

FORTIETH YEAR.

JAN., 1924.

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# A Message from God

EDITED BY HEYMAN WREFORD

"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved."



Thunersee—Switzerland.

*F. E. Race (C. A. Hammond), 3 & 4, London House Yard, Paternoster Row, E.C.4.*



# The Ways of God

BY THE EDITOR

JANUARY, 1924

FACING THE FUTURE

**M**Y DEAR FRIENDS,  
We commence with this number our fortieth year as Editor of "A Message from God." It has been God's way of service for us for thirty-nine years. What goodness! what mercy! has followed us all these years. We are standing on the threshold of this New Year. We know not what lies before us, but we believe this year will be one of the most momentous years in the history of man. You and I, reader, stand facing the future. I want you to listen to me as I read a verse to you from Phil. iii. 13, 14, the words of the Apostle Paul: "This one thing I do, forgetting those things that are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press towards the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." An earnest man, with an earnest purpose wrote these words, "This **one** thing I do." He might have done many things. He had marvellous opportunities, and manifold advantages, but his life was completely under the control of one idea. He had a clearly defined purpose of life before him. No more his vagrant fancy, ever seeking, and never satisfied, but the truth of his whole life at rest.

He could calmly face the future. (Can you?) He could look without a doubt into the glories of eternity. Some tell us the future is a mystery, a blank; that none can know it or reveal it. Tom Paine, the infidel, knew better, for as he faced the future, almost his last words were "Do not leave me to be alone in hell." The Apostle Paul speaks of a

“ **forgetting** ” and a “ **reaching forth.** ” He had buried his old life in the grave of Jesus. The old life of Saul of Tarsus was to be forgotten for ever. He saw a vision in the skies that charmed his very soul. It was Jesus, risen from among the dead, a glorified Man at God’s right hand. The opened heavens stretch away before him with the light of God upon them. No mystery to faith, but the ineffable delight of “ reaching forth,” to lay hold of the great realities of God. Reader, will you gaze into the future now? Is there any rest for you in the rest of God?

Paul speaks of a “ **mark** ” and a “ **prize.** ” He saw them and pressed towards them. No dim conception was his, but a real comprehension of the finalities of a Christian’s life. There was no mystery to be solved by his soul when winging its way to the Infinite; but a revelation made to faith now. He saw by faith the golden shores of heaven; the host of the redeemed upon the shining streets; the pinnacles of the heavenly temple not made with hands eternal in the heavens. He saw it all, and his soul was absorbed by it. He could forget, he could reach forth; he could press on, for the “ **mark** ” was Christ, and the “ **prize** ” was an eternal one. Can you, my reader, thus face the future? Can you see clearly what is hidden from the world? The natural mind understands not the things of the Spirit. Only those who are born again are in the secrets of God.



### LOOK AT THE WORLD TO-DAY

What a world it is! Who would not wish for a better. A world of clouded skies and changing scenes. A world of breaking hearts, and tear-stained faces; of aching limbs, and wrinkled brows; a world where few are rich and many poor. A world that promises much and gives but little; a world whose undoing has been sin, and the record of its sin is written upon every page of its history.



### THE CAUSE OF THE WORLD’S UNREST

As we gaze on the great sea of humanity we notice it heaving and tossing in response to the volcanic storms that are raging underneath it. Elemental forces are at work all

over the world, and primitive barbarism is threatening to displace the ordered living which civilisation requires.

The root of all this unrest is to be found in the denial of the Father and the Son. It is the spirit of Antichrist abroad on the earth—the devil ruling in the place of God, and the councils of darkness swaying the destinies of man. Men are looking for the **superman**, and not to the God of all the earth.

The awful blasphemy that has led one nation to eliminate the Name of God from all its schools is spreading everywhere: "We be gods," men cry, and then act as devils. The humanising of God and the deification of man is the spirit of this age. The riot of self-will; everyone doing that which is right in their own eyes, leads to the awful menace of Bolshevism, which is the direct result of the materialism and modernism of the present day. There seems to be a collapse of moral energy in the world—the power to do evil is stronger than the desire to do right. The hidden forces of evil in the natural man which are to a certain extent repressed by the obligations of society, show themselves in a variety of ways—sometimes in the quieter forms of unbelief when human credulity is befooled by so-called diviners, by false mediums, who are the mouthpieces of demons to the world; by charlatans who pretend to the gift of healing, by palmists, by fortune-tellers, by crystal-gazers, by wizards who pretend to hold mysteries of life and death in thrall, by the atheists who in their blasphemy speak of "somebody called God"—by the modernists or semi-atheists, as we may call them, who under the guise of religion, sow "doctrines of devils," the denial of the Father and the Son, all over the world to-day. These false witnesses, garbed as Christian men, are the choicest emissaries of Satan, his chosen vessels to poison the minds of men with the specious sophistries of perdition. They not only speak of the Saviour as a fallible man, but deny the inspiration of the Book that speaks of Him.

A Christian father told me an incident of his son's life in a public school. At the Scripture class, the Book of Jonah, or a part of it, was read. The head master said to the class, "I suppose there is no one here who believes the story of Jonah and the whale?" The son of the father who told me, rose and said before all the class, "I do believe it, sir." The answer of the master was, "Then you must be a fool."



## THE CAUSE OF THE WORLD'S UNREST

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Alas ! for the boys of England taught by a modernist like this. But it is difficult for parents to find schools now which are not tainted with these abominable heresies.

These modernists many of them are men with little principle. They robe themselves as clergymen or ministers, and then deny all that they swore to maintain as truth. They still take the emoluments of their office, and use the opportunity thus given them to, Judas-like, sell their Lord to His enemies; and because these men are pleasant in their bearing, and have a suave and captivating manner, we are told that they must not be spoken hardly of, they must be dealt gently with, although "they crucify the blessed Lord afresh," and deny the Lord who bought them. I say, shame on such cowardly reticence. Why should Christians be afraid to say what they think about the blasphemers, when they hold huge meetings to protest against their blasphemy? The Father and the Son, will not separate the man from his words in the day of judgment, unless he repents.

But to convene meetings in the spirit of compromise is worse than not having them at all, we think. We are told never to criticise, and least of all denounce, any who hold these views that are not fundamental. What does Paul say to such, and of such? "I marvel that ye are so soon removed from Him that called you into the grace of Christ unto another gospel : which is not another ; **but there be some that trouble you, and would pervert the gospel of Christ.** But though we, or an angel from heaven, preach any other gospel unto you than that which we have preached unto you, **let him be accursed.** As we said before, so say I now again, If any man preach any other gospel unto you than that ye have received, **let him be accursed.** For do I now persuade men or God? or do I seek to please men? **For if I yet pleased men, I should not be the servant of Christ."**

These are the strong words of a man who was out and out for Christ. No compromise with Paul, when the honour of his Lord was questioned, but fierce and terrible denunciation against any who preached another gospel—**let him be accursed.** Brave Paul, you did not wear kid gloves in your conflict with Christ's enemies, and use honeyed words to those who denied your Lord. You bare about in your body the marks of the Lord Jesus: scars of stones, and chains,

and the tortures of the prison-house, all borne for Him, that made frail the body that contained the indomitable purpose of letting all men know the fervour of thy love for Christ. We hear thee say, Paul, "If any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ, let him be Anathema Maran-atha" (accursed at the Lord's coming). This is the picture of a first century man of God, and a servant of the Lord Jesus Christ. What is our position towards the Lord Jesus Christ?

The result of the atheism and modernism abroad in the world to-day is educating men and women into Socialism—a growing force which "teaches and believes the folly that material comfort may come to all under the reign of an omnipotent and atheistic bureaucracy administering the affairs of State." They build their theories on destruction, moral and spiritual, and are an unceasing menace to the nations of the world." **The atheist and the modernist work hand in hand.**

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

It is the everlasting shame of Christendom that a large number of so-called Christians do not believe in the Christ of Scripture at all, and tens of thousands who do believe in Him are lukewarm, and prefer the ease of quiet living to the battlefields of service for their Lord.

If we want to help in God's work we must face the evils, of which we have been speaking, in the power of God. How glorious to win souls for Jesus Christ day by day; to be true to Him in a world where He **was** crucified, and where He

is denied now! How good to remember that **Jesus is God**—  
to be able to say:

“ There is no other name but Thine,  
Jehovah-Jesus, name Divine;  
On which to rest for sins forgiven,  
For peace with God, and hope of Heaven.”

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### WHAT WE BELIEVE IN

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

These are truths we have sought to maintain during the thirty-nine years we have edited this magazine. We hold these truths stronger than ever to-day we trust. We shall hope during 1924 to place before our readers the Father and the Son, the denial of which is anti-Christ. Pray for us. We need your prayers. We are seeking to send the Word of God all over the world. We distributed nearly 1½ millions of Testaments, gospels and booklets, etc., during 1923.

We wish all our readers a very happy New Year.

Yours for Christ's sake,

HEYMAN WREFORD.

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### MATTHEW WEBSTER

(Sent by a dear friend and brother in Christ with Matthew's 1/-.)

Matthew Webster is only a poor aged labourer. He seldom is able to put in a full week's work as he is in consumption. He recently had to spend several weeks in the Infirmary. He has few comforts in this life, living alone in his single room, but he loves his Bible and his Lord, and loves to speak about his Master. A few days after he came out of the Infirmary, a friend gave him a few tracts including the October issue of the "Message from God." Matthew noticed that funds are

## " QUEEN VICTORIA "

required to send Testaments to those who have none, and though possessing few shillings, he gave one of them to the friend to send to Dr. Wreford's Fund. G.R.S.—M.

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### " QUEEN VICTORIA "

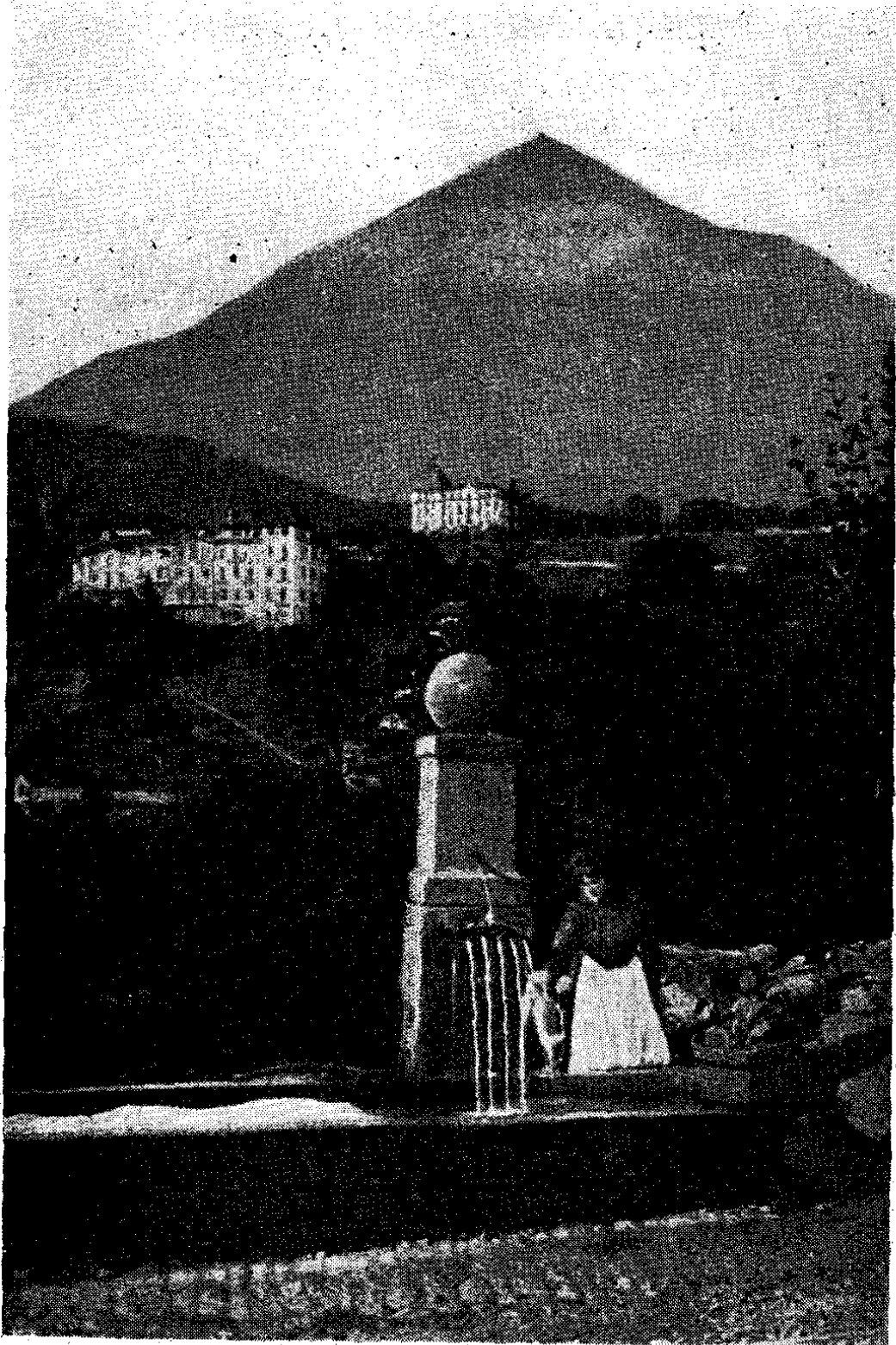
The following **true** incident has been given me, by a dear Christian, now living with us, and with the hope it may be used in blessing to others.

Many years ago, there lived on the Osborne House Estate an old lady (one of the late Queen's pensioners) who had a niece in a business house at Cowes. One early closing day, this niece went to her aunt's cottage to tea, and during the afternoon Her Majesty Queen Victoria walked in, and remained some time, knitting, and chatting with the old lady, and also had tea with them. After tea her Majesty said: " Now I will read a few verses from the 14th John," which she did, then looking very kindly at the young girl, she said, " I wonder whether you are a Christian, my dear." " Oh, yes, your Majesty," replied the girl. " How do you know you are?" asked the Queen. The reply was, " Because I've been Christened and confirmed." The Queen made no remark, but gently said, " Now we will have a few words of prayer, so you kneel down—we old ladies, will bow our heads, as our rheumatism will not allow us to kneel down." Her Majesty then prayed, and in her prayer she said, " Lord open the eyes of this dear young girl, and show her, that without change of heart, she can never become a true Christian; and show her, that no outward observances can in any wise save her soul, and this I ask, in the Name of the Lord Jesus Christ."

When the girl related the above to me, she remarked, " Well, I have many times sang ' God save the Queen,' but I never dreamt that I should hear the Queen pray to God to save me."

**This prayer was abundantly answered** " about a year afterwards, when this girl was truly converted, and was greatly used as a soul winner. She is now with the Lord, and with Queen Victoria."

Our Lord's own words are: " If ye shall ask anything in My Name, I will do it." A.A.L.



**A Fountain by the Wayside—Switzerland.**

*“Whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again; but whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst.”—John iv., 13, 14.*

( 10 )

**“ I'M ON FIRE! I'M ON FIRE! ”**

An evangelist writes, I was invited on one occasion to conduct a mission at a fashionable watering place. As the invitation came altogether unsolicited by me, I had but one answer—this was in the affirmative; there was no reason why it should be otherwise, but I confess I had a dread, for report said the pastor, who had invited me, was not much in sympathy with my kind of work, and the people of the place were quite aristocratic. I prayed that I might be guided aright so as not to give unnecessary offence, but to do all I could to win the people.

On my arrival at the place, my fears were realised. I found the pastor cold and unsympathetic, the congregation exceedingly well satisfied with themselves, and the atmosphere of the church as dead and cold as a garden in winter.

My first appeal on Sunday morning fell very flat upon me, if it did not on my hearers. In the evening the atmosphere was spiritually warmer. The after-meeting was a failure.

The pastor said to me next morning, “ Did you notice a tall woman in the congregation yesterday? ”

I said, “ Yes, I noticed her; she appeared very attentive.”

He said, “ She is a most ignorant woman. I do not think she can read a word. I cannot imagine why she came to church. I have known about her for a long time as a notorious character. She drinks and swears, and has been known to knock a person down who disputed with her. She goes about the town selling fish and vegetables.”

At the afternoon meeting she was present again, and paid great attention, and was also at the evening service. At the conclusion of the opening hymn, the pastor prayed in a quiet way, anything but exciting. The tall woman, immediately after, rose to her feet, and uttering a loud piercing shriek, she cried out “ I'm on fire! I'm on fire! ” And then shaking her clothes violently, she shrieked louder and louder.

The pastor was dumb with amazement, and the respectable people were thoroughly scared. I walked slowly toward the woman, giving out the words of the hymn, “ How sweet the Name of Jesus sounds,” and commenced to sing it. It was taken up and carried on by a few of the audience.

The poor affrighted woman, after stamping with her feet,

“ I’M ON FIRE! I’M ON FIRE! ”

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and shaking her clothes again and again, bounded out into the aisle, and continued shaking her clothes as if to extinguish the flames.

I said to her, “ Come with me to the end of the room. We will see about putting out the fire.”

“ Oh! ” she cried, with a louder shriek than before, “ I’m sinking into hell. Oh, save me! save me! ”

“ Come with me, and we will see about that too,” I said.

I persuaded her to kneel down, and I knelt by her side and prayed, until she became calm. Then I told her the way of salvation.

She said, “ Oh, but it is a sinner I am; yes, that I am, that I am! ”

I said, “ I am glad you feel your sins. Christ died to save such sinners as you. He can save you now. Ask Him for yourself. Say, ‘ God be merciful to me a sinner.’ Only believe on Him.”

The poor woman was still trembling with the fright she had been in. I said, “ The Lord Jesus has taught us sinners to make that prayer, and He has told us in His love the answer to it. You shall go home justified, saved. He loves you—He died to save you.”

She found peace and pardon, and in a little while she returned quietly to her seat.

The woman grew in intelligence in a marvellous way, and in the after meetings talked to anxious people of her acquaintance. There was no mistake about the wonderful change that was wrought in her.

W.H.

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### “ CHRIST IS ALL.”

A great surgeon operated on a little boy, whose foot was twisted out of shape. His parents were very poor, but at last a friend had taken the lad to an eminent doctor.

After a successful operation, the friend came to take the little invalid home. He said to the boy, “ What a beautiful hospital you have been in.”

“ Yes,” said the boy, “ but I love the doctor best.” Then the friend spoke of the nurses and their kindness.

But the boy replied, "Yes, they are kind, but oh! you should know how kind the doctor is."

When he brought the boy home, his mother was charmed to see her son again. She fell on her knees, and looked at once at his foot. "Why, it is just like any other boy's foot now," she exclaimed in delight. But all the time the lad was saying to her, "Mother, mother, you ought to know the doctor—the doctor who made me well."

Has the Lord Jesus not done a thousand times more for us than the surgeon did for the boy? If so, shall we not speak of His worth and power and goodness? Ah; if we feel how much we owe Him we shall feel we cannot extol Him too highly.

### HOW HE CONVERTED HIMSELF

I was telling a friend of this wonderful conversion, in the presence of Dr. Wreford, and he said immediately, "Do write it for the 'Message.'" "I hardly like to," said I, "lest the lady who told me might say 'You should not have repeated it without my leave.'" Nevertheless I hope it may be made a blessing to some reader who likewise disbelieves the Gospel message that Jesus Christ the blessed and only Son of God, will save any one and every one who comes to Him. "Look unto Me and be ye saved, for I am God, and there is none else" (Isaiah xlv. 22), and in Matt. ii. 28, He repeats the message in other words, "Come unto Me and I will give you rest."

"I had a great great friend, a gentleman of much worldly experience and scholastic learning, one who evidently had been brought up in evangelical truth and knowledge of divine love, but somehow he pretended to be an agnostic, one who disbelieved the truth as it is in Jesus. When staying with us in London he went out for a walk, and passing down a certain street, he saw in a bill on a building, 'Come in and hear how I can prove there is no God.' He thought he would go in and listen, which he did through all the blasphemous tirade the blasphemer of the one true God and Jesus Christ dared to utter. Immediately the man finished, this gentleman arose, and said 'Now I am going to speak,' and then with the power of the Holy Ghost upon him, he preached a full and perfect salvation to every one who would come and believe on the Lord Jesus, and wonderful to



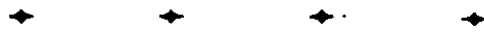
## THAT PRICELESS SACRIFICE

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say, his sermon was the means, through God's mercy, of his own conversion. The Holy Spirit there and then convinced him of sin and led **him** to look to the Saviour, of Whom he was preaching to the congregation. From that day to this," said my friend, "he has consistently been living Christ and uplifting Him wherever he has the opportunity."

Oh dear readers, let us follow his example of **living Christ** in our daily life, for our life is hid with Christ in God (Col. iii. 3).

EMILY P. LEAKEY.



## THAT PRICELESS SACRIFICE

If it be true that all the life-labours of the Son of God—His tears, His prayers, His groans, His sighs—if all these things put together could not cancel one single speck of guilt; then, indeed, may we not lawfully inquire what possible value can there be in our works—our tears—our prayers—our religious services—our ordinances, sacraments and ceremonies—the whole range of religious activity and moral reform? Can such things avail to cancel our sins and give us a righteousness before God? The thought is perfectly monstrous. If any or all of these things could avail, then why the sacrificial, atoning death of Christ? Why that ineffable and inestimable sacrifice, if aught else would have done?

But, it will perhaps be said that, although none of these things could avail without the death of Christ, yet they must be added to it. For what? To make that peerless death—that precious blood—that priceless sacrifice of full avail? Is that it? Shall the rubbish of human doings, human righteousness, be flung into the scale to make the sacrifice of Christ of full avail in the judgment of God? The bare thought is positive and absolute blasphemy.

But are there not to be good works? Yes, verily; but what are they? Are they the pious doings, the religious efforts, the moral activities of unregenerate, unconverted, unbelieving nature? Nay. What then? What are the Christian's good works? They are the precious fruits of life possessed—the life of Christ in the true believer. There is not anything

beneath the canopy of heaven which God can accept as a good work save the fruit of the grace of Christ in the believer. The very feeblest expression of the life of Christ, in the daily history of a Christian, is fragrant and precious to God. But the most splendid and gigantic labours of an unbeliever are, in God's account, but "dead works."

C.H.M.

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### THE MAJOR AND THE BOY

An old man, who boasted that he "had seen life," dwelt by himself in a comfortless cottage close to the rectory in the pretty country village where I had been converted. Not only did he habitually neglect worship in the House of God, but his past career had been of so shameful a character that he had long proved a curse in the neighbourhood. The young people in the place were, indeed, so influenced by his example, that the worthy rector felt very keenly the difficulties of his work. I had heard much about this old Major, and how he had forbidden any outsiders to approach him on the subject of religion. In days gone by his surroundings had been very different. He had been possessed of ample means besides his salary as an officer; but his large house, grounds and staff of servants had been parted with by degrees, for he had "wasted his substance in riotous living."

It was the afternoon of my conversion in the mushroom field, when with rapid steps I had hastened to the Rectory, and told my kind hostess, Mrs. Foster, "Jesus has found me, and I have found Jesus. I cannot stop; I must hasten off to see the old Major, for God can turn him as He has turned me." The calm and usually placid face of the lady gave way to a look of despair. She expostulated in vain as she cried, "Oh, my boy, do not go; he will kill you, for he keeps a loaded pistol, and has often threatened to shoot anyone who speaks to him about his soul."

This terrifying news did not in the least affect me, or deter me from my purpose, as she had hoped; for my heart was filled with so deep a joy that I felt I must communicate the good news of a Saviour's love to that apparently hopeless character.

I hurried off and soon reached the cottage, and knocked with my knuckles on the shabby, ill-painted door. There

was no response; so without invitation I lifted the latch and entered. Very soon the old man came in from the adjoining room. He had an upright gait, and the marks of a gentle birth were still upon him, though his face showed evidences of drink and fast living. In angry excitement he exclaimed, "Who are you? A mere boy! what do you mean by so impertinent an intrusion? How dare you come here?" and he banged his thick knobbed stick with violence on the floor; exhausted by his passion, and sinking into an easy-chair, he glared at me!

"Forgive me," I exclaimed gently, "but I am so happy. I am saved to-day, converted this very afternoon, and I want you, Major, to be saved also."

Never shall I forget the scene as he cried out—

"Saved! Religion! none of it for me! It's all lies and hypocrisy. Boy don't you know I have said, over and over again, I will shoot anyone who speaks to me of these things?"

He tottered towards the wall and pointed to an old rifle and pistol, which he declared were loaded.

"Do you see these?" exclaimed he angrily.

"Stop a minute, Major," cried I. "May I sit down?"

"On no account," said he.

Thus forbidden a seat, I advanced to the table and knelt down. "I am going to pray for you now, and with you."

He growled savagely, and though my eyes seemed shut I knew he was staring hard at me. In spite of the threatened gun and pistol, there was no fear in my heart. God's blessed peace filled my soul.

"Oh, God, save the Major! Oh, God, save him! Show him his need of Thee. Don't let him be lost!" were the words uttered and repeated again and again.

Presently he advanced to the bare wooden table, and, leaning heavily on it, fell on his knees opposite me.

"Oh, God, save me!" he gasped and panted, and in tones choking with emotion cried, "Oh, save a wretched sinner! save me. Oh, my God, don't let me be lost!" And I added reverently, "Hear us, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen."

That prayer was wafted to heaven. We got up—the lad who, outwardly religious, had just found peace through the

text, "The Blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth us from all sin," and the old profligate, with tears running down his face.

He grasped my hand.

"That's it! that's it!" he exclaimed. "Truly I have found that the way of transgressors is hard; but I now confess my sin and guilt to God, Who is 'faithful and just to forgive.' My mother's Bible taught me this, years, years ago, but I hardened my heart and became a lost soul."

As he again sank into his chair I sat by him, and told him how in the mushroom field God had met with me that very day; and said I, "My thoughts flew to you directly."

"Yes," he cried, "the blood of Jesus has done it—saved you and saved me," and placing a heavy hand on my shoulder, he gave me his blessing: "God bless you, my boy."

The story of grace in the winning of my first soul, which was related in the Rectory that evening, filled the Rector's heart and that of Mrs. Foster with gratitude and praise.

Sunday soon came round, and then—wonder of wonders—who should be sitting in church but the Major, listening attentively—aye, eagerly—his transformed face showing he had found the Saviour. He now tried, by his testimony and example to undo, in some measure, the mischief he had done, and pointed not a few of the villagers to "the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world." Instead of being, as heretofore, the curse of the good Rector and his parishioners—leading many to drink, swear and gamble—he became an untold blessing, and a real help in the work of God.

COURTHOPE TODD.

### A WORD TO OUR READERS

Any who would like to know about the work of our **Testament and Tract Fund**, may have particulars each month by sending to us for a Circular which we issue monthly about the work.

Any gifts you may be led to send to help us in our increasing work for God may be addressed to—

**DR. HEYMAN WREFORD,**

**"The Firs," Denmark Road, Exeter.**

F. E. RACE (C. A. HAMMOND), 3 & 4, London House Yard, Paternoster Row, E.C.4

A Message from God 1924

FEB., 1924.

FORTIETH YEAR.

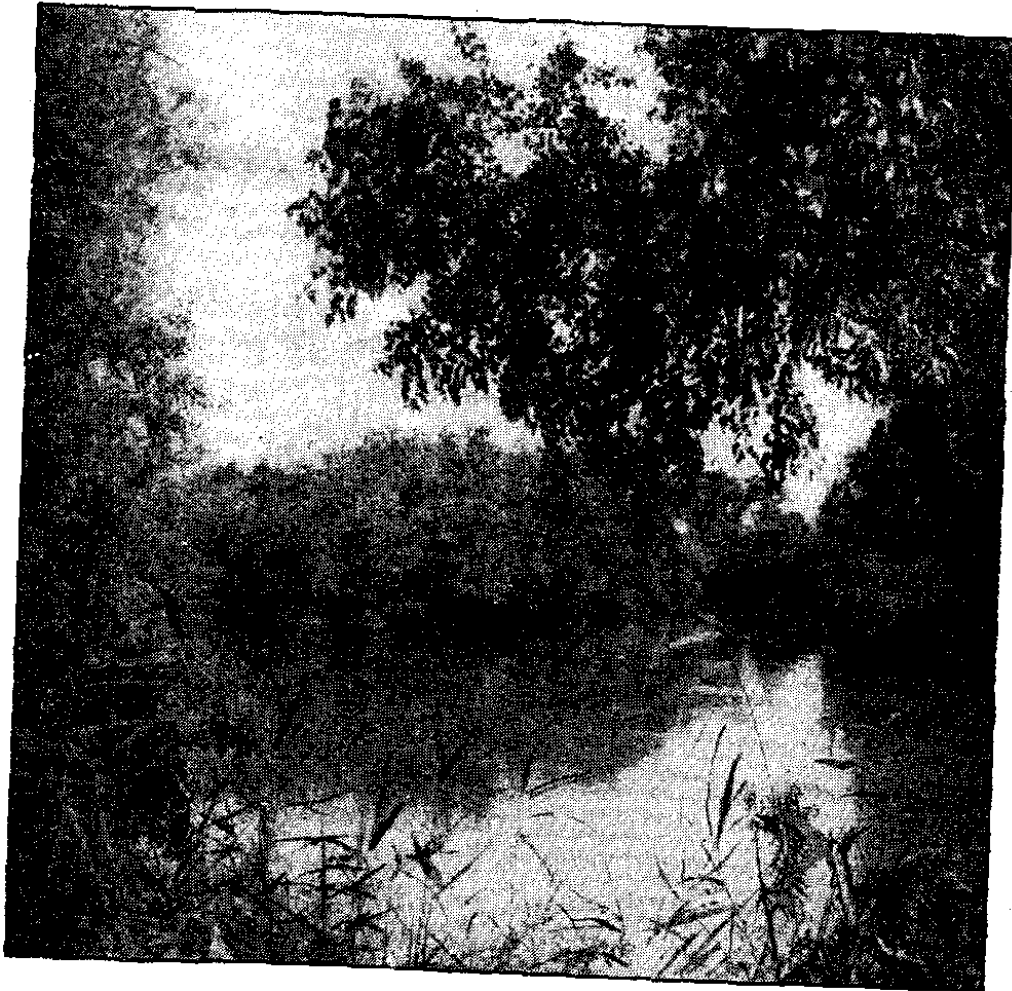
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# A Message from God

EDITED BY HEYMAN WREFORD

"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved."



The Fords of the Jordan.

"Behold the ark of the covenant of the Lord of all the earth passeth over before you into Jordan."—Joshua iii. 11.

*F. E. Race (C. A. Hammond), 3 & 4, London House Yard, Paternoster Row, E.C.4.*

A Message from God 1924



# The Ways of God

BY THE EDITOR

## THE LORD IS COMING

**M**Y DEAR FRIENDS,  
The imminence of the Lord's coming is filling with expectation millions of hearts to-day. When, oh! **when** is He coming, many who love Him are saying—looking up to heaven, where the coming Saviour sits, on the right hand of God, His Father. The answer comes, "**Surely I come quickly.**" This is the only answer to that all-important question. I see it flashing on from age to age; I read it on the forehead of the years; I see it shining on the gateways of the promises, "**Surely, I come quickly.**" Faith reads the words of promise on the sands of time, and sees it shining in the heavens above.

It is the Lord's own answer to the question; the only answer He has given, the only answer He will give. There are many scriptures speaking of His coming, but the same thought runs through each, "**Surely I come quickly.**" "When He comes He comes for me," the Christian says. He will wipe away every tear—take every burden from my life, and every sorrow from my heart; He will take me home, and I shall rest with Him. Oh! **come, Lord Jesus, come quickly.** The following extract from a letter was given me and I insert it here as it shows the rapturous joy of one well known to some of my readers, at the thought of being with Christ.

### A SAINT GOING HOME AT EIGHTY-FOUR

From Melbourne comes the news of the home-going of a dear saint of God, Mr. E. J. Thomas, author of "The time of the end, but the end not yet," and other works.

“A week before he passed away when a brother E.J.M. visited him, he was asked by him if Christ was very precious to him, he replied ‘**Words fail utterly to express it.**’ When asked if he would like the Lord to come, he said, ‘**Ah! that supreme moment of bliss, the rapturous consummation of the Christian hope, the passing of faith for sight.**’ His course is over, his service ended, but I send on these few lines knowing that many would like to know of it.”  
—F.G.C.

Our Lord loves for us to remember Him in His death and to link the remembrance with His coming again. And while we wait for Him, He would have us to be busy in His harvest fields, “**Occupy till I come.**” And His glory shines on our service and our suffering, for many are called to suffer for His sake, but in the darkest night the promise shines, “**Behold I come quickly.**”

And how He cheers us in our work; and sends messages from those who love Him to cheer us in our labours. To-day has come to me the words:—

“The Master sent His messenger in remnant days, saying “**I am with you.**” The work then went forward and was not in vain.”

Another writes to me from Peshawar, India:—

Dear Sir,—I have been much helped by reading your pamphlet to-night. “When is Christ Coming?” is a question only a few seem to be asking; perhaps because it is only spoken of by a few.

I think this message more than any other will cause a man to ponder on his preparedness of soul, to meet God. The duty of the watchman is not only to “watch,” but to “warn” others of what is approaching. I thank God for your “Message.” I know a good many have copies of it to-night. A dear Christian (Adkins) has been distributing them. What joy there is in thinking, and knowing that the “coming” is soon!

I have had “The Way of Life and the Way of Death” for some time, and it bears your name. It also gives me an invitation to write to you. We are not able to do very much in the army, but I do always want to be loyal to the Lord whom I love.

I realise more and more the depth of the love, and the height, and length and breadth of the love that caused Him to die for me. Your “Message from God” **must** bear fruit, sir, whilst Isaiah stands (chapter lv. 11).

I have been very much cheered to-night by this little paper, and I thank God for the comfort the thought of the “soon coming Christ” brings.—Thanking you very humbly, in His glad service,  
(Isaiah, 50, 7)

H. R. (Sergt).

This dear soldier is waiting for his Lord. May we all be that. I thank him for the cheer his letter has brought to me.

In my Circular about our **Testament and Tract Fund** for February you will read a **great many** letters speaking about the work, and encouraging us to go on with it. I **do** value your prayers. God has opened many doors for us, and given us great blessing. I must repeat His goodness to us in 1923. He allowed us to send **1,477,208** Bibles, Testaments, gospels and booklets from our Depôt at The Firs, Denmark Road, Exeter—this is 142,720 more than in 1922. Above all we value your prayers, but if God leads you to give us your practical sympathy we shall be glad.

Yours for Christ's sake,

HEYMAN WREFORD.

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The following articles will show you what the **Modernists** are doing to-day—men who are Unitarians in thought and word and deed: men who are doing more of Satan's work than are the infidels: men who are sending out Peake's Bible Commentary to hundreds of missionaries, **and doing it in the Name of Christ**. This Commentary speaks thus of the Lord Jesus Christ: "The authority of Jesus in religion must be more carefully defined than by our forefathers. We cannot claim infallibility for Him in questions of history, such as the authority of the Old Testament books, or on the problems of science." This is only one quotation written by this blasphemer. Important missionary societies are sending out these books to those who are delegated to preach the gospel of Jesus Christ, the Son of God. What a deadly sin is this!

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### ONLY TWO COVERS

There was a church, and in that church there was a deacon who believed that the Bible is every whit the Word of God. The deacon rejoiced, for the pastor announced a series of lectures on the inspiration of the Bible. The deacon took the treasured Book and occupied the front pew.

The first evening the pastor eloquently told his congregation that the first five books of the Bible, the Pentateuch,



were a compilation of Jewish legends and folklore made during or after the Babylonian exile, and therefore Moses could not have been the writer. The learned and degreed pastor proved his point so conclusively that the unlettered deacon tore the "spurious parts" out and threw them into the fireplace.

In the next lecture (sermons are out of date now) the poetic books, such as Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, Job and Psalms were dispensed with; for, as the pastor said, "they are the effervescence of highly literary and idealistic brains, and certainly did not proceed from the mouth of God."

The deacon hesitated long that night before taking out the writings of Job and David, for they had been such a consolation to him since his wife had died and trouble in varied forms had overwhelmed him. "But the pastor must know, for he is 'educated,' and the bishop said he was the banner man in the seminary and the pride of the diocese." So into the fire they went.

The prophets, from Isaiah to Malachi, were easily set aside, for they dealt too much in symbolism.

The four gospels could not be brooked as infallible inspiration, for "they teach the divinity of Jesus of Nazareth, His pre-existence, and a literal resurrection from Joseph's tomb, all of which are unthinkable to the scholar." And the deacon took them out.

When it came to Revelation—"it is preposterous to suppose that such a conglomeration of hoofs, horns, and wild animals can be divine revelation. God does not speak in such jargon." And the deacon took out Revelation.

When it came eventide, and the lonesome shadows enveloped his bereaved home, the deacon, as his custom was, took down the Book to find comfort, assurance, and faith; and, behold, he found only two covers. And the darkness deepened, for the light of the world had been extinguished.—TRUTH SERIES No. 2.

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### WHILE IT IS DAY

He had always been a "progressive." That had been his boast, and whenever he had not agreed with any old-fashioned view he had disposed of it by labelling it

“reactionary.” Now he had become alarmed, and with every month his alarm deepened.

His position had always been this: that the Divine Spirit Himself would teach and guard, that the Scriptures are the supreme achievement of the human mind acting reverently in the sphere of religion, and that while it is folly to pretend they are unerring, we must expect the Spirit of God to tell us what is true and important and what is untrue and therefore to be set aside. Therefore he had always welcomed “the advance of human thought,” freely admitted errors in the Scriptures, made light of fears and scoffed at what he called “bibliolatry.”

Now he trembled at the knowledge of what human thought had actually advanced to. Openly and without rebuke a popular official writer for the young had admitted that the actual Resurrection of our Lord had not happened according to many religious teachers of to-day, but they held that the “spiritual idea” of the bodily Resurrection was most helpful. He begged the young people still to regard such men as teachers sent from God. Another great dignitary of another Church had declared that the only sense in which we could still regard our Lord as Divine was the sense in which we could regard all other men as in some degree divine also. Likewise many were not hesitating to say that our Lord was born in the ordinary way of human generation, and therefore, all things considered, it could not surprise anyone that many were denying that there was any need for atonement, or that this man, of such base parentage, could offer atonement for sins, even if such were needed. These things, which he had thought to be the rock on which they firmly stood, were slipping away before his eyes. The foundations were going. Man’s shifting ideas were replacing the basic certainties of the Faith. Speculations were replacing convictions. The Holy Spirit had *not* guided and guarded! Christianity was being lost to sight in the shifting mists of the world’s evening.

And his own attitude had helped all this. He had held every office that a layman could hold, and had cast all his influence on the side of “progressive thought.” A longing crept into his soul to have the chances over once again. He remembered one or two incidents. Doctor L. once came to

preach and declared that if the Scriptures were in error as some affirmed, then there was no possibility of being *certain* of the revelation of God, and had begged of them to make a pause, a pause as long as life, before admitting that the Scriptures were rightly charged with error. In the vestry afterwards he had openly and lightly scoffed at that contention. Then later, when some wished again to hear Dr. L. he had strongly objected, and at his instance Dr. B. had come instead, and had delighted many by his statement that often "Thus saith the Lord" was only the voice of the Hebrew conscience in an elementary stage of advance. He had always been "a young people's man," and had cultivated the social at the expense of the Prayer Meeting and the Mission Band, as being more suitable for the young. Their Biblical difficulties he had always solved in his own progressive way, and now he realised that the Church had neither conviction nor enthusiasm for the things of God.

Yes: he would indeed fain have the chances of life over again. He never dreamed that "progressive thinking" would lead to this position. Some lines of Christina Rossetti's came floating into his mind:—

O once, once more, to tread the old-time track!  
The flowers we cast away once more to wear!

But the time to come offered him some chances. He would do his utmost to undo the evil. He would warn everyone who came under his influence to hold firmly to the one real basis of the truth, an unerring Bible. Yes, the years to come! Then in the mirror opposite he caught sight of his reflection. This grey hair, almost grey enough to be called white! and the lines came beating, beating, into his brain:—

Though we repent, can any God give back  
The dear lost days which might have been so fair?  
Turn false to true, and carelessness to care,  
And make us find again what now we lack?

His one chance was the years to come! What a debt he owed! What a debt! "Lord, have patience with me, and I will pay Thee all," he cried. "Have patience with me! Give me time!"

But just one week later they demanded his soul of him; and it was not with any expectation that he could ever pay

that debt but just as the expression of his penitence that he bade them carve upon his tombstone: "Lord, have patience with me, and I will pay Thee all." H.C.M.

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### " AN ADDED JOY "

Yes, I mean it, dear friends; I quite believe you and I may have "an **added** joy" in the glory of heaven, if we will. We know full well that **the** joy of heaven is dependent wholly and solely for the worthiness of our Blessed Saviour the Lord Jesus Christ—by His Name, His **one** Name, we are saved—but when we are His, His saved ones, we may experience an added joy, a larger capacity for joy by having attended to His command "Search the Scripture" daily, or twice a day, or several times a day, reading it, studying it, and learning it. The added joy comes as a matter of reward. Do not miss any part of the Bible, for it is God's Word. Make a point of learning a verse each day and repeating it in bed at night. I had a most wonderful experience one night when I came back from a missionary meeting, where I had earnestly prayed for a rich blessing, an outpouring of God the Holy Spirit. He answered my prayer that night, and He brought to my mind psalm after psalm, and whole chapters that I had learnt in childhood or mid-age and forgotten them. I repeated them out loud in my room with oh! such added joy. It made we know that in the home above, the Scripture we have learnt here will be an added joy up there, when He brings it to mind and shines with new lustre on each verse. Remember all vessels will be filled there—smaller or larger, cups or flagons—the little cup will be quite full, but will not the flagon hold more? Do let us, each one, see to it that we learn God's Word now, for the more we learn it now the larger our capability for heavenly joys becomes. If God's people will not enlarge their borders what loss may they not suffer by and bye!

And for this reason we are so anxious to distribute God's Word everywhere that many may learn to read and love it. Be saved, and get the added joy hereafter.

EMILY P. LEAKEY.

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**“ HE IS ABLE ”**

The following, recently received, is from an Indian pastor :

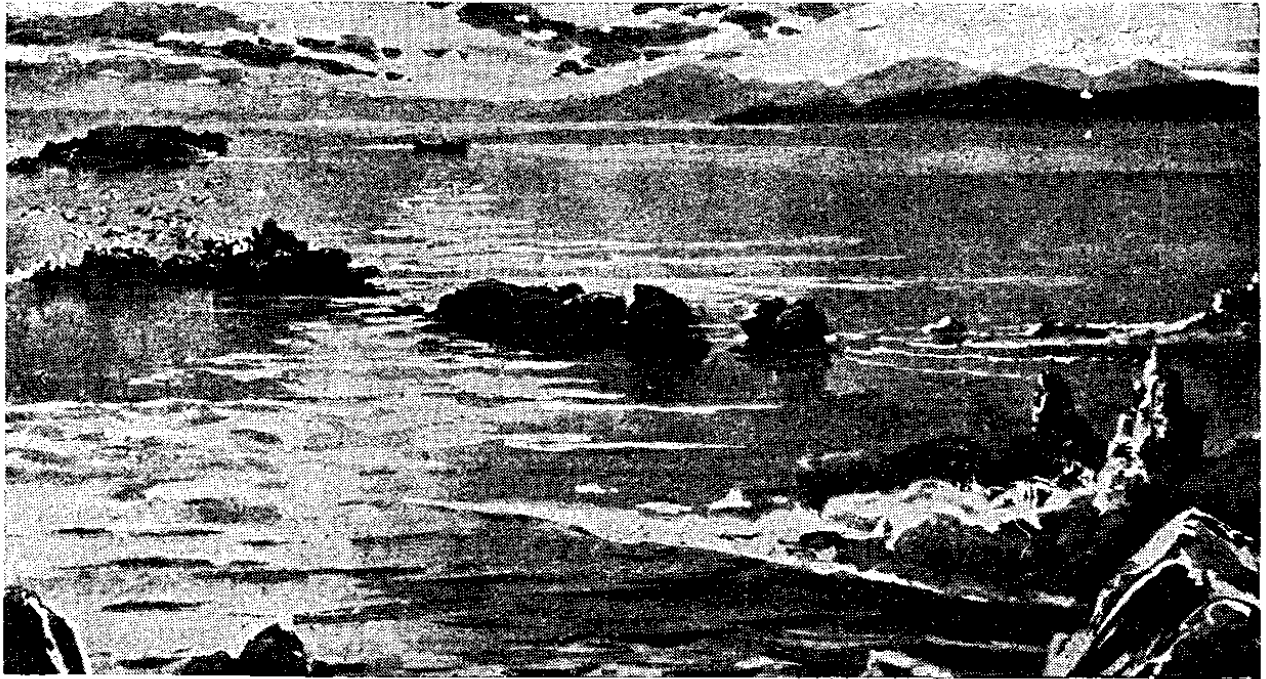
. . . I met a man of about 30 in the year 1915, when I was preaching in the open air, during the time of a heathen festival, and he was reading a booklet written by . . . and I was guided to speak about the Cross of Christ, and told him the Lord was able to save a man, who was crucified with Him, and was surprised and alarmed to hear his full story . . . then just returned from jail for killing a man, so the thief's story was a great help to him. We were praying for him all these years. Ah! how much it encourages our faith, to know the Lord is answering our prayers, after all these years. He is supposed to be a high caste man, and is often going to the Church of God to worship Him in spirit, and sincerely, and now his wife and mother are very near the Lord Jesus Christ, but because they are high caste people they undergo a lot of persecution. Please pray they may really stand for Christ. **“ He is able.”** I believe it. . . . I want friends who pray for me, and souls for Christ.

How sad to read in his letter also :

**“ There are 2,000 foreign missionaries in the land of India, who don't believe in the word of God and the deity of Jesus, but believe in modern and scientific religion.”**

It is appalling to know the so-called ministers of Christ are teaching lies, not only in India, but in our own land.

What remains? God and “ the word of His grace,”  
“ which is able to build ” us up. (Acts xx. 32.) A.A.L.



“ Let them give glory unto the Lord, and declare His praise  
in the islands.”—Isaiah xlii. 12.

## A SOCIAL WRECK SAVED

The Rev. William Dawson, at the close of one of his earnest appeals to sinners to accept Christ, said there was not a man, woman, or child in all London that Christ could not save. The next day, as he sat in his study, the sharp ringing of the door-bell interrupted him. The servant opened the door, and a neatly-dressed young lady asked to see Mr. Dawson. Being shown into his study, she said: "In your sermon yesterday, you said that there was not a man, woman, or child in London that Christ could not save." The minister replied: "I admit I did say so, and, moreover, I will say further, that you may apply the assertion to the whole world." The young lady continued: "I have been talking with a poor, miserable, dying man to-day, and told him what you said; but he declares Christ cannot save such a wreck as he. I did all I could, and feel sure if you will go to see the poor man, you can so present Christ that he will accept Him, and yet be saved." Mr. Dawson readily consented to visit the sick man. Upon a bed of straw in a mean house in a narrow street they found a wasted form, showing a life of dissipation. The godly man bent over him, and said, "Friend." The sick man quickly looked up into his face, and said: "Sir, you must be mistaken: I have no friends; my own family cast me off; I am a poor, wretched outcast, friendless and dying." "Yet, sir," replied Mr. Dawson, "you have a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother. Christ is the sinner's Friend." At first the words had very little effect; but ere long the peace of God dawned upon the dying man, and he eagerly grasped the great and precious promises that were read to him. It is a glorious truth that Christ "is able to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by Him, seeing He ever liveth to make intercession for them" (Heb. vii. 25).

## PREACHING UNTIL HE DIED

A thrilling account of the Japan earthquake has been received by Miss Tritton (of Harold Road, Upper Norwood) from Mr. Cuthbertson, a missionary working in Japan with the International Christian Police Association, with which Miss Tritton has for long been associated, as was also the

late Sir Ernest Tritton. Mr. Cuthbertson tells a terrible story of the fearful calamity at Tokyo. Among the many heartrending stories, he says that the one that affected him most was that of Higuchi San—for years a faithful member of the Christian Police Association—who lived at Honjo, where the fire was at its worst. During the fire 35,000 people fled to a great open space. They were ringed in by flames, but the space being open, all seemed safe. Unfortunately, the people had dragged their bedding and furniture there, and the flying sparks speedily started a fire in the midst of the huge crowd. Some 32,600 were burnt to death. Higuchi San and his family were in safety at first. San preached to the people of God's saving grace and of the redemption in Christ. As certain doom drew near the people came closer and, pouring their money at his feet, begged him to pray for them. As the flames grew hotter, and the fumes thicker, he the more earnestly exhorted the people to repent, and then, to quote an eyewitness, "**he died on his feet, still preaching.**" His brother, a policeman, then took up the story, and continued to speak to the panic-stricken crowd.

### BOLSHEVIC THEOLOGY

It is significant to observe that this report makes mention of a fact of which we have repeatedly given warning, namely : that Modernism in America is producing the type of mentality which gives rise to Bolshevism, lawlessness, anarchy and revolution. If unchecked, these evils will destroy the Christian nations and "reduce them to the low level of present-day Russia."

In our opinion, the lawlessness which is now so prevalent in our own country is largely due to the loss of the authority of the Bible, for which loss the Modernists are responsible.

### WHAT "THE KING'S BUSINESS" SAYS

We shall best serve the interests of our readers by giving some brief excerpts from an Editorial of this great American journal regarding the fight for the Faith which is now being waged by the Fundamentalists.

Observe how our American brethren are unaffected by the maudlin preachers of spurious charity, of which we have such a supply in our own country.

"Evolution is really **de**-volution. Modernism is nothing but medievalism in disguise. . . . Christian money established our schools. Christian prayers have upheld them. Now this false system is creating a Bolshevistic spirit which will—if unchecked—Russianise America. The octopus of German rationalism has fastened its fangs upon the centres of our civilization, and threatens to triumph by artifice where it lost by force of arms. If we close our eyes to the stratagem of the enemy we shall awake—too late—to find ourselves headed towards the Bolshevistic ruin." Thus writes "The King's Business," which is the monthly magazine connected with Dr. Torrey's Bible Institute at Los Angeles.

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### "WHAT SAY YOU TO THIS, SIR?"

In the backwoods of Canada, a minister wandered in the forest one evening musing, until the shades of night gathered round him. On awaking from his reverie, he suddenly saw light in the distance, and, hastening on, was surprised to see a space cleared and trees laid down to make a platform, whereon a speaker was addressing a multitude. It was a singular scene, lighted up by pine knots, which cast a lurid glare amid the thick darkness. He thought, Surely here is a company assembled to worship God; but to his horror he heard a young man declaiming against God, daring the Almighty to do His worst upon him, and boldly asserting his disbelief in a future state. The orator sat down amid a thunder of applause.

Silence ensued, when up rose one of the audience and said, "My friends, I have a word to speak to you to-night. I am not about to refute any of the arguments of the orator. I shall not criticise his style. I shall say nothing concerning what I believe to be the blasphemies he has uttered, but I shall simply relate to you a fact, and after I have done you shall draw your own conclusions. But yesterday, I walked by the side of yonder river; I saw on its floods a young man in a boat. The boat was unmanageable—it was going fast towards the rapids; he



“ WHAT SAY YOU TO THIS, SIR? ”

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could not use the oars, nor bring the boat to the shore. I saw that young man wring his hands in agony. By and by he gave up the attempt to save his life, kneeled down and cried with desperate earnestness, “ Oh, God! save my soul! If my body cannot be saved, oh, save my soul! ” I heard him confess that he had been a blasphemer; I heard him vow that if his life were spared he would never be such again; I heard him implore the mercy of heaven for Jesus Christ’s sake. These arms rescued that young man from the flood. I plunged in, brought the boat to shore, and saved his life. That same young man has just addressed you and cursed his Maker. What say you to this, sirs?”

The speaker sat down. The young orator was confounded; the audience in a moment changed its tone, perceiving that, after all, whilst it might be easy enough to indulge in brag and bravado against Almighty God when danger was distant, it was not quite so easy to blaspheme when near the verge of the grave.

Ah! some men can talk big when everything goes smooth; but when even infidel boasters are face to face with death, they are at their wits’ end, and are ready to take refuge in prayer. If through the mercy of God, the danger passes, too often their hearts become again hardened, and they forget their vows.

What becomes of infidel leaders? Can the infidel account for the miserably unhappy deaths of Voltaire, Rousseau, Hume, and Tom Paine? Most of them cried to God when apparently too late. Do you, my reader, shun their fate, and cry to God to-day. Turn to Him and be converted.

“ To-day, if ye will hear His voice, harden not your heart.” “ Take heed, brethren, lest there be in any of you an evil heart of unbelief in departing from the living God.” “ Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.” Only if your sins are washed away by the precious blood of Christ shall you have a happy life, a happy death, and a happy eternity. “ He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life; and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life; **but the wrath of God abideth on him** ” (John iii. 36).

CHEYNE BRADY.



## SLEEPING OVER THE FLAMES

I awoke one morning about three o'clock, with the shrill sound of a policeman's whistle ringing in my ears. It was sounding a long continuous warning note. I sprang out of bed, opened the window, and looked out. I heard a frantic cry of "**Fire, FIRE**"; and as I gazed, I saw the angry light glowing in a neighbouring street. Then I heard shriek after shriek from frenzied lips, startling the still night air with their appealing fear. I hastily dressed, and hurried out of doors on to where the fire was raging. It was in a narrow street, and the whole of the basement of a house was in the grasp of the flames. At an upper window, crowded together, were those whose cries made their position so apparent. Would no help come? Men looked almost despairingly for a moment. Hark!

A ringing cheer! a shout, "The fire escape!" With hurried feet they bring it to the spot, place it against the side of the house; a fireman hurries up through blinding smoke. There is a pause, and then, one after the other, those in peril are delivered out of the very jaws of death. The crowd around celebrate this timely rescue with many a heartfelt cheer, and some even wept their gratitude. It was indeed a narrow escape. Another half hour's sleep, and they, perchance, had never waked again. Another half hour's delay on the part of those who came to save, and it would doubtless have been too late.

As I pondered on this event I thought on the position of sinners sleeping over the flames of hell. The warning note of the Gospel is sounding in their ears its continuous appeal. The rousing shout is heard, "Flee from the wrath to come." "Repent, or ye shall all likewise perish."

The voices of those who are awake, and in a place of safety, are clearly and distinctly borne on the night air of this world's sin.

Sinner, do you realise your danger? Are you aware that underneath you are the flames of hell? You have heard the Gospel. Faithful voices have warned you, and are warning still.

O awake, sinner! and your cry for help will be heard by God, as those of whom I have been speaking were heard

by man. To deliver them the fire-escape was hurried to the scene of danger, and brought close to those who needed it. To deliver sinners from the eternal burning—the just penalty of their sins, Jesus comes to their help, right where they are.

Now you may be saved if you trust in Jesus. Those trusted in the fire-escape and were delivered. “Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.” The fire-escape was the only way of salvation for those in danger of perishing; so Jesus is the only way of escape for the sinner. “I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life. No man cometh unto the Father but by Me.”

Did they pause? did they hesitate to avail themselves of the salvation brought to their very doors? No, they gladly availed themselves of man’s provision for their need. And will you pause or hesitate? You in such danger, and God’s way of escape so plain! Will you not trust yourself to Jesus.

And God says to you, sinner, as you read these words; yes, with this paper in your hands—with the flames of hell underneath you—and with God’s salvation so close to you, “How shall you escape if you neglect so great salvation?”

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### DON'T STEP THERE!

A man started out for church one icy Sunday morning, and presently came to a place where a little boy was standing, who, with a choking voice, said,—

“Please don’t step there.”

“Why not?”

“Because I stepped there and fell down,” sobbed the little fellow, who had thus taken upon himself to warn the unwary passers-by of the danger into which he had fallen.

There are many men in the world who have good reasons for giving such a warning as this. The man who has trod the dark and slippery paths of intemperance, as he sees the young learning to take the first glass, or sipping at wine or beer or cider, has good reason to say to them, “Don’t step there, for I stepped there and fell down.” The man who has indulged in gambling and lotteries till he is despised by others and abhorred by himself, has good reason to say to the young when they are entering on the

same course, "Don't step there, for I stepped there and fell down."

How many there are, to-day, in prisons and jails, with reputations ruined and lives blasted, who could say to the young man, tempted to enter the paths of dishonesty and wrong-doing, "Don't step there, for I stepped there and fell down."

It is well for us to be warned by the sad experiences of others, and it is sometimes duty for those who have fallen by these temptations to lift a warning voice. There are slippery places all around us, and thousands are passing heedlessly along. Let us entreat them to beware; and, as we remember the bitter experiences of our own sinful lives, let us say to those who are just yielding to such temptations, "Don't step there, for I stepped there and fell down."

"There is a way that seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death."

"I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life."

"The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord."

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**GOD IS WORKING.**

God is working among the children, and we need all our love and all our prayers to lead them to the Saviour. The Devil's great campaign is against the children. We must do all we can to bring them to Jesus. How He loves them! We must love them more and more for His dear sake. The smallest gift to buy Testaments for the children will bring blessing to many a child, and light into many a dark home.

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**A CLOSING WORD FOR FEBRUARY.**

If any one would like one of our Circulars, speaking about our Testament and Tract Fund, sent to them monthly, we shall be glad to do so free of all expense. They will then read about our work.

Any gifts you may be led to send to help us in our increasing service to the Lord Jesus, in these days of increasing Modernism and infidelity, may be sent to—

**DR. HEYMAN WREFORD,**

**"The Firs," Denmark Road, Exeter.**

---

F. E. RACE (C. A. HAMMOND), 3 & 4, London House Yard, Paternoster Row, E.C. 4

FORTIETH YEAR.

MAR., 1924.

One Penny Net

8/- per 100 Net, or 8 6 post free.

# A Message from God

EDITED BY HEYMAN WREFORD

"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved."



**Sowing Desolated Fields.**

(See page 41.)

*F. E. Race (C. A. Hammond), 3 & 4, London House Yard, Paternoster Row, E.C.4.*



# The Ways of God

BY THE EDITOR

## THE FATHER AND THE SON.

**M**Y dear friends,  
What a delight it is to any soul to know that there is One in the glory of God Who is my Saviour, the Son of God. I believe, through the teaching of the Holy Ghost, in the Father and the Son.

The Apostle John says in his epistle, "Who is the liar but he that denieth that Jesus is the Christ?" and to give emphasis to this he says also, "He is anti-Christ that denieth the Father and the Son." "To know Him whom to know is life eternal," is the highest knowledge we can attain to on earth. The same Apostle says: "Every one that denieth the Son **hath not** the Father either, and again, "He that confesseth the Son **hath** the Father also."

Men may profess to honour the Father, while they deny the Son—we know from Scripture that such a profession is utterly valueless. If we acknowledge the Son, we have the Father also, not one without the other—"no man cometh unto the Father, but by Me," and "I and my Father are one." The Father's testimony to His Son has been heard from Heaven when Christ was on earth. "This is My Beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." Therefore, whosoever slights the Son of God, does so at the peril of his soul for all eternity. Nothing can be more displeasing to God, than for man to slight the testimony that He Himself has given to His Son. "What think ye of Christ?" This was the question asked when Jesus was on earth. It is a question that concerns every man and woman to-day. We shall **all** be tested by our answer to this ques-

tion. I remember when I was a young man being so filled with a sense of the divine fullness of Christ that I wrote in my Bible on the fly-leaf these words that came from my very heart

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### THE WRITING.

“ I solemnly declare, I rest my soul for all eternity upon the finished work of Christ. I rest my hopes of heaven upon the fact of His being there, having put away my sins. I want no other way to heaven than Christ, the Way. I want no other door of salvation than Christ, the Door. I want no other light to shine on me than Christ, the Light. I want no other name than the Name of Jesus. I want no other work than His finished work. I am content, yes, my God, well content, with what Christ has done for me. I am assured in my heart of hearts that “ the blood of Jesus Christ, God’s Son, cleanseth us from all sin.” “ That we are redeemed by the precious blood of Christ.”

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### MODERNISM.

The Rev. R. M. Stevenson, writing to the editor of “ **The Bible Witness**,” says: “ The real menace to Scotland is not the liquor traffic, bad as it is, but this hydra-headed monster called **Modernism**.

It is causing multitudes of young fledglings to graduate from our universities and divinity halls **atheists**, and not men of God at all. The reaction on the life of the nation in a short time is going to be terrific, and is going to bring down a judgment on the people for tolerating such a thing in a land that has been consecrated by the blood of martyrs — men who willingly gave their lives for the very Book that is now being ruthlessly and shamefully torn to shreds in the pulpits Sunday after Sunday by men who have the boldness to call themselves ministers of the Gospel. May God save us from such men!

I have reached the painful conclusion, after having gone through three universities myself, that the great majority of preachers in the pulpits of Christendom to-day are ignoramuses, not from an academic, but from a Scriptural

point of view. As one goes from church to church it is painful to note the ignorance of the people concerning the true dispensational teaching of the Word of God; but when there is added to that, as in many cases, a totally indifferent attitude towards the fundamental doctrines of the Christian faith—the very props of Christianity—to say the least of it, it is alarming! Who is to blame for it all?

### I SAY THE PREACHERS,

the swarm of unconverted, modernistic time-servers who are reaping a good living out of the credulity of the people they are supposed to be serving, while all the time withholding from them the all-important Bread of life.

May the Lord have mercy on such blasphemous and apostate preachers. I am afraid my leniency towards them would be slight if they were left to me, for in reality they are soul-destroyers, and ought to be treated as such. I would pack them off, bag and baggage, to the school where they belong, and that is

### ATHEISM

The minister of one church gave a series of Sunday evening lectures on “The Legends and Myths of the Bible.” Amongst his other “legends” he made out that Christ was the illegitimate son of Joseph and Mary! He got certain of his people—pillars of the Church (?)—to believe that about 90 per cent. of the Bible is all myth. Think of it! How in the name of all reason could the Holy Spirit ever bless such a church?”

A lengthy report of a recent sermon preached by Dr. Stevenson in the Island of Lewis appears in the “**Highland News.**”

“Dr. Stevenson made it very clear that the so-called science and advanced thought of the hour which is destroying peoples’ faith in the God of the Bible, in the Christ of the Bible, in miracles, in the fundamentals of the Christian faith, and is seeking to destroy the Bible itself, has no right whatever to enter a Christian pulpit.

‘How is it possible,’ said Dr. Stevenson, ‘for any blessing to come to Churches where the ministers follow such destructive critics as Kant, Hegel, Schopenhauer, Astruc



and Eichorn, and throw doubt on our Lord's Incarnation, the Resurrection, and the inspiration of the Holy Scriptures? The Holy Spirit can never work through a lie, and such preaching and teaching is a lie from beginning to end.'

. . . The Bible is either God's inspired Word, or it is nothing at all. I have waded through the philosophies of scientists, higher critics, and evolutionists about as much as any man of my age, and I say to you without fear of opposition or contradiction from any source whatsoever—

### THIS IS GOD'S BOOK—

the Book of your fathers, the Book of the Covenanters, the Waldenses, the Huguenots, the Book of the Reformers, the early Christian martyrs, the Apostles, the Prophets—the Book of God!

Take this Book, read it, study it, believe it every Word. This Book has outlived the men who denied it, and it will outlive the destructive critics who to-day are doing their utmost to destroy it.

### EXTRACT FROM LETTER FROM IRELAND.

Dublin.

Dear Dr. Wreford,— . . . The little magazine, "**Message from God**," is one of the most helpful and spiritual magazines we have ever seen. . . . We are living in such very difficult times in Ireland, and especially Dublin. **Our colleges and teachers are advanced Modernists**, and the multitudes in the streets are like sheep without a shepherd. They gladly accept little Testaments when offered. . . .—Yours in His service, ———."

Another lady writes:—

"I am thankful for the exposure of Modernism in "**Message**." I am sending it to my young nephew whose guide is **Peake's Commentary**, at the college where he is training."

Peake's Commentary, a Christian has said, is "sodden with infidelity."

Oh! dear friends, how it saddens our hearts to see all around us the terrible need of the word of God. Children are asking for Bibles and Testaments. A mother writes:—

"Dear Sir,—My little girl Mabel (aged eleven) has this morning received your useful little New Testament. I tell her it is part of the Holy Bible. She says, 'Mummy, can't I write to thank the gentleman for it and ask him how much it would cost to get the Old Testament to complete it?' I am a widow myself, with one child only, therefore

I am anxious she should learn all she can, although I can't afford much, but will try and get it for her if you will kindly let me know how much it will be. I remain, 'Mother of Doris M——.'

### WE GLADLY GAVE DORIS A BIBLE.

Will you kindly help us through **March** to supply all our workers with parcels to distribute, and to all who write to us, with a copy of the Word of God. The need is world wide. Pray for us.

Yours for Christ's sake,  
HEYMAN WREFORD.

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### IN A RESTAURANT.

We who love the Lord do well to be always on the look out to please Him, to do some kindness and help to anyone we see or meet. The Lord gave me one day a message of comfort, and may I also hope, a word of blessing, at a restaurant to which I had entered both hungry and almost fainting with London fatigue. One of the waitresses came by my side simply exhausted with her constant work. She said: "I must try to sit for a few minutes, I am so very weary; with tears in her eyes she again said, "**I must rest.**" Perhaps she may never forget the sweet and comforting words so apt at that moment, that I repeated to her: "Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest" (Matt. 11, 28). She was so grateful to hear those blessed words of the Lord Jesus. She most gratefully expressed herself and shook hands when we parted.

EMILY P. LEAKEY.

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### THE CHILD'S TESTAMENT.

"God has chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things that are mighty."—1 Cor. 1; 27.

I went to Alaska with the gold rush in 1898, leaving home filled with sin and infidelity. Like Paul, I persecuted the church with all my might and mind. Just before leaving, my little daughter came to me and asked me if I did not want to take a Testament with me. I told her no; I had no use for a Testament.

I arrived in Shagway with about 160 others, after a trip of carousing; for most of those on the steamer were, like myself, full of sin. We landed on the 4th of March, and began to march into the interior with hand sledges. With some others I went to what is known as Fortymile Creek. Here I mined on the old Bonanza bar during the summer, and in the fall fixed up an old cabin for my winter quarters. An old man stayed with me, but I was so mean that we could not live together, because I thought he was the meanest man I ever saw. The result of our disagreement was that I fixed up another cabin that was on the bar and took a man in with me who was a Catholic and he had been sent to Alaska to get him sobered up, for he could not let booze alone when he could get it. A little later a man came to that part of the gold region who was a confirmed spiritualist and infidel. I invited him to my cabin to spend the evening with us. He came, and soon we began to hold seances and have communication with the spirits of darkness.

This kind of life went on for some weeks when one day one of the boys had a sick spell, and I went into my medicine chest to find a remedy. When I opened it, imagine my surprise to see a little Testament in it. I took it out, and the first thing I saw was the name of my daughter on the fly-leaf. One of the boys asked me what it was, and I said: "It a is little Testament little Florence has put into my chest." It touched my heart some, but I pretended I did not care to look into it. But as soon as the man had examined it, I took it again and felt that I ought to keep it because of the giver, if not for what it contained.

For several nights we read the Testament some, more to find errors and contradictions than the truth. But finally we got to reading in the gospel of John, and by the time we reached the thirteenth chapter I was under conviction and wished that I might get rid of my companions, that I might get down and pray for forgiveness. I did not know that they were also under conviction.

The next night we had the fourteenth of John, and I wished I could be alone so that I could pray. But the boys were there, and as I had been the leader in all our

talks against the Bible I felt ashamed to say anything to them of my feelings.

The next night we took up the fifteenth, and I was about to get down and pray or go out somewhere to give vent to my feelings, when the Catholic boy said, "I feel we ought to pray." I looked at the Spiritualist to see how he would take it, and he said he had been feeling that way for several nights. And that left me free, so I fell on my face before God and began to cry for mercy. And so did the other two. And such a time as we had there until away after midnight. The light of Heaven came in, and so did forgiveness. We were all set free that night.

That ended the seances, and instead of them we had real prayer meetings and Bible readings, and it was wonderful how the Lord opened up to us His precious Word. I promised God if He would save me from my sins I would go to Los Angeles and preach Christ on the same street corners where I had preached infidelity. And that I did, bless His name.

The evening we were saved I had killed a bird called a tomikan, and had also baked yeast bread. I was a good baker and my bread was fine. Now comes what proved my conversion and the new birth. I thought of the old man in the other cabin, and felt a love for him that I could not have felt without the Spirit of Christ in me. I arose next morning and took the bird all nicely cleaned and a fine loaf of bread (for I knew he could not make anything but pancakes for bread) and went to the other cabin. I knocked at the door, and the old man came very cautiously and opened it. How my heart went out to him as he stood there, all drawn with age and hardships, his hands all twisted with rheumatism. I said, "Brother, I have brought you a bird and some good bread, which I want you to have." And as I said it tears came into his dim eyes and I burst out crying and praising God for deliverance. He took the offerings, and then asked me what had happened to me. And I told him the story of my conversion, and he was really convicted. He had been one of the most profane men I had ever known, but after that I never heard him utter an oath.

SEL.

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## SOWING DESOLATED FIELDS.

(See illustration on cover).

Across fields scarred and desolated by war, the sower is sowing the grain in hopes of a glad harvest. He hopes to cover the wreck and ruin of war with a golden harvest. He will succeed, for life is in the grain, and sun and rain and dew and mist will all help in its germination and fruition. What a lesson for us! Across the fields of earth that have been ravaged by sin and Satan the good seed of the Word of God is being sown—it will be watered by our tears, and God's sun of blessing will shine upon it, and the mysteries of morning dew and golden mists of even-tide will bless the seed and it will grow up to the glory of God. The more Testaments we send over the world, the greater will the harvest be. If we sow in tears, we shall reap in joy. Help us, dear friends, to send the Scriptures broadcast. We want £15 each week to supply our need.

## CHRISTIAN MOTHER'S LAST WORDS.

It was a lovely evening in the early summer of the year 1917 when I reached the dying bed of my dear mother. Never shall I forget the beautiful sunset as I was being rapidly driven to where she lay. It seemed to give a little glimpse of the glory on which she was so soon to gaze, and made it so easy to picture the angels waiting to carry her ransomed spirit into the presence of the Lord she loved. As she had lived so she died, her whole trust and confidence in the Lord Jesus Christ, Who loved her and gave himself for her. Even in the paroxysms of pain she never murmured or wavered, but gasped, "Ask God to give me strength to bear it." In the little seasons of rest from the pain, we listened to her last words. There was great longing in her voice as she said, "**Oh, I do want to see the Lord Jesus Christ.**"

She seemed to have visions of some who had gone before, and to be recognising one and the other. The dying eyes seemed to see "beyond the veil." The mother-love was strong even to death, and she counted all her children on her fingers—counted them to God. Many years before she had brought them to Him, and often used to quote "Not a

CHRISTIAN MOTHER'S LAST WORDS

hoof shall be left behind." And now her earthly ministry was finished, and she finally committed them all to her faithful God. As we stood around her she said, "I thank God for all the hard places, for all the slippery places, for all the stony places, yes, for all the stony places—for all the way in which He has led me." Many times she said with deep content, "My heavenly Father."

Once when she seemed a little troubled, one of us said,



**The Christian Mother.**

"Do you know Jesus?" A pained look came over her face as she replied, "**Jesus! Of course I know Jesus,**" and went on to repeat in a clear voice,

"But Christ, the heavenly Lamb  
Took all **my** sins away,  
A sacrifice of nobler name;  
Of richer blood than they."

To one of her sons she said, when something was said about singing, "You will sing up there." To another it was, "The Lord bless you, and make you a blessing." Twice she repeated, "Death is a very solemn thing." There was no fear, but a solemn hush over those who watched her pass into eternity.

We miss her—the loss of such a mother leaves a blank which nothing can fill. But we look forward; it may be the reunion will be soon. "The coming of the Lord draweth nigh," and "Those who sleep in Jesus God will bring with Him." "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."—

BY ONE OF HER DAUGHTERS.

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### "PRAY ONE FOR ANOTHER."

Will those who love the Lord pray for my Missionary friend, who is living alone in India amongst the Hill tribes. What need of patient continuance to go on thus, amidst such hardships and discouragements. In a recent letter, she writes:—

"... We have had a time of sickness, people lying about all over the villages. . . . Not like the epidemic of last year, but just fever. . . . I think perhaps, they are undermined by the run of bad harvests, and not enough to eat. I am hoping that the worst is over. . . .

"Two man-eaters are at large—further up the hill—ours, who were eating the corpses, had left. I do not know if these are the same two. They have eaten and killed several young men. One with a load of leaves on his back was picked up and his load also, and he went off with them, and here among the villages two jackals are after the children. Great cowardly brutes they are as a rule, but these have got bold. . . . They have already picked up one little boy and eaten him . . . and four or five other little ones have been rescued just in time (as they were about to spring). A whole pack of jackals are howling round the villages at nights. . . . The people hate the sound

of them. . . . So you see what life is for my poor hill people. I have asked the authorities if they cannot send some hunters to rid the place of these creatures. . . . I do hear, since the agitators had the forests burned down, that there is not enough food for the wild animals, and they will eat anything they can get now. . . . Does it not remind you of the devil and the way he watches to catch unawares?

" We had . . . a perfectly appalling thunder storm. I never knew of such a storm—flashing, crashing, pouring. It was really too dreadful. I had just taken a lantern and gone to the dining room . . . when there was such a crash and the place shook as in an earthquake, but no one could get out to see what had happened. . . . A tree had been struck, but I knew then it was victory somehow, for a sense of triumph came over me, and I called out 'Victory,' and 'Hallelujah to Jesus,' in the midst of the uproar. It was like the Spirit of God rising within me to praise. God is truly wonderful."

In her last letter she says :—

" . . . If there are to be saved ones, from this place, **you must stand by me in prayer, and** get others to do the same, that God's Holy Spirit may be so poured out on the hill tribes, so mightily, that a break will come, and those who love the Lord—for I believe some do—may get courage to confess Him openly. They cannot face giving up wife and children."

It is pathetic how they cling as children to my friend, and their dread of losing her is great. One said "What is to become of us then, cast out by everybody, and no one to stand by us." How great the value of one soul!

A.A.L.

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### WHEN THE ANGELS SANG.

**H**AVE we thought of the Angels singing,  
And their message of love that night—  
When the heavenly hosts were winging  
Unto earth their obedient flight?

Have we thought of the golden glory—  
The glory of God on earth!  
How the startled shepherds the story  
First heard of the Saviour's birth?

How the tender and glorious Angel  
Brought joy to each shepherd heart;  
For to them was the great evangel  
To believe—to see—to impart.



## WHEN THE ANGELS SANG

45

And the people that heard it wondered  
That God was in Christ on earth!  
And Mary, His Mother, pondered,  
And the shepherds returned with mirth—

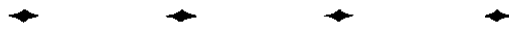
And joyful their glad evangels  
Arose to their God on high;  
As they joined with the saints and the angels  
Who had lately been seen so nigh!

And they went forth to give Him Glory  
In lives that were all His own;  
And to more and to more the sweet story  
Again and again to make known.

And to you and to me it is given  
To stand for the truth of His Word,  
To join in the worship of Heaven  
And to wait the return of our Lord.

St. Luke ii. 8-21.

VIOLET E. WILLS.

**THE SUNSHINE FROM ONE BRIGHT FACE.**

One day not long since, as I chanced to be out in the street in a storm, I came to a number of people who were waiting somewhat impatiently for some obstacle to be removed from the street crossing. As it was evident that the hindrance would soon be out of the way, the crowd seemed inclined to wait rather than go on to the next crossing, which was quite a distance away. All, however, seemed to be annoyed, while a few appeared so much out of humour as to attract general attention. Some expressed their impatience in words, whilst others only revealed it by their looks. In the midst of this unpleasant waiting, the little trill of a whistle was heard somewhere in the crowd. It was so clear and bird-like that it sounded very pleasantly, and we all looked to see who this happy one could be. We soon knew that the whistler was the little newsboy who carried a large package of papers, and could not very well get out of the crowd. Of course, he knew that it was no time to sell newspapers in the midst of a storm, when people

were holding umbrellas, so undoubtedly he thought he might as well use his breath in whistling.

I caught a glimpse of the boy's face, and although somewhat thin and pale, it was as bright as a sunbeam, and had just about as much sweetness and beauty. I could see the looks on the other faces soften as the people glanced at the boy.

"I guess you are the only happy one in the crowd," someone said to him.

"Yes, I am happy," was the quick reply.

"Say little chap, just tell us the secret of your happiness on this unpleasant day," some one else said in a careless manner.

The newsboy looked up into the man's face so pleasantly that all knew he did not take offence easily, and so the fun stopped immediately. A man who seemed to know the boy then said:

"Yes, Sam, tell them why you are happy."

"All right, Mr. Mason, I will if you say so. One thing that makes me happy is because I am well enough to work and help my mother; another is that people are so good to me; **but the greatest one is because I am a Christian!**"

Here the brave little fellow that dared to confess Christ in a crowd looked up with a brighter light still upon his face.

"I guess you ought to be happy, Sam," the same man said again. "You evidently enjoy your liberty after getting out of the hospital, even though you did leave one of your feet there."

We all looked down at the boy's feet, and while doing so he said in the same quick voice as before:

"But I have a cork foot, and can use it so well that I often forget that it is not a real one."

Then, as if remembering some other important fact connected with the matter, he added:

"The Christian people sent me to the hospital, and gave the money for my cork foot."

This was said in such a manner that all were evidently impressed, and a silence followed until someone said:

"Say, good people, let us all buy a newspaper of this little chap."

In a moment all seemed to be getting their hands into their pockets, and soon Sam's papers were sold, and it was evident that something extra found its way into his hands.

"I think that you must all be Christians, too," he began, but seeing smiles upon several faces, he suddenly stopped. No one said anything, however, and he went on, "Thank you just the same, for you are very kind. I hope that you will all soon become Christian men, as I think you will. It does not take one long to become a christian if he really trusts the Saviour."

Just then the street crossing was cleared, and the crowd passed along quickly in a good-natured way, for each had caught a little of the sunshine from one bright face among them. Sam slipped away, too, unconscious of the good he had done, but very happy because he had Christ in his soul.

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### "GOOD TO DIE BY."

Of course, it is the Gospel of Christ that answers to this description. And Dr. J. D. Burrell, the well known American minister, suggests that there is no more convincing evidence of the power of the Gospel than that afforded by the dying words of those who have experienced the new life in Christ. Here are some such words:—

Richard Baxter: "I have pain, but I have peace."

Edward Payson: "The battle is fought, the victory won."

John Wesley: "The best of all is Immanuel, God is with us."

Charles Wesley: "I shall be satisfied when I awake in Thy likeness."

The Mother of the Wesleys: "Children, I am going; lift a song of praise."

Rutherford: "Oh for a well-tuned harp!"

John Fletcher: "I am like a bird escaping from its cage."

Prince Albert: "Rock of Ages, cleft for me!"

Dr. Cookman: "Halleluia! I am sweeping through the gates!"

Mrs. Hemans "I hear the music of His voice."

Lady Huntingdon: "I am going to my Father to-night."

Philip Melanchthon: "Nothing now but heaven."

John Bradford, to his fellow-martyr: "Be of good comfort; we shall sup with Christ to-night."

Edward Perronet, author of "All hail the power of Jesu's name": "Glory to God in the height of His divinity! Glory to God in the depth of His humanity! Glory to God in all His sufficiency! Into His hands I commit my spirit."

It would thus appear (adds Dr. Burrell) that ours is a good religion to die by, as well as to live by. God be praised for it!



### A THOUGHT.

This thought has often come to me:—

If I write my letters and address them correctly, stamp and post them, they are sure to arrive at their destination, because all the power of Government is behind it. So in like manner, if my prayers are offered in the name of the Lord Jesus, are in line with the will of God and for His Glory they are sure to be answered because all the power of the Godhead is enlisted on their behalf. See John 14, 14; 1 John 5, 14-15; Eph. 3, 20, 21; Zech. 4, 6 10. And Asa cried unto the Lord and said "O Lord, it is nothing with thee to help either with many or with them that have no power. **Help us, O Lord our God, for we rest on Thee, and in Thy Name we go against this multitude, O Lord. Thou art our God; let not man prevail against Thee.**" So the Lord smote the Ethiopians before Asa.—2 Chron, 14, 11.

J.H.



### MARCH'S CLOSING WORD.

We should like to send our monthly circular speaking about our Testament and Tract Fund, post free to any who desire it. We shall be so thankful for your prayers and for any help you may be led to send us for the world-wide distribution of the Word of God. Please send to—

**DR. HEYMAN WREFORD,**

**"The Firs," Denmark Road, Exeter.**

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F. E. RACE (C. A. HAMMOND), 3 & 4, London House Yard, Paternoster Row, E.C.4

FORTIETH YEAR.

APR., 1924.

One Penny Net

8/- per 100 Net, or 8 6 post free

# A Message from God

EDITED BY HEYMAN WREFORD

"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved."



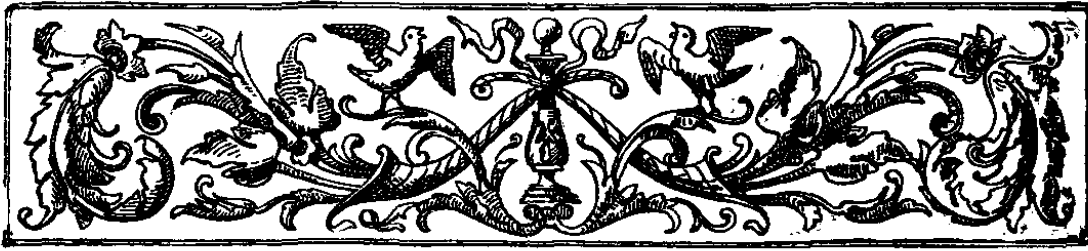
## Some Esthonian Lepers.

Mr. Podin, on right back of picture, standing.

The Doctor, on left back of picture, standing.

(See page 52.)

*F. E. Race (C. A. Hammond), 3 & 4, London House Yard, Paternoster Row, E.C.4.*



# The Ways of God

BY THE EDITOR

## GOD SPEAKING THROUGH HIS WORD.

MY dear friends,  
A most solemn and blessed incident came to my mind yesterday, when looking over some papers about my work. A few months ago, I was feeling terribly distressed about what God has given me to do for Him in sending His word far and wide. I seemed to pass into a shadow-land of almost utter despair. The presence of the enemy was acutely felt—he seemed to say: “How totally unfit and unworthy you are to carry on this work! Leave it to better hands than yours.” I heard the accuser roar. The darkness seemed to deepen on my soul. My weakness of body seemed to take all strength from my soul. God sent His word to comfort. A letter from an anonymous source was put into my hand, only these words: “A thank-offering for the Gospel work.” A note was enclosed for 20/-, and on the back of the note was written, “Ps. 118, 17, 18, 19 verses. **A message from God to me.** I read in my opened Bible the words: “I shall not die but live, and declare the works of the Lord. The Lord hath chastened me sore; but He hath not given me over unto death. Open to me the gates of righteousness; I will go into them, and I will praise the Lord.”

God had spoken, the darkness fled, and the power of evil with it; I could say with the Psalmist, “In God will I praise His word; in the Lord will I praise His word. In God have I put my trust; I will not be afraid what man can do unto me. Thy vows art upon me, O God; I will render praise unto Thee. For Thou hast delivered my soul from death; wilt not Thou deliver my feet from falling, that I may walk before God in

the light of the living." P.s. 56, 10, 11, 12, 13 verses. Since then I have had many words of cheer, and God has deigned to bless the circulation of the "Message" in a wonderful way.

### WHAT CHRIST IS TO THE CHRISTIAN.

Ah, that thought, "I am one with Christ," is the great power in the mind, giving to the heart a living warmth. The realisation of having one life with that One up there would turn a **London fog** into the bright light of the glory He is in above. . .

If taken up with my broken, aching body, I am forgetting that I am one with Christ above. This body does beautifully for a **lighthouse**, but we are not to be looking at little trials down here. . .

The heart is very apt to take counsel of self, and droop under the circumstances around, but instead of being cast down, the question should come in: "What is the spring, what the source, of the sustaining strength on which we lean?" **It is in Christ Himself and His power.** . .

How precious it is to be able to turn from our weakness and failure, and see this power up there in the living Person of that One who is "the same yesterday, to-day and for ever" . . .

What is my comfort, think you, when I look at the people of God? Is it in anything I see in you or about you? No. I think not of what you are, but of the purpose of Christ concerning you. He has to break down many a thing in us, and it may be very painful to us; but what a difference between a person tasting all he can of ease down here, with eternal woe hereafter, and one with the name of Christ on his forehead in the midst of sorrow and pain, Christ dealing with him, and making thoroughly manifest what His purpose is concerning him.

He says to His own, "I have separated you to bear my name in the wilderness, let all around you see it." **The deeper the trouble, the higher the service.** G.V.W.

These are wonderful truths that go right down into the heart of things, and lift us up to the realisation of that wonderful thought that we are one with Christ. Broken down by

circumstances, or lifted up above them, yet still **one with Christ**, for ever and for ever.

Dear friends, we thank God and take courage. The work of this magazine is as dear to us as ever, and the work of helping to send the Word of God to all the nations of the earth, will never lose its solemn charge to our souls. "Go ye all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature." Eternity is close at hand, the coming of the Lord draweth near. "We must work while it is called to-day." The fields are white to harvest. We shall be thankful for your prayers this month, and for your practical help if the Lord will.

Yours for Christ's sake,

HEYMAN WREFORD.

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### THE LEPERS OF ESTHONIA.

(See illustration on cover).

The following letter will explain the picture better than I can. We were happy in being able to send parcels to be distributed among these dear men and women.

Kegel Esthonia.

Nov. 20, 1923.

To Dr. Heyman Wreford.

Dear Brother in Christ,

I have received several parcels of New Testaments in Russian and English languages. These books have helped me greatly in my work among the lepers, prisoners and other branches of my field of labour. How glad the poor creatures are when they receive a New Testament as their own property, which they never would be able to secure. The Lord has opened the doors for me to the lepers. We have over two hundred of them isolated from the rest of humanity. They live from sixty to ninety in one asylum, and I am their spiritual caretaker and as they call me father. The Lord has blessed this work wondrously. Many souls have been converted, and I have baptised many of them. In one asylum twenty-five per cent. of them are all converted Christians and baptised. At the same time the prison doors are open for me. I can enter any prison at any time, preach the glorious gospel to them, and give to each one in their own language a New Testament. So many of your sent New Testaments to-day are read in our prisons by Russians and of those that can read English, and such are not few.

Last Sunday I preached to over eight hundred prisoners, and two days ago again in another town to sixty-six prisoners. I had a singing choir with me, and they rendered a good service to help me in my



gospel work. We have now a dear gospeller Brother James Lees, and another fine devoted Norwegian as guests with us. They have been really God-sent messengers, and I can say the Lord has used the dear Scotchman James Lees as an instrument for the conversion of many souls in our country. O! how thankful we are to our heavenly Father for His dear servants. Allow me to express my heartiest thanks for your love in sending the New Testaments and tracts to me and remembering me in your prayers.

I enclose some photos from my large leper family. I remain,

Yours very thankful,

ADAM PODIN.

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### THE "MESSAGE FROM GOD."

#### Saved Soul and Body.

Yes, this is quite true in the case of a dear soldier still living at ——. I will not say the name of the place, as he may not wish it. I had a letter from my friend who has just given him the October number of "**A Message from God,**" a magazine which he has had monthly for nine years. "He looks out for it and loves it," for it has been made by God a blessing to his **soul**, and wonderful to say, he says the "**Mes-sages**" saved his **body** when he was wounded in the war, for he made a little case of mackintosh to keep the "**Mes-sages**" in, which saved his life when he was wounded, for the sword could not get through the "Messages." How he blessed the Lord then, and still continues to praise His Holy Name, loving and serving Him with all his heart. Oh, dear readers, do let each one of us keep on blessing and praising Him, that He has brought us to the knowledge of Himself as our Father and our God. Ever remembering His holy word in the last verse of Psalm 50. "Whoso offereth praise glorifyeth Me." Yes, let us be continually offering **Praise**.

EMILY P. LEAKEY.

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### THE PASSING OF A SAINT.

Melbourne.

A letter says :

"He was taken with his last illness just about four or five days before the end came. He did not once mention the word 'death,' but when ever able always spoke of the blessed Lord, His grace, His mercy, His love. Not many hours before the Lord took him he raised himself and leaned on his elbow (he had not been able to do this for some time) then with a beaming face he repeated in a clear, firm

voice, quite loud enough to be heard all over the house, the 8th, 9th, 10th and 11th verses of 1 Peter v. When he came to the 11th verse, "To **Him** be glory and dominion for ever and ever, Amen," his dear voice rose with a triumphant ring, and his countenance was radiant. After this he gradually sank—God gently took him home."—From his Niece.

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**"MY SAVIOUR! MY SAVIOUR MY SAVIOUR!"**

A poor man, dying in an asylum, uttered these words: "My Saviour, my Saviour, my Saviour." The master, a Christian man, often read portions of Scripture to him, and prayed for him, and talked to him, but got no response. As he was nearing his end the poor fellow was asked to signify, if only by a nod of the head, if he had heard, and understood what had just been said and read to him. Just before he passed away, he said three times over, "My Saviour." We trust many of our readers can say this; can appropriate God's gift to themselves; can accept Christ's own love; and say with a joyful, grateful heart, "Who loved me, and gave Himself for me."

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**"IF I PERISH, I PERISH TRUSTING CHRIST."**

With a deep sense of gratitude to God I relate the story of my conversion. Twenty-six years ago in Melbourne, Australia, whilst listening to a servant of the Lord proclaiming the gospel, God spoke to my heart.

Conviction lasted for six months, during which sleep left me. Repeated searching of God's Book only seemed to make every text on hell focus on me. My concern brought forth from relatives: "You have always been a good boy"—"have done no harm," etc. Such whitewashings mocked me, and made my heart's need re-echo.

With strength depleted through sleeplessness, I was advised to take a tonic. I consulted a chemist, but my "heart, knowing its own bitterness," craved the medicine for a sin-sick soul.

Special leave enabled me to visit Sydney, where I stayed with a Roman Catholic uncle and aunt. They were kind, but not understanding my agony of mind, suggested medical treatment, and wound up by thinking I must have committed some crime!

With no further light, I returned home. Visits to Universalist, Seventh-day, and Millennial-dawn meetings only added confusion. The first-named gave no comfort in saying that “ God was a God of love and would not condemn to everlasting punishment.” The voice of Scripture drowned such Satan-evolved whispers. The Spirit of God, Who convicts, will **always** lead to His word, that converts: I knew that “ the wages of sin ” spelt “ death,” but I had yet to learn that “ the gift of God was eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord.”

Truly, ceasing from self, I needed to understand that terse truth: “ **Forsaking all I trust Him.**” Yes, faith in the One Who fully satisfied every claim of God against me. I felt like the Irish lass who had heard many great preachers, but not until a plain and pointed questioner appeared on the scene did the clouds begin to disappear. He read: “ Christ died for the ungodly ” (Rom. 5, 6,) and asked: “ Are you ‘ ungodly?’ ” “ Yes,” she said. “ Then Christ died for **you.**” And, with the flashing of this diamond, light broke into her soul. “ He died for **me.**”

Late one night, forlorn and weary, I said: “ **If I perish, I perish trusting Christ.**” Sweet sleep followed in the wake of this absolute trust and abandonment. The knowledge of sins forgiven made the joy bells ring, and the ringing has never ceased. Praise be to His Holy Name!

“ I came to Jesus as I was—  
Weary and worn and sad;  
I found in Him a resting place,  
And He has made me glad.

H. MEARS.

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### “ RICH IN MERCY.”

The following has been given me by a dear young relative, of her grandfather’s conversion.

“ It was about four o’clock on a beautiful May morning that a young man stood, leaning against the garden gate of his house, looking towards the sea, and enjoying the freshness of that early spring morning. He had not long returned from a ball, and had danced through the long hours of that night, and his thoughts were now occupied with the gaiety

and excitement, in which he had so keenly participated, when suddenly, his attention was attracted by a paper which lay on the path outside the gate. Curiosity led him to secure the paper, which proved to be a leaflet headed by these words: "Rejoice O young man in thy youth, and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thine heart, and in the sight of thine eyes, but know thou that for all these things God will bring Thee into judgment," Eccl. 11-9.

As in a flash, he realised the emptiness of the glitter and gaiety of the previous night. Surely the God, of whom his parents had early taught him, was speaking in solemn warning of the judgment. A great fear oppressed his heart, and although he sought to find relief in his daily work, yet these words: "God will bring thee into judgment," rang continually in his ears.

Months passed by, and still his troubled heart could find no peace. That he sought it earnestly was witnessed by the fact that he went from one religious gathering to another in his native town, "seeking rest and finding none." Never again did he enter a ballroom, knowing well not in such places would he find the peace for which he longed. At last, after two years, God's Holy Spirit, which had been striving with him for so long, led him to a little gospel meeting where he heard of God's love, in sending His only Son into the world to die for sinners. The Lord Jesus Christ, the One who saves to the uttermost all who come unto God by Him, the One Who satisfies the longing soul. With deep contrition for his sins, but nevertheless with a deep joy in his heart, he accepted the Lord Jesus Christ, as his own personal Saviour. Without a word, he hurried out of the hall and walked for miles, his heart and mind full of the One Who had become his Saviour, his Lord and his Friend.

From which time onwards, his life was a truly consistent one, a grand proof of the power of that One, Who not only saves, but also keeps." Jude 24. A.A.L.

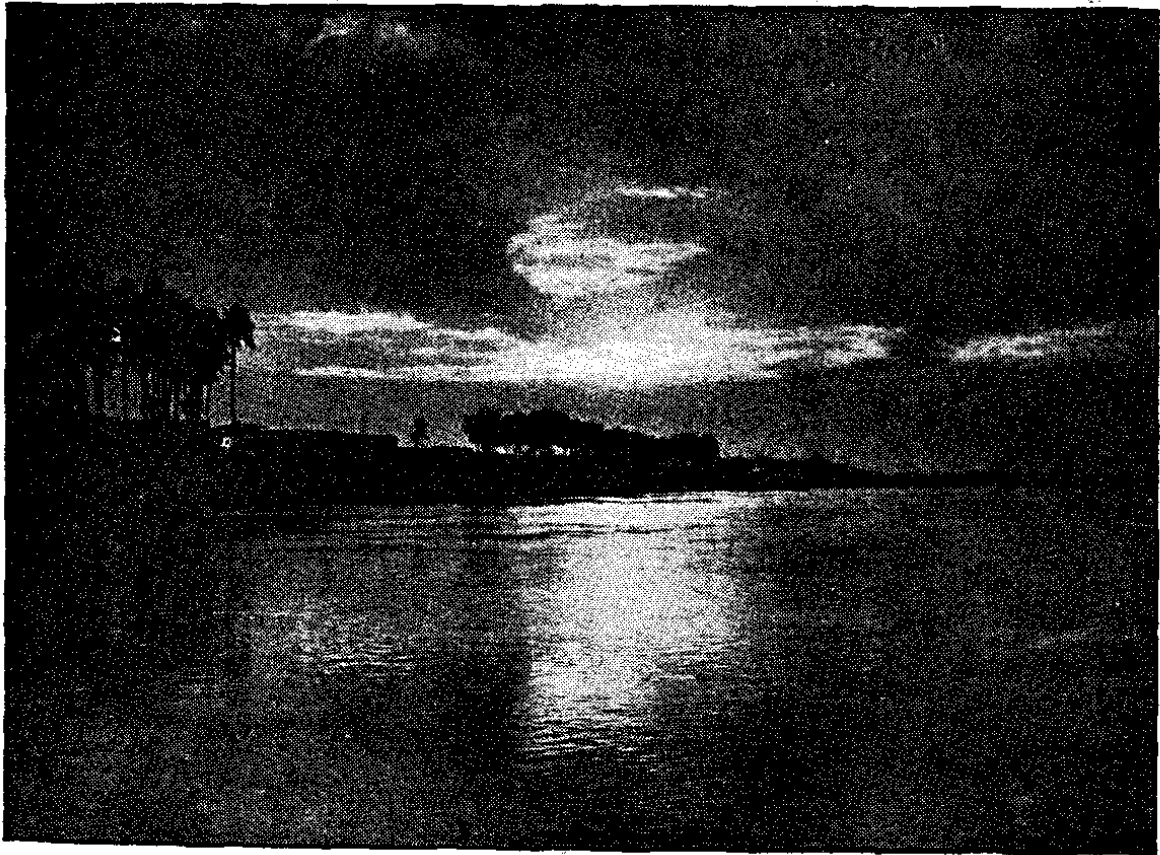
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### HE IS MY ALL IN ALL.

Whilst visiting some families in a little narrow court in London, I saw an old woman, standing at her door, looking bright and happy. I wondered what made her look so in the

midst of sickness and death, for fever was raging at one house in the court, and death had paid a visit to another, snatching away a little fair-haired boy of some six years.

I crossed over the court to the aged one, whom I found was in her eighty-third year, and very deaf. She at once asked me into her cottage, and gave me a slate and pencil, with which to write. I wrote, "What think ye of Christ?" and handed it to her. She read it, immediately dropped the slate, and raising her hands above her head, her face beaming with joy, exclaimed, "He is my all in all. Do **you** love Him?" I wrote on the slate, "Yes! He bore all my sins on Calvary's Cross, all the judgment that I deserved." She read it, and then clasped my hand with both of hers, and told me how God had cared for her for years past, providing her with such a Saviour as His own dear Son, and meeting her every daily need; and finished by saying, "I am longing to be with Him, the Blessed Lord Jesus, my Saviour."



**"The heavens declare the glory of God."**

Oh! the joy of calmly resting  
On the Saviour's changeless love;  
Oh! the sweetness thus of tasting  
Mercy flowing from above.

Reader, may I ask you one question? "What think ye of Christ?" Can you say with my old friend, "He is my all in all"?

H.W.

### GRAINGER'S LAST WORDS.

The hospital ward looked cheery and sunny when the padre entered. His keen grey eyes scanned the patients, and he nodded a smiling greeting to them in his progress up the ward.

A nurse who had caught sight of the visitor hurried towards him. Drawing him aside, she said in a low tone:

"I want to ask if you will do something for me, Mr. Santley. Poor young Grainger ought to be told what is really the matter with him. And yet I can't do it—I can't! He is so patient and quiet, will you?"

She looked up pleadingly, and the padre stood silent for a moment or two.

"You ask a hard thing, Sister, but I am here to help both him and you. I will tell him."

Making his way to a bed where the patient lay, his head and eyes swathed in bandages, Mr. Santley uttered his usual kindly greeting, and taking the hand stretched out, sat down by the lad.

"Well, Grainger, have you had a good night? I hope the others didn't keep you awake."

"No, thank you, sir. I had better rest than for some time," was the quiet reply.

"Good. Has the doctor seen you yet?"

"Not since yesterday. He made a thorough examination then."

"Have they told you the verdict?"

"No, I suppose they will soon."

"Do you wish to know, Grainger?" asked Mr. Santley, laying a hand sympathetically on his arm.

There was a pause. The lad replied slowly:

"I think I ought to know, sir."

"Then I will tell you, my boy."

In steady tones, which yet were full of sympathy and understanding, the clergyman told him all there was to know. Grainger lay silent for a time. Then he said quietly :

“ Thank you, sir. Good-bye. If you are round again to-morrow, I will tell you how I feel about it.”

So with a parting handshake Mr. Santley left him. The next morning he once more approached Grainger's bedside.

“ Well, my lad, how do you feel to-day?”

Grainger smiled a wistful smile.

“ This is how I feel, sir. ‘ Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of **life**, I will fear no evil. For Thou art with me. Thy rod and Thy staff, they comfort me.’ ”

For a moment or two the clergyman was unable to reply, so moved was he. He knew at what cost the lad lying there had uttered those words. **For he was blind.**

FIRENZE.

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### “ WHERE ART THOU? WHERE IS HE?”

The first recorded question in the Old Testament is, “ **Where art Thou?**” The first recorded question in the New Testament is, “ **Where is He?**” The first question is that of the voice of God, calling to Adam in the Garden of Eden.

In the pleasant cool of evening, in the fair garden, something was missing, was lost. God's wonderful creature, man, made in His own image, should have been close at hand when his Creator Friend came to walk in the garden. But he was not there.

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### “ WHERE ART THOU?”

Alas, he was fleeing from his Friend, he was hiding away among the trees. A great wall of separation had come between Adam and God. It was there because of sin.

Where art thou? In darkness, fear and danger, because of sin, no longer walking by the side of his Great Friend in the garden, cut off by sin.

“ Where art thou?” dear reader of this page. Are you hiding from God; “ far off ” from Him, because of sin, that you still cling to and will not give up? Sad indeed then is

“WHERE ART THOU?”

your position. Dark, because God's face is hidden, dangerous, because the wages of sin is death. Yet God sought the sinful one who fled from him. “**Where Art Thou?**” Thus He seeks you; He desires to have you not far off, but near.

**WHERE IS HE?**

The wise men of the East, led by the star, had ever this thought in their mind, until it became a spoken question. “**Where is He?**” When they appeared in Jerusalem He was very near, just a mile or two away only. He Who was close to the Father's heart Himself, was to bring lost men back to God. They were to be made nigh by the blood of Christ. What blessed light in the darkness of separation from God, what peace and safety to all who are hiding from God!

When the two questions are, so to speak, united, when “**Thou**” in the first question meets “**He**” in the second question, then the song of the redeemed begins in a fairer paradise than Eden. It begins, even now. And if now we can say, “**We have found Him,**” we can look forward with joy to seeing Him where He is and abiding with Him for ever.

MARGARET ESDAILE.

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**“TAKING THE CURE.”**

A number of sandwich-men were marching down Water Street in single file, each man encased between a pair of boards. Their step was dull and listless, their appearance hopeless and miserable. The story of defeat and failure was written on each countenance. Life at two shillings a day between advertisement boards was not inspiring, and weariness of soul and body was in each footfall.

**Is Life Worth Living?**

was the legend they wore on the front board; and on the back was the answer,

Yes—if you take Salter's wonderful cure.

“I wonder why Salter does not try the effect on these men?” thought Mr. Wardrop, looking with an eye of compassion upon the poor fellows. “They look as if they need something to make life worth living.”

He stood and watched them for a few minutes as they filed past. The words haunted him, and the question rose per-



sistently in his mind. What was there in his own life that made it worth living? Was he living for any purpose? Was anyone the better because he was living? Was there any cure for the emptiness and dreariness of his own life?

Not in drugs and nostrums; that was a trap to catch the unwary. No; his sore lay deeper down than that. Not in amusements and gaiety; he had had his fill of these, and they had left his life unsatisfied and empty.

He turned down a side street, hoping to get away from the sad reflections the sight of the men had conjured up, but even as he turned the corner another batch of sandwich men met him; and again in staring letters the same words stared him in the face,

### Is Life Worth Living?

Again he looked on men, worsted in the struggle of life, glad to earn a miserable pittance to keep body and soul together for themselves and those dear to them.

But the man who headed this batch looked different from the rest. His shoes were thin and old, and his clothes were threadbare; but there was an air of decency and respectability about him that struck Mr. Wardrop—something in his gait that the others lacked, and a cheerfulness about his looks that appealed to the passer by.

Edwin Wardrop's curiosity was aroused, and he drew near and spoke to this man. "You look different from your companions," he said.

"Oh!" replied the man,

**"I have taken the Cure, you see."**

"What!" exclaimed Mr. Wardrop. "You have taken the cure? I should not have thought you were able to spend any money on cures."

The man looked at him steadily for a moment, and there was a light in his eyes as he answered, "I said I had taken **the** cure—I didn't say it was Salter's. No! they wouldn't give us any of that stuff; we are all too poor to buy it; but the cure I have taken can be had for nothing. It is 'without money and without price.' It's a cure that suits poor folks."

"What was your complaint?" asked Wardrop with interest.

" Dead in trespasses and sins," answered the man; " given over to the works of the flesh."

" I don't understand you," answered Wardrop. " I can't see what all this has to do with the cure?"

" Don't you, sir? Well, it's like this; I may be poorly clad, but if I've got on the robe of Christ's righteousness I shan't take much harm; my shoes may be old and worn, but if my feet are shod with the preparation of the Gospel of peace, I can struggle along till He sends for me; and if I don't know sometimes where my night's lodging is to come from, my Master had not where to lay His head. And now He is preparing for me a place in the Father's House of many mansions. So it's all right for me, sir."

" You're quite a philosopher, my friend—a living example of the triumph of mind over matter—but you must be very hungry sometimes; and hunger is a sharp thorn, you know," said Wardrop, looking at the man's pale cheeks and thin features.

" I know a bit about that, sir; I've gone hungry many a day; but I don't understand what you mean about the triumph of mind over matter. I'm only a simple, unlearned sort of chap, and perhaps I can't put things into proper words; but, don't you see, sir, the love of God shed abroad in the heart, and His peace ruling the mind, makes you sit easy to other things. The Master said we do not live by bread alone, and when He comes to dwell in a man's soul—why, sir, isn't it a continual feast? Talk about Salter's cure making life worth living,

### **It's having Jesus in the Heart**

as makes life worth living. Isn't He the Bread of Life? Hunger of the body is nothing to soul hunger. There's many a man riding in his carriage to-day, with bread enough and to spare, has cause to envy me—a poor sandwich man—because Jesus is my all-sufficient Saviour. He satisfies me with His own presence. When I am sick, isn't He the great physician? When I am sad and downhearted, isn't He my Comforter? Some day these poor old feet of mine will walk the streets of New Jerusalem; and it will be fulness of life there, sir—life for evermore. They taught me all about it at Peter Street. If you was to go there, you'd learn how to

get that hope for yourself, sir, if so be as you haven't got it yet."

The sandwich man's face was full of joy and peace as Edwin Wardrop watched him patiently plodding along between his two boards. Content with having sown the seed, he left the result with God's Holy Spirit.

MARY KENDREW.

### CONFESSING CHRIST IN THE HOME.

We give the facts as related in the Fulton Street prayer meeting. Said the speaker : The case is that of a young man, intelligent, worthy, fashionable, occupying a high social position, married to a gay, fashionable wife, living in one of the fashionable avenues ; himself, wife, and one sister making up the family. All were devoted to the pleasures of the world.

That young man was brought under the power of the influences of the Holy Spirit. For many days he was sad and sorrowful, and his wife and sister knew not what to make of it. At length, however, that young man, in one of our prayer meetings, found peace in believing in Jesus. Going home, he said to himself, " Now I must serve the Lord Jesus, and I will begin at once. I must go home and tell what the Lord has done for me, and pray in my family."

The tempter said, " Not to-night ; not so soon. Wait till you get a little stronger. Wait a few days."

" No, no," said the young disciple. " I must begin at once. I must pray in my family to-night."

" Don't be in such a hurry," said the tempter. " You have never known much about prayer. You don't know the language of prayer. You will certainly fail."

" Get thee behind me, Satan ; I must pray, and I will pray ; and I will pray to-night."

When he went into the house, he sought his library, and there poured out his heart to the blessed Saviour for grace to acknowledge, and own, and honour Him.

He went into his sumptuously furnished parlour. The gas was shedding down its mellow light from the burners. The wife and the sister were there. The time for prayer had come. His wife noticed with a kind of awe a great change in his

countenance, but said nothing. This was a wife whom he loved as he did his own soul. He turned to her, and said—

“My dear, have you any objection to our having family worship?”

She looked at him with amazement and hesitation for a moment, and then answered with true good breeding and politeness, “Certainly not, if it is your pleasure.”

“Then get the Bible, if you please, and draw up around this table, under the gaslight, and we will read and pray.”

He read, and then he kneeled down to pray. But he observed that he alone was kneeling, and his wife and sister remained sitting both upright in their seats. This disconcerted him for a moment; and sure enough the tempter’s prophesy had come true.

At length he burst forth in the imploring cry, “God be merciful to me a sinner!” The tongue was loosed now, and he poured out a most fervent, agonising, earnest prayer that God would have mercy upon his dear wife and sister, and convert them on the spot. As he went on, the heart of the wife was overcome. She slipped down from her seat, knelt down beside him, put her arms around his neck, and ere she was aware of it, she too was crying to God to have mercy on her soul. His sister went and knelt by his other side. She too, put her arms around him; she, too, sought a Saviour’s mighty power to save. All three on the spot, in answer to that first family prayer, were brought to consecrate themselves to the service of Him Who is willing and ready and mighty to save.

The peace of that now happy but once gay and thoughtless family flows like a river, and their salvation as an overflowing stream.

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### ONE WORD.

Any who would wish to help us in disseminating the truth about the Proletarian schools and the truth as it is in Jesus will please send to—

**DR. HEYMAN WREFORD,**

**“The Firs,” Denmark Road, Exeter.**

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F. E. RACE (C. A. HAMMOND), 3 & 4, London House Yard, Paternoster Row, E.C.4

A Message from God 1924

FORTIETH YEAR.

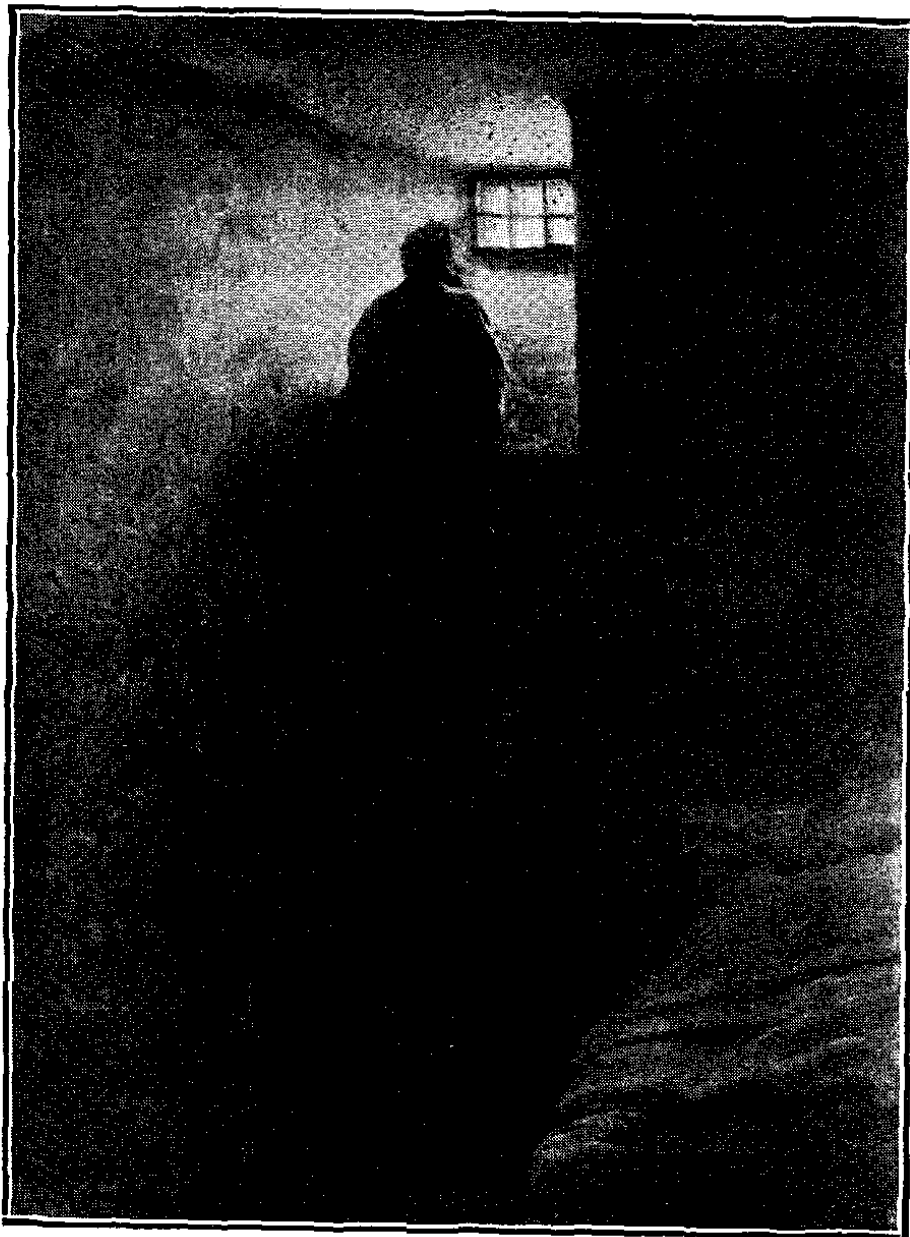
MAY, 1924.

One Penny Net 8/- per 100 Net, or 8 6 post free.

# A Message from God

EDITED BY HEYMAN WREFORD

"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved."



The Dawn has come

(See page 77)

*F. E. Race (C. A. Hammond), 3 & 4, London House Yard, Paternoster Row, E.C.4.*

A Message from God 1924



# The Ways of God

BY THE EDITOR

## THE MORNING COMETH.

**M**Y DEAR FRIENDS,  
The darkness of eternal night is shadowing the world to-day. The storm sweeps across the skies and the clouds fly before it. The tempest is gathering, and the portents of a coming awful judgment are manifest. Ah! what of the night? What of the night? It is deepening around us; the clouds of modernism and atheism and rationalism are making it dark; the shadows of ritualism and spiritism are clustering thick; the darkness of a thousand false creeds is falling upon men. How dark the night is! "Men love darkness rather than light, because their deeds are evil." The Christian shudders to hear the blasphemer curse, and the infidel and the Modernist rave, and to listen to the mocking of unbelief that first startled the peace of Eden's bowers.

What of you, my reader? Have you decided for Christ, or are you still determined in the face of coming judgment to go on in sin, and brave the sinner's doom?

I hear one say, I must make money, must strive in my business, in my office, or my farm. Yes, there are many who love sixpence more than they do Christ; and others who would sell Him for a railway share, or house, or land, or business. **And Christ is coming.**

Ah! my readers, stay no longer in the place of death, occupied among the tombs and sepulchres of this world, but come forth boldly for the Lord. The sneer of the scoffer was heard in apostolic times, and Peter spoke of those who said, "Where is the promise of His coming?" God has been laughed at in every age of the world's night of sin and

death; and the devil laughs at those who laugh at God. To-day, God's preachers stand and cry, "The Lord is coming; judgment will fall on the sinner's head; come to Jesus." The scoffer answers, "Preacher, where is the promise of His coming? I don't believe in hell, there is no future punishment." Again the mocking voice comes, the language of the night, "What rubbish you Christians speak; you say you are saved; are happy now, and will be happy for ever; you don't fear death, you would like to die. You warn us of the night of the tomb, and the terrors of the grave! Ah! Ah! Christian, what of the night?"

As I listen, I hear another scoffer say, "You tell me that the blood of Jesus cleanses sin, and that He died for sinners; that He will pardon all who come; that God's Son suffered in the darkness, nailed to a cross—that He is the Light of the world, and it is **night away from Him.**"

I pause still; and as I pause I seem to hear the mocking voices say, "You Christians believe that Christ is coming again; that He may come at any moment, and that those who will be left behind will be eternally lost—that repentance of sin leads to forgiveness of sin; and that the shadows of a life of sin make the darkness of the sinner's night. Ah! Ah! Christian! What of the night? Yes, these wild voices of the night shout their defiance to God and His Christ, to the Father and the Son, and they gather strength as they voice their unbelief until at last they seem to thunder out together: "Where's your heaven? Where's your hell? Where's your salvation? Where's your damnation? Where's your peace? Where's your woe? Where's your devil? Where's your Jesus? Where's your coming Christ? What of the night?"

We have lingered for awhile about the night, and listened to its voices. Now we come to the morning.

"**The morning cometh.**" The children of the day watch for the morning light to shine—the morning star to appear. Can you say I am a child of the day, an heir of glory? Scoffer you have said salvation was all rubbish; happiness in Christ a delusion; heaven a dream, and hell an invention. You have said the blood of Jesus cannot wash away sin. You have challenged God's power to save, and Christ's

love to sinners. You have laughed at the thought of the coming of Christ. You have let the Modernist tear your Bible to pieces and defame the Christ of God. But **the morning cometh**. We wait and watch. The peace of the morning has shone into our hearts, and the promise of it cheers us on. You have said to us "Where's your heaven, your Christ, your salvation, your joy?" Where? In the heaven where He is, treasured up, for those who believe, in the golden storehouses of the better land, but given to those who believe now: "**In His presence there is fullness of joy, at His right hand pleasures for evermore.**" The morning cometh after nights of longing and hours of pain. A young girl is dying in a hospital ward. A lady bends over her and says, "Will you tell me your name, dear?" "Agnes." "You have listened to a sweeter voice than mine?" "Yes," she softly said, "Here in this bed He met me, my loving Saviour, in the night, four months ago. He came and spoke peace to my soul. He saw me suffering, and He spoke to me, and I am going to be with Himself." The next day the lady came and found the girl dying. She knelt by the bed and put her ear close to her mouth and heard her whisper, "He gave me peace! perfect peace! abiding peace! soon I shall have everlasting peace with Him." And so she died. The morning had come after the night of pain. Some years ago a night of wakefulness was mine. I was restless, uneasy, and eager for the day. The shadows of the summer night seemed to have fallen about my heart. I saw the first streak of the dawn in the sky, and I opened my window to watch the morning. There were no sounds of man to be heard; but the breath of the young day kissed my cheek, and from the trees I heard the matin song of the feathered choir. As I gazed the peace of the morning seemed to fill my heart, and when I knelt to pray my soul was eased. I thought, a brighter morn is coming, a "morning without clouds." I shall be glad to see that morning, whether I behold it through the gates of death, or when my Master calls me home. Oh, hasten blessed time! The days pass on, and when I gaze on heavens fair with creation's light, I think, perhaps Christ will come! Not yet, but **the morning cometh**. When evening shadows fall, I say, "Perhaps He will lift the shadows with the



brightness of His coming!" Not yet, but **the morning cometh**. I lie down to sleep, and as I say, "Good-night" to Jesus, I think, "He may wake me to gaze upon His face;" for **the morning cometh**. Yes, I shall see the Morning Star—the Sun of Righteousness—the light of heaven—"the Lamb is the Light thereof." Oh! my readers, are you the children of the day? Are you waiting for the morning?

The morning light will flash upon the Christian's eyes in that blest moment when the Lord descends to meet His people in the air. The scoffer says, "Where is the promise of His coming?" The Christian answers, "Here, in my heart, I hold it fast until He come, as something He has given me; a promise from Himself." So I wait and watch.

Dear friends, I have endeavoured to bring to your notice this month some of the heresies that are preached far and wide. I ask you to pray that the truth as it is in Jesus may be maintained by those who have confessed their faith in Him, and that the spread of His Word may be the means of bringing many a penitent sinner to His feet.

Yours for Christ's sake,  
HEYMAN WREFORD.

We want testaments continually. If any of our readers would send us some we should thank God. We also want Gospel Booklets and tracts for our parcels. If you cannot give the books, we shall be most glad of your help to get them.

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**TRIUMPH IN CHRIST.**  
**LAST DAYS OF MRS. WILSON :**  
**A Missionary in India.**

On his return from his tour to the northward, Mr. Wilson found his beloved partner in a state of great weakness. Her health was but too evidently impaired to such an extent as to excite alarm. Still she was unwilling to relax in her exertions. On Sunday, the 29th March, she attended the Bombay Sunday School, taught a class as usual, catechised the girls of her native school, and went twice to Church. In the evening she proposed again attending divine service, and on her husband attempting to dissuade her from it, as she seemed to be much fatigued, "Do let me go once more," said she,

“and I shall not again insist when I appear weak.” This was the last occasion on which she was privileged to attend a service. During the week she continued gradually to become worse; and on Monday, the 6th of April, she was confined to bed. The symptoms were of a very serious kind, but her mind was calm and serene. In the full conviction that her dying hour was at hand, she gave minute directions about the publication of her Maráthí translations and compositions, some papers which she wished to appear in the “Oriental Christian Spectator,” and the disposal of her female schools. Her dying experience we give in the words of Dr. Wilson. She stated that on looking back on her intercourse with the natives, and her efforts for their instruction and improvement, she could not blame herself for indolence, but that she had much reason to lament her impatience and unbelief. “**India,**” she exclaimed, “**is dark, dark; but speedily it will be light!** God will most assuredly fulfil his promises, and give the heathen to His Son for an inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for a possession.” “Go on your way rejoicing,” she said to me two days before her death, “and take care that no evil be mixed up with the Lord’s work.”

“God has enabled you to do much, and to manifest yourself to me as the kindest husband. Often, often, have I prayed for you that you may be supported in your solitude, and that this affliction may be blessed to the Church.” “I see much,” she observed, in a spirit of humility well becoming even the most devoted of the Lord’s servants, “which has been amiss in my past labours—pride, display, impatience, and unbelief; but I look entirely away from myself. My confidence rests entirely on the finished and accepted work of my Redeemer.” “I cannot say,” she remarked afterwards to me, “that I have not served the Lord, for His grace to me has been great; but this I do say, that I have not served Him as I ought. May He yet bless my labours!”

In the silence of midnight, when she thought no human eye was upon her, and no human ear within the compass of her voice, and with the expectation of immediately entering into the Eternal World, she repeated aloud the following lines, with an earnestness which I can never forget:—

## TRIUMPH IN CHRIST

71

“ The hour of my departure’s come,  
 I hear the voice that calls me home ;  
 At last, O Lord ! let trouble cease,  
 And let Thy servant die in peace.”

The race appointed I have run ;  
 The combat’s o’er, the prize is won ;  
 And now my witness is on high,  
 And now my record’s in the sky.

**Not in my innocence I trust**

I bow before Thee in the dust ;  
 And through my Saviour’s blood alone  
 I look for mercy at Thy throne.

I leave the world without a tear,  
 Save for the friends I held so dear.  
 To heal their sorrows, Lord, descend,  
 And to the friendless prove a Friend.

Another hymn of great beauty, which I think was one of her own composition, she repeated a short time after this. On observing her in a state of extreme weakness, I wrote down on a piece of paper the lines,

How sweet the name of Jesus sounds  
 In a believer’s ear.

and presented them to her. She read them aloud, and tried to continue the hymn. Memory seems to have failed her, but her Christian feeling and poetical imagination had not. She completed the stanza by a new and beautiful thought.

The Bible, infinitely precious to her through life, was the source of delight and joy in her last days. “ **Give me the Bible, that blessed book,**” was her constant request. Even when under the delirium of disease, she called upon us repeatedly to bring her the Word of God. The perusal of a few of its sentences hardly ever failed in enabling her to collect her wandering thoughts, and to concentrate the powers of her mind after addressing the Saviour in earnest prayer. One evening, when she thought herself dying, she repeated aloud a portion of the song of Solomon, “I sat down under His shadow with great delight, and His fruit was sweet to my taste.” “Read to me,” she would say, “the forty-third chapter of Isaiah; I like to hear the

promise, 'When thou passeth through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers they shall not overflow thee; when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burnt, neither shall the fire kindle upon thee; for I am the Lord Thy God, the Holy One of Israel, thy Saviour.' ” The last two chapters of Revelation afforded her the greatest delight. After I had read them, at her own request, she exclaimed, “How glorious is this description of Heaven!” Shortly after she took hold of my Bible, and commenced reading. When she laid it down, she said, “I have read the greater part of Revelation; and O, how glorious!”

The Epistle to the Ephesians she poured over with a devout interest, ascribing praise to God for the grace which she had experienced, and which she viewed as similar to that received by those to whom the Epistle was addressed. On my repeating to her the twenty-third Psalm, she said, “Now I can from the heart adopt every word of that psalm.”

When she found death coming near to her, she said, “The Lord is hearing my prayers, O, how gracious He is to my soul!” Her anticipations of eternal glory were expressed in language the most beautiful and affecting. “To-morrow’s sun,” she exclaimed, “will rise—though not upon me. But I shall behold Him who is as the sun shining forth in his strength—Him who is the sun of righteousness; and I shall be ravished by His infinite glory. He will never go down upon my soul. ‘The earth, and the work thereof, shall be burnt up,’ but I shall not perish. How strange, how marvellous! ‘O, death, where is thy sting? O, grave, where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin, and the strength of sin is the law. But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ.’ ” Never, during the whole of her illness, did she express, as many eminent Christians may have done, the slightest doubt of her acceptance with Christ. “Is it possible,” she said the day before her departure, “that I, a child of God, can die in this manner?” Fearing that a cloud was about to pass over her mind, I pointed her to the lines:

“Who then can e’er divide us more  
From Jesus and His love,  
Or break the sacred charm that binds  
The earth to heaven above?”

## TRIUMPH IN CHRIST

73

Let troubles rise, and terrors frown,  
 And days of darkness fall;  
 Through Him all dangers we'll defy  
 And more than conquer all."

"I feel all this," she said, "but my anxiety is about showing it to the world." It was her wish to die praising the Lord. "I am afraid," she said on another occasion. "Are you afraid," I asked, "of death." "No," was her reply, "I am afraid of speaking nonsense when the noise comes into my ears." She felt quite resigned on this point when I repeated to her the lines:

"To human weakness not severe,  
 Is our High Priest above."

"I am happy," she said, "all the glory is taken away from me—a poor, erring creature." On another occasion I heard her exclaim "I cannot look steadily—I cannot look steadily!" Thinking that she was complaining of her want of faith, I observed to her, "Christ, though He may try you my love, will never suffer your faith to fail." "You mistake me," was her reply, "**It is the glory sparkling behind the cloud which overpowers me, but soon shall it burst forth upon my soul, and I shall be enabled to bear it and drink up its beams.**"

On the morning before her death she was quite collected, but extremely weak. She recognised the kind friends who were around her bed, and mentioned their names, but was unable to converse with them. She traced along with them several passages in the Psalms, into the devotion of which she seemed fully to enter. As the day proceeded I perceived that the happy spirit would soon put off its earthly tabernacle that it might be clothed with its house which is from heaven. It did not need a human ministrations to its comfort, its peace, or its joys; for the communicants of the divine grace to it were very abundant. It appeared to animate the decaying and dissolving body with undiminished power. As the shades of evening were drawing on, when I presented to my dearest wife the last communication I made to her—"The Lord Jesus is with Thee"—her response was, "And with thee, my beloved one." I was recognised by her on several occasions during the night; but though she

attempted to address me she could not speak so as I could understand her. The last words I heard from her lips were, "The Kingdom of the Saviour;" but in what connection they were used I do not know. At eight o'clock on the morning of Sunday, the 19th of April, 1836, sacred to the commemoration of the Redeemer's triumph over the grave, she died without a struggle, and her soul winged its flight to that glorious abode where He lives and reigns.

## WHAT IS CHRISTIAN SCIENCE?

### The Error of Christian Science.

A friend who has read the late Mrs. Eddy's book, "Science and Health," which is the text-book of this cult, writes as follows, to show that the doctrines of Christian Science, as set forth there, are not Christian at all, but anti-Christian. The references are to "Science and Health":—

Mrs. Eddy denies the Deity and Humanity of Jesus; "The Virgin Mother conceived the idea of God, and gave to her ideal the name of Jesus" (pp. 29, 30, 315, 332).

She denies that Jesus died (p.44). She denies the doctrines of the Atonement (pp. 20-30), the Resurrection (pp.315, 334), the Trinity (pp. 256, 331-2), the Holy Ghost (pp. 46-7), the Second Advent (pp. 95, 96), the existence of Angels and Heaven (p. 229), the existence of Satan and Hell (pp. 207, 291, 585), the reality of prayer (pp. 7, 12), the existence of sin, disease and death.

Mrs. Eddy writes (p. 475), "Man is incapable of sin; sin, sickness and death are effects of error" (p. 473); "evil has no reality," is simply a belief (p. 584).

According to this, **there has been no war, no slain millions, no devastated towns and countries, no Germans, no wounds; it's all a fancy.** Truly one must **commit mental assassination** to become a **Christian Scientist!** In fact, the founder of Christian Science denies every doctrine of the Christian faith, and still masquerades under the garb of Christ. Christian Science is a peril of perils, a sign of the times, and one of these strong delusions foretold in 2 Thess, ii: 11, 12, which are to mark the coming of Christ.

I could fill pages more did space permit, but conclude with a quotation from Dr. Haldeman, of New York. In his book

entitled, "Signs of the Times," he says (at p. 243): "Mrs. Mary Glover Eddy has died; a physician testifies that her death was due to pneumonia. Her appearance in death was that of an old woman. Why did she die? She taught there was no death, etc., death is an error, 'to think oneself dead is to be deceived.' One of her representatives explains her death by saying she passed her last days in error. Think of it, the head and founder of the Christian Science Church, the author of a book without error, ending her days in a state of error, and denying all for which she and her church has stood. She denied old age and became an old woman; she denied disease and died of pneumonia; she repudiated death and became a lifeless corpse."

Need I say more? Flee from this apostate cult; surely the Gospel of Christ is sufficient for now and hereafter, and was never more needed than in these perilous days.—From "Perilous Times."



## WHERE THE WORD OF GOD IS NEEDED.



**MOST NORTHERLY POST OFFICE IN CANADA.**

British Columbia.

Dear Dr. Wreford,—I thank you so much for the splendid parcels (3) of Testaments and Gospel Books. What these mean to the many dear people living far away will be fully known at the coming again of our Lord Jesus Christ. Will you please pray for the safe arrival of the Testaments and Tracts that I have posted to the most northern Post Office in Canada. It is a trading post named Aklavick, within the Arctic Circle, and has three mails yearly. You will see by the enclosed letter that your Testaments are reaching the boys and girls. Will you please remember in prayer the great need of Pass Island. Fifty children of school age—no Sunday School, no service—the people suffer much through the winter. Again I thank you. May all the parcels you send out produce an abundant harvest. Gratefully yours, A.B.

**BOY'S LETTER FROM PASS ISLAND.**

Dear Mrs. B.,—I now begin to write you a few lines to let you know that I received your letter and was very pleased to hear from you, and I also received my books and was delighted with them, and I was so pleased with the Testament you sent to me, and many thanks for it. I am learning by memory verses. . . . I am going to school again this winter, if we get a teacher, but don't know yet if we will. . . It's awful here now on Sundays, because there are no services. . . Yours faithfully, George P.

**A LETTER FROM VICTORIA, BRITISH COLUMBIA.**

Dear Dr. Wreford,—. . . Yesterday I gave one of your books to a young man who is leaving us for his home on the prairies. Last month I was able to post away to our dear lonely people 60 small packets of gospel books (many of them yours). They entered many homes in Alaska, and the Queen Charlotte Islands west of the Dominion to Newfoundland on the east coast. Will you please pray for much blessing. Very sincerely yours, A.B.

**SECRET PRAYER.**

I lay down one Sunday afternoon with a nervous headache, knowing that after a friendly nap, if it were only for ten minutes—and thus close the avenues of thought—that I should rise and write a word for others. As I awoke these words were spoken to my mind, I believe by the Holy Spirit: "What you are really is what you are secretly. The time you spend secretly with God is really the making of you. Private prayer, and still more, **secret** prayer, is



never wasted time. Public prayers are sometimes wasted time; the same with family prayer, it may degenerate into form, and even private, when only gone through as a habit, even that morning watch, may perchance turn sleepy, but down-right prayer in secret, I say, must of necessity be a reality and is never in vain. It begins in secret, but it ends "openly." "That is it," I said to myself, "so I will at once send the word to my dear friend who is anxiously hoping for a word about prayer." This is indeed a God-given word from our Father in heaven, so encourage yourselves, dear readers, in secret prayer.

EMILY P. LEAKEY.

### THE DAWN HAS COME.

(See illustration on cover).

You see the prisoner in his lonely cell. His days are spent in solitude. At a certain time each day, the light of the sun at dawn shines into his cell; then, he gets as near as he can to the window to bask in the glorious rays. The shadows are behind him as he gazes on the clear shining of the morning.

What a picture is this of the sinner "sitting in darkness and the shadow of death" in the cell of sin. We are told that those who "sat in darkness saw a great light." Yes, many a sinner has seen the light of salvation dawning upon him. "The light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ." When the sinner sees the glory of that light, his prison doors are open and he is set free. To the dear man in the picture deliverance came at last, and it will come to all my readers if they look to Jesus, who when on earth was the "Light of the world," and who in heaven to-day is the light of eternity.

### AN IMPORTANT LETTER.

January, 1924.

Dear Dr. Wreford, . . . Last month one of your papers reached me showing the evils of Socialism and their blasphemous teaching in Sunday Schools. I read them to a class of Sunday School teachers, and they were deeply impressed, and promised by the help of God not only to teach the truth as revealed in His word, but fearlessly to expose the evil of Socialism. I gave the paper (**A Message from God**) to

## AN IMPORTANT LETTER

one of them for further use; since then I have spoken of the subject to a well known godly clergyman, and he has requested me to try and get either that paper, or something that would be equally helpful, that he may take the subject up, and warn, not the teachers and children only, but his congregation also. Can you send or recommend some for the purpose?

Modernism is rampant here as elsewhere, and it would be a real work for God to get this man doing service in this way, and I feel sure, he being so well known and respected, would be the means of many of the clergy following his example. Many are quiet through lack of knowledge. Trusting to hear from you soon, and wishing you from my heart God's richest blessing. Yours in His blessed service,  
A. L.

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**THE TWO TRAVELLERS.**

In the early days of emigration to the West, a traveller once came, for the first time in his life, to the banks of the mighty Mississippi. There was no bridge. He must cross. It was early winter, and the surface of the great river was sheeted with gleaming ice. He knew nothing of its thickness, however, and feared to trust himself to it. He hesitated long, but night was coming on, and he must reach the other shore. At length, with many fears and infinite caution, he crept out on hands and knees, thinking thus to distribute his weight as much as possible, and trembling with every sound. When he had gone in this way, painfully, about half-way over, he heard a sound of singing behind him. There in the dusk was a coloured man, driving a four-horse load of coal across the ice, and singing as he went! Many a Christian creeps tremblingly out upon God's promises, where another, stronger in faith, goes singing through life upheld by the same Word.

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**THE SPY ; OR THE RACE FOR LIFE.**

This exciting incident happened about 30 years ago on the East Coast of Africa. Some German vessels of war were cruising round the coast, guarding territory which by aggressive policy they had acquired in those parts, and for this purpose were employing spies to search for and give the necessary information. The pursuance of this policy had

greatly incensed the natives against them, and whenever they caught the spies they tortured them and put them to death.

The writer was at this time serving in H.M.S. "B," on this station, and was a witness of this thrilling incident. A spy, having been taken prisoner, was condemned to suffer the agony in dying which barbarous savages know only too well how to inflict; he was taken to a small hut, and a savage placed over him as sentry, to await his fearful doom on the morrow. The distance of his place of confinement was about half-a-mile from the water's edge. Early in the morning on which the man was to be executed we dropped anchor close inshore for the purpose of purchasing from the natives anything which might be of interest. A boat was lowered and, with an officer in charge, ordered to pull for shore.

Imagine, dear reader, the feelings of that poor wretched man awaiting death! He could see the British ship drop anchor, the boat manned and armed, and the Union Jack proudly waving in the breeze; he also knew that if he could but gain the shelter of that flag, all would be well. So he determined to make the attempt, and either succeed or perish. Bracing every nerve for the struggle, he drew himself up, and with a spring threw himself at the door, which, not being over-strong, fell with a crash. Dashing through the savage hordes assembling to witness his execution, he had gained several yards before they recovered from their surprise sufficiently to give chase, and then, with a wild yell of hatred and revenge, they sprang after him. Swift as a hound escaped from the leash, on sped the prisoner, hope filling his breast and nerving every muscle and sinew for the struggle, while shots from the pursuers whistled past him, and spears, swords and assegais glinted in the burning sun.

Meanwhile, the officer in the boat had taken in the situation at a glance, and ordering the men to pull with all their might, in three minutes the bows of the boat grounded on the beach, and in another second the crew stood ready to defend the panting fugitive, who, with a leap, cleared the gunwale, and reaching the stern, fell exhausted under the flag.

I shall never forget the delight and joy of that man as he

realised his wonderful deliverance from the fearful death that a few moments before had awaited him. "Skin for skin, yea, all that a man hath will he give for his life" (Job 2 : 4). But what is this life for which man is willing to stake the eternal welfare of his soul? "He cometh forth like the flower, and is cut down: he fleeth also as a shadow, and continueth not" (Job 14 : 2).

My reader, have you ever seriously considered this? If not, do so now, for "it is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment" (Heb. 9 : 27). I know you have read with interest the escape of the spy, but have you thought how much his case resembles your own. Yet how much less had he at stake than you have if yet unsaved! He was condemned to die; so are you, for thus it is written, "It is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment. So Christ was once offered to bear the sins of many: and unto them that look for Him shall He appear the second time without sin unto salvation" (Heb. 9 : 27-28).

Like a flash of lightning the poor fugitive sprang from the hut, all his strength, energy and power, every nerve, sinew and muscle strained to the utmost in the last and victorious struggle for life and all for the life that "fleeth as a shadow and is gone." And will you not flee from the wrath to come for your immortal soul's sake? Decide now for Christ, and you shall be saved; for it is written, "That if thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved."



### MY WISH FOR MAY.

For the blessing of God to rest upon every reader of the "Message." If any child of God would help to get Testaments or Tracts, we should thank God.

Any communication for the Lord's work may be sent to--

**DR. HEYMAN WREFORD,**

**"The Firs," Denmark Road, Exeter.**

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F. E. RACE (C. A. HAMMOND), 3 & 4, London House Yard, Paternoster Row, E.C.4

A Message from God 1924

**FORTIETH YEAR.**

**JUNE, 1924.**

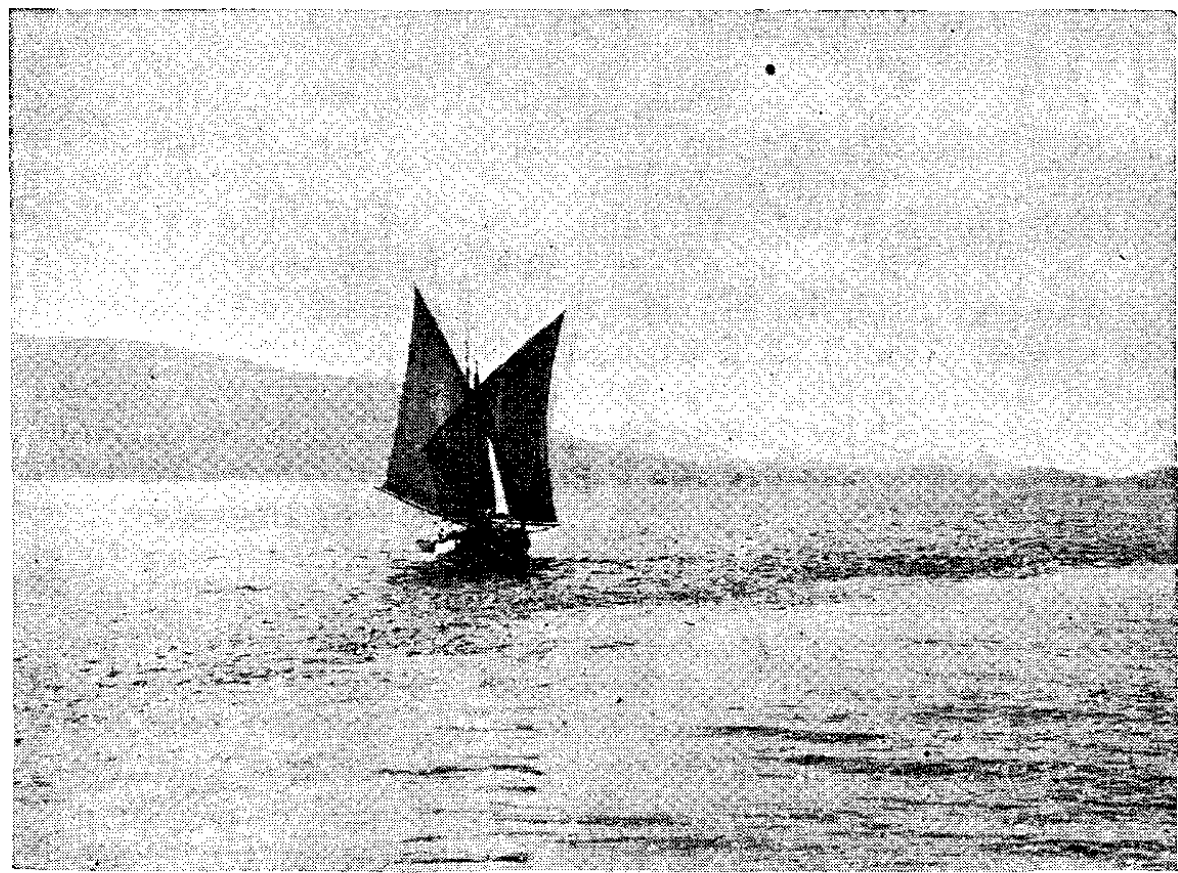
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# **A Message from God**

**EDITED BY HEYMAN WREFORD**

**"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved."**



**The Command for Service (see page 82).**

**"Launch out into the Deep"**

*F. E. Race (C. A. Hammond), 3 & 4, London House Yard, Paternoster Row, E.C.4.*

A Message from God 1924



# The Ways of God

BY THE EDITOR

## THE COMMAND FOR SERVICE.

**M**y dear friends,  
Our Master said, "Launch out into the deep." This is a good word for every Christian. God help us to live up to it. There it lies before us—the great deep of human need. We have our choice; we can roam along the shore and watch it, philosophize on it, play with it with our idle pebbles, build our sand castles by it. We can sleep on the pleasant shores of ease, lulled by its mighty voice—or we can launch out into the deep, and serve our God upon its waters. Which shall we do? Some may say, "We have toiled for many years, and now we want to rest awhile; we want leisure to ground our boats, and mend and dry our nets." This was what the fishermen were doing by Geneserat when Christ was here. He knew all that they had done, but He was going to bless their lives by making them do more. And so He got into their boat, associated Himself with them, came into their lives and work, and gave the command, "Launch out into the deep, and let down your nets for a draught." He took command. Simon may have thought he knew the business of fishing best, and so he says, "Master, we have laboured through the whole night, and have taken nothing." All his skill and practice had been in vain that night. Simon knew a good deal about fish, but he had to learn a good deal about himself. And often times we toil through nights of opportunity, and waste our strength for naught. We can say as we mend our broken nets of failure, "My service is barren and unfruitful."

And then the Master comes. He takes up the broken threads of our lives, tangled by our incompetency, and He

straightens things out for us, and comes into our work and gives His sweet commands. He helps mend our nets. Simon knew that the One Who gave the command was Messiah, and in spite of all the bitterness of His own failure, he says, "At Thy word, I will let down the net." "At Thy word." The path of obedience is the path of blessing, and so it proved. "They enclosed a great multitude of fishes, and their nets broke." Oh! may we go fishing with the Master. May we have Him with us in our lives, and in all our work. Yes, as we look together on the coming days shall we say, "We will not go fishing without Thee, for Thou alone canst make us fishers of men." "Without Me ye can do nothing." Nothing, Lord! Our boats and nets are no good without Thee. We own it in Thy presence, Lord. In Thy mercy take all we have and bless us in the taking. We would go into the great deep of human need with Thee. **A great deep.** We wait Thy word to let down our nets in these mighty waters. May the Master call us all to launch out into the deep. Does my importunity weary you? As long as I am here, with the need so real, I must let the want be known. While I am here, with my work before me, I must plead for these precious souls.

From "Message."

### BEAUTIFUL CHRISTIANS SYMPATHY.

Any one who works for God must expect to be subject to the onslaughts of the devil. I narrated a case in my own life in my April editorial of "A Message from God." This brought me some beautiful Christian sympathy, which cheered my heart and will help me on. My heart tells me to speak of this to comfort and encourage other Christians working for God who may pass through similar experiences.

One dear friend writes:—

Dear Dr. Wreford,—In the April number of the "**Message**" I read of your weakness in body and Satan's attack. Ah! brother beloved, **our** Lord is Lord, and will bless you in your work, in spite of Satan, but "we have this treasure in earthen vessels, that the **power** may be of God and not of us" (2 Cor. iv. 7). May our God comfort you!  
—M.M.

Another dear friend writes :—

My dear Dr. Wreford,—Your “**Message**” for this month is truly interesting. Satan was indeed trying to tempt you. How thankful I am you were able to see it in the light you did, and God sent you the comfort through His Word that you, in your weakness of body, so needed! May He, in His infinite loving kindness, give all extra amount of strength to keep on, and also put it into the hearts of His dear ones to help you! . . .—A.R.

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**“ GOD OVER ALL . . . ”**

God is over all our work. From God comes all the blessing and encouragement, to Him be all the praise. Help us by your prayers, dear friends, and pray especially that this number of “**A Message from God**” may be blessed to many.

Yours for Christ’s sake,  
HEYMAN WREFORD.

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**NOW OR NEVER.**

But surely, dear readers, you will say at once, “**Now,**” now is the time to preach Christ crucified, the Lord of glory. There is such a wonderful movement of the blessed Holy Spirit among the “**out castes**” of India and Nigeria compelling them to come and enquire about the Gospel.

“**The movement is spontaneous within the Church, reaching forth unto those outside.**” Will you not each one of you, say with that dear converted heathen Chinese, “**I am truly a dead man raised to life by the goodness of God. Now, I belong to God, I cannot but serve Him. I am ‘burning hot’ to serve God.**” Are we burning hot to send forth God’s word to the perishing heathens who have never yet even heard of Christ? Listen. The Lord of Life will go forth conquering and to conquer, and His followers must tread the royal pathway of His Cross. The Church, i.e., true believers, must die to self in her desire to win the heathen world to Christ. Oh, God, may I, may each one of us.

EMILY P. LEAKEY.



### A GUIDING LIGHT.

There is a storm at sea. Eager eyes from the shore watch the incoming of the lifeboat, full of rescued sailors. A sailor stands in the surf, the wild waves washing round his knees. In his right hand he holds aloft a lantern with a strong light coming from it and shining over the deep. The light is in front of him, hiding him, but revealing the danger on the sea and the path of safety to the shore. The man was hidden, and the light was seen! What a lesson for us! We are bound to exalt Christ, the Light of the world; let His light shine over the great deep of human sin, to guide poor wan-



derers home. Let His message ring out over all the world, "Come unto Me all ye that labour and are heaven-laden, and I will give you rest." Like the great Apostle may we be able to say, "We preach not ourselves, but Christ Jesus the Lord." Then the light that shines shall glorify our hearts, and give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ.

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### A LETTER FROM E.Y.A.

" . . . I am on draft leave. . . . I am downhearted to think I have to leave my dear home, also one that is so dear to me. I shall write to you just the same. . . . If you could send me a letter before I go, I should be very pleased to receive it, and I could always read it. . . . I thank you for that parcel of Testaments you sent my friend, also for your spiritual letter. . . . I do pray the Lord will bless you. If ever people want to be brought to Christ, it is these days, because the world seems getting worse. . . . I find the best thing to do is to try and bring others to the Saviour, the One who hās done so much for us all, because we are on earth just for a short time. The Lord says in His Holy Word that He is soon coming, so it behoves us to be ready.

"If you could send me even one Testament, please, so that I can take it with me when I go, because I have given my last one away."  
Sent to Miss A.A.L.

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### THE EVANGELIST.

He held the lamp of truth at night  
So low that none could miss the light,  
And yet so high that men could trace  
That vision fair—the Saviour's face;  
Thus, though the lamp was held between,  
The hand that held it ne'er was seen.

He held the pitcher, stooping low,  
To thirsty, dying souls below;  
Then raised it to the weary saint,  
And bade him drink, when sick and faint;  
They drank—the pitcher thus between—  
The hand that held it ne'er was seen.

He blew the trumpet soft and clear,  
 That trembling sinners need not fear;  
 And then with louder note and bold  
 To raze the walls of Satan's hold!  
 The trumpet coming, thus between,  
 The hand that held it ne'er was seen.

But when the Master says, "Well done,  
 Thou good and faithful servant—Come!  
 Lay down the pitcher and the lamp,  
 Lay down the trumpet—leave the camp,"  
 The servant's hand will then between  
 The Master's welcome hand be seen.

ANON.

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### WHAT IS MODERNISM?

Modernism is simply **Infidelity**,—a systematic attack on every truth of Scripture, subtle and Satanic.

It is the old Paganism revived. It is the (fancied) wisdom of man setting up gods according to his own ideas, and worshipping them, to the dethronement of the Triune God, in all three Persons.

God has revealed Himself in His Word, and pre-eminently in and by His Son; and the Holy Spirit is on earth to-day to be the power of the reception and communication of that revelation.

Well, when that revelation of God—the true God—is set aside—denied indeed, what is there left? Nothing but the old state of Paganism.

When this denial occurs in those professing Christianity it means **Apostasy**, solemn word!! terrible state!!

I say that only the old state of Paganism is left.

This is unwittingly confessed by these Modernists in their creed as regards Comparative Religions. They tell us that by "a large and free study of other religions" (i.e., Buddhism, Confucianism, Taoism, Mohammedanism, and what not) is given a broad and divine conception of how God has revealed Himself in the past to men of all ages and climes.

That is, they adopt Paganism, while they apostatise from Christianity.

They may not worship gods made by their own **hands**, but they **do** worship gods set up by their own **minds**; and since man of himself can never rise higher than himself, they are worshipping their own ideals, just as the heathen have ever done, and God—the Living God, and His Christ, in their eternal Godhead and revelation in Manhood, they entirely discard, though they may allow their own false conception of these Blessed Persons a place in their theology.

Modernism in its essence and result is Infidelity and Paganism—the Apostasy of 2 Thess. ii. 3 begun. The spirit and aim of it we find given in Psalm ii. 1-3. “Let us break their (God and His Christ’s) bands asunder and cast away their cords from us.”

For us believers, it is the signal that the Coming of the Lord is very near. F. L. H.

### A RELIGION OF DESPAIR.

[The following pitiful letter, which appeared in “The Catholic” for December, 1905, shows how a poor Romanist dreads death, for he knows only the religion of despair—nothing of “peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ.”

Dear Father Connellan,—I am writing to you in great agony of mind, in hopes that you may be able to help me. I have heard of you, and I have sometimes seen “The Catholic,” and it struck me that you were the proper person for me to write to and tell my troubles. I am sure there are many like myself—burdened with anxious thoughts, who know not where to look for relief, and you may be a help to others besides myself. My troubles began ten years ago, in April 1895, and I thought that in time my anxiety would pass away, but on the contrary it has grown worse and worse, and unless I get relief, I feel that I shall go out of my mind.

The fact is, I am horrified at the prospect of spending eternity in hell. I have been led to believe that my religion can give a man no sure hope of salvation. Strange to say I was first awakened to this belief by words spoken by my

Bishop at the funeral of the late Lord E—. The Bishop in his sermon gave a full account of the life of this nobleman telling all he had done to save his soul, and concluded in words which I am unable to forget: "When I spoke to him of the God to whom he was going, and the Kingdom of Heaven to which he was so near, he replied: '**Ah! if I were only sure of the lowest place in Purgatory.**'"

Now, I know the Bishop mentioned this in order to show the humility of the dead man, but that was not the way the words struck me. They stung me to the quick. They kindled a fire in my brain. They have tortured me night and day ever since, for, said I when I heard them, this man had no hope in his death. Remember, Lord E— had sacrificed everything for the Catholic Church. He was a convert from Protestantism, he was known to be the most devout of Catholics, and yet, according to his own words, died without the slightest hope of Heaven. This thought has filled my mind with horror, that if the Catholic religion gave no hope to such a one as Lord E— it can give no hope to a poor man like me. If this man showed from his dying words that he had no hope of even the lowest place in Purgatory, what is there before me but the misery of the damned, where there is weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth for ever. Can you tell me, Sir, is it possible to have a bright hope of Heaven when we come to die; or is it impossible to know in this life where we are to spend our eternity? I am always thinking of the case of poor Lord E—. The Church could do no more for a man than was done for him, and yet it did not save him, for the Bishop assured us that his dying words were, "Ah! if I were only sure of the lowest place in Purgatory."

The Bishop at the funeral sermon summed up the hopes of the dying man in these words: "He gave his life to the promotion of Catholic interests at home and abroad; he was looked up to with the deepest respect and the most unbounded confidence by the leaders of the Catholic thought. He had no equal, and there was no one to take his place." And yet he died with words of despair upon his lips. My God! what is to become of me? He was a Tertiary, and wore the habit of St. Francis. He also wore the cord of St. Francis and the scapular of the Blessed

Lady, and yet he had no hope in his death of even the lowest place in Purgatory. Furthermore, the Bishop told us that when he was dying, he made the Bishop sprinkle holy water upon him to keep away every evil influence. He had a crucifix placed at the foot of his bed that it might be the last object upon which his dying eyes would be fixed. He had a cross, which the Pope had blessed, placed upon one side of him, and a crucifix containing a relic of the true cross placed upon the other side. There was also another crucifix which had been blessed by the Pope, and this he requested might be placed between his hands when the end came. Yet no ray of light came to him in that dark hour, and apparently his soul went out into the blackness of eternal night. It is a terrible thing to write about, but this man testified with his dying breath, that with all these advantages, they gave him no hope of even the lowest place in Purgatory. More than this, he had the benefit of the sacraments of the Church, he had been fortified by its last rites, and had the Viaticum administered, and yet the gloomy darkness never departed from his dying bed. And this was not all. Lord E— had something which I can never hope to have. Two hours before his death, there arrived from Leo XIII, from one who, the Bishop said, had power to bind and to loosen souls—there arrived from the Vatican a final blessing and a special indulgence. But the blessing of the Pope brought no light to the dying man, and the special indulgence gave no relief to his burdened soul. His last words were, “Ah! if only I had hope of even the lowest place in Purgatory.”

Dear Father Connellan, can you give me any hope? I shall never be able to obtain anything like the help that Lord E— enjoyed, and yet they gave him no real hope for eternity. What, then, is to become of me? How is a man to escape the damnation of hell? Can we know where we are going to when we die? Can anyone tell us where our fathers and mothers and friends are—in Heaven, or Purgatory, or Hell? How is it that all these things failed to give comfort to Lord E— in his dying hour? I confess I never thought much about these things till the Bishop practically made the humiliating confession, that all the aids and helps that the Catholic religion could give a man, had failed to give Lord E— a hope of even the lowest place in Purgatory.

I have spoken to a few friends now and again of these trembling thoughts, and I have been told that good Protestants die without dread, and often with joy and gladness; that they say they know their sins are all forgiven, and are happy at the prospect of meeting their Heavenly Father. Is it so? Then let me die such a death, and let my last end be like this.

These painful subjects fill my thoughts by day and my dreams by night. I dream that the day of Judgment has come, and I stand with a multitude of terror-stricken souls who have been called out of their graves. We stand upon ground that is burning and cracking beneath our feet, sulphurous clouds fill the air, and flames are all around us. The Archangel sounds the trumpet which strikes terror into my heart, shrieks of agony are heard everywhere, and we try vainly to hide from the wrath of God. I awaken in a state of unspeakable horror and say, "Thank God, it was only a dream." But is it only a dream? I feel it is the voice of God warning me of a great reality. I am almost distracted at times, as the terrible truth forces itself upon me, that the Catholic Church can give a man no sure and certain hope in the hour of death. If Lord E—, who had used every means that the Church had to offer, and received every blessing it was able to bestow, had no hope of even the lowest place in Purgatory in his last moments, then I must confess there is no hope for me, and so far as I am concerned, the Catholic religion is to me a religion of despair.

Dear Father Connellan, can you help me?

AN UNHAPPY CATHOLIC.

Limerick, November 7th, 1905.

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### CHRIST A PERSONAL SAVIOUR.

An aged clergyman sat in his study preparing his sermon for the following Sunday. He had preached in that northern parish for over forty years, and so far as orthodoxy was concerned, nobody could find fault with his discourses. Still there was no fruit. People came to church, heard the sermon, and went away just as they came. One generation passed away, and another filled their places, but eternal

realities seemed to have little place in their thoughts. As the aged man sat musing, he looked out at the window of his study, into the church-yard, where the graves of many to whom he had once preached were green. They were in the eternal world. Their destiny for eternity was fixed; they would hear his voice no more. Had he been faithful to them? Had he pointed them to Christ and to heaven? These questions pressed themselves hard upon his spirit.

Thus engaged, a knock was heard at the door, and the servant maid made known to her master, that a young man, a farmer's son, a member of his church, desired to see him. "Send him into the study then," said the minister.

The young man walked in, and after the ordinary salutations and inquiries about the health of friends were over, he said, "I hope I have not disturbed your studies, Mr. B., but I could not help coming to tell you the good news, that the Lord found and saved me last week, when I was on a visit to a relative in the South. I have been in your Bible Class for several years, and, as you know, I lately became a member of the church, but I did not see my need of being converted at the time. I'm sure you will be glad to know that now I am the Lord's, and by His grace I desire to live for Him."

The aged clergyman was completely taken by surprise by this remarkable story of the farmer's son. He had never had such a visitor, or heard such a confession all the years he had been in that parish. Alas! he knew nothing of being converted himself. The doctrine of the Gospel he had learned at college and was able to state it in a kind of way to his people, but its living, saving power, he knew nothing of in his own soul. Was it any wonder that the people who listened to his words, were indifferent to the things of God?

For a moment he sat in silence, gazing on the manuscript that lay before him. Then, looking round to his visitor, he said in a subdued voice, "Will you tell me, James, how all this happened?" "Yes, sir, with pleasure," was the young man's reply, and then simply, pointedly and clearly as only a young believer can, the farmer's son related the story of his conversion to God, ending with the words, "It was the **personality** of it, Mr. B., that I missed for so long. I believed in a general way that Jesus died for sinners, but I did not



single myself out and say, **He died for me**, and through His death, I have life."

After the young man had gone the aged clergyman sat alone in deep thought. The last words of the young farmer rang still in his ears. "It was the personality of it." Was it possible that he had preached salvation to others, and yet failed to accept it for himself? The fact began to dawn upon him that it was so. He had never personally rejoiced in the knowledge of his own salvation as that young man was doing. He could not speak as he did, definitely and decidedly about his "conversion."

A great struggle followed; the proud will was unwilling to yield to the conviction produced by God's Spirit that he was unsaved. It was a great descent to have to take the place of a lost sinner, vile, ungodly and unfit for heaven, after preaching forty years. But there was no other way out of it. God will not save anybody who refuses to take that place. Self-righteousness and pride exclude sinners from God's kingdom. Whoever enters it must do so by the one door, that door through which the publicans and sinners entered. The aged man sat late, and all that transpired is only known to God. But at an early hour the following morning, he was on his way to the farmer's son, to tell him the joyful news, that **now** he knew "the personality of it," and could praise God for a known and enjoyed salvation. The news spread through the parish that the minister was "converted," some said "gone mad."

### WHAT CHRIST DID FOR AN INFIDEL.

A bold infidel, theatrical, drinking man writes:—"When I had given up my theatrical associates for a Christian life, they significantly tapped their foreheads and said, 'Mad, sir! mad as a March hare!' Others smiled and exclaimed, 'What, H. gone over to religion? Bah! one of his freaks; wants to collect material for a new play. He will be back among us in three months, worse than ever.'

Years have passed and gone and I am not back yet, and the wealth of worlds would not tempt me to cross the threshold of a theatre door again, except to preach the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ. This I have done on several occasions

And from stages where formerly my voice was heard in many a declamatory effort of love or passion, I have joyfully rung out the glorious gospel of God's pardoning love."—  
V. H.

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**SOUL DARKNESS.**

A young man once said to a Christian: "God keep you from ever knowing the emptiness of a heart that has once known Jesus, but has lost Him!"

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**THE LIGHT OF MEN.**

A tender child of summers three,  
Seeking her little bed at night,  
Paused on the dark stair timidly;  
"O mother, take my hand," said she,  
"And then the dark will all be light."

We older children grope our way  
From dark behind to dark before,  
And only when our hands we lay  
Dear Lord, in thine, the night is day,  
And there is darkness nevermore.

SEL.

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**LETTER TO HEAVEN.**

**How Little Girl's Missive Frustrated a Crime.**

**What a Child Can Do.**

A correspondent at Przemysl, Poland, writes:—

In the pillar box of a small township in Southern Poland a letter was found which attracted considerable attention on account of the strangeness of the address.

On the envelope, written in crude childish characters, was the address: "To the Honourable Mr. God in Heaven."

The letter was opened by the postmaster. In the envelope was found a small piece of paper torn from an exercise-book, and written on it the following message:

## LETTER TO HEAVEN

95

"Dear Mr. God,—Keep death from the Rogala family, and arrange that the danger about which I know does not overtake them."

The postmaster handed over the letter to the police, who at once began to search for the writer. A police agent found that the envelope in which the letter was enclosed had been bought at a certain shop by a little girl of eight or nine years.

She had particularly asked for a nice envelope, as she stated that she was writing to a very high person. The little girl was very soon found. On questioning her, the following history came to light :

One night she was lying in bed and could not sleep. In the same room was her father, an agricultural labourer on the estate of the farmer Rogala, talking with another man.

The little girl was horrified to overhear the two men plan to murder and rob the farmer when he had received money for horses which he was about to sell. The robbery and murder was carefully planned in every detail and the date fixed for its execution.

The girl, mortally afraid of her father, could think of nothing else to prevent the crime save a letter to a High Power: On the night fixed for the murder the police surrounded the house of the rich farmer, and the two would-be murderers were arrested.

The little girl was adopted as his own daughter by the man whose life she had saved.

Oh, the dear children—loved by the Saviour in old Jerusalem—loved by Him in Heaven to-day. How they love the Testaments we send them and how God is blessing them!

A child writes from Birmingham :

Dear Sir,—Thank you very much for the Testament received. I am very pleased with it and I have saved up my coppers to send you six pennies to help buy another for some other little girl.—Yours sincerely, Dorothy I—.



## WHAT THE NEW THEOLOGY DOES FOR A MAN.

## Neitzche's Despair.

Mr. Fred J. Brooke writes of him : "What he lost when he exchanged God and prayer for the merciless exaltation of Might he himself acknowledged with pathetic eloquence. He wrote :—

"Never more wilt thou pray, never more worship, never more repose in boundless trust. Thou renoucest the privilege of standing before an ultimate wisdom, an ultimate mercy, an ultimate power, and unhar-nessing thy thoughts. Thou hast no watcher and friend, for thy seven solitudes. Thou livest without, gazing upon a mountain that hast snow on its head and fire in its heart. There is no Redeemer for thee, none to promise a better life ; there is no more reason in that which happens, no love in that which shall happen to thee ; thy heart hath now no resting place where it needeth only to find, not to seek ; thou refuseth any

ultimate peace, thou desireth the eternal recurrence of war and peace. Man of self-denial, wilt thou deny thyself all this? Whence wilt thou gain the strength? No one ever had such strength.

How his light went out whilst still comparatively young (he died at the age of 54) is told in these sad words :—

“ But his troubles were never cured, and he became increasingly morbid. He was quite alone, and he needed stronger and stronger sleeping draughts to counteract the gloom and melancholy of his sleepless nights. He quarrelled even with his own sister. In the last days of 1888 the catastrophe came. He had a paralytic stroke and was mentally deranged. He was removed to an asylum, but never recovered.”

The testimony of Dr. C. A. Salmond, Edinburgh, is :— The good tree of the old theology is vastly preferable to the Upas tree of the new. “ By its fruits ye may know it.” The old theology produced a Luther, a Knox, a Bunyan, a Chalmers, a Duff, a Livingstone, a Wesley, a Whitefield, as in earlier times it inspired the glorious company of the Apostles and martyrs. What world-uplifters of that ilk has the new theology produced, either in Germany or among ourselves? He is a foolish man, and that is a foolish nation, who, having tasted with appreciation the old wine, is seduced into preferring the new. In every respect “ the old is better.”

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### HALF THE YEAR GONE.

What have we done for Christ this half year? How many have we helped to Christ? Will you help us, who love the Lord Jesus Christ, to send the Scriptures that speak of Him all over the world. We are wanting now about **2,000 Testaments** each week. Please pray for us, that we may not lack for want of faith, what faith can and will bring. Any who may wish to help us may send to :—

**DR. HEYMAN WREFORD,**

**“ The Firs,” Denmark Road, Exeter.**

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F. E. RACE (C. A. HAMMOND), 3 & 4, London House Yard, Paternoster Row, E.C.4

A Message from God 1924

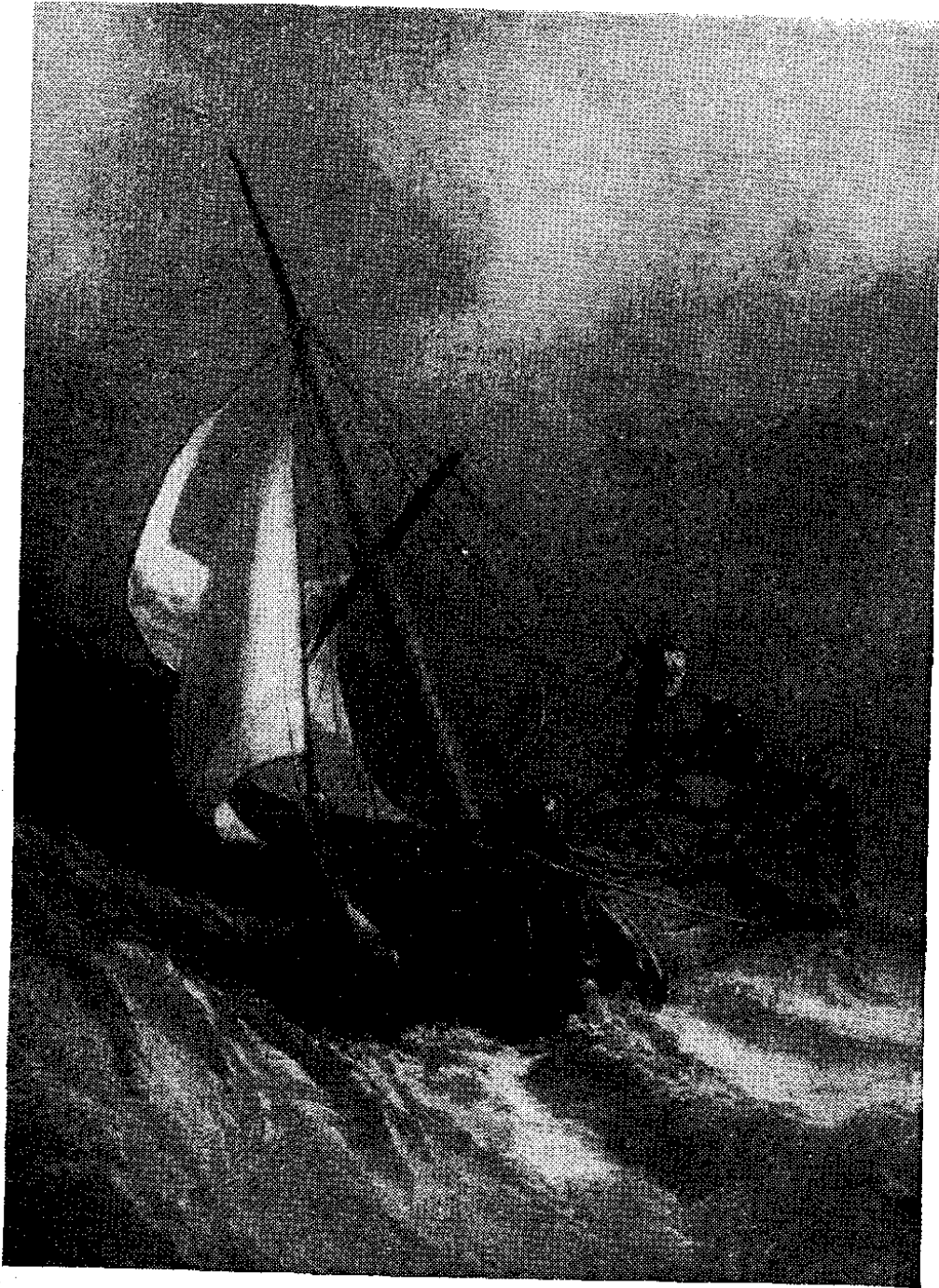
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JULY, 1924.

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# A Message from God

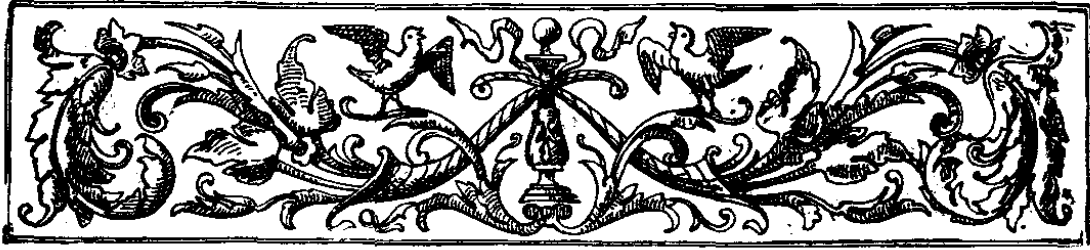
EDITED BY HEYMAN WREFORD



... "The Lord, which maketh a way in the sea, and a path  
in the mighty waters."

F. E. Race (C. A. Hammond), 3 & 4, London House Yard, Paternoster Row, E.C.4.

A Message from God 1924



# The Ways of God

BY THE EDITOR

## A NOTE OF THANKFULNESS.

**M**y dear friends,  
Although our output of Testaments and Tracts is nearly double what it was two or three years ago, we have to praise God for the wondrous help He has given all the way through. He has given us the loving sympathy and help of many of His dear people. I can only bring two letters before you to testify how God is blessing "**A Message from God.**"

### A dear Christian writes :—

"I must thank you for God speaking through His Word in April 'Message.' My dear father, who was ill in bed with a very sharp attack of bronchitis, after reading it, returned it to me saying: 'Do read this, it might have been written solely for us.' I am sure the Lord is using the "**Message**" as a means of blessing and encouragement to many of His own dear ones, and also to the salvation of many precious souls. May His rich blessing rest upon you and upon your labours. 'Therefore, beloved, be ye steadfast, immovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labour is **not** in vain in the Lord.' Is it not sweet to know that God often works by us when we think that nothing is done; and we have His arm to support us and His fulness to supply us every step of the way?

"Yours sincerely in Him, whom not having seen we love,  
"SSS."

### Another writes :—

"I was touched reading your article in the **Message**, 'The Ways of God.' I, too, got a blessing through 'What Christ is to the Christian.' May God Himself guide, strengthen and greatly uphold you in your service for Him. Yours in His service, G. I."

The heart-breaking need of the pure Word of God is manifest more and more, and the efforts of Satan to neutralise the power of Scripture is evidenced on every hand. I am print-

ing a letter and extracts which I have received from Canada; this will show how deeply Christians are stirred there by the widespread distribution of "Peake's Commentary," a blasphemous book that is put into the hands of hundreds of Missionaries, and is read and studied by thousands of theological students under the guidance and authority of their Professors.

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### A SHAMEFUL BETRAYAL.

**The Board of the Upper Canada Tract Society, Toronto,**  
has sent out the following appeal to booksellers:—

February 26th, 1924.

Dear sirs,—I would ask you to patiently consider the following extract from "A Message from God" since I have been told long since that the Book "Peake's Commentary" was on your book shelves. The shameful betrayal of every characteristic of our most holy faith that this book is an active agent in, ought to be as well known to yourselves as to me. I have also been told that you have said that it is not your responsibility as to what you sold, but that this responsibility rested with the purchaser. Is it loyal to Christ to sell that which betrays Him? Is it right to place on your shelves for sale, without the label "**Poison,**" books, which, from their very appearance there, every straight-forward thinking person would suppose were instructive in the Christian faith and not destructive.

I appeal to you as in view of that judgment seat to stop, let no sacrifice be too great to cleanse your souls from danger of eternal loss in that day, when every man's work shall be made manifest. The extract is on the annexed sheet.

I am, yours respectfully,

**The Extract from an issue of "A Message from God,"  
February, 1924.**

"The following articles will show you what the Modernists are doing to-day—men who are Unitarians in thought and word and deed: men who are doing more of Satan's work than are the infidels: men who are sending out 'Peake's Commentary' to hundreds of Missionaries and doing it in the Name of Christ."

This Commentary speaks thus of our Lord Jesus Christ:  
"The authority of Jesus in religion must be more carefully defined than by our forefathers. We cannot claim for Him infallibility in questions of history, such as the authority in the Old Testament Books, or on problems of science."

“ This is only one quotation written by this blasphemer. Important Missionary Societies are sending out these books to those who are delegated to preach the gospel of Jesus Christ, the Son of God. What a deadly sin is this!

“(I can add that the blasphemies of the many statements of this book, one would think could hardly be exceeded.)”

### SOME EXTRACTS FROM PEAKE'S COMMENTARY.

“ The Bible of the Twentieth Century is a new book.”

“ Myth and legend are related (in the Bible) as though they were actual occurrences.” . . . “ As we have no means of getting at the facts except through this record, does not the new view of the Bible land us in a state of uncertainty from which there is no escape? The answer to this question must be frankly, **Yes**, as regards many of the details.”

“ **The Pentateuch** . . . embodies traditions of immemorial antiquity, and its authors shape to their own conceptions elements of ancient Babylonian lore.”

“ **The Creation** : It is probable, in spite of the striking differences, that the Biblical account of the creation has its ultimate origin in Babylonian mythology. The priestly narrative of Creation is devised from a frankly mythical story, still known to us in the Babylonian form . . . the same applies to the story of the deluge.”

**Abraham** : “ Even if the historicity of Abraham is accepted, no certainty can be felt with reference to his date.”

**The Offering of Isaac** : “ Concerning the record of the offering of Isaac, probably behind the tale, as we have it there was an earlier legend, explaining why rams were offered at the sanctuary where the tale was told.”

**Moses** : We cannot identify any composition of Moses in the Pentateuch.”

**The Pillar of Fire and Cloud** : “ Possibly some practice like the carrying of a brazier, with its smoke and flame, at the head of a Greek and Persian army or Arab caravan was the outward and visible source of the symbolic expressions.”

**The Delivery of the Law at Sinai** : “ Realising its import-



ance, tradition surrounded it with terrifying phenomena such as would be suggested by a thunderstorm, or a volcanic eruption—a fitting framework to a theophany. Moses had led the mixed band of loosely connected tribes and clans to the mountain abode of **Yarweh** whom his family and the Kenites worshipped.”

**These quotations from Peake's Commentary so far are only a few of those which might be chosen, just as infidel as those which follow.**

**The Psalms :** “ We set out to prove that there are no Psalms certainly or even probably Davidic.”

“ The Old Testament knows nothing of a suffering Messiah.”

**Isaiah :** Referring to Is. vii. 14 verse, “ Behold a virgin shall conceive, and bear a son and shall call His name Immanuel, the Commentary says : “ Isaiah has no particular woman in view. Any young woman who gives birth to a son may call him Immanuel.”

One writer, speaking of the Commentary, says : “ **It is impossible to exaggerate the mischief that is being wrought by the issue of a Commentary of this kind under cover of suitability for Sunday School teachers, and Christian teachers generally. . . . It scorches the fingers ; one cannot hold it.**”

**New Testament concerning Christ :** “ We cannot claim infallibility for Him on questions of history, such as the authorship of the ‘ Old Testament ’ books or on problems of science. He was One who knew little, if anything of Greek philosophy or Roman law, and nothing of the vast accumulation of knowledge which has been garnered and systematized since His day.”

**The Authority of Jesus :** “ The authority of Jesus in religion must be more carefully defined than by our forefathers.”

**The Life of Jesus :** “ We are still far from having any proof that we have the very words of Jesus, or any guarantee that the events of His life are related with absolute accuracy in the Gospels.” . . . “ It cannot be claimed that all stories of miracles recorded in the Gospels are equally well attested. Suspicion and doubt of varying kinds attach to many of them.”

**Could blasphemy go further than this :—**

The denial of all the claims of Christ. A book, so-called Christian, seen on the book-shelves in Christian homes! A book that refers to the resurrection as a "fascinating speculation," "one of Paul's most daring pieces of speculation." From the above quotations it may be asked what is left of any authority of Scripture, or any foundation for an absolute belief of any kind?

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**GOD PITY THEM.**

What hope can a Modernist or an Athiest have when they come to die! They have only a fallible Christ to trust in and a mutillated Bible. They have no foundation to rest on for eternity, no Christ, and no divine promise. God pity them.

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**THE SCHOOL OF SATAN.**

This is from Canada, and the same story of shameful unbelief is spreading over the world to-day. " 'Peake's Commentary' must have come straight from the mind of Satan, and he has inspired a man on earth to promulgate these '**doctrines of devils**' everywhere.

The antidote for all this Satanic poison is the Word of the Living God. Woe to these false teachers and preachers who take their texts and their teachings from the mutilated Bible Peake has left us and from his interpretations of it. Woe to those who blaspheme against the Son of God, and with unhallowed hands tear His word to pieces. Would to God that we could flood the world with Bibles and Testaments!"

Will you help us to do so, dear friends? Let us be loyal to our Lord amid a world of traitors. May we be faithful

amid unfaithfulness. Never be ashamed to own before a godless generation "**whose we are and whom we serve.**"

Yours for Christ's sake,

HEYMAN WREFORD.

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### SWEET SOPHIA.

Yes, there was no one like her, my beloved sister, all love, kindness, meekness, generosity, power of mind and body, and withal filled with grace from above. The blessed Holy Spirit working within her at all times, times of peace, of joy, of sorrow or grief, times of health or illness, of life or death, for indeed her death was one of the most beautiful I have ever heard of. I will try in a measure to tell you of her last moments. It was about the year 1855 when our blessed mother died and Sophia happened to be lodging at Weston-Super-Mare. She came home to be at mother's funeral and appeared so delicate that the first physician in Exeter was called in to see her and he at once said, "Weston is too cold for her, she must stay at home," and privately he told my sister Caroline: "She is dying, and has only a few days to live!! Yes, yes, it came on us so quickly. Her last moments were glorious. We had left her for a moment to do something for her comfort, but heard her say: "Come Jesus, come, come. I have tried to glorify Thee. I think Thine image is in me now." I approached and said, "It is Heaven." "Yes, it is, and Jesus is come to fetch me. Oh, it is mag-nificent." She stopped in terrible horror, clenched her dear lips, as seeing some horrible object behind her as she turned her head slowly and in a voice imperial in firmness, said, "**Get thee behind me, Satan.**" Then vanished every cloud and out shone the radiance on her face. Raising her arms she cried, "Jesus, His righteousness is mine." Then, hearing we spoke in choking utterance she said, "Rejoice, rejoice, is not this what I have longed for. Jesus has come to receive me," and when our dear old servant entered the room she said, "Oh, Dimond, come to Jesus. Thank you so much for all you have done for me. Oh, come to Jesus, He is waiting for you. Do come and cast yourself on Him." Then, to us, she said, "Tell Henry not to fear death, and thank you all, and dearest Emily, she brought me flowers."

Then, whilst sending her love to an old school fellow, her lip  
fell, and we gazed but only on the dead.

EMILY P. LEAKEY.

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**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 neighbouring town and bought a Testament; believed what Jesus said, was converted, and was happy in having a known Saviour.



**Harvest Days to Come**

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## THE GAMBLER'S DEATH.

### A True Story.

“Don't go up! Don't go up! It is too horrible! Oh! horrible, horrible, horrible, horrible!”

The speaker was a slight, elegant, girlish-looking creature, but her attitude was one of utter despair, as she crouched upon the staircase of a spacious and handsome house.

Her satin dress and sparkling ornaments spoke of gay festivity; but her beautiful hair was all dishevelled, her face was hidden in her hands, and her words concluded with a shriek of horror.

The gentleman she addressed introduced himself as the earliest and most intimate friend of her husband. They had been like brothers, he said, and he could not pass through H—— without coming to see him.

“Is it day?” cried the girl, wringing her hands. “I know not how time goes. I have been here all night.”

“My time is short,” said the gentleman earnestly, “pray let me see my dear friend.”

“Sir, I implore of you not to insist. Must I tell you the dreadful truth? He is dying. He has killed himself! The doctors are with him. Oh, horror! horror! horror! horror!”

“Madam, for the love of heaven, speak calmly. I heard he was ill, but never dreamed of this. How and when did this fearful event occur? Under what circumstances?”

“Oh, it is that hateful gaming table! He has been plunging deeper and deeper into play. Sometimes he won, and would come home in the wildest spirits,—but oftener, far oftener, he lost. Last night I had just come home from a ball, when he rushed in like a madman, and told me to give him five thousand francs.

“‘This moment, this moment!’ he shouted.

“‘How can I?’ I said; ‘you know I have not got it.’

“He rushed into his dressing-room uttering a fearful exclamation. I followed instantly, and found him with a pistol in his hand. I seized his arm, the shot went off, but swerved,—I cannot tell you the rest. They tell me that he still lives, but I must not see him.”

“Madam, allow me!” And with one bound the friend had

cleared the upper steps of the staircase. The next moment he was in the sufferer's room.

Truly it was a horrible sight!

The patient, seated on a mattress, was supported by two men.

The explosion had carried away part of his face. The lips, the tongue, the nose, the eyes, were gone,—and yet the man still lived.

“Is it possible that he is still living?” said the friend, as soon as he could recover breath to speak, after the shock of such a spectacle.

“Yes,” said the doctor, “but now he has only a few minutes to live.”

“Can he hear?”

“You can try.”

Kneeling beside the dying man, the faithful friend called him by name.

“My dear Gustave, I am your friend Herman. If you hear me and understand me, press my hand.”

The pressure was made.

“You are about to die. In a few minutes you will be face to face with God. Listen to His message. I have received it in my own soul, and now bring it to you. It is God's own message to your soul.”

Another and stronger pressure was perceptible.

With a heart bursting with emotion, with a firm and thrilling voice, the faithful friend declared the just judgment of God upon sin, and the eternal condemnation of the sinner.

The hand shook.

“Do you feel yourself justly condemned?”

The same answer.

“Listen, then, to what the just Judge says. ‘I have found a ransom.’ ‘God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.’ ‘This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.’”

Then with deep, intense fervour, the faithful friend urged the dying man to look to Jesus,—the Almighty Saviour,—who is able to save to the uttermost, and who has said, “Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out.”

## THE GAMBLER'S DEATH

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“Gustave, dear Gustave, if you can believe, if you can hope in Christ, press my hand.”

The words were spoken with tears, with prayers, with anguish, above all with love and faith; and the anxiety that God might be glorified by the salvation of this precious soul became intense.

Oh, how long the moments seemed whilst the hand remained motionless! What was the meaning of this inertia? Was it unconsciousness, paralysis, death? Was the heart still alive to feeling, the mind to thought? Could the soul respond? Oh, what eternal interests hung upon this moment of time!

Little by little the trembling fingers closed upon the strong and loving hand. Then pressed them again and again, opening and closing with evident emphasis and meaning.

Was this the appointed sign? Was it a heart-cheering response, or was it but a last farewell?

None could tell.

A few minutes later the soul **was in the presence of God.**

This story is true, and is but one of thousands that might be narrated, illustrating the fatal effects of gambling.

O dear young reader, shun the gaming-table. Shun it as the first step to ruin,—ruin both in this world and the next. A taste for the excitement of gambling is easily acquired, but most difficult to eradicate.

Shun it then as you would shun an insidious and deadly poison. “Touch not, taste not, handle not.” Shun the scenes where it prevails, and do not tamper with temptation.

How full of wisdom is Solomon's advice, “Enter not into the path of the wicked, and go not in the way of evil men. Avoid it, pass not by it, turn from it, and pass away.”

Our Heavenly Father has put so many innocent pleasures, so many healthy and delightful pursuits within our reach, it seems strange that any should turn from them to follow that which is degrading and destructive.

Dear young friend, live to God and you will live happily.

Give your heart to Him, and you will find that “Wisdom's ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.”

This tract is published at Drummond's Tract Depot, Stirling, where it may be had at 2/- per 100.

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## THE CHRISTIAN GOING HOME.

It has been my joy and privilege to commune with a child of God close to heaven. How extremely happy he was! The grosser elements of earth had all passed away, and the happy soul was basking in the radiance of heaven. When I entered his room he took my hand and said, "Dear brother, I am glad to see you." Then his eyes gazed upwards, and a light seemed to fill them, as he said, "The glory is there. I shall soon enter in—glory, glory, glory!" "He will be with me," he continued, "going over the river,—only a step across the river, then it will be beautiful." He continued, "I shall see Him face to face; He will never leave me nor forsake me." I read part of Revelation xxi. and xxii., about "the great city, the holy Jerusalem, descending out of heaven from God, having the glory of God." . . . "And I saw no temple therein, for the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb are the temple of it. And the city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it, for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof." The quiet happiness of perfect rest, and assured hope, beamed upon his face, and in his upturned eyes, and the wondrous peace of those heavenly shores shone on him. "And they shall see His face, and His name shall be in their foreheads. And there shall be no night there, and they need no candle, neither light of the sun, for the Lord God giveth them light; and they shall reign for ever and ever." There was silence for a few moments as I closed the Book,—then I spoke of the Saviour's love, and what that love had done for him. He said, "I shall walk with Him in white, His love to me is wonderful—His love is more than tongue can tell. I shall soon be with Him. For ever with the Lord." Then with a steadfast gaze he repeated "Come, Lord Jesus! Praise Him, praise Him!" Then he said, "I am walking beside the still waters, and He maketh me to lie down in green pastures. He is my stay all along the road." He took my hand, and as he pressed it he said, "Dear Brother, I shall not see you again on earth, I expect, but up there—up there." We had prayer together. When I rose to go I leant over him and taking his hand said, "Good-bye, God bless you." He said, "God bless you, dear brother, He will give you a great blessing." I continued,



“ You will soon be home—the Lord is faithful—He will be there to welcome you, His love passeth knowledge.”

I saw him once more, for he lingered longer than any thought possible. He was still happy, but much weaker. He said, “ Happy, yes, happy, happy.” I only stayed a few minutes with him, then left him with his Saviour and his God, left him with his shining face looking upwards. The tide of life was flowing out and leaving the sands of time dry, but it was full tide on the eternal shores.

So passed our dear brother to his rest, all earthly labours over—the earthly home left, and the weeping wife, who will follow him to the heavenly home, and together they will be “ **for ever with the Lord.**”

HEYMAN WREFORD.

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### GIVE YE THEM TO EAT.

Oh, “ Send them now away,”  
 What! Send the multitudes away who sought Him?  
 Oh, that is not Christ’s way.  
 No, He will have compassion on their hunger,  
 Yes, He would have them stay.

No, “ They need not depart,”  
 So His disciples are rebuked before them;  
 (And we take this to heart;)  
 Now, He, “ The Bread of Heaven ” He will feed them,  
 But they must do their part.

So, “ Give ye them to eat,”  
 Now, Jesus says these words to us. So give them  
 The words we have found sweet,  
 “ Man cannot live by bread alone.” We know it.  
 God’s word is now their meat.

Lo! “ Bread enough to spare;”  
 Yes, in our Saviour’s hand there’s bread in plenty,  
 And none need hunger now;  
 Then let Him break and give to us, to give them,  
 And He will show us how.

Mark 6 : 37.

L. M. WARNER.

### THREE DESIRES.

1. The young Ruler, Luke 18, 18. **Eternal Life Without the Cross.**

2. Jebedee's sons, Mark 10, 35-37. **Kingdom glory without the Cross.**

3. Paul. Phil 3, 7-10 **Christ and His Cross.**

“The Father needed worshippers. The Son needed a bride and it was the joy of the Holy Spirit to come and seek and win both in this earth, uniting us to each One, in Himself.”

“The spirit's marvellous grace in condescending to dwell in hearts like ours, brought into continued contact with sin.”

E. J. A. PEARSON.

### “ I KNOW IT ! I KNOW IT ! ”

As Mr. B. was preaching one day in the mission house in Ato, in the suburbs of Foochow, China, a man of about forty years of age came in. He listened with great attention to the preaching, and at the close of the meeting went up to the missionary and said,

“ Did you say that Jesus (I never heard of Him before, and I don't know who He is), but did you say He can save me from all my sins ? ”

“ Yes, that is just what I said. ”

The Chinaman said, “ but you did not know me when you said that ; you did not know that I have been a gambler, and a sorcerer for many years ; you did not know that I have been a licentious man ; you did not know that I have been an opium smoker for twenty years, and every one knows that any man who has smoked opium for that length of time can never be cured of the habit. If you had known all this, you would not have said that Jesus can save me from all my sins, would you ? ”

The Missionary replied, “ Yes, I would have said just what I did ; and I tell you now that Jesus can save you from all your sins. ”

The poor, sinful Chinaman was amazed. It seemed to him impossible of belief. Yet there was a charm about the very idea of a Saviour who could deliver him from all his sins. He went away in deep thought. The next day he went to Mr. B.'s house, to hear more about this wonderful Saviour; and day after day for many days he came, examining the proofs of Christianity, and bringing his questions to be solved by the missionary.

One day he came with a radiant countenance, exclaiming as he entered, " I know it! I know it! I know that Jesus Christ can save me from my sins, for He has done it!"

He had a strong desire to go to Hok-chiang to tell the Gospel to his fellow countrymen. His friends tried to dissuade him from his purpose on the ground that his life would not be safe, but he replied, " I must go, they are my people, and they need the Gospel."

He went and suffered much persecution being cruelly beaten, coming back to Ato. After his recovery he went again and was used in blessing to some who had persecuted him, some were saved. He continued to preach for fourteen years.



### A BOY'S WORK FOR CHRIST.

A little boy, who loved the Lord Jesus Christ, having had some gospel tracts given to him, left his Sunday School one Lord's Day afternoon to give them away. He met a very tall soldier, and going up to him said: " Please have a tract, sir." The title of the tract was, " Dost thou believe on the Son of God?" The soldier took the tract, and said something in such a gruff voice, that the little boy was so frightened that he ran away. The soldier, amused with the boy, walked rapidly after him, and keeping him in sight, saw him enter his home. Thither also the soldier followed him, and knocking at the door, was asked in by the child's father, who had some talk with him about the tract. Before leaving, he was kindly asked to come again and take tea, which he did, and this time his little friend got over his dread of the tall soldier, and sat on his knee, and answered many questions which the soldier put to him about the Lord Jesus Christ.

At last the soldier said : " Do you recollect the question which was on the tract you gave me?" " Yes," said the boy, " it was ' Dost thou believe on the Son of God?' " " Well," said the soldier, " I wanted to tell you, on the day that you met me I did not believe, for I knew nothing of Jesus Christ the Son of God. But now I do trust Him, and have eternal life." As he spoke, the tears came into the soldier's eyes, and you may guess how happy it made the little boy to hear that the tract he had given the soldier had been the means through God's grace of bringing him to a knowledge of Christ.

The soldier after this left the town, but the little boy's friends heard afterwards that, " constrained by the love of Christ," he preached to his comrades that message of grace which had been so blest to himself ; thus becoming, we trust, an instrument in the Lord's hand of bringing others to know His as their Saviour. The little boy has since grown up to be a man, and still preaches the gospel of the grace of God in the very town where he gave the tract to the soldier. What power there is in one tract! Let us use this power, and scatter abroad the good tidings, knowing that " it shall prosper," as God says.



### MY HOPE FOR JULY.

I hope to be remembered in prayer by all my friends. I am nothing and less than nothing in my own strength. God can use the feeblest if it be His will. If any wish to know about our Testament and Tract Fund and our distributing of the Word of God we will send them one of our monthly circulars, post free every month. Please send to :—

**DR. HEYMAN WREFORD,**

**" The Firs," Denmark Road, Exeter.**

A Message from God 1924

FORTIETH YEAR.

AUGUST, 1924.

One Penny Net

8/- per 100 Net, or 8/6 post free.

# A Message from God

EDITED BY HEYMAN WREFORD



A Child's Message from God (see page 118).

*F. E. Race (C. A. Hammond), 3 & 4, London House Yard, Paternoster Row, E.C.4.*

A Message from God 1924



# The Ways of God

BY THE EDITOR

WEMBLEY.

The Menace of the North.

**“ Out of the North an evil shall break forth upon all the inhabitants of the land.”—Jer. i. 14.**

We look towards the north and we see civilisation bound in chains of hopeless slavery. Men and women and little children looking with eyes of wild despair for help that long delays its coming. The Prince of darkness is brooding over the destinies of a world he had sworn to destroy—and lusting with the accumulated hatred of centuries for the bodies and the souls of men. Skies are darkening with the portents of a storm that shall rage in every land around the footsteps of the coming Anti-Christ. The eclipse of every hope that the natural man has ever cherished for life or death is at hand. Man who has lost all faith in God with lose faith in himself, and will become a mere unit in a vast confederacy among the nations against God and His Christ—against the Father and the Son. The fierce eyes of demons are watching the world to-day, and the times of inconceivable wickedness in which we live are the presage of the Apostacy, that shall lead to the awfulness of Armageddon, and the final judgment and destruction of the world.

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## THE KINGDOMS OF THE WORLD.

**All the world is coming to Wembley. The oldest civilizations and the youngest are congregating there. From North,**

South, East and West, they come. They come to see the mighty achievements of the mightiest nation the world has ever known. They come over vast continents and over the rolling seas, to take their place in the greatest pageantry of pride and place, and power, that man has ever seen.

The nations mingle and commingle in the huge parade of kingly magnificence and democratic power. Man wreaths around his brow the crown of dominion over the earth's land and seas, and the proud realms of air.

Hear the trumpets blare out the triumphs of the world! See the banners of all the nations wave in proud accord! Listen to the mighty roaring of the human sea, that breaks in waves of loud acclaim upon the shores of time.

**They acclaim the present.** They rejoice in a power that has been built upon the ruins of thrones and dominions that have passed away. The faded glories of centuries, are all eclipsed by the radiant glory of the mightiness of **to-day**.

Why is the past a heap of ruins? Why was there no stability amid the ancient races of the world? Why did the sceptre fall from Assyria, Babylon, Persia, ancient Greece and Rome? Why above all does the heritage and hopes of Israel, the favoured nation of God, lie for a while buried beneath the ruins of Zion?

There can be but one answer to these questions. **Man through all the ages has sought for himself, the power and place upon the earth that belongs to God alone.**

They build their power on these sandy foundations, and so they fell. Does **Wembley** show the nations building on a surer place for permanence than they?

The nations in the early ages of the world gathered in the land of Shinar. They said, "Let **us** build a city and a tower, and let **us** make **us** a name. They began to build, and God came down to see what they were building. God scattered them, for they gave no glory to the God of heaven. He scattered them on the face of the whole earth. The tower was never finished and the city was not built. Their aspirations and their confederacy for evil were alike broken by the power of God.

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## THE SHADOW OF THE CROSS.

The shadow of the Cross of the rejected Son of God falls across **Wembley**, its wealth of enterprise, and its "**side-shows**" of every kind of pleasure. All earthly glories are shadowed by the Cross on which the world's Redeemer died. The nations of the world gathered at Calvary, and all shared in the rejection of Israel's Messiah, and the world's rightful King. "Where is He, that is born King of the Jews?" was the question when Christ was born. Ask the question at Calvary. "Where is He that is born King of the Jews?" Where is He? Crowned with thorns and crucified between two robbers; execrated by all the world—mocked as He hung dying. Rejected by all. "Away with Him," "Crucify Him." "We won't have this man to reign over us." **Thus Jesus, the Son of God, died**—killed by the hatred of those He came to save. The glories of the Roman power were seen in full splendour when **our Lord** was crucified. The ritual of Jewish worship was continued in all its details when Messiah was slain. The business of the world went on as usual when the world cast out the "**Holy One of God.**"

The guilt of Calvary will darken the world for evermore and shadow all its glory. Where is He that was born King of the Jews to-day?



## THE GLORY THAT EXCELLETH.

Everything on earth must be judged by the Christian in its relation to the Lord Jesus Christ. "The Gospel of Jesus Christ reveals no earthly glory, as the prophets of old did. . . . **The glory has forsaken the earth**, and while earth is thus left in the power of the enemy, the god of this world, and is used by him to alienate the saints from their eternal hopes and destiny, the Revelation reveals it to us in heaven."

What are the earthly glories, and the "**side-shows**" of a world "that lieth in the wicked one," when the "glory that excelleth" has been revealed to us by the Holy Ghost, and we know the joy of His presence, and the pleasures at His right hand. What place is there for our rejected Lord or His redeemed ones, amid all the massed glories of the world that rejected Him, and crucified Him, and cast Him out 2,000



years ago? The heavens have received Him until "the times of the restitution of all things."

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### LORD JESUS.

Lord Jesus! we have heard Thee say of Thyself "**My Kingdom is not of this world.**"

There can be no throne for Thee in a world like this. Man has no sceptre for Thy pierced hand—no crown for Thy blessed brow. There is no pathway for Thy wounded feet amid the pomps and glories of the world where Thou had'st not where to lay Thy head. Thou callest to Thy people to follow Thee, to share Thy rejection in these evil days. Thou hast said of Thine own, "They are not of the world even as I am not of the world." Thy prayer still is heard in heaven for them, "Father, I will that they also whom Thou has given Me be with Me where I am, that they may behold My glory, which Thou hast given Me." Sure and certain, blessed Lord, are those days of **coming** glory. When **Wembley, and all it stands for**, has passed away, when all the glory of the world has gone—the time will come when the heavens will ring with the joy of **Thy** gladness, when Thou hast called Thy people home to Thyself, to behold **Thy** glory, and to be with Thee for ever and ever. Then will come the glorious days, when "the Kingdoms of this world become the Kingdoms of our Lord and of His Christ, and Thou shalt reign for ever and ever. The tabernacle of God will be with men, coming down from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband" (Rev. xxi. 2, 3). Jehovah's high purpose will be accomplished, "As I live, all the earth shall be filled with **My Glory.**" The joy of Thy heart, Lord Jesus, will be fulfilled also, because the marriage of the Lamb has come and Thy bride is ready. And heaven will be glad and earth will rejoice and sing, "Alleluia! for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth; Amen, Alleluia!"

Then when the Father hath committed all judgment unto the Son, "all men will honour Thee, Lord Jesus, even as they honour the Father," and "**every knee shall bow, of things in heaven and things in earth, and things under the earth, and**

**every tongue will confess that Thou art Lord to the Glory of God the Father.”** Phil. ii., 9, 11.

We look beyond the long dark night,  
And hail the coming day,  
When Thou to all Thy saints in light  
**Thy glories will display.”**

**Dear Reader**, may the Lord give you eyes to see and ears to hear, and a heart to receive, all that Christ would be to you if by faith you trust in His atoning work. What can the world give you to replace Christ if you lose Him? You **surrender all** if you let Christ go out of your life—you **receive all** if you receive Him. “As many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God even to them that believe on His name.” John i., 12. **Read the whole chapter.**

Yours for Christ’s sake,

HEYMAN WREFORD.

We are most thankful to our friends for their loving response to our **June** appeal. We go early to press with this number and can only mention that we have received a great number of letters of loving sympathy and help. Meanwhile the demand for the Holy Scriptures is increasing more and more, but we are sure the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ will give us continually all the help we need for the sake of His Beloved Son, our Saviour.

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“**JESUS IS GOD.**”

**A Child’s Message from God.**

(See illustration on cover).

My dear friend, Miss Emily P. Leakey, well known to all readers of “**A Message from God**” for her telling articles which are so much appreciated, has given me permission to print the story of her first convert.

She was used by God to the conversion of Colonel R— before she was three years old. She is close on ninety years of age now, and still eager to win souls for the Lord Jesus. She has all her mental powers, but lacks the power to walk much. It would be a gracious act if any Christian reader would pray earnestly to God that He would strengthen her,

so that she might be able to walk out of doors a little, as she often longs to do.

Colonel R—— shall tell the story of his conversion in his own words, as he told it to a friend fifty years after the dear “baby” had won him to the Saviour.

“ I never shall forget the first evening I saw my little pet, a blue-eyed darling, with bright hair. Some people call it red; golden chestnut I call it. She was in a white frock and blue sash, and she was nestling in the arms of a clergyman, also a visitor at our mutual friend’s house. The child was merrily chatting to her would-be nurse about a kitten she was going to give him. ‘ Kitty has a bou yibbon yound its neck, like yound me?’ By degrees, as we began to talk, the child became silent, and maybe listened to us as we talked of Divine things, I showing my ignorance and folly by presuming to deny the Diety of Christ. Suddenly—I shall never forget the scene—Mr. B—— raised up the nestling, stood her on his knee, and said, ‘ Tell that gentleman who Jesus is.’ She was not three years old. ‘ Chubby,’ again he said, ‘ tell that gentleman who Jesus is.’ ‘ Jesus is God!’ (‘ Dedus is Dod’ she pronounced it), and folding her small fat hands as if in prayer, ‘ and me pray to Him’ (‘ pay,’ she said). No, Doneton, never shall I forget the reverence on that child’s face. I was simply thunderstruck, but Mr. B—— looked bright with pleasure, as he nailed home the convicting words with—‘ out of the mouth of babes and sucklings Thou has perfected praise’ (Matt. xxi. 16). I was struck speechless and convicted, but not converted. The child said no more, but lay back and went to sleep; her lesson had to be completed another day. I soon rose to take my departure; but somehow I felt so drawn to that house that I speedily called again, with the full purpose of opening my heart to the mother, who evidently had taught the child the truth; but it was the child and not the mother that brought me to Christ, and completed the lesson of salvation I had to learn. An irresistable aching so filled my heart that I determined at last to call early, say at 11.30 a.m., for fear of missing Mrs. Leakey; and it happened, for some reason or other known to the Lord, sir, that instead of being shown into the drawing room I was ushered into the schoolroom, where the mother,

and at least eight of her family were occupied at lessons. There were two big boys at the globe; two girls and another boy were writing dictation from their mother's lips, whilst one delicate girl, with her face and hands tied up, was lying on a couch; whilst the twins were seated on high chairs with picture books. I enjoyed the scene of domestic happiness and order, and asked mamma what **my** little friend and her brother were about. 'Learning to "sit still" and not disturb their elders.' 'Capital, mother,' thought I; 'you'll be the one to help my soul.' But no, Doneton, the mother didn't, but the baby did. I beckoned little Miss Chubby to come over to me, and she gladly gave up 'sit still' to climb on my knee. I showed her my watch, I mewed like pussy, and did all sorts of things to amuse her, but her face was serious; I couldn't produce any dimples on her cheeks. At last she slipped off my knee, toddled to her place, and fetching her picture book, returned immediately, impelled by the Spirit, sir, I say; I am convinced of it. She scrambled back to her place, opened the book, and made me look at the picture; and these are the words she said. Pointing with her first finger, her little tongue was loosed, as, pointing to the Saviour on the Cross that was painted above Dr. Watts' hymn,—

'Alas! and did my Saviour bleed?

And did my Sovereign die?'—

she said this little sermon in baby words:—"That is the Lord Jesus—God. I prays to Him. They run great nails into His hands and feet, and then He died, and then they put Him into the grave; but in three days He rose up again, and now He is (pointing up with her finger) gone up into heaven; and soon the trumpet shall sound, and then He will come down again, and I shall go back **there** with Him into heaven.' 'And so you shall, my sweet child,' said I, in the height of astonishment, as I clasped her to my heart and covered her with kisses, whilst my inner cry was, 'May I become as this little child! Lord help me. As to gainsaying the truth of Scripture, I could not. The spirit, Who led that pretty babe to believe, opened my eyes to see the truth as it is in a crucified, buried, risen, ascended and returning Saviour!'"

O Modernist! You who asperse the name of Jesus and deny that He is God; you must be confounded surely by the faith of this precious child who knew, Spirit taught, that "**Jesus is God.**" The world by wisdom knew not God—this may be true of you—must be true of you. Things are hidden from you, for the devil has blinded your eyes, that were revealed to this dear babe. "Thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes." You cannot share Christ's glory if you deny Him here. You must take your place with the outcast and unbelievers for ever.



### After Fifty Years.

More than fifty years passed away before Miss Leakey knew the facts of the Colonel's conversion and her connection with it. Someone found the whole history written in her own mother's hand amongst a packet of letters that had never been opened till then. Her mother had pondered these things in her heart and had written the account in order to get it printed, as was evident from some marks on the paper.

Dear Miss Leakey said when she heard of this, "Oh, how thankful I am I was never told; but now I rejoice to find my own conviction true, that as a baby I loved my Saviour, and that from a child I have been longing to go back to heaven with Him. No wonder that when that hymn came out—

" Shall I be there?  
I **shall** be there;  
Through faith in Christ I shall be there."

it had such a special attraction for me. I can only say, "I thank God for early training."

It was only a few days ago that Miss Leakey sent me an account of the salvation of two souls which I am going to print here. She is nearly ninety now—longing to go home, but longing also to point sinners to the Saviour she loved, and began to testify for, eighty-six years ago, continuing the testimony all her life.

H.W.



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### SAVING A SOUL.

How lovely to be the means of saving a soul by doing a kind action, just what happened to me lately. My friend



Miss Leakey in middle age

who lives in the East of London, wrote about a poor woman who needed a water-bed to lie on, for which her parish clergyman paid 15/- a month, but one could be bought for £4, which happily I sent him. He wrote to me that "she was led to Christ during her long illness, and actually asked him to go to a publican outside my parish who was dying, that he might have the same joy as she had in Christ, and they both soon after passed away in joy and peace." May God

grant that we may be the means of saving many souls and turning many from dead work to grace, by faith in the Lord Jesus Christ.

EMILY P. LEAKEY.

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### FAITH.

A dear brother has kindly allowed me to send the following for the "Message," hoping it may encourage many to ask and receive from the living God. He writes :—

My eldest boy and girl were returning from Sunday school with a girl friend . . . who enquired if my youngest boy was saved. On being told, "I do not think so," she suggested they might put the Bible to the test, reminding them of the promise of God, Matt. xviii. 19. Then these three children, solemnly standing in the roadway, definitely asked God to perform a miracle. The weightiest of all agencies was set at work that day, for Jesus Himself has said, that prayer will remove mountains. I was the preacher that night, and could not understand why an address, on which I had spent a whole week's thought and prayer, should be forgotten, when the time came to deliver it. I know that I blindly stumbled in my speech, felt humbled to the very dust, and returned crestfallen home, there to learn that "Salvation is of the Lord." I did not know that my youngest boy sat in that meeting, a convicted sinner.

About 9.30 p.m., long after the children had gone to bed, I heard a patter of bare feet, and my eldest boy came to say his brother was crying bitterly, and troubled about his sins. Picking up my Bible, I went to him and said, "Well, my boy, what is the matter?" "Oh, I am such a sinner, daddy," was the reply. I smiled at him, and said, "And so am I, but my sins don't trouble me in the least." He looked up in my face with wondering enquiry as I said, "You remember the chorus the 'pilgrim preachers' taught us, 'God has blotted them out'?" He said "Yes," and I said "Then let us look, where they got it from," and turning to the sacred page we read together "I have blotted out," etc., Isaiah xlv. 22. My dear laddie looked very earnestly again at the printed word, and I could see the cloud of doubt rolling away from his face, and, before he told me, I knew he had passed from death unto life.

And now nearly a year has gone, and he is still a sinner, but I know a saved one, saved by grace.

My friend would ask anyone who may read this to exercise the same faith in God that those children did, and so help others to enter the kingdom of God. A.A.L.

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### BECAUSE OF SIN.

They came to the gates of Canaan,  
But they never entered in!  
They came to the very threshold,  
But they perished in their sin.  
On the morrow they would have entered,  
But God had shut the gate;  
They wept, they rashly ventured,  
But alas! it was too late.

And so we are ever coming  
To the place where two ways part;  
One leads to the land of promise,  
And one to a hardened heart.

ANON.

### MY MOTHER'S VOICE IN THE NIGHT.

One night, when a lad, lying in my bed at home, I awoke, and it was dark, and I heard a voice in the night—not a song, but I heard the voice of my mother, as she lay upon her bed of pain. She was twenty-five years in the valley of the shadow of death. Her "light affliction" endured for a quarter of a century, but it was "but for a moment," seeing that it led to the "eternal weight of glory."

I shall never forget how the sound of her dear voice floated into my dark room on that winter night with the wind howling around the house, as she was saying the sweet words of the Psalmist, "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me."

I am saying it in a rough, unmelodious voice. I heard it hymned in the exquisite tone that only a man's mother's voice can ever have to his own ear. Sing it. Sing it in the darkness. Sing it now all the more if the valley seems long. You are passing through the valley.

### WHAT MODERNISM IS DOING.

We know that there is an unspoken world consciousness that a time is coming that neither the life of a man nor the



honour of a woman will be safe, and that all believe this, excepting Satan's Modernist Ministers of Righteousness who are preaching good times ahead, when "Thou shalt not" will temporarily vanish from the world (of such beware!).

SELECTED.

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## REVOLUTION AND ATHEISM.

Not for the first time does the revolutionary movement proclaim its atheistic origin and character. The case has been very clearly put as regards Russia by the notorious Trotsky, in an article on the Tasks of Communist Education in the "International Press Correspondence" (English edition, Berlin). This leader in the Soviet Government writes:—

"We are of the opinion that atheism, as an inseparable element of the materialistic view of life, is a necessary condition for the theoretical education of the revolutionist. He who believes in another world is not capable of concentrating all his passion on the transformation of this one.

As an interpretation of the attitude of the Russian Soviet toward religion, in any honourable sense of the word, the statement leaves nothing to be said. The principles and the outlook of Communism supply no room for belief in God; and it is, therefore, not surprising that the agents of the system are men whose words and deeds are of the earth, and tend to disintegration and death.

CHRISTIAN.

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## THE ETERNAL POWER.

A well-known officer who had just left the Guards expressed to Lord Radstock his conviction that, being worldly by nature, it would be quite impossible for him to confess Christ, as he would disgrace Him by falling away. Lord Radstock replied by taking out his pencil case, and, holding it upright on the table, he asked the officer why it did not fall. "Because you hold it," was the answer. "Then no inherent power in the pencil, but a power outside, is that which keeps it. God, seeing the utter ruin of man, did not tell him to stand upright, but brought in an external power,

Himself. And the question of falling depends not upon the power of man, but on the Almighty, who 'is able to keep you from falling, and to present you faultless before the presence of His glory.' " The message went home. The following year, as the train drew up to the platform at Stockholm, Lord Radstock was greeted by the officer with the words, " God has never let the pencil go for one minute."



### THE WRITTEN AND THE LIVING WORD.

The Written Word—the Bible—and the Living Word—the Christ—go hand-in-hand. They stand or fall together. The Written Word testifies of the Living Word; and the Living Word testifies to the Written Word. Nay, more. The Written Word not only " **mediates** Christ to us," but it also in such wise links up with Him, reveals Him, unfolds Him, interprets Him, and expresses Him, that if Infidelity could take away the Written Word, the result would be so tremendous that the record of the Living Word, and He Himself also, would be entirely banished from the world, except as a mere name on the page of history. The " Impregnable Rock " would be cast into the depths of the ocean of unbelief. The Christ of God would be buried in discredited oblivion—never to have a resurrection.

BIBLE CALL.



### " I KNOW I SHALL BE LOST."

An aged man was called upon by a young clergyman who had just come to the parish, and he said, " Ah! don't spend your time talking with me." " Why?" said the young minister. " Its no use talking to me; I am eighty years old now. When I was but twenty years of age there was a revival in our village, and almost everybody else gave their heart to God; I resisted, and I have never had a deep, serious impression since that time." Said the minister, " Shall I pray with you?" " Oh, you may pray, if you like to. I told you that years ago that matter was settled, when I rejected the Holy Spirit." The pastor knelt down and prayed. The

“ I KNOW I SHALL BE LOST ”

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man was afterwards taken sick, grew worse and worse, until his closing hour came, and his last words were, “ I know I shall be lost.”

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### THE WILES OF THE DEVIL.

The devil will let us do any amount of “ work for God,” only it must be done without prayer to God, and without dependence on God, “ for it is God that worketh.” When we do it in our own flesh-energy it delights the devil, for he knows it will come to nothing, and will only hurt the cause of Christ.

Beware ! He cannot get at the Christ to destroy Him, but He seeks to destroy the testimony of us who are His members. He cannot touch the living Christ—the Word of God in the heavenlies—so he seeks to tear to pieces and trample underfoot the written Word of God—the Bible—in our hands. Sad it is to see so many of His avowed “ friends ” wounding Him and rejecting Him in this way, and so helping the devil. “ Away with Him ! Away with Him ! ” is still the devil’s cry, and he seeks to fill the mouths of “ the priests, the Pharisees, the Sadducees, and the religious rulers,” and the crowd of religious professors of to-day with the same cry, and he is wonderfully managing his purpose. Beloved, simple ones, who love our Christ, as the volume of the cry increases, with the nearing of “ the end,” let it be our sweetest delight to raise our voice of love to Him, however “ ignorant and unlettered,” “ foolish and feeble ” it may seem. “ **Christ for me !** “ **Christ for me !**”

D. McCALL B——.

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### “ THE LIGHT OF THE GLORY OF GOD.”

“ The light of the glory of God.” Where? In the face of Jesus Christ. God pointing to that face, says, “ If you want to know all my glory, there it is.” Unsearchable glory—glory past finding out—there it is in the person of My Son?”—G.V.W.

Yes, dear friend and reader, how wonderful for us to be

channel to send forth "the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ." To be able to send the living Word of the living God, that carries heaven's light wherever it goes. Oh! to be the light-bearers for Jesus Christ! Oh, to be known, as those who love their Lord! A very grateful heart thanks you now for the wonderful help you have given in answer to our appeal. I wonder if anyone ever had such beautiful letters as I have had since writing my appeal. If they have I am sure they must want to go to heaven, to give worthy praise to the One who prompted the letter, and gave the gracious responses from so many of His own. We shall know **then** the result of our appeal, and not fully till then. Meanwhile we go praising on our way, feeling assured that there are riches unsearchable for us to draw from and that our constant need will touch ten thousand hearts if it be the will of God. Above all we know it will reach His heart, who gazing on the face of His beloved Son. says: "If you want to know all My glory, there it is." If you want to know all the longing of My heart for sinners it is there—there in that blessed face, shining with the unsearchable glory of God. If you want My help, you must seek it in His name, and for His sake. Only a little while and our life's labour will be done. We shall have asked you for our last Testament, and our last parcel will be sent. It is all for Christ, the centre and circumference of all our work is for Him. He is Jehovah—Jesus to our souls, the Son of God, and God the Son.

In His name and for His sake alone we ask you to help us still to win souls for Him. Any gift you may be led by God to send, may be sent to—

**DR. HEYMAN WREFORD,**

**"The Firs," Denmark Road, Exeter.**

Our monthly circular dealing with the work of the Testament and Tract Fund will be sent post free to any who desire it. Please write to:

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*F. E. Race (C. A. Hammond), 3 & 4, London House Yard, Paternoster Row, E.C.4.*

A Message from God 1924

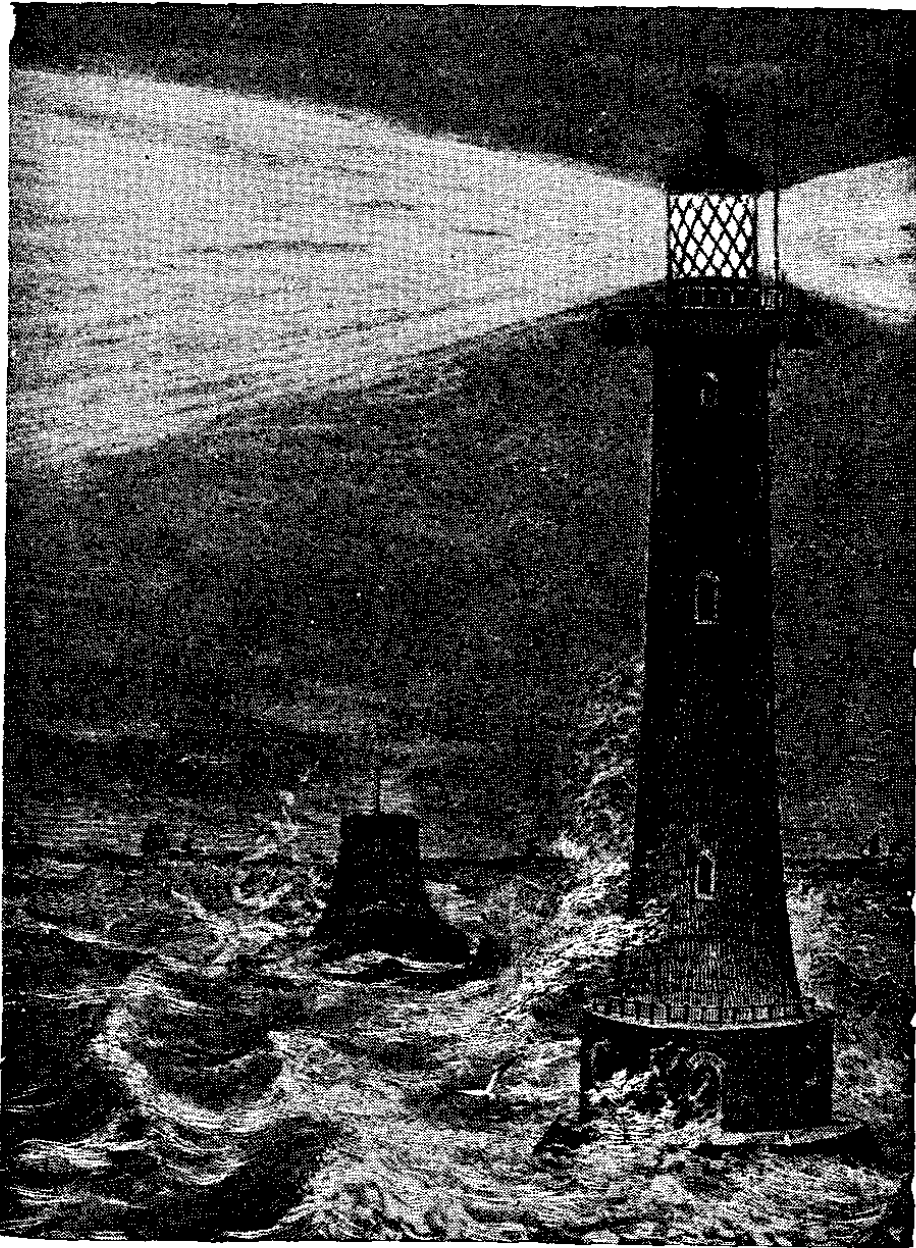
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# A Message from God

EDITED BY HEYMAN WREFORD



“Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path.”  
Ps. cxix. 105.

*F. E. Race (C. A. Hammond), 3 & 4, London House Yard, Paternoster Row, E.C.4.*

A Message from God 1924



# The Ways of God

BY THE EDITOR

MY DEAR SOLDIER-FRIEND



At the time of the South African War God taught me a lesson I hope I have never forgotten. In His infinite graciousness He allowed me to bring a soul to Christ, in spite of my blind indifference to the need of that soul.

I used in those days to go from London to Exeter every Saturday to preach in the Victoria Hall on the Sunday, returning to London on the same Sunday night or the following Monday morning.

On a certain Saturday I took my seat in a train leaving Waterloo for Exeter. The carriage was empty when I got in, and I was glad of the opportunity for quiet and reading.

I was alone in the carriage until we came, I think it was, to Yeovil Junction. There a man staggering, with what I thought was drink, came into the compartment where I sat alone. Sitting down he took a bottle from his pocket and saying, "Excuse me, sir," took a good drink from it.

He tried to enter into conversation, but I did not encourage talking. He saw I did not want to speak, so he subsided into a broken sleep in the corner. About half an hour after, we stopped in a station, where we were all requested to leave the train, as there had been an accident, and we were told another train was waiting for us, beyond the sphere of the damage done to the rails, to take us on. I got out of my compartment and walked quickly by the side of the rails to where the other train was standing, and got into a carriage near the engine, which was empty,

hoping, I sadly confess, that I should not see my travelling companion again. But just as the train was about to start, he opened the carriage door, and came in where I was, and seated himself in the corner opposite to me. I was not very pleased at what I thought was an unpleasant happening. I did not know, what I was soon to find out, that God had made him follow me from carriage to carriage, so that I might be His instrument, to bring comfort to a sorrowing heart, and to lead a sinner to Christ. Why did I not know? Why was I not in communion with God, as to His divine purposes that day?

I sat silently reading, and he sat looking at me for a while—and then he began to speak. He said, “Sir, I have been called up to serve in the war, and I have to go to Exeter to join my regiment. I have left my wife heart-broken and my children crying around her—but I had to leave her with a neighbour, and to try and forget my sorrow, I have taken a drop of drink.” He stopped, and began to weep.

In a moment my deepest sympathies were awakened. I came over beside him, and taking his hand said, “My dear friend I am so sorry for you.” My sympathy led him to unburden himself, and he told me about his life, and his home, and his wife and children, and how sorry they were to be separated the one from the other. I spoke to him of One Who could comfort him far better than I could, and would if he would put his trust in Him. As we were nearing Exeter, he dried his tears, and I wrote my name and address on a piece of paper and gave it to him. I told him also I was preaching on Sunday evening at the Victoria Hall, Queen Street, at 6.30, would he come? “I will, sir,” he replied, “you will see me there.” We shook hands and parted.

On Sunday evening, I stood watching near the door inside the hall, while our congregation came streaming in. I was afraid he would not come, but to my joy I saw him as he entered. I hastened to him, and welcomed him warmly. I showed him to a seat, telling him I should like to see him again after the service was over.

When the meeting was closed, I came down from the platform and looked around for my soldier-friend. I found him

in deep distress about his soul—God had convicted him of sin during the preaching. We pointed him to Christ, and kneeling around him, some of us prayed that God would save him, and give him the joy of salvation. He was very anxious to be saved, but with all his trouble, he had to leave, to get back to the Barracks. Before he left he gave me his home address and asked me to write to his wife. He thanked me over and over again, as he said “Good-bye.” He told me that before I came to Exeter again he would be on his way to Africa.

Two or three months passed, and I often thought of the dear soldier in Africa, and wondered how he was. To my joy in April, 1900, a letter came to me from him. I wrote to him in answer, but I never heard from him again, so I expect he fell in battle. I shall see him in heaven—my dear, soldier-friend.

### HIS LETTER.

South Africa.

April, 1900.

Dear Sir, I take the pleasure of sending a few lines to tell you we have arrived quite safely so far after having had a good voyage out. We are nearing the front every day; we are staying here for a few days, but we do not know but that any hour we shall be in battle. Well, dear sir, I hope you have sent a few words of comfort to my dear wife and family to cheer them up. Well, sir, we are staying at the base, where all the poor wounded come down to regain their health.

There are some very sad cases here; the poor fellows pass away at the rate of ten or twelve a day. It is very sad to see them buried, but I hope they may be better off in heaven; for I can assure you, dear sir, the Sunday evening I came and heard you speak of the Lord Jesus my whole life came before me. I never thought I was so bad; but thank God you were the means of my turning to my Father which is in heaven. I can assure you it was hard for a few days to turn to Him, but thank God I have turned from the Devil, and have taken Christ for my Saviour. I am glad to say since I left Southampton, drink—the curse of the whole world—has not passed my lips; for, as it were, the scales have been taken off my eyes and I see things anew. I shall always thank the Lord Jesus that I met you in a railway train.

Well, sir, the weather is very hot indeed, but the winter is coming on, so it will be better for us to travel; but I hope, please God, this strife will soon be over, and we shall all return. But I know full well by now that if it pleases God to call me I shall not be afraid to meet my Master in heaven, when I hope to meet my dear wife and



## MY DEAR SOLDIER-FRIEND

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family. I shall be very glad to hear from you again to cheer me up a bit. I often read your dear book you gave me, I have it now alongside of me, for I must not let a moment go without thinking of my Father which is in heaven.

Well, sir, I am just going on duty for the night, so God bless you, sir.

I remain,  
Your affectionate friend,

Dear fellow, he came into my life, **and what I might have missed by my indifference**, had not God in His infinite love given me the wonderful joy of bringing him to his Saviour. It will be great gladness to see him again with the Lord Jesus, for he is blent with my life, with holiest bonds, for all eternity.

It is blessed indeed to be in the hands of God, and to know, that He has led us upon paths of service, although we were not conscious of the leading.

Twenty-four years have passed since God was teaching me His ways of dealing with this immortal soul. Have I learnt the lesson yet? I shall know one day. Dear unsaved reader, if you are anxious about **your** soul and would like us to help you, we will write to you, or send you a Testament, if you have not one, or books to read that God may use as "Finger Posts" to point you to Christ. The burden of the word's need of Christ is upon our souls: let us help you to the Saviour, who is saying to you this moment, as you read this, "**Come unto Me all ye that labour, and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.**"

Yours for Christ's sake,  
HEYMAN WREFORD.

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We have been wonderfully cheered day by day with the continued sympathy of the Lord's people, and would ask their earnest prayers, that every number of "**A Message from God,**" should contain indeed **His** message and nothing else. We make it a matter of prayer as each number is issued that this should be so.

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**GOD BLESS YOU**

"My dear friend, God bless you, and the Scriptures you are circulating—His blessed Word. I would rather go into

eternity trusting in the Word of the Lord, than in the hypothetical speculations of man."—A.G.H. Reader, what say you?

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**HE GIVETH MORE GRACE**

These beautiful verses were sent to me by one of the Lord's workers, and we are thankful for their message. May it comfort others.

He giveth more grace when the burden grows greater,  
He sendeth more strength when the labours increase;  
To added affliction, He addeth His mercy,  
To multiplied trials—His multiplied Peace.

When we have exhausted our store of endurance,  
When faith seems to fail, ere the day is half done;  
When we come to the end of our hoarded resources,  
Our Father's **full** giving is only begun.

His love has no limit, His grace has no measure,  
His power no boundary known unto men;  
For out of His infinite riches in Jesus,  
**He giveth, and giveth, and giveth again.**

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**LINES FOUND WRITTEN IN A BIBLE  
(DATED MARCH 22nd, 1857).**

**A Mother's Gift and Prayers**

When in future distant years  
Thou shalt look upon this page;  
Through the crystal vale of tears  
That bedim our eyes with age:  
Think it was a mother's hand,  
Though her smiles no more thou'lt see,  
Pointing to that Better Land,  
Gave this **sacred gift** to thee.

Nor alone in hours of woe  
Be its priceless treasures sought;  
Though thy cup with joys o'erflow  
Count them in compare as nought;

LINES FOUND WRITTEN IN A BIBLE

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So remembering in thy youth  
**Him** whose Spirits lights each page,  
Thou shalt ever prove in truth  
**He** will **not forget** thine age.

ANON.



A mother praying for her children

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## LITTLE LUCY AND HER MOTHER

BY THE EDITOR

**O**NE of the dearest memories of my childhood is the memory of my mother's prayers and hymns. Every child was prayed over, and as she moved about in the home among her children, her sweet voice was often heard singing the hymns she loved so well.

"How sweet the name of Jesus sounds" has echoed and

re-echoed through our home, and "**O, Lord, Thy love's unbounded,**" made its music in childhood's days. The cradle hymns were not forgotten, for amid a mother's ministries of dressing and undressing, the melodies were heard, "**There is a happy land,**" and "**When mothers of Salem their children brought to Jesus,**" etc., etc. We were rocked to sleep by these and other children's hymns, and our infant minds received impressions that grew with our growing years, and are remembered still, although the dear voice of the "**mother**" is singing in heaven now, and we are nearing the time when we shall join her in that blessed praising.

To show how God blessed my mother's singing and answered her prayers, what I am about to tell will show. I had a little sister Lucy, who died before she was two years old. The Lord Jesus had taken her in His arms and blessed her, and the child-flower that faded from earth, watered with a mother's tears, left a beautiful fragrance behind of what her mother had done for her.

The night Lucy died, I, a young lad, went to wish her "good night," as I always did. I did not realise how ill she was, or how near she was to the heavenly shores, but I saw how frail and beautiful she looked with the shining eyes, and the softly waving hair, and the winsome grace that clothes with spiritual beauty the frail tenement of clay that seems to be *shining with the glory of the departing spirit*. As I bent to kiss her, she put her tender arms about my neck and lifting her little lips to mine for the last kiss I was ever to give her or receive from her, she said with her baby face close to mine, "**Heyme,**" this was her name for me, "**Heyme, sing happy land.**" Her little feet were close to the golden shores, her baby perceptions had grasped the infinite love, and the infinite life. "**Sing happy land.**" She had heard it from her mother's lips, over and over again, and of the "Gentle Jesus meek and mild, who looked upon a little child."

Now I am old and grey I often wonder what little Lucy will be like when I see my "baby" sister again. That night I left her with the benediction of my tears, and many a time since then have my eyes filled, as I have recalled the tender sweetness of her last request to me, "Heyme,

sing happy land." Oh! to be like little children till we see His face, "Where their angels do **always** behold the face of my Father, which is in heaven."

How tender and pathetic are the words, "Jesus took a little child and set him in the midst." A poem from the life of Christ to make the glory of childhood the wonder of the world. A child "set in the midst" of the home, to tell us that unless we "become as little children ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven." In the midst of your home, dear reader, this little child may be to bring the message of the Lord Jesus to you. "Except ye be converted and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven."

Has your little child preached the sermon of its life to you? We are told "Jesus took them in His arms and blessed them." Oh! "mothers of Salem," what wondrous days were those when your little ones wreathed their unquestioning arms about the neck of Jesus, and kissed His face, Who was once a child among the children of the world!

Jesus may have taken your little one to heaven. Shall you see your child again? Parents, a wondrous heritage is yours; the child that Jesus has set in the midst of your home may be a "**bird of passage**," as little Lucy was, or may abide to receive from your life and teaching what may mar the beauty of the little life, and trail its glory in the dust.

To damage a child's life and to cloud its glad horizons with unhallowed imaginings, is one of the foulest sins for which God will bring men and women to justice.

To soil a child's life is like tearing the opening buds of the spring-time of life to pieces—it is like making the stars of love and light and joy that shed their lustre on earthly homes fall from the heaven of wondrous promise. It is like poisoning the waters of life, and blighting the flowers that grow in beautiful luxuriance around the footsteps of the children of the world. God help us if we sin against the little ones that believe in Jesus. He says, "But whoso shall offend one of these little ones which believe in Me, it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depths of the sea." Oh! parents, bring up your children for God and Christ,

and remember, He lives and loves, who when on earth said "Suffer little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

☛ We are sending a circular this month on behalf of the children of the world, which we trust will be used by God to enable us to place into their little hands the story of the children's Saviour as told in the Word of God. Please help us.



## A REMINISCENCE FROM THE PAST

### A Soldier's Letter to A.A.L.

"Having a little time, I feel I must write you a few lines, for my joy exceeds that in past days. I am fiercely persecuted for Christ's sake. . . . Last night I had a very busy time, holding four meetings. We had a most blessed time. It is bitterly cold here now, and snow lies on the ground—but no matter how cold it is, God keeps my heart warm. Oh! if you could have heard us singing last night round a little wood fire. We sang, "There's power in the blood." To hear us would have done your heart good. My joy seemed never so great, and I never had better attention. Oh! praise the Lord that He has led me in His ways, and He makes no mistakes, does He?"

"My poor old father is dying. I had a cablegram from my dear wife a few days ago, but I can't get home. The trial is great, but what a place we have—the feet of our blessed Master—where we can deposit our cares and worries, and all things that would press upon us, and make us unhappy. I do realize I am kept by the power of God."



## WHY HE COULD NOT BE AN INFIDEL

"I once met a scholar," said Bishop Whipple, "who told me that for years he had read every book he could which assailed the religion of Jesus Christ, and he said he would have become an infidel but for three things. 'First, I am a man. I am going somewhere. To-night I am a day nearer the grave than I was last night. I have read all such books can tell me. They shed not one solitary ray upon darkness. They shall not take away the only guide

and leave me stone-blind. Second, I had a mother. I saw her go down the dark valley where I am going, and she leaned upon an Unseen Arm as calmly as a child goes to sleep on the breast of its mother. I know that this was not a dream. Third, I have three motherless daughters (and he said it with tears in his eyes); they have no protector but myself. I would rather kill them than leave them in this sinful world, if you blot out from it all the teachings of the Gospel."

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### " WHOSO OFFERETH PRAISE "

Yes, this is what the Lord loves—He loves our praise. Wonderful to think that God, the Almighty God, should love our unworthy praise. I wrote a letter to the Editor of the Message, saying I am just praising my God, for I saw a poor gentleman pass with only **one** leg, so I immediately praised God that I have both mine, and now a lady has just passed all bowing down. She is eighty-five and unable to walk without a stick. Surely I can praise again and say, "Goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life." What should we do without the knowledge of our heavenly Father's care. How the thousands and millions live on day by day, not knowing this, I cannot undersand, but we, dear readers, can rejoice, and evermore rejoice, that we have God our Blessed God our Father caring for us and ordering every step of our lives. So praise, **praise, PRAISE.**

EMILY P. LEAKEY.

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### CHRISTENDOM

What varied thoughts and feelings are awakened in the soul by the very sound of the word "**Christendom.**" It is a terrible word. It brings before us, at once, that vast mass of baptised profession which calls itself the Church of God, but is not: which calls itself Christianity, but is not. Christendom is a dark and dreadful anomaly. It is neither one thing nor the other. It is not "The Jew or the Gentile, or the Church of God." It is a corrupt, mysterious mixture, a spiritual malformation, the masterpiece of Satan, the corrupter of the truth of God, and the destroyer of the souls

of men, a trap, a snare, a stumbling block, the darkest moral blot in the universe of God. It is the corruption of the very best thing, and therefore the very worst of corruptions. It is that thing which Satan has made of professing Christianity. It is worse, by far, than Judaism; worse by far than all the darkest forms of Paganism, because it has higher light and richer privileges, makes the very highest profession, and occupies the very loftiest platform. Finally, it is that awful apostasy for which is reserved the very heaviest judgments of God—the most bitter dregs in the cup of His righteous wrath.

C. H. M.

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### PRAISING GOD AT NINETY-FIVE

If spared 'till August seventeen  
I shall be ninety-five;  
And I can truly say,  
That God is love, from day to day.  
He gave His only Son to die  
That sinners, such as you and I,  
Might be forever blest.  
So **come to Jesus** while you may,  
Give Him your heart without delay,  
Then in the Father's house above,  
Where all is joy and peace and love,  
Find everlasting rest.

C. SIMMONDS, 1924.

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### THREE TIMES

**The sinfulness of fallen man.** Three times repeated: Psalm xiv. 3; Psalm liii. 3; Rom. iii. 12.

**The fulness of God's pardon.** Repeated three times: Jer. xxxi. 34; Hebrews x. 17; Heb. viii. 12.

**The perfection of coming comfort.** Three times repeated: Isaiah xxv. 8; Rev. xvi. 17; Rev. xxi. 4.

MARGARET ESDAILE.

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### HOW THE BRICKS SPOKE

Some time ago two young men—a mason and a joiner—were building a barn at a farm. At noon they sat down



together to have their mid-day meal, with their backs to the wall of the gable end of the building, which Dick, the mason, had been erecting.

James, the joiner, had some little time before been truly converted, and was greatly rejoicing in the Lord Jesus, whom he now knew as his own personal Saviour. Almost as soon as they were seated Dick began to speak of the performances of a running dog, famous at that time in the district, but such talk did not interest James. The Lord Jesus had graciously and wonderfully saved him, and he desired to talk about Him.

“ Ah !” said Dick, “ thou art always talking of Him, and if thou canna’ talk about anything else, I won’t sit with thee.”

“ Well, Dick,” replied James, striking the wall behind him, “ if I did not talk to thee about Him, these very bricks would speak.”

“ Then I won’t talk with thee,” and so saying, Dick moved away to the other side of the building. As he did so the Scripture came into James’ mind, “ Have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness, but rather reprove them ” (Eph. v. 11). So the meal was finished in separation between them, or as James said, “ We were out of ‘ fellowship.’ ” Mealtime over, work was resumed.

When they had commenced in the early morning a strong wind was blowing, and this had steadily increased in violence, so that on resumption of work after dinner a stiff gale was blowing.

Shortly after James happened to look in Dick’s direction, and he noticed that the wall the latter was building was decidedly out of plumb, and leaning towards Dick. With difficulty owing to the noise of the wind he made Dick understand the wall was out of plumb, and that he was in danger of its falling on him. This Dick resented, and at once took up his plumb line to show James that he was wrong, but before he could apply it he saw the wall coming bodily towards him, and he rushed to the ladder to escape the danger he was in, but before he could get clear the whole wall from the ground level was brought down by the wind, burying Dick beneath it.

Fortunately for Dick the wall fell on the side on which

he had fixed a temporary scaffolding, and this, and one or two loads of bricks also on that side, saved him from the full force of the falling wall. James hastened to his aid, and quickly made a hole through the wall just where Dick's head was. Immediately the latter saw him he cried out, "Oh! James, do pray for me."

"What shall I pray for, Dick?"

"Oh! do ask the Lord to forgive me my sins."

However, James thought the right thing to do at the moment was to get him out of his dangerous position, and with the help of a man from the farmhouse, who, with the mistress, had heard the noise of the falling wall, and had come to see what had happened, he speedily made the hole large enough to get Dick through, and on examining him they were pleased to find that apparently he was not much worse for his alarming experience, but it was deemed advisable that he should see a doctor, and a vehicle was at once procured.

When seated in it, James, looking at him, said, "Dick, didst hear the bricks speak?"

"Ah! James, but I never thought they would speak like that."

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## A CLERGYMAN'S LETTER

**"Peake makes me shudder"**

Llanddeiniolen Rectory,

Carnarvon.

July 16th, 1924.

My dear Dr. Wreford, I am enclosing you a cheque for £2 from my dear wife, Mrs. Morgan-Jones, towards the "Testament Distribution Fund," with our united prayers that our dear Lord may be pleased to bless you with renewed health and strength to carry on the glorious work of spreading His inspired words to those that are in darkness, even in our own country. **If we were but half as aggressive as the servants of the Devil are, what work we would accomplish.**

We were very interested in this month's "A Message from God." It is always very interesting, helpful, and telling, and it is a matter of regret that it cannot be circulated by the tens of thousands. **"Peake" makes me shudder!** We feel so grieved to think that such men are in places which give them the opportunities of teaching such soul-destroying things, and the worst part is, that we have so many of his apt pupils in our pulpits Sunday after Sunday, and then to think of our missionaries, being sent out, saturated with **"Peake's" teachings** is too appalling to think!

A CLERGYMAN'S LETTER

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With our affectionate regards, and may God bless you and your beloved wife abundantly,

I am,  
Yours in His Name,  
T. A. MORGAN-JONES.

◆ ◆ ◆ ◆  
**PEAKE'S COMMENTARY**

East Ardsley.

My dear, dear Christian brother, The Lord be with thy spirit this morning. I have just been reading the article (in July "Message") concerning "**Peake's Commentary**," and it has stirred my spirit to indignation against it. I am writing to a noted Methodist bookseller to see if he has it. I wish I had a few of the July number of "**A Message from God.**" I would see they got through the post to the right persons, if you have any to spare. People must be blind not to perceive the errors. I have heard them spoken of before, but never thought it was as bad as you have told us. If people would only read *God's Word from the Book* themselves, these blasphemers would not be able to deceive them as they do. I scarcely ever hear any of these apostate preachers now—they have manufactured more infidels than the infidels have made with their own teaching.

I am,  
Yours faithfully,  
Thomas Y—

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**PROFESSOR PEAKE'S THEOLOGY**

Burton-on-Trent.

Dear brother in Christ, Thank you for continuing to send "**A Message from God**" so regularly. It is an undoubted spiritual stimulant in these days of doubt, denial, and disbelief. I feel sure your confident tone of assurance will be a help to many. **Your remarks anent Professor Peake's Theology are much needed.** I could wish that your remarks could reach every one into whose hands such destructive teaching has come.

May the Lord graciously grant you many years yet to sound out the note of assurance in His own blessed Word. . . .

Love in Him soon returning,

Yours, T. A. K—

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**PEAKE AND HIS WICKED BOOK**

Hove.

Dear Dr. Wreford, Thank you for the nice parcel of tracts, also thanks for July "**Message from God.**" The article on "**Peake**" and **his wicked book** is most timely; it ought to be issued as a four-page tract by itself. If you should have just a few copies of July "Message" left, say about six or so, I could plant them well.

Yours in Him, C. A. H.

(144)

A Doctor writes : " So glad to see your outspoken article on Peake's Commentary."

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**"AWFUL BLASPHEMY OF PEAKE'S COMMENTARY"**

Askrigg, Yorks.

Dear Dr. Wreford, My sister and myself feel so glad you are exposing some of the awful blasphemy of "Peake's Commentary," in "A Message from God" for July. We feel anxious to pass it on to others, and shall be much obliged if you will send us what you can for the P.O. which I enclose. We should like them as soon as you can conveniently send them. . . .

Yours sincerely, E. H. P.

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**PRAY FOR THIS NUMBER**

I ask your prayers especially for this number of "A Message from God." Pray that it may be a message to thousands of hearts who know not God. May it uplift men and women by bringing them to Christ, so that by faith in Him, they may be able to withstand the tide of evil that is rushing over the world like a flood, and to look up to heaven, above it all, and say, in the face of a thousand forms of blasphemous unbelief, "My Saviour is there. I know Him whom to know is life eternal. I await His coming to take me home to be with Himself, and while I wait, I seek to love and serve Him more, and tell others of His precious blood that cleanseth from all sin."

In His name and for His sake alone we ask you to help us still to win souls for Him. Any gift you may be led by God to send, may be sent to—

**DR. HEYMAN WREFORD,**

**"The Firs," Denmark Road, Exeter.**

Our monthly circular dealing with the work of the "Testament and Tract Fund" will be sent post free to any who desire it. Please write to :

Secretary,

Testament and Tract Fund,

The Firs, Denmark Road,

Exeter,

and for any information about the work.

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*F. E. Race (C. A. Hammond), 3 & 4, London House Yard, Paternoster Row, E.C.4.*

FORTIETH YEAR.

OCT., 1924.

One Penny Net 8/- per 100 Net, or 8/6 post free.

# A Message from God

EDITED BY HEYMAN WREFORD

“ Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved.”



“ The kine went along the highway, lowing as they went.” (1 Sam. vi. 12.) Read the chapter.



# The Ways of God

BY THE EDITOR

## WHAT IS JESUS, THE SON OF GOD TO ME?

“ But though we, or an angel from heaven, preach any other gospel unto you, than that which we have preached unto you, let him be accursed.” (Gal. i. 8.)

“ Jesus Christ . . . in whom we have redemption through His blood, the forgiveness of sins ” . . . (Eph. i. 5 and 7.)

**M**Y Dear Friends,  
Another month has gone into eternity. Will you, with me, this month, face the solemn question, What is Jesus, the Son of God, to you and me? I want you to share with me the joy of knowing Him, whom to know is life eternal. In the Lord's Prayer to His Father (John xvii. verse 3), He says, “ And **this** is life eternal, that they might know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent.” This is the foundation truth on which all salvation rests—the knowledge of the Father and the Son, through the teaching of the Holy Spirit. To destroy the truth of that heavenly Oneness (for Jesus said, “ I and My Father are One ”), has been the aim of Satan for nigh two thousand years. To-day the Modernist is preaching the denial of the Deity of Christ, and, inspired by Satan, is using all the logic of “ seducing spirits,” to weaken in the minds of men and women their belief in the **Oneness** of the Father and the Son. These men are not only taking away from themselves all their hopes of salvation, but are leading others in the same darkness of unbelief. Peter says clearly and distinctly in Acts iv. verse 12, speaking of the Lord

Jesus, "**Neither is there salvation in any other : for there is none other Name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved.**" This truth in this verse I wholeheartedly believe—I stake my soul for all eternity upon it. It is the rock-foundation, amid all the sandy wastes of error.

Now I will tell you a little what Jesus the Son of God is to me.

**He is my Saviour.** He has saved me. He has redeemed me with His blood. "He has bought me with a price" (1 Cor. vi. 20). I am His for time, and for eternity; His in life, and His in death; His here and His hereafter. I was a prisoner, and condemned to death on account of my sins; He came, and wore my chains, and took my place—He bore the judgment of my many sins—yes, He died to set me free from sin. I was lost in the darkness of my guilt, "sitting in darkness, and the shadow of death," and He sought and found me, and led me into paths of light and peace. I was unhappy, and ill at ease, and He made me happy and cheered me with His own words, "I have loved thee with an everlasting love; fear not, I have redeemed thee, thou art Mine." **Yes, He is my Saviour.** Reader! He is willing to be your Saviour, willing to save you. **Only those who have a Saviour can enter heaven, where the Saviour is.** Have you this Saviour? **Jesus is my Friend.** Yes, He was my Friend when I was a sinner in my sins. He is called "the Friend . . . of sinners." He is my eternal Friend now—One "that sticketh closer than a brother." There is no friend on earth like Him. I have tried human hearts, and they have often failed me when most I needed them; but His love remains unchanged and unchanging. He has said to me, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee." I know that for all eternity He will be my Friend. I have often been in sorrow, and my heart has been sad and sore with trials and temptations, and He has been my support. I have often been weary of the way and longed for rest and home; and He has spoken to my soul of heaven, and the rest to come. He has bidden me lean my head upon His loving breast, and I have felt the everlasting arms around me then. Reader, is He your Friend? Come with me and gaze on Jesus now. See Him 'mid the glory of heaven! He is there because He has put away sin; He is there to receive the sinner, for

whom He died. Gaze upon Him! Believe in Him; come to Him. "He is the chiefest among ten thousand, the altogether lovely." Is He beautiful to you? Is He dearer than the ones you love best on earth? Can you single Him out from all others, and seat Him on the highest throne in your hearts, and say to one and all, "**This** is my beloved, and **this** is my Friend?" God grant that the sinners' Friend may be your Friend now. It is a glorious truth that enables me to speak of my Saviour as my Friend.

**Jesus is my Light.** How dark the world would be without Him! How could I find my way did He not shine upon me? When I sat in darkness the Light shone round about me. It showed me **myself**, and it showed me my **Saviour**.

There are false lights. As the wreckers in days gone by used to light their cruel false lights along the cliffs on the stormy night to allure the unconscious mariners to destruction, so Satan has his beacon lights that shine upon the cliffs of time.

There is the light of **good works**, that shines with alluring beam; and many a poor sinner has been lost, lured on to eternal shipwreck by its false guidance. There is the light of **forms and ceremonies**, a light that dances 'mid the foam of the waves of spiritual death, that flashes but to lead to destruction. One day all these false lights will be quenched, and only the clear shining of the true light will be left. Christ, the Light of heaven, will glorify eternity; and the children of the Light will be with Him there. Oh! what of you? Do you love darkness better than light? God forbid. Jesus is the Light. Jesus alone can save you, and enlighten your darkness.

**Jesus is my all in all.** He is the consummation of all joy: the climax of all peace, the everlasting Amen to all the blessedness of heaven. He is all in all to the Christian. We shall see Him, and shall be like Him. We lose ourselves in Christ. "Our life is hid with Christ in God." There is nothing beyond Christ. The Christian's eternity is Christ. All the apostle could say of the future was, "To depart and to be with Christ"; and again, "Absent from the body, at home with the Lord." The Christian looks to the end of life's journey, and he sees Jesus. God opens the gates of praise and lets out the melody of heaven; and it is, "Unto Him that



loveth us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and He made us kings and priests unto God and His Father; to Him be glory and dominion, for ever and ever, Amen." Yes, it is nothing but Christ, the beginning and end of all the praise in heaven. God opens the flood-gates of divine love; and the river flows, widening and deepening in an eternity of rapture: "Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God." O reader, what is to be the end and purpose of your life? Will you believe this glorious gospel, that makes everything of Christ, and nothing of you apart from Christ?

Oh! glorious gospel, that speaks of eternal happiness; that is eloquent of the love of God; that tells of the sufferings of the Son of God, the Saviour; that speaks of the presence and power of the Holy Ghost! Oh, glorious gospel, that points to a risen, ascended and glorified Christ; that is radiant with the promises of God, and beautified by the invitations of Christ!

Ask yourself, my reader, the question now, **What is Jesus, the Son of God, to me?**

Dear friend, one solemn text in closing, to show you the doom that will come to you if you follow the Modernist in his contempt of the only and all-sufficient Saviour: "**If any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ, let him be Anathema Maranatha (accursed at the Lord's coming).**" 1 Cor. xvi. 22.)

I leave you, dear friend, facing these solemn words—leave you saying to your heart, I trust, **What is the Lord Jesus Christ to me?**

Yours for Christ's sake,

HEYMAN WREFORD.

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**"IF HE HAD, WHERE SHOULD I HAVE BEEN?"**

It was the day after Good Friday, and a young district nurse, taking a brief holiday by the sea, sat talking quietly of the solemn service on the theme of the Lord's death.

The thought seemed pressed in on her mind of how the revilings of the multitude round the cross must have pained Him who hung there. "If Thou be the Son of God, come

down from the Cross." " Oh," said the young nurse, " I think if it had been **me** I must have come down at that!" " But then," she quickly added, with a serious, tender look in her dark eyes, "**but if He had, where should I have been?**" " Ah! where indeed?" seemed to echo in the heart of the friendly listener.

Have you thought it out, put just in that manner? The Lord Jesus **could** have " come down." One call to the Father, and thousands of angels would have appeared at once to loose the nails and lift Him from the cruel cross. By His own act of will—indeed, without the help of angels—He could have " come down" and His " known and unknown agonies could have ended in a moment.

**But, " if He had," if He had " come down,"** where would you and I have been?

There is but one answer. You and I must have taken the place of death, the place of God's judgment on sin. None can imagine or attempt to tell what that would mean. How terrible the meaning was to the Son of God Himself we see, if we slowly and thoughtfully read the accounts of the suffering and death of Christ, as given us in the Gospels. The Son of God was crushed beneath it. What would become of you or me if we had to bear it? God **will**—He **must**—punish sin. He has said that He will do it; and we have sinned and therefore deserve the punishment. It was to take our place and die the death due to us that the Lord Jesus went up to Calvary and hung those long, weary hours upon the cross. "**Let Him come down,**" cried the mocking crowd. **If He had** there would have been no pardon, no salvation, no Easter joy, no opened gate of heaven. What was it that brought, and held Him to the cross? Do you say, " The nails"? Ah! no; not really—think again! A stronger power than that of the nails held Him there—strong and cruel as those nails were. The mightiest power in the world held Him—**the power of Love.**

Great things have been done and dared in the world by love: by the love of mothers; the love of friends; the love of lovers—but nothing has ever been done or suffered that can compare with the cross of Christ. It was **love unto death**, of the Highest for the lowest, by the most Loving for His enemies.

“ IF HE HAD, WHERE SHOULD I HAVE BEEN? 151

Have you thanked Him yet? Has His death brough life to you? If all would have been eternal loss to you, if Jesus had not died; because He **did** die, has all become eternal gain for you?

MARGARET ESDAILE.

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“ THAT BLESSED BOOK ”

**The Book that Speaks of Jesus.**

Only an old, tattered flower woman ! withered and weather-beaten, ragged and wrinkled ! How fair and sweet looked the flowers carried by the brown, horny hands !

A kindly smile lit up the rugged face, and there was a hearty ring in the words she so repeatedly emphasised, and the old body had still a thought for others and their needs. “ Look here, ma’am, **you gave** me some of them little **books** the other day. There’s a poor, old man near me, and he says, ‘ **Ask** that lady if she hasn’t something for a **dying man** to read.’ That’s just what he says, lady.”

So I fetched a little Testament out of the book-case, and turned the leaf down at the third and tenth of John’s Gospel, and told her to give it to him.

Some days passed away, and then the old body came again. “ Oh ! that **blessed** book,” she exclaimed, directly she saw me, “ He’s been a-reading it, and he says **he’s got the peace**, and if **ever** he gets out of his bed he’s **a-coming to see you.**” The withered old face looked quite radiant, as she nodded and emphasised. “ He gets up in his bed to pray for you, he does ; and he says **that book** has told him **all he wants.**”

Aye ! sometimes it tells us more than we want to know. It tells us of the sin so dark, so heinous, that it shuts out from God’s heaven, and God’s rest. But, if you will listen, it tells us also of the Days-man, the Substitute, the **One** whose precious blood blots out all sin, until not a spot remains, and the soul is whiter than the driven snow. (See Isa. i. 18.)

A few days passed away, and the old flower-woman came again. “ He’s gone,” she said. “ He went at three o’clock this morning, and he says, ‘ **Tell that lady I’m going to glory**


and I shall meet her there. You keep **that blessed book,**' he says, 'and get her to write **your name** and **mine** in it. I'm full of peace and joy, and I'm **going to glory.**' Those were his **very words,** lady, and it was all through **that Blessed Book.**"

The weather-stained, old gipsy flower-woman had been the means of placing in those dying hands the bread of life. God had spoken, and he had listened; and the heart had seen Jesus as the Saviour for sinners, and he had passed through death without a cloud, and without a spot.

" British Evangelist."

## THE PRECIOUS BLOOD OF CHRIST

1. What the Scriptures say about it.
2. What Mrs. Eddy says about it.

 Reader! which will you believe—a blasphemer, or the Word of God?

What Mrs. Eddy says :—

" Science and Health " says : " The material blood of Jesus was no more efficacious to cleanse from sin when it was shed upon the ' accursed tree,' than when it was flowing in His veins as He went daily about His Father's business."—1908 Edition, page 25, line 6.

## WHAT THE BIBLE SAYS.

The Bible says : " For this is My blood of the New Testament, which is shed for many for the remission of sins." (Matt. xxvi. 28.)

" **Without shedding of blood** is no remission." (Heb. ix. 22.)

Dear reader, carefully consider the above statements regarding the blood of the Lord Jesus. You will discover a very striking contrast—yea, a palpable contradiction. Both cannot be true, therefore the very nature of the case necessitates a choice. **Your eternal weal or woe depends on the attitude you assume toward the " precious blood of Christ."** (1 Peter i. 18-21.)

In God's reckoning the shedding of the blood of Christ means everything. The " life of all flesh is the blood thereof." (Lev. xvii. 14.) The shedding of the blood speaks of

the laying down of that life in sacrifice. Had an Israelite merely taken a living lamb and fastened it by a cord to the door of the house wherein he lived, there was no assurance from God that his first-born would escape the sword of the destroying angel as he passed through the land of Egypt that night. (Please read Exodus xii.) It was not "blood in the veins" that God desired to see, but "blood on the two side posts and on the upper door post of the houses." It was essential that the blood be shed and sprinkled to assure the safety of the firstborn. The Scriptures mention a "must needs be" in connection with the sacrifice of Christ; plainly teaching that it is not the "blood in His veins," but His "shed" blood that avails. In other words, it is not the life which He lived, but the death which He died that saves the believer from the doom of his sins. The Lord Jesus said: "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up; that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have eternal life." (John iii. 14 and 15.) Again we read: "Christ must needs have suffered, and risen again from the dead." (Acts xvii. 3.)

It was the shed blood of the lamb that made the difference between Abel and Cain (Heb. xi. 4), and between the Israelites and the Egyptians (Exod. xii. 13). It is the shed blood of the Lamb of God that marks the difference between the Saved and Lost now, and that will differentiate between the song of the redeemed in heaven and the wail of the damned in hell hereafter. (Rev. v. 9 and 10.)

The precious shed blood of Jesus Christ is that which procures every blessing which the Christian enjoys. It is:

The ground of our peace. (Col. i. 20.)

"Having made peace through the blood of His cross, by Him to reconcile all things unto Himself."

The channel of our forgiveness. (Eph. i. 7.)

"In whom we have redemption through His blood the forgiveness of sins."

The means of our cleansing. (1 John i. 7.)

"The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin."

The power of our sanctification. (Heb. xiii. 12.)

"Wherefore Jesus, also, that He might sanctify the people with His own blood, suffered without the gate."

The pledge of our blessing. (Luke xxii. 20.)

“ This cup is the New Testament in My blood which is shed for you.”

The price of our purchase. (Acts xx. 28.)

“ The church of God which He hath purchased with His own blood.”

The liberty of our access. (Heb. x. 19.)

“ Having, therefore, brethren, boldness to enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus.”

The theme of our praise. (Rev. v. 9.)

“ Unto Him who loved us and washed us from our sins in His own blood.”

The certainty of our overcoming. (Rev. xii. 11.)

“ And they overcame Him by the blood of the Lamb.”

Do not allow Mrs. Eddy or anyone else to rob you, dear reader, of these matchless blessings which are yours to enjoy “ through faith in His blood.” (Rom. iii. 25.)

T. M. OLSON.

His cross, His blood, His righteousness, my hope, my only plea. My sins deserve eternal death, but Jesus died for me.  
**Redeemed with the Precious Blood of Christ.**

◆ ◆ ◆ ◆  
**THE SAILOR'S GOING HOME**

**“ Jesus is my Saviour.”**

I entered the fore-castle of a vessel in port and found an aged sailor on a bed of sickness. I entered into conversation with him, and found he had no hope of recovery. I asked him of his hope hereafter. He said that he prayed to God to pardon his sins before he would die, and he knew that Christ died to save sinners. His hope went no further; he did not trust Christ as his Saviour; but still he seemed quite at ease—he was deceived.

I saw his hope was not according to Scripture, and it would not save him. I read from the Bible God's way of salvation and pointed him to the finished work of Christ as his true and only hope. I then prayed that the Holy Spirit would reveal to him the truth, and enable him to believe in Christ.

He grew uneasy, and saw the foundation on which he had

THE SAILOR'S GOING HOME

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built was gone, and that he was a lost and guilty sinner before God. He had a Bible, but the type was small, and his eyes were dim; he could not read it. I gave him a New



Testament in large type, marking those verses where the Lord Jesus is the only Saviour, and left him unhappy.

I called next morning, and was delighted to see the change in his countenance. All was calm and peace and joy.

He said, "Oh, I have peace now; Jesus is my Saviour; He has taken away my sins." I knelt beside him again, and we both gave praise and thanks to God.

Some time after I met him on the wharf; he was being carried by some men to a ship about to sail for his home, that he hoped to reach before his death.

He said he wished to see me on the ship. I went to see him, and on stooping down to speak to him, he drew his arms around my neck and drew me to him, and bursting into tears, he sobbed aloud, saying,

"I cannot let you go; I cannot let you go; you pointed me to Christ, and He has saved me. Oh how I love you!"

The ship's syren sounded and the gangway was about to be removed, so that I had to tear myself away from him, bathed in tears. I said in parting, "In a little while we shall meet above."

Reader, it is not enough to believe Jesus is a Saviour; you must know Him as your Saviour. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." A. C.



### " YOU DO WEAR WELL "

I was taking a cup of coffee at a restaurant in Exeter, seated at the little table for two only, which I always occupy when I feel it right to go in for the luxury of a cup of coffee for mid-day lunch. Now let me tell you how I heard the remark, "You do wear well." A stranger sat opposite me, a most agreeable gentleman, who (he told me) was in Exeter for a few hours only. "It is a beautiful old city, madam; have you known it long?" "Oh, yes," said I. "I expect few have lived in Exeter as long as I," and then I mentioned how long. Taking off his hat, he said, "**You do wear well.** How have you managed it? I only wish I may wear as well." "Sir," I said, "if you wish to wear well, I tell my friends, **work.** Work hard and do not give way to laziness and coddling; but above all, and of first importance, seek the kingdom of God, as that promise stated in Matt. vi. 33 says: '**Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you.**' Food, clothing, the supply of every need, and 'many days' if the Lord will."



“ YOU DO WEAR WELL ”

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Reader, look at Psalm xxxiv. 12, 13 and 14. Follow the advice and probably **you will wear well.**

EMILY P. LEAKEY.

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## DEAD IN A MOMENT

I recently received from a native of Central America a solemn letter, from which I copy the following extract :—

“ . . . Very early one morning two men were on the seashore working. In the midst of their work it began to rain, and they both at once ran to the shelter of a little shed near by. One of the men was twenty-one years of age, and the other was forty-nine. The elder went inside the shed for shelter, the younger one stood leaning against the door post, facing the direction from whence the weather was coming—they were both there waiting for the rain to cease. Suddenly a flash of lightning illumined the scene, and when it passed the young man in the doorway lay dead—he had been struck by lightning and killed instantly. The other man inside was also struck, and rendered unconscious; when he recovered his senses, he called to his comrade, and discovered he was dead. The whole town was amazed at the incident.” **Dead in a moment!**

This solemn event made me think of our Lord’s twice spoken solemn words in Luke xiii. 3, 4 and 5 verses. Please read.

Men to-day boldly affirm there is no hell. It was only yesterday I was told by a man he was all right. I found he was resting upon a so-called “ straight life.”

Is there one reading this who is anxious to flee from the wrath to come? There is a way of escape. “ Much more then, being now justified by His blood, we shall be saved from wrath through Him.” (Rom. iii. verse 9.)

A. A. L.

◆     ◆     ◆     ◆

## A YOUNG DOCTOR’S EXPERIENCE

Among my patients there was an old man who suffered from frequent attacks of bronchitis. I took a special interest in him, and always liked to visit him. He was of an amiable and sympathetic disposition, and in appearance also I thought he bore a very striking resemblance to my father. One day I was sent for to see him, and went immediately; but when I arrived was deeply grieved to find him very ill, so ill indeed

that I saw he was not likely to recover. There was an eager, wistful, anxious look on his face that was new to it, and on his bed was lying a little prayer-book in which he had evidently been reading. When I entered, he took my hand and said, "Doctor, I am very ill; but, worse than that, I am very unhappy. I think I am dying and I am afraid to die. I have been trying to pray, and the clergyman has been here; but I have not rest; I am not ready to die."

I thought, "Well, I know what would give him rest; I ought to tell him." But the thought of my own unfaithfulness rose up before me; I had been living carelessly, as I knew I ought not, and the remembrance of this stopped me. I prescribed for him, bade him good morning, and left; but as I got to the door, something seemed to say, "Go back, and tell him what you know." An irresistible impulse seized me. "I must go back," I thought; "I am not worthy to speak; but they won't be my words, a higher power will speak through me"; and so I returned. He looked up eagerly at me, and I said, "You are unhappy?"

"Yes," he said.

"You can get no rest; you know that you are a sinner; you have offended God, and have been trying to please Him by praying and striving; you have been trying to believe, and are still unbelieving; the only fruit of all your efforts has been to show you that you are lost; is it not so?"

"It is just that," he said sorrowfully.

"Well, listen; I shall put the whole story in a nutshell. Adam disobeyed God, and through his sin all his posterity are lost. You have sinned yourself, forgotten and disobeyed God, so that by birth and practice you are doubly condemned. There is no hope for you; you are utterly hopeless to atone for one out of so many sins. But God in His great love provided a remedy; He took His own beloved Son, sent Him down to this world, allowed Him to be nailed to a cross; God Himself laid your sins on Him, and He suffered and died instead of you, and God is satisfied to accept His sufferings, His death, instead of yours, so that you can go free. In fact, you have not got a single thing to do in order to save yourself, because God's Son has done it all; God is satisfied with what He has done."

I left him, feeling that I had finished my message. On calling next day I heard the feeble failing voice singing a hymn. His face was quite changed; the look of anxious weariness had given place to one of peaceful happiness. He took both my hands, and looking in my face, said, "Doctor, I thank you; I see it all now. I am dying, but I am not afraid, for I know now that Christ died for me. He is my Redeemer, and I am going to be with Him, for I know that God is satisfied with what Christ has done."

He lived for a few days longer, and was quite happy all through to the end. E. L. W.



### A LESSON FROM "A MESSAGE FROM GOD"

A young Christian writes:—

Dear Dr. Wreford,—. . . One great lesson I have learnt by reading "**A Message from God**" is that I am to be very careful what I read, and that I should prove all things and hold fast to that which is right, taking for my guide ever and always the Word of God. **I thank God for learning this lesson.**

Again thanking you for your kindness in sending me a Testament, and asking you to send me another, not for myself, but for another recently converted friend who is desirous of learning more of Him who saved us. May God bless your work!

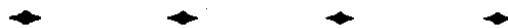
Yours in Christ,

R. R.



### THANK GOD

An offering for our work sent from one who says: "From one who was converted a few weeks ago, and knows how precious is '**A Message from God.**'"



### PEAKE'S COMMENTARY.

The following concerning Peake's Commentary finding its proper level, and companionship amongst avowedly anti-Christian literature, is from a correspondent in New South Wales.

It appeared in one of the Sydney papers, calling attention

to the fact that "**The Rationalistic Association of Australia**" is now "**advertising and selling Peake's Commentary, in conjunction with Voltaire, Tom Paine, Ingersoll, Haeckel, and similar works.**"


At our family prayers this morning we read the second chapter of the Second Epistle of Peter; and the first and second verses of the chapter seemed to have foretold in a striking manner what Professor Peake, and men like him, would do in our days. Solemn words they are:—

"But there were false prophets also among the people, even as there shall be false teachers among you, who privily shall bring in damnable heresies, even denying the Lord that bought them, **and bring upon themselves swift destruction.** And many shall follow their pernicious ways; by reason of whom the way of truth shall be evil spoken of."

### A CLOSING WORD

The Lord's work is dear to us in these closing days of this dispensation. Far and wide the call comes to us from needy sinners for the Word of God. Any gift you may be led to give us to enable us to answer any call may be sent to—

DR. HEYMAN WREFORD,  
THE FIRS, DENMARK ROAD,  
EXETER.

 Our monthly circular dealing with the work of our **Testament and Tract Fund** will gladly be sent free, and post free, to any who desire to know about our work and our distribution of the Scriptures.

Please write for Circular and information to:—

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TESTAMENT AND TRACT FUND,  
THE FIRS, DENMARK ROAD,  
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A Message from God 1924

FORTIETH YEAR.

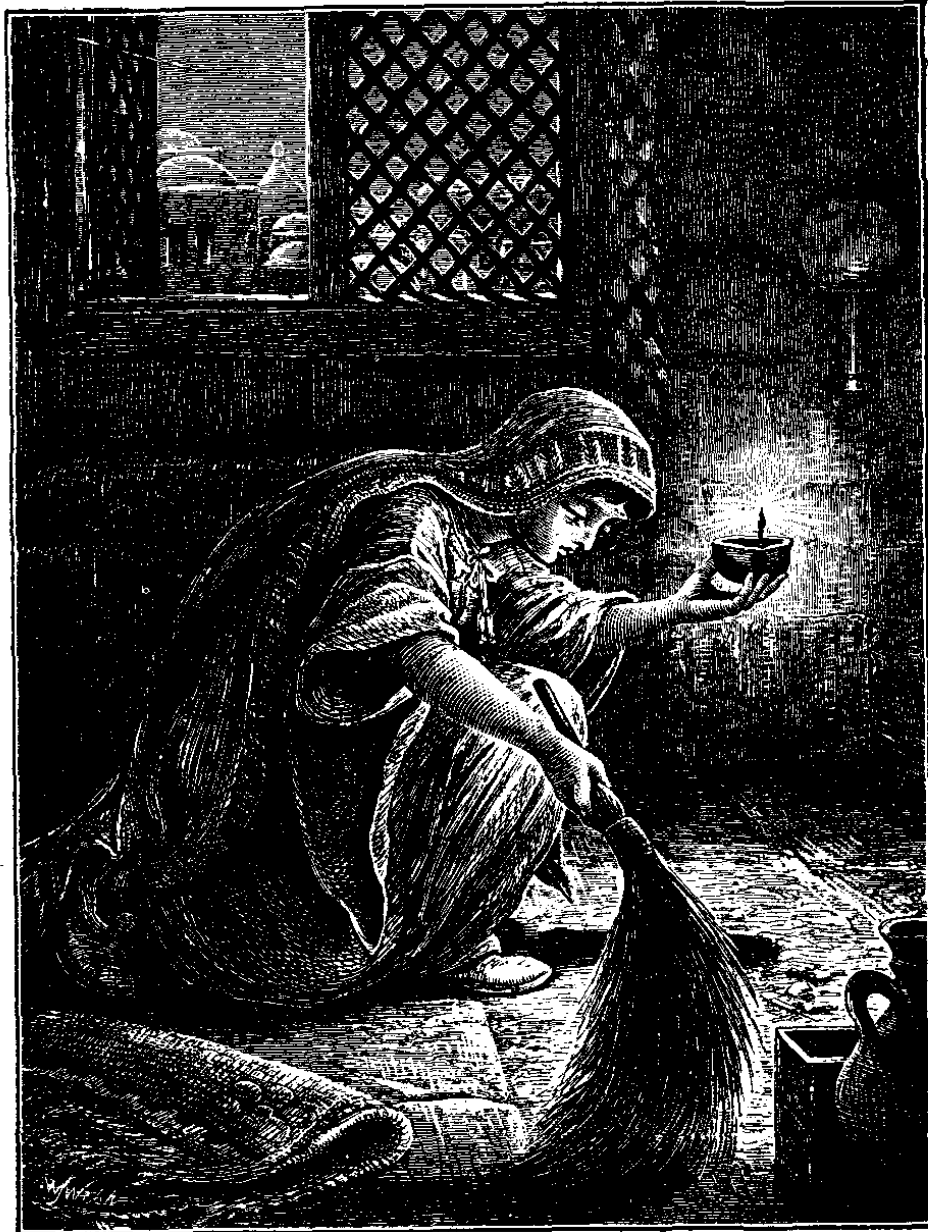
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# A Message from God

EDITED BY HEYMAN WREFORD

“ Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved.”



**Seeking the Lost Piece of Silver**

We seek lost sinners. Read Luke xv. 8, 9, 10.

*F. E. Race (C. A. Hammond), 3 & 4, London House Yard, Paternoster Row, E.C.4.*

A Message from God 1924



# The Ways of God

BY THE EDITOR

“At any moment the Lord Himself may descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the arch-angel, and with the trump of God, to raise the sleeping bodies of the saints, and to summon the whole people of God to meet Him in the air.”

J.R.

## REPENT OR PERISH.

**Repent or perish**—these are stern words, spoken by the most loving lips that ever spake on earth. Jesus said: . . . . “**Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish,**” Luke xiii, 3. The wide significance of these words embrace the whole world. No man or woman can escape their application; they apply to every human soul. We live in days, dark with the most awful sinning the world has ever known. All the storm-troops of hell, led by the devil, are assaulting the strongholds of faith—many of the foremost soldiers in these ranks of perdition are those who have professed the name of Christ, and are now the perverts of Satan. The atheist flies his banner, “**There is no God.**” The Modernist has for his battle-cry, “Jesus was not the Son of God, and the Bible that speaks of Him as such is not to be believed.” Traitors, by the tens of thousands, are inspired by Satan to pour forth the “doctrines of devils,” where once the pure gospel was preached. Children are taught to curse God and Christ. These Satanic doctrines take every conceivable form. The whole world “lieth in the wicked one.”

Satan is the "prince of darkness" and "the God of this world." The fiery trail of the bottomless pit can be traced all over the earth. The devil sows darkness in human lives, and quenches all desire for the light of God. He eclipses the light of many a life that once shone brightly for God and Christ. The faith of many has waxed cold—many have followed afar off, and others in their wanderings from truth have lost sight of Christ altogether. But the faith of many still keeps its stand, thank God, upon the heights of prayer and communion. The heart that knows the Father and the Son need never falter in these awful days. The charge of God to His own is, "**Behold I come quickly; hold that fast which thou hast, that no man take thy crown.**" Rev. iii. xi.

### **Repent or Perish.**

Fiercely the battle rages amid the darkness and ruin of the world—the world where Satan reigns, and where his mighty power for evil is everywhere manifest. The solemn voice speaks its warning to the men and women of the world to-day, as it has for nigh **2,000** years, "**Except ye repent ye shall all likewise perish.**" Repentance is self-judgment through faith before God. Throughout the whole of Scripture we constantly read of the necessity of repentance. It is a fundamental truth of God. The old world would not repent, and the waters of the deluge swept them away. Sodom and Gomorrah would not repent, and fire and brimstone destroyed them. Nineveh **did** repent, and God spared the people for their repentance. Peter at Pentecost preached a gospel of repentance, and many a heart was softened then by the spirit of God, and the cry arose, "Men and brethren, what must we do?" Then said Peter, "**Repent and be baptised every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ for the remission of sins, and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost.**" They **did** repent, and they **were** saved, for a greater than Peter had said to them, "Except ye repent ye shall all likewise perish." And when Paul stands at Mar's Hill, men heard him say, "God comandeth all men everywhere to repent." My reader, **you** must repent **of** your sins, or you will perish, **you will perish, in** your sins. Think now of the sins for which you have to repent. Let God's light in over your life. They say to put prisoners into solitary confinement

is the worst punishment you can give them, because they are left alone with their own thoughts.

Reader, **get alone with God**; the sinner and his God must meet some day. Why not now, when grace is reigning and the "golden sceptre" of acceptance is held out for you to touch?

The Bible tells us of a sinner who got alone with God, and he cried "God, be merciful to me the sinner." If you get alone with God and cry out thus, the **Love** that died for sin and sinners will have mercy and forgive your sins; but if you will not repent, if you will not confess—then the stern decree is, "**Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish.**" You must repent or you must perish. This is the truth of God—never to be mitigated or altered—**repent of sin, or perish in your sin.**

**Dear Reader**, we have had solemn things brought before us, and you are concerned in it all. Will you repent now and have everlasting life? Will you enter the open door of salvation now? Then the door of heaven will **never** be shut against you? But beware of tiring out the patient love of a Saviour God. A poacher in one of his midnight excursions was shot and carried home to die. As he lay in his bed, his constant cry was, "**My sins, my sins and the judgment day.**" Over and over again these awful words came from his lips. They brought him water to drink, but he cried out, "**water can never quench my thirst; my sins, my sins, and the judgment day.**" And so he died. What an awful death. A careless, hardened sinner at the close of life, in the "outer darkness," with the awful spectres of his sins around his bed, shrieking, "**My sins, my sins and the judgment day.**" He looked around and he saw his sins; he looked ahead and he saw the Great White Throne, where he would stand unsaved in his sins to be condemned for ever. It was all real. And what of you? Have you ever looked back and seen your sins following you **silently and surely**, on to judgment? Think of it now. not one sin absent—all coming silently on, and if you die an unrepentant sinner, every sin will find a tongue to accuse you before God. What is there before you, unsaved and unrepentant sinner? The day of awful wrath—God's wrath against **unrepented sin.** Then think of your position now, your sins behind, the



judgment before you. **Repent of your sins at once**; trust the precious blood that cleanseth from all sin; tell Jesus how you have sinned, and He will tell you how He saves; tell the Saviour how far you have wandered, and He will tell you how He seeks and saves the lost. **Do it now—I entreat you to do it now.**

Yours for Christ's sake,

HEYMAN WREFORD.

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### CROSSES ARE KISSES.

The letters I get from my little ones,  
Are sure to end up like this—

x     x     x     x     x     x

A score of kisses, row upon row,  
**And every cross is a kiss.**

And through the miles that separate  
My little ones from me,  
I feel the tug of their tiny arms,  
And each loving face I see.

“Every **cross** is a **kiss**,” they say;  
My crosses are never few;  
They wait for me when I wake at dawn,  
They follow the long day through.

I never dreamed **God** sent them in love,  
Ah! me, what Good I miss  
When I push away with angry hands,  
The **cross** that God means for a **kiss**.

ANON.

◆     ◆     ◆     ◆

### THE HEAVENLY VISION.

The dear old saint, whose portrait, sent by a friend, we give here, although blind, has “the heavenly vision,” and when people tell her how happy she looks, she answers them by speaking of her “Unseen Friend.” She says “**I love the Lord**,” and then she repeats the words:—

“Turn your eyes upon Jesus—  
Look full in His wonderful face,  
And the things of earth will grow strangely dim;  
In the light of His glory and grace.”



**The Heavenly Vision**

“Thy love O Christ, and Thy love’s endless bliss.”

Have you seen “the Heavenly vision.” Christ at the right hand of God!

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**“QUEST.”**

I looked at Beauty, and I loved it, sought it,  
The radiance of the sunset glow,  
The purity of fallen snow,  
The beauty of an opening flower,  
The mystery of one starlit hour.

I looked at Beauty, and I loved it, sought it,  
I looked at nature, and the One who taught it,  
Submission to the perfect laws divine,  
And thirstily this seeking soul of mine,  
Saw fading joys in all around, but Thine.

I heard earth's music, and I loved it, sought it,  
The pathos of a minor key,  
The charm of rippling melody,  
The laughter of a little child,  
The anthem of the ocean wild,  
I heard this music, and its charms enthralled,  
Until the throb of the funereal march, distressed,  
Insatiate turned I to the Song Divine, appalled,  
Where melody, and harmony, like nectared wine,  
Flow ceaselessly from out the Eternal Home of Thine.

I sought for human love, and seeking, found it,  
The balm of filial tenderness,  
The sweetness of a child's caress,  
The precious finding of a friend,  
The rapturous bliss which love can lend:  
Thus I found this loveliness, yet shadows deep  
Fall on earth's joy, and human hearts must weep,  
When separation, or that long last kiss  
Is given . . . Sighing we turn lest we should miss  
Thy love, O Christ, and Thy love's endless bliss.

RUTH SALWEY.

◆ ◆ ◆ ◆  
**THAT'S IT--TO LOVE HIM.**

Yes, indeed, that's it—to know and love Him, the great  
“I Am,” the one and only Saviour—“Who loved me and  
gave Himself for me. I will now tell you how I came by the

title of this little article. I knew the doctor was expecting an article from me for "**A Message from God.**" I had nothing to say so I prayed "O Lord, give me a suitable thought." When I opened my letters I found one contained a post card, with "Please answer this for me, I am too busy to write." The "**this**" was an extremely long, wordy letter, that I wished it had not come until I had read the first page of the six, containing six hundred words each and more! ! I will here copy that which so delighted my soul and made me say "That's it, to love Him, HIM, HIM." This is what I copied:—

"The gentleman presiding said it was very true that atheistical literature is being sown broadcast. A missionary, the Rev. Daniel Jones, related this to him as he was voyaging to India. There was a dear enthusiastic Christian girl a passenger, also a very clever and ardent atheist who was extremely fond of argument, and this dear girl, hoping to win him for Christ, entered into controversy with him, but she was soon thoroughly beaten. With tears, she confessed "You have beaten me in argument but. . . **I love Him, I love Him,**" and the Holy Spirit used her simple testimony "I love Him" to convert this strong opponent to the Word of God.

He was obliged to seek her and tell her how much he wanted to have this treasure and there and then accepted Christ as his personal Saviour—then he had the huge mass of infidel literature—**two tons**—cast into the sea that he was taking to India and said he never had such joy as casting all these boxes overboard."

See, dear readers, how the Lord can use the simplest testimony for Christ, to the saving of a precious soul. This man became a missionary in Northern India, and this dear girl was the means of leading him to the Saviour she loved. Speak a word for the Lord Jesus, dear reader, whenever you can, and never fear that He will in His own good time give His blessing to the saving of another soul. Yes, to love Him to know Him and serve Him, will be not only our great joy here, but will continue for ever and for ever—therefore see that you **love Him.**

EMILY P. LEAKEY.

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## A REMARKABLE CONVERSION.

Our dear friend, **A.A.L.**, who has been so devoted in her work among the soldiers all through the Great War and after, has sent the following letter from a dear soldier, **W.M.T.**

Dear Miss Loosemore, . . . I will tell you the incident which I mentioned to you in my last letter. You remember the first parcel of tracts you sent me. I distributed them as far as I could. I was taken unwell, but did not report myself ill. There were one or two large tracts in the parcel, and I asked the chaps to pass them round when they had read them. This they did, and then something seemed to go wrong with me. I slept a long sleep. I was so queer that I could not rest in my sleep, and it was then that I saw that God was going to use me for work for Him. I saw myself being laughed at because I was a Christian. I saw myself almost in despair, but glory to His blessed name, I saw Jesus in a new light, and He said to me, "**Blessed are they which are persecuted for my sake. Go on; your work shall not be in vain.**" The next day I went on a route march, but my sickness overcame me, and over I went. I was taken to the hospital in a lorry. . . . When I came out of hospital I went to stay with my battalion as a trained sniper, not a nice occupation was it, having to lie in wait for any of the enemy to come in sight and then bowl them over. A young chap came to me and said "Are you one of those kind of people that they speak of in the Moody and Sankey books?" I asked him what he meant. He said, "You know, don't try and kid me that you don't understand, because you will spoil it for good. You are the chap that gave us those story books at M——, before you went to hospital." "Well," he continued, "I read one or two, and I also read this one," and he placed his hand in his pocket and showed me his precious Bible, with the tract nicely wrapped in a little slip of paper, with my name, and where I gave it to him. It was "The Dying Drummer Boy," and he said, "you know I've cried over this book." I asked him why. He replied, "I cannot understand how such a little kid should have such faith, or as you Christians say, such a God, to trust when in such trouble." I asked him if he had faith in God. He answered, "Not faith like that." I simply said, "God bless you, old chappie, and enlighten you." Then we got down and spoke to our loving Father, who is ever ready to listen to us. When he got up he said "I can see it now a little better, if God could give such faith to a little drummer boy, He would give **him** the same faith." We parted that night; I left him to God to deal with, but these thoughts came to me as I recalled his face. I remembered how, the night I had distributed the tracts, he had laughed at me when I told him about his soul—he laughed when I told him what might come. Then the words of my dream came to me, the words God spoke to me, "**Your work shall not be in vain**"; and here was the very man who was the worse for liquor when I gave away those little books—

the man who laughed when spoken to about his soul. Here he was before God, crying like a little child. He wanted to understand more about the Saviour, who is mighty and willing to save and keep. This man was saved through reading the little book, "**The Dying Drummer boy.**" The dear fellow met his fate the night we were relieved. He was blown to pieces by a shell falling full in his lap, but glory be to God, I know he was ready for his blessed promotion to glory and I shall meet him in heaven before the throne of grace.

Yours still serving Christ,  
W.M.T.

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### GOD'S RECOMPENSE.

Our souls would know no rainbow,  
If our eyes knew nought of tears;  
'Neath His glorious arch of promise,  
We pass through changing years—  
The darkest night brings out the stars,  
The fog the harbour bell,  
And faith can hear above the waves,  
Our Pilot's cheer—"All's well."

ANON.

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### GOD'S REVELATION.

A Scotch botanist sallied forth to the hills one bright day to study his favourite flowers. Presently he plucked a heather bell and put it upon the glass of his microscope. He stretched himself at length upon the ground and began to scrutinise it through the microscope. Moment after moment passed and still he lay there gazing, entranced by the beauty of the little flower. Suddenly a shadow fell upon the ground where he lay. Looking up he saw a tall, weather-beaten shepherd gazing down with a smile of half-concealed amusement at a man spending his time looking through a glass at so common a thing as a heather bell. Without a word the botanist reached up and handed the shepherd the microscope. He placed it to his eye and began to gaze. For him, too, moment after moment sped by while he gazed in enraptured silence. When he handed back the glass the botanist noticed that the tears were streaming down

his bronzed cheeks and falling on the ground at his feet. "What's the matter," said the botanist. "Isn't it beautiful?" "Beautiful?" said the shepherd, "It is beautiful beyond all words. But I am thinking of **how many thousands of them I have trodden under foot!**"

Have you ever thought how many opportunities to accept Christ you have trodden under foot in your lifetime? God's opportunity is **now**. "**Now** is the accepted time." He has no other. It only takes one short minute of time to make one of God's "nows" of opportunity. So you have sixty **nows** every hour of your life. That means a thousand for the waking hours of each day. That means hundreds of thousands for every year of your life, and many millions ere your span of earthly existence is ended. Opportunity, with her millions of **nows**, will be against you in that last great assize! I fancy I hear her voice on the witness stand. "A thousand times a day I came to him. I was with him in the tender hours and influences of youth. I came to him in the pleadings of his sainted mother. I drew near him in the hours of bereavement and sorrow. I spoke to him in the tender solicitations of devoted friends. I touched him in the prayers and pleadings of his dearest ones. I sounded the warning hundreds of times from the pulpit. I whispered to him in the night-watches as he lay in the silence of his own thoughts and the convictions of his own accusing conscience. Yet for all these years has he unceasingly trodden me under foot."

Unsaved friend, there are souls in the awful place of the lost who would give a million worlds for just one more of the precious **nows** you are treading under foot. And when you see these trampled **nows** in the light of eternity, you too will weep with unspeakable agony in the realisation that not one of them will ever return.

J. H. McCONKEY.

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## STARTLING QUESTION THROUGH KEYHOLE

The story is told how on one occasion an evangelist, conducting a mission in a North Country town, went into the streets one evening with a number of open-air workers, to

give an invitation to the mission then in progress. The usual singing and address having been given, the evangelist asked the workers to go indoors and begin the service. The workers complying, he then went from house to house in a certain row, shouting this question through the keyholes, "Where will you spend eternity?" Having done this, the evangelist himself proceeded to the service. A man coming up to him said that just as he was shouting his question through the keyhole he was about to cut his throat, but was arrested in his design by the evangelist's startling word. So, sometimes, by the strange method of giving the Gospel message, does God honour the means to His glory and the blessing of men.

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### THE BIBLE RIGHT ABOUT HELL.

Math. v. 29. "It is profitable for thee that one of thy members should perish, and not that thy whole body should be cast into hell."

Matt. xxiii. 33. "Ye serpents. ye generation of vipers, how can ye escape the damnation of hell?"

Luke xii. 5. "But I will forewarn you whom ye shall fear : Fear Him, which, after He hath killed, hath power to cast into hell. Yea, I say unto you, Fear Him."

Matt. xxv. 41, 46. "Depart from Me ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels."

"And these shall go away into everlasting punishment."

Rev. xix. 20. "These both were cast alive into a lake of fire, burning with brimstone."

Rev. xx. 10. "And the devil. . . was cast into the lake of fire and brimstone, . . . and shall be tormented, day and night, forever and ever."

Rev. xx. 15. "And whosoever was not found written in the book of life, was cast into the lake of fire."

Rev. xxi. 8. "But the fearful and unbelieving, and the abominable, and murderers, and whoremongers, and sorcerers, and idolaters, and all liars, shall have their part in the lake of fire and brimstone, which is the second death."



The first four texts were spoken by the Lord on earth.

In the next three John sees in vision the coming execution of these awful threatenings.

The last is the final solemn warning of Him who sits on the throne. It is the Lord, speaking from heaven.

Now reader, a word with you about these texts. Read them first in Martin Luther's German Bible; then read them in the Douay (Catholic) version; then read them in our common English version; then read them in the Revised Version (1881), both English and American; then read them in Dean Alford's version; and last of all, in Mr. Darby's translation.

**One thing will strike you; those awful words have passed unchanged through the hands of all these translators!** And they were the picked scholars of Christendom. The English Revision of 1881 occupied twenty-seven men for ten and a half years. Favoured by royalty, they had access, as men never had before, to all the old manuscripts. Every verse in the Bible was carefully examined by these men, several of whom died before the mighty task was done. It was their deliberate judgment that these passages are unquestionable. **They have stood for centuries, like great black rocks on a storm-beaten shore.**

Honestly now, reader, what does the Lord teach in these texts? **Is there a Hell?**

Will the body suffer in it as well as the soul? Will it be everlasting?

**Do not His solemn words compel us to say "Yes" to all these questions?**

Bear in mind that the Greek word for hell in all these texts is **Gehenna**—the full, final, awful word—measuring the utterly hopeless and eternal misery of the wicked, body and soul. . .

**Tartarus** is a word worth studying. It is the heathen word for hell.

It shows that in the minds of millions, outside of both Judaism and Christianity, God has planted deep the solemn sanction of punishment for the wicked after death. It is far too deep for Russell to overthrow, though he may work havoc with you, my reader, if you are not careful.

O reader ! “ Beware of false prophets ! ” “ Ye shall know them by their fruits. ” “ Pastor ” Russell stands perhaps at the head of present day deniers of hell.

What if you should follow Russell, and find, when eternally too late, that Russell did not know, and that the Lord, who does know, spoke the truth?

But you need not perish. There is a way of escape. If you give due weight to our Lord’s soul-humbling words about coming judgment, you are ready for His tender and gracious words in John v. 24, “ Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that heareth My word, and believeth on Him that sent Me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation (judgment), but is passed from death unto life. ”

Hear and believe and your soul shall live.

W.D.C.

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### A YOUNG SANDWICH ISLANDER.

While Hopu, a young Sandwich Islander, was in America, he spent an evening in a company where an infidel lawyer tried to puzzle him with difficult questions. At length the native said : “ I am a poor heathen boy ; it is not strange that my blunders in English should amuse you. But soon there will be a larger meeting than this. We shall all be there. They will ask us all one question—namely, ‘ Do you love the Lord Jesus Christ?’ Now, sir, I think I can say ‘ Yes.’ What will **you** say, sir?” When he had stopped, all present were silent. At length the lawyer said that, as the evening was far gone, they had better conclude it with prayer—and proposed that the native youth should pray. He did so ; and as he poured out his heart to God, the lawyer could not conceal his feelings. Tears started from his eyes, and he sobbed aloud. All present wept, too ; and when they separated, the words, “ What will **you** say, sir?” followed the lawyer home, and did not leave him till he was brought to the Saviour.

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### MONTHLY CHEER.

“ Then they that feared the Lord spake often one to another, and the Lord hearkened, and heard, and a book of

**remembrance was written before Him for them that feared the Lord, and that thought upon His name."** Malachi iii. xvi.

How sweet in one's work to-day is the communion of the saints of God. How one values it! As with the Old Testament saints, so with us—we can "speak often one to another" concerning the Lord and His work in us, and in the world around us. Our hearts can dwell in mutual wonder on His surpassing love to sinners, and the grace that brings the vilest to Himself—**that brought us**; and of the love that keeps, and allows us to work for Him. We can speak of our joys and our sorrows, and the Lord hearkens and hears and never forgets. We are one in Christ.

### **Twenty-Seven Years Ago.**

Beloved Brother, Twenty-seven years ago the Lord gave me a son, and last week He called him home. It is a sore trial. He was my youngest son, beloved by who knew him. . . . He was kind, affectionate and obedient, and had entwined himself closely to my heart, but I feel the Lord had need of him, and so He took him home. It is hard to part with those we love, but the dear Lord has been very precious to us in this trial. . . . Among his things was a 5/- Postal Order which he had got to send to you, so I have enclosed it with mine, praying to the Lord to bless your work and labour in the Lord.—Yours affectionately in Him, —————

### **At Home With The Lord.**

Dear Dr. Wreford, I have not forgotten your work of love for our blessed Lord, and thank Him for sparing you to carry on the work while others have been taken home to be with Him they have loved and served for so many years. We do miss my dear husband in the meeting for his help and deep teaching being so deeply taught in the word. He was the last of the old brothers we had when we came here forty-three years ago, when he passed away. I am sending you the last £1 he had by him in money at the time of his death, for your work to spread the blessed news. So sorry you were unable to attend the Conference. My son and I were there; we trust Mrs. Wreford is better.—Yours affectionately in Christ, —————

### **Our September Number.**

Beloved Dr. Wreford, It is a most precious monthly magazine and becomes more, and more, and more so to my soul as the days go by. It contains such a full gospel with needful warnings against the blasphemous doctrines which are published and spreading everywhere. Our gracious Father has put it into the hands of one of His weak members to make known broadcast these evil doctrines. My earnest prayer goes up that blessing, as never before, may fall upon the unsaved through the issue of the September number of "A Message

from God." Thank you indeed for giving us the history of dear Miss Leakey's earliest days. I more than once longed to write, and get particulars of her early training. How blessed to have had such a godly mother. . . She is so sweet; God bless our aged sister yet more and more in all things, and in all ways, and you too, dear Doctor, in your days of weakness, for the way in which you are able to bring before us the "Message" and the "Circular" of the Testament and Tract Fund. . . . Please Doctor add the enclosed to the circulation of God's precious Word among the dear children or elsewhere. Much love in Him, who loves us and gave Himself for us.—  
Yours, ———

### Our Circular in a Railway Carriage.

Sheffield.

My dear sir, When coming home from Barnsley by train recently, my wife found in the carriage your "Circular" for August, and, after reading it we feel anxious to know more of your work which hitherto has been unknown to us.

We are only working people, but engaged in some measure in the Master's services and amongst those who believe in the Deity of our Lord, His vicarious suffering, resurrection, and imminent return—and in consequence wished to assure you of our sympathetic interest in your work, praying that you may be conscious of rich blessing reaching many with whom you are in touch, both directly and indirectly, and above all adding praise to Him who alone is worthy. Meanwhile believe me to be,

Yours sincerely and interestedly,  
—————



Our monthly **Circular** speaking of the work of our "Testament and Tract Fund" is issued monthly and will be sent post free to any who desire it. Please write to:—

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TESTAMENT AND TRACT FUND,

THE FIRS, DENMARK ROAD,

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*F. E. Race (C. A. Hammond), 3 & 4, London House Yard, Paternoster Row, E.C.4.*

A Message from God 1924

FORTIETH YEAR.

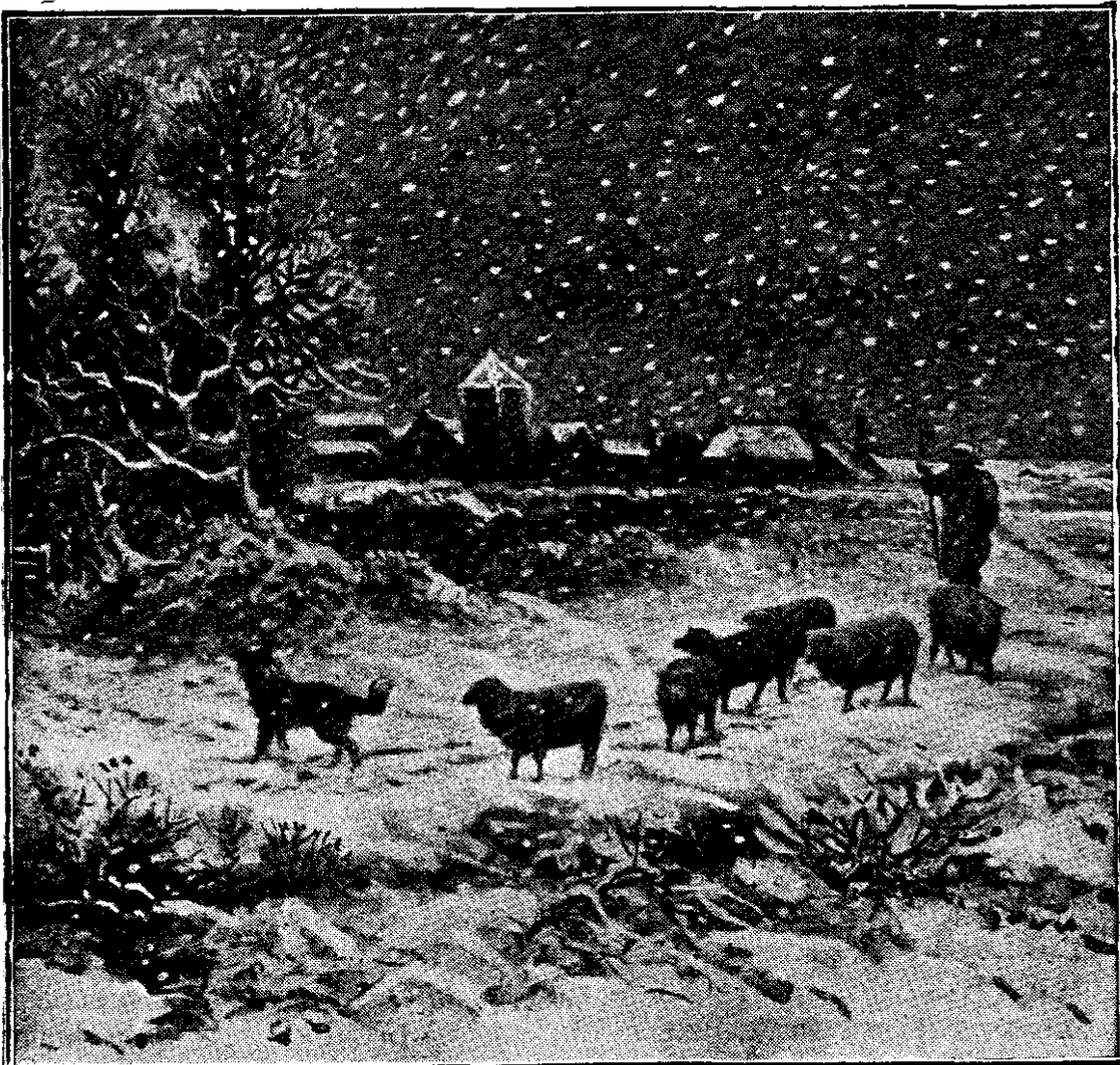
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# A Message from God

EDITED BY HEYMAN WREFORD

“ Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved.”



A Wintry Scene

*F. E. Race (C. A. Hammond), 3 & 4, London House Yard, Paternoster Row, E.C.4.*

A Message from God 1924



# The Ways of God

BY THE EDITOR

## THE COMING DAY.

Dawn on the hills, and darkness on the plain—  
Calm in the harbour, storm upon the seas,  
Hope's star shines clear above the soul's deep pain;  
Faith **holds** the promise, and the darkness flees.

We **know**, yet wait for fuller knowledge given—  
Our feet stand firm 'mid error's sweeping tides;  
"Lo! I am coming", speaks the voice from heaven,  
We cannot sink, while His strong love abides.

H.W.

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## THE GREAT REALITY.

My dear Friends,

The great reality pressing upon my heart this last month of 1924, is the fact of the imminence of the second coming of the Lord Jesus Christ from heaven. But who cares for Christ to-day? And yet He holds the destinies of all in His pierced hands. How the world's darkness spreads! It was dark when Christ was on earth, but it is darker now, dark with the presage of the Apostacy and awful judgments to follow. Eternity is creeping on, Eternity with all its deep and overwhelming realities. Do you not feel it? I seem to see its

shadowing arms outstretched over the world in which you live. You are going on to its embrace, you cannot stop yourselves. **Yes, it is close.** I see the old men, standing with their eyes fixed, gazing on the future. They shake their grey heads saying as they feel the shadows round them, "**We are going, we are going.**" And the answer comes as an echo from eternity, "going, going." And I watch the strong and the resolute, and as they grasp the realities of the present with a man's purpose to do and dare, they try and face the future in the great fact of the present, saying, "We are living," "we are doing." And the answer comes as an echo from beyond, "living, doing." And hark! I hear the trip of little feet and the children of the world come pressing on upon the paths of time. They come laughing with the sunshine on their foreheads. They cry as they bound onward with radiant eyes, and expectant hearts, "**We are coming,**" and the future echoes back solemnly, "Coming, coming." Yes, as all the mighty rivers and streams and rivulets of the earth find their ways into the mighty oceans that beat upon its shores, so the rivers of humanity, from every continent and island, are absorbed in the great ocean of **Eternity**. One said, "Eternity was stamped upon his eye-balls." Another wrote "eternity" on the pavement as he went unknowingly to his death the same day, dying to save another from drowning. Oh! if one could write across the heavens for all to see, "**Eternity, Christ is coming :**" or stand on the peak of earth's mightiest mountain and cry with the voice of the angel, who cried to earth and heaven, that "time should be no more," that **Christ was coming**, would men and women awake to the awful solemnity of the fact that they were not prepared to meet Him? Sinner! **Christ is coming!** Will that startle you out of your self-righteousness? Will that make you think of someone beside yourself. **Christ is coming!** Does that alarm you, drunkard. Think of hell and the eternal thirst of the lost. Think of the unavailing prayer for a drop of water in the unquenchable fire. **Christ is Coming!** Blasphemer do you not fear His coming? The One you have cursed is coming, is coming quickly. How shall you dare to look Him in the face at the judgment day, the One you have blasphemed so often? **Christ is coming!** Are you prepared, immoral ones, to meet him? Are you prepared to face a holy God? **Christ is coming,** careless and indifferent ones. The

One you treat so lightly will soon return; He may come as you read this, and leave you behind for eternal woe. **Christ is coming**--you who have dared to deny His Deity, who have denied the accuracy of His utterances, and have denied also the inspiration of the scriptures that speak of Him. The lie of your life will **soon** be made manifest; and your tongue will soon have to own Him Lord, to the glory of God the Father, but to your eternal condemnation. Before you are driven from His presence, your knees will be made to bow, and your guilt-stained heart will acknowledge His supremacy. Poor creatures of an hour; with the straws of your vain thoughts, you have dared to challenge the omnipotence of God--and with your airy fancies you have sought to soar into the sun of the eternal purposes and decrees of the Almighty God. Bow before Him now and acknowledge your sins, lest he accept your challenge, and judge you out of the Book you have despised, and by the One for whom you have had scant reverence--His only begotten Son. But hark! a gentle voice seems to whisper in my ear, "**Bid them come to me and live. I will save them if they come.**" It is the Saviour speaks--ready to save you as you read--ready to save you **now**.

The One who is coming for His people, and whom we expect any minute, is willing to save to the uttermost all who come to Him confessing their sins. Do not let December pass without accepting Christ as your Saviour. If you do accept Him, old things will pass away with the old year, and all things become new with the New Year.

Yours for Christ's sake,

HEYMAN WREFORD.

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### THE MORNING COMETH.

"Until the Day break, and the shadows flee away."  
Canticles ii. 17.

"Until the Day dawn, and the Day star arise in your hearts." ii. Peter i. 19.

He has given the hope of the Dawning,  
And I watch where His sentinels are;  
I shall see in the glow of the Dawning--  
And my heart will rejoice in His Star.



## " AFTER CHRISTMAS "

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He will open the gates of the Morning—  
 Then will pass the last watches of night;  
 He will give the home-call of the Morning—  
 And my soul shall be glad in His light.

He is there in the shadowless Glory—  
 He has passed through all darkness for me;  
 He will come in the Daybreak of Glory—  
 When He comes all the shadows will flee.

Thou wilt shine on my soul in Thy Dawning—  
 I await all the joy of the Morning.

Bruges, 1924.

HEYMAN WREFORD.

## " AFTER CHRISTMAS."

It was a bright, clear night in December, and the good ship "Harriet," under reefed top-sails, was coming up the channel before a stiff breeze. Every heart on board was glad, for, after a long and perilous voyage, she was "homeward bound." On the quarter-deck, Captain Harrison, and Edward Locksley, his first mate, were standing talking together.

"We shall be in dock before Christmas if this wind holds," Locksley said. "It is not well for a sailor to set his mind too much on anything, but I have set mine on being in the dear old home at Christmas this year. It is four years since we all met at home, and father and mother say it hasn't been half a Christmas without me."

Captain Harrison listened to the young sailor's eager words; then laying his hand kindly on his shoulder, said gravely, "I do not wonder at your wish, Edward. It is a great pleasure to get home, especially to such a happy home as yours is at Christmas time. But there is something I should like you to wish for still more than that. I want you to be sure that when the voyage of life is past, there remaineth for you a rest in the glorious home above—

'There all the ship's company meet,  
 Who sailed with the Saviour below.' "

Locksley was silent for a moment. At length he turned and grasped the captain's hand in his. "Captain Harrison, you have been a kind friend to me ever since I can remember. If all Christians were like you, I can only say I wish there were more of them. And more than that, what you have so often said to me about Christ has made me think very seriously, and I really intend to serve Him, too, but not just yet."

"And why not now, Locksley?" asked his friend.

"I am afraid you will think me cowardly if I tell you, Captain. The truth is that our people always give a ball at Christmas, and it would be a terrible disappointment to them all if I were to hold aloof. They would say I had turned Puritan and lost all my spirits, and I don't know what else; and it would seem hard to give them pain just on first going home. So I have made up my mind to keep on as usual till after that. Besides," he added, with the frankness of a true British sailor, "I expect it will be a right down jolly time, and I'm not inclined to give it up on my own account. But after Christmas, Captain, I will turn over a new leaf—see if I don't."

The Captain feared that human pleading would have little power to overturn the young man's purpose. Standing with uncovered head on the heaving deck, he prayed earnestly though silently to his Father in heaven, who could convince his young friend that now was the only certain "day of salvation." Locksley understood and felt the unspoken prayer, the words of which he could not hear. His head was bowed, too, and his spirit deeply moved; but the tempter was at hand with the deadly suggestion that it was quite as safe, and far better, to wait awhile. As Captain Harrison bade him "good night," before turning in, he said, gaily, "Now don't get anxious about me, Captain, Christmas will soon be here, and you have my promise after that."

The Captain went below and left the brave young fellow on deck bright and mirthful, and ready to quench every feeling of misgiving that the Captain's prayer had caused by lively anticipations of his return home.

Not ten minutes had passed when the captain heard hurried footsteps on the deck; then the sharp, clear cry, "Man

overboard!" and in another instant, he had dashed up the companion ladder and looked around, he scarcely needed to ask, "Who is it?" for had it not been Locksley, he would have seen him at once, foremost among the gallant fellows who were lowering the boats, ready to peril their own lives to rescue the man in danger. Yet, it was Locksley! Reaching over the quarter to clear an entangled log-line, he lost his foothold and fell overboard, and the ship went on her rapid way without him. Everything was done which stout arms and brave hearts could do. But all was in vain. The men strained at the oars only to see him throw up his arms and sink.

Christmas, with its mirth and festivity, came to others, but not to him; and as he went down in the cold waters, leaving hope and life behind him forever, it would add a terrible keenness to his agony to remember that not many minutes before, eternal life had been offered to him through Jesus, and he had refused it.

And Edward Locksley's is far from a solitary case. "Oh!" said a poor woman, whose death-bed was made miserable by the memory of lost opportunities, "**when God says, 'To-day,' it is awful madness to say to-morrow!**" And yet how many are saying it. Dear reader, are you? Have you not often been invited to accept salvation through the quiet voice of a tract, or the earnest words of a Christian; or it may be, by the lips of a mother, whose last words on earth were a prayer for you? ? Oh, in how many ways does a loving God beseech you to be reconciled! And you have never yet trusted in Him, but are quite intending to do so, but just like Edward Locksley, "not just yet." You have some plan of pleasure or gain in the future, and it shall be "after that," that you will serve Him whose ways are all pleasantness, and whose service is "profitable unto all things."

Ah! my reader, perhaps you think to gain the world, and then afterwards to get your soul saved, but such speculations very often turn out a dead loss in both respects. I cannot tell what "more convenient season" you are looking forward to, but I can tell you that it is a soul-ruining delusion to think that it will ever come. Procrastination is the

recruiting officer of hell. "Now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation." "To-day" is what God says; "to-morrow" is what the devil says.

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### UP TO THE BRIM.

I have just read the most delightful address that was given to the London City Missionaries, and the word that struck me most was, "**Up to the brim.**" The servants whom our Lord told to fill the water jars, John ii., "filled them **up to the brim.**" "I like to give Christ," said he, "brimming service, and as far as I am concerned I am going to fill the jar of opportunity, with the whole energy and perseverance and intensity of my soul." Yes, dear readers, do let us do the same; give "brimming service" to our Blessed Lord, heart whole, determined, doing everything we can to please and serve Him,—not slipshod, mamby pamby service, but true hearted, whole hearted brimming service—and also do it whilst we have time. Time is short, soon our little opportunity will be gone. So ours must be brimming service to win souls whilst we can. Souls to learn of, to love and to serve our Blessed Lord and Master.

EMILY P. LEAKEY.

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### THE ELEVENTH HOUR.

How solemn it is to leave the salvation of the soul to the eleventh hour. What wonderful grace of God it shows that the soul should pass from darkness to light then.

Long years ago, when I was young. I used to take a class at our Hall. One day I was told by one of the dear children that her mother was very ill and I was asked to visit her.

I remember full well the day I went to see her. It was bitterly cold. When I reached her home and went into the room where she lay, I shall never forget the sight of the young mother's wasted form and the racking cough, so terrible to hear, that shook her fragile frame; nor can I forget the look of hopeless misery and despair written on her face. She was dying and she knew it—knew that soon she would have to face the great unknown. What a condition!

## " HENRY—DO NOT LOSE YOUR SOUL "

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The body suffering and the soul unsaved; around her the dear children she was soon to leave, all young, and the baby only fifteen months old. It was my privilege to try and bring Christ to this poor suffering sinner. Many times I stood by that dying bed, and spoke of Christ to her, and the way of salvation. After the years that have passed, I cannot remember well what I said, and what she replied, but this I remember to my exceeding joy, that her weary sin-sick soul found rest in believing on the Lord Jesus Christ.

During her last days on earth, one hymn seemed to be specially blessed to her soul, a hymn that has been used to bless thousands, "**There is a fountain filled with blood.**" It was a most touching sight to see this mother, saved at the eleventh hour, gather her children around her bed and tell them of the precious blood that cleanseth from all sin. She said to her husband and to the children, " I am saved in the eleventh hour; one thing I much regret that I did not know the Lord before."

The last time I saw her I knew the end was near; but never shall I forget her joy, and the expression of it. Christ was everything to her and " Death was swallowed up in victory." The next morning early her husband came to tell me of her glorious departure. He told me how her face shone, and how she heard lovely music—fresh strength seemed to be given her, and up to the gates of heaven she was singing her favourite hymn "**There is a fountain filled with blood,**" and while singing she passed into His presence, where there is " fulness of joy."

A.A.L.



## " HENRY—DO NOT LOSE YOUR SOUL."

An accomplished barrister sat at his desk scanning the pages of an important " brief." He had to appear before the court and " defend " the case of a wealthy client. While thus engaged, he received a message that an aged relative of his was supposed to be dying, and greatly desired to see him. Leaving his room, he hastened to catch the last coach for his native town, where he arrived late, and just in time to see his aged friend in life. Grasping his hand tightly, the

lips of the dying lady moved, and bending down he heard the words—" Henry, I beseech you, do not lose your soul." These were the last words she uttered; in a few minutes she was in Eternity. Henry passed a restless night; he could not dismiss the dying whispers of his aged friend, whose voice he would never hear again on earth. In the still hours of the night the words—" Henry, I beseech you, do not lose your soul"—sounded again and again in his ears, as from the eternal world. He reviewed his past life. There was nothing outwardly wrong; no glaring sin, no debauchery or ungodly living. But it was all for self. His business, his pleasures, his enjoyment of the world filled it up. There was no time for God, or his soul, or eternity. He was making money, his name was prominent in his profession, his gifts were acknowledged, he was gaining the world, but without doubt he was losing his soul! And there are thousands doing the same. They live for self; they die at ease; they wake up in hell. Yes, if God speaks the truth they are damned for ever. Why? Simply because they lived for self, for the world, and forgot God. They cared not for Christ, they had no time, no desire for eternal things. So they passed into eternity as they lived in time, without God, and without a title to heaven.

Next day the barrister stood in his accustomed place, dressed in his robe, his brief in his hand, pleading his clients case. But his thoughts were on another scene. He was thinking of that coming day when he would stand before the Judge of all the earth, with no one to plead his cause. During an interval, he sought a quiet room, and there alone with God in these strange surroundings, he cast himself as a guilty sinner upon Christ, and was saved for eternity on the spot. When he appeared again in the court, a new lustre sparkled in his eye; the burden had rolled from his heart, he stood before God accepted in Christ, and at peace. The same day he boldly and firmly took his place before the world, as a son and saint of God, cast in his lot with a few despised and lowly followers of the Lamb, and when it became known that the accomplished lawyer had been converted, there was great wonder among the townsfolk. For several years he continued witnessing for Christ among his former associates, and publicly preaching the Gospel to large crowds, and then he relinquished his profession and

## A PRAYER AND A VISION AT THE GATES OF HEAVEN 187

gave himself with all his energies to the spread of God's Gospel. What the accomplished lawyer needed, you need my friend—that is Salvation. Without Christ and His gift of life eternal, you are poor enough, and in the end you will be an eternal loser. I would ring the dying woman's message, the words that aroused the young lawyer, in your ears this day—"Do not lose your soul."



### HOW THE SAINTS OF GOD GO HOME.

We love to go with them to the gates of heaven; we love to see the triumph of faith in their shining eyes, and to see written on their faces the eternal truth, that, for those who trust in Christ, death has lost its sting, and the grave its victory. The light of God weaves a coronet of His peace for the brow, and the joy of omnipotence gives the power to say, "**Thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ**" 1 Cor. xv. 57.

Beloved saints gone before, "at home with the Lord"—we shall meet them in the glory—perhaps "in the air" when Jesus comes. The victory over the power of sin and all that its enslavement means—the victory over the fear of death, how glorious! When we see the daybreak of glory and all the shadows flee away.



### A PRAYER AND A VISION AT THE GATES OF HEAVEN.

In October last there went to heaven one of the sweetest saints ever known to my wife and myself. She was more than ninety years of age, but "walked with God" for many, many years. Poor in this world's goods, but rich in all the possessions her unflinching faith in Christ could give her, dear Miss Ellis had written on her face the beauty that comes to those who by faith have **dwelt** in the presence of Christ. I am simply speaking a few words about her last days.

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During the summer of this year, she had a stroke; she recovered, but later on in the year she had another. She seemed to recover more than was expected. She could not speak until about a week before she passed away, when suddenly, as a friend sat by her side, she began to pray in quite a distinct and intelligible voice. This was the prayer as far as could be remembered: "O Lord, I thank Thee for the long life Thou hast given me, and for the way Thou hast led me, through all these years, and for the troubles Thou hast sent me. I thank Thee, that for Jesu's sake I am not blotted out of the Book of Life. I pray thee to bless all the people who have been so kind to me—bless every one of them, Lord, make them happy, oh, make them happy. And now Lord, lead me on to the very end. Amen."

This was the beautiful prayer, at the gates of heaven, that brings tears to eyes of many who knew her and loved her, and whose simple pathos shows the beauty of the Christ life that was always hers.

The next day she said to the Matron of the Grendon Infirmary, Exeter, where she passed away, whose unvarying kindness had helped to make her last days so full of earthly comfort, "Oh! I am sorry you were not here in the night because I had a Visitor." The Matron asked who it was. She replied, "It was the Lord Jesus Christ, and He was so beautifully dressed, such shining clothes." The Matron asked again, "Did He speak to you?" Miss Ellis said, "Yes, He talked to me, and I talked to Him. He told me He would take care of me and be with me right to the end."

Then she passed peacefully to her rest, "absent from the body, at home with the Lord." She was loved by all who knew her; as she lived, so she died. Her Saviour never left her, and now amid the "many mansions," she has her home for all eternity. Oh! that the Modernist could stand by a death-bed such as this! He would see that His fallible Christ was able to save and keep His own. With his awful creed the Modernist could never die like this dear saint. He would have no Presence to fill eternity with supreme delight—there would be no Voice to give a welcome to eternal shores—there would be no Light to make the valley of the shadow of death as bright as the courts of heaven.



Reader, believe in the Christ of the Bible. He is the Son of God and God the Son, and the Holy Scriptures are inspired by God to testify of Him. Believe in Him, and believe now.

H.W.

### THE PILGRIM'S PATHWAY DONE.

The pathway of the saint of God leads to heaven. The weary rest when the pilgrim staff is laid aside, and the emancipated spirit finds its home with Christ, "which is far better."

Our dear brother, Mr. Thomas Morris, passed away early this year (January 16th). I had a letter from Mrs. Morris, in which she says:—

Temple Balsall, Knowle.

Dear Dr. Wreford, . . . My dear husband was called home on January 16th, after many years of faithfulness and work for his Master, whom he loved and served for 43 years. . . . He laboured up to the last six weeks, and was quite himself and quite ready to go.

He had hymns and prayers in his bedroom many times, and the last Lord's Day afternoon several were asked to come for a meeting in his room. We had hymns and prayers and reading the Word. He could not speak then, so he was held up in bed to write. He wanted some one to read about the Holy City Rev. xxi. and xxii. Then he asked them to sing:—

" O Lord we adore Thee, for Thou art the slain One  
That livest for ever, enthroned in heaven;  
O Lord we adore Thee; for Thou hast redeemed us;  
Our title to glory we read in Thy blood.

" O God we acknowledge Thy grace and Thy glory;  
For of Thee, and through Thee, and to Thee are all things.  
How rich is Thy mercy! how great Thy salvation!  
We bless Thee, we praise Thee: Amen, and Amen."

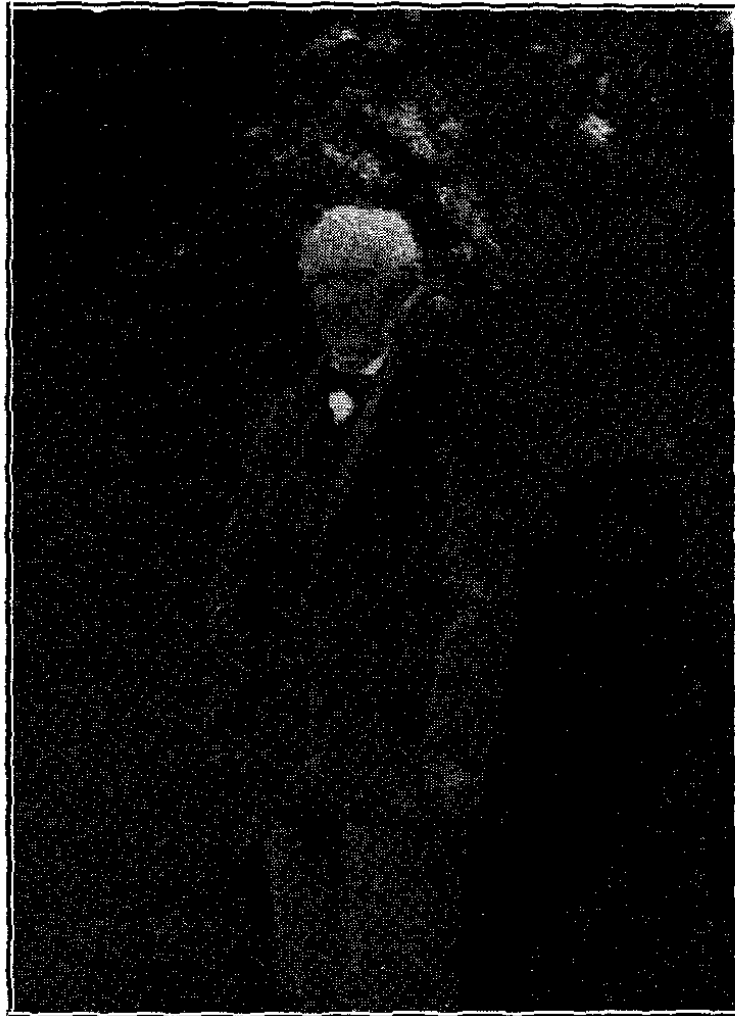
All he could say very feebly when they left him was, "God bless you all and keep you. I can say no more." They shook hands and kissed him "Good-bye," with tears.

It was very sorrowful at times to see him suffer, still the end came so calmly and quietly. He was sensible to the last moment and whispered, "Come, Lord Jesus," looked up and raised his hand a little, being extremely weak, and said, "Angels, Angels. Mother, I

THE PILGRIM'S PATHWAY DONE

am going," then "Annie"—this I think because he had asked her to take care of me—then he was gone. The last hymn he asked for was—

"High in my Father's home above,  
My mansion is prepared;  
There is the home, the rest I love,  
And there my bright reward.



**Thomas Morris**

"With Him I love, in spotless white,  
In glory I shall shine;  
His blissful presence my delight,  
His love and glory mine.

"All taint of sin shall be removed,  
All evil done away;  
And I shall dwell with God's Beloved  
Through God's eternal day."

In a later letter, dear Mrs. Morris writes :

October, 10th, 1924.

Dear Dr. Wreford, . . . I thought perhaps it would be nice if the enclosed photo could be put in "**A Message from God,**" as he would doubtless be remembered by many, and as we have many relatives and friends to whom we give "**A Message from God,**" it may be the means of arousing them to their souls' salvation. My son prayed that my dear husband would have a joyful entrance into the everlasting Kingdom, which he did.—Yours affectionately in Him, ALICE MORRIS.

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### AFTER FORTY YEARS.

Forty years this month, God has allowed me to edit "**A Message from God.**" Not a long time in the history of a world, but a long time in the history of a life. As I sit with pen in hand, writing the closing words for December, 1924, I feel the *intense solemnity* of having to do with immortal souls. Eternity is near to editor and reader. We must bear the responsibility of having written, and of having read. My soul says now, "My God, have I been faithful to my trust? Have I put Thy glory first? Have I wept and prayed with Thee over the world's lost ones? Have I longed for Thy divine compassion to fill my soul for those who need Thee. Have I warned and entreated the sinner to come to Thee, the only Saviour? With a very humble heart I feel that only the gentleness of God would have brought me through forty years of this work for Him. May we feel more and more the joy of service.

" We must be working, where His work was done—  
We must be waiting, waiting till He come."

My reader, when is He coming? It may be before December passes into the eternity of the past. Are our lamps trimmed and brightly burning to usher the Bridegroom on His way? Are you saved, my reader? Is Christ your Saviour? Have you believed on Him? **Will you believe now?**

" When is He coming? This the darkest hour  
Must break in light and resurrection song;  
The silence of the ages wake in power—  
Oh, come, Lord Jesus—we have waited long."

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## TO MY FRIENDS.

This has been a year of trial and affliction for my dear wife and myself. Her severe illness has necessitated a change of scene for some time. I wish to thank the thousands of friends whose loving sympathy and prayers have been with us all the year. It has been a great source of sorrow to me not to have been able to personally answer many letters, but "writer's cramp" lays a heavy burden on personal correspondence. I have seen every letter, and have been thankful for all. Will you please thank God with me for my loving and efficient helpers, whom God bless, as assuredly He will.

The **December Circular** will reveal to you a little of what has been done in 1923 in our distribution all over the world. It is a faithful record, and I trust every one of my readers will see it. Send for one to be sent to you free, and post free. Write to "Secretary," The Testament and Tract Depot, The Firs, Denmark Road, Exeter. **Our need of Testaments and Gospel Booklets, etc., is greater than ever,** as our Circular will reveal. Any Christian who may desire to help us to purchase what we need and what the world needs, will please send to:—

**DR. HEYMAN WREFORD,**

**The Firs,**

**Denmark Road,**

**Exeter.**

who thanks you in Christ's name for all you have done to help our work in 1924. Now solemnly and prayerfully we close this volume of "**A Message from God,**" with many thanks to all who have contributed to its pages.

Volume of "**A Message from God**" for 1924, 2/6.

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*F. E. Race (C. A. Hammond), 3 & 4, London House Yard, Paternoster Row, E.C.4.*