

A Message from God

Edited by DR. HEYMAN WREFORD

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A Message from God

EDITED BY HEYMAN WREFORD.

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

ACTS xvi. 31.



The Old Gateway of Haifa.

Photo by R. Cadbury, Esq.

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The Ways of God

Facing Time and Eternity

BY THE EDITOR.

SINCE God is allowing me still to edit "A Message from God" for January 1932, I recognize in fullest measure my human weakness, and my utter dependence upon God. The editing of this Magazine for forty-seven years is over now. I was young when, at the request of a publisher, and with the advice of Mr. Kelly, I began this work. I am old now. Still I can say with the Psalmist "I will go in the strength of the Lord." . . . "O God, Thou hast taught me from my youth . . . now also when I am old and grey headed, O God, forsake me not." . . . **"Thou that hast shewed me great and sore troubles, shalt quicken me again."** . . . Yes my soul "wait thou **only** upon God." Look up and say, "In Thee, O Lord, do I put my trust." (Psalm 71, 17, 18, 20, and verse 1.)

We face time, and we face eternity. We face **time** to give God's messages to men and women—we face **eternity** to worship and adore the marvellous love that gave us opportunities to work for Him, and blessed us in our work.

We have walked with the Master in His Harvest Fields. We have heard him say, "The fields are white to the harvest. Go work to-day." . . . We are glad beyond measure at the opportunity **still** given us of seeking to bring sinners to the Saviour. We are thankful still to speak of the Father and the Son, and the Holy Spirit, in these days of daring unbelief and soul-suicide. We read of sin and its effects—yes, its judgment also, through all the ages. We see much of the old world in ruins because of the sin of man. The shores of the Sea of Galilee are strewn with the ruins of the cities that were prosperous when the Saviour's blessed feet walked this earth.

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Tyre and Sidon lie in ruins; Babylon, Nineveh, and the Cities of the Plain, what of them now? The sign-mark of the judgment of God is on them all. The story of man's sin is told all over a desolated earth.

To-day we see with our own eyes the same sins as in ages past and the same penalties for sin falling upon the earth. Man, the devil's slave, will never learn—can never learn of himself what he is, and Who God is.

Man's broken relationship to God can never be repaired by man.

In vain the legends of the past are woven into the superstitions of the present—in vain man seeks to repeat all the old idolatries, with hundred of added religions—and thus find peace for his broken life.

Peace can never be found on earth apart from the love of God to man known and realized—apart from faith in the Son of God, Who by His death upon the Cross and the Atoning work **finished** there (this to be made known by the power of the Holy Spirit acting upon human hearts); turns darkness into light and death into life. When a man finds Christ **he wants no more. He is satisfied.** He can say, "I have Christ, what want I more?" and "Thou, O Lord, art all I need." When this comes to the life the crown of peace is placed upon the brow, and the songs of heaven resound from hearts on earth. Never is it to be found apart from God in Christ, reconciling the world unto Himself. The poet says of peace:

"Who sought it else,
Sought mellow grapes beneath the icy pole—
Sought blooming roses on the cheek of death—
Sought substance in a world of fleeting shades."

POLLOCK.

Two visions are vouchsafed to every Christian, **a vision of time—a vision of eternity.**

In old days the servants of Jehovah thundered out the warnings and the judgments that were coming on man because of sin. They were men who saw visions—visions of time—visions of eternity. They knew man, and they knew God. The Spirit of God gave them power to deal with realities. Everything in connection with man and his God was woven into their lives—their souls burned with

Holy fire—the Baptism of the Holy Ghost was theirs. They spoke inspired by God—and what they said was God's eternal truth—they lived for God; many of them died for God.

To us to-day who love the Lord Jesus, since these great voices are no longer speaking, is given the opportunity of bearing witness to the marvellous fact that "God in these last days is speaking to the world by His Son." Read Hebrews, 1st chapter.

We want our eyes to be opened by the Spirit of God to see what God is doing by the Holy Spirit in this world to-day.

It must be ours to "**tell the Truth as it is in Jesus.**" We must stand by the cross and say: "Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world." We must speak **from the Cross**, on resurrection ground, of His life on earth—of His death, His resurrection, His ascension into heaven. Yes, of His coming again to take His redeemed ones home to heaven. (1 Thess. iv.)

We must tell sinners **how** He saves and **whom** He saves. We must bring men and women individually to the cross; we must press on them this truth: "He died the Just for the unjust to bring us to God." We must never leave them until they can say, looking at all His death and sacrifice means for them, "**He loved me, and gave Himself for me.**" Can you say that?

We must point to the **glory** where He is, who was **made** sin for us upon the Cross—"without sin in the presence of God for us." The Cross and the glory. Sin judged and put away for the believer.

" In peace let me resign my breath
And Thy Salvation see—
My sins deserve eternal death
But Jesus died for me."

Selected.

So must we work this year if God leaves us on earth.

God is gathering His own out of this world. The Holy Spirit is doing His blessed work everywhere.

When Jesus went to the glory, after He had died upon the Cross, He sent down the Comforter on the Day of Pentecost. This was God the Holy Ghost. He was sent to do a three-fold work.

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To reprove the world of sin, and of righteousness, and of judgment. Read John xvi. 7-14. For nearly twenty centuries His marvellous work has been going on; in every land, amid all races of mankind. He has been guiding men and women into all Truth. He has glorified the ascended Saviour. He has spoken of Him. He has opened hearts to receive Him, Who is "the Way, the Truth, and the Life." Every soul that has been saved since Jesus died has been saved through the Testimony of the Holy Ghost to the Lord Jesus Christ—"speaking of Him"—"glorifying Him," The Holy Ghost should lead our prayers and our praises—we are never told to pray to the Holy Ghost, but under the direction of the Holy Spirit.

We recall the coming of the Holy Ghost on the Day of Pentecost (Acts ii.); the mighty testimony given by men and women who were filled with the Holy Ghost that day. We recall Peter's sermon, when by the power of the same Holy Spirit three thousand souls were saved. The wonderful prayer meeting recorded (Acts iv. 31), "where the place was shaken where they were assembled together"—this was the work of the Holy Spirit by which they were all filled.

The lie against the Holy Ghost, which is the Spirit of Truth, led to the death in judgment of Ananias and Sapphira (Acts v.).

Stephen, before the Sanhedrim, full of the Holy Ghost, with his face shining as the face of an angel, gave his witness against the sin of the nation that had crucified the Lord Jesus—finishing his address with these inspired words of Holy Ghost direction and power: "Ye stiff necked and uncircumcised in heart and ears, ye do always resist the Holy Ghost: as your fathers did so do ye. Which of the prophets have not your fathers' persecuted? and they have slain them which shewed before of the coming of the **Just One**, of whom ye have been now the betrayers and murderers. Who have received the law by the disposition of angels and have not kept it." (Acts vii. 51-54.)

These words led to his death at the hands of man—but full of the Holy Ghost he looked steadfastly up into heaven, and saw the glory of God, and Jesus standing on the right hand of God, and said: "Behold I see the

heavens opened and the Son of Man standing on the right hand of God."

They stoned him for his faithfulness. He was led by the Spirit's power into heaven, saying as he went: "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit."

But I must stop. I have simply brought these things to your notice to show you what a mighty power there is for God in the world to-day—the power of the Holy Ghost. His unceasing work goes on by day and by night, in all lands. It is carried on by millions of men and women endued with this Power from on high, and so are able to testify to the great fact that Jesus of Nazareth—the Son of Man—the Son of God—is now at the right hand of God.

The fact of His being there proved the Truth incontestibly that the One who died upon the Cross is now in the glory of God.

He was the Jehovah of the Old Testament and the Jesus of the New Testament. His name Jehovah—Jesus, is made known to believers to-day by the power of the Presence of the Holy Ghost on earth.

Have you ever known the working of this mighty power in your own hearts and lives?

We pray God, and may the Holy Spirit guide our prayers, that throughout this year our pen and the pens of those who write for "**A Message from God**" may be guided by the Holy Ghost.

The days are solemn, but God is on earth in the Person of the Holy Ghost. The Son of God, by Whom God is speaking to the world to-day through the Holy Ghost, has gone back to heaven, having **finished** the work God gave Him to do. He, the Ascended Jesus, has sent down the Holy Ghost to do the work we read of in the 16th of John. That work is being done every minute, of every hour, of every day. The witness of the presence of the Holy Ghost on earth is seen in the mighty change **conversion—real conversion**—brings to hearts and lives.

Men of God should pray in the Holy Ghost to-day—men of God may be full of the Holy Ghost now. Men may be led by the Holy Ghost to-day. Heaven is opened now for

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many, as it was to Stephen, to see Jesus on the right hand of God.

You and I are facing time and eternity. May the heavenly visions be for us, and may the power of the Holy Ghost rest upon our lives.

* * * * *

Do pray for me that I may have strength and wisdom for this work, and for the work "In His Harvest Fields." Now in closing may our souls respond to the words of Watts' beautiful hymn! and in these days of declension and coldness, may our hearts be kept on fire with love and whole-heartedness to our beloved Lord, as the vision of His "wondrous cross" comes before us, and His glory is made known to us by the Holy Spirit.

HYMN.

"When I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Lord of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbid it Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the cross of Christ my God:
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.

See from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flowed mingled down:
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small:
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all!"

J. WATTS.

*Yours for Christ's sake
H. Eymann Wreford*

* * * * *

"Revive Thy work, O Lord!" exalt Thy precious Name;
And by the Holy Ghost, our love, for Thee and Thine inflame."

ALBERT MIDLANE.

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GOSPEL SIMILITUDES.

SALVATION.

Salvation is a great, comprehensive word. In one sense the Christian has now salvation—"receiving the end of your faith, even the salvation of your souls,"* that is from the divine judgment against sin, which corresponds to the passover in Egypt, and the deliverance at the Red Sea. In another sense it is still future, "ready to be revealed in the last time," though now "nearer than when we (first) believed."† In a third sense it is a daily experience,‡ "Work out your own salvation." The Red Sea marks an important stage. Israel had been sheltered from the Destroying Angel by taking refuge under the blood of the paschal lamb; but at Pi-hahiroth they seem to be in a more terrible position than ever, the mountains on each side, the sea in front, and a rapidly approaching army of overwhelming power behind. They cry out in a panic of fear, whilst their leader's stern and reticent face holds converse with the skies. Then he turns to them and says, "Fear ye not, stand still and see the salvation of the Lord."

This is the state in which those are who have been converted and have accepted the sacrificial Saviour, but have not yet seen the great and glorious consequences of His death and resurrection. The soul then sees itself beset by every evil power and sinister principle of the world, the flesh, and the devil—"the devil is most busy on the last day of his term," says old Fuller—and sees no way of escape, apparently nothing but disaster. Thus the poor pilgrim who had set out from the City of Destruction, fell into the Slough of Despond before he reached the wicket-gate and the path of life (but if he had taken heed to the steps—the promises—says the Dreamer, he would not have fallen into such extreme misery). Thus Paul cried, "O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me?" Thus Luther groaned and cried at Erfurt, and threw his inkstand at the devil at Wartburg. (I think, though, that he did the devil more harm with ink than with inkstands.) Thus Whitefield fell morbid and despairing at Oxford. Bunyan's

* 1 Pet. † 1 Pet. i. Rom. xiii. 11. ‡ Cor. i. 6. Phil. i. 19.

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fears were so great that he thought that his breast-bone would split. Cowper took a coach to drown himself. Yet undoubtedly it was **because** these men had divine life and faith that they were so afflicted. What is wanted is for such to **STAND STILL, AND SEE THE SALVATION OF THE LORD**; to see (not the forgiveness of sins, that is the passover, but) the judgment of sin (the root principle, which is not forgiven but condemned, Rom. viii. 3), and the great and permanent deliverance ensuing thereon.

When Bilbao planted his flag in the sea to assert his authority, or the Venetian Doge cast his ring into it, or Canute scolded it for approaching his chair, or Xerxes flogged it for wrecking his ships, I am not aware that much impression was produced on it. "Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain, Man marks the earth with ruin—his control Stops with the shore." But when the Hebrew seer lifted up his shepherd's rod over it, the great angry desolate sea recoiled in affright from his feet, making a path through its depths, and then returned with its frightful floor of roaring waters to overwhelm their pursuers. Thus Israel sees the salvation of the Lord, which, as by the one dreadful judgment of the cross, delivers and separates for ever His people from Egypt and its power. "There is, therefore, now no condemnation to those who are in Christ," not alone because God had forgiven them (that was proclaimed five chapters previously in Rom. iii. 25, etc), but because, viii. 3, He "sending His own Son in the likeness of sinful flesh, and for sin, condemned sin in the flesh." For the Christian it is done with, and can never come up again for judgment: he is to reckon himself dead, and live accordingly in righteousness. If he fail, he is dealt with on a new ground; not punished as a criminal by the judge, but chastened as a child by the Father.

THEN burst forth from the myriads of throats of the whole assembled nation that great anthem of sevenfold hallelujahs which billowed up from earth to sky and surged in through the portals of pearl, over the sapphire floor. Its echoes have come down to our ears through the clamours of thirty-three centuries, and even now stir our blood like the sound of Gabriel's trumpet: "He hath triumphed gloriously . . . He is become my salvation. He is my God. I

will prepare Him an habitation . . . Thy right hand, O Lord, hath dashed in pieces the enemy! . . . Glorious in holiness, fearful in praises, doing wonders! . . . Thou in Thy mercy hast led forth the people which Thou hast redeemed . . . Lord, the people pass over which Thou hast purchased . . . Sing ye to the Lord, for He hath triumphed gloriously; the horse and his rider hath He thrown into the sea! ”

And Miriam—poor little Miriam that was, that used to stand in the Nile mud watching over her little brother—she it is who is leading the choir of those millions enfranchised souls, and doubtless doing this as well as she then did that. Glorious work, Miriam! Better than minding the baby? “Glorious, yes! Better, no? Had I not watched there, I had not worshipped here.” And Moses, the babe whom her childish hands had protected, where is he? Ah! he is a brother born for adversity, and is never prominent in days of triumph like this. Presently there will be trouble again, and then we shall see him coming forward to pray, plan, labour, suffer, conquer for them; anon when the crises is over, to again quietly obliterate himself. And this always, till he bring them right home to the promised land: then, having overcome every obstacle, he calmly closes his eyes in death and rests.

J. C. BAYLY.



THE COAST-GUARDSMAN:

Or, Life in Death.

“ Well, Jennings, so you have buried the poor fellow who died the other day? ”

“ Yes, Sir, he’s buried, and a solemn time it was; I felt it very deeply. ”

The last speaker, a powerfully-built man, whose bronzed face told its own tale, had been a sailor, and was now a coast-guardsmen. As he spoke there was a trembling of the voice, which, coupled with a tear, hastily brushed away by his horny hand, revealed the kind heart hidden beneath that rough jacket.

“ Were all the men at the funeral? ”

“ All that could be spared from the different stations within reach were there, Sir. ”

“ Where was he buried? ”

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"In the old churchyard, Sir; we all fell in and marched there. The men seemed to be cut up about it. We all liked poor Bill. The service was very solemn, and I wondered who'd be next. As we came out of the churchyard, my mate, who was walking next to me, said, 'What wonderful words they was, how beautiful, "In the midst of life we are in death."' 'I know some better than that, mate,' says I. 'What are they?' said he, looking kind o' astonished. 'Why, in the midst of death we are in life.' "

"I suppose, Jennings, he was still more astonished? "

"That he was, Sir, but it gave me a chance of telling him what a real thing Eternal Life was, and, though the poor sinner might be surrounded with death, yet, believing in Jesus, he had life."

"It must have struck him very forcibly."

"I believe it did, and I am looking to God to teach him the truth of it."

Good old Jennings! he little knew what method God would take to teach this lesson.

Not long after this we were alarmed by hearing that poor Jennings had met with a sad accident, and lay dangerously ill in consequence. As soon as I could I hurried down to see him. I found him lying on his bed, in great agony. After praying with him, I gathered from his lips the following history of his being hurt.

"You see, Sir, there was no moon last night, and as I come away from the boat-house, after making my report, I hurried up the hill, and as I got into the Chine Road, under the trees, I could hardly see my hand before my face. I had got about half way along the road, and, as I was walking on the edge of the raised path, my foot slipped. In a moment I was down. It was a funny sort of a thing that give me my hurt."

"What was that, Jennings? "

"Why, Sir, the distance wasn't very great, but in falling, the muzzle of my pistol struck on the curb of the high path, and the butt struck right up under my ribs, and seemed to strike my heart."

"Poor fellow! that must have hurt you terribly? "

"Well, it did, Sir, and although after a little sleep, I was able to go down and do my morning duty, I got so bad in the after part of the day that I fainted, and was

obliged to be helped home, and here I am, Sir, helpless, and every now and again feeling as if rats were pulling the strings of my heart, and gnawing my inside."

Commending him to God, after seeing he had necessary things, I left him. Even then I did not realize how ill the poor fellow was. The next day I was sent for, and on arriving at the house found his poor wife weeping bitterly.

"Oh! he's going to die, he's going to die," she said.

After quieting her I entered his room. One of his comrades was there helping to nurse him. A single glance at my poor friend's face showed me that death was written there. Oh! how changed in a few brief hours. He recognized me, and held out his hand.

"Glad you've come," he said; "I'm going home fast."

"Jennings, do you remember your words the other day?"

For a moment he could not answer, a paroxysm of pain shook his strong frame as the wind quivers the leaves of the aspen. As soon as it had passed he smiled, and said, slowly:

"In the midst of death we are in life."

"Tell me, dear Jennings, is it real to you now?"

I shall never forget his reply—

"In awful agony! awful agony! but in deepest joy! It's all right with Him," and he pointed up. Again his body was torn with anguish, and the sweat rained from his brow, through his suffering.

Seeing his poor wife weeping, he said: "Don't cry, Liz, God will take care of you. . . . Come here, give your heart to Jesus. . . . Promise you will join me there."

The poor wife sobbed out, "I will." Then with a smile, and look of earnest love, he greeted some of his mates, who silently gathered in the room to take farewell.

"Dear mates, I'm going—I'm dying fast, but I'm in life."

Holding out his hand to each, he drew them in turn to him, and looked on them long and lovingly.

"Oh! mates, do get hold of my Saviour, do trust in Jesus. Shall I meet you up there? Remember, Jesus says, 'Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out.' It might have been your lot to a' laid here like this, but, thank God, it's one that's ready."

The scene will never pass from my mind. Strong men bowed their heads and wept like children. Presently Jennings motioned me to kneel. I knew what he meant, and earnestly pleaded that God would save the wife, provide for her and the children, save the friends, and give quick and happy release to His suffering child.

For a moment there was silence, broken only by a sob from one man, and half-suppressed groans from the poor sufferer. Then, taking his hand once more, I said:

“ Good-bye, dear Jennings, you are in His hands.

“ Aye, for ever ! ”

As I left the room, I took a last look—he smiled and pointed up.

A few brief hours and he was “ Absent from the body, present with the Lord.”

There was a very large gathering of coast-guardsmen, and others, at his grave.

Well I remember the solemn service. One read those wondrous words :

“ 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, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ ” (1 Cor. xv. 55-57).

Then an earnest preacher pointed to the coffin covered with the Union Jack, “ The mightiest nation on earth might well hesitate,” said he, “ to fire a shot at that coffin, for the might and power of England would rise to protect the honour of the flag which covers it. Dear friends, a poor sinner, a dead sinner, covered by the banner of God— ‘ His banner over me was love ’—is safe, though all the powers of hell and earth combine against him. God protects the honour of His flag, and shelters all beneath it.”

Have you trusted in the blood of Jesus?

Are you under God’s banner?

If so, “ If God be for us, WHO CAN be against us? ” (Rom. viii. 31).

Dear reader, nearly twelve years have passed since these events, yet they live, and speak to you. Without further comment, I ask, can you say: “ In the midst of death I am in life ”? If not, there is One Who says to you: “ I give . . . eternal life ” (John x. 28). May God guide you to Him.

H. L.

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CHRIST AND THE WORLD CRISIS.

The world is full of the confusion brought about by the dethronement of the Lord Jesus Christ in the world He came to save.

In "Light for the Fighting Forces," Brig.-General F. D. Frost says :

The Anti-Religious Force.

"Russia. Soviet agents have been largely responsible for the revolution in Spain, which was assisted by the people recognizing their enslavement to the Roman Church. Soviet godless agents are at work in almost every country in the world, especially the Far East, stirring up the ignorant heathen masses to revolt against the influence of the West, especially that of Great Britain. Russia's energy and skill at undermining the Governments of other countries are worthy of a better cause and put to shame our inactivity and blindness, refusing to be burdened with the responsibilities which God had put upon us. In a Sunday School near London the following words are actually being taught and sung by British children :—

The whole world at last is beginning to see
The blight of the world is Jesus.
Like sunshine at noonday, free thought has shown me
The blight of the world is Jesus.
Keep off the blight, or blighted you'll be,
Blighted for life by credulity.
Once I believed, but now I can see
The blight of the world is Jesus.

You object to hearing these things, and may turn away from this magazine in disgust, but ought you not to know where socialism and unbelief is leading us? The agnostic Socialists and Communists are calling to their aid the statements of Christian leaders—Modernists. A leading Anti-Christian Hindu, who had been educated in a Mission School and accepted Christ, was sent to England by his parents to have his faith broken. He now writes anti-Christian books and quotes *ad lib* from Dean Inge, Doctor Gore and the Bishop of Birmingham, even Archbishops and the leading lights of every denomination in support of his denunciation of the Christian faith.

Our modernists are the unconscious allies of the most uncompromising Red-Anti-God Revolutionaries and are helping the world into a state of hopeless confusion, from which only a miracle can save us."

And again :—

The Dishonour of Christ in India.

" Our Mission Colleges were originally started for the purpose of training Indian Evangelists to preach the glorious Gospel of Christ. In many colleges to-day converts are scarce. A large number of high caste Hindus and Sikhs and Mohammedans come to them, not to learn about Jesus Christ, but to be educated in order to qualify for some Government appointment or the Bar, both of which professions are already overcrowded. The result is that Mission Students provide the best recruits for the Seditious Agitators' Armies. Mission Colleges employ Hindu Professors, who naturally undermine any teaching by a European on religion. Many of the so-called Christian professors from English and Scottish Universities in these Mission Colleges refuse to accept the fundamentals of the Christian Faith, while some of them have joined an International Fellowship Movement, which they undertake not to proselytise, nor can they pray through Jesus Christ at their meetings.

At the Cambridge Mission College in Delhi, when I visited it in 1929, they never prayed through Jesus Christ at Morning Prayers, for fear of offending Hindus and Mohammedans. Other Colleges may have followed suit.

God never yet honoured cowards.

Millions of Mohammedans and Hindus want to hear about Jesus Christ, but He has been forgotten at many of the Mission Colleges or is placed in an inferior position. Some of the British Professors are even in sympathy with the Hindu seditious movement.

How can God honour our administration in India, however good it may be, if we are disloyal to Him?

Round-Table Conferences will only make the matter worse."



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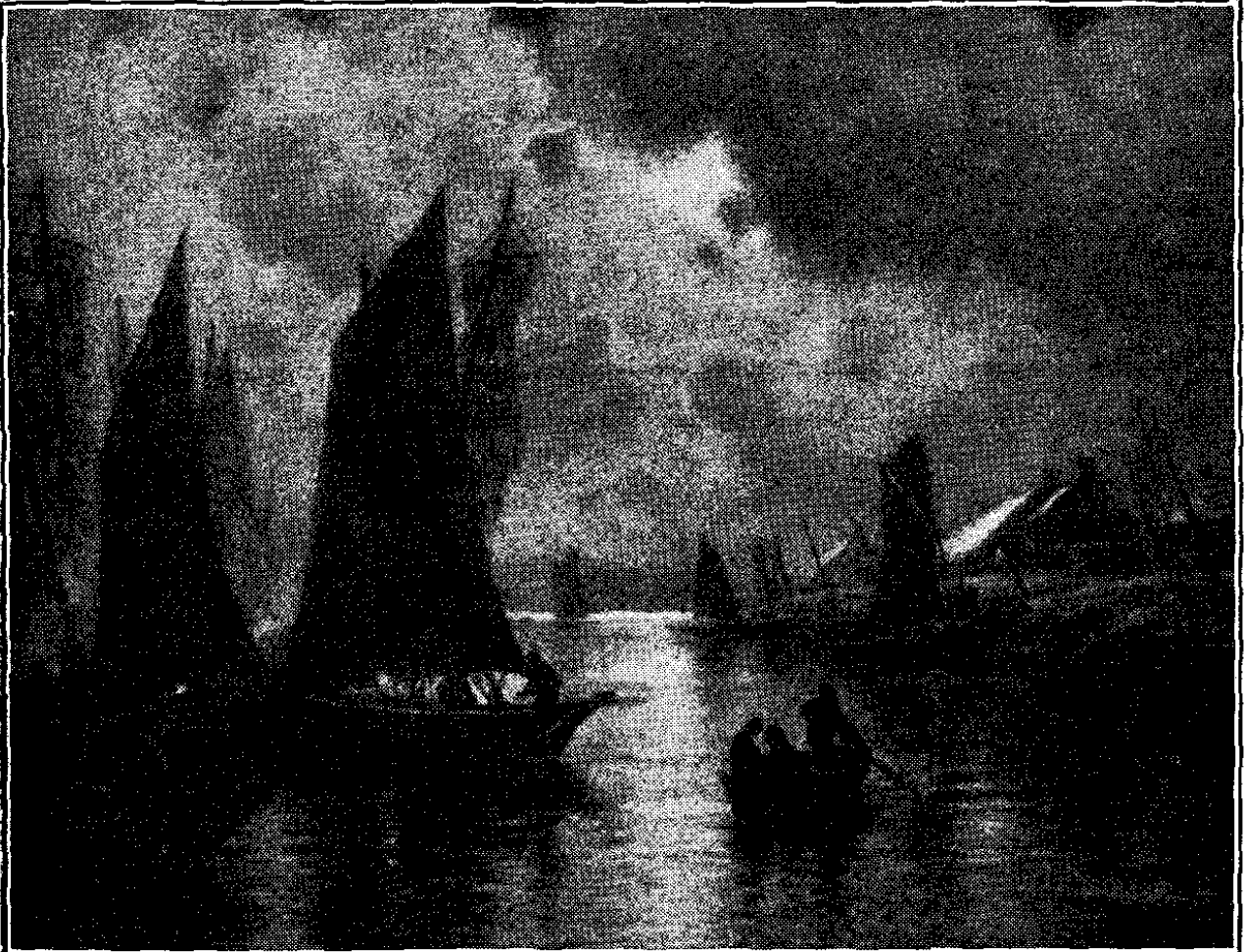
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A Message from God

EDITED BY HEYMAN WREFORD.

**" Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."
Acts xvi. 31.**



Evening Shadows.

Evening shadows fall around us,
God shall be our light and stay—
Furl the sails in God's own harbour;
Rest with Him in endless day. H.W.

**Editor: Heyman Wreford, Post Office Chambers, Gandy Street, Exeter,
England.**

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The Ways of God

Victory at Last

**A Gospel Address delivered by Heyman Wreford at the
Victoria Hall, Exeter.**

“And Moses said unto the people, fear ye not, stand still, and see the salvation of the Lord, which He will show to you to-day; for the Egyptians whom ye have seen to-day, ye shall see them again no more for ever. The Lord shall fight for you, and ye shall hold your peace.”—Exod. xiv., 13, 14.

HOW things change in this changing scene! Last week we had snow, this week we have rain, and next week we may have sunshine. While the snow is on the hills, the woods are calling for the spring. All the prisoners of winter are now struggling to be free. The primrose is reaching upward to the light; and the birds are already rehearsing the glories of the sunshine. Would to God that all of you could leave the winter of your sins behind you; and as the snow has been dissolved by the rain from heaven, so may the rain of grace from above, by the power of the Spirit of God, give you the knowledge that you are a sinner and that all your sins are gone. Then you would rejoice in the sunshine, and sing about the splendours of the coming day of glory.

There is, to me, something wonderfully attractive in watching the awakening of creation from the sleep of winter; to see the gradual rising of the fair-haired spring from the tomb of the ice, and the frost, and the snow; the letting loose of all nature's prisoners, and the exulting freedom of the universe. The sunbeams liberated from the clouded skies flash out their joy on fields of azure. The rejoicing birds carol the liberty of earth from every tree. The radiant flowers burst from their earthly cells, and breathe forth fragrance. The trees hang out their leafy

THE WAYS OF GOD.

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banners and wave them over the full-throated choirs that sing amid the branches. The glad hills laugh with joy, and the valleys smile in splendour. It is as if the angel of the resurrection was waving his wings of splendour o'er the world. It is the battle of the sun against the snow and frost. The shafts of light pierce the cold heart of winter and he dies, while the cry of the emancipated universe rings forth in light, and song, and perfume,

Victory at Last.

How wondrous must have been the joy in heaven when the Lord Jesus Christ burst the portals of the grave asunder; when He rose victorious over all the power of Sin, and Satan, and death, and Hades. It was the spring of the resurrection then appearing as the hope of brighter days for those who had been chained in the winter of their sins. Then indeed, "the winter was over and gone, the flowers appeared on the earth, and the time of the singing of birds had come." The sun shone in splendour in those resurrection skies of divine glory; the flowers of faith sprang up in the soil of human hearts, and the birds of love sang, for He gave the song, Who had given the power to sing.

Have you ever felt a striving and a yearning within you to rise from the dead? It is true that as a sinner you are dead in trespasses and sins; you have been buried in the grave of your sins all your days. The trees of your life have been bare and desolate under the wintry skies of wrath. No songs have come from your lips. Have you felt all this? Do you desire to live to-night? Oh! by the mighty power of faith may you rise to light, and liberty, and life. Look at the primrose, pale and fragile as it is; by the strong power of its life, it pierces through the earth, and rises to the light. God gives it the power for this. And you may be weak in yourself, but if you trust in God, He will give you the power to mount through all of earth to heaven. It is the might of faith that leads to victory. God gives the gifts of sunshine, and of rain, to nourish His fair creation; but He has given a greater gift to man; He has given him salvation.

An old man of eighty was picking up rubbish by the road-side, and putting it into a pail. A Christian passing

stopped and said, "Well, friend, if it were raining showers of gold sovereigns, what would you do? Would you go on with your work, or make sure of the gold?" "Oh! I should stop and pick up the gold first," he replied.

"To be sure you would," was the reply. "Now it has been raining gold this eighteen hundred years; do you know what I mean?" The old man looked up wonderingly.

"I mean, all the unsearchable riches of Christ have been showering down on poor sinners all this time. Have you received them?"

The old man was obliged to confess he had not, but I trust the Christian's words made him think. But what of you? Have you thought of this blessed shower? The gold of God's love in Christ falling around you. Will you stoop to the feet of Christ and pick up the gold of His love? You cannot walk with head erect into the kingdom of God. There must be the lowering of all human pride, the acknowledgment of sin and weakness, and the dependence upon divine love and strength. The gold is to be had, the gold of the promises, but you must stoop to pick it up. Those who go down the lowest are exalted to the highest. Is it worth the having? The gold of divine justification, the gold of peace, the gold of endless joy? Do you crave for it? It is falling all around you. Stoop to-night and pick it up.

Oh! what a world it is! The garbage and filth that it gives, is valued more by many, than is this gold of heaven. Men will stoop to gather from the mire of desire, the rubbish of this world's pleasure, and fame, and ambition, and glory. And as they grope, they see not the gleam of the precious gold, for Satan blinds their eyes.

Oh! what a world it is! Who would not wish for a better? Who would be content to live here for ever, where seasons come and seasons go, and what is spring to-day is winter to-morrow? The birds that gladden us with their songs one hour, have flown away the next; and the flowers that delighted us to-day are withered on the morrow. It is a world of clouded skies, and changing scenes. A world of breaking hearts, of 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;

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a world whose undoing has been sin, and the record of its sin is written upon every page of its history. Oh! for a better world than this! Oh! for the cloudless skies, and the fadeless flowers! Oh! for the sinless land, where they never sorrow, or weep, or sigh. Where there are no wrinkled brows or aching hearts; where there is no death, nor dying. Oh! for that bright home in heaven. We look up with eyes of desire to-night, and the question comes, "When shall we see those mansions fair? When shall we have passed through the blessed portals to the rest of God?"

But God has been dealing frankly with a world of sinners. He has been talking to men and women of His purposes, and His desires for them. But the unbelief of the natural heart hinders sinners from hearing the words of the living God. Men do not believe that God means what He says. But He does.

If you had a large sum of money in a bank, and you were told on good authority that on a certain day that bank would suspend payment, you would draw your money out. You would be wise as to this. God has told us that the bank of this world is going to suspend payment. And many of you here to-night have got your all in this bank of earth. You have put the riches of your health into it, and your time, and your opportunities, and your strength, and your intellect, and you think it is all right. But God tells you it is all wrong, "the world passeth away." The crash is coming. Will you be advised this evening and put your treasures into the bank of heaven? Put your health in there, and you shall find it in eternity, when immortal youth is yours. Put your time in there, and you shall find it again when time shall be no more. Put your all in there and it shall be returned to you a hundredfold, when God makes up the accounts of faith. Give all to God, yourself, your all, and God will give you divine interest.

Again, if you were seriously told by an architect that the house you were living in, was not secure; that the foundations were wrong, and that it might fall at any moment, you would want to leave that house. The foundations of this world are not secure. God, the mighty Architect, has told us that the world He made will be destroyed. He bids you flee to a place of security.

Sinner! you are on sandy soil. Your position is in-

secure. You want the Rock of Ages under your feet; **that** will never be shaken. A young man was walking one day on the cliffs at Ramsgate, reading. He was so engrossed with his book that he did not notice where he was going. Suddenly a bright flash of light caused him to start back. Then he saw that he had wandered close to the edge of a precipice. The sun had shone out from a cloud and the rays of light striking against the white chalk had caused the bright light which startled him. Had it not been for that he would have been dashed to pieces. One step more and he would have been in eternity. He walked away thinking little of it at the time. Some days after he was home, and he told his mother, who was a Christian, about it. She was quite startled and excited and said, "How could he be so heedless, she might never have seen him again." She spoke to him about it, and her words sank down into his heart. Night came, and he hoped that sleep would come, and drown the unwelcome thoughts that were in his mind. But there was no sleep for him that night. When he lay down in the darkness, a bright light seemed to shine before him, and he saw once more the cliff, and the ragged rocks. Then he heard a voice say, "Only one step more! Only one, and it would have been your last! Only one, and you would have stepped out from time into eternity!" And then the voice asked the question, "Where would you have gone?" And everything in the room echoed "Where?" He was glad when morning came. He busied himself all day to get away from his thoughts. But when night came, and he tried to sleep, the question came in the darkness, "Where would you have gone?" Now he was bound to answer, "**To Hell.**" He cried aloud in his distress to God—he felt his position, he appealed for help to the Saviour. Then a voice said, "Come unto Me . . . and I will give you rest." He took Christ at His word. He came and Christ received him. Is not salvation simple? If I were not saved I would this minute look up to heaven and say, "**Here** I am, Lord Jesus, a poor sinner who needs salvation, and Thou art **there**, the Saviour of sinners. I want to be saved, Lord, save me now." If Jesus stood here, and you saw Him, and if He beckoned to that man there, and said "Come"; or to that woman there and said, "Come";

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would they not come? Yes. Well it is just as simple. If you are weary, come to Him, and He will give you rest. But beware, you may not have many more steps to take along the road of life, and when life is done, what then?—**Death**; and when death has come to you, what then? Is that all? No. After death the **Judgment**.

(To be continued.)

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WHAT IS YOUR HOPE?

BY J. A. FARLEY.

Insecurity is the characteristic of the present moment. "Distress of nations, with perplexity—men's hearts failing them for fear, and for looking after those things which are coming upon the earth"—a prophetic utterance recorded 1900 years ago, and yet, never more pregnant with meaning than to-day.

Men have lost confidence in one another. Thrones are tumbling to the ground. Long-established standards vanish overnight. Is there stability nowhere?

To answer this question we need a voice of authority. Shall we open up that Book and turn over its pages until "Luther's Psalm" confronts our gaze? "**Therefore will not we fear**, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea . . . God is in the midst . . . God shall help . . . and that in the dawn of the morning" (Psalm 46. J.N.D.).

As the darkness deepens—the dawn draws nearer. The expectant Christian scans the horizon for the Morning Star. "The coming of the Lord draweth nigh." **This** is the Christian's Hope. But, maybe, there are eyes glancing through these pages to whom this is a mystery.

Overcome by heat and labour, a poor old man in the north of India fell by the roadside, and was left to perish. Passing that way was a caravan, with a godly and devout missionary in its company. Seeing the old man there, the missionary knelt down at his side, and whispered into his ear, "What is your hope?" The dying man raised himself a little to reply, and with a great effort he answered: "**The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin.**" He then died from the effort.

The missionary was greatly astonished at the answer, and

the calm, peaceful appearance of the man, but he felt assured that he had died trusting in the Lord Jesus Christ.

How or where could this man, seemingly a heathen, have got this hope, thought he. Suddenly he saw a piece of paper grasped tightly in the hand of the dead man. He took it from his hand, and what was his surprise when he found that it was a single leaf of the Bible, containing the first chapter of the first epistle of John, in which these words are found. On that page that man had found the gospel. Probably, he had known but little of the glorious glad tidings, and yet, he had ventured his complete confidence for time and for eternity, upon the Saviour of sinners.

You, perhaps, have heard the Story countless times; perhaps could repeat chapters from that Book of books, but, hitherto, there has been no response to the gracious invitations and solemn warnings contained in the Word of God.

It is a wonderful privilege to be born in a country where the Bible is so freely scattered; and as you think of all God's kindness to you, so strikingly displayed in the giving up of His Son to that shameful death upon the cross for this guilty world, will you not join the company of those who love to sing :

Bearing shame and scoffing rude,
In my place condemned He stood;
Sealed my pardon with His blood:
Hallelujah! what a Saviour!

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GOSPEL SIMILITUDES.

“ As a thief in the night.”

I have often thought how very strange it is that this simile should have been used by the inspired writer, that the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ should be placed in comparison with that of a **thief**. Surely of the hundreds of figures used to express some of the qualities of the Saviour, figures which include a stone, a rose, a star, a worm, a nail, this figure of a thief is the strangest of all.

The burglars visited us a little while since, but, being disturbed in the midst of their work, they ran away leaving some of their clothes and tools, together with a lot of

GOSPEL SIMILITUDES.

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spoil stolen from a neighbour, on my premises; and so I found myself standing, replacing a screw in the lock of a scullery door, in the middle of the night, with the burglar's own screwdriver which had been used a few minutes before in taking it out. It was the Lord's doing and marvellous in our eyes, and I felt a special gratitude and satisfaction in using that particular screwdriver. I thought as I stood there, that, to compare little events with great, I could understand David's feeling when asked for his enemy's sword: "There is none like that, give it me."

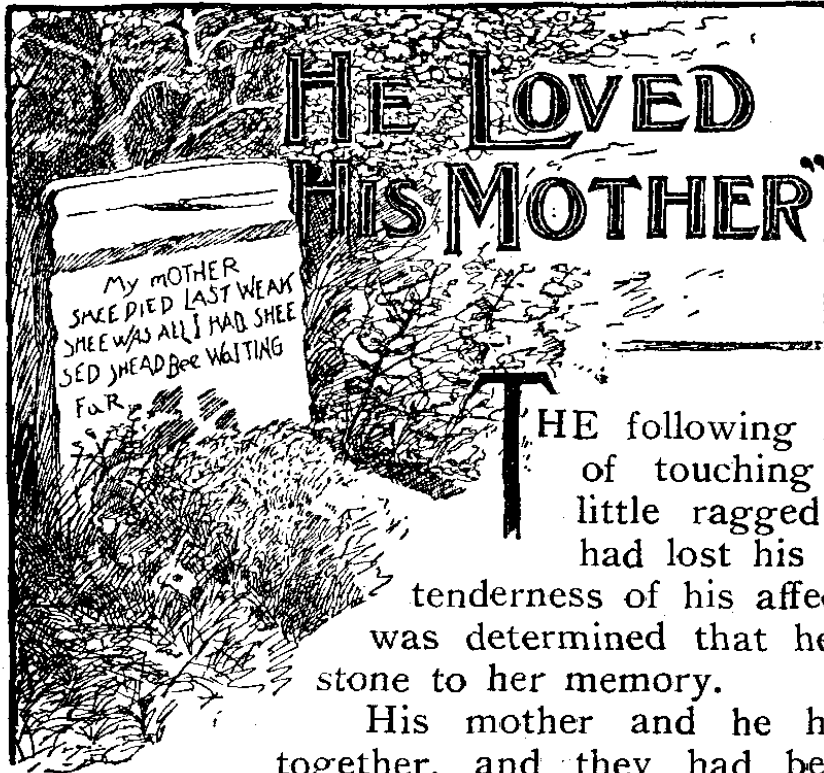
And then I thought that I only recollect hearing of one case quite like this before, and that case was no doubt allegorical. It is in the Jewish Talmud where the Emperor, attacking the Rabbi Gamaliel said, "Your God is a thief: He stole a rib from a sleeping man." And the Rabbi's daughter replied, "A thief came to our house last night and stole a silver vase." "Bad," said the Emperor. "But," said the Rabbi's daughter, "he left a gold one." "Good," said the Emperor. "I wish that thief would come to me, often." "Such is our God," said the maiden. "If He takes away anything He gives something more valuable. He took away Adam's rib and gave him Eve."

And He who takes from us those things that it is a gain to lose, who takes from us our sins and gives us righteousness, takes from us time and gives us eternity, takes from us hate and gives us love, receives at our hands death and bestows upon us everlasting life. Has He visited your house, your soul? But that is not, I know, the primary meaning of the phrase, which is to set forth to the slumbering people of Sardis the coming of Christ as an occurrence, which to those not prepared for it, would be something unexpected and dreadful. To one class of people, His coming will be like the rising of the "bright and morning star" which preludes the dawning of an eternal day: to another His coming is calamity and disaster. To the one it is a promise; to the other it is a threat: "Repent. If therefore thou shalt not watch, I will come on thee as a thief, and thou shalt not know what hour I will come upon thee"!

J. C. BAYLY.



(26)



THE following is a sketch full of touching interest, of a little ragged newsboy, who had lost his mother. In the tenderness of his affection for her he was determined that he would raise a stone to her memory.

His mother and he had kept house together, and they had been all to each other, but now she was taken, and the little fellow's loss was irreparable. Getting a stone was no easy task, for his earnings were small; but love is strong. Going to a cutter's yard, and finding that even the cheaper class of stones were far too expensive for him, he at length fixed upon a broken shaft of marble, part of the remains of an accident in the yard, and which the proprietor kindly named at such a low figure that it came within his means. There was much yet to be done, but the brave little chap was equal to it.

The next day he conveyed the stone away on a little four-wheeled cart, and managed to have it put in position. The narrator, curious to know the last of the stone, visited the cemetery one afternoon, and he thus describes what he saw and learned :

“ ‘ Here it is,’ said the man in charge, and sure enough, there was our monument, at the head of one of the newer graves. I knew it at once. Just as it was when it left our yard, I was going to say, until I got a little nearer to it and saw what the little chap had done. I tell you, boys, when I saw it there was something blurred my eyes, so's I couldn't read it at first. The little man had tried

“ HE LOVED HIS MOTHER.”

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to keep the lines straight, and evidently thought that capitals would make it look better and bigger, for nearly every letter was a capital. I copied it, and here it is; but you want to see it on the stone to appreciate it.

MY mOTHER
SHEE DIED LAST WEAK
SHEE WAS ALL I HAD. SHEE
SED SHEAD Bee WAITING FuR—

and here, boys, the lettering stopped. After awhile I went back to the man in charge, and asked him what further he knew of the little fellow who brought the stone.

“ ‘ Not much,’ he said, ‘ not much. Didn’t you notice a fresh little grave near the one with the stone? Well, that’s where he is. He came here every afternoon for some time, working away at that stone, and one day I missed him, and then for several days. Then the man came out from the church that had buried the mother, and ordered the grave dug by her side. I asked if it was for the little chap. He said it was. The boy had sold all his papers one day, and was hurrying along the street out this way. There was a runaway team just above the crossing, and—well—he was run over, and lived but a day or two. He had in his hand, when he was picked up, an old file, sharpened down to a point, that he did all the lettering with. They said he seemed to be thinking only of that until he died, for he kept saying, “ I didn’t get it done; but she’ll know I meant to finish it, won’t she? I’ll tell her so, for she’ll be waiting for me,” and, boys, he died with those words on his lips.’ ”

When the men in the cutter’s yard heard the story of the boy, the next day they clubbed together, got a good stone, inscribed upon it the name of the newsboy (which they succeeded in getting from the superintendent of the Sunday School which the little fellow attended), and underneath it the touching, expressive words: “ He loved his mother.”

When the stone was put up, the little lad’s Sunday School mates, as well as others, were present, and the superintendent, in speaking to them, told them how the boy had loved Jesus and tried to please Him and gave utterance to this high encomium: “ Scholars,” said he, “ I would

rather be that brave, loving, little newsboy, and lie there with that on my tombstone, than to be a king of the world, and not love and respect my mother.” That newsboy has left a lesson to the world.

“ Hearken unto thy father that begat thee, and despise not thy mother when she is old.”—Prov. xxiii. 22.

: Bible Colportage Society, Chicago.

A WONDERFUL EXPERIENCE.

(This very striking incident was given me by a medical friend, who heard it from the lady herself.—EDITOR.)

My sister took me to call upon an intimate friend of hers, who has lived for six years in a villa opposite her own. This lady is single, and has no relations and few friends, she lives alone, and leads a very lonely life. Since coming to London six years ago, her great pleasure had been going to the theatre, and especially to first performances of new plays. When she came under Christian influence some few years ago, she was converted, and gave up her only earthly amusement—the theatre. But on one occasion, feeling extremely low and depressed, she decided to break her rule and go once for a treat to a theatre. This she did, but did not feel very happy about it, and found she did not enjoy the play as she expected to. On coming out of the theatre after the performance, she found the bus for her suburb waiting as usual to take people home. She went up the steps to the top, expecting as usual to find it crowded, but to her surprise it was empty, and not a soul to be seen, and still more strange, no people were coming up, though all the other buses were being rapidly filled. She took her seat, alone, as she thought, but suddenly, to her surprise, she saw there was a figure seated just in front of her. The figure looked round at her. In an instant she saw it was the Lord. At once words of regret poured from her lips. “ Oh, dear Lord,” she said, “ I am so sorry I have been to the theatre, are you angry with me? ” “ No,” said the Lord, “ I am not angry with you; did you enjoy it? ” “ Oh, no,” she said, “ I did not enjoy it at all. I am so sorry I went. I shall never go to a theatre again. I am so glad you are not angry with me.” In a moment, as

A WONDERFUL EXPERIENCE.

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she looked, the Lord had vanished, and there was no figure there. Instantly people came crowding up the steps, and in a few moments the top of the bus was packed with people, as it usually was, and the bus started off to its destination in the suburb. She has never been to a theatre since, or wished to go. It is remarkable that by some unseen power people were prevented crowding up into this bus, until the Lord had shown Himself and spoken these words to my sister's friend. This account of her wonderful experience was given me by the lady herself in my sister's presence.

W.T.O.

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BLASPHEMING AGAINST THE HOLY GHOST.

In our leading article of January "**A Message from God,**" we spoke of the presence of the Holy Ghost on earth to-day—God, the Holy Ghost. I reprint an article from "**A Message from God**" for May, 1926, in which this most solemn act of blasphemy was shown to be followed on the spot by the almost immediate death of the blasphemer. "**It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the Living God.**" (EDITOR.)

The Incident.

Dear Sir,—The following, from the "Daily Express," May 5th, 1925, is so startling and solemn as to be worthy of more than ephemeral record. "Mr. George Whale, the chairman of the Rationalist Press Association, fell dead last night after a ruthless attack on the dogmas of the Christian religion. 'The light,' he said, 'from some providential spirit or Holy Ghost is said to have guided the Church for some nineteen hundred years. It has not come, and when it does come I venture to suggest it will not have the dazzling effect of the light that fell on the Apostle on his way to Damascus—the light which left him dazzled for the rest of his life.'

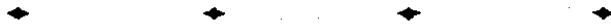
"Two hundred and seventeen guests present greeted his words with appreciative laughter. In a few moments there were only hushed whispers and awe-stricken faces. It was seen that Mr. Whale had collapsed in his chair, and in the instant silence his strangled breathing was the only sound. Doctors rushed to his side, and he was carried from the room

dying. Artificial respiration was at once tried, but death was almost immediate.

"The dinner was to have been followed by dancing, and at the moment that Mr. Whale was being carried from the banqueting hall the orchestra in the next room, unaware of the tragic scene from which a screen divided them, could be heard tuning up their instruments.

"While the guests waited to be reassured, it was announced that the dance would be abandoned. Women in evening frocks, and men who were about to partner them in fox-trots, stood about awkwardly. Although it was not officially announced that Mr. Whale was dead, the news spread from one group to another till the whole gathering slowly dispersed.

"While Mr. Whale's health was being proposed by another atheist, Major Pulman (a man of eighty years of age) he died blaspheming against the Holy Ghost, and so passed into eternity."



EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS CONCERNING OUR TWO MAGAZINES, "A MESSAGE FROM GOD" AND "IN HIS HARVEST FIELDS."

I am sure my readers would be glad to know what others think of our monthly Magazines. I am asking you to read the following recent letters. It was the thought of our "Secretary" at the Testament and Tract Depôt to put these letters together for me to see, as so many had been coming lately. I felt I must put them in this number of "A Message from God." I do it in all humility, thanking God for all the sympathy He gives us in this work for Him. Soon harvest days will be over, and our work be done.

Letters.

The "Message from God" in South Africa.—"The 'Message' has been a blessing to me. I look forward to it every month, and I thank you for sending it to me regularly.

The "Message from God" in Vancouver.—"We so enjoy the little books that come month by month, and they are blest to others, and passed on a number of times. I always pray over them, before I send them away, that God's blessing will rest upon them as it always comes to me. Tears of joy always roll down my cheeks as I read them."

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS.

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A Christian in Croydon writes.—"I wish to tell you how greatly blessed the little 'Message' has been to many. It has passed from a milkman to his landlady, who is so pleased to read it, then on to friends, and then to a hospital. 'He that winneth souls is wise.' "

Watford.—"Dear Dr. Wreford, Having sent some of your books to an old lady in Manchester, she would be so grateful if you would kindly send them on to her **monthly**, as she so enjoyed reading them, and she is not able to attend her chapel through infirmity. **Trusting** the Lord will bless the reading of them to her soul."

Glasgow.—"Could you please send me some more of this month's 'Message from God' to distribute. They are **just needful**."

Barbados.—M. M. writes.—"Dear Brother in Christ, 'Grace be unto you and peace from God our Father, and the Lord Jesus Christ. I thank my God upon every remembrance of you.' I received your little books, the 'Message from God' and 'In His Harvest Fields' **safe**. They are so refreshing to my soul. They come like cold water to a thirsty soul."

A Friend in Merthyr writes:—"My many thanks for the little books you kindly send me month by month. I must say I look forward to their coming, and enjoy reading them very much."

The "Message" greatly appreciated in S. Africa.—"Dear Dr. Wreford,—Please accept this small gift I have enclosed 5s., from my parents with their grateful thanks for the very interesting books ('A Message from God,' and 'Harvest Field') which they receive from you each month, and which they greatly appreciate."

New York (U.S.A.)—"The little magazines **always rejoice my heart** to read. Am passing them on."

Brooklyn (U.S.A.)—"Dear Mr. Wreford,—I want to thank you for sending the two papers, 'A Message from God' and 'In His Harvest Fields' every month. We **do** look forward to getting them, and enjoy reading them. I always try to pass them on, and pray the Lord to bless your efforts, and long spare you in that part of the vineyard."—M.W.

Boscombe.—"Dear Dr. Wreford,—Thank you very much for the 'Message' and 'Harvest Fields.' It gives all here **great joy** to see how faithful our God is in answering prayer, and sending His rich blessing, and we earnestly hope you will be spared to carry on this wonderful work. . . . Yours in our soon coming Lord Jesus.—M.J.S."

London.—"Dear Dr. Wreford,—Many thanks for the 'Message from God.' What a delight and a stimulus it is to us to read it, and how necessary in these days of darkness and false teaching."

Blackheath.—"What a joy to receive the 'Message' and 'Harvest Fields.' When the time is due, I look every day for their coming. . . . And the blessing is so great . . . I do thank our Heavenly Father for bringing me into contact with you and your work."

St. Austell.—"I do thank you very much indeed for sending the monthly magazines. The words are food for the hungry, and drink for the thirsty, because it speaks of the Living Bread which came down from heaven."

Gosport.—"I trust you will be spared to edit your little booklets ('A Message from God,' and 'Harvest Fields') for many years yet (D.V.). It is just the very thing that is needed in these days."

Maida Hill, London.—"I have just read with great pleasure 'A Message from God' for July, 1931, and feel it is suited to several friends. If you have a few copies I would gladly post them, hoping and praying that God will use them for blessing. . . . 'Rejoice in the Lord alway, and again I say rejoice.' "

Newcastle-on-Tyne.—"Will you please send 'A Message from God,' and 'In His Harvest Fields' monthly to the following address. I shall be delighted if you can do so, as I am sure they will be appreciated, and read in his home. He has never seen any of your books previous to being at our house, and remarked to me that he would like to know more of your wonderful work."

Kenton-Harrow.—"I do earnestly thank you for the 'Message from God' and 'In His Harvest Fields.' They have been a great help to me."

Lisburn.—"Dear Doctor,—Thank you for the 'Message' and 'Harvest Fields' every month. I look forward to their coming, and enjoy reading them very much. Hoping you will be spared long for the good work. . . .—E.M."

Northumberland.—"Dear Doctor,—We appreciate the 'Message' and 'Harvest Fields,' and look for them, and thank God for them. May you be encouraged with a flood of means for carrying on the good works."

Glasgow.—"Thank you for continuing to send me that lovely 'Message from God' that we need so much. Bless His Holy Name! Oh, that the world could understand His everlasting love."

Malvern.—"I have much enjoyed reading your 'Message from God,' and 'In His Harvest Fields,' and thank you very much for sending them so regularly. I shall look forward to receiving them next year. I give them to our gardener, and he is very pleased; both his wife and himself read them."

Southampton.—"Thank you very much for sending me your useful 'Message from God.' It is so valuable for circulating."

Guernsey.—"Thank you so much for so regularly sending me 'A Message from God.' I always enjoy reading them, and always pray God to bless you and all your dear helpers."



A LAST WORD FOR FEBRUARY.

My correspondence has got behind. It is on account of an increasing weakness in my right hand. God can remove this, in answer to prayer, if it is His will. It grieves me not to be able to answer letters sooner. Please pray for me and for this month's "A Message from God."

Yours for Christ's sake
H. Eymann Wrexford

MARCH, 1932. **FORTY-EIGHTH YEAR.** **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.”

ACTS xvi. 31.



Damascus.

One of the most ancient cities in the world. First mentioned in Bible Gen. xiv. 15; Gen. xv. 2. Not mentioned after until 2 Saml. viii. 5 and 6. Considered one of the most beautiful cities in the world. It lies on the banks of the Abana River. On the East of it is the mountain range of Anti-Lebanon. Population about 150,000. In the picture you see the Tower of the Great Mosque, from whence the Muezzin calls the hours of prayer. Connected with the conversion of St. Paul. Home of Ananias, etc.

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The Ways of God

The Rest of a Saint of God

BY HEYMAN WREFORD.

In January, 1932, I received the following letter :

Stamford,
Conn., U.S.A.

My dear Dr. Wreford,

Father (Henry Belden Whelpley) passed away peacefully in his sleep, Monday morning, after a brief illness. Although he was in his ninetieth year his mind was very clear unto the end.

Among his papers he left a request that you be notified.

Sincerely yours,

EDITH E. WHELPLEY (MRS. A.)

For years I have known our beloved brother, through our correspondence, but I have never seen him in the flesh. His sweet and gracious letters have been a joy to me for years. His never changing interest in my work for God, and the personal love in Christ we had for one another, will be a blessed memory for ever.

I should like to print a few extracts from a few letters only, I received in 1931—the last year of his earth life. They will show the manner of man he was, and the manner of our love for one another.

Letter I.

New York,
February 10th, 1931.

Beloved brother Wreford,

I duly received your loving letter of January 10th, 1931, but have been hindered from answering it. My correspondence has fallen in arrears through combined inability to keep up with my work, and sickness.

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Yes, I know the very great famine there is in the world now. Not a famine of bread, nor a thirst for water, but of hearing the Word of God. (Amos viii. 11). Men want to live without the Word of God (Deut. viii. 3), but if they do succeed it is spiritual starvation.

I am deeply grateful, dear brother, for your prayers for my children, and I wish you to know I am praying for yours. O, that God would answer us both. We know that He **hears**. Shall we not plead with Him on the ground of His word in James v. 16: "The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much." Elijah prayed and was heard and answered. . . .

I close with earnest love from Miss Morris and myself.

Affectionately yours in Christ,

H. B. WHELPLEY.

Letter II.

Manhattan Avenue, N.Y.,

February 21st, 1931.

Dear brother Dr. Wreford,

I received your last letter, and it was a real comfort. **The expression of love** is a comfort to a brother or sister's heart.

I have been ill for a year and over. I have my old trouble causing much distress. . . . A physician tells me if the person is young he can be operated on; but not an old person. Could we not as Christians take this matter to the Lord, and pray for cure? Would you pray for me? (See James v. 14-18.)

Through brother Pennington am glad to hear you are much better in health, and able to press on in the Lord's work.

With unchanging love,

- Your brother in Christ,

H. B. WHELPLEY.

Letter III.

New York,

May 28th, 1931.

My beloved brother in the Lord,

Your Circular Letter, "The Cry of the World," of May, 1931, is just at hand, and I am glad to be able to make a reply to it. I am enclosing . . . as a response to this call. I pray also that many Christians over the length and breadth of this earth may be strongly moved by the Holy Ghost to cheerfully and heartily join to swell the tide of givers to the Divine call for souls to come into the wedding feast before the door is shut. How many are yet in slavery to Satan? May God send deliverance. Continue to plead with God for my children.

My deep special love to you, Dr. Wreford, the Lord strengthen you for this divine work. Also pray, please, that I may, if the Lord will, be able to have fellowship with the Lord in this, a little longer. "Even so, come, Lord Jesus."

Yours in His love,

H. B. WHELPLEY.

Letter IV.

New York,

Aug. 1st, 1931.

This is a sacred letter speaking of his early life, and his devoted love to his parents, especially his "precious darling mother"—his father died when he was very young, he tells me. He speaks of August 11th being a memorable day for him and for myself. We were both born the same day of the same month, but not the same year. He speaks of the profound joy it was to him and his mother when he could say, "Mother, I have given myself up to the Lord Jesus." He says, "I shall never forget it, and the light His love has shed upon my journey through the valley of the shadow of death! To God be all the praise!" He says also, "dear brother, don't leave my children out of your prayers," and concludes his very precious letter by saying, "Ah! we look forward to seeing the Lord soon, and those also who have gone to Paradise. 'Even so, come Lord Jesus.'" Ever yours affectionately, dear brother, H. B. Whelpley.

Oct. 6th, 1931 :—He says at the end of this letter, the last I shall quote from now: "My love in Christ to you dear Dr. Wreford, **my friend.**" . . . H.B.W.

They're passing from amongst us—one by one—
Earth's storms all weathered, and the haven won;
Life with its April scenes of hope and care,
And Time with all its turmoil ended there.
Toil-worn and weary—with the journey o'er,
They hail the Home eternal, God's rest for evermore.

H.W.

Letter just received from Miss Morris about Mr. Whelpley's home-going.

U.S.A.

Dear Dr. Wreford,

I wrote you about three weeks ago. I had not heard then of the death of my precious brother in Christ, Mr. Whelpley. His passing away was as follows :—He had a bad heart attack, and was improving in health, when his children went up to see him, and the excitement proved too much for him. He said "Good-night" to his two grand-daughters, naming them each, after which he repeated the 23rd Psalm. Then he fell asleep, and awoke at 4.30 in the morning to be with Jesus. . . .

Yours in Christ Jesus,

M. M.

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Victory at Last

**A Gospel Address delivered by Heyman Wreford at the
Victoria Hall, Exeter.**

PART II.

"And Moses said unto the people, 'Fear ye not, stand still, and see the salvation of the Lord, which He will show to you to-day, for the Egyptians whom ye have seen to-day, ye shall see them again no more for ever. The Lord shall fight for you and ye shall hold your peace.'" Exodus xiv., 13 and 14.

We will this evening look a little closely to our text. It is what Moses said to the children of Israel; and what I trust, God, by His Spirit, will say to you to-night.

"Fear ye not."

You must win a victory over your fears. What was Israel's fear? God had led them out of Egypt, and brought them to the borders of the Red Sea. On either side of them were rocks, in front of them the broad waters of the sea. As they stand there the cry is raised: "The Egyptians are coming." They look back with beating hearts and white faces, and they see the dust of Pharaoh's chariot wheels. They cry aloud in their fear, and God says to them by Moses, "Fear ye not." Now what have you to fear? Do you see before you the waters of death, and the sea of eternity beyond? On either side the rocks of doubts and fears, and behind you the host of your sins? Do you see all this and are you terrified? Eternity in front, and your sins behind. Cry to God and the answer will come, "Fear ye not." It is Satan's object to keep sinners in a state of perpetual fear. He instils a dread and fear of God in the heart, which is utterly opposed to what is right. God is **Love**, and the sooner we learn that, the sooner we learn happiness. Learn it this evening, if never before. Meditate upon it until you believe it. Think of God's love in creation. He clothes the field, and paints the rainbow, and feeds the sparrows, and provides a nest for the birds, and a lair for the lion. His love does this. And what has His love done for sinners? "God commendeth His love towards us in that while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us." Fear God no longer. God is not a hard task-master. He is love.

A Christian called to see a young lady who was seriously indisposed. He said to her, "I am sorry you are so ill, but I have good news for you if you know you are a lost sinner."

The mother answered, "That won't do here, my Lizzie is as good as an angel." "Then I must go," replied the Christian, "for my message is not for an angel." He then turned to the daughter and said, "Good-bye, I must go, but if it be the middle of the night and you really realize you are a lost sinner, send for me and I will then tell you good news." He left. At twelve o'clock that night a message came for him to come and see the dying girl. He again stood by her. She cried out as she saw him, "I am lost! I am lost!" "I have good news for you," he made answer. "The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin." She drank it in. It was God's Word. She had been trembling in her fear of God. Now she was to listen to God's own Word to her: it was indeed like living water to her thirsty soul. One more text he repeated, "He that heareth My word, and believeth on Him that sent Me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into judgment, but is passed from death unto life." This was sunlight to her darkened heart; it was music of heaven to soothe the distraction of her mind. She exclaimed, "**I hear! I believe!** Thank you." And then she passed away happily. It was victory at last; a victory over all her fears. The triumph of the love of God shining over a sinner's misery. "Fear ye not," you sinners here this evening. Fear rather to disobey God by not believing His Word; fear to offend Him by not trusting in His Christ; fear to call forth His anger by continued neglect of His great salvation; but never fear the love that has seated the Man, Christ Jesus, in eternal glory; the love that has sent the Gospel out to every creature. The love that has brought you here this evening to listen to the story of the cross. Reverence that love; believe it, and be blest by it.

"Stand still."

These are the next words in our text that arrest our attention; and here we are taught to win a victory over our unrest. Israel found it hard to stand still in the face of such apparent danger. There was the extreme restlessness

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consequent upon human thoughts about their situation. But "**stand still**" sounds loudly in their ears. And so it is to-day. Many of you have been seeking and striving for an unattainable good. You have been harassed and perplexed by the devil. You have been hurried to and fro with the vain question on your lips, "Who will show us any good?" Stand still now. Obey the word of the living God. When you are hungry you do not keep walking up and down in front of your food; you sit down and eat it. If you are hungering after righteousness, really longing for better things than you have, eat by faith the Bread of Life that came down from heaven, it is offered you where you are. You remember the five thousand in the desert fed by Christ; they were told to sit down upon the grass, and when they were at rest in His presence, He gave them with His own blessed Hands what they needed. It was a lovely sight! The seated host, the giving Christ! The hungry multitude, and love's rich supply! And it is as real this moment. There are not five thousand here. I wish there was room for them; but you, who are here, will you realize that Christ is ready to feed your souls this evening? Just be still, and know that He is God. Come in your want to Him. "He hath filled the hungry with good things." Win this victory over your unrest:

Not the labour of my hands,
Can fulfil the law's demands.

There is nothing you can do that can avail for you before God. Your only safety is in standing still, and in letting God direct you. Be passive in His Hands. You may all be saved to-night, by just being conscious of your own inability to move a step by yourselves, and by knowing that God has acted for you, and has made a pathway for you, where in safety you may tread.

Take another case. If you were tired and weary, you would not run a mile to get repose. You would lie down and rest. The Lord Jesus opens the door of salvation and says: "Come . . . and I will give you rest." He says: "I am the Door, by Me, if any man enter in he shall be saved, and shall go in and out and find pasture." And if you take the Saviour at His Word, and rest in His rest,

you will be able to say with the Psalmist, "He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; He leadeth me beside the still waters." It is what He does, not what you can do. You but follow where He leads. Israel had to stand still and wait for God to guide them; you do the same this evening. "Have faith in God." Are not the Psalmist's words lovely? "Green pastures!" "Still waters!" Glorious repose and rest. Just what you want as a sinner, a place to rest in, and it is just what God provides and gives. Oh! will you stand still now? Will you, by the help of God, win a victory over the unrest of your life, and rest where God rests, in the finished work of His beloved Son? I do feel in my soul the glory of this rest, it is soul rest; do you desire it now? Yet one more case. If you were thirsty, you would not expect to quench your thirst by walking round and round a fountain. You would stand still and drink. You would see the fountain was there for you, and you needed what it supplied. It would meet your case exactly. Now, stand still, and drink to-night. "Who-soever will, let him take the water of life freely." This is clear and plain. A thirsty sinner may drink living water. In other words, you need a Saviour to satisfy your soul-thirst; Jesus **is** the Saviour, and the Friend of sinners. He is the very One you need, and if you feel you need Him, He will bless you with His love. Cry **victory at last** as you take the Bread of Life from the hands of God to-night. Cry **victory at last** as you rest your weary soul in the love of God in Christ. Cry **victory at last** as you drink from the fountain.

A nobleman's wife was dying. A Christian was invited to come and see her; one who had known her when in health. She lay on a luxurious bed in her beautiful home, a hungry, tired and thirsty sinner. She had learnt the insufficiency of earth to satisfy one single longing of an immortal soul. To her Christian friend she said: "I am dying, I have, at most, only a few days to live, and I am **so** unhappy." The Christian told her he had often thought of her, and felt for her. She continued: "You do not know, or you would not pity me, for I had a godly mother, and I was with her when she died; she often prayed for me, and her last words urged me to seek the Lord.

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And I nursed a dear sister who lived and died as an angel of God, and I know my friends in Scotland are praying for me; they chose Christ, but I chose the world, and would not listen to them. I have had it, and now I am leaving it, dying—unsaved. They will be for ever with the Lord, my mother, my sisters, all but me, I am going to be the companion of devils. Do not pity me, I deserve it; I loved the world, despised Christ, and all my opportunities, and now I am lost!”

There was a Bible near, and the visitor opened it at the 15th of Luke. He read of the Shepherd leaving the ninety and nine to seek the sheep that was lost. He read how when he found it, he took it on his shoulder, and carried it home rejoicing over it. Then he read of the lost piece of silver, and the searching for it; the lighting of the candle, the sweeping of the house, the finding, and the joy. Then he read about the prodigal who went so far away, and who, when his substance was wasted, and he was in misery, and nakedness, said, “I perish with hunger.”

He stopped and looked around, and as he gazed he saw the dying lady was deeply moved; the tears were running quickly down her cheeks and falling on the pillow; she did not wipe them away; she only said:—

“**That is me.**”

He then went on reading of the prodigal's coming to himself, of the return, the father's love, the embrace, the kiss, the robe, the ring, the feast, and the joy of the father over his lost son, and said:—“**That is God.**”

Then he knelt, and with her, just confessed that God's justice must punish sin, and that our only deserving was the outer darkness and the lake of fire, but thanked Him for His love in sending His Son to bear the wrath due to the sinner. He prayed that she might be blest. God heard and answered. After a weary life, she stood still and saw what she was, **A Sinner!** What God is, a **Saviour-God!** It was victory at last. I have given this in many parts almost word for word, as written by the Christian whom God used and may God bless you who have heard it.

(To be concluded next month).

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THE SERVICE OF GOD'S ANGELS.

The Degradation and Doom of Satan.

BY WILLIAM KELLY.

(Read carefully Daniel ix., x., xi., xii. chapters.)

THAT angels are employed of God in particular services is plain from the word of God. Nor was this merely a new truth. We find that Jude mentions, as a well-known circumstance, the contention of Michael the archangel with the devil about the body of Moses. The same truth comes out again in this. It was Michael's care over the Jewish people. He knew their tendency to idolatry, and that the man, whom they had rebelled against during life, they would make an idol of after his death. And thus, Michael, as the instrument of blessing on God's part to Israel, contends with Satan, so that the body of Moses was not found; the Lord is said to have buried it, though the instrument that the Lord employed was Michael. Now here we have this interesting ray of light cast upon earthly circumstances. The powers of this world may be governing, but angels have not given up their functions. There are the devil and his angels, and Michael and the holy angels with him, brought forward again in the last book of the Bible. The facts of Christ having come, and of the Holy Ghost having been given, do not supersede this. On the contrary, we know that there will be one most tremendous conflict at the close between the holy angels and the wicked ones, when the heavens shall be for ever cleared of those evil powers, which had for so long defiled them. This is most interesting, as showing the perfect patience of God. Because we know, that with a word He could put down the devil and all his host. But He does not. He allows Satan even to venture into the lower heavens—nay, still to have possession of them. Therefore it is that he is called "the prince of the power of the air," as he is called elsewhere "the prince" and "the god of this world." But I believe it is only there that he is prince. We never read of such a thing as Satan being prince in hell. It is a favourite dream of great poets, and of small ones too; but we never read of it in Scripture. The Bible shows us, that

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his real power now is either in the heavens or on the earth; but that when he is broken, both in his heavenly usurpation first, and then in his earthly power, he is cast down to hell; and that, instead of being a king in hell, he will be the most miserable object of the vengeance of God. The solemn thing is, that he is reigning here now, and people do not feel it. His worst reign is that which he acquired—not that which he had before. The death of Christ, although it is the ground on which he will eventually lose all his power, was, nevertheless, the means by which he became the great usurping power, opposing God in all His thoughts about this world. But here is a thought that is of importance for us. If God permits such a thing as this—if He allows the presence of this evil one, the enemy of His Son in heaven itself—if, instead of the crucifixion of Christ leading God to deprive Satan of all his power, we find him after this displaying His greatest long-suffering, what a lesson it all is for us not to trouble ourselves about circumstances! No man has ever trodden these unknown regions; there has been none to tell us about them except the word of God, which lays it bare before us. We do not know all, of course; but we know enough to see that there is this tremendous power of evil opposed to God, and that the power of God is always and infinitely mightier than the power of evil. Evil is but an accident, which has got into the world through the rebellion of the creature against God. By “accident,” I mean that it was only the creature’s interrupting for a time the purposes of God; while in truth it but served to bring them out with brighter lustre. To bless heaven and earth was the plan of God, and this will stand. Evil will be banished from the scene, and evil men will suffer the awful consequences of having rejected the only good and blessed one in Christ, the Lord.

But while the certainty of all has been made known to faith before the execution of the thoughts of God, we have the view opened to us of the grave conflict meanwhile that is unseen. This puts faith to the test. Daniel had to go on waiting, mourning, praying, spreading out all before God. We see in him the perseverance of faith—praying always. And how was not his faith rewarded! For when the angel does come, he makes known this at the bidding

of the glorious One, who had first appeared to Daniel. It was the prince of the kingdom of Persia who had withstood him one-and-twenty days; but Michael had come to his help. (Notes on Daniel).

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THE CONVERT'S ALBUM.

The Girl Who Came to be Saved.

I was preaching in the year 1881, 50 years ago, in the Assembly Room, Fore Street, Exeter. One beautiful summer Sunday evening in July a young girl came to the service. She was very ill, and was helped upstairs to the Hall by her mother and sister, who accompanied her. She had been ill for five years, and it was apparent to all who knew her that she could not live long. She had heard of our services, and had expressed a great desire to be taken to one of them. So on this Sunday evening she sat between her mother and sister just inside the door.

The preaching that evening was about the cleansing of the leper in Israel. At the close of the service the hymn was sung,

Hark! the voice of Jesus calling—
Come ye weary, come to ME;
I have rest and peace to offer—
Rest, thou burdened one, for thee.
Take salvation,
Take it NOW and happy be.

When the hymn was done, and the last prayer over, she turned to her mother and sister and said, "I am saved." There and then she took salvation as it was offered her. They helped her home, and when she arrived there she knelt down upon the kitchen floor and thanked God for her conversion, and prayed earnestly for all the rest. With tears of joy in her eyes she invited them all to come to Jesus.

It was the first and only time that she came to the preaching, but God was in it all, He prepared her for the word, and He prepared the word for her, and she was saved.

It was not until the following October that I heard about her conversion, and then I went to see her. Never shall I forget the happy hours I spent with her from time to time

until she passed away to be with Christ the following February.

She had never any doubts about her salvation; her Bible was very, very dear to her, as the thumb-marked pages showed. As long as she could, she would kneel by the bed and pray, but when her legs became so swollen that this was impossible, she would lay her head on the pillow and so spend hours in prayer. Often she would exclaim:

"O, Mr. Wreford, I only wish I could tell you how precious Jesus is to me!" And on her face such a lovely light was shining—she seemed to live in heaven—at any rate heaven dwelt in her.

She said to me one day, "The devil tells me I shall be frightened when it comes to the end, but no, He'll never, NEVER, **never** leave me nor forsake me." And again she would say, "I wish I could tell you how happy I am, PRECIOUS, **precious** Jesus."

Towards the end of her happy life here she became more and more anxious about the conversion of those around her. She wrote the following letter to her father, which he received after she was gone; she was so anxious to have it posted before she died.

This is the letter:—

MY DEAR FATHER,

I have been going to write to you for a long time, but I have kept putting it off from time to time, but now I feel I am getting much worse, and I don't think I shall be very long here. But I am going to be with Jesus, and I want you to meet me in heaven. Dear father, the Lord Jesus says, "Him that cometh unto Me, I will in no wise cast out." Take Jesus at His word, the One who cannot lie. Dear father, the longest life here is short compared with eternity. My dear father, will you think of it? We are none of us too bad for Jesus; the vilest sinner He came to save. The dear Lord says in His word, "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool."

My dear father, I should like to have seen you once more, and wished you "good-bye," but if it cannot be, I hope you will meet me in heaven; there we shall meet to part no more. I have suffered great pain here, but there will be no pain there.

Sometimes I murmur and complain, but I am trying to say, "Thy will be done," my Jesus will help me if I trust Him, for He says, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee," and He will be with me to the end, and the end will be very soon, for I am feeling so tired and weary. And now I must say "Good-bye," trusting to meet you in heaven. Dear father, you will meet me there. I am

not afraid, for Jesus will be with me. At first I thought I should be afraid; then I was looking at my poor self, which is nothing but sin; but when I look away to Jesus all is well.

Once more, dear father, "Good-bye," no more to meet on earth, but do meet me in heaven.

Your loving daughter,

POLLY.

Her brother George came to see her. She took his strong hand in her wasted ones, and said, looking up into his face, "What a pity, dear George, that I feel too weak to speak to you of Jesus now."

Looking upwards, she said, "Dear Lord Jesus, give me a word to speak to my dear brother before I die."

Then in direct appeal to him she said, "George, I'm going home, I'm going to be with Jesus; will you follow?" He could not speak for tears. She still held his hand and continued, "Don't put it off until your deathbed. If I had I might never have found Christ." After a pause she repeated softly,

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.

Then she said, "It's nothing but the blood of Jesus; I'm trusting to nothing but the blood of Jesus. Sing!" she cried to all, "sing, 'Nothing but the blood of Jesus.'" She then asked them all to meet her in heaven.

She came downstairs for the last time on Sunday afternoon, February 18th. The sun was shining beautifully as she sat at table with the rest, and said, "This is the last time I shall sit here."

I saw her on the following day. She was almost unconscious. They told her I was there, and her eyes opened with a glad smile of welcome. How full of heaven they looked! I took her hand, and said, "You love Jesus, don't you?" She whispered, "Precious Jesus! I am happy, happy!" "You are going to be with Jesus?" I said. "Yes, oh, yes! He will never leave me nor forsake me."

In a very feeble voice she continued, "I wish I could talk and tell you how happy I am."

"You will be in heaven before we shall." "Yes."

"But we shall soon follow you." "Yes," she replied,

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"I am praying for them all. Precious Jesus! I am so happy. Read to me."

I opened my Bible and read the end of the eighth of Romans, and while the sunlight from without fell upon her where she lay, I read in the Revelation, chapters xxi. and xxii. She clasped her hands as I read of the "holy city, New Jerusalem," of God being with His people, and being their God; of the throne of God and of the Lamb, and the glorious promise, "and they shall see His face, and His name shall be in their foreheads." Then, as the golden beams trembled on the bed, and shone around the departing one, I read, "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."

On Tuesday, February 20th, the day she passed away, I called to see her in the afternoon. She asked them to sit her up. Her sister said, "Is Jesus with you, Polly?" She whispered, "Yes, Jesus." She wished to remember the Lord in His death before she passed into His presence, and very solemn and sweet it was to see her face as she took the bread and wine, and clasped her hands in prayer and praise. And then with the name of Jesus constantly upon her lips she lay, and waited for the summons to call her home.

For hours she lay unconscious, breathing heavily; and thus the day wore on. At half-past five the eyes that had been fixed and glassy for hours once more beamed with intelligence. The troubled waters of life were past now, she was anchored in the haven, and was just stepping from her frail bark of time on to the shores of eternity. With one sweet glance of love and recognition to those around her, and with lips moving in the last "Good-bye," she passed into the presence of angels and saints redeemed to be with Christ. The sun shone out with golden radiance, as the messenger came to take her home, and one who stood and watched said, "It seemed as if the sky were filled with angels when she died."

As I gazed upon the cold unconscious clay I could but thank the Lord for such a life and such a death. I said, "She has led the way for you all, I trust, to heaven. The

first in heaven; you will all follow her, will you not? "

The sister answered, speaking as it were to the peaceful dead, "Yes, Polly, we will follow you; we will come to Jesus, you made us promise."

Thus with tears the promise made to the living was renewed by all. I said, "Let us pray," and we knelt around the dead.

"Oh, we do not doubt," one said, just before we left the room; "we know she is in heaven."

Yes, by their fruits ye shall know them.

Reader, if it were thine to die to-night, where would to-morrow find thee? I remember, in closing this narrative, a remark of the sister, "Oh!" she said, "how fearful it would be if after all her sufferings here she should have had to suffer hereafter!" Fearful! Oh! my God! let every one who reads this turn AT ONCE to Christ. Yes, sinner, turn AT ONCE to Christ.

H. W.

A LETTER OF GREAT CHEER.

My dear loved brother in Christ . . . Allow a little bit of encouragement in your advanced years. I was reading in John's Gospel, 1st ch., 40th v. "Andrew, Simon Peter's brother"—he first finds his own brother Simon, and brought him to Jesus. We don't hear very much about Andrew, but what do we not learn about Peter as a result of Andrew being used by God in Peter's conversion. You may not see what the outcome of your labours are, but it may take all eternity to explore. Job says: "My witness is in heaven, my record is on high." God keeps a true register, let us seek grace to walk worthy of His name—till He come. The Lord bless you and your work for His name's sake.

WILLIAM C—.

GOOD-BYE FOR MARCH, 1932.

Dear friends, do ask God to give me increased strength for His service.

I do want your prayers, especially at this time, for my wife and myself,

Yours for Christ's sake,

HEYMAN WREFORD.

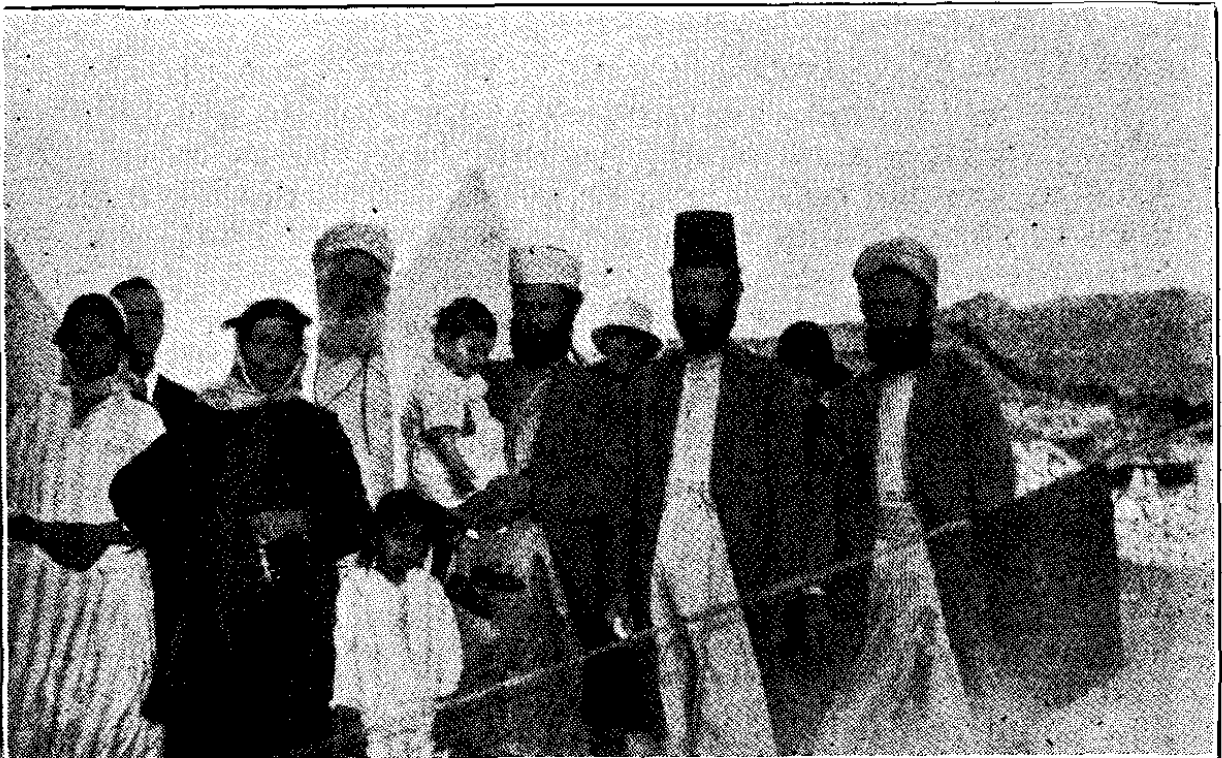
APRIL, 1932. **FORTY-EIGHTH YEAR.**
One Penny Net. 8/- per 100 Net, or 8/6 post free.

A Message from God

EDITED BY HEYMAN WREFORD.

“ Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.”

ACTS xvi. 31.



Samaritans of Nablous.

Sent by Mr. Jordon, Tel-Aviv, Palestine.

“ There are not now 200 Samaritans all told in the world. They themselves mention 150 as the correct census. They are a strange people, clinging to their law, and to the sepulchres and their fathers with invincible tenacity.”—THOMSON.

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The Ways of God

Lifting the Veil of the Past

BY HEYMAN WREFORD.

THE writer of the following letter put it into my hands a few weeks ago with no thought of its being published, but thinking it would cheer my heart. As I read the simple record of the great things the Lord had done for himself and his family—the veil was lifted, and I looked back through a long vista of more than 50 years. I saw the thousands thronging to hear the gospel week after week for more than 30 years, eager to listen in the Royal Public Rooms and the Victoria Hall, Exeter. I saw my beloved father showing the people into the fast filling seats, then sitting down to listen not far from the platform. Then in the Enquiry Room, encircled oftentimes by anxious sinners, he pointed them to the “Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world.” Oh! what a tower of strength he was to me until the Lord called him home! A man of God indeed! A lover of precious souls, as all who knew him could testify. Almost his last prayers were, when he was on the threshold of heaven, “God bless thy servant at the Victoria Hall,” repeated over and over again, and to me, after blessing all his children, his message was, as if he knew, with prophetic instinct, what troubles I should have to face for the sake of the work the Lord had given me to do in Exeter. **“You will be sustained, you have His own Word, and your desire is for His glory.”** I have been sustained, and shall be till I pass to the rest that he has won.

Thank God for the words of Paul in II Cor. iv., verse 8 to the end of the chapter, where the human side and the divine side are so beautifully portrayed, and which are in a varying degree the experience of every servant of God.

To be sent by God to do a work for Him is to face oftentimes the enmity of the world, and also, alas! oftentimes the jealousy of others. Please read this letter.



A Blessed Remembrance of 69 Years.

Exeter,
February, 1932.

“ Dear Doctor,

“ A small thank offering to the Lord Jesus, and I know you will thank Him with me for what He has done for me and my family. When I saw you the other night giving away the prizes to our Sunday School, and when I saw so many small children go up for prizes, my thoughts went back 69 years, when I was a boy of three years old. My mother was very fond of singing. I well remember one hymn was—

‘ I am but a stranger here :
Heaven is my home ;
Earth is a desert drear,
Heaven is my home.
Dangers and sorrows stand
Round us on every hand ;
Heaven is my fatherland,
Heaven is my home.

“ As she sang I wondered in myself why she was singing about a home in heaven. I thought to myself that the house we lived in was our home. My mother had a large book, which was called ‘ The Life of Christ and His Apostles.’ In it were many pictures. One of the first was the birth of Christ; another was where He was taking the children in His arms and blessing them—there were many others we saw. All at once we came to one of Christ’s pictures. I used to love for her to tell me about them. In this picture of Christ He was looking so sad, and He had on His head a crown of thorns. I remember putting my little hand on the picture and said, ‘ Oh, Mammie, I don’t like that.’ She said, ‘ He is a nice Man, He came down from heaven to save us from our sins, but wicked men took Him, and nailed Him to a cross of wood to die.’ The next picture was where He was on the cross. She

said, 'He rose again from the dead, and has gone to heaven, and if we believe in Him, He will take us to heaven in His home when we die.' 'Oh, Mammie,' I cried, 'I will believe in Him, and He will take me to heaven too.' 'Yes,' she said, 'He will.' Then there was such joy came over me that I cannot express it, and I shall never forget it; and as a boy growing up I always loved the Lord Jesus, but it was your preaching at the Royal Public Rooms (Exeter) that showed me what Christ had done for me. Those happy meetings were soon over, and we went to the Victoria Hall. As my wife was not saved we took it in turns to go to the meetings, she one Sunday and me the next.

"We had a little boy of four years old, very delicate. We used to teach him little hymns, and he loved to sing, in his little way,

There is a happy land—
Far, far away.

"He was taken ill, and as we watched him, expecting the end, he looked up into his mother's face and said, 'Don't cry, Mammie, but you come too.' She answered, 'Yes, my dear, I will.' Then with a smile he turned his head and said, 'Look, Mammie, someone in white,' and with the same he breathed his last.

"After his death we both went to the meetings. My wife was soon converted. Our next son I took to the Sunday School before he was three years old, and I am thankful to say he is still there after 48 years. Our next son his mother carried to the meetings when he was very young until he was able to go to the Sunday School, and he was there for many years, but we lost him over in France in the war. We had a daughter aged four months. She was taken ill with a bad cold, and the blessed Lord took her to be with Himself—so we were all at the meetings for a great many years and saw much of the Lord's blessing until sickness came on, and I was laid up for a long time, and so my wife could not venture out much. We missed the meetings very much—above all, the Lord's Table after nearly fifty years—but many of the Lord's people used to come and see us; one dear brother came to

see us, and we had a nice time together. On the Sunday morning after the Breaking of Bread I was told he was speaking a few words from the 14th of John, 'Let not your heart be troubled,' but before he finished speaking the Lord took him home.

"My dear wife was still getting weaker, but she was very happy in the Lord Jesus, her Saviour, and on the 18th of January, 1931, a brother, after taking the evening meeting, he and his wife and daughter, came up to see us, and she went to be with the Lord while they were in the house. She passed away so peacefully. I miss her very much after 54 years' happiness together; but I thank the Lord Jesus that He has given me strength to walk a little better and to be able to come to the Lord's Table to remember Him in His death, which is the happiest place this side the glory: being rather deaf, I cannot hear much, but knowing the Lord is there, our prayers and praises go to Him as one. We pray that you and Mrs. Wreford may be spared to carry on the work for the Lord Jesus, Whom we know you love.

"Surely goodness and mercy shall follow us all the days of our life, and we shall dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.—C. M."



A FAITHFUL WITNESS.

Extract from a letter received by a Christian in Exeter:

"... I went to visit a blind Christian the other evening, and I read to her. She is full of the Lord, the Lord only: if you talk of anything else you can see she gets so restless. I read Doctor's tract to her on "**Eternal Punishment.**" After I finished she said, "I would like to know that tract was going to be read in every pulpit on Sunday night—never mind about anything else being said, that would be quite enough. I wish you could push one in the Congregational minister's house. He came in to see me the other day, because, you know, I used to go to his Church, and I said to him: 'You know, sir, your preaching about the Lord's good life is very nice, but I **never, never** hear you speak of His death. You know, sir, His life could not save you and me; it is His death and blood shedding on the cross that alone can save us.'"

The writer went on to say of this dear blind saint of God, "She is such a dear soul, so real, and such a **testimony**; she is so full of Christ that she puts me to shame."

Editor's Note—She would put many a Christian to shame to-day. They are **humanizing** our blessed Lord in tens of thousands of pulpits at home and abroad. Men and women are talking about the Saviour as if He were one of themselves. "A Good man and an example to others to be good. He was a Son of God, and we are all sons of God. We should take Him as our example, He was one of the best men who ever lived, etc." This is the blasphemy of millions. They deny His Deity—they deny His atoning work—they deny His sacrificial sufferings, and His resurrection from among the dead. They deny that He is the Saviour of the lost. May God keep us faithful, so that we may bear witness for the Lord Jesus Christ as our **only** and **all-sufficient** Saviour. Never be ashamed of Him, but be proud to say in an unbelieving world:

I do believe, I will believe,
That Jesus died for me;
That on the Cross He shed His blood,
From sin to set me free.

Be glad to look up to heaven, and by faith, seeing Jesus exalted on the right hand of God, say: "**I believe and am sure that Thou art the Christ, the Son of the Living God.**" A day is coming for these unbelievers and blasphemers. St. Paul says: "If any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ, let him be Anathema Maranatha (accursed at the Lord's coming)." 1 Cor. xvi. 22. Again St. Paul says: "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 now I say again, If any man preach any other gospel unto you than that ye have received, let him be accursed." Gal. i. 8 and 9 verses.

God says: "Thou art my beloved Son, in Thee I am well pleased." Luke iii. 22. God says in Luke ix. 25: "**This is My Beloved Son; hear Him.**"

Look, ye blasphemers, at these texts that write your condemnation in letters as of fire. **Tremble**, as you think of

your doom, when you die in your awful sinning against the **Holy One of God.**

Where will you hide your dishonoured heads when you stand before the **Great White Throne** (Rev. xx. 11-15) to be judged, and eternally sentenced to the Lake of Fire, by the **One** you have dared in your infamy to deny all His attributes and falsify His life and death. You perjurers of the Eternal Truth—the Everlasting Word—forswear your blasphemy **at once**, and low in the dust before Jehovah-Jesus say, “**My Lord and my God.**”

It is your only hope. You face now a Saviour or a Judge.



Victory at Last

**A Gospel Address delivered by Heyman Wreford at the
Victoria Hall, Exeter.**

PART III (*conclusion*).

“And Moses said unto the people, ‘Fear ye not, stand still and see the salvation of the Lord, which He will show to you to-day; for the Egyptians whom ye have seen to-day, ye shall see them again no more for ever, The Lord shall fight for you, and ye shall hold your peace.’”—Exodus xiv. 13 and 14.

A Grand Climax.

“See God’s Salvation.”

This brings us to the third part of our verse, and here we are taught to win a victory over ourselves. Israel was exhorted to see God’s salvation; it gave them someone to think about besides themselves. Their thoughts were directed God-ward, and they were to be occupied with God’s Salvation. And is it not so to-day? Would not God have you, one and all, to be occupied with someone else besides yourself? Would He not have you now to see with eyes of faith His Salvation, and would He not engage your hearts with what He has done for you?

A man has a disease; it gives him a great deal of pain; he thinks about it all day long, and he is miserable. At last he hears of someone who can cure him, and he is immediately occupied with this person. He goes to him, and

tells him all about himself, and he is cured. Now, as long as you are occupied with yourself you are miserable. Many an anxious sinner has been kept miserable for years by self-occupation. You think of your sins, they are fearful; you groan in your misery, "Oh, wretched man that I am." But have you never heard of the Great Physician? Of the One Whose precious blood was shed to blot out sin? Surely you have! Will you not go to the One Who can forgive you all your sins? He is waiting to save you, and God is eager for you to see His Salvation in Christ Jesus.

A man is a prisoner. He looks at his cell, and his chains, and he is unhappy. He thinks to himself, "I am a captive; around me are dungeon walls, and upon me chains. I cannot escape; outside, the birds are singing, and the green grass is growing; outside are the blue skies, and the fragrant flowers, and the happy hearts of liberty, but I am in bondage." He bemoans his fate, he is occupied with himself, he sees nothing but walls, and bolts, and bars, and chains. One day he hears that one is coming to set him free, and then the angel hope becomes the companion of his cell. He thinks hourly of his deliverer. I was a prisoner in Satan's cell—I wore his chains, the chains of sin, and groaned in his hard bondage; but one day I heard of Him Who came to give "deliverance to the captives," and I longed to see His salvation. He came and set me free. And where are you, my friend? You are, if unsaved, a captive of the destroyer. Will you think of Him Who died to set you free? Will you look away to Jesus and cry to Him for help? He will open the dungeon door, strike off the manacles, and say to you, "Rejoice in the liberty wherewith I have made thee free." It is thinking of Christ that gives peace and rest; it is seeing God's salvation that makes me happy and keeps me so.

"The Lord shall fight for you."

Here we get the victory over our self-righteousness. If the Lord, Jehovah, fought for Israel, there was nothing for Israel to do. If God has saved my soul, then I **am** saved. If Christ has borne my sins in His own body on the tree, then they **are** gone. It wanted David to fight and conquer Goliath. It wanted Christ to defeat Satan. The Lord

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has fought for the sinner. Christ has done everything that was necessary for the sinner, so that the believer can rest in peace upon that finished work. It is when I think of my Lord's battle for me that I win my victory over self-righteousness. What am I in myself? A vile sinner, a prey for Satan. What is Christ for me? A Saviour, a Deliverer, a Ransomer, a Refuge. He is everything I need. The song of Israel when they stood upon the further shore was all about what God had done; there was nothing of man in the song at all. And the song the ransomed sing is all about what Christ has done. It is this: "Unto Him that loveth us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and made us kings and priests unto God and His Father; to **Him** be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen." Can you sing this? Are you willing to lose yourself in Christ; to be nothing apart from Him, and everything in Him? These are indeed blessed words, "The Lord shall fight for you." Can you say "He died for me; He fought the fight of Calvary for me"?

In London last week, a dear Christian told me a striking instance of conversion. He was asked to go and see a dying man that he had been much interested in. On the way, with the Bible in his hand, he prayed God to give him just the right verse for the poor sinner he was going to see. And this was the text God gave him: "Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered." He repeated it to the man and asked him if he understood it. He answered "No." My friend held out his hand and said, "You see my hand, don't you?" "Yes," was the answer. He then took the rug from the bed, and threw it over his hand, saying, "Can you see my hand now?" "No," was the answer, "I can only see the rug." "Well," said my friend, "between your sins and God there is the blood of Christ; God sees the blood and says, 'When I see the blood, I will pass over you;' and 'the blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin.' The believer's sins are covered, as the rug covers my hand, and as the robe covered the rags of the prodigal." The man saw it, and believed it, and it was victory at last. He saw that the Lord had fought for him. Now, have you thought of that? That between the believer's sins and God there is the blood of Christ; what Christ has done for the sinner

is ever in the mind of God; and the moment you believe that Jesus has died for you, that moment you are sheltered by the blood.

"And ye shall hold your peace."

This is my last sentence this evening. No voice must speak while Israel is being saved. No voice must speak while Christ saves the soul. The silence of man's helplessness listens for the voice of salvation from above. And amid the deep, deep silence of a lost and ruined world I hear a voice say, **"It is finished."** Who speaks? It is the voice of the Son of God. I stand by Calvary and hold my peace, for I want to listen to His words. I realize that I am saved apart from myself altogether. I was saved before I knew it. I believed it when it was told me. Let me try to illustrate this.

A man has a beautiful mansion and large estates. These are to be possessed by the son and heir-to-be. They are his before he is born. When he is born, and is old enough to understand, he is shown the house, and told it is his; he is led through the estates, and is told they belong to him. He believes it, and enters into the enjoyment of their possession. Now God wants you to believe this evening that you are saved by virtue of what Christ did for you more than eighteen hundred years ago. God wants you to believe that the "many mansions" in heaven are for you, and that your inheritance is there. Will you believe it and thank Him? You had to hold your peace about your salvation, but when you are saved "He puts a new song into your mouth." On one side of the Red Sea Israel had to be silent; on the other, their voices pealed forth the song of praise. Before I am saved I have not a word to say; when I know my sins are gone I praise my Redeemer. On the world's side of the cross, silence reigns. On the resurrection side, there is the song of victory through the blood of the Lamb.

I have tried this evening to show from this text how completely God saves and delivers the sinner apart from himself altogether. The sinner loses his fear at the command of God when he learns that God is love. He stands still to see God's salvation in the gift of His beloved Son. He learns that Jesus had fought the battle for him and won the victory, and he can say, "I triumph in Thy

triumphs, Lord." Dear friends, may you all know what it is to be troubled as Israel was, about your position as sinners, and may you know, as they did, the delivering hand of God. And then when faith has led to victory, you will be able to exclaim: "The Lord is my strength and song, and He is become my salvation."



THE FRIENDS OF THE APOSTLE PAUL.

A Christian friend is one of the finest blessings of grace. Paul was never without this bounty. From the time that the Lord sent Ananias to him in Damascus, with the greeting, "Brother Saul," until the time that he became absent from the body and present with his greatest Friend, the Apostle was not without some companion of grace, or the Lord Himself. Indeed, the Lord was always with him. There was one time when his human friends did forsake him; but he does not speak of that sadness without taking opportunity to mention the faithfulness of the Lord. These are his words, "At my first defence no one took my part, but all forsook me; may it not be laid to their account. But the Lord stood by me, and strengthened me; that through me the message might be fully proclaimed, and that all the Gentiles might hear; and I was delivered out of the mouth of the lion. The Lord will deliver me from every evil work and will save me unto His heavenly kingdom: to Whom (be) the glory for ever and ever. Amen."

The Apostle's friends were not mere social acquaintances. They were men and women who had a passion for souls, because of the Lord's love for them and their love for Him. The very names of the saints mentioned are like a breath from heaven. Think of that beautiful scene of the counseling and praying Apostle with the elders of the Ephesian Church. Think again of Priscilla and Aquila, those faithful servants of the Lord, who had expounded the way of God more accurately to Apollos, and who had meant so much to Paul in the Corinthian campaign, and possibly also in that at Ephesus. Then we are introduced to Phoebe, another real servant of the Lord. And then there was Epaphroditus, and the many other faithful co-labourers in the work of evangelism. These men and women were

bound together not merely by social events, but by earnest Gospel ministry. What present-day minister can boast of more glorious title than Epaphroditus? Note this verse, "But I counted it necessary to send to you Epaphroditus, my **brother** and **fellow-worker** and **fellow-soldier**, and your **Apostle** and **minister** to my need" (Phil. ii. 25).

OUR HOPE.



THE LAST WORDS OF AN INFIDEL AND A BELIEVER.

A nurse who was staying with us recently gave us an account of the worst death-bed she had witnessed. It was that of an infidel. He had preached infidelity. She tried to turn him from it to Christ, but without avail. He said he had sown the seed and plenty more would follow him. He cursed and swore terribly. At the last he raised himself in bed and said: "Can't you hear the chains? Hold me, hold me, they are dragging me down."

So he died, with a look of terror on his face, which remained there.

When one of his infidel friends came to have a last look at him he turned to nurse, and said, "Doesn't he look dreadful."

Nurse spoke to him very seriously, and begged him to do all in his power to unsow the seed his friend had sown. It was the means of his conversion.

What a contrast this to the death of a believer, an old man my father visited. He had not spoken for a week, and his friends said he would never speak again; but when my father spoke to him of the Saviour, and asked him if Jesus were precious to him, his face lit up, and he said in a tone of adoration: "Blessed be His holy name," and these were his last words.

F. M. O.



AFTER THIS THE JUDGMENT.

Few passages in history are more deeply instructive than that which relates the circumstances leading to the execution of Marshal Biron, the early friend and companion-in-arms of Henry IV. of France. The King had been made

AFTER THIS THE JUDGMENT

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aware of his former friend's traffickings with his enemies through Lafin—a Frenchman whom Biron had employed as his confidential agent. Unwilling to believe the worst, Henry sent for Biron, told him that he was suspected, and solemnly warned him that private friendship could not overlook crimes against the State. Biron denied all, and continued his treason. Again, the King was informed, but this time Biron made partial acknowledgment of his guilt, and Henry—moved to tears by the avowal—readily forgave.

Once more, however, the Marshal joined in plotting against France and the King; then his agent, Lafin, turned traitor. Biron had commanded him to burn all dangerous papers; Lafin only **pretended** to do so. One special document in Biron's hand-writing which contained evidence of his crime was in his own possession, but instead of destroying it himself he rashly handed it to Lafin, who—dexterously hiding it—crumpled up another piece of paper in its stead, which he flung into the fire. Lafin presented all the letters and papers to Henry, and the Marshal was summoned to Fontainebleau.

Biron found the King walking in the garden. Henry passed his arm round the Marshal's neck, and embracing him said, "You have done well, my friend, to confide in me." Then, telling him why he had been sent for, he entreated him frankly to confess. The Marshal would confess nothing—had nothing to confess! He dined with a noble, who warned him that Lafin had betrayed him and begged him to throw himself on the King's mercy; afterwards the King again sent for him, and going back upon all the scenes of their early intimacy, conjured him to be open and to tell all. Under the fatal delusion that Henry, in absence of other evidence, was trying to entrap him into a confession, Biron was as haughty and inflexible as ever. By the King's wish the Count de Soissons invited him to supper, and further warned and besought him. Next morning Henry asked him to join him in his walk, but Biron remained unmoved. As a last chance Henry sent him this message by his minister Sully:—"Tell him that if he disguises nothing I give my royal word that I will, with all my heart, grant him a free pardon." Sully's entreaties were fruitless, but Biron became alarmed and secretly ordered that horses should be in readiness in the

woods at midnight, that, after quitting the royal circle, which he was to join at supper, he might escape. On the palace stairs a note was put in his hand, telling him that within three hours he would be arrested. He laughed, and passed on to the Queen's saloon. The King was playing cards with the Queen, and they invited Biron to join their game. As the clock struck eleven, Henry rose and led the Marshal aside. "My friend," said he, "you know that I have loved you; confess your errors with your own lips and, on the word of a King, whatever they may be, I will forgive; **but force me to prove your guilt publicly, and I will not interfere with the award of justice.**" Stubborn to the last, Biron demanded the names of his slanderers. "Well, Marshal," said Henry, "I see I can make nothing of you." He passed into his cabinet, and closed the door. A few minutes later the place was filled with soldiers. In the ante-chamber the Marshal was arrested, and taken next day to the Bastille.

Biron remained sullenly defiant till his own letters and papers were put into his hands, and he was confronted with Lafin. Then he burst into frantic tirades against his false accomplice. Another witness confirmed Lafin's testimony, and Biron was condemned to be beheaded. The King was besieged with entreaties to spare his life, but his resolution had been taken. Justice must take its course.

When told that the day of execution had come, Biron lost all self-possession. He raved at those who brought the tidings—then pitiably exclaimed:—"Must I die? Is there no way of escape?" **Yet there had indeed been a way of escape!** But he had refused it, and now it was closed. He had often faced death on the battlefield, but mere earthly courage failed, as it surely must, before the supreme test; he met his punishment with horror and dread of which—to this day—it is painful to read, but without it is to be feared, true repentance towards God and the earthly sovereign whose gracious offers of pardon he had so wilfully rejected.

Scripture warns us that this present day of grace—during which the long-suffering of God waits "not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance"—**WILL SURELY END.** "God NOW commandeth all men everywhere to repent: because He hath appointed a day in

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the which He will judge the world in righteousness by that Man whom He hath ordained; whereof He hath given assurance unto all men, in that He hath raised Him from the dead" (2 Peter iii. 9; Acts xvii. 30, 31). "TO-DAY IF YE WILL HEAR HIS VOICE, HARDEN NOT YOUR HEART" (Ps. xcv. 7; Heb. iii. 7, 13, 15).

The Saviour pleads TO-DAY—"Come unto Me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Tomorrow, in the coming Day, He Who is now the penitent sinner's Advocate will have become the Judge!

H. R.



"HOW I LOOK AT LIFE."

The following remarkable letter, published in the *Sunday Express* under the above heading, was written by the late Mr. James White, just before he committed suicide at Swindon, England, on June 28th last. When we remember that Mr. White began life with only a School-Board education and as an apprentice bricklayer, yet became a millionaire and moved in such high circles as even to entertain Royalty, the letter is well worth pondering over and laying to heart, as showing once again how totally inadequate are the riches and honours and pleasures of earth to provide a satisfying portion for the human heart. The letter reads :

"Whilst on the threshold of eternity, I must make an unparalleled, stark, bare revelation of my soul. I have entertained Royalty, called dukes and earls their pet names, have been on the inside of politics, have owned a yacht, and a racing stud, a theatre and newspapers. I've raised a hundred and fifty millions for various undertakings, promoted prize fights, subsidised boxers, made a quarter of a million in one day, been fêted by all, called 'Jimmy White' by the world. I've known what it is to go hungry, known what it is to have all I desire, and to have thousands waiting to eat out of my hand.

"I have had a special train to Manchester, yet in 1900 I walked from London to Rochdale because I was penniless. I have known men and women, who, while you were useful in cash or kind, spoke kindly, even affectionately, but changed to aloofness when the bank balance dwindled.

" On the last day of my life my brain unwinds before my eyes episode after episode. The old-time nice feeling of contentment has been replaced by a roaring, hectic existence. One day follows another with similar monotony, each individual having the same desires—more money and less work, more gaiety. The sight of having so many to pay homage to wealth, is sickening to the soul. While his wealth lasts one can give parties and presents and is the sole talk of night clubs, has pars in the gossip columns, thinks himself second only to God. Let the money leave him and his only friends left are remorse and regret . . .

" My head swims, my heart throbs. I bend my knees and look to God for I have seen the guilt and folly of gambling. The price has to be paid."

True pleasure and joy, satisfaction and contentment, are found alone in Christ Jesus, the One whom God gave to be our Saviour and Redeemer. Nothing of earth can equal the joy of sins pardoned and put away; no prospect of earth can compare with the assurance of one day entering the glory land where there are pleasures for evermore. These blessings can be yours, my reader, if you accept Christ as your personal Saviour.

LIVING LINKS.



MY CLOSING WORD FOR APRIL.

The blessing of God is still with us, as those who read our companion magazine to "**A Message from God,**" called "**In His Harvest Fields,**" will see if they read it. If you have not seen this magazine speaking of our work at the Dépôt, and would like to, please write and ask for a copy to be sent you. It is sent to any address **Free and Post Free**. Please write to "**Secretary,**" Testament and Tract Dépôt, Post Office Chambers, 12/14, Gandy Street, Exeter, England.

My wife has been seriously ill for some time. May I ask for the prayers of the saints of God for her recovery to health?

Yours affectionately in Christ,

HEYMAN WREFORD.

FORTY-EIGHTH YEAR.

MAY, 1932.

One Penny Net.

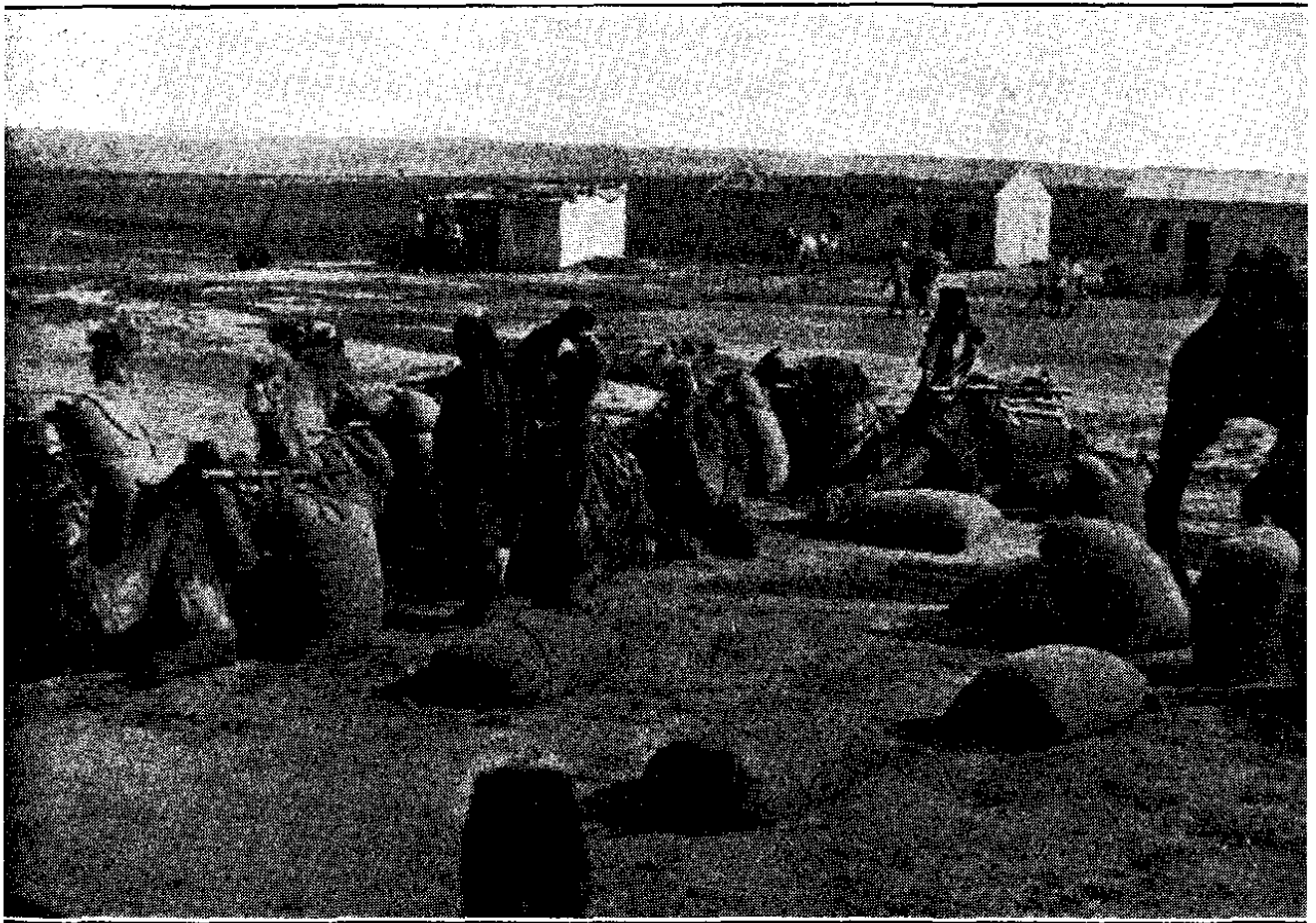
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A Message from God

EDITED BY HEYMAN WREFORD.

“ Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.”

ACTS xvi. 31.



The Old World and the New. Prophecy Being Fulfilled.

A station between Kantara on the Suez Canal and Gaza. A camel train meeting the railway train, bringing in goods from the township of the desert, and taking back paraffin and European goods.

Photo by R. Cadbury, Esq.

Editor: Heyman Wreford, Post Office Chambers, Gandy Street, Exeter, England.

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The Ways of God

A New Man for a New World

An Address by Heyman Wreford.

(Read Romans iii. and Colossians i.)

I WAS led some little time ago to speak and to write on this subject, and it seems to me the time has come to reprint it again.

Politicians are planning how to make a new world out of the ruins of the old one. The ghastly tragedy of the **Great War** has seen, not only hundreds of cities wholly destroyed—not only thousands of miles of populous countryside ruined—not only millions of souls sent into eternity—but it has seen the upheaval of unchecked and misdirected democracy sinning in its wild destructiveness against every law, human, moral and Divine. Mad anarchy and mad agnosticism is making the earth a very playground for the devil.

Men are striving for a millennium without Christ—to reconstruct a “world fit for heroes to live in.” A world stained with the blood of God’s beloved Son—a world that “lieth in the wicked one”—a world inhabited by men and women whose natural characters and characteristics are written in large hand in the Word of God. Will my readers take their Bibles and read with me what God says of the **heroes**, and all men, the reconstructed world is to be fitted for, Rom. iii. 10-18:—

“As it is written, There is **none** righteous, **no**, **not one**! There is **none** that understandeth, there is **none** that seeketh after God. They are **all** gone out of the way, they are **together** become unprofitable; there is **none** that doeth good, **no**, **not one**. Their **throat** is an open sepulchre; with their **tongues** they have used deceit; the poison of asps is **under their lips**! Whose

THE WAYS OF GOD

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mouth is full of cursing and bitterness; their **feet** are swift to shed blood; destruction and misery are in their **ways**; and the way of peace have **they not known**; there is no fear of God before their **eyes**."

This is God's estimate of the heroes for which the new world is to be made fit for them to live in. God made the world beautiful and placed man in innocence there—man fouled God's world by his terrible sinning. There has never been any heroism in man naturally since the fall of man in Eden. "God is no respecter of persons," and therefore we have this comprehensive statement about the whole human race, "**There is none that doeth good, no, not one.**" (Romans iii. 12th verse.)

This stern condemnation of man in his natural condition has been sought by man to be set aside in all the ages. The absolute depravity of man, his total departure from God, his profitless existence, and his utter inability to be good, or to do good in his natural condition, has called forth all the sophistry of hell to palliate this sweeping denunciation. Man believes in his fellow-man, and makes a **hero** of him, but God will not allow that there is anything but evil in him. Man has **many names** for his chosen heroes, God has **one name** for all the human race—**sinner**. Man sinned in innocence, he has sinned under law, and he has sinned under grace. He is "born in sin and shapen in iniquity." Jew and Gentile, all under sin. **All the world guilty before God.**

It is not a question of degrees of guilt, for sin is sin in God's sight. We measure men by **our** standards of right and wrong; we say, "he is a good man," or "he is a bad man," but God says, "**All have sinned.**"

Your sins, my reader, have crucified the Sinless One! and that holy blood, shed on Calvary, will either be your salvation or damnation. Think of this in the presence of God now. The daily destruction of the sinner's life goes on; the breaking up of God's commandments, day by day, and hour by hour; the mental and physical deterioration caused by natural and Satanic influence swaying the life; the barque of life with the devil at the helm, churning the billows of sin and shame straight for the tempest that broods upon the deep, and the awful shipwreck of a lost soul. "The destruction that wasteth at noonday." The

awful expenditure of human life, millions perishing in the ways of death, other millions treading in their footsteps, "hell enlarging herself." Stern laws scarcely restraining the unhallowed impulses of sinners on every hand. Oh, God! what shipwrecks strew the sands of time! What a ghastly hecatomb of death this poor world is! Oh! the misery of it all! "The way of peace they have not known." There can be no peace apart from a Knowledge of God in Christ. "**He is our peace,**" and apart from Him there can be none. The belittling of the Lord Jesus is going on all over Christendom to-day. There is no fear of God before the eyes of men and women in their sins to-day. It is a fearfully solemn reality, and as inconceivable as it is solemn, that men have "no fear of God before their eyes." Within the limits of his human life man fears a thousand things, but the fear of God does not trouble him. He will fear the darkness of the night, and fly from peril in the day; but the overwhelming thought of God never troubles him at all. In his anger he will curse his God, and blaspheme the Saviour. He will make a mockery of the most sacred mysteries of salvation, and challenge the very demons in his unbelief.

On every page of the world's history to-day we can read, between the lines, the moving of the human race, devil led, towards the final cataclysm of destruction. The Materialist believes in the stability of the world in which he lives; in the progress of the human race, by its own inherent power, to the goal of ultimate perfection. "This old world is good enough for me," he tells us. "I shall find all the heaven I want here, let the future take care of itself." The future will take care of itself, and of him as well. He cannot escape from God, and if he is not "moved with fear" now to seek salvation from his Maker, he will be moved with awful and unending terror by and by, when he will be driven from the presence of God for ever, and condemned to eternal death.

The natural mind does not understand the things of God, and so is at enmity with God. The infidel disbelieves because he does not understand; philosophers and men of science cavil, because they have no capacity to comprehend the deep things of God.

Man's thought never rises above a human level: "My

thoughts are not your thoughts," God says to the unbeliever. Man in a vain seeking to make God as one of themselves, sins against all His attributes. **"On earth there is nothing great but man"** was man's proud assertion in the middle ages—this blasphemy is current in full force to-day. In this reasoning age man pits his wisdom against the knowledge of the Almighty. "Why reason ye in your hearts?" was the question of God, manifest in flesh, to His cavillers. The finality of God, and the slow but sure accomplishment of all His purposes, goes on in spite of all man's puny efforts to underrate the eternal strength of Omnipotence.

A New Man in a New World.

God is willing to reason with man. He says to the human race, "Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson they shall be as wool." (Isaiah i. 18.) But man must take the lowest place, as "dust in the balance," before he can reason with his Maker—and the reasoning must be about his sins—the last thing man would seek to talk about. But the wonderful insistence of grace makes it easy for the contrite sinner to do this—**"Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool."** This is Divine reconstruction—not the making of a new world fit for heroes to live in, but the making of a new man, "made meet to be a partaker of the inheritance of the saints in light," (Colossians i. 12th verse.)

The making of a new world will be the act of God alone in a future day, but the regeneration of sinners through the operation of the Spirit of God is a present thing. The passing of a sinner from "death unto life," and from "darkness to light," is only possible when repentance towards God and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ lead a man to say, "I have sinned"—thus losing all faith in himself, and "I believe," proving he has faith in **Another**. The heart cry, "God be merciful to me a sinner," and "Lord I believe, help Thou my unbelief," give the grace to the life that brings salvation through faith, and fills the heart with the Spirit of the Son of God, so that in the **new**

world into which man enters, he will find that "by grace he was saved through faith," and that his salvation has brought glory to his God, and untold and complete happiness to his own life.



SNAKES IN AN ATHEIST'S GRAVE.

A Tract for Infidels.

"He that diggeth a pit shall fall into it; and whoso breaketh an hedge, a serpent shall bite him."—Eccl. x. 8.

Last September, while engaged in a **Defenders Conference** in Idaho, a gentleman by the name of Mr. C. M. Crew came to me with one of the strangest stories I had ever heard, about an atheist in Ohio who was said to have been very bold, blatant and outspoken against God and the Bible; a man who had defied the Supreme Being by saying :

"If there is a God my grave will be infested with snakes."

Said Mr. Crew: "At the funeral it was necessary to remove a snake from the grave before the casket could be lowered. The sexton told me he had killed four big snakes at one time; never saw a snake at any other grave. I saw several holes in the ground at this grave."

Mr. Crew said that he would ask a gentleman in Alliance, Ohio, to write me more details. On September 20th I received further word from Alliance, together with a picture of the bronze monument of the atheist, Chester Bedell, who died in 1908 at the age of 82. This letter said :

"Mr. Bedell said while living there was no God and never did believe in One. He did not hesitate to speak of these things. Occasionally he attended the Presbyterian Church in his home town of North Benton, Ohio, and the members said it threw such a coldness over the people as soon as he entered, it almost broke up the meeting. He built the monument years before his death. His statue is of bronze, and in his uplifted right hand is a scroll with this inscription, **UNIVERSAL MENTAL LIBERTY**. Under his left foot is a scroll representing the Holy Bible

SNAKES IN AN ATHEIST'S GRAVE

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with the inscription **SUPERSTITION**. Before his death he made this remark: '**If there be a God or any truth in the Bible, let my body be inhabited with snakes.**' Since his burial the family lot has been full of snake holes around the curbing. The snakes can be seen any day you visit the grave-yard. Last year twenty of us went out on the 30th of October and saw three snakes. The neighbours there say the more they kill the thicker they seem to be."

Who would not be interested in a story like this? I was. I wrote immediately to Rev. L. P. Lehman, of Franklin, Pennsylvania, not far from North Benton, Ohio. Mr. Lehman motored to the cemetery and wrote me that the whole circumstance was "weird but evidently true."

Late last month (April) I had an opportunity to make an observation of my own. While engaged in a **Defenders** Conference in Youngstown, Ohio, I was taken by automobile first to Berlin Centre and then to North Benton. As we came to Berlin Centre I asked an old man if he could tell me where the Bedell grave was. "Sure, everybody around here knows where Chet Bedell was buried," said the old-timer. So many miles south, then turn to the right, then left about a mile, then to the right, then turn to the right again just before getting into North Benton. "You can't miss it, big bronze monument in the grave-yard. Looking for snakes?"—grinned the native. Later another man told us, "Well, if Bedell did ask for snakes, he sure got 'em."

By this time I was in a state of real expectancy. We turned to the right and, sure enough, there was the monument, the upraised scroll, the other scroll under his left foot, the stern bronze countenance, the tombstones all about, the caretaker at work nearby. We parked our car, and approached the grave, camera in hand. Was it a hoax or was it true?

Mr. E. E. Flowers, my companion, was first to see a snake. "O, look there," he shouted. Yes, there it was. We walked around the grave, and counted one, two, three, four, five, six. Mr. Flowers killed one. I photographed one. We took other pictures. The sexton told us he had killed four that morning; has killed as high as twenty in a single day. Finally he said: "I don't know, maybe the

Lord did have something to do with it." We saw the angry-looking holes around the curbing. The snakes are garter and black snakes.

I was told by a neighbour that Bedell was in twenty-one lawsuits during his life and that he owned approximately twenty-five hundred acres of land in the community when he died. We were told that he once wrote a book and that his daughter, now a woman 75 years old, residing in Berlin Centre, might have one. We called on her to inquire, and her answer was, "No, I wouldn't have any of the old devil's literature in the house." "What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul." (Mark viii. 36.)

This is the story. I am not explaining it. I am only relating it as it has come to me.

—GERALD B. WINROD in *The Defender*.



INTERCESSION.

In that unclouded scene of love and glory,
The sigh of anguish, the unuttered groan
Ascend, the words of life's mysterious story,
Before the Father's throne.

Our great High Priest doth stand before the altar,
And in His hand a golden censer bears,
Much frankincense, although petitions falter,
He addeth to our prayers.

O Holy Paraclete, with efficacy,
Dost Thou, the Righteous, plead before the throne,
Though supplications come to Thee most feebly,
Present them with Thine own.

A. T. C.



INFLUENCING OTHERS.

"We often influence younger Christians. Parents influence their children, the children watch them. I heard of some parents who were anxious for their son's conversion; he was too, or became anxious about his soul, and came to the Meetings, where the **Lord's Coming** was impressed very much on the hearers. He said on one occasion to

his mother: "Do you believe, mother, the Lord might come at any time?" "Yes, my son." "Well," he said, "Mother, you don't live like it." It did her much good. Someone, a backward kind of a man, prayed for the place he lived in, and that he might so live, that when God sent someone to speak to the people (I suppose he did not feel able to speak himself), he might not be a stumbling block to them. I have heard of one or two, who so stumbled people by their walk, that some will never come to hear them speak."—*Selected.*

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A FAITHFUL PREACHER.

Many years ago a devoted servant of God went to the city of Dublin to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ. He took his stand on the quay by the river side, and very soon a large crowd had gathered around him. As he spoke of Jesus and His wondrous salvation, there were deep mutterings from the crowd, and sure precursors of a coming storm. Calmly disregarding all this, he spoke of Him, when suddenly the cry of "Heretic" was raised, and like the bursting of a swollen river's bank the angry bitterness of men's hearts overwhelmed him.

Beaten to the earth, stoned and well-nigh dead, he lay in their midst, when, with a courage beyond praise, a man sprang into the crowd, and, at the risk of his own life, dragged the poor insensible one into a wharfinger's little cabin, and shut and bolted the door. It was an anxious moment, the crowd without, raging like untamed tigers, thirsted for the blood of the preacher; while within the wharfinger, aided by a policeman who had also taken refuge in the hut, sought to revive the fainting servant of the Lord.

They bathed his face with water, and presently were able to pour a little down his throat. Their efforts were successful, and the preacher revived. Meanwhile the danger was that the door would be beaten in, and the cruel work be completed, by the preacher's blood being poured out.

Hastily the wharfinger and policeman took counsel together, and then, turning to the Christian, they said:

"You must not go out there again, they will kill you. You must go across the river."

"I cannot, I have not the means."

"Oh, yes, there is a ferry, and we will get the ferryman to draw up to the river door of this hut, and you can get into the boat without being seen; you will soon be across."

"But I have no money."

"Sure, it's only a halfpenny."

Alas! not one fraction had he in his pocket. His **last** coin had just before been given to a starving family. Here was dreadful extremity!

"I have not even one halfpenny with me!"

The policeman put his hand in his pocket, saying:

"I'll not let a fellow-man perish for the want of a halfpenny."

The coin was produced, and the ferryman was signalled to draw his boat quietly to the river door of the cabin, where the crowd could not see the preacher embark. Pressing the hands of his kind friends and thanking them from his heart, the Christian entered the boat, which was at once pushed off into the stream.

There was an angry roar from the crowd as they caught sight of the boat, like that of a wild beast bereft of its prey. Men rushed to the edge of the quay with wild threats and deep curses. But they were too late. The preacher had escaped.

All at once he was seen to motion the boatman to stop, and then his tall form was seen standing in the stern of the boat. Bareheaded, his pale face stained with the blood which still flowed from the wounds in his forehead, calmly he stood waving his hand for silence. The people were awed into quiet despite themselves.

Like a silver trumpet his voice rang across the waters.

"I have a **free** passage," holding up the coin between his finger and thumb. He continued: "The policeman paid it, and I proclaim in my Master's name a free passage to glory to all who will have it, despite your sins, for **JESUS PAID** with His own blood."

Another moment, and he had landed, and was gone from their gaze. Do you see my meaning, reader? Have you not read, "Who His own self bare our sins in His own body on the tree"?

H. L.

“ FIGHT THE GOOD FIGHT WITH ALL THY MIGHT.”

A True Story.

When Lord Kitchener's Army was being billeted up and down the country, our city, like most others, threw open their doors to receive the men who defended our country from the invasion of the enemy. I was busily working away at the bench, repairing worn out soles and heels, when in came a strong, stiff, well-built Kitchener's Army soldier bringing his boots to be re-heeled. Just at that moment my wife (glad at the consciousness of her acceptance with God, through Faith in the Saviour's Most Precious Blood) struck up on the organ (quite unconscious of anyone listening) "Fight the good fight with all thy might," etc., and commenced to sing the same with feeling. The soldier listened, and a tear came to his eye as he said: "I have not heard that since I left my father's home many years ago. I wish I was like him. He is a servant of God and a Preacher of the Gospel, and I am his poor prodigal son." Seeing at once the Holy Spirit was leading him and being on the look out for souls, I suggested that he would leave his boots, go down town, do his shopping, call back in an hour, they would be ready. We would shut up shop a little earlier and talk about these things, to which he gladly responded. Back he came at promised time, but said "I don't think I will come in." Seeing that Satan was about to hinder a soul coming into the Light, as he always does ("While he was yet coming the devil threw him down," it says in the Gospel—Luke ix. 42), I said, "Now come along. Be as good as your word. I have fulfilled mine, everything is ready for you. Don't let Satan hinder you." He came in. I pointed him to the **Word** of God by which **assurance of salvation alone** can come (Acts xvi., from verse 25), how the Jailor at Philippi on the verge of eternity, trembling and quaking at the prospect ahead of him, found salvation and deliverance **on the spot** in a moment of time, without any delay. He could do the same **straightaway**. Christ is the **same**. The word "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and **thou** shalt be saved" is the **same** that brought deliverance then, can do so **NOW**. He wept like a child. "I cannot understand

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this," he said. " I left home and all my children, yet never cried like this. What a baby I am." " I **can** understand," I said, " The Holy Spirit is producing tears of repentance. Will you, **here** and **NOW**, allow Christ to save you? He won't **help to save you**. He will do it all. He will save you; He is not a helper in **this matter**, but 'A Saviour.' Rest on Him entirely. Allow your sins to rest on His Sacrifice. ' It is **FINISHED**,' He said. **Don't insult Him** by adding any merits of your own." On this strain I spoke to him. He saw the way, entered it, and joy unspeakable lit up his countenance. " Now **confess Him**. If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus (Jesus as **your** Lord) and believe in thine heart that God hath raised Him from the dead **THOU SHALT BE SAVED.**" He replied, " I really believe in the Lord Jesus as **MY OWN** Saviour and confess Him as **My Lord.**" " Let us get down and thank Him; the **least** we could do if a friend gave you a present, would be to say ' **Thank you.**' Now as God has **given you** Eternal life, **THANK HIM.**" He did so with overflowing joy. " Will you do me a favour? " he said. " Gladly," I responded. " Write home to my old Dad and tell him his prayers are answered; his prodigal son has returned." No scribe ever wrote more gladly such a message than I did that Friday night. The old Preacher received it just as he was going out to preach that Sunday morning, as Sunday post was then carried on. He replied: " I was just going to preach in a village, and, overjoyed by your letter, I read it to the congregation, and they all wept with joy along with me over my prodigal's return. Thank God, He answers prayer, whatever the sceptic may say. I preached again in the evening at another place of worship, and read the letter to them, and they rejoiced with me that my son who was lost was found. The angels shared that joy to a greater degree, for ' there is more joy in the presence of the Angels of God over one sinner that repenteth; **MORE** than over 99 who need no repentance.' " The old man could now say, " Lord, now letteth Thou Thy servant depart in peace, for my eyes have seen Thy salvation." Pray **on**, ye faint-hearted. Anticipate your answers—they are on the way. **GOD WILL FULFIL THE DESIRES OF THOSE THAT FEAR HIM.** If the reader is not assured

“ FIGHT THE GOOD FIGHT WITH ALL THY MIGHT ” 77

of his own salvation, no word of Priest, Vicar, Pope can ever set your soul **FREE**. **LET God's Voice**, written in the Scriptures, set you Eternally Free, never to be in bondage again. “ If the Son make **YOU FREE**, then are you Free indeed.” **W. T.**

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IN THE REGIONS BEYOND.


Bihar, India.

Dear Dr. Wreford,

Just a line to thank you for the gift of Testaments and the booklets, which have been prayerfully and carefully distributed among Hindu, Moslems, and Santal demon worshippers. The recipients have been chiefly those who have never before possessed a copy of God's Word. We find them in distant villages, markets, railway stations and schools. My stock is quite exhausted, and I shall be very pleased if you can send a few more for free distribution; especially as my wife and I have in view serving the Lord again in Shilling, Assam, during the months of April, May and June. On previous visits there we met many hungry for the Word of Life, and it will be a great joy again to be able to give them the pure Word of God. The hill men come there from distant places, Tibet, Nepaul and other parts.

With many thanks, and soliciting your fellowship in prayer for above service,

Yours by grace, F.R.

 **We shall be glad of gifts of Testaments.**

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IS THERE A HELL?

(This article should be read carefully, and with your Bible by your side.)

Reader, settle it firmly in your mind, that the Lord Jesus Christ Himself has spoken most plainly about the reality and eternity of hell. The parable of the rich man and Lazarus contains things which should make men tremble. But it does not stand alone. No lips have used so many words to express the awfulness of hell, as the lips of Him who spake as never man spake, and who said, “ the word which ye hear is not mine but his that sent me.” (John xiv. 24.) Hell—hell fire—the damnation of hell—eternal damnation—the resurrection of damnation—everlasting fire—the place of torment—destruction—outer darkness—the worm that never dies—the fire that is not quenched—the place of weeping, wailing, and gnashing of teeth—ever-

lasting punishment—these, these are the words which the Lord Jesus Christ Himself employs. Away with the miserable nonsense which people talk in this day, who tell us that the ministers of the Gospel should never speak of hell! They only show their own ignorance, or their own dishonesty, when they talk in such a manner. No man can honestly read the four Gospels and fail to see that he who would follow the example of Christ, **must** speak of hell.

Settle it, lastly, in your mind, that the comforting ideas which the Scripture gives us of heaven are at an end, if we once deny the reality or eternity of hell. Is there no future separate abode for those who die wicked and ungodly? Are all men after death to be mingled together in one confused multitude? Why then, heaven will be no heaven at all. It is utterly impossible for two to dwell happily together except they be agreed.—Is there to be a time when the term of hell and punishment will be over? Are the wicked after ages of misery to be admitted into heaven? Why then, the need of the sanctification of the Spirit is cast aside and despised. I read that men can be sanctified and made meet for heaven on earth. I read nothing of any sanctification in hell. Away with such baseless and unscriptural theories! The eternity of hell is as clearly affirmed in the Bible, as the eternity of heaven. Once allow that hell is not eternal, and you may as well say that God and heaven are not eternal. The same Greek word which is used in the expression “everlasting punishment,” is the word that is used by the Lord Jesus in the expression, “life eternal,” and by St. Paul, in the expression, “everlasting God.” (Matt. xxv. 46; Rom. xvi. 26.)

Reader, I know that all this sounds dreadful in many ears. I do not wonder. But the only question we have to settle is this—Is it Scriptural? Is it true?—I maintain firmly that it is so, and I maintain that professing Christians ought to be often reminded that they may be lost and go to hell.

I know that it is easy to deny all plain teaching about hell, and to make it odious by invidious names. I have often heard of “narrow-minded views, and old-fashioned notions and brimstone theology,” and the like. I have

IS THERE A HELL?

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often been told that "broad" views are wanted in the present day. I wish to be as broad as the Bible, neither less nor more. I say that he is the narrow-minded theologian who pares down such parts of the Bible as the natural heart dislikes, and rejects any portion of the counsel of God.

God knows that I never speak of hell without pain and sorrow. I would gladly offer the salvation of the Gospel to the very chief of sinners. I would willingly say to the vilest and most profligate of mankind on his death-bed, "Repent, and believe on Jesus, and thou shalt be saved." But God forbid that I should ever keep back from mortal man that Scripture reveals a hell as well as heaven, and that the Gospel teaches that men may be lost as well as saved. The watchman who keeps silence, when he sees a fire, is guilty of gross neglect. The doctor who tells us we are getting well, when we are dying, is a false friend. And the minister who keeps back hell from his people in his sermons is neither a faithful nor a charitable man.

Where is the charity of keeping back any portion of God's truth? He is the kindest friend who tells me the whole extent of my danger. Where is the use of hiding the future from the impenitent and the ungodly. Surely It is like helping the devil, if we do not tell them plainly that "the soul that sinneth shall surely die." Who knows but the wretched carelessness of many baptized persons arises from this, that they have never been told plainly of hell? Who can tell but thousands might be converted if ministers would urge them more faithfully to flee from the wrath to come? Verily, I fear, we are many of us guilty in this matter. There is a morbid tenderness amongst us, which is not the tenderness of Christ. We have spoken of mercy, but not of judgment. We have preached many sermons about heaven, but few about hell. We have been carried away by the wretched fear of being thought "low, vulgar, and fanatical." We have forgotten that He who judgeth us is the Lord, and that the man who teaches the same doctrine that Christ taught cannot be wrong.

The old shipwrecked world is fast sinking beneath your feet. The one thing needful is to have a place in the life-boat, and get safe to shore. Give diligence to make your calling and election sure. Whatever happens to your house

and property, see that you make sure of heaven. Oh! better a million times be laughed at and thought "extreme" in this world than go down to hell from the midst of the congregation, and end like Lot's wife!

Luke xvii. 32.

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MY CUP.

In closing my May number of "**A Message from God**" I feel I must ask you for your prayers for my dear wife. She has not been free from pain for more than a year, and at times the pain is very severe indeed. She has been patient through it all, and values the prayers of the saints of God. **Please pray for us both.**

If you read our "**In His Harvest Fields**" for this month you will see how great the need is for all our energies to be used on behalf of the perishing millions of the world.

The following verses, called "My Cup," are written by an unknown author, but they contain a thought that ought to appeal to every Christian, "In everything" to give thanks.

I thank my readers for all their loving kindness to me. It is a pleasure indeed to know that God hears your prayers and sends His blessing to us. Good-bye for another month.

Yours affectionately in Christ,
HEYMAN WREFORD.

MY CUP.

O Thou Whose bounty fills my cup,
With every blessing meet,
I give Thee thanks for every drop,
The bitter and the sweet.

I thank Thee both for smile and frown,
And for the gain and loss,
I praise Thee for a future crown
And for the present Cross.

I bless Thee for the glad increase,
And for the waning joy,
And for this strange, this settled peace
Which nothing can destroy.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

FORTY-EIGHTH YEAR.
JUNE, 1932. 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."

ACTS xvi. 31.



The Recall of the Reapers.

" He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him."
Psalm cxxvi. 6.

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The Ways of God

A Terrible Outlook for the World

By HEYMAN WREFORD.

I HAD a Booklet placed in my hands by a Christian friend called "A Great Event Just Ahead," by J. A. Towers.

I read it with great interest, and I felt I must pass on some of the things recorded there, as they are very striking, and deal with what is going on all around us at this time. It speaks of the condition of the world to-day, as seen by men who are classed among the thinkers of the world. Men of marked individuality, some believers in the Lord Jesus Christ, and some not, but all impressed with the great fact that most momentous things are happening, and are going to happen, and that unless something that they know nothing of intervenes the outlook for the human race, and the world in which we live, is dark indeed.

Listen to what some of the world's great men have been saying lately :—

"We have come to the crossroads and no one knows the way out."—H. G. Wells.

"The future is very dark. We have reached the twilight of civilization."—Dr. H. L. Brailsford.

"No man, unless he is drunk with optimism, can deny that the world is very sick, and it may be a sickness unto death."—Sir Philip Gibbs.

"A new chapter opens in the history of Europe, and the world with a climax of horror such as mankind has never yet witnessed."—Lloyd-George.

"These are days of great perplexity, when a great cloud hangs over the world. It seems as if great, blind, material forces had been released which had for long been held in leash and restraint."—President Wilson.

"I am afraid that unless something intervenes there may be in the world again a catastrophe, but not like the last

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one. The next war may well destroy civilization unless something or somebody does something.

"We seem now to be passing through space at an accelerated speed. **I wonder where we are going.** The outlook is both anxious and **disconcerting.**"—Lloyd-George.

"Everyone would like to believe that another great war is a remote contingency, but the fact cannot be ignored that one may come at any time, unexpectedly from any quarter.

"It may involve the whole world. If another war comes, it will be more terrible than the last."—Field Marshal Foch of France.

What a terrible outlook for the world is revealed by these uninspired men, who judge the world and its future from what they know and read of its history, as recorded in the newspapers of the world, dealing with the awful sins of to-day.

To quote again from the Booklet, Mr. Towers says:—

"In second Timothy, third chapter, verses 1 to 4, we read: 'This know also, that in the **last days** perilous times shall come. For men shall be lovers of their own selves, covetous, boasters, proud, blasphemers, disobedient to parents, unthankful, unholy, without natural affection, truce-breakers, false accusers, incontinent, fierce, despisers of those that are good, traitors, heady, highminded, lovers of pleasures more than lovers of God.' And in the thirteenth verse, 'Evil men and seducers shall wax **worse and worse**, deceiving, and being deceived.'

"The newspapers bring proof of this Scripture to our eyes every day. It is plain to be seen that the 'waxing worse and worse' is already upon us, for these awful things enumerated, and worse, if possible, abound everywhere. Children in cold blood murdering the mother that bore and nursed them, and parents murdering their own offspring; husbands and wives proving unfaithful and murdering each other; such stupendous robberies as never were heard of before.

"Here are a few statistics along that line, quoting from *Current History* of October, 1925, and January, 1926: 'Last year there were 10,000 murders in America and more than 300,000 robberies and hold-ups. Chicago recently attained first place with a murder a day. There are at the

present time 135,000 murderers at liberty in the United States. In the year 1914 the number in the Atlantic penitentiary was 722, and in 1925 there were 3,228. Crime has increased 400 per cent. since 1910. Social diseases kill 300,000 annually in the United States.' These are but a part of the awful list given. And now in 1932 all prisons and penal institutions are full to overflowing."

This is only a sample of what is going on in almost every country in the world. The riot of sin is filling the whole earth with a succession of horrors that have never been known before in such awful intensity.

And every sin will have its judgment. The thunders of Sinai are still rolling their awful warnings over the world. Skies are darkening to the Judgment Day. "The soul that sinneth it shall die" is the fiat of a holy God.

Unless the Voice from Calvary is heard—and the story of the Cross has changed the outlook of human lives—unless faith in the Redeemer's sacrifice for sin and sinners has brought us the forgiveness of our guilt—there can be no star of hope to illumine the awful darkness that hangs over all the destinies of man.

Thank God there are millions who can call the Lord Jesus Christ their Saviour and their God. There are millions who are waiting for one Great Event, that will bring about the most momentous change this world has ever known.

We are on the eve of the Second Coming of Christ. Read 1 Thessalonians, fourth chapter. Christ may come at any moment. He may come as you are reading this.

The Christless are in danger every moment. "What a heart-rending time it will be," says Mr. Towers "on that next morning after Jesus has come and taken His own. A man that has been blessed with a true Christian wife, but he himself unsaved, will awake to find her gone from his side—her garments will lie where she laid them when she retired, but she herself nowhere to be found. In another family a true Christian son or daughter is missing from the family circle. In another home they wait in vain for the summons to the morning meal, and on investigating they find the Christian cook is gone. . . . Railroad trains are speeding across the continent, and suddenly come to a halt in the desert, or mountain gulch, and the converted engineer

or fireman is not to be found, and so it will be in all the walks of life the world over. It will be beyond the power of words to describe the feelings of those who are left when at last it dawns on them what has taken place. Such awful remorse as men have never known before will seize their hearts. Oh, the awful anguish and regret of those who awake to find themselves left to go through those fearful years of judgment and tribulation—to realize that the door is shut, and the day of grace is past. Then they will remember when it is too late, what God's Word has been telling them all their lives, "How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation." **All you have to do to be left and lost is simply to neglect the salvation God has provided for you. . . .** How awfully cheap and faded will be those things you esteem so highly now—the gold and silver—the bank account—the houses and lands—the oil and mining stocks—fine apparel and honour and pleasures of this world. If you owned all that this world contains you would be glad to exchange them all for a readiness to go with Jesus and the people of God."

Oh! Woe to the Christless!—Woe! if they are left behind when Christ has come, and the Holy Ghost and all the saints have left this earth for heaven.

They will be left to face the awful fate spoken of so solemnly in 2nd Thessalonians, chapter 1, verses 7, 8, 9 and 10. . . .

They will have to face the Great Tribulation—the reign of Antichrist—with satanic power supreme everywhere.

" Woe to the Christless!—Woe! "

No use then to call upon the rocks and mountains to cover and hide you—there will be no hiding place from wrath for the Christ-rejecter then. There will be no covert from the storm in the Day of His Wrath.

Placid Christians tell us that the Lord will have His own. They are often annoyed at the zeal of those who are alive to the state of the world in which they live, and who are humbly seeking to exalt the precious Name, and boundless love of the Only One who can bless mankind to-day.

The hosts of evil are opposed in close array to the Christ of God—they are working **as one**, night and day, against

the Father and the Son. We see it everywhere—we feel it all around us. We get letters and appeals from earnest men and women all over the world, whose hearts are bleeding and almost broken at the ravages of Modernism, and other phases of infidelity.

Woe to the Christless!—Woe!

“**The love of many shall wax cold**” is a sign of the last days—and the waxing cold of Christians to the work of God leads often to opposition against those who seek humbly to follow Christ and work for Him.

There are none so critical as a cold Christian, and none so cruel oftentimes.

It was only the burning flame of the Apostle Paul’s love for Christ that enabled him to shine as a meteor for Christ when all forsook him because of his absorbing love for his Saviour, and His eternal truth.

Arctic indifference and calculating opposition only made him rejoice the more that he found his **all** in Christ. “For to me to live is Christ.” To know Him and the power of His resurrection—“to be found in Him”—“to be with Him”—these were some of the watchwords of his constant life, and when the Diotrophes, and the Demases had done their work, Christ was dearer to him than ever.

None can destroy what is indestructible; and in fighting against or hindering the people of God men are fighting against God Himself. God says to His own: “Fear not, I have redeemed thee; thou art Mine.” Mine for time and Mine for eternity. Toil-worn and weary as you may be, Christ says, “Follow thou Me.”

“Paul the Aged” followed Christ, and the deep pathos of those three words, “Paul the Aged,” have been enshrined in the Holy Scriptures, that also tell us of the crowning of those grey hairs with the crown of righteousness. Philemon, verse 9, and 2 Timothy iv. 8 verse.

There is no loneliness when we are alone **with** Christ—it is good to be alone **for** Christ. The consciousness of power divine is never felt so much as when the failure of human help is brought home to us.

Oh! to be a voice in these last days to proclaim the glories of His Person and His finished work. Oh! for the broken heart over sinners for His sake! Oh! for our eyes

to be fountains of tears to weep **with** Him who wept over Jerusalem—lamenting as He wept the unbelief and hatred that cast Him out—to weep **with** Him who wept at the grave of Lazarus, because sin had come into the world and death by sin—and He must be made sin to take sin away, “and so deliver those who through fear of death were all their lifetime subject to bondage.”

What joy to suffer **with** Him and **for** Him down here, and then to reign with Him for ever.

What Has the Future in Store for You, My Reader?

Even unbelievers are speaking of the terrible outlook of the world to-day. Christians **know** from the Word of God that at any moment the world-sin-cursed, may be left without those who are redeemed out of the world by the precious blood of Christ—may be left without the Holy Ghost—left to the terrific judgment of unsparing wrath—left to the absolute slavery of the devil and his hosts. Antichrist will be revealed, and the Great Tribulation will have to be faced by all who will not acknowledge the Lord Jesus as the Saviour of the world, and their Saviour before He comes.

Woe to the Christless—Woe!

To be Christless is to be lifeless—to be hopelessly foredoomed to the loss of all that Christ would have given you. Listen! “I **give** unto them eternal life and they shall never perish.” “My peace I **give** unto you.” “Come unto Me, and I will **give** you rest.”

Oh! come to Christ, and escape the doom of the Christless; but remember, **Woe to the Christless—Woe!**

Yours for Christ's sake
H. Eymann Wrexford

GOD'S WONDERFUL BLESSING.

It is such a sorrow to me that I cannot let my readers know more of the wonderful blessing God is giving us now, We have to file thousands of letters that ought to be read and prayed over by the people of God.

The great enemy of souls is hindering all he can, **but God is blessing.**

Please read the following extracts :—

Ealing, London.—" . . . I pass the '**Harvest Fields**' and the '**Message from God**' on to two aged sisters and their niece, who are very interested in the Lord's work. Through them I have got in touch with a Godly earnest chaplain who is working amongst soldiers under discipline. I have had the pleasure of passing on to him some little booklets. . . . Only last week this dear sister told me that nineteen of these rebel soldiers have confessed Christ, and taken a stand for Him. . . . Our prayers are being answered! Thank God it is still the 'day of Grace.' "

Victoria, London.—" Dear Friend, we should be most grateful if you would kindly send 100 copies of your New Testaments to us. They are **so valued** in this parish."

Another London Worker writes.—" . . . Can you, please, forward me 50 of your New Testaments for our Sunday School. . . . Many of these dear children do not possess Bibles to read, and we are anxious that these little ones shall possess the Word of God."

 **Please pray with us and for us.**

More accounts of God's blessing, and the need of souls in these last days are published in our companion Magazine, "**In His Harvest Fields**," every month. A copy will be sent free and post free each month to all who desire to read it.

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THE LATCH-KEY.

" Him that cometh unto Me, I will in no wise cast out."

Many of the teachings of Christ are very simple, yet many fail to grasp the full meaning of them. Sometimes a simple story given as an illustration will help one to realize the simplicity of them.

One of the best illustrations of the above text, that I have found, is that of a boy who was seen one dark night at the midnight hour, creeping slowly up the steps of a handsome residence, now utterly dark and quiet. He took from his pocket a little key, and with it unlocked the door and

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entered. He warmed himself at the register, then started up the stairs, oh, so carefully. Feeling his way to the door of a certain room, he turned the knob. It was unlocked, and the boy quietly stepped in.

The street light shone upon a dainty bed all ready for an occupant. A dressing gown lay on a chair near the bed, also a pair of slippers before it. The rest of the room was in darkness. With a great cry, the boy fell on his knees by the bedside.

He was not a burglar, no, no, only a home-sick boy, stealing home under cover of night to die.

Two years before, he had knelt by that bed when his angel mother had died. At that time he thought his father was stern and cold, so he ran away to live as he liked. While wandering from place to place, a much forwarded letter reached him one day. It contained nothing but a tiny latch-key of the home door. He had carried that key in his pocket for months, and at last it had drawn him back to his home so far away.

The following morning the father opened his son's door, as he had ever since he had sent the latch-key. He really expected nothing, it had become a habit with him, so this morning he opened the door as usual. Thinking his eyes had deceived him, he started back when he saw the loved form of his son in the bed asleep. How thin and worn was the face.

When the father fell on his knees, the boy opened his eyes. "Father, I have come home to die. I have been so wicked, wicked, can you forgive me," he sobbed.

Quickly the father replied, "Forgive you, my boy? Indeed I can. And God—have you asked His forgiveness?"

"Yes, father, that is what I wanted to tell you before I die."

"Die?" And as the father gathered him in his arms he said "Die, when I have just found you? No indeed."

"But, father, the doctor of the hospital said that I could not live long."

When the family physician had looked the boy over, he promised him a complete restoration to health if he would obey him strictly and told him he would yet be the stay of his father's old age.

A short time after this, the boy turned to his father and

said, " Father, I would never have come home by daylight, and if you had not sent that latch-key, I would not be here to-day. When I was out in the cold stormy night, I could not resist the comfort at the end of that key."

Dear reader, have you been like this boy at any time in your life? Wanted to have your own way and see something of life? You left home (or possibly you did not leave home) but you had Christian parents who taught you to go to Church and Sabbath school. But when you grew older you gave it all up and went a different way entirely. You got away from their influence and your teacher's counsel, and learned the ways of sin and folly.

Or it may be you had no Christian home, your parents were ungodly, and you were left to do as you please in choosing your associates. Then you got out into the byways of sin, you became anything else but a pure boy, or a pure girl. Now, after living in sin, it may be for years, you find it has not paid. The pleasures you anticipated have not been lasting, and it has not been a happy life. To-night you are like this boy, dissatisfied and heart sick. This boy grew tired of his life and longed to return home, but how could he? Would his father welcome him? But one day the tiny latch-key of the home door reached him. It reminded him he still had a home, and could return whenever he so desired. He knew now he would be welcome. It reminded him, too, of his mother's Saviour, whom he in his distress had promised to love and trust. Still he was afraid. But at last the latch-key drew him home to rest, peace and forgiveness.

Oh, wandering ones, have you not felt you should give up your ways of sin and folly, and begin life anew? In your quiet hours you have embraced some good things you learned in your childhood. You remembered that Jesus said He was going away to prepare a home, but it is a prepared place for a prepared people. You know you have not prepared yourself, you are not saved, not fit for such a place as Heaven.

Friends, I want to give you a tiny latch-key that will enable you to gain an entrance into a place where you, too, will find rest for your souls, and comfort, and forgiveness, and love. It is not formed of metal as was that key, but of the words of Christ Himself. We find it in John vi. 37,

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"Him that cometh unto Me, I will in no wise cast out." This boy did not see his father, did not receive a word from him—just an envelope containing a tiny key. But he knew what his father meant. He knew there was a home awaiting him. So by these words spoken by Christ, you know there is a welcome awaiting you in His heart of love whenever you will go to Him. But you say, "How can I go to Him?" Kneel down anywhere, just as you are, and say, "Lord, Thou hast said, if I will come to Thee, Thou wilt not cast me out. Therefore I know Thou wilt receive me into Thy heart of love, so here I am, take me as I am." And He will do it, for that is just what He did for me. And He will forgive you too—He did me.

That boy went home just as he was, confessed to his father and received an abundant entrance into his father's home and love. Just so Christ longs to have you come to Him. Will you come now? Don't resist the pleadings of the Spirit, for comfort, joy and happiness are awaiting you; awaiting you at the end of this little key from God's Word.

I am praying for every one who shall read this tract. Therefore,

For you I am praying,
I'm praying for you.

Atlantic City, N.J.

LILLIE M. HAMBLETON.

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A GLORIOUS CITY.

**A Gospel Address, delivered by Heyman Wreford, at the
Victoria Hall, Exeter, England.**

"And I, John, saw the holy city, new Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband."
—Rev. xxi. 2.

FRIENDS! to-night the shadow of eternity seems to be pressing very closely around us; and I feel solemnised as I think of you all in connection with it. Will death, or the coming of the Lord Jesus Christ, part you and me for ever? Or, shall we live together in the eternal state? As I think upon these things, and upon you, the cross of Christ rises before my mind. I see the patient face of the Son of God looking down from it, and I hear His voice saying, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." Sinner! you need to be forgiven, for you have

neglected salvation. A man who neglects to provide for his body is sent to the workhouse; a man who neglects to provide for his family is sent to prison; and a man who neglects to provide for his soul is sent to hell. You who have neglected Christ and His love deserve to go to hell; you know you do. But I look to the cross, and I hear a voice that pleads for you, "Father, forgive these neglecters, they know not what they do." Many of you have heard before now of that farmer who had to cross a stream to get to his house from his lands. The bridge spanning this stream was old and much worn. He was repeatedly spoken to about the unsafe condition of the bridge, and his answer always was, "I'll see about it next week." He went on neglecting to get the bridge repaired, and one very stormy night he was returning home, when, just as he was walking across the bridge, a terrific gust of wind came, and it fell beneath the fury of the tempest, and he was precipitated into the swollen stream and drowned. He died because he neglected to repair the bridge. Beware, lest you die a neglecter of Christ's salvation. "How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?"

There are some here who have rejected Christ. Like those of old, who said, "We will not have this Man to reign over us. Away with Him, away with Him, not this Man, but Barabbas;" so you have said "I will not have Christ and His salvation. I will have the world and its enjoyments. Why should I mope, and pine, and be religious? I will have my fling, for this world was made for me to enjoy itself in. None of your long-faced religion for me." You thus reject Christ. Hark! I hear the voice say of you as it did of the rejecters in days gone by, "Father, forgive these rejecters, they know not what they do. Forgive that man yonder who has rejected My offer of mercy; forgive that woman who has refused My love; forgive them, Father." I heard of a man who cried out to a preacher one day, and said, "Well, what is the word of the Lord to-day?" The preacher fixed his eye upon him and answered, "O earth, earth, hear the word of the Lord." Shortly afterwards this scoffing rejecter was dying. He cried, "I am dying, get me a Bible, run for Mr. —; I am dying." He died before the preacher could come to him. Oh, reject Christ no longer, but receive Him to-night.

There were persecutors in those days. There was a man who took the long sharp thorns that grew around Jerusalem, and twisted them into the shape of a crown with the points turned inwards, and then pressed them down upon the brow of Christ. He saw the blood start from the Saviour's temples, and trickle down His patient cheeks; but there was none to pity, and none to comfort. And others came with hammer and with nails, and they nailed His hands and feet to the cross. And what did Jesus do? Did He call for vengeance on His murderers? Did He call a thunderbolt from heaven to crush them? Listen! "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do." Forgive them! Can it be? Have we heard aright? Dost Thou pray for their forgiveness, O crucified Redeemer! Yes. "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do."

The cross fades. Yes, it is gone; but I hear Christ praying still, and He says, "Father, I will that they also, whom Thou hast given Me, be with Me where I am, that they may behold My glory." And, again, I hear Christ saying, "Let not your heart be troubled, ye believe in God, believe also in Me; in My Father's house are many mansions . . . I go to prepare a place for you." The place prepared is a glorious city; and I want to speak to you about it this evening. I want heaven to be so real and vivid to you to-night that its reality shall lay hold of every one of you. May it be with us as it was with that man who began to meditate on heaven when on a journey, and his meditations became so entrancing, as he thought of the glories of heaven, and how he was identified with it all, that he went on heedless of what was passing around him. At night he could scarcely sleep for joy. He continued with the joy shining in his heart until he passed away. Oh, may heaven be real to all of us. A gentleman one day saw a boy stretching his hands upwards; and he noticed he held a line between his fingers. He said, "What are you doing, my boy, why do you hold your hands up?" "I am flying my kite, sir," the boy replied. The gentleman said, "I can see no kite, my boy, nor can you." "No, sir, I cannot see it, but I know it is there, because it pulls." May the line of faith so link us to heaven that we may feel it pull. We cannot see heaven yet; but the Christian can feel it pull. He feels it pull when he reads the promises

of Christ, and when he ponders over the glory of His abode, and when he thinks of Christ Himself. Oh, may we all feel heaven by the power of faith drawing us up. May we all set our affections on things above, and hold things here with so loose a grasp that we may be ready to leave them at any moment.

Let me read the verse of my text to you again, "And I John saw the holy city, new Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband."

"**The Holy City.**"...It is a holy city. I wish you to notice this evening the contrast between earthly cities and the heavenly city. Behold that wondrous city, coming down from God out of heaven. How it shines in glory! The glory of God about it. Take a walk in any earthly city, and what will you see? Whether it is in London, with its millions of people; or in Exeter with its fifty thousand people, there is sin. Sin in every street, and in every house; sin in the life of every man, woman, and child that walks in the streets and dwells in the houses. There is the terrible shadow of doom, too, resting upon every city and unsaved citizen on this earth. It is an awful thing, sinner, that you should be going about every day with that fearful shadow hanging over you. You sleep every night under the shadow of death, and if you were to die in your sleep, you would awake in torment. "He that believeth not is condemned already." Now let us stroll down the street of a city. Yonder is a public-house; as we stand here and watch we shall see what sort of people frequent it. There goes a mechanic, who was once a very respectable man, and a good workman, but now look at him! Here comes a tradesman of the city; he looks around for one moment to see if he is noticed, and then slinks in. This is a professional man, and he, too, is going in. Look at that woman! her children are at home wanting bread; with pale sad faces they will look at her in mute appeal when she gets home; but instead of bread, they will get blows. There they go; and work, business, profession, and home, are sacrificed to satisfy a diseased appetite. Hark! what is that we hear? It is the voice of a blasphemer, who is cursing God and man. These women passing by, with

lascivious eyes are selling soul and body to the devil. We pass on. That building yonder is a theatre, whither hundreds and thousands go to learn more of sin than their own evil hearts can teach them. This man coming towards us is an atheist. He will tell you there is neither God nor devil, neither heaven nor hell. That old man is a miser. He worships gold; he would sell all earthly love for money, and his dearest earthly ties for the glittering curse. We have seen and heard enough to know that the whole earth is defiled by sin. Yes, there is sin in the palaces and in the mansions of earth's great ones; and sin in the houses of the lowly; sin everywhere; and on account of sin, a curse rests on the world. "Sin came into the world and death by sin." Where are Sodom and Gomorrah? The waters of the Dead Sea stagnate now, where once those proud cities stood. They defied God and they lifted their polluted brows to heaven. God has swept them away because of their iniquity. Where are the cities of the old world? Gone. The waters of the deluge swept them away. They were unholy. The cry of their iniquity rose to heaven and brought God's judgment down. Where is Babylon? Where is Nineveh? Gone, for ever gone. And Exeter will be destroyed one day. Every house and street will be swept away. The Cathedral, the Guildhall, and all the other buildings are condemned; for sin has defiled our city. Yes, this is a scene of sin and death. Our feet stand amid the ruins; but we look up, and lo! with eyes of faith we see "the holy city, new Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband." And it is spoken of as:—

"Having the Glory of God."

This is one of the characteristics of this city. It is crowned with a diadem of glory. Upon its fair brow that crown of beauty shines. What glory has God ever had from earthly cities? None. Darkness shrouds this guilty world. There is blood upon its walls and gates, the blood of saints, and prophets, and martyrs. Yes, there is a more awful stain upon it, a stain that will never be removed while this world lasts, the stain of the blood of Christ that cries for vengeance from the ground, the blood shed on Calvary. And there is a shadow that falls right across the

universe; a dark, dark shadow. It is the shadow of the cross. It falls on all the pride of man; on all his ambition; on all his fame; on all his riches; on all his stately homes. There is no glory resting here. Last Sunday evening, when the tempest cloud hung over us, making the atmosphere so oppressive, I felt the weight of it resting upon my very soul. You all felt it. And I thought, when the storm broke over the city, what will it be when the storm of judgment breaks upon the world! When the thunders crash over the defenceless head of the sinner without Christ! When the lightnings play around him, and make him tremble before God! You could go to your homes for shelter from the storm last Sunday; but where will you flee from the wrath of an angry God if you die unsaved? If you want to escape from the coming storm, and get away from the darkness that spreads over the world, to the place where the glory of God rests, you must get out of this world. You must stand on resurrection ground. There, on the divine side of the cross, the glory of God rests. It shines on those who are risen with Christ. "It is the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ."

(To be continued.)



GOOD-BYE FOR JUNE.

Through the exceeding mercy and goodness of God, my dear wife is better. I am—we both are—most grateful to all our dear friends for their prayers on our behalf. We are thankful to have been on our Prayer List "**In His Harvest Fields,**" with others, and to have shared with them in the blessing that has rested on the prayers of hundreds who read our Magazines.

Please continue in prayer for us.

We are cheered with signs of wonderful blessing. We should be glad to get back into circulation again some of our Booklets, that for want of funds we have been unable to have re-printed. Please pray for this with us. God is above circumstances.

Yours affectionately in Christ,

HEYMAN WREFORD.

Owing to the Home Call of Mrs. Heyman Wreford, June 17th, 1932,
the Magazine is late this month.

FORTY-EIGHTH YEAR.

JULY, 1932.

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."

Acts xvi. 31.



Words spoken at my wife's grave (see page 100).

"Through the cloud and the sunshine of her life she ever looked upward to God. . . . For the grace given her to live such a life as this, we bless and praise God's holy Name."—W.J.G.

Editor: Heyman Wreford, Post Office Chambers, Gandy Street, Exeter, England.

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The Ways of God

A grey, grey day below—And yet
Christ's hand is reaching down,
Through seas of cloud, through shadows dim,
To draw us upward unto Him,
Where light and joy abound.

H.E.C.

My Wife in Heaven

BY THE EDITOR.

THE greatest earthly sorrow I have ever known has come to me. My beloved wife, who has been given me by God for forty years, has been taken from me. I bow my head before the storm of grief that has swept over me, and I say, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord." I say it reverently; I say it obediently. How can I question the eternal love? How can I murmur at the dealings of my Lord with me? **It must be right.** There was a time when the prayers of the Lord's people arrested the hand of death, and caused the doctors to admit, as one said, that a miracle had been performed, and she came back for awhile to me from the very gates of death. She came down stairs again among us, and mind and body seemed to unite in the joy of returning life. Then the summons came which she had to obey and she passed away to be with Christ.

On June 17th, at 2 a.m., I awoke and went in to see my beloved wife. No one thought the end was so near. I told the nurse to go home and rest, and that I would stay and call if anyone were needed. I sat beside the bed, and read passages from the Word of God, and prayed. The gentle breathing spoke of rest, and as no responses came from the closed lips to all my prayers and supplications, I saw that the unconsciousness of the dawning heaven was upon her, and she was being put to sleep by Jesus. I called the rest—my children, her brother, and others. I never saw such a beautiful peace as rested on her face. She never spoke,

THE WAYS OF GOD

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but lay breathing as a child might breathe—no movement of hand or foot, no disturbance of any kind in the hallowed going to God. So she went from us, and she was not, for God took her. The dawn was coming, it was 4.30, but the day of heavenly glory was shining on her—she was gone from us—“at home with the Lord.” I have seen many pass away from earth, but never one more restfully and peacefully. There was no stirring in death, no clouds about that blessed sunset. “So He giveth His beloved sleep.”

I know in part why she was taken from me—why she was allowed to come back from the gates of death for a while. I shall know **all** when the perfect love reveals it in heaven. Much has been revealed to me now, all will be known then. She said to me once, in one of our sacred talks together, “**I should like to feel that my sufferings (for she suffered much) would be for the blessing of others.**” And so they will; her prayers for me, for her children, and others will be answered. More than four score years have passed over my head so we shall not be separated long. The Lord may come at any moment. Then He will bring her with Him, and I shall rise to meet my Lord in the air, and we shall be together again. If not, when my work is done, the home call will come for me.

I am striving to keep at rest about it all. “**It is the Lord.**” I want to continue my work for God—I ask your prayers that I may be able to do more real heart-work for God than I ever have before. My life seems lonely, but He is all sufficient, and I can say: “**Thou remainest**”—and although many things seem closed up down here, the heavens are opened, and the Lord is there, and our loved ones are there, and the home is prepared there.

No one can be more thankful than I am for the love that surrounds me in my lonely home, or in the wider circle of the saints of God. How I thank **all** who have sustained me with their prayers. God bless every one. He will bless you for the loving sympathy you have shown to the most unworthy of His servants. Continue to pray for me, I beseech you.

Yours very affectionately in Christ,

HEYMAN WREFORD.

AT THE GRAVE.

My wife is laid to rest in the Higher Cemetery, Exeter. The chapel was crowded with those who came to show their sympathy with me in my great and abiding sorrow. After the short and reverent service in the Chapel we went to the grave, and when the precious dust was laid in the sepulchre, the following farewell words were said by my dear wife's brother, who buried her, in the presence of the great number gathered around.

"In the faith of Jesus Christ, who loved us, and gave Himself for us; in the blessed hope of His coming again, to take His people to be with Him in the place which He has prepared for them; in this faith and in this hope have we laid the mortal body of our beloved sister in the Lord to rest in this place. Through the cloud and the sunshine of her life, she ever looked upward to God. In her home she was a devoted and faithful wife, and a loving mother. Her friends found in her one whose friendship stood the test of time and change. Nothing gave her greater pleasure than to hand on to others the gospel which she had received, and to extend the Kingdom of Christ here upon earth. For the grace given her to live such a life as this, we bless and praise God's holy Name. May He give His grace to us according to our need."



MEMORIES.

The simple faith my dear wife had in Christ was with her to the end. I often asked her if she were happy in Christ, and she said "Yes." She had no doubts or fears, she rested in her Saviour, and waited on the will of God. She thanked all for the kind and gentle way they had treated her. What my dear wife was to me for forty years, God alone knows. I shall be glad to see her again, when the Lord wills. It will be very lonely without her, but my Saviour will be with me, and be nearer and dearer to me, I trust, than ever before.

My wife was one with me in **all** my work and service for God, **all** our married life. The return of our Lord for His own was her daily hope. We often spoke of it together,

MEMORIES

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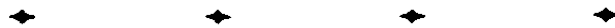
and prayed that we might be one family in heaven, "**for ever altogether.**" I shall earnestly pray that it may be so continually.

She was used by God to the conversion of many in her home, and when we travelled, and when we rested. She loved the Lord Jesus, and ever sought to serve Him, and as her brother said to me to-day, she was the means of blessing to thousands.

With one instance of blessing, I will close my painful and yet most loving task. Wherever she went she never shunned to declare her faith in her Saviour, and sought to bring others to Him.

During our last visit to Switzerland, when she was well, she was used by God to the conversion of our chamber-maid. The girl could only speak German, but my wife, being conversant with the language, was able to put the gospel before her, and to lead her to Christ. The night of her conversion my wife had had a most earnest talk with her and prayed with her. Next morning the girl, with the tears running down her face, told my wife she had been weeping about her sins all through the night, but now she knew they were forgiven. Many happy letters my wife received from her after she left.

Pray for me that my grievous loss, which is her gain, may be my gain also in a fuller knowledge of His love and will.



CONSOLATION.

Not dead—oh no, but borne beyond the shadows
 Into the full clear light;
 Forever done with mist and cloud and tempest,
 Where all is calm and bright.

Not even sleeping—called to glad awakening
 In Heaven's cloudless day;
 Not still and moveless—stepped from earth's rough places
 To walk the King's highway.

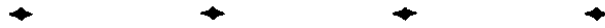
Not silent—just passed out of earthly hearing
 To sing Heaven's sweet new song;
 Not lonely—dearly loved and dearly loving
 Amid the white-robed throng.

CONSOLATION

But not forgetful—keeping fond remembrance
 Of dear ones left awhile;
 And looking gladly to the bright reunion
 With hand-clasp and with smile.

Oh no, not dead, but past all fear of dying,
 And with all suffering o'er;
 Say not that I am dead when Jesus calls me
 To live for evermore.

Sent with loving sympathy.



RESURRECTION.

My wife's departure has been made a wonderful blessing to me already—one much-loved brother wrote to me and said: "I do trust that the Lord will strengthen you to endure this trial, and to glorify Him even 'in the fires'." Yes, God knows, to bring Him glory, I would gladly pass through all the fires of affliction, for "in all their afflictions He was afflicted." If I need these cleansing fires, I thank my God for sending them. I was in the cemetery to-day near where my dead is lain. I prayed that I might know more of the "power of His resurrection"—the flowers that lay upon the grave were dying, but the heavens above were filled with light. I thought of the beloved one whose body, taken from her earthly home, was in that grave, the words came to me, "sown in corruption, raised in incorruption; sown in dishonour, to be raised in glory; sown in weakness, to be raised in power; sown a natural body, to be raised a spiritual body." The sun was shining from a clear sky, and bathing the grave with light, and the words came, "As we have borne the image of the earthly, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly . . ." flesh and blood cannot inherit the Kingdom of God: neither doth corruption inherit incorruption. And then as the deeper, fuller glories of the mysteries of resurrection power were unfolded, we heard, "We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed. In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump: for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed." And then the light upon the grave seemed to write the triumph message from the skies, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave,

RESURRECTION

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where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin; and the strength of sin is the law. But thanks be to God who giveth us the victory through Our Lord Jesus Christ." The victory is ours, though death has seemed to claim his prey. But the heavens are filled with light, and the Victor over death and the grave is on the throne, and He says, to still all questioning and to solve every doubt, "I am He that liveth, and was dead; and behold I am alive for evermore, Amen; and have the keys of hades and of death." So faith can say, "Lord Jesus, Thou hast the keys of the grave of our beloved one. We can leave her in Thy charge in the sure and certain hope that she will be among the blessed and holy in the first resurrection."

Eyes may overflow with tears, and hearts may well-nigh be broken in the desert loneliness of the silences of life, but we look up and say, "**Lord Jesus, it is Thy will and it is best.** Our loved one is with Thee, and we shall meet again and **Thou remainest.**"

◆ ◆ ◆ ◆

"NOT MY WILL, BUT THINE BE DONE."

Calm these tumultuous waters O my God!

And hush them into rest;

Or let each surging billow as it heaves,

But toss me to Thy breast.

I trust Thee, oh! I trust Thee, but I'm weak,

And tears unbidden start,

As face to face with Thee, I find Thy will

Demands a broken heart.

Wounded and lacerated to its core,

With every fibre rent,

And all its energy of buoyant life,

Withered and well nigh spent.

And this is love! I own it, O my God!

Yet sometimes marvel much,

That love should sweep away its own best gifts,

With such unsparing touch.

Sweep them away—and then expect the heart

Robbed of its choicest store,

To give to Thee its wealth of confidence,

And praise Thee more and more.

'Twas a strange venture, Lord, for love to make,

But that Thou knowest well,

The vast resources of Thy mighty grace,

And Thine own power to heal.

“ NOT MY WILL, BUT THINE BE DONE ”

Yes, Thou art able, and I lay me down
 To trust and to endure;
 To kiss the hand that either gives or takes,
 Enriches or makes poor.
 A pierced hand! I see the deep-set scar,
 It bled on Calvary's tree,
 The Heart that deigns to ask for my poor love,
 Was broken once for me.
 All borne for me, and shall my coward heart
 Refuse its best to Thee?
 Lord Jesus, take me to Thy fellowship
 Whate'er the cost may be.
 Do all Thy will with me, my loving Lord,
 And I am satisfied,
 While nestling 'neath the shadow of Thy wing
 Thy weary child may hide.
 And I shall see Thee, when the strife is o'er,
 The latest victory won,
 And praise Thee that amid earth's changeable days,
 Thy will, not mine, was done.

ANON.

A GLORIOUS CITY.

A Gospel Address, delivered by Heyman Wreford, at the
 Victoria Hall, Exeter, England.

PART II.

“ And I, John, saw the holy city, new Jerusalem, coming down
 from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband.”
 —Rev. xxi. 2.

THIS glorious city “ **Had a wall great and high.**” This
 ensures absolute security. The walls of God's city
 are great, and high, and indestructible. What a con-
 trast to earth! There is no security in this world. I repeat
 again you must get out of the world to be secure. Rahab
 had to get out of Jericho to be saved; and, before those
 walls fell down Rahab and her family were safe with the
 people of God. The woman with the scarlet line did not
 trust to the falling walls of Jericho for salvation, but to the
 everlasting walls of the word of God. If a house were on
 fire and you were in it, could you escape from the danger of
 the flames by running from room to room? No: for

wherever you went, in that burning house, you would be in danger. You must get out of the house if you want to be in safety. The fire-escape comes, and you are delivered, but your deliverance comes from outside. So Christ comes to deliver you from the flames of hell. You must get out of the world, and into Christ. "There is therefore now no condemnation to those who are in Christ Jesus." This is your only place of safety. Are you there? Again, suppose that a ship has struck a rock, and is sinking fast, would any part of that ship be more secure than another? No, and if you were aboard of her you might go from the prow to the stern, and you would still be in danger. You might sit in the state cabin, or in the forecabin, but death would come to you just as soon in one place as in the other. How would you escape? The lifeboat approaches, and soon it is alongside; so you immediately leave the sinking ship, and you are taken to the shore. Friends, this world has struck the rock of sin, and it is sinking fast. There is no safety for the sinner in any part of the world. He may wander amid the deserts of Sahara, or amid the solitudes of Polar snows. He may tread the busy streets in the cities of the world; or the lonely hamlets. Go where he will he cannot escape from his condition as a sinner or from the doom of this guilty world. No, there is no salvation except in Christ. He is the lifeboat that comes over the stormy waves of time to carry us from the sinking ship of this world to the shores of salvation. He is our deliverer from the wrath to come. "There is no other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved." And He it is who builds, around the sinner that believes in Him, the walls of salvation, great and high. "Salvation hath God appointed for walls and bulwarks." Are you inside those walls or are you still in the place of death? When God shut Noah in the ark, he was inside the walls of God. No storm could hurt him, and however wildly the waves of the deluge might wash against the ark, he was perfectly secure. We see also that it

"Had twelve gates, and at the gates twelve angels."

This reminds me of Eden, and the cherubim put there by God to keep the sinner Adam out. I see the flashing blade of the sword, guarding the entrance to the tree of life. I

seem to hear the voice saying, "Go, sinful Adam; go, sinful Eve. No longer for you the blessed groves of Eden. No more for you the calm retreats where God loved to come, and commune with you. No more the hallowed bliss of innocence. Go, Adam, go; go, guilty Eve. Go out into the world cursed on account of your sin; for ye can never enter here again." But these twelve angels stand before the gates of a city filled with redeemed hosts, who have come from the sin-stained earth to the sinless abode of God. The curse has been removed from them, by Him who was made a curse for them. The angels stand before those gates of glory, not to keep the sinner out, but because the redeemed are in. And what is the way to those gates of pearl? Christ answers, "I am the Way." It is remarkable what is next said:—

"And I saw no temple therein."

No. The people there are in the immediate presence of God. There is no hiding of God's glory. Where are **you** now? Are you afar off by sin and wicked works; or are you made nigh by the blood of Christ? Are you still in the darkness of your natural condition; or, have you been "made meet to be a partaker of the inheritance of the saints in light?" Can you think of yourself as one who is seated in heavenly places in Christ? who is as sure of heaven as if you were there? If any believer in this Hall should die within the next half-hour, he or she would go right into the immediate presence of God. They are holy, and fit for the holiness of God. And you, unbeliever, if you die within the next half-hour, unsaved, you will go into eternal darkness. This is solemn, is it not? If you, or **you**, die without Christ, you will go to hell. And further, we notice that:—

"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."

Christ is the light-bearer in this glorious city. I read of Him in the glory. I think of what He was from all eternity. I think of His love in laying His glory by, and coming to this world for sinners; of what He was, and of what He became! Oh, my soul, think of it now. Think of the

splendour of eternity; and the worship of sinless hosts; and then think of the manger and the cross. "All things were made by Him, and without Him was not anything made that was made." He is the Maker and Sustainer of the universe; yet in His humiliation, He could say, "Foxes have holes and the birds of the air have nests; but the Son of Man hath not where to lay His head." If the Prince of Wales were to leave his palace, and lay aside his position, and leave his high associates to crack stones by the roadside; and, if he did it to benefit his country, people would flock in thousands to see the one who thus denied himself for the good of others. And as they gazed upon him, working thus humbly, they would speak of his power and glory, of his stately homes, and contrast his brilliant past with the lowly present. His praises would be sounded to remotest time, as the good Prince who gave up all for the sake of others. What, then, of Jesus? From what stupendous heights did He stoop, and to what depths did He descend! Who is it that I see tired, and travel-stained at Jacob's well? It is Jesus. He is there to save, and to bless a poor lost woman. Who is this asleep in the hinder part of that ship, upon Gennesaret? It is Jesus. He has worked for the good of others, and He rests himself a weary man. And Who is this alone in the desert underneath the shining stars? It is Jesus, He is there to spend the night in prayer. And Who is this agonizing in prayer? It is Jesus, going down the depths of human woe for sinners. And Who is this upon that cross? He has just cried, after three hours of darkness, "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?" It is Jesus gone down to the very lowest depths for us. He Who knew no sin Himself has been made sin for us. Yes. Jesus who, when here, was the Light of the world. This world was dark with sin and unbelief, but He came, the Light of men. Some eyes saw His glory, and sunned themselves in the brightness of His presence; "but men loved darkness rather than light, because their deeds were evil." And what is Christ to you? In this dark world have you beheld Him Who is the true Light? Can you look up to heaven now, away from all false lights and flashing beams of human glitter, to that city that has no need of the sun or of the moon to shine in it; for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof.

Can you say my Saviour is there; and there for me. His presence brightens my heart down here; and will shine on me in glory everlasting. And it is brought to our remembrance that:—

“ The gates of it shall not be shut at all by day.”

Danger threatens not this glorious abode. The gates are ever open. We live in the midst of dangers here, with foes on every hand. The Christian must shut the gates of his heart against the devil. When I was in Pietermaritzburg about five years ago, I was struck in walking through the streets with the precautions the authorities had taken for the defence of the town. All the buildings had sand-bags placed against them, at some little distance from the ground, and around the lower part of the buildings was a wooden barricade, loopholed for a musketry fire. This was done to guard against the attacks of the enemy. About a mile from the town was a fort looking down upon it, and there were soldiers and guns. Man takes every precaution to guard his earthly home; but how about the citadel of the heart? Fellow Christian, do we guard that against the enemy? Are we acting on the defensive? Are we armed cap-a-pie with the armour of God? and are we holding the sword of the Spirit in our hands ready for use?

Now I wish to say a few very plain words to the unbelievers here. Let me tell you that your hearts as unbelievers are the devil's playground. He plays the game of murder in the heart of one, the game of drunkenness in the heart of another. Of blasphemy in the heart of another. But the most delusive game he plays is the game of religion. He erects altars, and makes men say prayers, read their Bibles, and go to church or chapel, and so be Christians, as far as words and actions can make a Christian **without Christ**. All you unsaved ones here are in the hands of Satan; and going to hell. The gates of hell will be shut for ever. Just think for a moment of your being hurried down the steep decline leading to the portals of hell, and of your being forced by the hand of demons through those awful gates, and then to hear, echoing through every vault of hell, the fearful shutting for ever of those gates behind you. No getting out through the countless ages of eternity. Look up! the gates of the New

Jerusalem are wide open for ever; and the twelve angels stand there. Look down! the gates are shut and barred for ever. And I see the gates of mercy open now, the gates of God's mercy to you a poor lost sinner, and if you pass in through these gates this evening you shall live within the gates of the holy city for ever. It is beautiful to remark:—

“There shall be no night there.”

No, the blessed morning light of glory shining for ever and for ever, lighting up the jasper walls, and the unsullied scenery of heaven. “No night there.” No shades of evening falling as on earth; no twilight hours of shadow. A bright, bright day of sunny hours, and shadowless radiance; only night for the lost. Are you a child of the day, or of the night? For as night comes at the close of day on earth, so when the day of mercy is past, the night of judgment comes. And what a night! A night awful with the terrors of the lost; when the wild cries of despair will pierce the midnight gloom; when appealing voices will be heard amid the shadows of despair. A night that will have no day to brighten it; a night of eternal gloom. And the hours are passing. You unsaved ones here are getting nearer to it. The ticking of the watch tells of passing time. The moments, as they go, seem like little feet running on to eternity; and every tick is like a tiny voice speaking of eternity. O think now; up yonder, there will be no night. Down there—it will be always night.

(To be concluded next month)



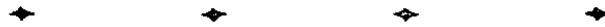
MUST.

BY W. A. FELLOWS.

I want to point out to you, dear readers, the mighty word **Must**. That it may help you to grasp the meaning of the precious Gospel Texts we are about to bring before your notice.

If we are told we **must** do a thing we are often in a great hurry to obey, knowing full well that if we neglect to do it we, or someone else, will suffer. How much more then should we listen and obey when God in His “Word” commands us and tells us we **must**. Listen, in the Acts,

Ch. iv., verse 12, we read: "We **must** be saved," and again in John iii. 7: "We **must** be born again." If God says we **must**, then let us hasten to obey. Now what **must** we do to be saved (Acts xvi. 30). "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved" (Acts xvi. 31). Back to Acts iv. 12: "Neither is there salvation in any other, for there is no other name under heaven given among men whereby we **must** be saved." 2 Peter ii. 10 we read: "Salvation which is in Christ Jesus with eternal glory." 1 Peter ii. 24: "His own self bare our sins in His own body on the Tree." Helpless sinner, we **must** obey; we must receive Jesus our substitute for sin, who bore the wrath just that we should go perfectly free. "Love so amazing, so divine, demands my heart, my Life, my all." You **must** listen to the word of warning: "They shall not escape" (1 Thess. v. 3). "Behold ye despisers and wonder and perish" (Acts xiii. 40). I plead with you—you **must** make the decision—turn from sin; trust Jesus **now**—to-morrow may be too late—let the word ring in your ear—we **must**, **MUST! MUST!**



"MY GROANING IS NOT HID FROM THEE."

A groan to God, however deep the misery, however prostrate the spirit, however unconscious that we are heard, is always received above as the intercession of the Spirit, and answered according to the perfectness of God's purpose concerning us in Christ; therefore the charge is, "Ye have not cried unto Me when ye howled upon your beds": and there is no consequence of sin which is beyond the reach of this groaning to God, nothing indeed but the self-will which will not groan to Him at all.

This is a blessed thought! Such is our intercourse with God in joy and in sorrow; and I doubt not that in us poor blessed creatures that the truest, the most blessed (what will shine most when all things shine before God), are these groans to Him; they cannot, indeed, be in their fulness, but where the knowledge of the glory of blessing is. I can see them precede the greatest works and words of Jesus. The sense of the wilderness, taken into His heart, made but the

“ MY GROANING IS NOT HID FROM THEE ” 111

streams which could refresh it flow forth in the sympathy of the Spirit which it called forth; and now the Spirit is in us. (Ex. ii. 24; Acts vii. 34; John xi. 33-38; Rom. viii. 22, 23, 26; Cor. v. 4.)

J.N.D.



A CHRISTIAN'S DUTY IN THESE LAST DAYS.

To Wait for Christ—to Work for Christ.

The horrible sins of advanced civilization are worse than any sinning the world has ever known. It seems as if much of the foulness of all the centuries had been damned up, and the loathsome waters had been let loose upon the world.

You read in our June “ Message ” the opinions of uninspired men as to the conditions of humanity to-day, and you read what the Holy Scriptures said of what the world must expect in the last days of this Dispensation, that is the days in which we are living. Thank God for every “ **born again** ” Christian on earth to-day. Thank God for the **lights** for Christ set on the truth of life that cannot be hid. Thank God for the **voices** that awed all the Babel sounds of a godless world, proclaim the **Truth** as it is in Jesus. Thank God that amid these **devil-days** of inconceivable iniquity, the standard of the “ **Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world,** ” is floating wide and free.

Thank God that although Christendom is divided into tens of thousands of creeds and heresies with no cohesion and little faith—the **forlorn hope of Christendom** are those who are waiting for the Son of God to come from heaven, to take the Christians home to glory and who can say from their redeemed hearts, “ **We believe and are sure, that Thou art the Christ, the Son of the Living God.** ” If a man cannot say that, he is a traitor to the cause of Christ. He has no divine credentials to speak or work for Jesus Christ in the world at all. Christ's soldiers must be those who “ **take up their cross and follow Him.** ” Who from the heights of resurrection can look back on the world from which they had been delivered by His grace, and onward to the glory where the risen and the ascended Jesus sits on the right hand of God.

The duty of Christians in these “ last days ” is to wait

and work for Jesus Christ on earth until He comes again. The Lord Himself said when on earth, "I must work while it is called to-day, the night cometh when no one can work." He worked for God to-day and prayed beneath the stars by night—He never failed or faltered in the purpose of His life until He bowed His head upon the cross, and surrendered His life to God; until with thorn-scarred brow, and bleeding hands and feet, and riven side, He could say, "It is finished."

He alone could say, "the perfect Servant"—"I have glorified Thee on the earth—I have finished the work Thou gavest me to do." What shall we be able to say in life's last hours. Paul said, "I have finished my course." Mr. William Kelly said to me, as I sat by his bedside four days before he passed away: "**I have done my work for Christ; I want to go. Others will be strengthened to do their work, but mine is done.**"

With the failure of his bodily powers he was longing to go. "**I want to go.**" The tired hands are lifted up to heaven and to God. The eyes, growing dim to earthly sights and sounds, have a clearer vision now for that which is beyond. "**I want to go.**" The desert sands are trodden, and from his Pisgah heights he beholds the Promised Land.

With the weariness of earth and time weighing heavily upon him, he seeks "the rest that remains to the people of God."

May we wait, and may we work for Christ.



TO MY DEAR FRIENDS.

In closing this sorrowful number of the "**Message from God**" for July, 1932, I ask you to pray earnestly for me, that I may in all things, say with all my heart, "Thy will be done."

Yours affectionately,

HEYMAN WREFORD.

P.S. I cannot, adequately thank my friends for their wonderful sympathy, which has been more to me than words can express.

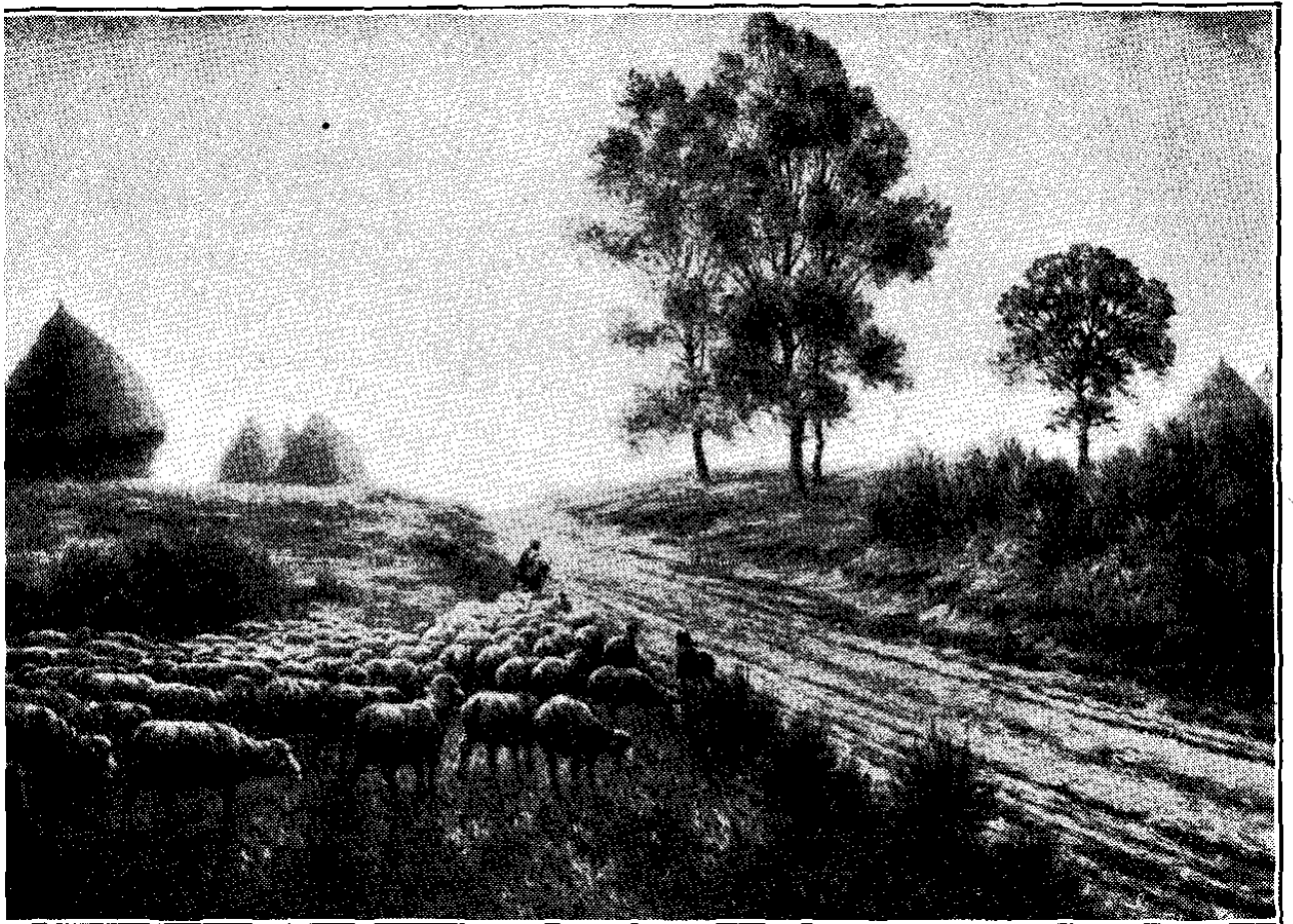
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A Message from God

EDITED BY HEYMAN WREFORD.

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

ACTS xvi. 31.



The Shepherd and the Sheep (Psalm xxiii).

This Psalm was one of my dear wife's favourites. We always read it together every Lord's Day morning at our family prayers.—EDITOR.

Editor: Heyman Wreford, Post Office Chambers, Gandy Street, Exeter, England.

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The Ways of God

BY THE EDITOR.

Where are our Loved Ones now?

“ With Christ, which is far better.”—PHIL. i. 23.

Where is now our loved one?
Where, Oh where?
Not where the living weary,
Not where the dying moan,
Not where the day is dreary,
Not where the night is lone,
Not in a home of weeping,
Not in a darkened room,
Not in a graveyard sleeping,
Not in a silent tomb.
No, not there.

Where is now our loved one?
Where, Oh where?
Safe in a land immortal,
Safe in a country rare,
Safe in a Heavenly portal,
Safe in a Mansion fair,
Safe with the joys supernal,
Safe with the bless'd to bow,
Safe with the love eternal,
Safe with the Master now.
There, yes, there.

With kind sympathy, from E.C.

How can I possibly thank my very many dear friends, who have shown so much sympathy and Christian love to me. Many letters I have not acknowledged still, save in my prayers to God to bless the senders. **Please forgive me!** My writing hand has got much weaker for the time, but I am told that if I take a rest and change I may get much better. I am in the hands of God to do with me as He will—“ **He doeth all things well.**” I ask your prayers that I may still be able to continue my work in the editing and directing the work of the depôt in Exeter. I have just received the following lines which are very beautiful.

WHAT CAN I SAY TO YOU?

Lines from a dear friend.

Another hand is beckoning us,
Another call is given,
And glows once more with Angel steps,
The path that reaches Heaven.

WHAT CAN I SAY TO YOU?

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There seems a shadow on the day,
Her smile no longer cheers;
A dimness on the stars of night,
Like eyes that look through tears.

Alone unto our Father's will,
One thought hath reconciled,—
That He Whose love exceedeth ours,
Hath taken Home His child.

Fold her, O Father! in Thine arms,
And let her henceforth be
A messenger of love between
Our human hearts and Thee.

“ You have our fullest loving sympathy—and we can join afar off in saying, ‘ Thanks be to God for the one who was more than conqueror ’.”



A LETTER FROM A CHRISTIAN FRIEND.

Kirkcudbrightshire.

DEAR DR. WREFORD,—I fear to intrude upon the fresh poignancy of your great sorrow, but now on reading the record in this morning's **Message from God**, I feel constrained to add yet another little drop of human sympathy, to that which you have already received from many full hearts. . . . It was just lovely the way your beloved wife was put to sleep by Jesus. The peace and the glory of the scene, as I read, seemed to pervade the atmosphere of my little room in which I sat . . . and I do know that the comfort wherewith you have comforted others through the long years of your ministry, will now be yours in very full and over-flowing measure now. No doubt there will be seasons of loneliness that only God and your own heart will know, but He who “ healeth the broken heart,” and “ bindeth up their grief,” will, day by day, in His own matchless tenderness, bind up your stricken heart. . . .

Dear Dr. Wreford we do pray for you away in this remote corner, and are so glad that we have the privilege of sympathising with you. . . .

I am sure that the record of that sacred page from your own life will be blessed to countless numbers, both saved, and unsaved. We do thank you, dear Dr. Wreford, for giving it to us. May the God of all comfort and consolation bless and sustain you through all the days to come, till the glad, glad morning, when the day dawns, and the shadows for ever flee away. May His peace which passeth all understanding enfold your wounded heart in its healing embrace. . . .

With tender loving regards.

Your sister in Christ, G.C.

WHERE ARE OUR LOVED ONES NOW?

WE love to think of them with Christ which is far better, beyond the reach of all pain and weariness, and sorrow and death; beyond the weeping eyes and the breaking hearts; beyond the mists and shadows of this lower world, at Home with Christ, Who loved them, and gave Himself for them. Thank God for words like these, "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."

Dear friends, I cannot write more now. My heart is full of gratitude for all that God has done for my beloved wife, and very soon the loneliness, sometimes very hard to bear, will be done away with for ever, when we meet to part no more. Pray for me. Pray for the work that God has given me to do, and pray that the last request of my dear wife about the work may be abundantly carried out, "I should like to feel that my sufferings (for she suffered much), would be for the blessing of others."

Yours affectionately in Christ,

HEYMAN WREFORD.



A GLORIOUS CITY.

A Gospel Address, delivered by Heyman Wreford, at the Victoria Hall, Exeter, England.

PART III.

"And they shall see His face, and His Name shall be in their foreheads."—REV. xxii. v. 4.

THEY shall see His Face." As I read these words to-day a thrill passed through my soul. I shall see His face. This will be the consummation of joy.

Oh, heaven, without my Saviour,
Would be no home for me!
Dark were the walls of jasper,
Rayless the crystal sea.

A GLORIOUS CITY

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He gilds earth's darkest valley
 With light and joy and peace;
 What, then, must be the radiance
 When night and death shall cease?

His face was seen on earth. It will be seen in heaven. The virgin Mary gazed upon His face in Bethlehem. Simeon saw it with his aged eyes when he held Jesus in his arms, and said, "Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation." The doctors in the temple saw His face, when He answered them, and asked them questions. Thousands and tens of thousands gazed upon Him as He walked about this world. His face was marred more than any man's; that patient loving face, down which the tears ran when He wept at Lazarus' grave and over Jerusalem; that face scarred with the piercing thorn, and marred with the woes and sins of others. And we shall see His face, we who love Him here. We gaze upon each other now, soon, soon we shall gaze upon our Saviour "Whom not having seen we love."

Who, did we say, are the inhabitants of this glorious city?

Who are those who dwell there for ever and for ever? Sinners saved by grace. There is not a man or woman there who was not a sinner; not one, but whose heart "was deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked." I stand upon those golden streets, I walk amid the brightness of the city. I hear a man singing, and I say to him, "And what were you on earth?" He answers, "I am the thief that died by the side of Christ. I said, 'Lord remember me when Thou comest into Thy kingdom,' and He said, 'This day shalt thou be with Me in Paradise;' and I have been here praising Him ever since." I pass on, and I say to another, "Who are you with the light upon your brow?" She answers, "I am the one who broke the alabaster box of ointment over the Saviour's feet. I washed His feet with tears and wiped them with the hairs of my head; and now He has wiped all my tears away, and I am happy in His presence." "And who are you so radiant with happiness?" "I am the man that had the legion of demons. Jesus cast them out and healed me; and now I am praising Him for ever and for ever." I pause to listen to the endless song, "Unto

Him that loveth us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and has made us kings and priests unto God and His Father; to Him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen." Amen rings loud over all the scene. Amen and Amen.

Again I pass on and I ask, "Who are you with face adoring?" "I was a drunkard, a vile, wretched drunkard; but Jesus loved me, and saved my soul." "And who were you?" "A blasphemer." "And you?" "A murderer." "And you?" "A harlot; but Jesus bought me with His precious blood." Yes, these are the inhabitants of this glorious city. And it may be when you and I get to glory, and stand amid the redeemed worshipping, we shall hear one saying, pointing to Jesus, "Do you see those marks upon His blessed brow? Those scars? It was I who plaited the crown of thorns and pressed it on His brow." "You?" "Yes, and after I had done it I heard Him say, 'Father, forgive them for they know not what they do!' I never forgot those words." And another might say, "Do you see those marks in His hands and feet? I took the hammer and the nails and drove them in. I was the one who nailed Him to the cross." "You in heaven, you here clad in white, and with His name on your forehead?" "Yes, He loved me, and gave Himself for me." And why not, friends, why should not these sinners be in glory? The blood of Christ availed as much for them, as for you and me. I should not be surprised, such is the amazing love of God, at seeing any of these in glory. The greatest surprise to me will be to find myself there. Yes, when we get there, and mix with the glorified inhabitants, we may hear voices say, "I was converted when Peter preached at Pentecost; and I heard Paul on Mars Hill; and I heard Philip in Samaria; and I heard Whitfield in the open air; and I heard John Wesley."

And they will come from all parts. From north, south, east, and west. The dark face and the pale face are alike now. Neither creed, nor heterodoxy is heard there. Oh, are you going to this city? We shall see soon above the pearly gates, the banner waving; and upon its glorious folds the words, "**Welcome Home.**" The crusaders wept when first they caught a sight of Jerusalem. And, when we see

the gates appear and the lights shining from afar, when we behold the angel porters, clad in the livery of God at the gates of the holy city, if we weep for joy and gladness, they will be the last tears we shall ever shed. We shall go in with uplifted foreheads, to wear the crown; with eager feet, to tread those golden streets; with longing eyes, to gaze upon the face of Christ; with overflowing hearts to worship God and the Lamb. Then, as the wide expanse of heaven comes to view, as we behold the splendour of the city, its streets, its walls, its thrones, its mansions, its angelic hosts, and its redeemed millions, as we gaze with clear eyes on God's throne, and on the face of Christ, as we hear the sound of innumerable voices praising, methinks we shall cry aloud so that all shall hear, "The half had not been told." Then with eyes of joy gazing around, shall we say, "This is mine for ever! these shining streets, these hills of God, these robes of white, this diadem of glory, this endless song. Mine for ever and for ever!" Oh, friends, praise the Lord with me for all His love and goodness. Let us all stand and sing that verse of praise together, so that heaven may hear us:—

Glory, honour, praise, and power,
Be unto the Lamb for ever;
Jesus Christ is my Redeemer,
Hallelujah; praise ye the Lord.

May the Lord grant that all of us shall praise around His throne for ever in the glorious city.



HOW TO FIND REAL JOY.

BY FRANK COLQUHOUN.

One Saturday night a young fellow was on his way to a theatre in Bristol. Passing an open-air meeting where a band of young men were witnessing for Christ, he stopped and listened. His heart was sad and heavy; he was dissatisfied with himself and with his life; but the sight of these young men impressed him, as, with cheerful song and joyous testimony, they bore witness to the glorious power of the Lord Jesus Christ to save and satisfy. One after another they stood forward and in telling words related

how in vain they had sought happiness in the things of the world and how in Christ alone they had found joy and rest.

As he listened to these simple testimonies, the young fellow was deeply stirred. He, too, had tried the pleasures of the world, but his heart was not satisfied. He longed for a real, deep, lasting joy—a joy such as these young men had found; and he longed to discover the secret for himself.

The meeting over, he spoke to one of the workers and confessed to him his miserable and dissatisfied condition.

“Are you feeling weary and heavy laden?” he was asked.

“Yes,” he replied, “that exactly describes my condition.”

“Then here is Christ’s word to you. Listen to His invitation: ‘Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.’”

The word came as a message of hope and comfort to the young fellow’s soul. It seemed to be just what he needed; and before long he was trusting in Christ as his personal Saviour. Withdrawing to a quiet spot, the two bowed their heads in prayer; then, after a hearty handshake, they separated, and the young fellow, like one of old, went on his way rejoicing.

He had found the secret of real joy!

The world to-day is full of seekers after happiness. Deep down in the hearts of many there is a yearning for satisfaction, a cry for lasting joy; but the tragedy is that so many are seeking it in the wrong place.

Some are trying to find happiness in the pleasures of the world. What a sorry mistake that is! Those of us who have tried the world know only too well how powerless it is to satisfy the heart. Its pleasures are but “broken cisterns that can hold no water” (Jer. ii. 13). They mock us and deceive us. They leave us thirsty and dissatisfied.

Another mistake that some people make is to imagine that riches are the secret of happiness. Look around upon the world to-day and see how eagerly men are striving and struggling to amass wealth; but, alas! in the end they discover that all that labour is in vain, that all their silver and gold cannot bring them joy. The newspapers reported a

short time ago the death of Mr. George Eastman, founder and head of the Eastman-Kodak interests throughout the world. He had shot himself dead in his house in New York, leaving a fortune estimated at over £20,000,000; and yet, in spite of being the possessor of so great an amount of earthly wealth, he evidently was not happy, and so ended his life by his own hand.

No, the world cannot yield true happiness. Its pleasures and its treasures can never satisfy these restless hearts of ours. Where then is real joy to be found? What is its secret? Where is its source?

Real joy is found in CHRIST and in Him alone. He is the supreme answer to your soul's deepest need. The great Augustine was right when he prayed, "Lord, Thou hast made us for Thyself, and our hearts are restless till they rest in Thee." In Christ there is a joy far deeper than all the shallow pleasures of the world: a joy that can abundantly satisfy our thirsting souls and give us glorious restfulness and peace.

It is the joy of sins forgiven. God's picture of the happy man is found in Psalm xxxii. 1—"Blessed (or happy) is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered." That is what we all need first of all. God's forgiveness. How can our hearts be happy if they are burdened with the load of sin? But, blessed be God, there is full and free forgiveness for every one of us in the Cross of the Lord Jesus Christ. "The blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth us from all sin." And what is the result? It is this—"Therefore being justified by faith, we have PEACE WITH GOD through our Lord Jesus Christ" (Rom. v. 1). There is no peace without pardon. There is no joy without justification. It is only the heart that is right with God, the heart that is trusting Christ as Saviour and Lord, that can know the meaning of real happiness.

Dear reader, have you found forgiveness of **your** sins in the precious blood of Christ? Are you rejoicing this moment in His pardon and peace? It is here that all real happiness begins. You will never be truly happy until you have found forgiveness of your sins through Christ.

But that is not all. The Christian's joy goes deeper than that.

It is the joy of Christ's companionship. We all know the joy that a true friendship yields; and there is no joy like the joy which the Lord Jesus Christ brings into our lives, for there is no Friend so loyal and loving as He. He is the "Friend that sticketh closer than a brother" (Prov. xxviii. 24). To know that He is by our side, able to strengthen us in our temptations and to sympathize with us in our trials, fills the heart with a peace and joy indescribable. "Lo, I am with you all the days" (Matt. xxviii. 20) is His promise; and His word cannot fail. His presence is unfailing, unchanging, unending. It does not vary with our circumstances or alter with our feelings. "All the days!" says His word—and that means the dark days as well as the sunny days, the evil days as well as the prosperous days. "He hath said, I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee" (Heb. xiii. 5).

Oh, the joy of this divine companionship! How can I help being happy if my Saviour is so near me? His presence dispels all the mists of doubt and gloom; my fears and tears vanish before His smile. All others may forsake me, but He will never fail.

Then there is one other aspect of the Christian's joy which I must not fail to mention.

It is the joy of glorious Hope. "We rejoice in hope of the glory of God" (Rom. v. 2) wrote the Apostle Paul long, long years ago; and that joy and hope and glory are still ours to-day. The Christian's vision is a magnificent one. His hope is not fixed upon the passing things of earth, but upon the glories of an eternal inheritance. "Our citizenship is in heaven," cries the Apostle, "from whence also we wait for a Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ" (Phil. iii. 20, R.V.). What a glorious hope that is! How it makes our hearts sing with very joy! How it brightens even our darkest days with a heavenly lustre! Ours is a "living hope," for through Christ we have "an inheritance incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven" (1 Pet. i. 4). No wonder, with this glorious hope in our hearts, we "rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory" (1 Pet. i. 8).

My friend, is this joy of which we have been speaking yours? Is your life a happy life? Are you satisfied with your present condition? Do you answer No? Then let

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me invite you, very simply but very earnestly, to put your trust in the Lord Jesus Christ, to accept Him as your Saviour this moment. He alone can completely satisfy your soul. He alone can give you rest. All that you need, all that you long for, you will find in Him.

Thou, O Christ, art all I want,
More than all in Thee I find !

There you have the spring from which all true happiness flows.

Find Christ—and you will find the secret of real joy !

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AN ATHEIST'S AWAKENING!

Darwin Dyson was born near Wigan, Lancashire, in the year 1890. His father was an avowed atheist and his mother was a Spiritualist. They named their youngest child after the famous scientist, Charles Darwin. That son is the subject of this leaflet. He worked as a coal miner in Lancashire and afterwards in South Wales. When still young, his head was cut open in an accident, which left a mark for life.

Soon he became notorious as an atheist, a Communist, and a great reader of agnostic and atheistic literature. He also lived an ungodly life and led many young men into paths of evil.

In the year 1914 he married a Welsh woman who, though a chapel member, had no experience of conversion. She was often opposed by her husband, who commanded her to have nothing to do with religion. Eventually, in 1921, she received the Lord Jesus Christ as her personal Saviour. From this time she took a definite stand for Christ and often prayed for the conversion of her husband. This angered him the more, but she prayed on.

One night a fire broke out in the kitchen of their one-storey miner's cottage. Before they knew of it, the mantelpiece was ablaze. Seeing a light, he sprang out of bed and rushed into the next room. His first thoughts were for his infidel books and tracts. These he dashed from the shelf, but the flames had already rendered them useless. With the help of neighbours, the fire was soon brought under control and put out.

The next morning, as they were surveying the scene

together, Mrs. Dyson observed that her Bible was intact, even though the flames had reached beyond it and destroyed other books on the same shelf. She called her husband's attention to this, saying, "The flames have not damaged even the leaves of my Bible. Surely God's Word will stand for ever." These words and the fact combined went home to his conscience; and this impression never left him.

A year or so later two evangelists were conducting Gospel Meetings in the district and **special prayer was made for Darwin Dyson.**

On Saturday night, March 3rd, 1923, while drinking in a public house, conviction of sin laid hold of him. Immediately he left the beer and went home. Later, to the surprise of his wife and all, he went to the Gospel Meetings; and on Sunday, March 4th, he realized that God lived and loved him.

Under deep conviction, he left the meeting, but he soon returned and walked into the enquiry room, where other anxious souls were being helped. There he submitted to the claims of the Lord Jesus Christ, Who came to set captive sinners free.

The warfare had ceased for ever. Darwin Dyson went away a pardoned and a changed man. Prayer was answered. That night, for the first time, husband and wife together knelt down before God. The only words he gave expression to were, "Lord, keep me." This prayer also was answered.

The news spread rapidly, and fellow-miners asked him concerning his changed life. He told them what great things **the Lord had done** for him. For more than five years he bore a good confession, though often in great trial and adversity.

In April, 1928, he felt constrained to go through the streets of the village in which he lived, ringing a bell, and proclaiming the good news that "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." He warned the people to "flee from the wrath to come." A few months later he was laid low by a serious illness. Though in great pain he praised God for the peace that was his daily portion. For two weeks he suffered, but was much in worship, praise and prayer to God. Many times he gave thanks for the day of his regeneration, for the atoning blood of Christ, for the victory of Calvary, and for the salvation that is in Christ

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Jesus. Then, after five and a half years' walk with the Lord in the light of His Word, Darwin Dyson went Home "to be with Christ: which is far better." Truly "a brand plucked out of the fire." "Where sin abounded, grace did much more abound" (Rom. v. 20).

The above facts are attested as true, both by his widow and by a former fellow-workman.

The following are extracts from a letter written by Mrs. Dyson to the latter, now an evangelist:—

"Thank you very much for your kind letter of sympathy and prayers for me during my journey through the deep waters. Blessed be God for the realization of His tender pierced hand leading me along . . . When I look back upon his death I can do nothing but praise God for His sustaining grace. I can say '**It is a grand thing to be saved.**' One day I think of my sorrow and loss; another day I feel my heart bubbling over with joy, in the realization that Darwin has had an eternal deliverance from sin, affliction and pain; and that in the near future we shall meet again around the Person of our blessed Lord. What a wonderful Saviour! What a wonderful Friend!" She also wrote, "This is my heart's testimony:—

I have found a joy in sorrow
A secret balm in pain;
A beautiful to-morrow
Of sunshine after rain.
I have found that branch of healing
That was near the bitter stream,
I have heard the silent promise
Stealing o'er the broken string.

JOHN NEWTON.

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WHAT A LETTER DID.

A master, who longed for the salvation of one of his workmen, sent him a note one day containing these words: "James, I want you to come and see me at six o'clock, after you have left the works."

Exactly at six the young man stood at the master's door and knocked. He was told to enter; he came inside and stood in the room. After a while the master said, "Do you wish to see me, James?"

Surprised at the question, the man held out the letter that

the master had sent him, saying as he did so, "The letter, sir, the letter you sent me." "Oh! I see, you got my letter; you believed I wanted to see you, and when I sent the message, you came at once."

"Yes, sir, surely; what else could I do?"

"You did quite right. See, here is another letter for you; will you attend to that?" And as he spoke, he handed him a piece of paper, folded up in the shape of a letter.

James took the paper, opened it, and read: "Come unto Me, all ye that labour, and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest." As he read, his lips quivered, and then his eyes filled with tears. He took a pocket-handkerchief from his pocket, and covering his face, said: "Am I just to believe this in the same way as I believed your letter?"

"Yes, just in the same way," was the answer.

That night he came to Jesus, and he was saved. He learnt that, believing God was Salvation.

A LETTER TO BE PRAYED OVER.

We, and all our workers, are deeply exercised as to the future of our work. We have added another prayer meeting every day in our Dépôt, in order to learn God's will. Our applications for Testaments and Booklets everywhere are increasing. So far we have sent to all. We want the earnest prayers of all our Christian friends to know God's will concerning our future. God's word to us when we came to our Dépôt work in 1914 was, "Cast not away therefore your confidences, which hath great recompense of reward" (Heb. x. 35).

My beloved wife's wishes were always with me in this work for God, and thinking and talking of it not long before she went home, she said, "**I hope my sufferings will be for the blessing of many.**" She rejoiced greatly in all that God had done all over the world through the Dépôt. She has been taken home before me, but I want to work still in the Harvest Fields until we meet again with Christ. We shall meet in the morning.

I beseech you to pray dear friends that I may know His will and do it. I can carry on the work if it is the Lord's

A LETTER TO BE PRAYED OVER

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will to give me the help of His saints. **Prayer is what I want, and prayer will be answered.**

Yours affectionately in Christ,
HEYMAN WREFORD.

The Letter

New York, U.S.A.
July, 1932.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—Knowing that depression now covers the whole world, and that the need is great on every hand, and knowing also that we are in the “last days,” we are thankful that the Word continues to go out.

Enclosed you will find cheque \$5.00 fellowship in the work from my wife and self, trusting that you are in health.

I remain,

Yours in our Lord, H.C.

◆ ◆ ◆ ◆
THE CHILD AND JESUS.

I knew a little girl who lay for nearly two years and a half in one position, with a disease that was eating her life away. She was fair to look upon; I never saw a sweeter face, or looked into more untroubled eyes that met mine as twice every week I took my seat beside her bed.

She was in humble life, and yet not poor, though an inmate of a hospital, and life might have been attractive and precious to her. She suffered much pain, but she knew and loved the Saviour, and remembering what He had borne for her made her own sufferings seem light.

“Poor girl,” exclaimed a visitor. She overheard it.

“I am not poor,” she said, tears filling her eyes. “God has made me His child. O, Sir, don’t think I am to be pitied. If I could tell you half His goodness to my soul you would envy me.”

Envy her in the way of pain? Jesus was beside her in it all, and upheld her by His mighty love, so that her heart was comforted.

Two years and a half in the way of pain! Think of it! Yet no one heard a murmur or expression of impatience escape her lips. I stood beside her at the close.

“Is it dark, Ellen?” I asked.

“No,” she answered, with a sweet look of wonder.

“Jesus is here. I am happy.”

She lay as if contemplating some beautiful vision unseen

by those around her. An expression of intense joy was on her face. I bent down.

"What is it?" I asked.

"**Himself!**" she said in a hushed whisper.

In another moment she was absent from the body and present with the Lord.—A V.

THE AUGUST MESSAGE, 1932.

I must close my August **Message** with some beautiful lines which I received to-day. They express my deep heart's desires, not only for myself, but for all my readers.

Yours for Christ's sake,

HEYMAN WREFORD.

MY HEART'S DESIRES.

"My times are in Thy hands." —PSALM xxxi. 15.

"My times are in Thy hands," Thou Lord of all;

Help me to leave them there in perfect rest;

Do with me as Thou wilt, yet let me feel

That I am wholly blest.

I leave my life, my all, in Thy dear hands;

Oh, guide me through this tangled, troubled maze;

Through baffling weakness and perplexities

Give strength for all the days.

I would not ask so much for earthly joy

To brighten, and around my path abide;

But that through weal or woe, in life or death,

God may be glorified.

I would not plead that the uneven road

Be softened and made smoother for my feet;

But that Thy presence make my heart to find

My daily cross most sweet.

I do not cry for an unbroken calm

(E'en though my spirit craves for quiet rest);

But that if burning tears must fall, that I

May shed them on Thy breast.

I would that Thou wilt draw me nearer Thee,

Above the turmoil and unquiet strife

That dwells in self, and struggles hard to gain

The mast'ry o'er my life.

I ask that Thou wilt keep my earthly all;

My loved ones I commit unto Thy care,

And if Thy wisdom deem that we must part,

Do Thou our parting share.

And through the misty height or shadowy vale,

Wherever Thou dost lead us in Thy love,

Give us to know Thine everlasting peace;

Till satisfied above.

F.D.

FORTY-EIGHTH YEAR.

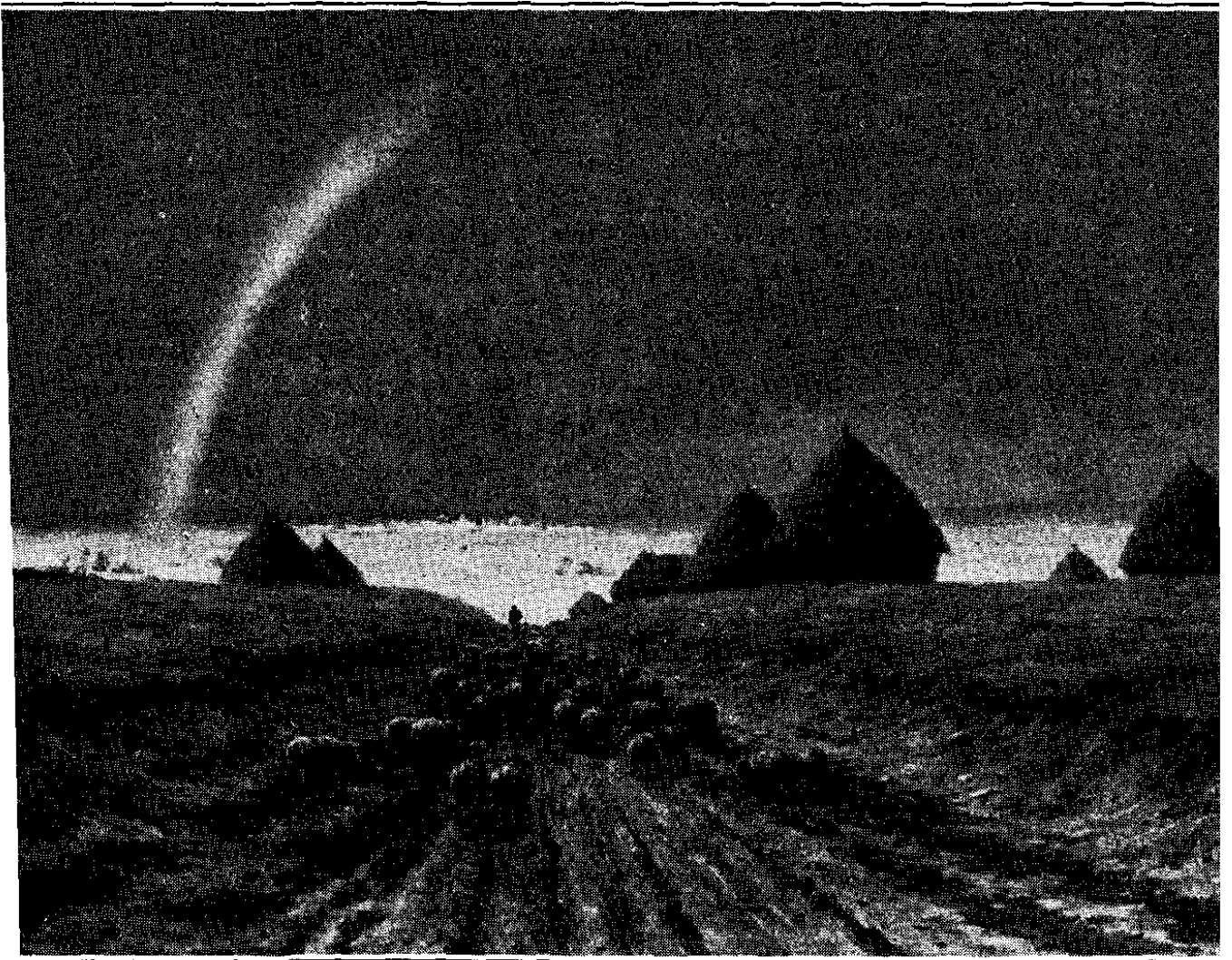
SEPTEMBER, 1932. One Penny Net. 8/- per 100 Net, or 8/6 post free.

A Message from God

EDITED BY HEYMAN WREFORD.

“ Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.”

ACTS xvi. 31.



The Rainbow of a Covenant-Keeping God, shining over His Harvest Fields.—GENESIS ix. 11, 12, 13, 14, 15. (See page 144).

Editor: Heyman Wreford, Post Office Chambers, Gandy Street, Exeter, England.

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The Ways of God

I HAVE just received a visit from a Christian who came to sympathise with me in the Home-going of my dear wife, after a married life of forty years, and to tell me that he had lost his wife after forty years of married life on July 2nd of this year. He said the loneliness was very hard to bear. He also said that he could feel for me, as he knew I could feel for him. He brought a little sum that she had collected for the work of the Dépôt, and left it with me asking that the name in our book might be altered now to his, instead of hers, as he still wished our booklets to be sent to him. When you pray for me, please remember him in your prayers, as he has to face his trouble in human solitude, but happily with God. He says he can leave himself in the hands of the Lord, and he feels it will not be long before he passes away, as his health is very precarious. Please pray that he may recover strength if it is the will of God. Oh! the sorrows of the world how real they are! Oh! the comfort of Christ how real it is.

I am reminded in the most blessed way day by day of the beauty and strength of Christian love—I wish I could answer letters sooner, but my hand has been worse lately, although I am told I may be much better soon.

A message to me through a letter written to Miss Newton this morning, said, “Will you kindly convey to Dr. Wreford my sympathy with him in his great trial? I have no doubt that he will be sustained and that he will be spared to continue in his work for the Lord. It must be a great comfort to him to know that Mrs. Wreford bore such a bright testimony, and I feel sure that out of it all, **blessing will come to others as she wished.**”

Oh! that this may be realised in full measure, so that when my dear wife and I meet again in the glory of God, many will be with us who have come in answer to her last wish about the work.

So I send forth this number of the “**Message from God,**”

counting fully on the loving prayers and help of my friends that I may wait entirely on the will of God, and be blessed, if it be His will in the waiting.

Yours affectionately in Christ,

HEYMAN WREFORD.



One Wonder Hour by Galilee

**A Gospel Address, delivered at the Victoria Hall, Exeter,
by Heyman Wreford.**

“And there was in their synagogue a man with an unclean spirit; and he cried out, saying, Let us alone: what have we to do with thee, thou Jesus of Nazareth? Art thou come to destroy us? I know thee who thou art, the Holy One of God.”—Mark i. 23, 24.

GALILEE! Galilee of the Gentiles! Well do I remember spending one wonder hour gazing from the roof of the Latin Convent at Tiberias, over all the expanse of the Lake of Gennesaret. And as I gazed the present seemed to pass away, and the veil of nineteen centuries was drawn aside. I seemed to hear the voices of a mighty multitude around me. Fair cities rose to view—Bethsaida, Capernaum, Chorazin, Magdala, and others. Before me on the lake I saw the flash of Roman galleys as they crossed the belt of blue; the hardy fishermen pursued their constant toil; the seashore was thronged by thousands of people. It was the days when the Son of man was on earth. The great Prophet from Nazareth fed five thousand yonder: there He called the fishermen to follow Him; in yonder synagogue He taught, as One who had authority, and not as the scribes; there He sat in the boat, rocked by the gentle waves of Galilee, and taught the people. Here His most mighty works were done. It was here He healed the sick of the palsy, and the man with the withered hand. It was on this memorable spot that unclean spirits as He passed fell down before Him, saying, “Thou art the Son of God.” On this shore many things were taught by Him in parables. On yonder mountains He ordained the twelve; and there, where sleeping waters lie golden 'neath the Eastern sun, the storm swept in darkness and in fury over

all the sea, and He slept in the hinder part of the boat on a pillow, until awakened by His terrified followers, who cry, "Master, carest thou not that we perish?" Then I seemed to see Him arise and gaze for one moment on the awful strife of howling winds and raging waves, and I heard Him say, "Peace, be still," and the awful diapason of the storm sank to the soft melodies of sunlit skies and sparkling waters.

Yes, I saw it all; the days of Christ on earth. I saw His feet upon the shore, His presence in the crowded towns; I heard His voice and saw His power; and the memory of the old, old days swept across me with a flood of blessed memories.

Never shall I forget that wonder hour I spent on that convent roof.

And for ever in my mind is the memory of one Lord's Day spent by the Sea of Galilee, when, with my Testament in my hand, I read all the passages in the Gospels speaking of the Saviour's life in Galilee. How beautiful was the sunset glow upon the waters! From where I sat there was a path of gold stretching towards the eastern side of the lake, fringed with the dark ribbed hills of Gadara. For one hallowed moment I seemed to watch for those blessed feet to come towards me on that jewelled pathway. The same sun, the same sea, the same shore, but the Christ of Galilee is in heaven now. In our tents we sang—

How sweet the name of Jesus sounds.

How sweet that precious name was to us, encamped as we were on the very shore so identified with His life on earth.

And this evening it is my purpose, by God's help, to dwell upon one wonder hour by Galilee. To recall to our memories and hearts one glorious incident of that perfect life.

But let us look at our chapter, before we dwell more particularly upon the words of our text.

As I read the chapter did you not hear voices speaking to you? We get—

1. THE VOICE OF INSPIRATION. "**The beginning of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, the Son of God.**" Can anything surpass the dignity of this utterance, as the inspired prophet thus brings before us the Lord Jesus Christ, the Son of God, in the full glory of His public ministry. He leaves others to speak of His lineage and His birth. Not for him to

narrate the homage of heavenly hosts, or earthly kings; he does not lead us to the stable of the village inn, or to the quiet hills of Nazareth, or to the temple and the holy Child there. The Man, Christ Jesus, stands before us, the Son of God. It is His Gospel, for all the world to hear. And we hear—

2. THE VOICE OF THE MESSENGER. **“Behold, I send my messenger before thy face, which shall prepare thy way before thee.”** And so the messenger cries in those memorable days, **“Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make his path straight.”** Clad in camel’s hair, with a girdle of a skin about his loins, eating locusts and wild honey; a man apart from others, consecrated for a divine mission, he tells of the coming of the Christ. The desert rings with his preaching, and crowds flock out to hear that mighty voice. Hark! **“There cometh One mightier than I after me, the latchet of whose shoes I am not worthy to stoop down and unloose. He shall baptise you with the Holy Ghost.”** He is thrilled with the glory of his message, and with the grandeur and dignity of the COMING ONE. And lo! He came from Nazareth of Galilee, and was baptised of John in Jordan. He had come! And as He comes out of the water the messenger sees the heavens open above His head, and the Spirit like a dove descends upon Him. Nor is this all, for from those opened heavens a voice is speaking.

3. THE VOICE OF THE FATHER. **“Thou art my beloved Son in whom I am well pleased.”** How wonderful! The Son on earth, the Father in heaven! What does it mean? Oh! mystery of everlasting love, what does it mean? Heaven and earth in communion now; the crown of the Father’s benediction resting on the brow of the Son of man. **“Thou art my beloved Son.”** Emmanuel here! God manifest in the flesh here! The voice of the messenger is no longer heard in the deserts of Judæa, nor the voice of the Father from the opened heavens, but God is still speaking to the world by His Son. Have you heard the voice of the Son of God? **“He that heareth my word, and believeth him that sent me, hath everlasting life.”** And again, **“The hour is coming, and now is, when the dead shall hear the voice of the Son of God; AND THEY THAT HEAR SHALL LIVE.”** If you do not hear His voice, you will never live; if you do not

acknowledge Him to be the Son of the Father, you will be lost for evermore. And now listen to

4. THE VOICE OF THE SON, preaching the gospel of the kingdom of God. The messenger is in prison, his work on earth is done, but the Master cries, "**The time is fulfilled, and the kingdom of God is at hand; repent ye, and believe the gospel.**" Ah! to have been there, to have heard **that** voice and seen **that** Preacher; to have heard the gospel as He preached it, and to have believed it before His face. He told them to "**repent.**" Did He see the tears in their eyes and the sorrow in their hearts on account of sin? Does He now, as He looks from heaven on this meeting? "**Believe the gospel.**" "**The gospel of Jesus Christ, the Son of God.**" Oh! mighty Saviour, many of us do believe the gospel; we believe in Thee, we trust in Thee. Have mercy to-night, Lord Jesus, on the unrepentant and the unsaved. May they hear Thy voice, Thou blessed Redeemer. May they come to Thee, thou Christ of Galilee.

And now in Capernaum, these blessed feet are found, and on the Sabbath day He entered into the synagogue and taught. How did He teach? "As One who had **AUTHORITY**, and not as the scribes." There was no speculation in what the Saviour said, no hesitancy as to the giving out of the truth, no speaking merely to please the human intelligence, or to appeal to the imagination of man. He spoke the truth of God in the power of God. He dealt with everlasting certainties as One who knew. He spoke of heaven as One who lived there; of the mysteries of life and death, as One who comprehended all. He knew the mind of God, and so there was divine authority in every word spoken by the Son of God.

And so with us to-day. How beautiful to be able to say, amid all the perplexities of life, amid all the various phases of unbelief, amid all the daring infidelity and sham religiousness that fills the world—**HE KNOWS**. I cannot understand the problems of the universe, the mystery that lies underneath so many things; the why and the wherefore of this and that; why God allowed sin; why Christ must die to put away sin; why the wicked prosper and the powers of evil seem to have it all their own way. But **HE KNOWS**. He can speak with authority because He is the Son of God. I

can listen to His voice, learn of Him who is the TRUTH. HE KNOWS AND HE CARES. He knows all about me, that I am a poor lost sinner who cannot save myself and must be for evermore lost without Him; and HE CARES. Yes, "He loved me, and gave himself for me." He cares. He does not want me to be lost, and so in infinite love and tenderness, He says, "**Come unto me.**" Ah! perplexed and weary one here to-night, come to Jesus. Listen to His voice. He speaks as One who has authority, and not as the vain religious teachers of the present day. How many of them are the enemies of the Lord of Truth! They are denying His divinity and setting aside His word. They bring their vile merchandise into the house of God, seeking to make it a den of robbers. They prate at the street corners as the pharisees of old; they are "**whited sepulchres,**" fair in the eyes of man, but vile and loathsome before God. Ah! sinner, cease from man; seek the truth, love the truth, obey the truth, and the truth shall make you free. He knows and He cares. He knows all about you, and He cares for you.

(To be continued).



"I WOULD HAVE THE SAVIOUR NEAR ME."

"Good afternoon! and how do you feel to-day?" asked the visitor of a sick man who lay in bed with an apparently just vacated chair facing him. "Oh! I see I am not your first caller; you have already had a visitor."

"No, sir, I have not—that is, not exactly—not a caller—no."

"Oh! I beg your pardon. I thought that someone had just been sitting in that chair. It looks like it, does it not?"

"Yes; it does. And so Someone has. Sit down, sir, and I will explain."

"When I was first ill and had to be left alone up here a good bit, after the nurse had gone, and my daughter was busy downstairs, I used to try to pray straight on for a good while, and not being accustomed to it I found my thoughts wander sadly."

"I told my sister about it and she said, 'Put a chair near your bedside and consider that the Lord Jesus is seated in it, ready to listen and to reply.'"

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" So I have done that for a week now and I would not give it up for anything. It is strange how it has helped and comforted me. He has taken away my fear of the dark valley."

"Well ! well ! how beautiful ! " exclaimed the visitor, as he gazed almost with awe at the empty chair upon which nothing in the world would have induced him to seat himself. " By all means keep it up, friend. Our Father has many ways of ministering comfort to His children."

* * * *

A month had passed by—a month in which the sick man and daily grown weaker ; but one night he seemed better.

" Go and lie down, Bessie my dear," he said, as he handed her back the emptied cup of nourishment. " You must be tired out with all this nursing of me, I know. The Lord will reward you for all you have done for your poor old father. I am quite comfortable and shall do for a long while now."

" Well then, I **will** lie down for a bit. See, here is the bell on the table and I will leave my door and yours wide open."

" Thank you, my dear. Good night ! and God bless you ! Put the chair a little bit nearer."

She did so, kissed him, retired to her room and in a few minutes was lost in the deep sleep of the exhausted nurse.

* * * *

The clock downstairs struck three and Bessie awoke with a start.

" Dear me ! I have been asleep since twelve. I wonder how father is? "

She hurried to his bedside. He did not look up to greet her. He smiled in his peaceful sleep. She knew that it was a sleep from which his weary frame would never waken more.

* * * *

" He was lying just as I left him," said Bessie to the minister, " I do not believe he had moved at all, except that his right hand was lying out on the chair."

The meaning was plain. He had found himself slipping over the brink of the dark river, and had grasped the hand of the only One who could cross it with him. K.S.

TWO DEATHBEDS.

It is recorded in history of the Emperor Augustus, the founder and head of the great Roman Empire (the last of the four beasts in the Prophet Daniel) that when he felt death approaching, he said: "An emperor ought to die standing." He then ordered a looking-glass to be brought, his hair to be arranged, and his imperial robes to be put on him. Then, turning to the dignitaries and courtiers surrounding him, he asked them: "Have I played my role in life well?" And on their reply that he had, he said: "Then applaud me," and expired amidst their murmurs of applause.

Oh! what an arrival awaited that mighty monarch in eternity, after such a departure from this world's vain glories and lying vanities! What a change of scene and place after the splendour, luxuries and comforts of his imperial palace in Rome! And the sounds and tones that greeted him on his arrival in an eternity of woe, how different to the voices of vain applause at his departure from this world!

Yet that emperor was (next to some of his successors on the throne, such as Titus and the two Antonines) one of the best Roman emperors. In every respect he was one of this world's "gentlemen." He performed many acts of kindness, was liberal to his friends, benevolent to the poor, a patron of fine arts and science, and faithful to the duties of his high and responsible position. Speaking after the manner of men, his courtiers and subjects might well applaud him. But could their applause serve the poor, dying, vain and godless monarch for a letter of recommendation to the "Judge of the whole earth" with whom there is no respect of persons, and before whom all the dead, great and small, will have to appear, when He will take His seat on the Great White Throne? That mighty and impartial Judge, ordained by God to judge the world in righteousness, was born under the reign of the Emperor Augustus, the Holy and lowly Divine Babe, laid in Bethlehem's lowly manger, even Jesus, the Son of God and the Saviour of the world. In that night when the light from glory shone upon the shepherds near Bethlehem and the first gospel greeted their ears from angel lips: "Unto you is born this day in the

city of David a saviour, which is Christ the Lord," and "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, goodwill toward men." In that night the Emperor Augustus slept his careless sleep in his palace in Rome, and the high priest in his palace at Jerusalem; the one under the vain shadow of his idols, and the other wrapped in the tattered cloak of religious self-righteousness and self-delusion.

Reader, high or low, rich or poor! What kind of death-bed would be yours, if you were summoned into eternity to-day? Neither the emperor's looking-glass nor the high priest's religious cloak will serve you at that solemn moment, neither a religious hymn, like this:

'Tis religion that can give
Sweetest pleasures while we live;
'Tis religion can supply
Solid comfort when we die.

Can you say and sing instead:

It is Jesus, who does give
Sweetest pleasures while I live;
It is Jesus will supply
Solid comfort should I die?

Nothing but Jesus and His cleansing blood will be of avail in a death-chamber.

Let us now turn to another death-bed, very different to the preceding one. It is that of an humble, aged believer, who, after great sufferings, only alleviated by the constant watchful care and loving and tender nursing of his Christian family (wife and four daughters), fell asleep in Jesus, Whose "love above all others" had smoothed his pillow during many wakeful and painful nights. I can do no better than give the short account of one of his daughters, who was present at that triumphant death-bed. She wrote:

"My father's confidence in God became so perfect at the last. He said: 'I have full confidence. I have washed my robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.' It was on Saturday afternoon that the summons came. He had such a desire to be lifted up high in bed, and when we had done so, he kept saying, 'Higher, still higher,' his soul seeming to soar upwards, and to struggle against being imprisoned in that body of suffering. His doctor came in to see him, but did not alarm us, yet we felt there was a change. After the doctor left, my dear father desired us

TWO DEATHBEDS

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to send for some men to lift him, which we did. But neither they nor we thought it would be a death scene. His last words before getting up were: 'Thy grace is sufficient for me; Christ only!' Dr. W. arrived again, and our dear father, whose head had not been lifted from the pillow for over a week, became filled with a supernatural strength, for to our utter amazement he actually stood upright on his dear feet in the room a few minutes before he passed away. I shall never forget it; our beloved one standing the centre object in that group in all the majesty of death, with a look in his eyes that gazed into eternity. . . . They lifted him forward, and he fell on the pillow, his whole countenance changing, his spirit passed into the presence of God. . . . While his freed spirit was with the One who loved him and gave Himself for him, we were in the vale of tears: but Jesus wept."

Reader, if the summons should go forth to you, "This night thy soul shall be required of thee," would you be able to say in the face of death and eternity: "I have full confidence? I have washed my robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb?" Could you say: "Thy grace, Lord Jesus, is sufficient for me? Nothing counts but Christ?"

God grant it! "Behold now is the accepted time, behold, now is the day of salvation." To-morrow it may be too late—too late for an eternity!
J.A.E.W.

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WHAT TIME IS IT?

Almost a thousand years before Christ a voice cried to the watchman-prophet: "Watchman, what of the night? Watchman, what of the night?" The Watchman answered: "The morning cometh and also the night" (Isa. xxii. 11, 12). They wanted to know what time it was. And so to-day the godly, who believe in the Word of God, who believe all that the prophets have spoken, want to know what time it is. This question is fully answered in the New Testament.

"The night is far spent, the day is at hand; let us therefore cast off the works of darkness, and let us put on the armour of light" (Rom. xiii 12). These words were written about nineteen hundred years ago. They were

an answer to waiting believers in apostolic days, who asked "what time is it?" The answer is even more true and sure in the twentieth century. Our generation, more than any previous one, can shout triumphantly—"the night is far spent, the day is at hand!" Let us look at the meaning of these words.

I.

The condition of the age in which we live is night. This present age began with night. The Light of the World had come from heaven to earth to give light, and to scatter with His light the darkness of sin. He shone forth into the darkness, but the darkness comprehended it not (John i. 5). The Light of the World is the Creator of all, the Son of God. "He was in the world, and the world was made by Him, and the world knew Him not. He came unto His own, and His own received Him not" (John i. 10, 11). The Life and the Light was rejected by the world, by Jew and Gentile. Satan, the prince of this world, on account of it became "the god of this age" (2 Cor. iv. 4). Satan being the prince and the god of this age, has his throne in this age, the age is controlled by him, and therefore lieth in the wicked one (1 John v. 19). Under Satan's dominion the age can be nothing else but night. It began in night; it continues in night, and the age ends in night.

But many voices are raised against such a view. It is not believed in nominal Christendom that this age is night. The common belief is that the age becomes brighter and better every year. They tell us of the better physical conditions. They point to the use of electricity, to the great transformations in communication, the telegraph, the telephone and the wonders of the radio. They speak of the transformations in transportation, the railroads, the steamships and now commercial aerial navigation. They mention the great discoveries and inventions, the better sanitary conditions, the conquest of certain diseases, and other things, as evidences that the age is not night, but is making constantly for a better day. In believing this they reject the plain and simple revelation written in the Word of God. A blind man does not know the difference between noon and midnight. Alas! the mass of professing Christians

who are blind and blinded, who think it is day, when it is night !

The question is not about physical progress, but what about the things of God? God is not concerned about what man does with the telescope, the microscope, and how he succeeds in higher education and learning. God is concerned about man's attitude towards His Son, the Lord Jesus Christ. Is this age accepting Him as the only Saviour? Is the age giving Him the rightful place by trusting in His blood, accepting His salvation and walking in the light? Is there, as the result of true faith in the Son of God, a constant increase in righteousness and holiness, a turning away from sin, from the world with its pleasures and greed for money? Is there more true, spiritual worship on earth?

Alas ! as God looks upon this world He sees it very dark. He sends forth His angels to walk to and fro in the earth and they come back to heaven and bring the report, " It is night down there," for He, whom angels worship and obey, as their Lord, is rejected and by the world disowned.

We look to the lands of heathendom. How dense the night there. The " International Missionary Council " held in Jerusalem recently, declared that there is good in Islam, Buddhism, Hinduism and Confucianism. Oh, ye blind leaders of the blind ! The systems you mention are religions, but they are invented religions, as ye modernists try to invent a " new religion." Behind it all lurks the dark shadow of the prince of this world. Islam, Buddhism, Hinduism, Confucianism may place Christ on the same level with Buddha Gautama, or speak of blind and miserable Gandhi as being like Christ; or put Christ into the same category with Mohammed, Zoroaster and Confucius. But to acknowledge Him as the pre-eminent Lord, this they refuse to do. Look at heathen darkness ! Look at vile India with its disgusting and degrading religious customs ! Look at Islam with its licentiousness ! Look at China with its never decreasing child murder ! Yes, a thousand millions of human being are in the night of heathendom. De-Christianized modernism with its vain efforts to bring " Western Civilization(?) " to heathen religions only increase the darkness.

It is night in professedly Christian nations, like the United States, Great Britain, Germany, the Scandinavian countries, Italy, Spain and others. Look at the night of Romanism! Millions are half pagans, for Romanism is pagan-Christianity. Instead of worshipping the Lord, the Son of God, they worship the virgin Mary; instead of praying to the living Christ, they ask dead saints to intercede. Rome is truly the mother of ignorance, and she can only keep her unscriptural pretensions and authority, by keeping the masses in darkness as to the Gospel of our salvation. It is night there.

Still darker is the night when we turn to apostate Protestantism. Thousands upon thousands turn their ears away from the truth, and under the leadership of false prophets, they listen to fables. Modernism with its boasting of new light, is darkness and leads into endless night. With its denials of the Christ of God, His sacrificial work as our sin-bearer, it is in part responsible for the moral conditions of our times. These conditions of professing Christians, those who have the form of godliness, and deny the power thereof, are predicted in 2 Tim. iii. 1-5. In spite of reformers and religious leaders, who try to better the age by legislation, there is an increase of law-breaking and lawlessness. Lovers of themselves, lovers of money and lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God, is the divine description of the mass of lifeless church-members. Surely morally it is night in civilized countries. And in that night you have the dreams and visions of the sleepers. They dream of a war-less world, of a union of all nations, of outlawing certain evils, of banishing ignorance and superstitions. Yes, there are many golden dreams the sleepers have, especially their sleeping leaders. But there is coming a terrible awakening, when they discover—it is night.

Some time ago I had to be out in the night and walk a long distance, several miles. It was a cold walk, a lonely walk, and a dangerous walk. The night-air was chilly; it was penetrating. I had no companion; I had to walk alone, looking up to the star-lit heavens, in silent fellowship with Him, whose watchful eye saw me walking through the night. It was a dangerous walk. I took the middle of the street, avoiding dark places, where some bandit, with a deadly

weapon, might lurk, to spring upon me. And such is your walk and mine, fellow-believer. It is cold for us in this night and there is great danger that we become cold and transformed to this age. It is lonely, there is but little fellowship, but this should make our fellowship with Him more real. And it is a dangerous time, this night time. It is for us the time of trial and tribulation, affliction and suffering. As we walk with the Lord in separation, the lonely walk, we shall find out the truth of the prayer-words of our Lord, "the world hath hated them." We must bear His reproach during the night of this age.

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"REMEMBER ME."

I do remember how that God came down,
 Clad as a Man, and walked this sinful earth;
 I do remember how His love was shown
 Wherever there was sorrow, or was dearth;
 Wherever there was anguish, woe, or death,
 The breeze came perfumed with the Sacred Breath.

Not to great palaces with frescoed walls,
 Of marble, ivory, gold, and jewels rare;
 Not to the many vassaled serving halls;
 Not to the kingly crown and regal fare.—
 No: born into a stable and did die—
 Thrust out from all the world, athwart the sky!

He loosed the prisoner from his noisome den;
 He made the woes of poverty rejoice;
 The blind's blear-eye received its sight again;
 The dumb did trill His praise in new-found voice:
 The widow found again her death-struck boy;
 The stricken mourning heart trilled high for joy.

His trailing garments shed a fragrance round,
 "Myrrh, Cassia, and Aloes," o'er our Race;
 His sacred brow with dignity was crowned;
 That Dignity whose charm was in its grace:
 At wedding feast the "best wine last" He gave;
 And tears of sympathy, when at the grave.

Lo, Calvary's rugged head is crowned with woe!
 And Heaven frowns upon it from above;
 And Hell rears up in Malice from below;
 As human hate surrounds the Man of Love,
 And when He died all nature felt the pain;
 With shuddering woe the rocks are reft in twain!

—J. C. BAYLY.

THE RAINBOW AND THE COVENANT.

(See illustration on Cover)

How marvellous must have been the shining of the first rainbow! The bow of God set in the cloud, to speak to every age by its shining radiance, of a covenant God made with man. By this covenant the world is delivered from the fear of another deluge. Judgment will never come to the world again in that way. But judgment will come in a most terrible form upon the world in a later day. Peter tells us in his epistle (2 Peter iii. 6 and 7): "The world that then was, being overflowed with **water**, perished; but the heavens and the earth, which are now by the same word, are kept in store, reserved unto **fire** against the day of judgment and perdition of ungodly men." All were destroyed by the flood, save those who were in the ark with Noah—and all will have to face the fire of God's wrath, against unpardoned sin, who have not fled for refuge to the Saviour of the World. He passed through the **waters** of death—He met the **fire** of Divine judgment, for all who trust in Him.

The rainbow continues to this day, and is "a mighty ensign proclaiming to the world, the providence of God's goodness, notwithstanding the sin of which the rainbow is in itself the memorial."

Let us read wonderingly and adoringly the 9th Chapter of Genesis, and when next we see "the bow in the cloud," remember that God put it there, to shine in every age, a token of a Covenant between Himself and the earth.

And God allows us in these days to work in a thousand harvest fields for Him. The glory of accepted service shines upon us; and although clouds gather thick and fast at times, upon our knees we see "His bow in the cloud" and we know that all is well.

And when we face the sunset on His Harvest Fields and we are called to rest; may His covenant rainbow shine in gracious splendour round us, and His covenant promise cheer, "Fear not; I have redeemed thee, thou art mine." "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee."

And life's journey over, and the day's work done, we will bring our sheaves to lay at Thy blessed feet our Saviour and our God.

Yours for Christ's sake,

HEYMAN WREFORD.

FORTY-EIGHTH YEAR.

OCTOBER, 1932. 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."

Acts xvi. 31.



HARVEST DAYS.

Ye servants of God, your Master proclaim,
And publish abroad His wonderful name.
The name all-victorious of Jesus extol;
His Kingdom is glorious, and rules over all
(Sel.).

**Editor: Heyman Wreford, Post Office Chambers, Gandy Street, Exeter,
England.**

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The Ways of God

BY THE EDITOR.

The last wish of my beloved wife concerning our work was, as I have told you before, but I am sure you will not object to my reminding you again—"I should like to feel that my sufferings (and she suffered much) would be for the blessing of others."

This can be done, by supporting me in my great loss, by your prayers, and by helping me to send for her sake, the Word of God, all over the world.

A dear friend from Norwich writes :

Dear Dr. Wreford,

I have great pleasure in sending you my pension this week in memory of dear Mrs. Wreford. You have my deep sympathy in your great bereavement—it is a great bereavement, and only the Master who understands can comfort. He says: "I will not leave you comfortless, I will come to you," and "My peace I give unto you."

God bless you dear Dr., and if it is His will, may He strengthen you to still carry on this work for Him.

With my earnest prayer for you and your helpers,
Yours sincerely, B.R.

Such a gift as this brings tears to the eyes. May it bring a great blessing to the giver, such as in old days fell upon the "poor widow" who cast her two mites, which make a farthing, into the "Treasury of God."

Dear friends, we cannot carry on our work without the strengthening power of your prayers, given by a prayer-answering God. I ask your help now, for the sake of the tens of thousands who are longing for our parcels, which we shall not be able to continue to send, as we have sent, unless the "showers of blessing" descend upon us.

Dear friends, we have worked together for God in "His Harvest Fields" for very many years now. I have lost the help and advice and comfort of the most devoted wife man could ever have. I feel in my sorrow, I want your

help all the more and I want it now. Shall I ask for it in vain?

Yours affectionately for Christ's sake,
 HEYMAN WREFORD,
 Post Office Chambers,
 Gandy Street, Exeter,
 England.
 From "In His Harvest Fields" (for September).

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THE CHRISTIAN'S MOTTO.

(Found among my dear wife's papers.—Editor.)
 Tell me in brief the Christian's daily rule,
 Live Christ, give Christ, this sums it up in full.
 We live a person—and that Person Jesus!
 He saves from sin, from self He comes and frees us,
 This done, new joy fills every dawning day,
 What joy like giving a full Christ away!
 C. A. Fox.

◆ ◆ ◆ ◆
ONE WONDER HOUR BY GALILEE.

**A Gospel Address delivered at the Victoria Hall, Exeter,
 by Heyman Wreford.**

"And there was in their synagogue a man with an unclean spirit; and he cried out, saying, Let us alone; what have we to do with thee, thou Jesus of Nazareth? Art thou come to destroy us? I know thee who thou art, the Holy One of God" (Mark i. 23, 24).

PART II.

The Power of the Demons Broken.

THE demons bowed to His authority, for in the very midst of the people whom Jesus taught, in the synagogue itself, a man possessed with the devil cries out, and as we listen we hear—

5. **THE VOICE OF THE DEMON**, saying: "Let us alone; what have we to do with thee, thou Jesus of Nazareth? Art thou come to destroy us? I know thee who thou art, the holy One of God." He owns the authority of the Son of God. The presence of the light reveals the darkness. The devil cannot rest in the presence of Jesus. He cried out, "Let us alone; what have we to do with thee, thou

Jesus of Nazareth? I know thee who thou art, the holy One of God."

A Man with an Unclean Spirit.

There he was in the presence of the Holy One of God, a man with an unclean spirit. In His presence before whom the heavens are unclean. Like the leper, he was unclean from head to foot. His whole being was permeated with the foulness of the devil that possessed him. Mentally and physically he was the slave of the destroyer. He saw with the devil's eyes, he heard with the devil's ears, he thought with the devil's thoughts. The overwhelming mastery of sin claimed his heart, his strength, his very life. Bound to the demon's chariot wheels he was tortured and oppressed by a captivity that for the time was absolute.

Look at him, with the restlessness of hell in his rolling eyes, and the sorrows of the damned; haggard with the strife of demons within him; friendless, abject, devil-driven; an object at once of pity and of fear. His heart is beating out the dirge of his lost soul. He is like a dismantled wreck tossed to and fro on the billows of utter and unappeased unrest. "There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked." "The wicked are like the troubled sea." He had no peace, he could not rest. The devil within him whipped his tortured soul with the rods of hell, and the gad-flies of awful remorse must have stung him to the madness of despair. Look at him, sinner, this evening, and then look at yourself. Can you trace any resemblance? There is, and by the help of God I will show you in what way you are like this man.

What! you say, a resemblance between me and that wretched being? Yes, a distinct resemblance. If you are unsaved you are as much in Satan's hands as he was. As a sinner you are in the sight of God corrupt from head to foot, loathsome as the leper that dwelt alone and cried: "Unclean, unclean." You have an unclean spirit, and one day you must have to do with the Holy One of God. The unclean spirit within you makes you sin in thought and word and deed. You have never known rest yet, for you have not known Christ. The devil is your

master, and you wear the livery of sin. Would to God that to-night you could realize the awfulness of "being led captive by the devil at his will." He leads you afar from God, down amid the charnal-houses of your dead life, strewn with the withered leaves of sinful, useless hours. Tell me honestly, Have you ever known what rest is? No, never, never. You are a "SINNER IN YOUR SINS." One who is "*without hope and without God.*" Yes, one who will spend eternity in hell, unless the Lord delivers you. I can see the shadow of your doom resting upon you now. Unclean before Him, "who is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity." Think of it this moment, and tremble lest you die in your sins, then a great ransom cannot deliver you.

In the Grasp of the Devil.

NOTE.—*The incident I am now about to narrate has appeared in a separate form as a tract, but I feel it right to let it appear again where it was first printed—*
(Editor).

About twenty-seven years ago I saw a poor woman possessed by the devil; and I will narrate my experience to you now. It seems incredible, but it is quite true.

Mrs. E—— lived in one of the back streets of our city, close to where we had our Sunday School. Her children used to be sent to that school, and she herself came once or twice to our evening meetings. She was but twenty-four, yet an open and avowed sceptic. There was no God and no devil she would say, and laugh when Christ and His love were spoken of. I used to see her standing by her open door as I passed and re-passed to the meetings. Little I thought how soon she would pass into eternity.

She of whom I speak was taken ill, very ill, but she got better went about her work too soon, caught a cold, had a relapse, and the hand of death was on her.

I received a message one afternoon to come at once and see Mrs. E——, who was dying. I was out when the message came, but went to call on her about five o'clock. Entering the street where she lived I noticed an unwonted stir. People were talking together in groups with pale and earnest faces. As I passed on I was startled to hear

shriek upon shriek in a frenzied human voice. They came from the house of Mrs. E—— from the room where she was lying—yes, from her dying lips. I stopped for a moment to speak to a man standing in the doorway of the next house and said: “S——, what is it?”

“Oh,” he replied with trembling lips, “it isn’t her body, it is her poor soul. All the day she has been like this, her cries are fearful.” And again as he spoke the shrieks were heard.

I said: “I will go and see her.”

Slowly I mounted the stairs of the house to the room whence those awful cries had come.

As I went up, I heard moans and groans and cries, but entered. At the first hurried glance around I saw a form on a bed by the window, and three or four women standing round.

As I approached nearer, never, to my dying day, shall I forget the sight I saw.

Stretched out before me a human body, the chest heaving, the heart palpitating wildly, the cheeks hollow and flushed fearfully, the dark hair tangled and confused about the head and brow; but, oh! the eyes! What awful light was that which shone so luridly there? Those rolling orbs in such indescribable unrest! As I gazed I cried out in uncontrollable emotion.

“Those are not the eyes of a human being; they are the eyes of a fiend!” My whole body seemed conscious of an awful presence, and my soul rose up in arms as against a deadly enemy.

I bent over her and said: “Mrs. E——, did you ever hear of Jesus Christ?”

No more could I say, for she gave a shriek as from the burning pit of hell, which seemed to pierce my heart. The awful gleam of those satanic eyes seemed to hurl defiance at the sacred name, and on me for uttering it.

Again I bent over, for I had started back appalled, and said: “Yes, Mrs. E——, of Jesus Christ who came into the world to save sinners?”

Again and again she gave that awful cry, the only answer; a cry of unutterable agony, with some tone in it as of a frightened hare in the hand of its captors—a wild, despairing

ONE WONDER HOUR BY GALILEE

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cry, that gave one the idea of limitless human woe that could not be appeased.

And now the eyes seemed shining with fire and with an inexplicable something that made me tremble.

I took up my hat with shaking hands, and said as I turned away : " I could not stay here to-night for anything."

Looking back as I stood in the doorway I noticed that wherever I went I was followed by those burning eyes. I passed appalled outside the room and into the street, promising to call again later on.

Some more particulars I heard from those outside depicting her awful condition. They told me that she had begged her husband to close the door and not to leave the room as the devil was there to take her. This was before I saw her, for she could not speak then—her mouth was like the coal, and her tongue seemed burnt like a cinder.

Yes, this was Mrs. E——, who had said that there was no God or devil, lying upstairs in the grasp of the demon, struggling with the little life she had left against the power that was dragging her down to torment. Who could deliver her? Only One I knew : and as I walked home that quiet evening hour, my thoughts went back to other days, and I seemed to hear echoing down the aisles of time the words : " In the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, come out of her."

" Yes, Lord," I said, as I looked upwards, " this is the power wanted now; and oh, for the faith to use it." I prayed earnestly for guidance and felt happier.

It was Tuesday afternoon, and we had a meeting at the room in the evening. Calling to see her again between seven and eight, I found she was just the same. The doctor had seen her and spoken to her, so had her husband, but she had taken no notice. No, her shrieks were for the name of Jesus now.

I went to the meeting, called a dear brother, and talked briefly to him about her case; then we prayed together to the Lord for guidance. Between nine and ten we went up in her room. I shuddered again as I saw those eyes fixed with such a malignant hate, it seemed, upon me. The whole soul seemed in arms, and as if its portals were barricaded by an invading power that kept unceasing watch and ward out of those sentinel eyes.

But now I felt, too, within me, as I never felt before, the truth and power of these words: "Greater is he that is in you than he that is in the world." "If God be for us, who against us?" This was the place, and now the time, to battle for the Lord. "For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world." "Let us pray."

As I uttered the words, a deep hush fell on all in the room, but as the prayer was continued, appealing to the Lord for help, we felt the presence of the strife. Around us invisible combatants seemed to be contending for this passing soul. Sobs came from every bosom, tears from every eye. Still faith kept her stand on the heights of prayer, and as the supplications increased in power it seemed to us as though slowly and surely the enemy was being dislodged. The prayer closed, and one look at the eyes told me that still the demon held the gateways of the soul.

Our dear brother bent over and began to speak. This I felt to be the supreme moment in the strife—that now the time had come for the name above every name "to be magnified."

I said: "That is not what she wants; speak the name of Jesus to her." Stooping lower he said: "Jesus, *Jesus*, JESUS, JESUS, JESUS!" until the room resounded with the sound of that precious name. It rose above the sobs that came from all the rest. It seemed to flood my soul with ecstasy. "Jesus, *Jesus*, JESUS, JESUS," he continued, when he was arrested by a cry from one of the watching women.

"Oh, look, look!" she cried, "what a blessed change! Her face is like the face of a child."

I looked, and it was even so. The eyes, so lately the outposts of the demon, were now calm and peaceful; the bosom ceased to heave fearfully, and the heart to throb wildly. *The devil was gone out of the woman*, and the wondering friends around her bed spoke with awe of what they had seen.

"Did you see it?" they exclaimed. "It was in a moment."

Yes, it was done. Praise and glory to His name!

On that battlefield what thankful hearts gave praise to Him! She slept calmly and peacefully now as we left the room. It was midnight as we passed along the street, and came to the city wall. There we stayed awhile and gazed over the sleeping city, and talked of the city that hath the foundations, whose builder and maker is God. Then with bare heads and thankful hearts, we prayed to God to bless the dying sinner we had left. My dear brother then left me for his home, and I went back to watch the end.

She lay still peacefully breathing. She had not spoken, nor could she speak. The eyes were restful, and her face had a peaceful smile upon it, as of one who had suffered much but who was tranquil now. I stood and watched her as the hours went on, praying to God on her behalf, and between three and four o'clock in the morning, as I gazed upon her face, she breathed her last.

You ask me, Was she saved? I cannot tell: the day will declare. I cherish the hope even as I speak, and God's grace seems to encourage me, that she was snatched "as a brand from the burning." Let me ask now: Are *you* saved? If not, a fearful hell awaits you; a just and everlasting judgment on your sins. "Flee from the wrath to come."

(To be concluded)

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WE TREMBLE.

In writing the following paragraph the hand trembles, for we report what seems to be the height of the blasphemous utterances of our times. The same Atheistic leaflet announces that on Thanksgiving Day, November 24th, the Atheists will hold in New York City their "Second Annual Trial of God." It is to be a "Blame-giving Service." Then follows this:

"Prayer to the Lord"

(Repeated in Unison by the Audience)

Our Father which are in heaven, respected be our name. Thy children come to see that done on earth, that is done in heaven. Give us this day our common sense to condemn Thee Thy trespasses as we condemn others that trespass

against us, and lead Thyself not into temptation, but deliver Thyself from evil, for ours is the courage to call Thee to account. Amen."

We do not comment on it, but recite a few Scriptures.

"They overpass the deeds of the wicked. . . . Shall I not visit for these things? saith the Lord; shall not my soul be avenged on such a nation as this?" (Jer. v. 28-29).

"Yea, the light of the wicked shall be put out" (Job xviii. 5). "The Triumphing of the wicked is short" (Job xx. 5). "The wicked is reserved to the day of destruction. They shall be brought forth to the day of wrath" (Job xxi. 30). "The wicked, through the pride of his countenance, will not seek after God" (Psa. iii. 3). "The wicked shall be turned into hell" (Psa. ix. 17). "I have seen the wicked in great power, and spreading himself like a green bay tree. Yet he passed away, and, lo, he was not; yea I sought him and he could not be found" (Psa. xxxviii. 35). "When the wicked spring as the grass, and when all the workers of iniquity flourish; then shall they be destroyed forever" (Psa. xcii. 7). "The earth opened and swallowed up Dathan, and covered the company of Abiram. And a fire was kindled in their company; the flame burned up the wicked" (cvi. 17-18).

Let the God-deniers and the wicked remember that in hundreds of passages in God's holy and everlasting Word the fate of the wicked is written large. God Himself will see to it that in His own time the deserved judgment will fall upon them.—*Our Hope.*



" TOO LATE."

Three young men had been drinking heavily in the tap-room of a public-house, when angry words began to arise, and blows were exchanged. As it was getting late and time to close the house, they rushed forth into the street, determined to have it out there. Two of them were engaged in a desperate fight, when one of them, who was getting the worst of it, was urged by a companion to give his opponent the knife. He instantly drew from his pocket a sharp blade, and when next he closed with his adversary,

he plunged it into his side. The wounded man fell heavily to the ground, and lay partly upon the kerb stone of the pavement, the blood streaming from his side. A doctor who lived near was hastily called, and in a few minutes was by the side of the wounded man, but it was “ too late.” Seeing that there was no hope he stayed the blood for a moment by pressing his hand to the side of the dying man and in a low tone said that he could do nothing for him. He must die. It was “ too late,” and in a few minutes the poor fellow passed into eternity.

A young girl has just been taken out of the water, the doctor is bending over her, and using the various means to restore animation. Long he tries this plan and that, alas; the spirit has fled, from whence it will never return; and the doctor, rising from his knees, declares it's of no use, “ She is dead.” It was “ too late.”

The two foregoing incidents were well-known to the writer, being himself an eye-witness of the latter, and fully acquainted with the former, and the object in writing them is to warn the reader, if still unsaved, that a time is fast hastening, when the love and grace of God will cease to be preached, for not only is there “ no repentance in the grave, or pardon offered to the dead,” but the Lord Himself says : “ Behold, I come quickly,” and that event will be in an hour when the world is not aware, and when those who have refused the offer of salvation, through Christ Jesus, shall be crying : “ Peace and safety.”

Reader, the coming of the Lord may occur at any moment, and should it be Now, and you a rejector of Christ, it would for you be “ too late.”

But now (for the encouragement of any, who feel their guilt and know that they indeed come under that word, “ All have sinned, and come short of the glory of God,” and, “ there is none righteous, no, not one ”) God has spoken, and in Isaiah i. 18, says, “ Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord; though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool.” And again, when the gospel of God's grace is proclaimed, in all the freshness and fullness of His love, speaking by one of His servants, He says, “ Be it known unto you, therefore, men and brethren,

that through this man (*i.e.*, Christ) is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins; and by Him all that believe are justified from all things, from which ye could not be justified by the law of Moses " (Acts xiii. 38, 39).

How gracious on the part of God to meet the sinner's need, by giving them a Saviour! And how good of that Saviour to leave the glory and come down into a dark scene like this, and lay down His life, and give forth His precious blood, that the poor ruined and hell-deserving ones might not only be cleansed from " all sin " but by faith obtain eternal life through Him!

Unsaved one, accept Him now, and you will find to the joy of your soul, it will not be " too late."

E. J. K.

" LOOK OUT, SIR!"

The following notice appeared in the *Government Gazette* not very long ago:—" The Queen has signified her intention of conferring the Victoria Cross upon Lance-Corporal William James Gordon, West India Regiment, for conspicuous bravery during the attack on the stockaded town on Toniatava, Gambia River, on March 3rd last." The official account of this act of conspicuous bravery states " that Major G. C. Madden, in command of the troops, was superintending a party of twelve men, who were endeavouring with a heavy beam to break down the south gate of the town, when suddenly a number of musket muzzles were projected through a double row of loopholes which had been masked (*i.e.*, concealed)." Some of these were within two or three yards of that officer's back, and before he realized what had happened, Lance-Corporal Gordon threw himself between Major Madden and the muskets, pushing that officer out of the way, and exclaiming: " LOOK OUT, SIR!" and at the same moment Lance-Corporal Gordon was shot through the lungs. By his bravery and **self-devotion** the Lance-Corporal probably saved the life of his commanding officer.

Terrible as war is, and horrible as its surroundings must be, who could read the above short but descriptive notification of a coloured soldier's gallantry (for all the West Indian Regiment, except the officers and a few of the superior non-

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commissioned officers, are negroes), unmoved, and not feel how justly the highest distinction a soldier (be he officer or man) can earn, and one coveted of all ranks, was awarded to this gallant fellow.

Gordon risked his own life for that of his officer, receiving the bullet in his own breast which was intended for the major; and though severely wounded was raised up to be rewarded by his sovereign as above recorded.

All honour to the gallant Lance-Corporal, on whose wounded breast now hangs the cross of bronze suspended by **crimson** ribbon, the most honoured of all honourable distinctions, the Victoria Cross.

But what “ Message from God ” is there in all this to me, say you?

On reading the above it brings to **my** mind these lines of a hymn familiar to many :—

THINE open bosom was MY ward,
It bore the storm for ME,

For ME, Lord Jesus, Thou hast died,
And I have died in Thee.

Did not that Major learn practically what substitution meant? And have you, my reader, learned what it is to have had One—the Son of God—Jesus as Son of man, to bear what was due to you as a sinner: if not, may the story be applied by the Holy Spirit to your soul, for to **YOU** one would say: “ Look out, Sir.” Judgment is coming, He is “ ready to judge the quick and the dead,” and if you refuse Him as a substitute; refuse the One God Himself provided to bear your sins in His own body on the tree, and to sustain all God’s righteous wrath against sin, then you must bow to Him as the judge. Yes, indeed, “ Look out, Sir.” For that judgment is nearer to you, or you to it, even since your eye first glanced at this paper. Oh! **do** see to this. How long have you refused the offer of mercy, the beseechings of the Gospel? And how much longer will **you** refuse or God delay?

Had you died last night, or the Lord Himself had come, where would **you** be now? Do settle that question earnestly before God, and then owning you would have been **lost**, and you know you would, I would now say, “ Look up,

“ LOOK OUT, SIR ! ”

Sir ” as He says : “ Look unto me and be ye saved.” Looking (off) unto Jesus, and seeing Him seated at God’s right hand, the wounds in His hands, side and feet—(which He showed in resurrection to His disciples)—still visible to the eye of faith; the wounds He received in the house of His friends, whence came the precious blood which cleanses from ALL sin (1 John 1-7). “ Look up,” I say, and there learn “ **He was bruised FOR MY iniquities—He was wounded FOR MY transgressions,**” but read the whole chapter (Isaiah liii.).

What wondrous love and grace ! The Lance-Corporal did what he did for a well-known respected superior officer. Jesus died for you and me, His enemies, is it not so?

Love that no tongue can teach,
Love that no thought can reach,
No love like His !

Yes, and this love is for you, wherever you are this moment, no matter how vile a sinner you are, it was for just such He died; none are too bad, many too good, alas ! for Jesus. Do “ Look out, Sir ! ” and then do “ Look up, Sir ! ” you will then sing :—

How shall I meet those eyes,
Mine on Himself I cast,
And own myself the Saviour’s prize,
MERCY from first to last.

S. V. H.



GOSPEL SIMILITUDES.

“ Awake thou that sleepest ! ”

It matters little by what means the alarm comes, if it only enables those who are in danger to escape. We have known people converted by hearing some preacher whom they felt the strongest dislike towards, and whose words they vainly sought to get out of their memory. It was the cackling of geese that on one occasion saved Rome from being taken by the enemy; and it was the croaking of a mocking bird which saved a husband and wife in Georgia a few days ago from a horrible death. “ Early in the morning they were awakened by the vigorous screaming of their pet, and arose to find their house on fire. They had only time to jump from a window to save their lives.”

GOSPEL SIMILITUDES

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Good is it then when the alarm is effective, though even that is but little use unless there be a means of escape also sufficient and effectual. In the middle of the day, lately, there was a fire at Wych Street at a hairdresser's shop, over which lived some lodgers. People ran to the Churchyard surrounding St. Clement Dane's Church to get the fire escape, but unfortunately "it was guarded with a stout chain and padlocked." It was a perfect fire escape, but, alas, not available for practical use, and so two poor children were burnt to death: "they had crept in their fright under the bed when Lynch rescued their baby sister."

Of what use is a gospel, however perfect its construction, unless it is available as a way of salvation for helpless and perishing sinners. Many invent new gospels and they have every merit but one—they cannot save the soul. They are chained to some imposing edifice of human elaboration—religious or otherwise—it may be; and in the hour of crisis and calamity they are of little worth. There is only one Gospel that is of any use for sinful men and that is the Gospel which Christ brought and Paul preached—"Repentance toward God and faith toward Our Lord Jesus Christ."

And by it one is not merely rescued but is destined to a glorious future. There was a young woman who stood as a condemned criminal in May last before the County of London Sessions. She said she was very sorry for her offence, but if the judge would let her off there was a young man, to whom she was engaged, an army sergeant, present who would marry her and take care of her. The sergeant said that that was so, and the judge said: "Then I shall liberate the prisoner on condition that you marry her to-morrow." The paragraph is headed in the police report "Constancy." When I read it I remembered I had cut out an article from the German paper, *Der Gesallshafter*, which gave a long account of how in the Middle Ages there was on the Continent a custom of allowing a prisoner to go free—even from the gallows—if any honest person would marry him (or her). The article gives a number of strange instances of this extraordinary means of salvation, though none so extraordinary as that of which the Apostle speaks when he says: "that he should be married to another, even to Him who is raised from the dead." J. C. BAYLY.

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THE CORD OF LOVE.

We cannot trace the twinings
In God's long cord of love;
We cannot see the windings
By matchless wisdom wove.

E'en as a skein when ravell'd,
Still holds the hidden end :
So love's mysterious windings
Around our chastenings blend.

That cord can ne'er be broken ;
'Tis held by God alone ;
His own seal is the token ;
He knows—He helps His own.

And when the Father chasteneth,
His children's faith to prove,
The cord is held by Jesus—
The unseen end is LOVE.

Love ! deep, divine, unchanging—
Love is the binding cord—
And, hid beneath the chast'ning,
Twines round the saints of God.

ANON.

◆ ◆ ◆ ◆

MESSAGE FOR OCTOBER, 1932.

We send it forth with the hope and prayer that God will make it a blessing to thousands of precious souls. Harvest Days will soon be over—shall we come home rejoicing, bringing our sheaves with us?

Yours affectionately in Christ,

HEYMAN WREFORD.

Kindly read letter at end of this number.

FORTY-EIGHTH YEAR.

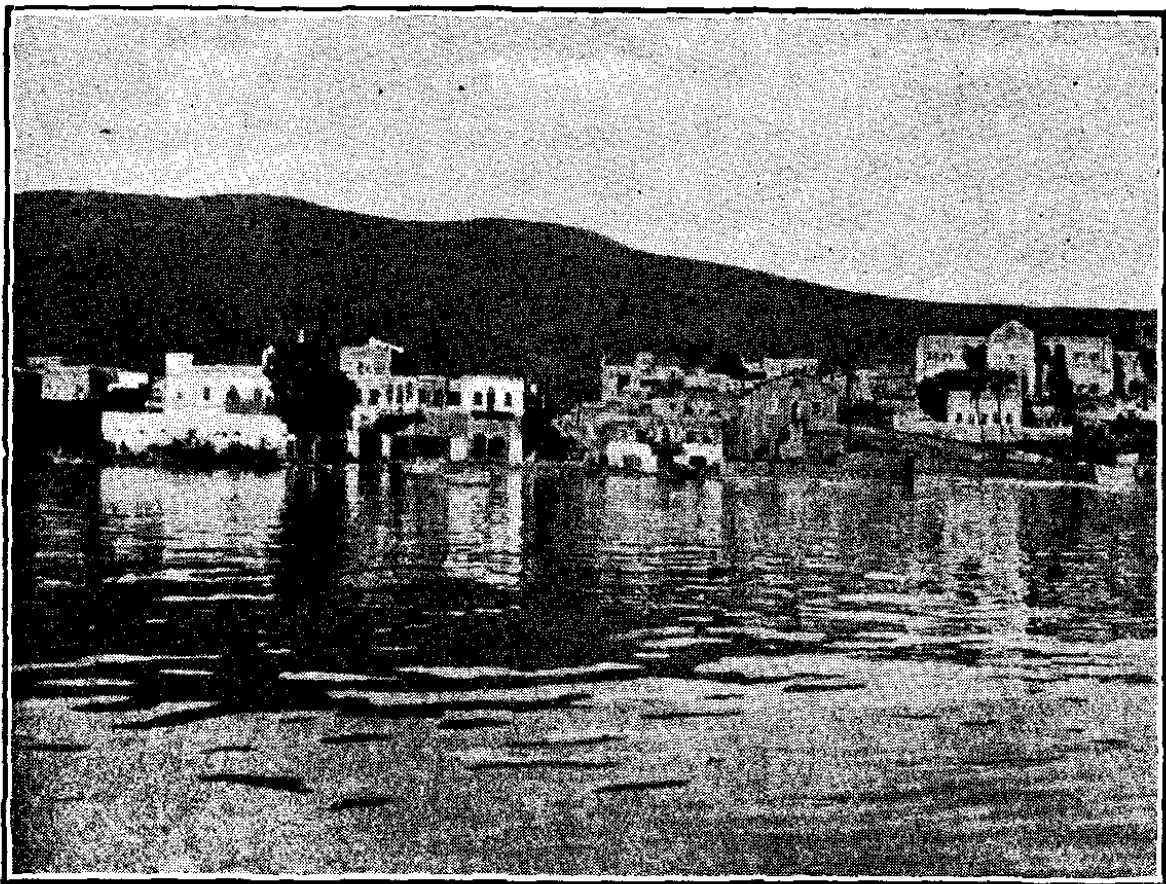
NOVEMBER, 1932. One Penny Net. 8/- per 100 Net, or 8/6 post free.

A Message from God

EDITED BY HEYMAN WREFORD.

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

ACTS xvi. 31.



Tiberias—Sea of Galilee.

A City at south end of west side of the Lake of Tiberias. It was built 44 B.C. by Herod Antipas in honour of the Emperor Tiberias.

By permission of Mrs. Belfield.

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The Ways of God

By HEYMAN WREFORD.

THE SPIRIT OF ANTI-CHRIST ABROAD ON THE EARTH.

AS we gaze on the great sea of humanity, we notice it heaving and tossing in response to the volcanic storms that are raging underneath it. Elemental forces are at work all over the world, and primitive barbarism is threatening to displace the ordered living which civilization requires.

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

The awful blasphemy that has led a nation to eliminate the Name of God from all its schools is spreading everywhere: "We be gods," men cry, and 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 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 deviners, by false mediums, by charlatans who pretend to the gift of healing, by palmists, by fortune-tellers, by crystal gazers, by wizards who pretend to hold mysteries of life and death in thrall, by the atheists who, in their blasphemy speak of "somebody called God"—to the semi-atheist, as we may call them, who, under the guise of religion, sow "doctrines of devils," the denial of the Father and the Son, in half the pulpits of Christendom. These false witnesses, garbed as

Christian men, are the choicest emissaries of Satan, his chosen vessels to poison the minds of men with the specious sophistries of perdition.

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

All these things spring from the terrible unrest in the world 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 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.

FROM DAYS OF CRISIS.

One Wonder Hour by Galilee

A Gospel Address, delivered at the Victoria Hall, Exeter,
by Heyman Wreford.

“And there was in their synagogue a man with an unclean spirit; and he cried out, saying, Let us alone: what have we to do with thee, thou Jesus of Nazareth? Art thou come to destroy us? I know thee who thou art, the Holy One of God.”—(Mark i. 23, 24.)

PART III.

The Unclean Spirit Acknowledges the Lord.

IT is significant that the demon acknowledges Christ in a two-fold recognition:

- (a) As Jesus of Nazareth;
- (b) As the Holy One of God.

“What have we to do with thee, thou Jesus of Nazareth?”

Art thou come to destroy us? I know thee who thou art, the Holy One of God."

Jesus of Nazareth, His earthly name—linking Him with His home among men. There He had lived for well-nigh thirty years. The devils knew Him as the man Christ Jesus. Yes, and they knew Him also as "the Holy One of God." His earthly and His heavenly name. They owned His authority. "Art thou come to destroy us?" Yes, all power was His, the power to create, the power to destroy. "He upholds all things by the word of his power." He was disowned by men, but owned by devils. Have you ever acknowledged His authority over your life? Can you say: "I know thee who thou art, Lord Jesus, the Holy One of God"?

The man and the devil both seem to be speaking to Jesus in this chapter—a dual personality. "Let us alone . . . I know thee," etc. This is very significant. The devil is so at one with the man, and the man is so at one with the devil, that they speak alike.

And is it so with you? Are you so accustomed to the rule of Satan over your hearts and lives, that, although you recognise that Jesus is the Holy One of God, you can say: "**Let us alone.**"

The Lord rebuked the devil and drove him out of the man. And although the devil tore him and cried with a loud voice he came out of him. What a scene! The awful energy of evil manifested in this exhibition of Satanic rage, and the glorious power of the Son of God, who could say: "Hold thy peace, and come out of him."

And you, to-night, if you feel the power of the devil upon you, there is One who can deliver you. Are you bound with Satan's chains? Are you his slave? Jesus Christ can deliver you; He can set you free.

But the "world that lieth in the wicked one," says: "**Let us alone**, to worship as we will, to follow our own creeds, to eat our hearts out in pride of learning and in want of faith; to live and die without Thee, Jesus of Nazareth, Thou Holy One of God." "**Let us alone.**" Our mothers sang of Thee, in the sweet lullabies of childhood, and spoke of Thee when we hung around their knees. And when they bent to kiss us in the quiet hours of night, they

left us in Thy care, and asked Thy blessing on us, but "What have we to do with Thee?"

"**Let us alone.**" Although we remember the dying kiss, the upward look, as our loved ones passed away; the loving appeal over and over repeated in our hearing. "You will meet me in heaven, won't you?" the promise held us for awhile, and the gentle mother's pleading could not be forgotten, and the father's earnest words could not well be set aside; but the grass grew green upon their graves, and the gentle voices seemed to die away, and face to face with life and all its problems we cried: "What HAVE we to do with Thee?"

"**Let us alone.**" Our wearied heads are pillowed in our hands, our hair is grey, and our cheeks are furrowed with the strife of years; we have at eventide of life the memories of the past crowding out the scenes of later days.

"**Let us alone.**" The evening bells are sounding in our ears, and the twilight shadows fall. The stars gleam coldly in the wintry sky, and we hear the sound of breakers beating on the nearer shore. There is a moaning of the wind as it stirs the dead leaves at our feet. The gathering darkness falls around us, and we go forward with uncertain, faltering tread. There is a hush of a great uncertainty upon our lives, and a dread foreboding that chills the very air we breathe.

But even as we falter and we fall, and spectres taunt us from the past, and point with fingers of despair to darkening skies approaching, we cry, impelled by that within us stronger than our wavering will, "WHAT have we to do with Thee?"

But we must have to do with Thee, Lord Jesus, either as Saviour or as Judge. All these men and women and children must have to do with Thee, "thou holy One of God." May they this evening own Thy power and seek Thy blessing.

The Wonder Hour.

It has struck. The man is healed, the devil's rage and the Master's power have alike been shown. And now a great amazement falls on all who stood around. Question after question comes from their wondering lips. "What thing is this?" "What new doctrine is this?" There

was a power on earth that had never been here before; a presence that would alter the conditions of life for many. The God-like beauty of that golden hour shone majestically before the eyes of men. The authority of the Son of man had been revealed. The Godhead glory veiled in the humanity of Jesus Christ had scattered the darkness around a human soul, and the cowed devils obeyed Him.

Mighty to save from sin, and the effects of sin, He was the omnipotent Deliverer, and such He is to-day. "**His fame spread abroad throughout all the region round about Galilee.**" And thank God, His fame is known through all the world to-day. In every land the souls of men and women are being delivered from the hands of Satan. May God deliver you, my friends. Will the hour of your salvation strike this evening? It will if you feel your need. God bless you all. Amen.



TO A LOVED ONE IN HEAVEN.

The day was breaking when the summons came;
I saw thee pass the gates of earthly life;
My heart went too, but came to earth again.

In that sweet going all of earth was passed.
Thy tears were wiped away; all pain and sorrow fled.
It was not death, for death had been destroyed,
The rising soul left all of Time behind—
It passed all shadows to the light of God—
And Jesus gave thee—His beloved—sleep.

I shall see thee in the morning, when my tears are wiped away.
We shall dwell with Christ for ever, in that Resurrection Day.

HEYMAN WREFORD.



THERE IS NO SECOND CHANCE BEYOND DEATH.

In the town where I live there is a popular preacher who tells his hearers that they will have a "second chance" of being saved, beyond death. He does not tell them how it is

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to be, but he is never tired holding out this doctrine of "the wider hope," as he calls it, to his people. He has very little to say about a present salvation, and if we judge him from his silence, and the evasive way he deals with the great truths of the Gospel, he knows very little about it, as the Book of God sets it forth. He is there, of course, to preach "the Gospel of God concerning His Son" (Rom. i. 1, 3), but he does not. Possibly he cannot. But the "second chance" seems to be according to his heart, and it certainly is very acceptable and comforting to his people. But the question I have to face is—Is it true? Is this Gospel of the "second chance" beyond death, the Gospel of God, as the Bible teaches? Or is it a fraud, a counterfeit, and a deception of the devil, put into the mouth of a professed preacher of God's Gospel, to blind sinners, cheat them out of a present salvation, and lure them on to a lost eternity. This is the "crux" of the whole matter, and we must squarely face it. It is not what men want that should be preached, but what God says. The Word of God distinctly and plainly gives the Gospel, the good news of a present salvation, provided by God in grace (Tit. ii. 10), and proclaimed to ALL, in the Gospel. It tells also how to appropriate and possess this salvation (2 Cor. vi. 2), warning all against delay, and stating that unbelievers and rejecters are "condemned already" (John iii. 18), with the wrath of God abiding on them (John iii. 36). There is not a single word said about a "second chance," a time of probation, a further and better way of salvation, beyond death. What the Book does say is, that after death is "The judgment" (Heb. ix. 27). The present life, the passing hour, is the only time you can count on for your salvation, and you will be wise not to neglect it, on the false hope of a "second chance," which is nowhere promised by God in His Word, and will never be given. Sel.



SAVED THROUGH READING A BOLSHEVIST PAMPHLET!!

"Mr. Iwata was one of the six candidates baptised at Maebashi on November 1st last. His story is an interesting one. When he was a very young child his father failed in

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business, and he was adopted by another family. He became a dutiful son to his adopted parents, and they became so fond of him that, when he was about eighteen, they decided to make him their heir, and arranged that he should marry their eldest daughter. Soon after this, however, his foster-father failed in business, and poor Iwata soon found himself bereft at one stroke of his position, his prospects and his bride, and thrown penniless upon the world. His intended, in her sorrow and distress, heard somehow of Christianity, and began to occasionally attend our services. Feeling that the message was just what her former fiancé needed, she recommended him to go to the evening meetings, which her father would not allow her to attend. He became an earnest seeker, but was still without definite assurance of salvation.

“One day, as he walked along the road, he saw a pamphlet lying on the ground in front of him, and picked it up. It was a Bolshevik one, and, of course, bitterly hostile to Christianity. In it the words of our Lord, ‘Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word which proceedeth out of the mouth of God,’ were quoted to be held up to ridicule. As he read them, however, the Holy Spirit applied them to his soul with power. He grasped the truth, which, so far, he had missed, that the assurance that he possessed eternal life could only be his as he believed the promises of God contained in His words. From that moment onwards he knew that he was saved.”

T. E. ASHFORD.

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INCREASE OF SELF-MURDER.

During the past year, 1931, according to statistics, twenty thousand people committed suicide in the United States. Among these self-murders are millionaires, paupers, educated and uneducated, merchants and professional men, women and even children. The life insurance companies are becoming greatly alarmed on account of the losses they sustain. The Metropolitan Insurance Company paid in 1921 \$880,871 in claims on account of suicides. But in 1931 these claims amounted to \$6,494,254. It is now being suggested that a national society for the study and prevention of suicide should be formed. But such a society will not stop suicide,

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just as the XVIII Amendment has not stopped the consumption of liquor.

What is the source of this terrible increase of suicides? Why were there a generation ago only a few cases of suicide? Our first answer is because modernism with its denials has robbed multitudes of people of their faith in a God, who cares for man, of the Gospel, which gives peace and assurance, and of faith in a hereafter. In modernistic teaching heaven and hell as the goal of human destiny are non-existent. Among these suicides are many young men and women who received training in the modern colleges. Suicide is in numerous cases the harvest of the teaching that man dies like the beast, that death ends it all.

The newspaper reports say that many of these self-murders were committed on account of the depression. But if man has faith in God, trusts His promises, believes in the Lord Jesus Christ, knows that he has endless being, depression or no depression, he will be kept through it all.

But the Editor believes that many suicides are committed by those who have become mentally unbalanced, and behind this unbalance appears that unseen being, who is the murderer from the beginning, Satan. Satan entered into Judas, and after he committed his deed that unseen power rushed him into eternity through suicide. When our Lord came the first time He found Israel's land filled with thousands of men and women who were demon-possessed. Satan seemed to have put forth all his energy to oppose the Lord in His ministry on earth. Nothing different can be expected as the age ends. Demon powers rush in, getting ready to oppose Him who is soon coming again. And wherever these influences are at work mental unbalance results, and that frequently leads to this horrible crime.—*Our Hope.*



THE CURVE IN THE RAILWAY.

Some time ago after my conversion I went to Spain—residing at Madrid—and was connected with many of the earliest railway projects in that country. The providence of God afterwards directed my steps to the province of Santander.

Being an engineer by profession, I undertook the con-

struction of a very heavy section of the railway to Madrid then in course of execution, through one of the gorges of the Pyrenees. Lofty peaks lost in the clouds on both sides, thickly wooded rocks, often perpendicular and a foaming torrent, called for continuous retaining walls, heavy rock cuttings, numerous bridges, tunnels, and other contrivances to carry the iron road through this wonderful pass. Before, however, commencing the work on the lower part of my section I detected a gross mistake in the direction of the line as it had been originally laid out, and suggested to the two principal engineers, who were brothers, the alteration of this portion, showing at the same time that a considerable saving might be made in the cost were a straight line adopted instead of a rapid curve.

The proposed alteration was for a month or more a subject of much discussion, and was stiffly resisted by the two brothers, who left no stone unturned to hinder its being put into execution. They carried their point, unfortunately for themselves, as will be seen in the sequel, and from that time forward were not amicably disposed towards me; and as they were in a position to give me sorrow and trouble, I had my share of it during the execution of the works. But as the time drew near when the railway was to be publicly opened, these sorrows were increased to such a degree that my health gave way, and I was prevented from remaining any longer on the works.

It was on the Friday before the opening of the railway that I proposed to my wife to go to the seaside, some six miles off, so as to get perfect quiet for my head and heart. We passed the Saturday there with the children, and I was suffering extremely.

On the sweet Sunday morning I went up on a rock overlooking the Bay of Biscay, accompanied by my son David, then about ten years of age. I had my Bible with me, and opened it at the 91st Psalm and read it through. But how shall I describe the effect of its precious contents on my weary, troubled, and afflicted heart? "He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High"—this was the portion of Jesus when here, and I claimed it as my portion, too. I took every word for myself—"Surely He shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler and from the noisome

pestilence.” On looking at the French translation I found this verse was rather different from ours, and was “*mortmalheureuse*,” or unfortunate death. Yes, it was all for me. Joy and peace entered on believing these promises, and I said to my son: “See, dear, what a portion the Lord has sent this morning.” We read together, and I said: “Never has my spirit been so quieted by the Word as this morning; a great weight seems to have been suddenly removed.”

I proposed to go at once to my wife, and asked her to get a sheet of paper and write down the first four verses of this Psalm, which she did. When she wrote the words, “Surely He shall deliver thee,” I underlined the word **surely**; and said: “When God says surely, He means what He says, and will certainly do it.” When she had finished writing I took the paper and wrote above, the date; unto you, “Love your enemies,” and asked her to write below “do good to them that hate you, and pray for them that despitefully use you, and persecute you; that ye may be the children of your Father which is in heaven.”

When all was written, I put the paper into my pocket, and felt much better all day. In the evening every one had gone to bed, and I was alone in the sitting-room. Again I pulled out this sheet, and on reading it was led to reflect on the latter part that it was all very good in theory to write what I had written, but to be a practical Christian I must do what it said—Love my enemies, and pray for my persecutors. Now I felt it no easy matter to love two men who had nearly killed me through sorrow. Nevertheless I got down on my knees, and began to pray for them as best I could; and at length was wonderfully helped by the Spirit, who had compassion on my infirmities.

The result was that, having been obedient, I was filled with heavenly joy and peace, which strongly reminded me of a certain memorable night in Paris some years before, when I received forgiveness of sins. My sleep was so sweet, I rose so refreshed and so much better in health, that I was well enough to bathe early in the morning.

I had scarcely dressed when I saw my son come running very fast, and evidently the bearer of some extraordinary tidings. “Oh, papa! do you know what has happened?”

he cried. John had come with the horses from Las Caldas; they were opening the railway. The two engineers before-spoken of, were driving the engine conveying the train, loaded with the directors, their friends, and the railway officials. Great admiration was being expressed at the beauty of the work and scenery, and all was joy for a time. But He that dwelleth on high looked on things in a different light. They had been praising the gods of silver and gold, of brass, iron, wood; but the God in whose hand their breath was, they had not glorified.

At length the engine came to the unfortunate curve which they had so persistently refused to alter; and going at this time at a higher speed than was safe, the engine got off the rails, and threw them both down a deep embankment on a rocky place below. The engine came upon the body of the elder brother, and death almost immediately ensued. The other brother was also under the engine; and the fire, steam, and hot water had scalded his legs to such an extent, that death was evidently sure to follow. He was, however, after much trouble, extricated, and brought to a house exactly opposite the one where I lived.

On hearing this strange story I soon connected it with the stranger piece of paper I had caused to be written the morning before, at about the very hour the catastrophe had taken place, and which I should have shared in had I not left for the seaside. I need not tell the reader how carefully that paper has been preserved by me, and how frequently it had been read and re-read since then; nor need I tell what the precious 91st Psalm has been to me, and is to this day in all danger and trial.

The remainder of this story is full of interest. I was well enough the following day to return home, passing by the scene of the terrible incident, and minutely examining the engine and carriages, where many had been bruised, wounded, but none killed but the elder of the two brothers. On arriving at home two friends, who had been also slightly hurt by the accident, came to my house. It was a solemn moment for me and for them, for we were saved through God's infinite goodness. I proposed that we should all return thanks to God.

It was a very precious time we spent at such a crisis before

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the mercy-seat. I asked for great things in much detail, and all was granted by our prayer-hearing God, the principal request being for the salvation of the soul of the sufferer now drawing near his end. I went to see him on the following day; confessed to God and to him that I had often been bitter and hard-hearted towards him, and asked his forgiveness with tears. The work was immediately begun in his soul; all hatred appeared to vanish before the mighty Spirit, who had taken his case in hand. I made but one request to him—that I might be permitted to watch by him as long as God saw fit to prolong his life. This he gladly acceded to. A friend had left on his chimney-piece a small pocket-book with a text for every morning.

His sufferings were so intense, violent tetanus setting in, that not a wink of sleep could he get. All that medical skill could do was had recourse to, and three doctors were exhausting all the resources of their science in endeavouring to prolong life; but all was of no avail. Corruption set in rapidly; and this fine man, who a few days before was a model of beauty and cleanliness, had now become a prey to great worms. Truly his comeliness was turned into corruption. Such was one of God's ways of humbling a spirit naturally proud. On one occasion he said: "I would gladly give fifty pounds for ten minutes' sleep." But no sleep could be had.

I was with him during the night, pleading with God unceasingly for him; and it was only in the cool of the morning as the birds began their early anthem, that he could listen to the little text appointed for him by Him who is wonderful in counsel and excellent in working.

He tarried on earth about nine days, the work of grace going forward with a rapidity that I had never witnessed before. Two days before his death he asked me to read all that was written in Scripture about little children, which I did. He had become as a little child.

A few minutes before his death he called me to give me (once an enemy) his last embrace. Oh, what a heavenly smile! Oh, what peace in the poor dying man's face! Oh, what a God of grace we have to do with that has the arms of His mercy wide opened to do thus for all who say: "I

have sinned," and accept His offered mercy through Jesus Christ.

His end was peace. The spirit of the little child was given to him by Jesus, who said: "Suffer the little children to come unto Me"; and thus did he depart from this world of sin and sorrow. But I hope to see him on the bright resurrection morning.

And now, Lord Jesus, I cast this little story on the waters, commending it to Thee and asking Thee to bless it to all who read it, especially to engineers and railway men, young and old; and Thou alone shalt have the praise; for Thou alone art worthy.

W. G.

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A LETTER OF GREAT IMPORTANCE.

This letter has been sent out instead of the October "**In His Harvest Fields.**"

It will speak for itself if you will prayerfully read it through.

I have thought it best to give it a prominent place in November "**A Message from God.**" I want all our friends to realize our great need of guidance now.

The Letter.

The Bible and Testament Depôt,
12 and 14, Gandy Street, Exeter, England.
October, 1932.

MY VERY DEAR FRIENDS,—At a time when the demand for the word of God is almost unprecedented, we are obliged to lessen our order for Testaments by one half.

At a time when workers in almost every land are eagerly appealing for Testaments and Booklets to distribute, we are obliged to lessen the size of our parcels.

At a time when our Lord may come at any moment to call His people home to be with Himself—when every labourer in every harvest-field may be called to rest, his day's work done, **we have to lament with tears of grief, our inability to do more to help them now.**

At a time when Satan is going about as a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour, a paralysis seems settling down upon the work of God, and upon many of the people of God. The deadly fascination of sin and worldliness seems to be lulling many into the sleep of indifference, while still

the call rings loudly, "**Occupy 'till I come,**" and "The night cometh when no man can work" (John ix. 4).

The Pause in Our Work.

There is a pause in our work, and a great question arises that presses for an answer. The question is: Shall I go on, or shall I forbear?

This question must be answered, and it must be answered by God.

This morning I was in deep exercise of soul about the work God has given me to do.

The devil told me I was old and worn, and could do no more.

I remembered David, and read Psalm lxxi. The cry of a heart in a day of weakness—an appeal from earth to heaven. Read verse 1: "In Thee O Lord, do I put my trust, let me never be put to confusion." Read verse 5: "For Thou art my hope O Lord God: Thou art my trust from my youth." As David cries, the light of deliverance begins to dawn—for the heart that trusts in God is strengthened by God; and so we hear David say: "I will go in the strength of the Lord God." . . . "**Thou** that hast shewn me great and sore troubles shalt quicken me again." . . . "**I will trust Thee; I will praise Thee.**" . . . "**I will rejoice** when I sing unto Thee." "My **tongue** also shall **talk** of Thy righteousness all the day long." . . . So at the close of this beautiful Psalm we see a **trusting, praising, rejoicing** and **singing** man, declaring that his **tongue** shall talk of the righteousness of God all the day long.

This was cheer indeed for me, for what God had done for one man He could do for another if it were His will. Praising, I turned the leaves of my Bible, and at once, without searching, God gave me these words, Isaiah xli. 10: "Fear thou not; for I am with thee: be not dismayed, for I am **thy** God." (Not only David's God, but **thy** God.) "I will strengthen thee, yea, I will keep thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness."

"It is enough, my God," I cried. "Thy promises in Him are yea and amen to the glory of God by us."

So, my dear friends, the pause remains in my work, and this is my message, given by God I trust, to you this

month. This is "**In His Harvest Fields**" for October. I await the response of my Christian friends to this letter. Will you go to God for me and with me concerning the needs of this work? Shall we kneel together, and cry to God together about it?

Yours affectionately in Christ,
HEYMAN WREFORD.

A GRATEFUL WORD FOR NOVEMBER, 1932.

With great gratitude to God, I thank all our Christian friends who have responded so warmly to our appeal in the October "**In His Harvest Fields.**"

The reality of Christian love, shown without stint in the hundreds of letters we have received, has made us feel that the blessing of God was indeed behind our appeal.

I have just time and room to write this, so that our friends may rejoice with us and give praise to God.

I also wish to ask the forbearance of those dear friends who may not yet have received an adequate acknowledgment of their letters. We hope to be able now to send more Testaments and Booklets in our parcels.

This must be our first task, to try and help the hundreds of distributors who have waited until we were able to supply their needs.

As God sends us the means we shall one by one seek to replace on our shelves the Booklets that are for the present out of print, and also restock on our shelves those we have been unable to procure for lack of funds. We will keep our friends acquainted with all we can do, and with all we want to do. The time is short, the labour great—the blessing is sure for those who are faithful in these unfaithful days. We are issuing a new booklet, "**Can a Christian Ever be Lost?**" It contains 32 pages, and is the same size as "**Eternal Punishment**" and the "**Majesty of Suffering.**" The price of the Booklet will be:—

Price: 1d. for one copy; 1/- per doz.; 8/- per 100, post free.

(Special quotations for quantities.)

To be obtained from:—

London: C. A. Hammond, 3 & 4, London House Yard,
Paternoster Row, London, E.C.4.

Exeter, England: "Secretary," Bible and Testament House,
Post Office Chambers, 12 & 14, Gandy Street.

Kindly send your orders for these as soon as possible, as we are expecting a demand for them. I ask you for your earnest prayers, that God will continue to strengthen me (**I am much better**), so that I may be enabled to still work for God.

From a very grateful heart, I say God bless you all.

Yours affectionately in Christ,
HEYMAN WREFORD.

FORTY-EIGHTH YEAR.

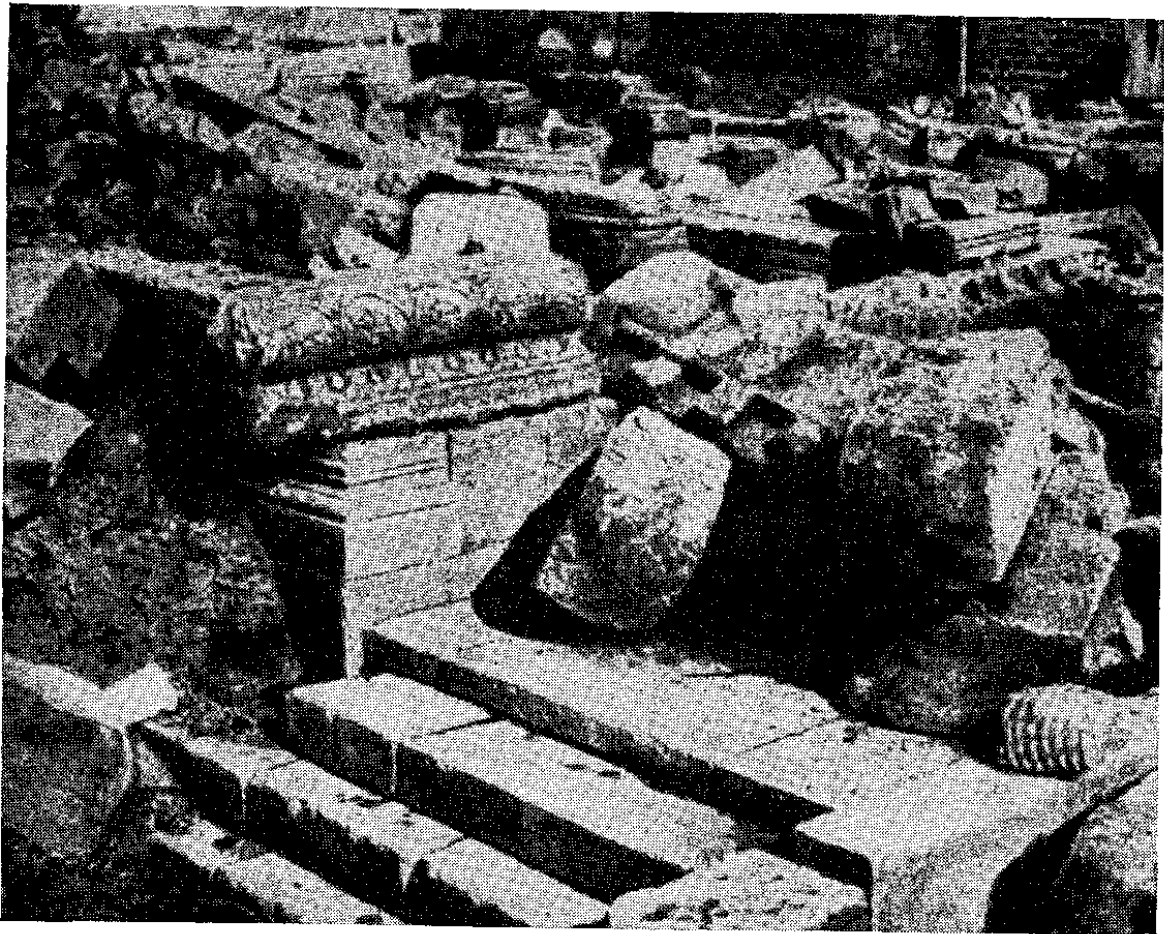
DECEMBER, 1932. One Penny Net. 8/- per 100 Net, or 8/6 post free.

A Message from God

EDITED BY HEYMAN WREFORD.

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

ACTS xvi. 31.



Capernaum (Tel Hum).

**“ And thou, Capernaum, which art exalted to heaven,
shalt be thrust down to hell.”—LUKE x. 15.)**

Lent by Mrs. Belfield.

**Editor: Heyman Wreford, Post Office Chambers, Gandy Street, Exeter,
England.**

*Made and Printed in Great Britain and Published by
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The Ways of God

BY HEYMAN WREFORD.

A TEXT SPEAKING FROM THE WALL.

ONE afternoon, while resting in a room in the house of a friend with whom I had been staying, such a wave of sorrowful depression passed across my soul as almost overwhelmed me. I had been called upon to pass through great trials and afflictions. A great sense of loneliness came over me—the world seemed a desert, and a vast solitude with no voice to cheer, or any presence to relieve the terrible isolation. The loss of my beloved wife a few months ago had shaken my life to its very foundations. Had it not been for a power beyond myself sustaining me through those days and nights of grief, I must have succumbed. The devil came and brought a flood of memories with him. He raised a storm of retrospect about me, that, recollecting all my sorrows and enumerating them, I could find no solace for my soul, and felt that it were better for me to die. The future, with its uncertainties, seemed hard to face. A long list it was of insoluble problems of life under altered conditions and uncertainties that were pressing hard for a solution. The skies of life grew black with a tempest akin to despair. I said to God: "I am oppressed; help me." "No man cared for my soul." Feeling the strife more than could be borne alone, I went upstairs to my bedroom to pray. In the act of going into the upstairs room, I was suddenly arrested just inside the door, and a voice seemed to say, "**Look to the wall.**" I looked, and saw a text I had never noticed to my knowledge before. It riveted my attention now. The words of the text were, "**I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee.**" I stood in silence facing the text—it seemed as if it had found a voice, and that God had spoken to me. As I stood a great sense of the love of God to me passed across my soul. The tears rained down my face, and I cried: "Oh! my God, I thank Thee—I thank Thee. Thou hast spoken to me."

The wonder of it all appealed to me very strongly. The God of all the ages, who knew the wants and wishes, and

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hopes and fears of the millions upon millions of the human race, had seen **my** tears, and heard **my** cries, and knew all the needs of **my** sorrowful heart. Yes, He thought of me, and sent me His message, as if I were the only one He had to care for.

That text had hung upon that wall, covered by the door as I entered the room two or three times a day, for a long time. I had not consciously noticed it, and should not have remembered it was there. It was put there to be the voice of God to me in all my distress and loneliness.

What a lesson we can learn of God's loving care from this simple narrative. I trust my readers in their hours of trial and difficulty, may find Him all-sufficient to help in every time of need. "He knoweth our frame, He remembereth that we are dust." He deals with us in infinite patience, and with ceaseless love. He bears with our lack of faith and trust, and never tires in the ceaseless activities of everlasting love.

We close the year with a great note of praise. It has been the most sorrowful year I have ever had. It has been one of the most abundant years of blessing we have ever known. A time of suffering for my beloved wife until June 17th, when she went to be with Christ. A time of heart-searching before God for me. Never shall I forget my wife's quiet wish and prayer expressed to me when I sat by her side, not long before she left me. She said: "I should like to feel that my sufferings (and she suffered much) would be for the blessing of others." Her wish and prayer have been answered indeed. I am learning deep lessons for myself since "the desire of my eyes" has been taken from me. God has revealed Himself to me as the God of all comfort. I have His promises, **and He is faithful**. He will never leave me nor forsaken me. I do want my closing days on earth to be "**for the blessing of others.**" The earthly fellowship of forty years with my dear wife in the things of Christ is over now, but the blessing for others will go on I know until we meet again. I have had abundant proof of that, in the love and sympathy of the saints of God. So my closing words to my dear friends is one of boundless gratitude to them for all their loving thoughts of me. I have not been able to answer many of the wonderful letters I have had, and I ask for your tolerance and forgiveness for that.

I shall never forget on earth, and God will always remember in heaven what you have done to help on His work. Now we have come to the last month of the year, and the forty-eighth Volume of "**A Message from God**" is finished, we say :

How good is the God we adore,
Our faithful, unchangeable Friend ;
Whose love is as great as His power,
And knows neither measure nor end !

'Tis Jesus, the First and the Last,
Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home ;
We praise Him for all that is past,
And trust Him for all that's to come.

L. HART, 1712-88.

P.S.—I am much better in health in answer to prayer, and God I trust will give me all I need to continue to edit "**A Message from God**" through 1933, or until He comes.



A TERRIBLE END TO LIFE.

" When you receive this I shall have gone with
That grim ferryman that poets write of
Into the Kingdom of perpetual night."

These lines, written to a friend, were read at an inquest at Westminster on November 8th, on James Pattison Kemp, aged fifty-eight, an electrical engineer, formerly well known in the film world, who was found gassed at a boarding house in Richmond Buildings, Dean Street, Soho.

" Pausing for a minute or so on the banks of the Styx," the letter went on, " I reflect with deep pleasure on the solidity of our friendship for the last thirty-one years.

" You have been a very real and loyal friend. On the other hand, many former friends of twenty years ago have not only kicked away the ladder by which they have climbed, but have quite forgotten the man who sometimes placed it in position for them and helped them to climb.

" There is possibly nothing in the world so cutting as ' The eyes that chilled me with averted glance,' and the letter I showed you yesterday is in that category."

Mr. Ingleby Oddie, the coroner, in recording a verdict of Suicide while of Unsound Mind, said it was a very sad case

A TERRIBLE END TO LIFE.

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of a man who had been in comparative affluence and had come down until he had no money.—*Daily Mail*.

NOTE.—What an indictment this sad ending to a life is, to the insincerity of human friendship. If he had known the friendship of the Lord Jesus Christ he would never have been forsaken in the hour of his despair. The Lord's promise, "I will **never** leave thee nor forsake thee," would have rung true for him.

One there is above all others,
 Oh! how He loves;
 His is love beyond a brother's,
 Oh! how He loves;
 Earthly friends may fail or leave us,
 One day soothe, the next day grieve us,
 But this Friend will ne'er deceive us—
 Oh! how He loves.

My Reader, have you proved His friendship? If not, do it now. He says to every weary one in the world to-day: "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."—MATT. xi. 28.



THE DOCTOR OR HIS MOTHER?

Some time ago when talking to a native about salvation, we discovered that he was a Roman Catholic. He said that the blessed Virgin Mary was his saviour, and he was trusting to her for salvation.

We asked him, "If you are very sick and need help, do you send for the doctor, or for the doctor's mother?"

"Why, for the doctor, of course," replied the man in surprise.

"Now," we said, "your soul is sick, and you need help to cure the disease of sin. Why do you go to the Doctor's mother? The Lord Jesus is the Doctor to cure your sick soul. Go to Him. Don't go to His mother!"

The man looked in amazement for a while, and then he said: "Well I never thought of that before!" After a long talk he seemed to be convinced; but turning away, he said so sadly: "I know what you say is right, but I must do what the priest says."

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SORROW'S APPEASEMENT.

" Sorrow not as those which have no hope."—1 THES. iv. 13.

Shall mine be sorrow not to be appeased?
Will the heart's fountains never cease to flow?
Will Hope's bright star be lost in grief's eclipse?
And love stand weeping at the tomb alway?
Is there no angel with uplifted hands,
On resurrection shores to stand and bless?
To shed a benison from brighter worlds,
And lead us to the open gates of heaven?
Yes, sorrow's hour shall pass, and Hope again,
Illumine our souls, and God shall fill the world.
" Thy loved one now is ever with her Lord,
Her soul is radiant on His fields of light;
And you shall meet her when earth's days are done,
To praise together when His rest has come."

HEYMAN WREFORD.

THE SOUL FACING GOD AND ETERNITY.

BY HEYMAN WREFORD.

I can fancy some of my readers saying, " Tell me, oh! tell me how I can be saved. Let a poor sinner know how he can find his Saviour. I want to know, **I long to know, I must know**, how I can be saved? " Thank God for this desire in your heart; and thank God that this wonderful knowledge may be yours now.

Think of it, my reader! To-day you may be as sure of heaven as if you were there. The awful shadow of coming judgment may be lifted from your life; the dread uncertainty that dogs your footsteps may give place to assured and perfect peace. Last night, may be, you could not sleep; the spectres of your past life haunted your waking hours; accusing voices recounting your many sins made the long vigil of night a terror and reproach. The mysteries of the heavens, where stars were shining clearly, and where the moon's soft radiance cast her silver shadows on the earth, brought no comfort to your soul. Their far-off splendour spoke of God, but what was God to you? The lonely wastes of eternity seemed to stretch before you, the dim pathways lit by fadeless fires that marked the immeasurable ways of God. But what was that eternity to you? And solemn voices, still, small voices, seemed to pass along the wondrous arch of heaven, and the resting earth seemed to hold communion with the watching skies; but these soft voices

had no message for you. There seemed to be no possible link between you, the earth-born, and the eternal power that wrote its glories on the universe.

You felt that God was there, and you were afraid of God. You held communion with your soul, and the sorrows of death and hell laid hold upon you; you wanted to know where your dwelling-place would be when earth was done. You felt the narrow bounds of your life pressing in upon you. "A few short years, and this beating heart shall be still," you said to yourself. "I am a dying man, in a dying world, but my soul will never die—will never die." And as with clasping hands you walked to and fro in your silent room, your life seemed no wider or larger than the guarding walls around. "I shall die," you cried, "and what then?" There was no answer in the silent skies, or from the sleeping earth; your soul made answer then: "**The wicked shall be turned into hell.**"

And then you knelt and tried to pray, but your heart was dumb, and the awful silence of a sinful life lay between you and God. And so the sleepless hours passed on, and at last the messengers of the coming day, with feet of light, shone in the eastern skies, and as you watched the marvellous transforming of the daybreak, you cried, "Thank God the day has come; would to God the Dayspring from on high would visit me."

Ah! God was speaking to you in those quiet hours. He was making you feel that His power ruled the world, that heaven and earth, and darkness and light, and time and eternity, and heaven and hell, the power to save, and the power to destroy, were all His.

The Last Day You Will Live on Earth.

That day will come. Many of you will not welcome it, but it is near you—the great eclipse of death shadowing the sun of earthly life; the slowly beating wings of the terrible angel of death hovering over you, and you cannot flee from it. The inexorable word goes forth that you must die, and **you must die**. If death could have been bribed, men would have given millions for a few years' lease of life; monarchs would have given their kingdoms, and kings their crowns, but no—when the hour comes for you to go, you **must go**. You dread the journey to eternity; you have made

no provision for it; you have no chart or compass to direct you, no friend to meet you, no home to go to. You are leaving all your friends behind you; your wife holds your hand, your children weep around you, all are in tears beside your dying bed. The clock is ticking out the seconds, telling loudly of eternity. The shadows rest upon the hushed room, and the firelight gleams upon the wall. You look around, your eyes rest on the faces of your loved ones, and on the familiar objects in the chamber. You think of the quiet house, of the rooms downstairs, of the life indoors and out of doors, of the coming in and going out, and the daily living and the daily life.

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

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

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

You need not; you may be saved from such a death as that by faith in Jesus Christ **now**. Yes, in this dispensation God is speaking to the world by His Son. You and I, my reader, have to be saved or lost. We have to believe God or the devil. At any moment we may be in eternity, and **what** that eternity will be to each one of us is the problem you must face.—From "*What must I believe to be saved?*"

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THE REDS' ANTI-GOD WAR.

GOD OR LENIN

The Reds of Moscow have thrown down their greatest challenge to the world. They have launched a campaign to dishonour God, defame the Bible, and eliminate religion from the life of mankind.

Emissaries trained in special centres in Moscow have been sent to all countries, for the Reds aim at sweeping away **all** religions.

In this country a " Union of the Godless "—the name of the organisation which brought religion low in Russia—has been initiated, and is claimed to be making headway.

It is setting up branches in our large towns, while in smaller areas groups are being formed. " Cells "—one or two adherents—are also being established in universities, colleges, trade unions, factories, and even schools.

For God these Communists seek to substitute Lenin, and, terrible though it may seem, there are some churches in England which are showing sympathy to these teachings.

They are to be found in Lancashire, Cornwall—the stout heart of Nonconformity—and Essex.

" The Right to Kill."

Special efforts are being made to capture young people in the Red Sunday schools, in which the Bible is ridiculed, God caricatured, and Christ derided.

Apart from the Union of the Godless, there are at least 15 other Communist organisations actively operating in Great Britain through which the Reds are working, and another, the League of Militant Atheists, is projected.

In furtherance of their militant attitude, the Reds, in their Sunday schools, are teaching young people this murder doctrine :

If an individual is excessively harmful, if he is dangerous to the revolutionary fight, you have the right to kill him, obeying the order of your legal class organ.

In moments of acute danger it is useless to await this order. The murder of an incorrigible enemy of the revolution is a legal ethical murder, a legal death sentence.

Another means by which Moscow is seeking to undermine religion is by booklets. Thus, in the East End, at meetings largely attended by Jews, there have been distributed during

the last few days booklets in Yiddish ridiculing the Jewish faith.

How these and other blasphemous articles are reaching Great Britain no one can say with certainty, but it is generally believed that they are brought by Red ships making regular journeys between London and Petrograd.

Daily Mail.

Note.—Are we as Christians at all awake to the state of things that is going on all over the world to-day? The devil is going about “as a roaring lion.” He is not afraid to seek to terrorize mankind by the most direct and blasphemous attacks on God, and Christ, and the Holy Ghost. Each Christian is responsible to God to do what we can to check, by the power of God, this awful world-invasion of the powers of darkness.

Was there ever such a need for the Scriptures of Truth—the Word of the Living God, being circulated as now? For the last eighteen years we have been especially occupied in the Distribution of the Scriptures from “**The Testament and Tract Depôt,**” **Post Office Chambers, 12/14, Gandy St., Exeter, England.** We have sent away Bibles, Testaments, and Portions of the Word of God at the rate of more than 100,000 (one hundred thousand) a year. (During the **Great War** a great many more.) We issue a magazine called “**In His Harvest Fields,**” which is devoted monthly to an account of this work God has given us to do. **We will send a copy of this Magazine to any reader who will ask us for it. We shall be only too glad to do that.**

In this Magazine we have a large number of requests for prayer from anxious souls all over the world. We want your prayers for them. There are over one hundred requests for prayers in our November issue.

These things I am telling you are realities. I hope you will pray for this work of ours. We have hundreds of letters sent us speaking of blessing through the distribution of the contents of our parcels. If you can send us copies of the Word of God—do. We can send to hundreds of willing and eager workers, who spend their time to distributing in a great number of languages. I must not tire you, but do help us in this most needed work for Christ's sake.

HEYMAN WREFORD,

Post Office Chambers, 12/14, Gandy Street, Exeter, England.

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FOR HIS SAKE.

A certain soldier had lost a hand in the Great War. When a chaplain offered him sympathy in his loss, the boy cheerily replied : “ I did not lost it; I gave it gladly. I was willing to give my **life** to my country, but all it took was my hand.” He had been willing to surrender all, yet he had been called on to give only a small part, and a million of his comrades had to give even less than he. The older we grow in the Christian life, the greater becomes our wonder that the privations we have been willing to endure for Christ have been so few. Moreover, even those we have been called upon to experience have been quite overshadowed by the satisfaction that has come to us in cheerful, persistent endurance for Christ’s sake.—*The Presbyterian*.

GOSPEL SIMILITUDES.

“ An Unction from the Holy One.”

What strange and wonderful results come from apparently slight causes. Almost every week now we hear of some ship’s being delivered from wreck by the use of a little oil on the waves : we read such paragraphs as this : “. . . the captain and other officers declare that but for this the vessel must have foundered. Captain Wren states that as a result of using the oil the ship lay splendidly in the trough of the sea, and for about twenty yards from the ship’s side the water was as smooth as a millpond, whilst beyond that distance the waves were running mountains high. The weather afterwards moderated and the *Saltram* proceeded on her voyage.”

Yet what a ridiculous thing it used to seem when first we heard of it, to think that a little oil should deliver from the power of a tempest. But who has ever properly appreciated the value of oil, so fitly used in Scripture as a symbol of the Holy Ghost—light-giving, warmth-giving, health-giving, ease-giving : without oil, no muscle of the body could be moved, as without the Holy Spirit’s grace the soul is incapable of action.

When N—— went out on the prairies with an old trapper, he watched him at night take his horse-hair rope, and coiling it round him in a circle, lie down to sleep. “ What’s the

good of that?" said the novice. "Snakes," replied the veteran. The young man smiled, but he learnt from all the prairie hands that no snake will ever crawl on horse-hair rope. One is—like the Israelites inside the blood-sprinkled door, or the ship encompassed with oil—as secure as if within the stone walls of a fortress.

"Our God is a strong fortress," the German hymn says. "The name of the Lord is a strong tower," says the Scripture. A **name** seems such a poor protection to the natural mind, though it might be remembered that many a great battle, like Otterburn, has been won by merely shouting a name, and that there are even human names powerful enough to float or wreck a kingdom.

Will you be in a fortress or a prison? They are not dissimilar from the outside perhaps, but how different within! The prison at Wormwood Scrubs was built by the prisoners themselves, and there are those around us who in a more terrible sense than this are all day long occupied in building their own prisons.

J.C.B.

◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆
THE SUNSET SIDE.

I've reached the sunset side
Of Life's steep hill,
And oft sweet thoughts of Home
My spirit fill.

That Home which Sunset skies
Seem but to veil,
As joys that once were mine
Grow dim and fail.

But ah! the sunset side
Is surely best!
Behind—the hard long climb!
Soon—Home and Rest.

And faces dear I lost
Long, long ago,
I soon shall find again:
Ah, yes! I know.

But more than all, One Face
I hope to see—
That face Divine of Him
Who died for me.

L.I.H.

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MAGGIE'S GIFT.

The minister's eyes swept with intense searching the apathetic faces of his stylish, worldly congregation. He had made an impassioned appeal for help in the support of a little mission church among the mountains—a section where rough men and women knew scarcely anything of God and of the religion of Christ. He had hoped to inspire the people with the spirit of giving, to make them feel that it was a sweet, blessed privilege, and—he had failed. A sense of desolation crept over him.

“God help me,” his lips murmured, mutely. He could not see the bent figure of little crippled Maggie in the rear of the church—a figure which was trembling under the fire of his appeal.

“Lord Jesus,” the little one was saying, brokenly, “I ain't got nothin' ter give; I want the people in the mountains to hear 'bout my Saviour. O Lord, I ain't got nothin' ter——”

What was it that made the child catch her breath as though a cold hand had taken hold of her heart?

“Yes you have, Maggie,” whispered a voice from somewhere; “you've got your crutch, your beautiful crutch that was given ter you, an' is worth a lot of shining dollars. You kin give up your best frien' what helps yer ter git into the park where the birds sing, an' takes you ter preachin' an' makes your life happy.”

“Oh, no, Lord,” sobbed the child, choking and shivering. “Yes, yes, I will. He give up more'n that for me.”

Blindly she extended the polished crutch, and placed it in the hands of the deacon who was taking up the scanty collection. For a moment the man was puzzled, then, comprehending her meaning, he carried her crutch to the front of the church, and laid it on the table in front of the pulpit. The minister stepped down from the rostrum and held up the crutch with shaking hands. The sublimity of the renunciation unnerved him so that he could not speak for a moment.

“Do you see it, my people?” he faltered at last; “little crippled Maggie's crutch—all that she has to make life comfortable? She has given it to the Lord, and you——”

There was a moment of silence. The people flushed, and moved restlessly in their cushioned pews.

"Does anyone want to contribute to the mission cause, the amount of money this crutch would bring, and give it back to the child, who is helpless without it?" the minister asked, gravely.

"Fifty dollars," came in husky tones from the banker.

"Seventy-five."

"One hundred."

And so the subscribing went on, until papers equivalent to six hundred dollars were lightly piled over the crutch on the table.

"Ah, you have found your hearts—thank God! Let us receive the benediction," almost whispered the minister as he suddenly extended his hands, which were trembling with emotion.

Little Maggie, absorbed in the magnitude of her offering and the love which prompted it, comprehended nothing that had taken place. She had no thought of the future; of how she would reach her humble home, or of the days in which she would sit helpless in her chair as she had once done. Christ had demanded her all, and she had given it, with the blind faith of Abraham. She understood no better when a woman's arm drew her into close embrace, and soft lips whispered into her ears:

"Maggie, dear, your crutch has made \$600 for the mission church among the mountains, and has come back to stay with you again. Take it, little one."

Like the flash of light there came the consciousness that in some mysterious way her gift had been accepted of God and returned to her, and with a cry of joy the child caught the beloved crutch to her lonely heart, then, smiling through her tears at the kind faces and reverential eyes, she hobbled out of the sanctuary.

"Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, that there may be meat in mine house, and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of Hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it." (Mal. iii. 10.)

GERTRUDE M. JONES.

NOTE.—Reader, what have you given to help the work of the Lord Jesus in this world?

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GOD USES THOSE WHO ARE BROKEN.

PSALMS li. 17.—“ The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit ” (1 SAM. xxx. 6).

We may have our will surrendered to do His will, and yet miss a large part of the blessing He would give in our doing.

Our spirit must be broken also, so that we see in every test, and circumstance of each day His loving hand permitting, and gladly accept all from Him, because His all-seeing eye understands what will accomplish our “ perfecting.”

The trial can more quickly be removed, because as we accept it, asking for the lesson He would teach, and victory over Satan, He can then quiet us and show us the light we need.

God uses most for His glory those people and things which are most perfectly broken. The sacrifices He accepts are broken and contrite hearts. It was the thorough breaking down of Jacob's natural strength at Peniel that got him where God could clothe him with spiritual power. It was by breaking the surface of the rock at Horeb by the stroke of Moses's rod, that it let out the cool waters to thirsty people.

It was when the three hundred elect soldiers under Gideon broke their pitchers, a type of breaking themselves, that the hidden lights shone forth to the consternation of their adversaries. It was when the poor woman broke the seal of the little pot of oil, and poured it forth, that God multiplied it to pay her debts and supply means of support.

It was when Esther risked her life and broke through the rigid etiquette of a heathen court that she obtained favour to rescue her people from death. It was when Jesus took the five loaves and broke them, the bread was multiplied in the very act of breaking, sufficient to feed five thousand. It was when Mary broke her beautiful alabaster box, rendering it henceforth useless, that the pent-up perfume filled the whole house. It was when Jesus allowed His precious body to be broken to pieces by thorns and nails and spear, that His inner life was poured out, like a crystal ocean for thirsty sinners to drink and live.

It is when a beautiful grain of corn is broken up in the earth by DEATH that its inner heart sprouts forth and bears

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GOD USES THOSE WHO ARE BROKEN.

hundreds of other grains. And thus on and on, through all history, all biography, and all vegetation, and all spiritual life, God must have **BROKEN THINGS**.

Those who are broken in wealth, and broken in self-will, and broken in their ambitions, and broken in their beautiful ideals, and broken in worldly reputation, and broken in their affections, and broken oft-times in health, and those who are despised, and seem utterly helpless and forlorn, the Holy Ghost is seizing upon, and using for God's glory. It is "the lame that take the prey," Isaiah tells us. It is the weak that overcome the devil. God is waiting to take hold of our failures and nothingness and shine through them.

"Because the foolishness of God is wiser than men, and the weakness of God is stronger than men."—1 Cor. i. 25.

Matt. v. 3.—"Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven." ANON.



DECEMBER, 1932.

Another year has passed into eternity. What have we done for Christ this year? Do we know of any sinner that we have brought to Christ! Have we sought to help those who we know are earnestly seeking souls?

Do we love our Saviour better in December, 1932, than we did in December, 1931?

Are we longing for our Lord to come and take us home to heaven—to His Father's House?

Will you pray for me that I may be guided in a very special way as to the editing of the Magazines in 1933.

Pardon me for not having written more letters this year. My right hand would plead for me if you could see it.

May God bless you and make you a blessing for Christ's sake. May God bless every friend who has helped us all through the year by their sympathy and prayers.

In the hour of my terrible sorrow in June of this year, the Lord stood by me and comforted me. I can never forget. **I do not want to forget** the kindness, the wonderful kindness, of hundreds of dear friends, who strewed the flowers of their affection along my pathway of sorrow and loneliness, and watered them with their tears.

Yours with true affection in Christ,

HEYMAN WREFORD.