which party feeling calls up, even between those who are children of God; whose “citizenship is in heaven” (Phil. 3:20, 4:5), and whose only business with the politics of this world surely should be, to be subject to the powers that be, and to pray for all sorts and conditions of men (Rom. 13:1; 1 Tim. 2:1, 2).

The remark, or rather exclamation, at the head of this paper was called forth from a dying man, in consequence of one’s noticing on his table an envelope containing a circular from an election agent asking for this poor fellow’s vote and interest in the coming election for the borough. Having had a similar application I recognized the same handwriting, and remarked: “So they have been at you for your vote?” to which he nodded assent.

“But you will not be able to go to the poll, you’ll never get off that bed. The only one who can do you any good is the Man whom the world rejected and cast out. The only One I could vote for, is the One who died for such sinners as you and I are, and whose precious blood, God says, cleanseth from all sin — will you have Him?”

With a great effort (for heart disease and consequent dropsy made every breath he drew, and every word he gasped out, a matter of intense pain) he exclaimed: “I’ll plump for Him!”

Thank God! One had often visited the dying man and had stuck to that one truth, “the blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin,” with various experiences of hope and sorrow. But this seemed to express a good deal in a few words. “I’ll plump for Him!” He voted for Jesus, the sinner’s Saviour, God’s Lamb.

Ah! dear reader, let me ask you, after all the conflict and strife, after all the combat of opinions, what good to your precious soul can or will the man do, you fancy you have helped to send to Parliament? Did he die for you? If he would, would this have met the claims of that Holy God you have sinned against? Not one claim. But that other Man! What of Him? He has died — is risen — and now from the right hand of the majesty on high speaks, to your immortal soul this moment, and begs you to accept Him as your Substitute, Surety, and Representative. Not at St. Stephen’s, Westminster, but before the throne of God. Will you “plump for Him?”

It is not too late. Absence from home, sickness, or a hundred other things may have, to your disappointment, hindered you from going to the “polling-booth” to record your vote just now; but it is not too late, if availed of “now,” this instant, to accept Him, to vote for Him; for God says, as to this, “Now is the accepted time.”

How often one sees placards, "Poll early." Yes, indeed, "the children of this world are wiser in their generation," than the children of light; they believe in "now" in this matter of such puny moment when compared to the eternal welfare of a never-dying soul. May you be as wise and "poll now" just as you are. Don't change your work-a-day clothes for your Sunday finery. "Just as you are," all begrimed with the soot and grease and sweat of sin, earning the devil's wages ("the wages of sin is death"), accept God's Man, His Christ, His great salvation on the spot.

Why not?

From how many almost death-beds were men dragged to vote! Your pet candidate didn't care how sooty you made the ticket as long as the "x" was against his name. So, thank God, even at your last gasp, though steeped in sin, there is a Person and a work which have met the claims of God; so that He it is who offers you "now" pardon and peace, and is just in doing it, as His righteousness has been satisfied, so that He can be "Just, and the Justifier of him which believeth in Jesus" (Rom. 3:26).

What trouble you took to see that your name was correctly entered upon the voters' list! Again and again have you pored over those sheets of printed matter affixed to church and chapel doors containing the corrected list of those entitled to the franchise. Have you taken one instant's thought, or made inquiry as to whether your name is in the "Lamb's book of life," or "enregistered in heaven!" Now have you? I often think (as I have seen dear souls running their fingers down the lists, turning over page after page to see if the registration office has put them down all right), of what the Lord Jesus said to the seventy, when they returned to report to Him the result of their mission and exclaimed, "Lord, even the devils are subject unto us through Thy name" (Luke 9:17). Ah! yes, man loves power. Fine thing to turn out demons. You would go a long way to do this, or even to see it done, but what did that One who was "crucified through weakness" reply? "In this rejoice not that the spirits are subject unto you, but rather rejoice that your names are written in heaven" (Luke 10:20).

An Alpine Tragedy

We are still in the land of the living, and are the possessors of that priceless treasure — life. One has said of it: “The wealth of mines cannot purchase it, the wisdom of the profoundest intellects cannot originate it, no power on earth can prolong it no language can define it.” And yet how few remember that it is through the goodness of God that we live and move and have our being.

As I looked upon the exterior of a magnificent mansion, in the charming health resort of M■, I was forcibly reminded, both of the brevity and uncertainty of life in this world. I was informed that many years ago that noble structure had been erected at an immense cost, and that, although a considerable time had elapsed it had not been inhabited. As I further noticed the neat, ivy-covered lodge, on which time and decay were doing their sure work, the moss-covered carriage drive, and what little I could see of the grounds, which at one time must have been splendidly laid out, I was curious to know the reason, and learned that a gentleman of considerable wealth had given orders for its erection, purposing to present it to his son on the occasion of his marriage, which was arranged should take place when he attained his majority. He was nearly of age, but he never reached it. He left home to take a short tour through Switzerland, and while in company with others, was climbing the Alps. He took a false step, he stumbled, and although he made a desperate effort to recover his balance, and attempted to clutch at something to which to hold, all was in vain; he fell and went headlong down those rugged rocks, to those terrible depths below. Shortly afterward his poor mangled body was found, but the precious life was gone. Time’s scenes, with their pleasures and opportunities, were past forever in his experience. But a few brief moments before he was doubtless enjoying from those lofty heights the invigorating breezes and the beauties of God’s fair creation; a few moments after that fatal step his spirit had winged its flight to the great beyond, either to be absent from the body, present with the Lord, or, solemn fact! in torment. Whether prepared for eternity or not, I was not able to ascertain.

May not this solemn incident stand before us as a beacon of warning? This life seems but a brief moment between the ages which are passed and the eternity which is to come. Alas! that we spend our time so triflingly, and our years as a tale that is told, regardless of the welfare of our immortal souls, forgetting that sooner or later we must enter eternity to know the joys of heaven or the woes of hell

A. G.

Something for Christmas

Can't you give me something for Christmas? No, I have nothing to say particular, but no, again, I can tell you of two demi-sisters that love one another — the one old and rich, the other old and poor — but the one that is poor is quite sure the Lord will provide, and is always “shouting for joy” because her Lord never fails His word. What He has promised He will fulfill. The rich one is unhappy and miserable, always worrying and doubting if things will continue as they are, and never content with the beautiful home she has. Her Christmas has no joy for her, because she forgets or omits to joy in her Lord, who became a Babe on earth that He might grow up and live for her and die for her. Oh, what Christmas joy might be hers! —and the poor sister shouts for joy because she can realize the wondrous truth that her loving Lord Jesus actually allowed Himself to be a Babe in swaddling clothes and in His mother's arms at what we now call Christmas. Rejoice, therefore, rejoice evermore, in this wondrous truth which He still realizes in the heavenly glory.

Emily P. Leakey.

“His Grace is Sufficient”

The following is from one, who has passed through much, but, thank God, can write of God's grace and strength, which has enabled him to go on, although often suffering from bodily weakness. How greatly the Testaments and “Messages” are valued I am able to send him through Dr. Wreford!

My friend is working specially amongst boys of ages varying from ten to sixteen in different meetings, one he has worked up in about six months numbering thirty, in a district he describes as follows: —

“... Utter poverty and ignorance of God's loving care and guidance.... I think of my boys, ragged, poor, ill-behaved, yet, God bless them, longing for Jesus, to know Him better. I own them mine, to care for, love and cherish, as a follower of His. God bless and save them by His wonderful grace. The lightness of heart I feel when I see them eagerly coming to the various meetings, and drinking into their young minds Jesus. I know my hands are held up to do this work for God by prayer.... I have asked God to stir up some hearts to seek by His Holy Spirit to reach the children neglected around them as they read...”

Thank God, Dr. Wreford loves the children, and God is giving him the desire of his heart, to be a channel of blessing to the young, giving them the precious Word of God.

A. A. L.

Tragedies of Unbelief

The boldness of flippant unbelievers is sometimes illustrated, by the dying words of ungodly men. A case in point is brought under notice by the following paragraphs from a recent issue of the "Sunday School Times" of Philadelphia:

"A New York State newspaper has published an account of the funeral service of an unbeliever which was startlingly unusual. A member of a 'Spiritualist Science Church' officiated, and an address that had been prepared by the man who died was read, containing the following statements: 'I do not believe in a personal God, or, in other words, the God of the Book called the Bible.... This Book is the production of man, and in the near future the largest portion of it will be looked upon as emanating from a corrupt and diseased imagination.... Man is not a fallen creature, but has always continued to rise, from the atom to man, the highest intelligence on this plane, and will continue to rise from one grand reality to another through the æons to come.... You are your own architect, will be your own judge and executioner. You cannot transfer your responsibilities to the shoulders of a Christ.'

"No doubt this lost man was sincere in these tragic words of unbelief. He unconsciously believed Satan's lies, and rejected God's only Way of Salvation in God's Son our Saviour. A reader of the 'Sunday School Times,' sending this clipping, writes: No man ever repented of being a Christian on his death-bed. John Wesley said, 'Our people die well.' The infidel Gibbon said, when dying, 'All is dark and doubtful,' Voltaire exclaimed, 'I am abandoned by God and man: I shall go to hell.' Mirabeau, of the French Revolution, said, 'Give me more laudanum, that I may not think of Eternity.' And Tom Paine, the prince of infidels, said, 'Stay with me, for God's sake; it is hell to be left alone.' These are the natural results of Atheism. But 'whosoever will' may be saved."

Painful though these facts may be, there can be no charity in covering them, or ignoring the actuality of the ungodliness they display. Again and again, it has been pointed out that among those who serve the great enemy of souls, there are men who "wish to have it so." Surely it is the urgent duty of those who have commission from the Lord, to call men and women to serious consideration of their standing in regard to eternal judgment.

Blasphemy

Many will note, with deep regret, a name held in honor throughout the land, associated with a feeble article on Spiritualism in the current "Fortnightly." It is satisfactory that it is not Lord Grey of Falloden who writes the article, but his wife. To Lady Grey herself it does not appear to have been blasphemous to quote the words of our Lord and apply them to the unscriptural and preposterous pretensions of Spiritualism; but many who read her sentences will be distressed and horrified by what they judge to be profanity. "I will not leave you comfortless, I will come to you." This is one of the choicest and most sacred of the promises of the risen and glorified Saviour. To degrade it to the tricks and chatter of spookery through the lying mouths of mediums, is to shock every reverent mind. So obsessed is Lady Grey with her spiritualistic ideas, that she asserts that, were the apostles alive today, they would be called "mediums." Well, possibly Judas might! Says she: "The Church preaches the resurrection of Christ as a unique and divine happening; but we know that we all rise from the condition of death." We know no more about it than the Bible teaches us. Nor does Lady Gray!

Christian.

Grow in Your Walk with Christ

Listen and read messages that will stir your heart for Christ and point you to deeper repentance and devotion.

- 50,000+ Sermons from speakers past and present
- 3,900+ Classic Christian Books freely readable online
 - 1,200+ Bible Translations and Commentaries
- Over 450k forum posts — Join our vibrant online Christian forum

www.sermonindex.net